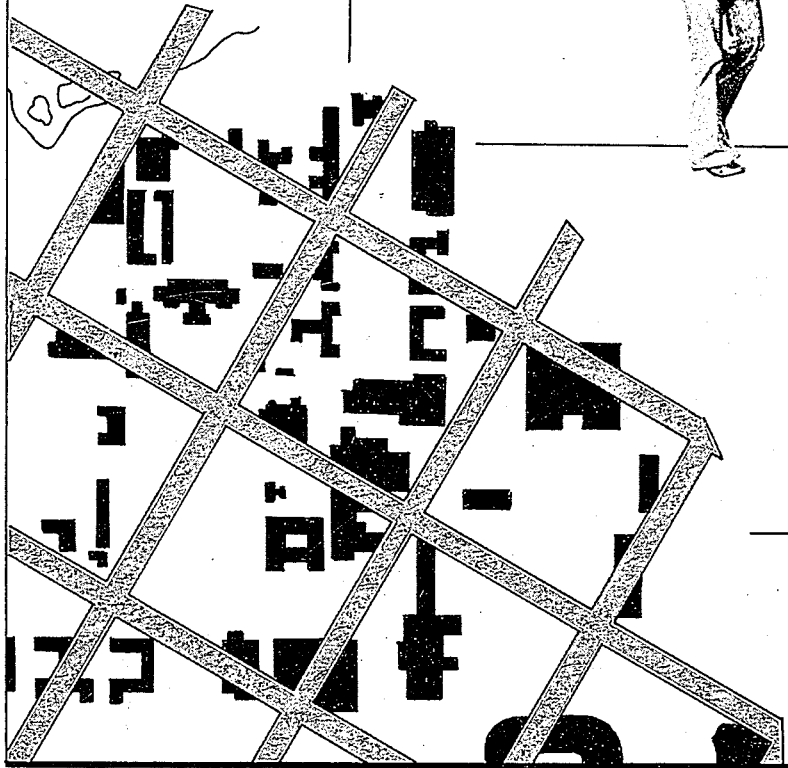
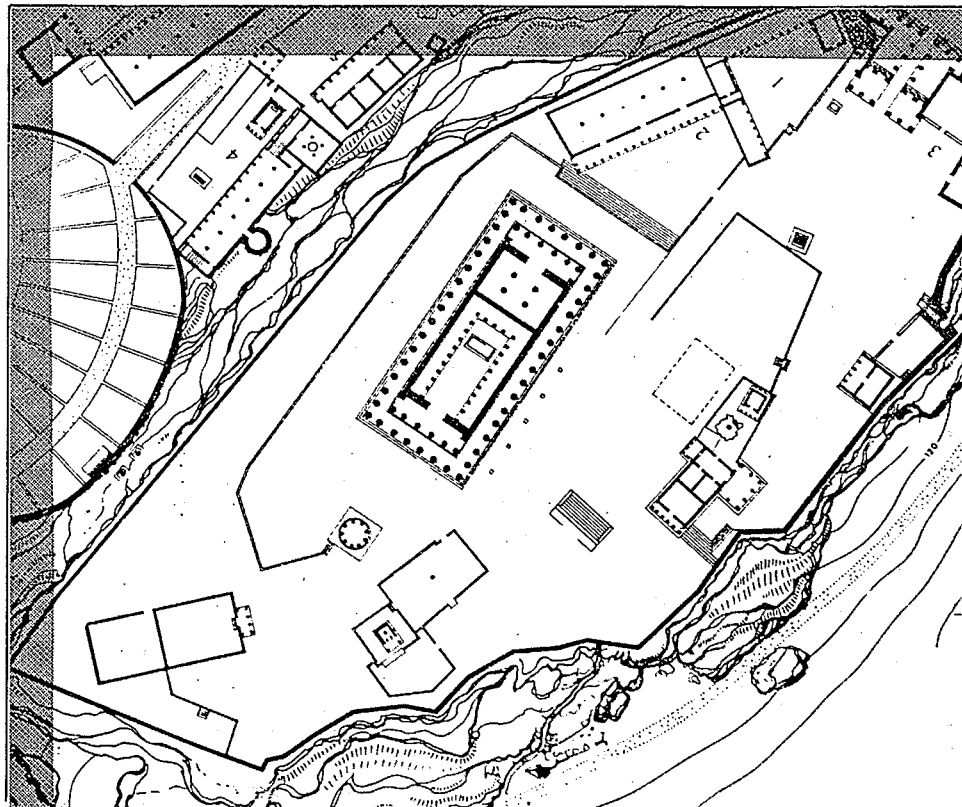


Scholastic

March/April, 1981



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Picture of Minims at Notre Dame, 1916, by Robert P. Galloway

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SCHOLASTIC

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To The Editor:

Dorothy Day and Christian Love for the Poor

To the Editor:

I congratulate you for your article on Dorothy Day (*Scholastic*, Feb. 1980). It was quite revealing about a part of ND history that few persons know about anymore. The letter caused me to reflect on the nature of ND as a Christian University. We in the ND family are often told how social concerns, especially for the needy, must have a high priority in our lives, whether students, faculty, alumni or whatever. I of course agree with this point, as I'm sure all other alumni do. Certainly, anyone who has read the Vatican II documents will find that the Holy Spirit heavily emphasized social concern as he inspired the documents. But it struck me that even at the old preconciliar Notre Dame, with its rules, regulations, and "old-time Catholicism," there was still a place for a rich and full manifestation of Christian social concern.

Though it shows a preconciliar form of social concern, I think

that this particular story can teach us something about the special love owed to the poor which tends to be forgotten today. What it can teach us is just that: there is a special love which Christians owe the poor. No strings attached. We need not think narrowly about improving their political or cultural situation. We must not expect them to do something afterward to repay us.

They just need help, and it is part of the Christian witness to help them. Sometimes, in the midst of our trying to stamp out poverty (or the right-wing ideologies that supposedly cause it), we tend to forget this message which was Dorothy Day's. I think that ND certainly has an obligation, as a university in dialogue with the world, to address itself to social concerns in terms of all their political and social ramifications. It is good to see that the University also promotes the care of the poor of the Lord just because they are special to Him.

Sincerely,
Joe B., '71

Thanks for the Positive Look To the Editor:

I am writing as a Notre Dame student who is also a "townie." I was elated by your last issue's positive treatment of the city of South Bend (*Scholastic*, Feb. 1980). Having lived here all my life, I have a kind of affection for South Bend and some appreciation for its better side. But at ND, all I had ever heard was negative complaints, cynicism, and criticism when it came to South Bend.

Now, I readily admit that it is not the easiest thing in the world to discern the positive side of this town. But I had always wished that someone would at least make an effort to find out about it. You have done that. Congratulations. It helps balance out the one-sided impressions that most offer of South Bend, and makes those of us who do like this place feel a little better.

Good job,
Chris Rowland, '82

From An Editor:

Dear Friends,

In regard to my article in the February *Scholastic* ("How We Lost Patsy Coash"), I named Sandra Fry as the current St. Mary's tennis coach, and Ginger Oakman as the coach of the 1979 season. As many of the St. Mary's tennis faithful have since informed me, the coaching situation is actually the other way around, Sandra being the old coach, Ginger being the new, and me being caught in the middle. Both sides rightly abused me for my monumental miscue. So without any further adieu, I'd like to take this opportunity to apologize as best I can to Coach Oakman, Coach Fry, all their players both current and past (especially Patsy), and all

who have known these two ladies and have become scandalized by my mistake.

"The whip for the horse, the bridle for the ass, and the rod for the back of fools" (Proverbs 26:3). I deserve nothing better than the rod on the back (or the racket across the throat, as one lady suggested as a modern translation) for my blunder; nevertheless, I want you all to know that my mistake was the error of the well-intentioned, the folly of a friend. I am sorry.

Love and aces,
Tom O'Toole
Sports Editor

A SENSE OF PLACE

by Michael Gazzerro

A young child crawls under the kitchen table and, with toy dishes and stuffed animals, stakes out his own place distinct from the adult world. A retiring couple builds a mountain retreat far from the city. An international corporation builds a tower in Manhattan and emblazons its name and logo across the top. The town historical society insists that an old home on the hill may not be painted hot pink. Sorin builds a golden dome and sets the image of Our Lady on top. It is an integral part of the human experience to create and maintain a "place." The noted theologian Eliade calls it the repetition of "the paradigmatic work of the gods."¹

With the legacy of Stonehenge and Giza, and Athens and Rome, and Florence and Machupetchu, it is impossible not to wish to achieve the same immortality, the same solidification of spirit here at Notre Dame. Notre Dame is our inheritance and our legacy; it is our sacred place, the center of our communal experience. It is extremely distressing to hear people of our community fail to realize the cosmological implications of our campus. The silver poles which we have all either come to despise or subjugate ourselves to are one of the more vile examples of human ignorance. The great German-American architect Mies van der Rohe proclaimed that "God is in the details"—what a nice reflection on Notre Dame's silver poles.

Evangelically speaking, architecture is the supreme art.² Without it life not only becomes mundane but, as some would argue, brutally impossible. Man cannot escape his environment. In fact, man is more intent than ever in synthesizing his environment. Architecture is the responsibility of everyone. The most primitive societies were aware of the need to create an "environmental order," a "place," out of the infinite chaos that surrounded them. Stonehenge stands. That is enough.

The development of the grand axis of Notre Dame is roughly contemporary with the development of the Washington (D.C.) Mall, New York's Central Park, and Burnham's Chicago Plan. Hundreds of other schemes from that era were never built. The

post-WW II years mark the destruction of the city as it had existed for at least 6000 years—a centralized place of habitation, commerce, and culture. Since 1945, city planning (and campus planning) has been replaced by functional and financial planning. If it is not cost (dollar) effective, it is not at all. The dollar is the measure of our ideas. Thank God, Central Park was built before it became cost ineffective: Thank God, the grand axis and golden dome of Notre Dame were built before they became cost ineffective.

Consider the following:

The people who lived in Rome at the time of Bernini's death considered the city a work of art, an epic and a landscape. The work of art had been created since the days of the Renaissance by ardent spirits and steady heads, by talents and geniuses all interlinked.³

Let us substitute "Notre Dame" for "Rome" and "Sorin" for "Bernini." There was a great deal of truth in this statement at pre-WW II Notre Dame. The campus was in those

Without it, life not only becomes mundane but . . . brutally impossible.

tritely innocent prewar years what Elling might call "an heroic tragedy . . . a mighty fragment of 'the ideal city [campus].'"⁴ Since that time, however, we can only be left to wonder what has become of Notre Dame epic heroes. Instead of monuments like Sacred Heart Church and the Administration Building, we are stuck with monoliths like the Memorial Library. It is a massive, brutal tombstone for the conquered buildings of the heroic past, buildings which, even in subjugation, somehow maintain their nobility. The library is an entity onto itself, refusing to be a part of "the mighty fragment." Likewise, if it were not for the criminality of the act, one might roar in laughter at the comical effects of scale as the phalli Flanner/Grace

lord over their runt sibling twins, Pasquarilla East/West. Our buildings reflect our attitudes.

Notre Dame has become polycentric and amorphous. The campus is a victim, an aesthetic which defies context and an architecture which denies both man and god as measure. East of the fieldhouse lies a Cartesian desert dotted with an occasional sagebrush building. There is no hierarchy (except that of size), there is no "place"; only a huge plain which has no relationship to the rest of the campus, the Notre Dame epic.

Large libraries, no matter how much they may lack a contextual order or how brutally they may rape the Virgin's skyline, are usually never razed due to the rantings of an architect/editor. Buildings like that remain as monuments—memorials to the fragility of our place. Silver poles and steel cables, even if they keep us off the grass, are still silly reminders of the conflict between institution and individual, of a pathetic solution to a complex problem of circulation.

The real question at hand is how one might bring about more viable architectural and planning solutions in the future. A great amount of effort is spent on setting a pleasing dinner table or arranging the living room furniture because it is one's home. Should we not expend a great effort to create our community's place? Hopefully, this issue of *Scholastic* might serve to focus attention towards that end, to create an awareness of our campus so that we may create a new spirit, a new epoch to be reflected in our place.

¹Mircea Eliade, *The Sacred and the Profane; The Nature of Religion* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1959), p. 32.

²Le Corbusier, *Towards a New Architecture*.

³Christian Elling, *Rome* (Westview Press, 1975), p. 1.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 5. Also see Thomas Schlereth, *The University of Notre Dame: A Portrait of Its History and Campus* (Notre Dame Press, 1977) pp. 35-165. □

Michael Gazzerro, a fifth-year Architecture student, is the Art Director for *Scholastic*.

Eyes Which Do Not See --- A Not So Flattering Look At Notre Dame

By Brian Kelly

Father Sorin, we are told, began with a dream, back in 1842, to establish a Catholic center of learning on the semifrontier of Indiana. That dream, a university, was not a new one. In fact, a rather specific tradition had been established since the Middle Ages for centers of higher learning. One could not simply hang up a shingle on the old log cabin by the lake announcing the premier session of the University of Notre Dame. No, a more complex, a more sophisticated environment was dictated for the creation of a university.

Since the crystallization of the architectural form of a university had taken place at Oxford and Cambridge, no subsequent university could be built without some gesture to the very rich and profound architectural principles, so clearly stated there. Oxford and Cambridge were planned as microcosmic ideal communities, which expressed the intellectual pursuits of the day in terms of the visual relationships of the built form. That tradition of the development of the ideal intellectual community was translated into its American counterpart by Thomas Jefferson in his plan for the University of Virginia, in 1817.

It then follows that every major university built in the United States began to cultivate this type of "high art" architecture. With each of these institutions, we can associate strongly symbolic forms which to some degree embody what that university represents — Harvard's College Yard, Princeton's Nassau Hall, and quite naturally Notre Dame's Golden Dome. As the central piece of a new intellectual community, an appropriate setting was required for this highly symbolic form. The dome established the intellectual center of the campus, and was appropriately flanked by the religious center, the tasteful Sacred Heart Church, and the cultural center, as embodied in the rather sophisticated Washington Hall.

From this spot the University grew. Its growth, reinforced by the Kervick plan of 1922, established one

of the truly great exterior spatial sequences in American architectural and landscape architectural history—the tree-lined avenue, opening upon the grand space of the South Quad, with the arboreum leading up to the domed Main Building. The campus had now grown into the form of a truly realized ideal intellectual community, providing room for the "lofty" pursuits of an intellectual, religious, and cultural life, as well as for the mundane activities of everyday life. Notre Dame had become a university, a community, through a careful attention to the physical, cultural and spiritual designs of what that university should be and indeed could be.

In this sense the University became art, as is evidenced by those parts of that original physical, cultural, and spiritual design that survive today. Some of those aspects which elevate the physical and cultural plan of the University to an art status have been lost through careless planning and neglect; the remaining aspects appear in constant threat of disappearing.

It is quite possible that any number of combinations of pitfalls are responsible for Notre Dame's indisputably weak contemporary building program. To begin, it would be absurd to suggest that the problem lies in the realm of the client, whose intellectual, spiritual, and cultural character is beyond reproach. Surely, it is the intention of this academic community to build the finest possible, intellectually stimulating campus, which would reflect its high-standing moral commitments. One assumes our high-standing moral position, yet we are constantly to be confronted by our immoral contemporary environment.

Take for example Memorial Library:

Built in the International Style (a style reflective, not of traditional Christian ethics, but rather of a godless corporate society), with an articulation which recalls the lesser known examples of Mussolini Fascist Architecture of 1930 Italy (the Fas-



"If we are brought up short by the Parthenon, it is because a chord inside us is struck when we see it; the axis is touched. We do not stop short in front of the Madeleine, which is made up, just like the Parthenon, of steps, columns and pediments (the same primary elements) And the reason is that behind and beyond the grosser sensations, the Madeleine can not touch our axis; we do not feel the profounder harmonies, and are not rooted to the spot by the recognition of these."—Le Corbusier

cists did Fascist better).

We need not comment that this towering quarry of Indiana limestone totally ignores the three-story brick construction of the existing campus;

Nor need we discuss the merits of the atheistic mural, "Touchdown Jesus," on the south facade of the banal block tower.

There is no need to waste our breath discussing how this building is in strong violation of the rational quadrangle system established by Francis Kervick.

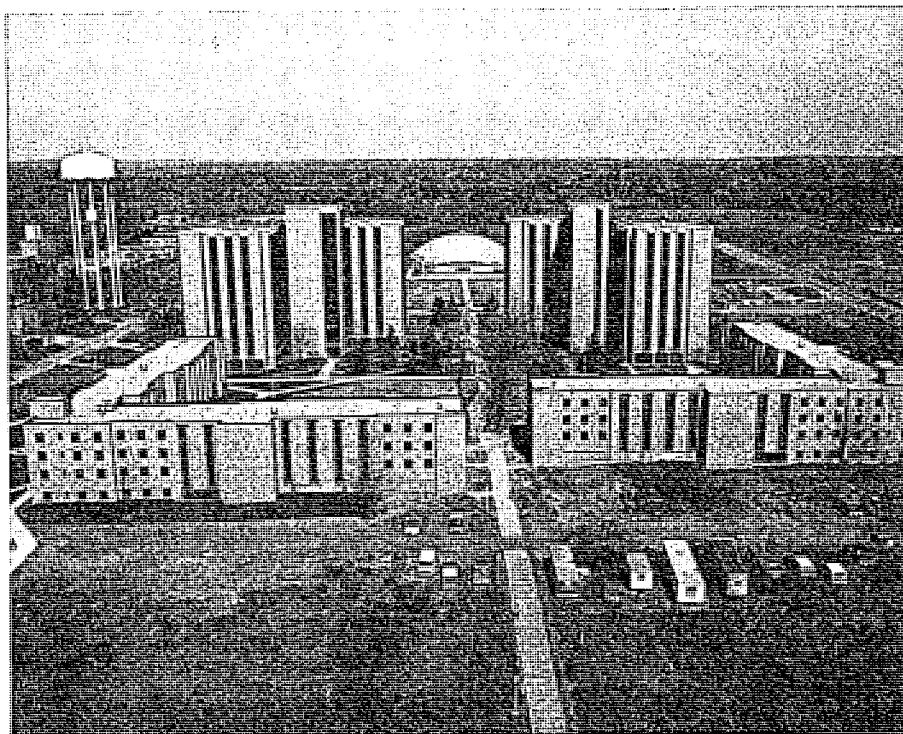
No, we need only mention those "Souls in Purgatory," trapped in a Dantesque labyrinth, so loosely labeled, "Faculty Offices," to evoke our emotions of how truly wrong this building is.

It is not necessary to say more, but perhaps, if we were to mention

(as the well-known architect Robert Venturi might, should he ever visit our campus), "it surely is difficult to tell the difference between good and bad Ellerbe."

What has gone wrong, and what continues to go wrong? Why do we see a steady decline in the quality of the work on this campus, since the erection of O'Shaughnessy in 1953? Primarily, it seems that the architects have not invested enough of their resources in the area of responsive design. Quite frankly, nearly any of the buildings built on this campus since the 1950s might be and have been cited by various responsible critics as being examples of totally insensitive design. The University's willingness to blanketly accept the nonacademic, nonquality apres 1950 architecture, which probably, in most cases, would receive a "D" grade, at best, by any Notre Dame jury, is an insult to those presently studying architecture.

The problem is depth, or more accurately the lack of it, on the part of the designers. The most recent additions to the campus illustrate that the campus architects do not seem to have any clear idea of what they are attempting to accomplish here at Notre Dame. The lack of a campus plan, which regulates further growth, is primary among the criticisms. Although, the architects will conveniently produce many token studies



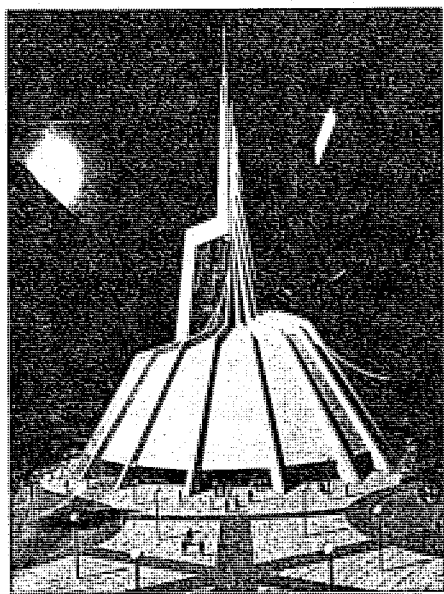
"The towers are placed amidst the gardens and the playing fields . . . , the apparent lack of order in the plan could only deceive the unlearned . . . , we must study the plan, the key of this evolution."—Le Corbusier

that they have done, one only need realize that these do not constitute a holistic view of the history and future history of the campus. Likewise, here at Notre Dame, buildings appear overnight, usually without any discussion or critique by those who might use them. The only warning that we receive is an announcement in the *Observer*, teamed with a pretty, but misleading, photograph of smiling, beautiful people, in a euphoric state about the "building of tomorrow."

One need only look at schemes for the Cardinal O'Hara Chapel, a sister design to Disney's Space Mountain, to have evidence of the absurdities that have been proposed. The real clincher, however, is the unfortunate construction of Pasquerilla East and West—buildings which so completely ignore a 5000-year tradition of architecture, that they prove when things look bad, they really can get worse. Inane and highly inaccurate comments have been made in defense of these atrocious lumps of brick by many who have no credentials to support their argument.

The first step in correcting a problem of this type is the recognition of its existence. To start, one should be

aware that although one might begin with good intentions to build a fine campus, it is the skill of the designer that becomes critical. A weak designer might eliminate the possibilities of the attainment of those original good intentions, although he or she may also sincerely share similar sentiments. The need lies in the recognition of the art of architecture, and an acceptance of qualitative standards (which at present do not exist here at Notre Dame) concerning the design of the buildings in the campus context, along with the mundane quantitative standards concerning the engineering of the building. One suggestion might be the establishment of a position of an architectural design consultant whose services could aid in the assessment of design quality. This type of judgment is too difficult for the non-architectural community to make alone, when dealing with projects of this magnitude. The consultant should be hired with the prior arrangement that design services on his part would be limited on the campus, to insure the advisory nature of his position. Obviously, we are at the



"The problem badly conceived: Eyes which do not see . . . , Michelangelo had something to say; it has all been destroyed."—Le Corbusier

Hidden Orders and Perceptions on the Notre Dame Campus

by Prof. Esmee Cromie Bellalta

Perception, as a condition of understanding, is complex. Different economies are employed in the collection of information, and once amassed, the data is processed and interpreted. The senses of perception are constants in this process, but what is perceived is a variable. From the point of view of designers and of those who walk on campus daily, the influence of three major concepts on the order at Notre Dame can be perceived. These concepts illustrate different perceptions of the universe at distinct historic periods.

The Cartesian philosophy, contesting the Aristotelian perception of the earth as the center of the universe, proposes a method of reasoning based on mathematics. There is evidence on campus of this method. Despite the dynamic quality of the method which allows a progression towards the unknown, Descartes, in terms of architecture, city building, and legal systems, considered it potentially more perfect for them to be organized by only one person. This would be debatable today.

Notre Dame's campus gives subtle manifestation of containing perceptions from the baroque order and spacial organization: a break with

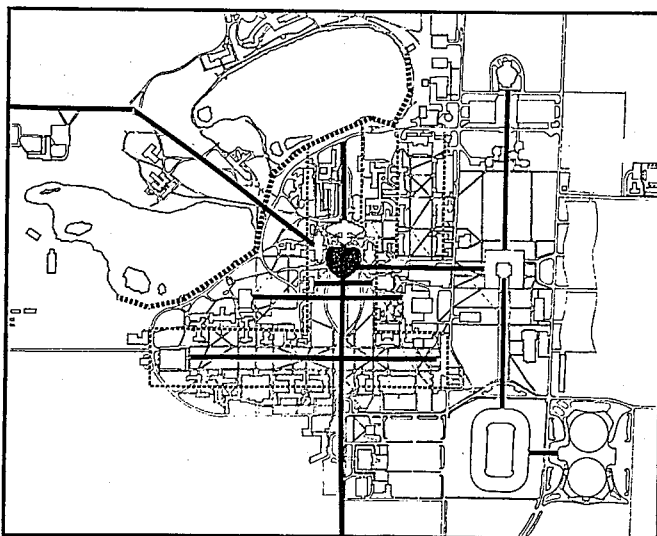
the preceding "rules" for organization. The Baroque Period is synonymous with concern for mobility of line; complication of the ground plan; a concern, through painting largely, to stimulate the beholder to participate; the substitution of the axis for the cross of spacial diagonals; the creation of irregular form and movement.

These philosophical perceptions do not correspond with an identical time frame in Notre Dame's history, but their effect and reaction to effect are reflected in a similar sequence. The implantation of the Cartesian order is seen in the initial formal axis of Notre Dame Avenue moving towards the unknown and in the consequent symmetrically placed buildings and open quads of the "Cartesian grid." This is followed by the less perceptible organizing diagonal that cuts across campus, from the athletic center of Notre Dame to meet the penetrating movement from St. Mary's College. The still much debated philosophy of contemporary order is represented here by a superimposition of conditions as experienced in the physical campus of Notre Dame; by the addition of parts, irrespective of form, and an imitation, in the name of transformation, of past perceptions.

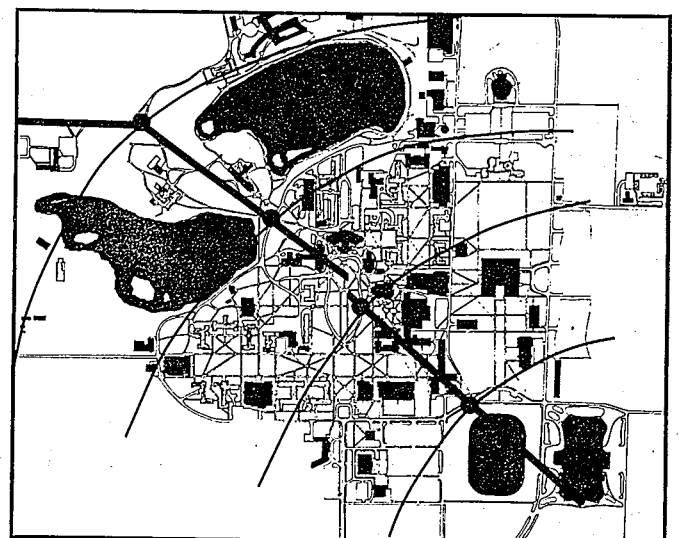
Conversion, transformation, will always relate to that which existed prior to modification. There is much conceptual disagreement as to how transformation should take place today. Some schools of thought propose a direct modification from some point in the past. Others believe that transformation is a continuous process and the ultimate existing condition, that contains within it a progressive history, a seed of the new perception, is the contemporary point of departure. It is not an equation of [A then B then C then AC] etc., but rather [parts of A + parts of B + X = C].

With the passing of certain explicit values to a secondary level of importance as one historic period becomes defined in terms of another, the use of symbolism can become significant. The clarity between what is perceived explicitly and what is left in symbol is lessened. In the physical also, changes occur in relation to these levels of actuality and perception.

The original grand tree-lined axis running from the Administration Building and the Golden Dome outwards passed through a replica of the Sacred Heart, on the ground in front of the main steps. The heart is formed by the surrounding path



Axes of origin



Campus arcs

pattern and although now it goes almost unperceived, even as a symbol it affects the movement and vision towards the Main Building. The great avenue still has a name, Notre Dame Avenue, but in its upper part has been heavily planted out of reality. What appears as a void on all the plans of the campus and in people's perceptions is now really a dense area of trees, with a line of statues standing down the center of the axis. A visual axis can still be established between a beholder and the uplifted Golden Dome. Although this original main axis has been almost transformed out of existence, this central avenue has become a "symbolic perception" for those on campus.

The other axis on campus, which connects three of the large, newer buildings, is in negative an axis, and exists only as a mental construct; as a hypothetical line, upon which Stepan Center, Memorial Library and the Stadium are placed. No spacial quality exists between these buildings and the relationship is intellectual. However, the influence of the "baroque diagonal" is far from intellectual and can be understood in the building-use definition of campus, which schematically can be divided into a series of arcs, governed by a radius, or diagonal movement thrusting across campus. The perception of an existing intrinsic order and a visualization of these arc-zones constituted by areas of athletic, academic, dormitory living and public buildings; religious buildings and the lakes, in

the context of use and movement, can radically modify any future planning philosophy.

In any recognizable period, there is a central concern that provokes the search for new knowledge or the rectification of an incomplete condition and moves it towards the perfect. Today, one particular concern, in the area of design or planning, or just mere living, is that of public open spaces: how they should be; what form they should take and where. . . . On the Notre Dame campus this unknown is also an issue. Where are the small social spaces? The great quad spaces are here, inherited from the time of origin and first building. But in this more democratic and inclusive time, there are no corresponding contemporary public open spaces, as yet, on campus.

After referring to the previous orders that have been responsible for the campus' physical organization, it may be reasonable to exercise a contemporary method, which derives from present-day philosophical stances, and consider superimposition and a system of interrelationships as a way to create a realistic perception of campus order. The existing grid that organizes the buildings' positions and open quad spaces can be overlaid with the scheme consequential on the existence of the cross diagonal movements and building-use arcs. By consciously recognizing effects of orders from the past in a method for the future, a proposal can be made for the points of intersection: these, on

the Notre Dame campus, can be transformed into the needed social spaces. The meeting of the old in the creation of the new.

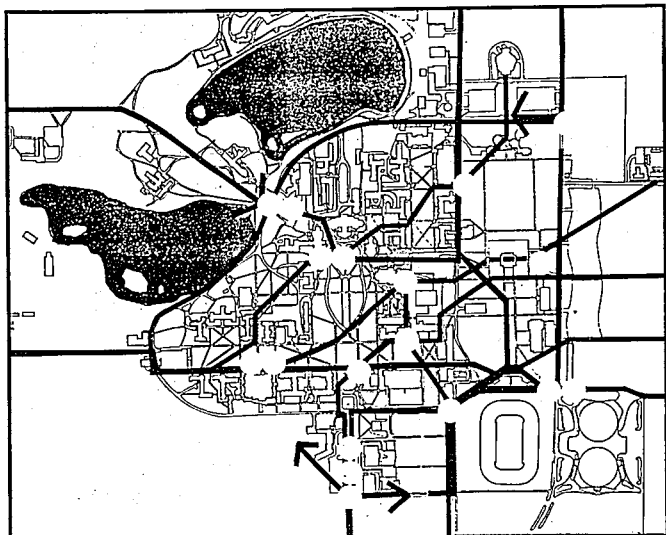
Brownson Hall courtyard and the Crossroads park, dedicated to Professor Joe Evans, are the only two spaces of this social character on campus at present. There are, in the context of the new method, many latent spaces. From one extreme to another. The quad space outside the South Dining Hall that cries to be transformed from an exit from the metro-station to an after-mealtime encounter space. The quiet potential fountain place in front of the Knights of Columbus building. There are many hidden spaces waiting to become a place.

The working of the universe is not perceived in its ecological dimension, even though its cyclical quality is evidenced by the basic elements of air, water, earth, and members of the plant and animal kingdoms. No system or order can ignore this almost imperceptible dynamic, when its application is made to a physical environment, the campus.

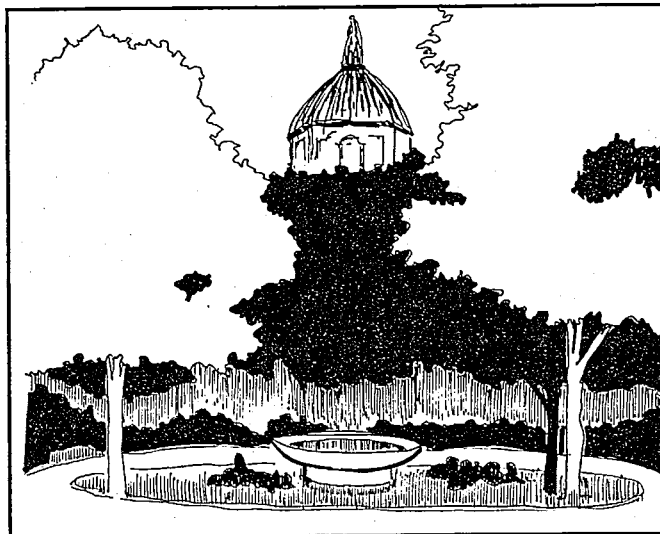
Air, the heavens, are present to us as symbolized in the golden statue above the Dome, rising upwards.

Water, despite the big, beautiful lakes of origin and some small possible fountains, is not yet well seen. A huge open water basin could be placed at the entrance to campus to catch the rain into a welcoming font that gives the water into a long, thin trough, to be carried towards the Dome, in a contemporary recovery of the great axis.

Cont'd on page 32



The Contemporary Concept



Origins of Water

Needs, Priorities, and the Campus Plan

by Peg Boenheim

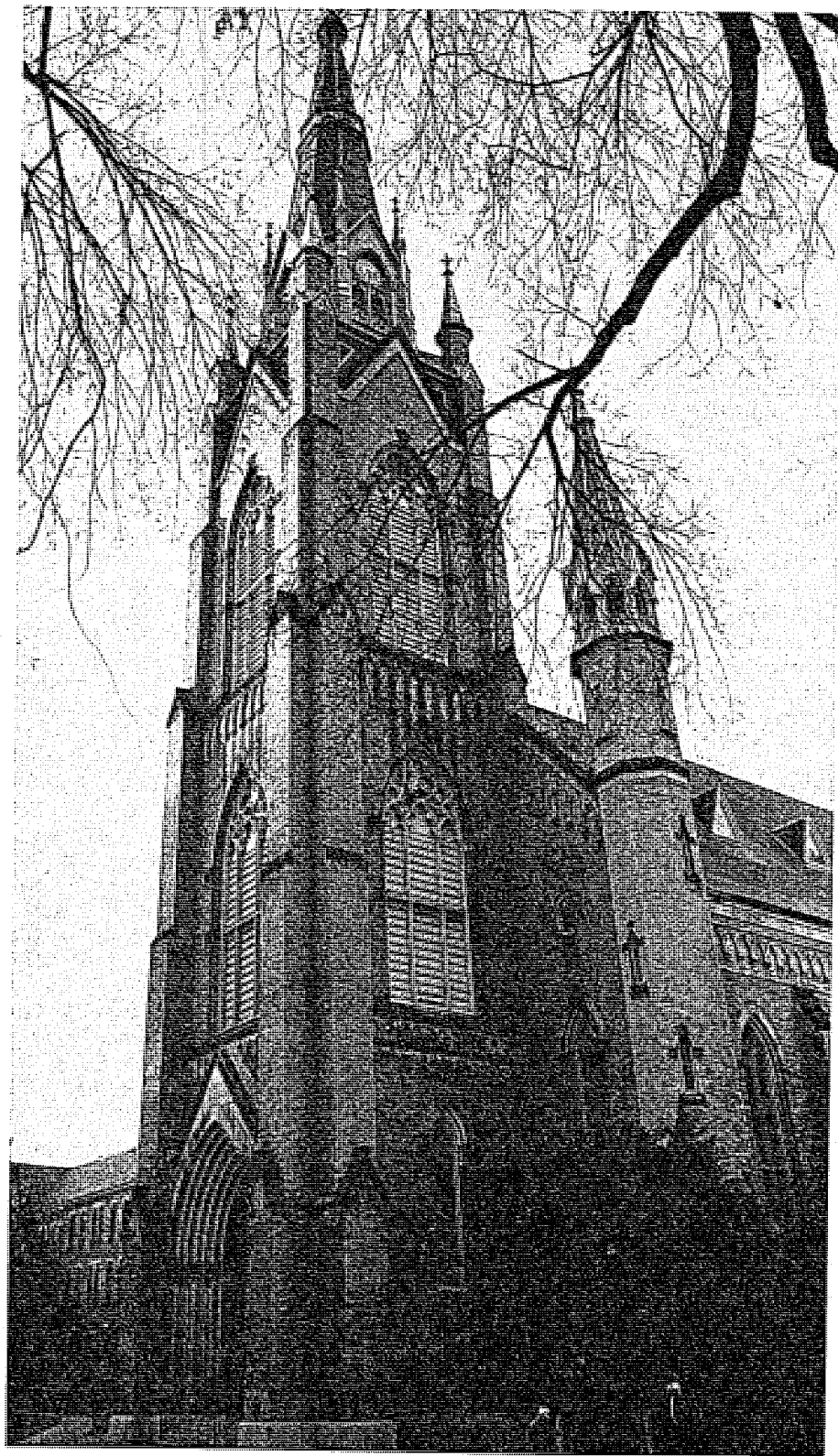
Since its meager beginnings in 1842, the University has grown into what Donald Dedrick, Director of Physical Planning, has called it "one of the most beautiful campuses existing."

The development of the physical campus has been a continuous process. Today there are ninety-five buildings on the 1,250-acre campus, indicating there has been constant change and construction since 1844's five-building 524-acre campus.

A tremendous amount of work goes into planning, building, and maintaining a ninety-five-building campus. The man who coordinates everything from the fixing of a leaking faucet to the construction of Pasquerilla East and West is Donald Dedrick.

Dedrick came to Notre Dame in September of 1978 from American University in Washington, where he worked in business and industrial management also. In his short time here, Dedrick has been a part of the construction of Fitzpatrick Hall of Engineering, Stepan Chemistry Hall, Snite Museum of Arts, Pasquerilla East and West, and the renovation of St. Edward's Hall. Entering these projects at various stages keeps Dedrick's days busy, and that is what he likes best about his job.

Dedrick heads the Physical Plant Department, located in the same building as the Credit Union. He also handles all new construction, one of four areas within the Physical Plant Department. The four divisions are: 1) Building Services, which cleans all the resident and academic halls. 2) Power Plant, which is responsible for the utilities. They centrally create heat, hot



Sacred Heart Church, campus tradition . . .

water, and chilled water. 3) Maintenance, which makes all the building fix-ups, including renovation and electrical or plumbing repairs. 4) New Construction, which creates new buildings.

Designing a new building is not an easy task. Dedrick used Pasquerilla

East and West as examples. First, the committee of users and Dedrick meet to discuss a program. The program for the women's dorms would house 500 students. He continued by explaining that a program includes the number of rooms, the size of the rooms, the amount of study space



... and Pasquerilla, campus expansion

and lounge area needed. Another part of the program specifies the type of interior finishes that will be used.

Once the committee sets down its specifications, the architect tries to accommodate the program within the committee's set budget. If the program is too big for the budget, then compromises must be made. In such a case, the architect and Dedrick must agree on alternate construction materials, techniques, or building styles.

"It takes about nine months from the time that we first sit down and talk about a building until we finally have a set of construction documents. That's *if* everything goes well," Dedrick said with a smile. "If it doesn't go well, it takes a little longer."

Overall campus planning is done by the Committee on University Priorities (COUP). In 1973, COUP met and discussed the physical needs of the University. They decided there was a need for engineering classrooms, chemical research labs, faculty offices, and housing for 500 students. In addition, they saw the need for renovation of the older halls on campus. A master plan, an overall campus plan for the next ten years, was then drawn up.

"The master plan is like a road map. The road map changes as the needs and priorities of the University change and as the University is able to fund these changes," Dedrick said.

Looking at an overall blueprint of the campus, Dedrick pointed out that past planners have maintained four distinct areas of campus. First, there is the definite open space which buffers the outer edge of campus.

Second, he pointed to the service area which includes the football stadium, and Athletic and Convocation Center. Third, a well-planned residential space is present in the North and South Quadrangles. Fourth, the academic heart is concentrated around the Business Building, Engineering Halls, and O'Shaughnessy. Another indicator of good planning is the unobstructed

mall that leads to the Golden Dome. The mall adds to the beauty and impact of the Administration Building.

"The campus is very well planned and the fact that we are able to define these four areas is proof," said Dedrick. "Many campuses are a hodgepodge of poorly planned pavement where dormitories, parking lots, and academic buildings are all mixed together."

A visual continuity has also been maintained throughout the campus. Beginning in 1843, when rich marl (earthy deposits containing lime) deposits were found next to Carroll Hall, University kilns produced thousands of yellow buff "Notre Dame" bricks. In the early 1880's when the marl deposits no longer yielded the raw material needed to make the bricks, Belden bricks were used. These bricks are similar to the original "Notre Dame" bricks in color and texture, which results in a campuswide visual harmony not present at most universities.

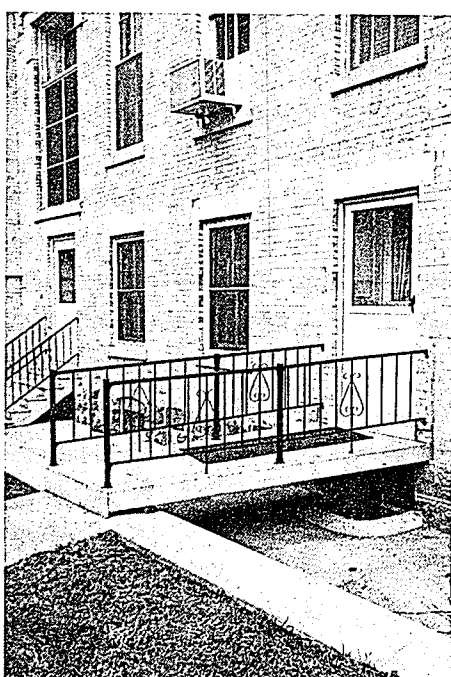
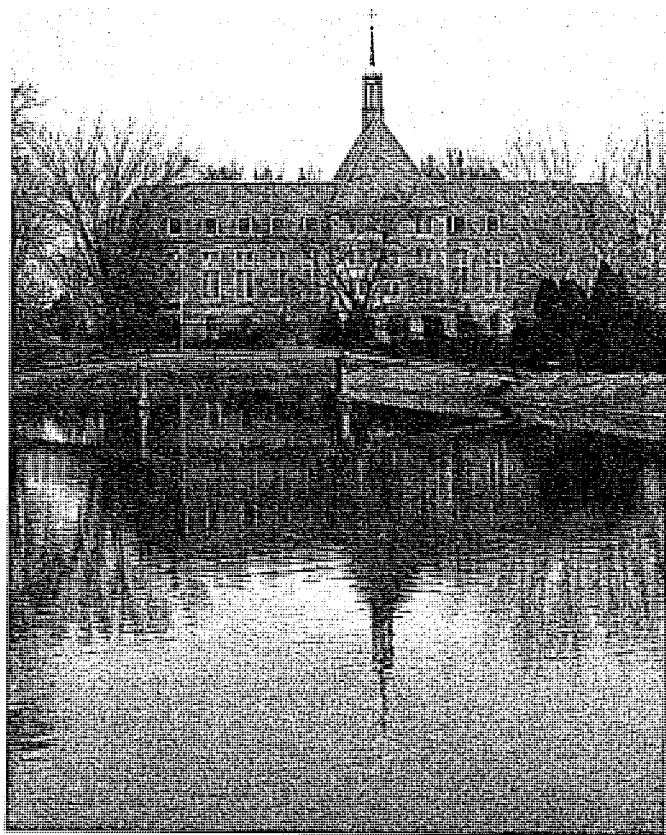
Dedrick could offer no criticism of the campus as a whole. He added, "Each generation has worked the best with the money it had at the time. The campus has evolved beautifully." □

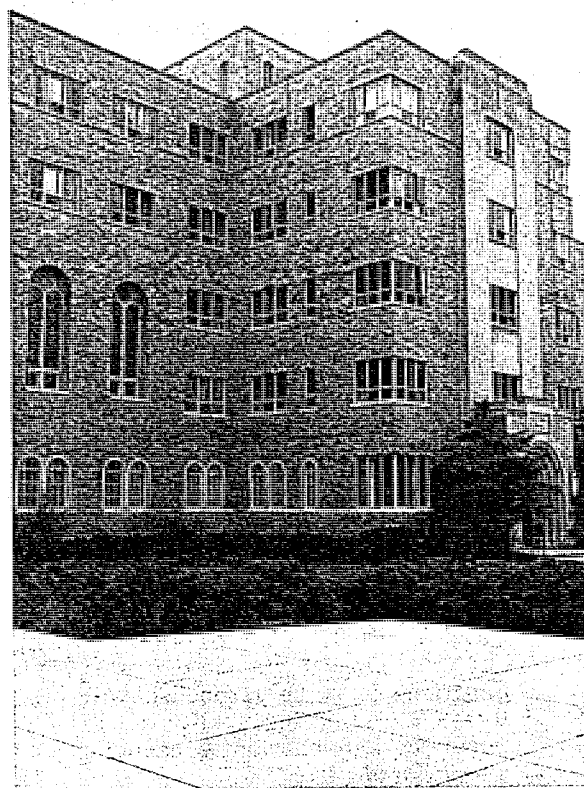
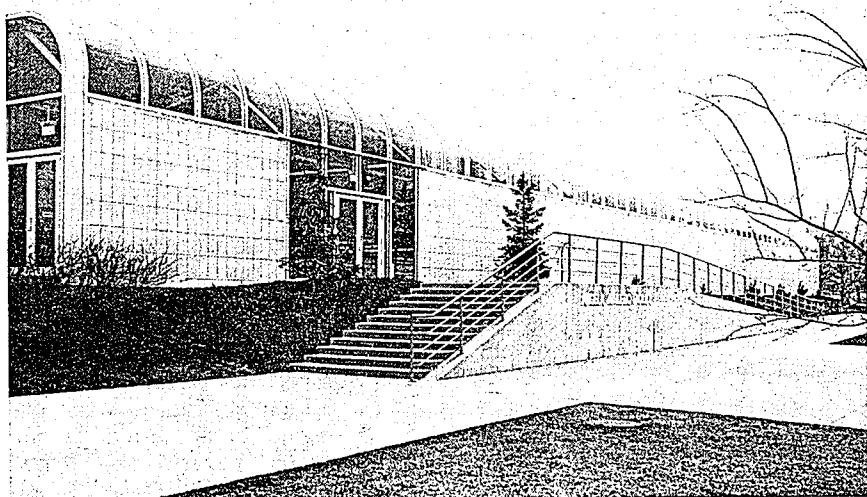
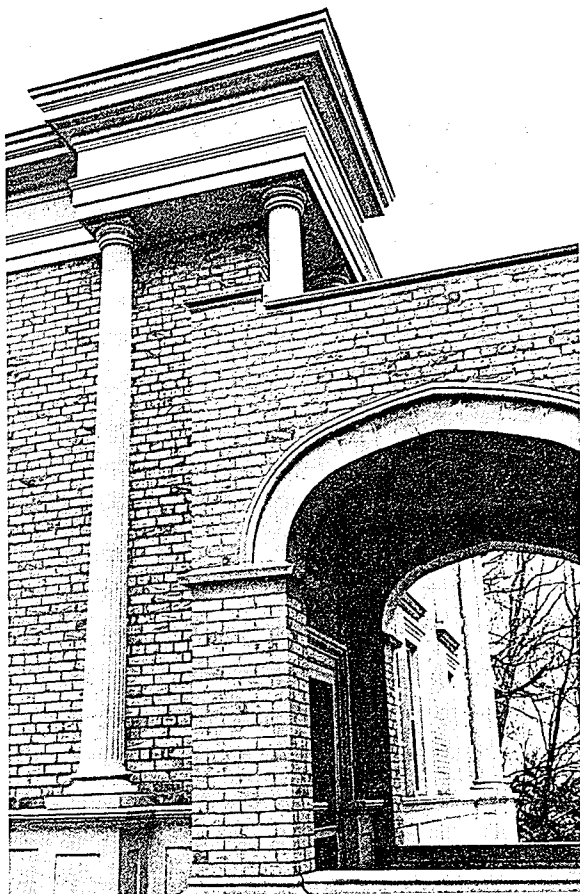
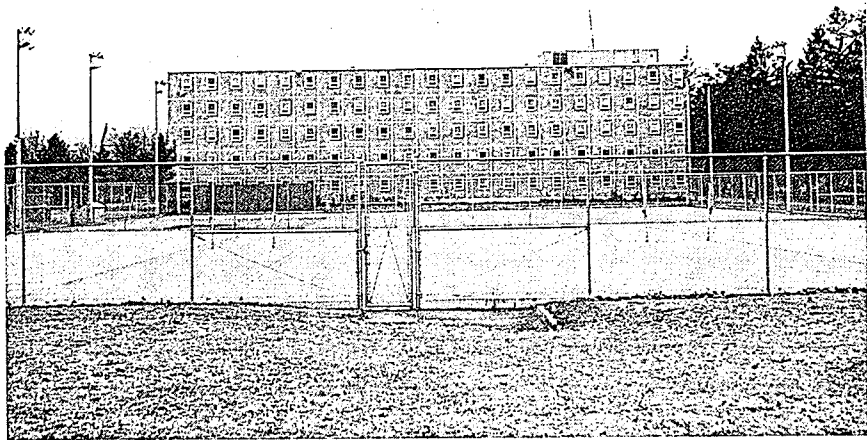


Beginning the work on St. Ed's

Saint Mary's College

by Chris Kennedy





Alexander Haig:

A "Political General" for State

by Marc J. Halsema

"The world does not stand still for our elections—important as they are. Complex issues already crowd our foreign policy agenda. The earlier the Reagan Administration articulates its approach to these issues, the better served the nations of the world and the people of our own nation will be."

General Alexander M. Haig Jr.

Taken from testimony given to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, January 9, 1981.

The selection and confirmation of General Alexander M. Haig, Jr., as Secretary of State portend a shift in American foreign policy from the misbegotten calculations and naïveté of the Carter Administration to what is hoped will be a rational and consistent international agenda during the Reagan years. The General's tenure at State could not be more opportune as it appears that the current Administration is prepared to implement far-reaching and much-needed changes in the formulation and direction of this country's foreign policy.

Alexander Haig exudes personal and professional strengths befitting his role in Washington. First, Haig is a realist who will approach the complexity of international relations with cool pragmatism and a high regard for REALPOLITIK, an approach so shabbily and cavalierly ignored throughout the Carter years. Haig's unequivocal statements will help to "re-prioritize" the government's foreign policy objectives and can be relied upon to end the confusion emanating from the State Department. As Haig himself so clearly recognizes, the ideals which this country professes to the world—social justice, freedom of expression, and the right to national self-determination—must be reconciled with the cold, unsettling reality of an imperfect and constantly changing world full of peril.

Second, at age fifty-six, Haig is an accomplished master of the power game—a polished professional who successfully combines the discipline and devotion of a career Army officer with the savvy of a veteran political operator. His appointment to America's chief foreign policy post was generally applauded overseas, for Haig is viewed as highly intelligent, clear-headed, and especially capable for the position due to his acquaintance with important European personalities. Haig's supporters both at home and abroad regard him as tough-minded enough to successfully end the post-Vietnam vacillation that marred the foreign policy endeavors of both Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter.

Finally, Haig is a "political general," a man equally comfortable with politics and the military. Though he saw combat action in Korea and Vietnam—being decorated both times for heroism—Haig established himself at various war colleges and in staff jobs where he displayed an ability in dealing with people and understanding the fine points of geopolitics. As NATO commander, Haig was initially greeted with skepticism: too military for such a political job, said some; too political for such a military job, said others. As it turned out, however, he was superbly right for the job, as the men and women under his command and virtually all European leaders now acknowledge. Demonstrating political, diplomatic, and military talents as well as a prodigious memory, Haig won over his detractors in both the United States and Western Europe.

Though he was at times considered a protégé of Henry Kissinger, Alexander Haig successfully carved out his own niche in official Washington. Haig went to Washington from Vietnam in 1968 to join President-elect Nixon's national security staff. Haig's maiden assignment in the White House was to prepare for Nixon a

daily summary of security conditions around the world. But he quickly went beyond that, reorganizing Kissinger's staff, acting as liaison between the Pentagon and the State Department, and screening all intelligence information before it reached the President's desk. He also became the White House's eyes and ears in Vietnam, making sixteen fact-finding trips to the war zone for Nixon and Kissinger.

By 1972, Haig had been promoted to the rank of major general and been given direct access to the Oval Office. As one of Nixon's most influential advisers, he headed the advance party that planned the President's first trip to China, and he sat in on the first round of peace talks with the North Vietnamese in Paris. Haig pressed Nixon hard to take the toughest possible stance with the North Vietnamese, urging him to bomb Hanoi and mine Haiphong harbor—two controversial recommendations that Nixon ultimately accepted.

When, in April 1973, Nixon fired his top lieutenants, John Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman, Haig was tapped as the "interim" chief of staff—a post which he occupied with considerable grace and aplomb even in the waning days of the Nixon Presidency. Haig maintained staff morale and "domestic tranquility" in the White House throughout the summer of 1974 when a transition of Administration became increasingly certain.

President Ford appointed Haig NATO commander in late 1974. His arrival in Brussels coincided with a growing realization on both sides of the Atlantic that European defense systems had slipped badly. By skillful military management, Haig forced the various NATO members into a more cohesive fighting unit. For instance, he conducted more realistic maneuvers: units were ordered to engage in simulated combat with no advanced warning—a genuine test of readiness.



Alexander Haig

While at NATO, Haig became increasingly disenchanted with the overly accommodating policy of the Carter Administration toward the Soviet Union. In Haig's mind, this simply encouraged Soviet expansion and weakened Allied confidence in American policymaking. He publicly objected to the SALT II treaty and Carter's cancelling of the neutron bomb. He decided in 1979 to resign his command and return to the United States. On returning home, he was named president of United Technologies Corporation but was soon sidelined by a coronary bypass operation. He recovered rapidly and completely, however, and began maneuvering for a place in Reagan's Cabinet at last summer's GOP Convention.

Alexander Haig's view that the world remains obdurately bipolar—and that a long wished for and often hailed easing of this situation has not come to pass ranked highly with Reagan, making Haig the logical choice for Secretary of State. Over all, Alexander Haig's confirmation hearings sparkled with impressive glints of candor and wisdom, displaying an attitude both refreshing and realistic, albeit bothersome to tender minds. For example: Haig's explicit avoidance of sentimental generalizing about the Third World, unequivocal endorsement of the strategic good sense of the Christmas bombings in the Vietnam War, and assertion of the existence of "more important things than peace." What

is revealed here is an outlook properly attuned to George Washington's counsel "always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments in a respectable defensive posture."

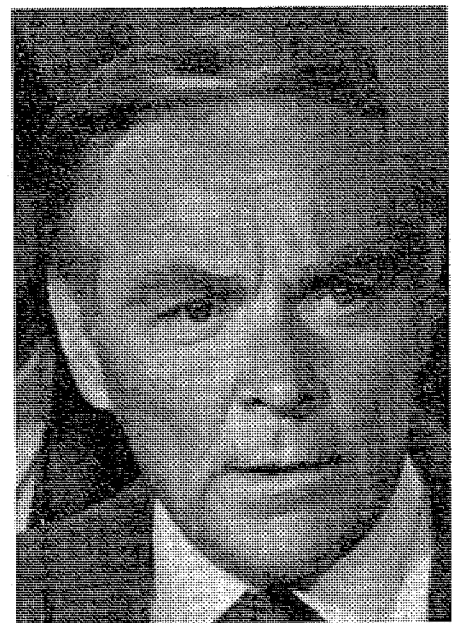
Military strength, on Haig's reckoning, is indispensable in managing external affairs but not the all-encompassing end. With powers of synthesis as well as analysis, his mind comes through as "a combining mind" and that is the kind required for achieving coherence between military factors and other aspects of policy. A Secretary of State equipped and disposed to draw strategy within his province can be a big help in overcoming the deficiencies summed up as the Carter legacy. Haig's tenure gives promise of renewing for the State Department a role in strategy akin to the one it played in the production of USC-68 thirty-one years ago, the first formulation ever of a national strategy for the U.S. in peacetime.

As he made clear several weeks ago before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Haig judges the central strategic phenomenon of the post-World War II era to be the transformation of Soviet military power from a continental and largely land army to a global offensive army, navy, and air force, fully capable of supporting an imperial foreign policy. Considered in conjunction with the episodic nature of the West's military response, this tremendous accumulation of armed might has produced perhaps the

most complete reversal of global power relationships ever seen in a period of relative peace.

In all likelihood, Haig's stewardship at State will witness a renewed tough line with Moscow. Like the President, Haig is disturbed at the rapid Soviet arms build-up and Soviet adventurism around the globe. Haig appears not to be a visceral opponent of negotiations with the Soviets, but remains highly skeptical of them. He criticizes détente for its potential of becoming a substitute for strength and unity, and he disparages the continuation of arms control talks or further credit transfers as long as the Soviets continue to violate international law. Already, Secretary of State Haig's words echo the harshest rhetoric at the height of the cold war. On January 29, he charged the Soviet Union with "training, funding and equipping international terrorism." Said Haig: "International terrorism will take the place of human rights in our concern because it is the ultimate abuse of human rights."

International civility and Western policy themselves are threatened by the unchecked growth of Soviet power. In Haig's mind, the United States has a clear choice: to react to events as they occur—serially, unselectively, and increasingly unilaterally—or to confront the fundamental problems of American foreign policy and the future of democracies





in general. Looking ahead, it may be said with assurance that Haig will attempt to forge a cohesive foreign policy agenda which seeks actively to shape events and, in the process, creates a consensus among like-minded peoples.

Through such an agenda, many of the following—in the long term—may be seen as attainable goals: the management of Soviet power, the re-establishment of an orderly international economic climate, the economic and political maturation of developing nations to the benefit of their peoples, and the achievement of a reasonable standard of international civility. But, as Haig himself directs, “these desirable and critical objectives are impossible to achieve in an international environment dominated by violence, terrorism and threat.”

As Secretary of State, Alexander Haig will probably work well with Reagan as he did with Nixon. The two profess common international and political goals as well as methods by which to achieve their shared objectives. For instance, public statements by both men bespeak agreement on three basic qualities for success in the conduct of American foreign policy. First, the United States must act consistently. Specific issues may furnish the occasion for action, but they cannot constitute the sole basis for policy. Once specific issues are accepted as merely surface manifestations of more fundamental problems, it will also be clear that effective policy cannot be created anew daily and formed solely by immediate needs. To do so risks misperception by adversaries, loss of confidence by allies and confusion among Americans. U.S. policy has been most effective, for example, in the Middle East where consistent American interests have been pursued.

Second, the United States must behave reliably. American power and prestige should not be lightly committed but, once made, that commitment must be honored. Haig believes that the Allies cannot be expected to share the burdens and risks of collective action if they cannot count on the word of the United States. On the other hand, adversaries cannot be expected to exercise prudence if they perceive American resolve to be hostage to the exigencies of the moment.

Those whose posture toward the United States remains to be determined cannot be expected to decide in favor of friendship if they cannot confidently assess the benefits of mu-

tual association. To be perceived as an unreliable is therefore to become virtually irrelevant as an influence for stability and peace and to leave the international arena to the mercy of those who do not share the U.S. commitment to either.

Finally, and in some ways most important, American foreign policy must demonstrate balance both in the approach to individual issues and in the orchestration of policy directly. By “balance,” Haig means to recognize that complex issues invariably require reconciliation of a variety of competing pressures. For instance, the Secretary of State agrees that equitable and verifiable arms control contributes to security but restraint in the growth and proliferation of armaments will not be

“The selection and confirmation of General Alexander M. Haig, Jr., as Secretary of State portends a shift in American foreign policy from the misbegotten calculations and naiveté of the Carter Administration to what is hoped will be a rational and consistent international agenda during the Reagan years.”

achieved by policies which increase the very insecurities that promote arms competition.

Balance must also be struck in the orchestration of policy generally; in selection of the issues to be addressed; in the priority accorded to them, and in understanding the relationship of individual issues, one to the other, and each to broadly based policies. This form of balance has become known as “linkage,” a concept to which both Reagan and Haig are committed.

Consistency, reliability, balance. These three attributes, in Haig's estimation, are essential not because they guarantee a successful foreign policy—nothing can do that—but because their absence guarantees an unsuccessful one. Unfortunately, as

de Tocqueville pointed out long ago, these are precisely the qualities which a democracy finds most difficult to muster. This inherent difficulty has been complicated in the past decade by the breakdown of foreign policy bipartisanship and by the development of unnecessary division between the Congress and the executive branch and among the executive departments themselves.

Haig would be the first military man to serve as Secretary of State since George Marshall. There is not much fear of having a “man on horseback” in the post, but there exist nagging doubts about a man who may have ridden all too many horses: a charge that Haig is an opportunist, that he is more devoted to power than to principle. For still others, there is concern over Haig's relationship with Richard Nixon and his role in the Nixon White House during the “final days.” These and other unsettled issues remain, it is true, but the real issue is not Haig's performance during Watergate or even whether he is an opportunistic power-seeker. What concerns Washington these days is whether Alexander Haig, as Secretary of State, can employ the power realities of East and West to effect an end to the retrenchment of American power and prestige around the world.

At the very least, Haig's record demonstrates a realistic assessment of geopolitics and a necessary commitment to changing—at any cost—the direction of this country's foreign policy. Policy alteration, however, takes time and time is at a premium. In high policy, as in the rest of life, it is the long-term endeavors that brook no delay. Even though the eventual results lie years ahead, a palpable showing that the Reagan Administration means business in this regard can have immediate salutary effects that will be heard around the world. Other voices will counsel against doing things by fits and starts. The proper answer to such cautionary advice is that there is no other way of getting big endeavors off the mark.

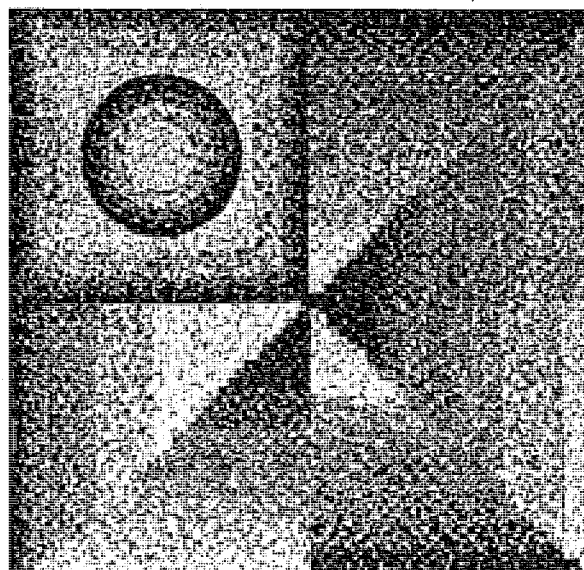
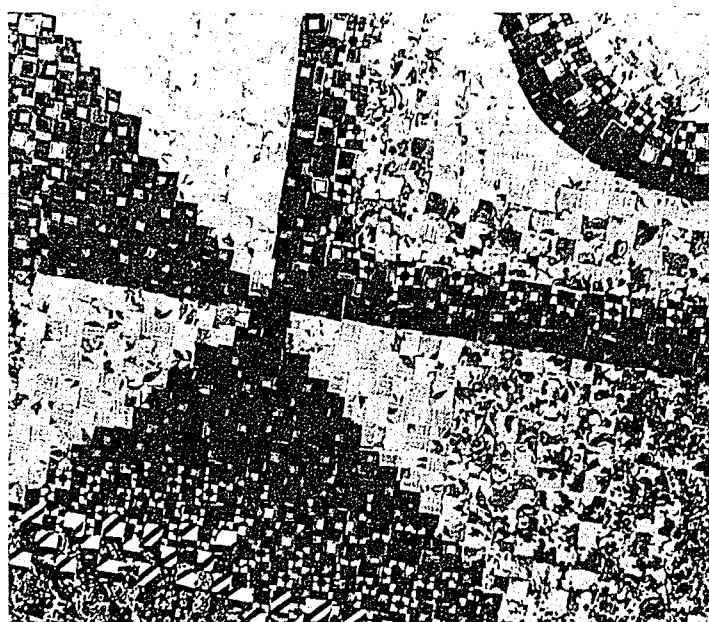
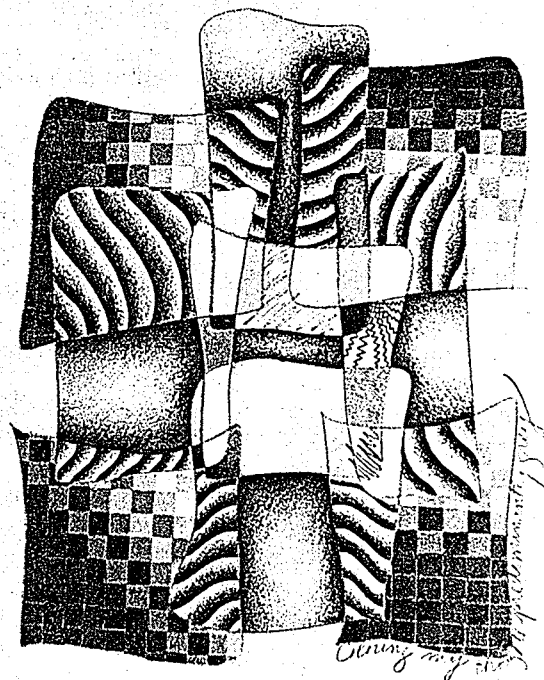
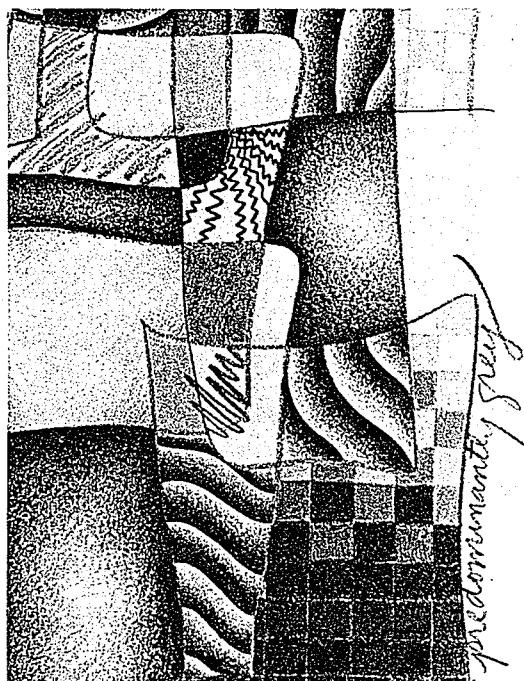
What is felt in listening to Alexander Haig these days is that the man is attuned to such considerations. □

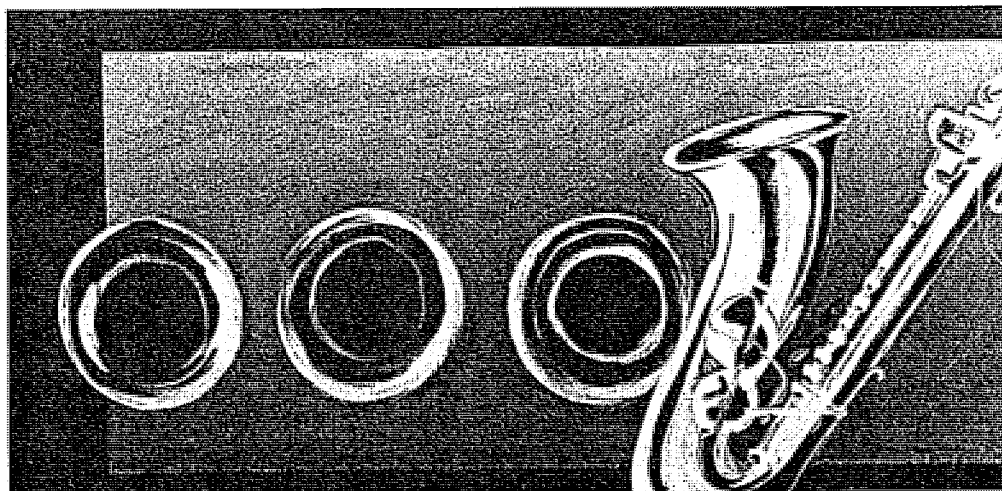
Marc J. Halsema is a senior international relations/Russian language major from Camarillo, California. He leaves in July to study international and comparative law at the Centre Universitaire de Luxembourg.

Gallery

There is a system for everything. Flaws and irregularities keep us looking for the right one. Patterns can be deceiving or meaningful.

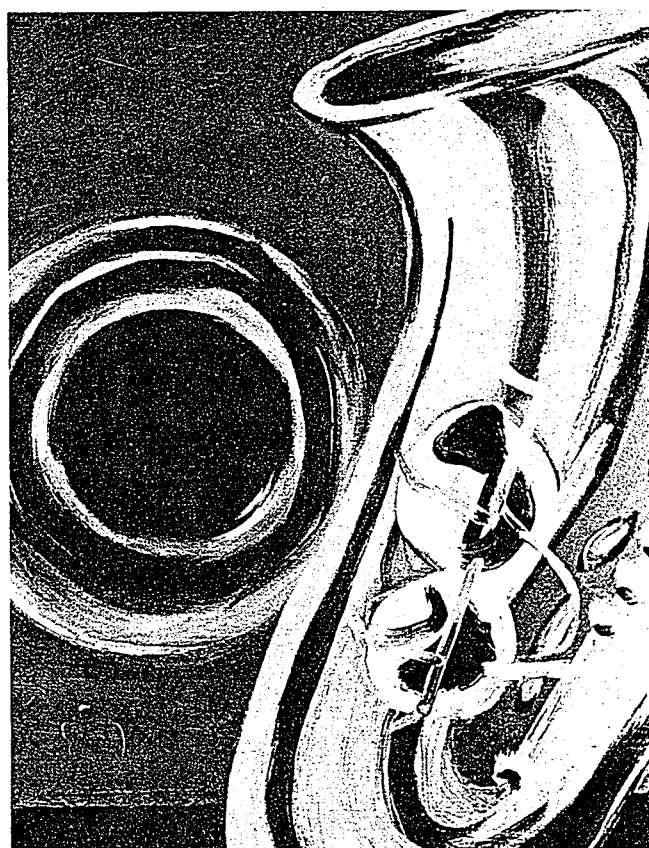
— Mimi Commons

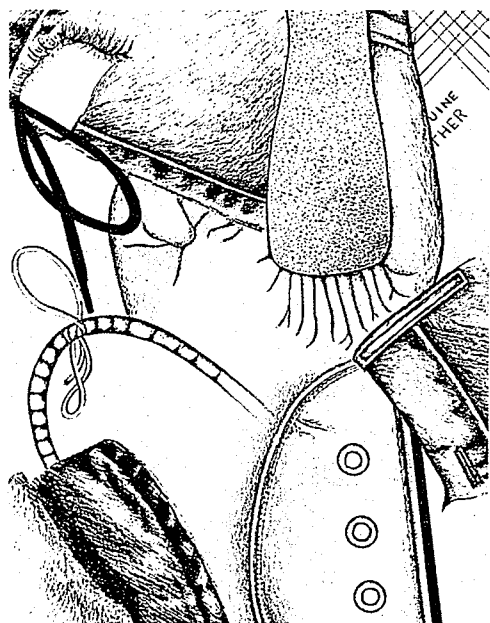
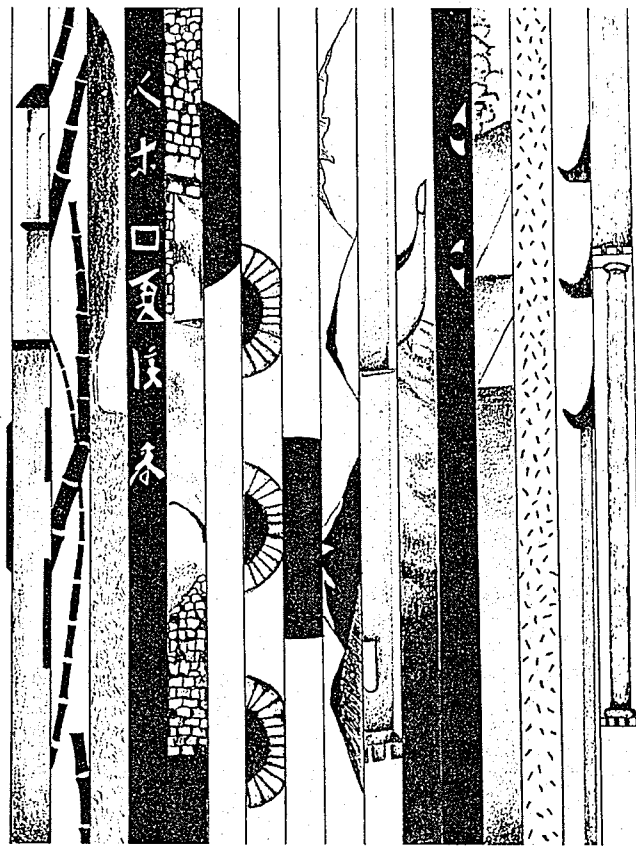




Painting is the medium I enjoy most right now. I've been working on paintings of musical instruments and trying to let the viewer hear the music of these individual instruments through the use of color and placement of the image on the canvas. I would like to create an entire jazz band through these individual paintings.

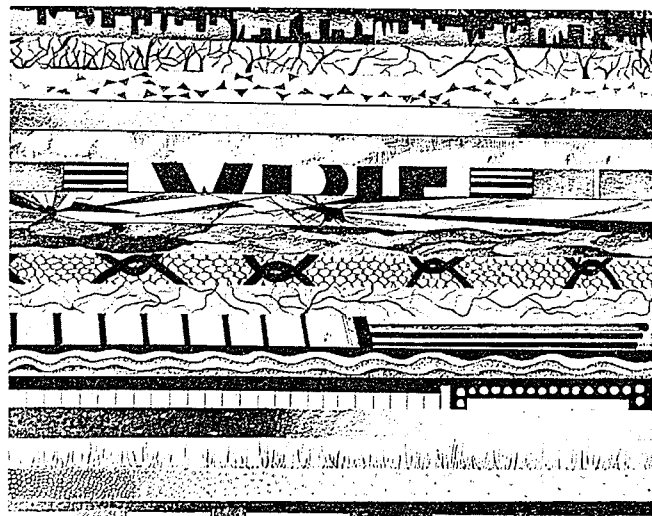
—Ellen Hackl





These drawings are examples of my most recent work. In a sense they are self portraits. Each vertical strip represents various events in my life. They are made up of opposites, such as city and country, Japan and Italy. My problem was tying them together in a way which was both meaningful and visually successful. In order to do this I incorporated different or opposing mediums to render each strip. I plan to expand my efforts in this direction.

—Rosalie Bellanca



Maybe It's Just a Phase I'm Going Through

by Keith Cauley

As a senior engineering student I have been going through the typical interview routine. At first I was quite put off by the whole thing. The young potential executive gets all decked out in a three-piece suit which, in another context, might be mistaken for a Halloween costume. Then the aspiring corporate-ladder climber trudges over to the Administration Building, or to the second floor of LaFortune. The interviewer asks a lot of absurdly phony questions, and the young executive-in-waiting lies through his or her teeth in an effort to tell the interviewer what he wants to hear. In this way the interviewee succeeds in getting a job which he is not suited for, but which pays big bucks. Of course, business people don't call this "lying," they call it diplomacy, or tact, or God knows what.

After only a few months I managed to surmount that initial fear, and forged ahead. Fortunately, I have a certain advantage in that engineering is particularly marketable now, so I have not had to grovel or "bend" my interview responses too much. At least I have not had to so far.

Some of my interviews have been pretty interesting, though. I have learned some things about companies, and about this country, that are pretty shocking. One interview, in particular, I think I will never forget. I will not name the company, but you could figure it out easily enough, if you wanted to. In case you are interested in working there, it is this massive steel operation near Gary, Indiana. I interviewed with this place for only one reason. I wanted to see what a guy who works in Gary looks like. I wanted to know if he *lives* in Gary. I wanted to know *why* he lives in Gary. And I wanted to know *how long* he expects to live in Gary before he is incapacitated by either a) emphysema, b) acid rain, or c) smog collecting on his glasses.

So I got to talking with this guy, and he told me about his company. The whole thing is located in one place, right on Lake Michigan. They employ over 20,000 people, mostly hard-hat workers. The plant is virtu-



ally self-sufficient. They produce much of their own power, and all that kind of thing. Now comes the good part. The interviewer got excited when he told me this. The entire operation—over two and a half square miles—is built on a landfill into Lake Michigan. And the material used? Slag from the mills. I could not believe it. Like something out of Vonnegut or something. An industrial complex built on its own waste.

And this guy was actually *happy* about it. When he said that his business was growing, I guess he meant it literally. Growing right into the lake. Like cancer. "No stopping us," he said. I wondered if it ever crossed his corporate mentality that perhaps Lake Michigan was once a beautiful sight. But that does not really matter now. You cannot really *see* all that far anymore anyway, the air being what it is.

I do not want to sound like a cynic. I dislike the flower-carrying I-wish-I-were-back-in-the-sixties environmentalist as much as the next guy. There is some good stuff being done in the name of progress—you just have to look for it. It is just that the good stuff is becoming increasingly harder to find. I do not blame my interviewer for the state of affairs in Gary. He is just some joe out there doing his job. Supporting a family. Collecting his pay. He probably even has ulcers. He does not have time to be asking

any big questions about what he's doing. Very few people do have time. And, thanks to R. R., now even fewer do.

It really should not come as news to anyone that this world is a pretty screwed-up place. You name it, it is being done right now. Corruption in government, covert C.I.A. operations. . . . People are killing other people in the name of religion. People destroy entire countries in order to defend political ideologies they do not even understand. Believe it or not, there are people out there right now—people just like you and me—making nuclear weapons to devastate people and places they will never see. And there are people dumping slag right into Lake Michigan.

I guess some old guys nobody knows are behind all this. But they will die someday, and then we will be the old guys. Maybe we could change things then. Maybe, just maybe, if each one of us could just . . .

The interview? It went pretty well. Maybe they will make me a decent offer. I guess Gary is not all that bad, really. I probably would not even have to live there. I could probably even commute there from Chicago. □

Keith Cauley is a fifth year Arts and Letters Engineering student at Notre Dame.

A CELEBRATION OF THE ARTS

by Doug Kreitzberg

Mention the word "art" to anyone on campus and the usual reply will probably be, "Art who?" Steeped in a tradition based upon the almighty pigskin and the almighty dollar, the environment of Notre Dame leaves very little room for the imagination. And as a result of illusions pervading society—that the growth of the mind is incompatible with life in a technocratic civilization, that today's culture should be only that which can be inscribed in a ledger—this little room shrinks even smaller. The virtual abolition of the Committee on Academic Progress and the proposed inclusion of a business program within the College of Arts and Letters are signs of the desperate condition Art finds itself, not only on this campus, but throughout society.

Perhaps one should not hope for anything better. Creation propagates through resistance, through pressure, through a change in motion in order to discover the truth about man and his universe. Existing in the shadows of rationality, breathing in spite of the strangling grip of economics, Art thrives. This indication can be seen on the pottery wheels and canvases in the Field House, between the covers of *The Juggler*, in an actor's gestures on the Washington Hall stage, and with vibrant exultation during the one week of the year when the artist is crowned in all his Dionysiac glory—the Sophomore Literary Festival.

On any Festival night the Library Auditorium swells with over 300 people interested in witnessing the word become flesh. Art is shown to be tangible and alive and the imagination reassumes its status as focal point of the academic community. Yet it is not an elitist enterprise. Its source in the oral tradition, literature focuses upon story, upon man's understanding of the universe in fictive terms; the notion that literature can only be perceived through esoteric and pedantic lenses is as

false as the notion that only English majors enjoy the Festival. Anyone interested in exploration, in creation, in humanity will and does enjoy the Festival.

A definition of the Sophomore Literary Festival is found within the title itself. To begin with, the Festival is run totally by sophomores. While many consider them unfit for the job, the sophomores are responsible for a complete orchestration of the entire week, from inviting the authors to brewing the coffee for the reception following the reading. While the complaints against these students—that they are not experienced in both the field of literature and the skills of organization—are valid, these criticisms do not take into account the life and spontaneity that the sophomores put into the event. They are as much an author as the one whom they invite.

The selection of the authors is subsumed under the word, "literary." This distinction separates those whose works impress the imagination with creative impulses from those who churn out gratuitous or pulp writing. It is a difference between the artist who explores the word and the "artist" who prostitutes the word. Unfortunately, this prostitution is represented by most major publishers who would rather exploit the numbed faculties of a TV generation than acknowledge the dignity of the mind. As the "big names" of the paperback game rarely stimulate the craft of writing, the authors the Festival usually invites seldom produce works seen on beaches or on a coffee table beside a copy of the *National Enquirer*. Attracting authors who arrest rather than blur thought forms the primary goal of the Festival.

Art is celebration. A group of artists united together with a receptive and participatory audience is a Festival. This exuberance, this celebration, manifests itself in the workshop—where author and reader

examine the state of literature—and in the party, where author and reader enjoy other states as well. Thus, the urgency within language is given voice in the return to revelry.

The term, "Sophomore Literary Festival," functions only as a whole and would not be realizable if any element with that term were changed. Each component sculpts the vitality of a week where the joys of the incalculable dimensions within the universe are given form. It is a week which offers the inquisitive soul a direction for imagination.

Last year I was given the opportunity to sculpt, to orchestrate, to set in motion a Sophomore Literary Festival. As chairman, my task was to choose a group of students who would share in the sculpture, to mediate between them and the Cultural Arts Commission (now the Contemporary Arts Commission), and to be the one who was ultimately responsible for everything. My position gave me, above all, in increased appreciation for literature. I also learned how bureaucracy worked, but never mastered it. In fact, the reality of the Festival lay hidden underneath the technicalities and red tape and it was not until I stood before an audience, gripped the sides of the lectern and announced John Barth that I realized the Festival was fast becoming history.

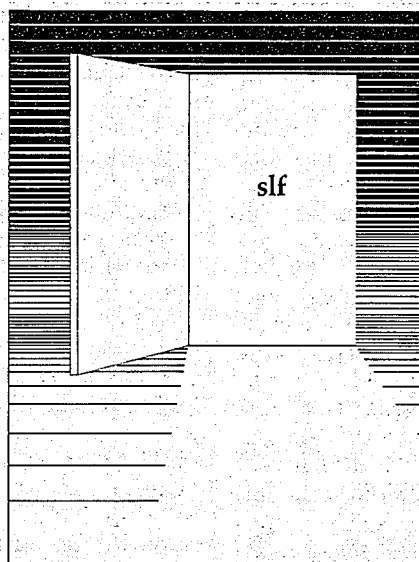
Looking back on the whole process, I feel that chairing the Festival is, to put it bluntly, a pain in the ass—I am glad I was a part of it, but am glad I do not have to go through it again. The belief rises from the alienating cultural atmosphere that is precipitated by the Administration through the Student Government to the students themselves. Also, the diplomatic tact required to play off of the egos of professors, grad students, and authors is tiring for even the healthiest institutions. Therefore, it was a great

relief to attend this year's Festival as a member of the audience. From this perspective, it became interesting to note the effects the Festival produced among the spectators, the committee members, and the authors.

The merciless desire to be the best in everything (at the cost of everything) that Notre Dame represents burdens the Festival with more pressure than one would expect. One area of pressure is the shadow of the first Festival which falls across all the succeeding ones. This was the FESTIVAL, and its rags to riches tale, how one obstinate sophomore brought the most impressive cast of authors to this campus, lives on in the hearts of those who witnessed it. Even those who were not there look at the list of Festivals in

only sophomores attended. Obviously, this is not the case. But one can usually break the audience into various classifications. First are the committee members, always the best dressed in the auditorium, who scurry in and out of the lounge prior to the show, then sit in the first two rows.

Another group are the assistant professors and the graduate students who have taught the author in their classes. They sit behind the committee members with an armful of questions to assault the authors with when they go back for the reception. Behind this group are the full professors who are interested in seeing the author speak, but pretend they are bored with the whole affair. Past committee members fill the next rows, and are usually seen



the program and point to the first one, exclaiming, "Boy, that *was* a Festival! I wish I saw that one!" No matter what the talents are of a David Hare, Roy Fisher, or Herbert Gold, they cannot compare with the credentials and stature of Kurt Vonnegut or Joseph Heller.

However, each year has its own vivacity, its own interests, its own pursuits. This year was no exception and the recurrently large audience for each reading suggests that the Festival is not apprehended just as a sideshow of bestselling authors, but an event which seriously probes the artistic condition.

When discussing the budget for the Sophomore Literary Festival budget one year, someone on the Board of Commissioners questioned the appropriation of such a large sum of money to an event which

waiting for someone to recognize them from the year before.

In the last rows, notebook on the lap, is the traditional my-teacher-required-me-to-go-to-this-reading student. One usually hears snoring from these rows. Intermingled throughout the auditorium are various others who come just because they are interested.

These classifications are purely arbitrary and intentionally stereotyped. Of course everyone attending desires to hear the author, but the shapes in the crowd do sometimes assume stock patterns.

This year's authors were not so stereotypical. While past Festivals tend to highlight fiction writers, this Festival stressed the music of the word in its relatively heavy reliance upon poets. Six poets—Seamus Heaney, Edward Dorn,

Robert Kelly, Anthony Hecht, and Margaret Atwood—presented a spectrum of the finely tuned craft of poetry with marvelous success. Heaney and Kelly were the best, in my opinion; through their words and their physical presence, they evoked a sort of kinesthetic response from the audience whose imaginations were set in full swing. Playwright Romulus Linney read his *Jesus Tales* with a sense of dramatic urgency rarely seen in such a situation. Because of the quality of Herbert Gold's readings, the stories were not as interesting as Linney's, though I would probably enjoy Gold more than the playwright if I read instead of heard the works.

The inclusion of John Powers, despite the massive attendance, may have been a mistake. In my opinion, the place for stand-up comedians is not a literary festival especially when, because of the Catholic nature of the jokes, everyone knew the punch lines before they were delivered. Some of Powers' remarks about writing and wondering why he was there would indicate that he concurs with this opinion. While his appearance might have spurred those who otherwise might not have gone to the Festival, the price paid for his visit as well as the duration of his visit (less than twenty-four hours) did not seem to be justified in the terms of the Festival.

Sally Fitzgerald added an interesting touch to the event. Editor of Flannery O'Connor's letters, she expounded upon the presence of that woman within her work. Her visit, which lasted throughout the week, brought her in touch with a number of students and professors.

One of the sad things that invariably happen at the Festival occurs during the parties, when the sophomores who put in all that time preparing for the week sit in a corner of the room while professors huddle in various groups. I suppose it is inevitable, but the students do not seem to be given the congratulations they deserve.

Well, another Festival is over. People's thoughts will once again turn to the basketball finals and the end of the semester. *The Juggler* will be distributed, the Field House will buzz with activity, and Washington Hall will be the site of a production or two. Art will survive—if nothing else, the Sophomore Literary Festival proves that. □

PAUL FENLON,

THE LAST BACHELOR-DON

by Philip Hicks

This finally is his obituary. Paul Fenlon had loved enough and survived enough to deserve our attention, but he shunned publicity. And so the few biographical sketches he allowed he called cheerily "my obituaries." Today we find fewer and fewer legendary people (even at Notre Dame), largely because of a media which digs so deeply into its subjects that it robs their lives of any element of mystery.

But Paul Fenlon survived the scrutiny intact, defeating attempts to "pick my poor brain." For there were always stories and questions enough wafting across his campus: everyone wondering his age, how long he had lived in Sorin Hall, why he was here; some newly arrived freshman coed asking whose grandfather he was; an imaginative Sorinite describing his double life as a motorcycle racer; members of a bull session in the Sorin basement concluding that he was immortal; a mildly intoxicated alumnus mistaking him for Father Sorin. In a comically fatalistic way Fenlon had resigned himself to the fact: "I am a legend whether I like it or not."

From the moment of his birth on July 31, 1896, his life had been that of a survivor. First he survived premature birth—"they say I was all shrivelled up like a prune"—and then he fought off a temporarily crippling bone disease. Passed over on account of substandard feet, eyes, and heart, he was not drafted in World War I. As a sophomore (after a year and a half in Corby Hall) he took up residence in Sorin Hall, in the spring of 1917 (the year Notre Dame's current president was born). And, with the exception of a single year, he continued to live there until shortly before his death on November 7, 1980.

When he began teaching English in 1920 he joined a Notre Dame tradition which dated back to the mid-nineteenth century, the bachelor professor-in-residence. With Frank O'Malley's death in 1974 and Joseph Ryan's afterward, Fenlon remained the University's last bachelor-don.

During his last years, especially with the deaths of his two close friends, George Shuster (1977) and Clarence Manion (1979), both themselves former Sorin dons, Fenlon became keenly aware that he was the last of a generation at Notre Dame. More and more he hobnobbed with the widows of old friends, he read of the deaths of old students and even of their children, he ticked off names on pages of a tattered Congregation of Holy Cross directory which was now covered with his professorial red ink. Paul Fenlon was, in fact, Notre Dame's last bachelor professor-in-residence, and with him died the Fenlon family name.

He had an enormous capacity for friendship, a "genius for friendship" as George Shuster once called it. This was immediately evident when walking with the man across campus or into South Bend. Strides were forever being interrupted by "Hello, Paul" or (especially from returning alumni, delighted to see that he was *still* at Notre Dame) "Well, if it isn't Paul Fenlon!" In restaurants his



Professor Fenlon

food cooled while old students stopped by to chat, while complimentary drinks piled up on the table. He has been credited with acting for decades as a one-man alumni association. On football weekends especially, former students flocked to his "little museum" (as he called his memento-strewn quarters in Sorin Hall), where so many friendships were begun and renewed, where in October 1976 he asked me to wind his gold pocket watch—a high school graduation gift which required fingers more nimble than his—and I asked him how long he had lived here and what stories he knew about Rockne.

Fenlon was a fine storyteller with a remarkable memory. His sense of humor and his literary training gave his stories special life. And his memory for Notre Dame history even surpassed that of the elephantine Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., according to former University Archivist Rev. Thomas Blantz, C.S.C. Professor Fenlon always asked new acquaintances for their hometowns. Invariably he had a friend from the same locale, and he told you about it. Your personality with its accompanying bits of information he somehow fitted into his mind's vast storage of names, places, dates, which, during the course of his eight decades, he had set in some relation to one another.

The assimilation, often verbal, might begin, "Oh, well, one of my student correctors came from that part of Ohio! Dick's sister married one of the professors here in 1924, the year I moved into my tower room. Dick married a St. Mary's girl just three weeks later, and his other sister, Jean, had also gone across the road. She married Frank, a very nice South Bend boy who was the heir to a canning concern which was founded by a brother of one of this University's presidents! . . ."

He constantly updated his data, always seeking out the dates and details of recent graduations, births, deaths, marriages, and divorces. Observing Notre Dame-South Bend life

for sixty-five years, befriending many of those who made its history, he was thus to the end an invaluable source for local history.

Though he befriended scholars he was not one himself. His realm was more the classroom than the library. He was a teacher, an outstanding, dedicated teacher of English language and literature, famed for his dramatic readings in class. Professor Fenlon proudly claimed that he was "Mr. Fenlon," not "Dr. Fenlon," and that he had never published a thing in his life. He boasted of following the example of John T. Frederick, his literary critic friend at Notre Dame, by tearing up all his old lecture notes. The difference was that Frederick's notes had already been published in various forms; Fenlon's were lost for good. He had broken the rule and survived: he did not publish and he did not perish.

Fenlon had enough of a literary sense to want to die in the same bed in which he had been born, in Blairsville, Pennsylvania, to end his life's journey where it had begun. But this wish went unfulfilled, fittingly enough, as he died where his heart was, in South Bend.

His brand of Catholicism survived Vatican II. His was a piety that included rosary beads, saints' relics, devotion to Mary, and daily Communion. He once recalled sheepishly that the preachers of "fire and brimstone" in his youth had left him, even at age eighty-four, in extreme fear of God. Heaven and hell were very real places. He was very curious to know what it would be like



Bachelor-Dons Fenlon and Ryan

in heaven to see again his dear relatives and friends and to meet up with less popular relatives — and perhaps to make more friends! And so nightly before bed he would shuffle out of his "vestibule," that white hair of his just slightly ruffled, that rosary gently bouncing against his gold robe, and into the black of the Sorin Chapel he would go, to kneel before the Blessed Virgin Mary and pray for Sorin Hall and Notre Dame and his friends and his

family, while above the Sorinites ran and screamed and drank and vomited.

This gentle man's devotion to Notre Dame was entire. Teaching the generations, "The Professor" (as Sorinites referred to him) became a legendary institution. Living right with them in that historic old building, Paul Fenlon lived up to the highest standards of the bachelor-don tradition, always available for a chat, for advice, for some light (to read by, after the power in student rooms had been cut). His influence upon their manners, grammar, piety, fashion, literary knowledge, and more, survives. His life was so intertwined with his University's life (a good part of which only he can remember) that when their stories are finally told the histories must accompany one another.

Much to be lamented by his passing is the chance that the very good part of Notre Dame which he embodied goes irretrievably with him. Does the University still have places for those so dedicated to teaching, to involvement, for *good* people? Or does it bow to those doggedly scribbling away, sacrificing their lives not to their students but to their papers? At last Notre Dame has survived Professor Paul, and the University cannot be the same for having done so.

... It tolls for thee. □

Philip Hicks, '80, was a close friend of Prof. Fenlon. He is now doing graduate studies in History at Cambridge.

PROF. PAUL I. FENLON

"A GENIUS FOR FRIENDSHIP"

JULY 31, 1896–NOVEMBER 7, 1980



Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Kelly Tripucka ★ ★But Were Afraid You Already Knew

by Tom O'Toole

When I arrived at Kelly Tripucka's room in Morrissey, the door was locked, and Kelly was nowhere to be found. A fine welcome for someone who had to call fifteen times to arrange his interview. I nonchalantly hung around his door wondering if it's true what they say about Kelly. Does he really have no time to bother with us common folk? Just then, he came down the hall, unlocked his door and bid me to sit down in his director's chair.

As he settled himself on his bed, Kelly, who lately has been persistently pursued by periodicals for his pearls of wisdom (*Sports Illustrated*, among others had written up "The Master of Disaster") apologized to ME for not having time earlier. That modest remark set the tone for the interview, because for such a hard person to get a hold of, Kelly Tripucka was sure an easy person to talk to. The "pick" of his pleasantness helped me through the interview as well, as I tried to get around the subject of basketball by touching on such common denominators as "senior slide." The darling of the American Studies Department admitted to a few jock courses this semester, but if you think he's taking it easy, you got another thing coming. Namely, basketball.

"I knew that this semester would be the only time here that I could concentrate on the game with no distractions," Kelly told me. "I wanted to make this the best year on the court that I could possibly have, but I also knew that if I didn't pass all my classes first semester, I would be ineligible and lose my chance. But that's over with, and now all I want to do is play basketball."

And playing basketball seems to be much easier for all parties concerned this year. The team is the closest it has ever been since Kelly, Tracy, and "Tree," not to mention Gilbert and "Silky," began pleasing Irish crowds four years ago. "No

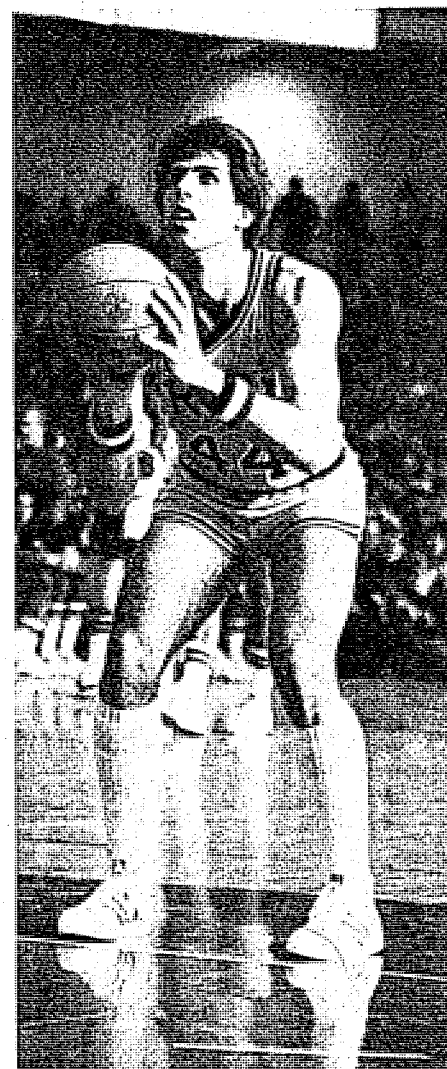
one's worried about playing time anymore," said Kelly. "Sure I'd like to play the whole game, I'd always thought I could . . . but we know each other well enough now that I don't have to. Sure, everyone talks about knowing each other off the court and that's important, but it's *more* important to know each other when we're on it.

"I'm even starting to get along pretty well with "Digger" too. Yeah, we still have a few disagreements. Like he'll be in a bad mood, and it seems like he starts to pick on me for no reason. I *know* he picks on everybody, but it always *seems* like me. But there's pressure on him just like there's pressure on me, and you gotta release it somehow, on someone else, and that someone sometimes just happens to be me. When "Digger" says I have to play well for us to win the big ones, he doesn't mean that Johnny and Tracy and 'O' don't have to play well too; it's just that when I don't play well it especially hurts because I do so many things on the court that he counts on me for . . . especially on the road, or late in the game . . . in the pressure situations. Because I'm used to them, and I *like* them."

If Kelly is more at home during the closing moments of a tight game than the anticlimactic moment of opening the locker room to face a tightly bunched crowd of admiring young ladies after it's over, it may be only because he's had much more experience in the first situation. The Tripuckas were a big family in number (six boys and a girl) as well as size (Kelly's brother TK stands 6'9"), but the biggest reason for the family's athletic success was probably that it was "quarterbacked" by father Frank, an Irish football hero in the late '40s. After his dad retired from the Denver Broncos in 1962, Kelly remembers him often going out and buying any amount or type of athletic equipment that he

or his brothers wanted, as long as they would use it. And that was no problem.

"Dad's big thing was to be always doing something, *anything*, as long as we stayed out of trouble," recalls Kelly, "and sports always seemed the best way to me. When I was in kindergarten, I remember I would always rush home for lunch and gulp something down in about five minutes and then run back to the



Kelly Tripucka

grammar school, cause they'd have an hour lunch break and I could always get in a game with TK (he was always too big to be a 'Timmy') and his friends until they had to go back.

"TK was two years older than me. But I always followed him around, all the way up into high school. So I always played ball with the older kids, but somehow I always fit in, scrapping for balls, hustling all over the place."

"But didn't your dad help you out . . . didn't he follow your play all the time?" I cut in, but before Kelly could answer, the phone rang. It was his dad.

"Yeah, how ya doin' . . . No it *wasn't*. That's the same move I make a thousand times a game, but with ten seconds left he calls me for *traveling* . . . well, I had to put the ball down on the floor, get momentum to the basket . . . the guy hit me right across the *arm*. . . Everybody saw it . . . yeah, it *was* a foul . . . and at that point I thought I'd lost the game for us. But then . . . right, it squirted out. I dunno HOW, but it went right over to "O" and he put it in. . ."

Hearing Kelly relive the last ten seconds of the Virginia game with his father was enough to show me that his dad was still an avid follower of his son's performances, yet I still wondered if he had ever been an active participant in Kelly's athletic progress.

"Well, Dad never pushed us, but he was always big on technique, so if I was out there throwing the ball wrong it wouldn't be long before he'd be out there and showing me how it was done. He *STILL* had a pretty good arm—."

"Did you ever play organized football?"

"I played Pop Warner ball for a few years. Actually, Dad was able to get me in when I was still a year too young because of my size. I played quarterback too, but our line was so bad that every time I went back I'd get sacked. No, *REALLY*. *EVERY* time. It was terrible. I was gonna play in high school too but the coach had screwed around with some of my brothers . . . he didn't know how to use talent . . . so I went out for soccer instead."

"But did your dad ever play basketball with you?"

"He used to challenge us to free-throw shooting contests. He was a great free-throw shooter. Always used to beat me."

"Was he an 80-percenter from the line too?"

"Well, I dunno . . . but he was good. I can beat him *NOW* . . . sometimes . . . but he was good."

But despite his football bruises and basketball beatings at the hands of his dad and older brothers, Kelly quickly became quite a player in his own right. Kelly was heavily recruited by all the JUNIOR HIGH school coaches, and by the time he was in high school himself, he was getting enough ink to make a college hoopster jealous. When Kelly was ready to become a college hoopster himself, his recruitment was also very hot and heavy. Notre Dame's "note" came as one of the last, but most cherished offers.

"The letters from Notre Dame, UCLA, the big schools, are the ones you always dream about," Kelly dramatized. "When you get one you read it and don't believe it. So you read it again, and *AGAIN*, then carry it around to show everyone so they will believe you."

"I finally had narrowed it down to Notre Dame, Maryland, Duke, and South Carolina," continued Kelly. "I was really tempted to go to Maryland. The weather there was great, the campus had a nice atmosphere, and OH, were the girls there beautiful."

"Not to imply the girls at ND *AREN'T*." I diplomatically demanded.

Kelly laughed. "Actually, it was the people here that made me decide to come. Of course, I liked the idea of not being in a conference, because you get to travel to different places and play other teams. Also, a degree from Notre Dame means a heck of a lot more than one from those other schools. But the people here were the main thing."

That all sounded very good, but something was missing from the explanation. Because his dad had been such an Irish sports hero, I wondered if there hadn't been any parental persuasion?

"No, Dad stayed out of it—more or less. But I know how strongly he wanted me to go. To him, Notre Dame was the *ONLY* school, and I was the last chance one of his sons would go. Sis went to Saint Mary's, and Tracy *ALMOST* went, but the coach at that time (John Dee) made the mistake of saying that the only reason he was being recruited was because of Dad."

Digger didn't make the same mistake, he didn't have to, in Kelly's case it just would not have been true. And the rest is history, except for the final act, which hopefully will take place in Philadelphia, site of

this year's Final-Four shootout.

"Winning the title is about the only thing I haven't accomplished here," whispers Kelly, "and it's about all I think about now. I'd give my left arm to go to Philadelphia." I looked up, puzzled. "I need my right arm to shoot," Kelly explained.

But even life at Notre Dame cannot always be a "ball," and people so persistently pursue Kelly during his free time that our most consistent clutch basket-maker on the court often comes close to becoming a basket case off it. His notoriety is well known, if not easily explained. Kelly himself has perhaps the most trouble comprehending the extent of his fandom, which mostly falls in the "teeny-bopper" age range. But it also consists of young boys in search of court tips, older women in search of secrets of a different sort, and elderly alumni who seem to live off his fiery spirit. I asked Kelly if maybe his style, his hard-nosed hustling, muscling, every last ounce of extra-effort brand of ball, was the thing that helped the common man and bopper alike to identify with him.

"I ask writers that question all the time myself," admits Kelly, "and my style of play is the reason they most commonly come up with. I just play the only way I know how, and that's to do everything I can to win," though Kelly's "everything" does not tend to include an excess of grace. "But basketball is not just a game of grace," Kelly justifiably points out. "People forget you need a lot of muscle on the court too. I always try to blend them both."

But if giving 110 per cent on the court all the time has proven to be no problem for Kelly, giving 110 per cent of himself off the court has. For in real life there are no bonus shots or overtimes, and after one has given of himself completely, there is nothing left to give. And there is just not enough Kelly to go around.

"I guess I just have one of those faces everyone recognizes," Kelly said in perhaps the *Scholastic* understatement of the year. "Everywhere I go people are stopping me, asking for my autograph or telling me how great I am, or just talking. Sometimes, especially when you're with a friend, you don't have time to talk to everyone."

"I mean there're only twenty-four hours in a day. You need to have time to relax, but even when I try to relax, it's hard. I don't go to parties much, and generally when I want to take it easy I go out with (teammate) Mike Mitchell to get a beer

and just talk. That's the time when I really just need to be myself, but people keep coming up to you and reminding you you're Kelly Tripucka-ka, basketball star, and it's hard."

I suggested sunglasses and a big (bigger?) nose, or something to that effect. Kelly thought hard a minute about the possibility before finally refusing it.

"That's not for me. These are the people who've made me what I am, and I can't ignore them. They've helped me, and I at least have to try to be nice . . . but sometimes I just have to lock my door, take the phone off the hook, turn on the stereo and pretend I don't hear people knocking at my door, and play the game over again in my head."

Different consolations come to different men, and he would be the first to admit that the private life of Kelly Tripucka is not *all* give; Kelly hauls in quite a variety of gifts from his ever-widening variety of fans. He is often just as puzzled as to how to handle all his honors as his load of duties.

"I was watching this television show the other night about teen-age idols," relates Kelly, "and as I was laughing I tried to imagine how that can happen to a guy. What's he got going for him that that kind of stuff can happen? Then I thought about it a little longer and asked, 'how can it happen to me?' and I *really* laughed."

Laugh he may, but happen it does. "Girls always wait outside the ACC after the game to see me," Kelly tells me. "But after the Fairfield game (which, incidentally, was played on his birthday) there were MOBS of girls outside, most of 'em with presents, and they were giving me everything from clothes to record albums to watches and I was so amazed I finally just stood there and said, 'Why do you do all this for me?' "

"Well, why do they?"

"I don't know. The only thing they'll say is stuff like, 'Aw, gee, Kelly, you're such a nice guy. . . .'"

"I guess if they could give the real reason, they wouldn't be standing there hiding behind all those gifts and junk."

"Yeah, I suppose they have something to hide too."

"Is it only high school girls?"

"Well, a lot of the girls on campus baked me cakes or cookies or something, but most of THEM send letters anonymously so they don't have to face me or something. . . ."

"But you're so AWESOME, Kelly."

He shook his head. "You seem to understand this better than I do. Maybe you know why."

I couldn't say that I did, but had he asked instead why I admired him, I would have said his dedication. Kelly has always lifted weights faithfully in the off-season, but this year with Branning and Hanzlik gone Kelly realized he would be bringing the ball up court more, and every excess pound he carried with him would become a burden. So to lose those few extra pounds he did what for 90 per cent of the male population of this campus would be termed impossible: he gave up beer.

"I never drank that much," said Kelly, "just a few after the game to get the carbohydrates back." I winked, nodding knowingly. "But I've been drinking beer for a long time. My dad's a beer distributor for Miller and so it was always around. I figured I'd have to lose weight this year though, and when someone



suggested that beer adds a lot of excess water weight, I thought I'd give it a try. And it worked. I didn't eat that much less, but I've lost 15 pounds. Plus working on the Nautilus at the same time has put it all in perspective."

Kelly himself may never tire from the game, but his "it" sometimes cannot help it, and Kelly proves to us his humanity in that his mind too has trouble convincing a tired and oft-beaten body to struggle through many a tedious midseason practice session. And yet, there is something inside him that when the game comes along will not allow his flesh to rest.

"Sometimes I'll wake up the day of the game with the flu or a cold, and I roll out of bed and moan, 'How the heck am I gonna play today?' But then it gets to be an hour or two before the game, and no matter how lousy I feel, something always happens. My adrenalin will start

flowing, and I get so fired up and excited that the sickness seems to just go away, and I have so much energy I rarely even sit down. So I guess I never really get tired of the game. Oh, you can go stale if you play competitively the year round, and so in the off-season I like to play golf and tennis and run and sometimes just sit out and worship the sun. But even then I shoot around for at least half an hour a day, partially to keep my touch, but mostly just because it's fun. For some people it's different, but for me anyway basketball has always been fun."

Except, of course, on the rare occasions when he loses. For sometimes even the "Incredible Hulk" transformation that occurs inside Tripucka before every game is still not enough to catapult Kelly to the catastrophic level of play that one has come to expect from him day in and day out. And thus, after such catastrophes, there is really no one who can console him. "I know it's wrong, but when I don't play well, not up to my expectations, I feel real bad. I lock my room and run the game through my head and remember every mistake I made, and correct each one in my mind. It's better when I have another game right after because that will take my mind off it. But sometimes you go a whole week without playing again, and the layoff makes it even worse. All that week I'll think about all the people who are pulling for me, and feel I've let them down."

Hearing him talk about how he is his most harsh judge, and at the same time saying how much fun the game is for him, I wondered if playing basketball was the one thing that Kelly did for himself. "Well, first of all I always play for the team and the coaches, without whom none of this would be possible. Then I play for my family, my mom and dad and brothers and sister, who always follow me and are always with me when I do bad. Then I play for all the fans in the stands, who all give their 110 per cent and are so important to us, the ones who are always there or the ones who save up their money all year for that one time they can see me in person and tell me how well I played, and ask for my autograph. And of course I play for all the girls who wait outside just to see me and all the people who write letters. I guess I really don't have that much time to play for myself."

(Cont'd on page 32)

Up From the Depths

by Frank LaGrotta

Hot.

Stuffy.

That's the first thing you notice about the natatorium (officialese for swimming pool) at the Rock. It makes sitting and watching without sweating profusely a very neat trick in itself.

No wonder swimmers wear those leave - nothing - to - the - imagination bathing suits!

One by one they file out of the locker room, parking their glasses and towels on the ceramic benches that line the walls—the people who have given Notre Dame a 9-3 varsity swimming record this season. Not since 1974-75, an 11-1 season, have the Irish enjoyed better. In fact, that mark still stands as the best in Notre Dame swimming history — which makes this season's record a satisfying number two.

"No, I'm not surprised," was Coach Dennis Stark's reaction when presented with these figures. "I knew before the season started that we would have a very good squad. We're deeper in many events than we have been in a long time and we've added some strength in key positions."

Stark is the only coach the Notre Dame swimming team has ever known. Since 1958, its first year of varsity competition, Stark's Irish swimmers have compiled an impressive 142-122-1 record. He talks about swimming, the activity and the sport, with reverence.

Watch the lights from cathedral-like windows overhead dance off the edges of silent water, rippling with emptiness.

"It's different," he points out, "because it's both an individual and a team activity. You can swim for enjoyment and recreation or you can be a serious competitor. Everybody should know how to swim because it's relaxing, it's good exercise and it can

prevent loss of life."

But Stark is quick to point out that not everyone is capable of swimming competitively. "I realize that the training is boring because it is basically swimming back and forth and looking at the bottom and the guys on both sides of you." To combat monotony, Stark will ask swimmers to switch lanes on occasion in practice. "It's natural for guys to compete against each other in practice and by moving them around they can work against different people," he explains.

Another facet of the competitive game that deters participation is the intense conditions required. "In the beginning we do the long stuff," Stark outlines. "Lots of distance swimming to develop endurance. Most top swimmers swim year around. And now weight-training has become a part of the sport and that's important to acquiring strength. But the only way to become a top swimmer is to swim."

Don't worry, guys, I wasn't even thinking of joining you.

After he lays out initial instructions for the beginning of practice, Stark talks about this year's squad.

"We have some very good athletes here," he begins. "Take John Komora. He's one of our co-captains and he's been the most valuable swimmer on the team every year he's been here." Komora, a senior, is described by Stark as being strong enough to swim anywhere the team needs him. "He's such a great swimmer that he can help us in any event," praises Stark.

Stark also mentions junior Mike Shepardson's recovery from a two-year bout with bursitis in his left shoulder as a reason for this team's success. "Having Mike back and healthy has really helped us," the coach points out. Since his return this season Shepardson has set a varsity record in the 100-yard butterfly and been a member of the 400-yard medley and freestyle relay teams, both of

which set varsity marks this year.

In the butterfly, Don Casey and Dan Flynn have combined with Shepardson to give the Irish perhaps their strongest entry ever in that event. Pat LaPlatney, who holds Notre Dame records in both the 100- and 200-yard backstroke, has also been a major factor this season.

"Yes, I'm proud of what we've accomplished this year," admits Stark. "I think the whole team should be proud of themselves."

Stark, however, has much more on his mind than just the varsity swimmers. Looming large on the immediate horizon is the creation of a varsity squad for Notre Dame women and Stark has been responsible for the development of the group to this point. "I think economics will dictate what happens with the women," assesses Stark. "They have done very well the last two seasons and there are a lot of very good swimmers on the team that deserve the chance to compete."

Stark is quick to point out the contribution of student-coaches Rodi McLaughlin and Frank Marcinkowski. "Those guys have been tremendous," says Stark. "They've really helped the girls and donated their time freely."

"All in all, it's a positive program," concludes Stark, "and I've recommended it for varsity status."

Watching the first set of drills is like sitting through a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer water ballet starring Esther Williams and a cast of hundreds as they go back and forth and back and forth. . . .

Hypnotic.

Now the heat again. It's hard not to notice.

"That's one reason we probably don't get a full house at every meet," guesses Stark as he glances up at the now-empty gallery that runs the length of the pool on both sides of the room. "Obviously the steam from the pool rises," he points out, "and that makes people sitting up there in street clothes a little uncomfortable. And we can't open any windows or run a fan because the swimmers would freeze."

Logical, isn't it? Still that doesn't change the fact that spending any amount of time in the natatorium absolutely ruins the shirt that was clean just an hour ago.

But it figures, doesn't it? After all, swimming, whether in the pool (*hot*) or on deck (*stuffy*) isn't for everyone.

No, not at all.

□

Rock on Which to Build

by Dan Keusal

A few weeks ago Michael Omartian shared in the reception of several Grammy Awards for his role as producer of Christopher Cross's immensely popular debut album. A few months ago, another Omartian-produced group called "The Second Chapter of Acts" played to an overflow crowd of 2500 people in Stepan Center. For a few hours, ideologically diverse people who had come from as far away as Ohio and Chicago enjoyed good music together through the work of a student group called "The Spiritual Rock" (SR if you like abbreviations).

Over the last three years, SR has sponsored twelve similar productions, including John Michael Talbot and Noel "Paul" Stookey of "Peter, Paul and Mary." Future plans include continued regional concerts and the start of an on-campus coffee-house. From its humble beginnings in the fall of 1977, Spiritual Rock has grown notably.

Those beginnings consisted of three friends meeting in Morrissey Hall's chapel to discuss their faith. Pat Mangan, an ND sophomore Communications major, Antonio Decera, a graduate student in ND's Department of Chemical Engineering, and John Davenport, who was studying Christian education at a local Bible college laid the group's foundations.



Pat Mangan

*The 2nd
Chapter of Acts*



*Pat Mangan
& A Band Called David"*
Mon., Sept. 29 - 8pm Stepan Center
No Admission Charge / Offering Will Be Taken / Please No Children Under 4
IN NOTRE DAME CAMPUS

"Second Chapter of Acts" Promotional Poster

In December of 1977, after three months of meetings, they came upon the opportunity to sponsor a concert by Terry Talbot, a Christian musician who was on tour in the Midwest. Talbot even expressed interest in recording the show as his next album.

Sponsoring a concert is a challenge which would be demanding even if the sponsors had weeks to plan, but in this case, Terry would be passing through town in only three days! So for the next seventy-two hours, this small group of friends hurried about campus getting posters printed, distributing them, spreading the news by word of mouth, and making all the necessary staging and technical arrangements.

Talbot played for an engineering auditorium crowd of close to 250 people, who were not bothered by the poor acoustics which forced a change of plans concerning the recording. He drew people together with quality, prayerful music and sent them home happy. Concert number one was a success.

At this time, SR was not officially recognized by the University and had not yet taken a name. "We weren't looking to add another group to campus," says Pat Mangan, currently the adviser for SR. "We

thought of ourselves instead as the 'nonorganization', a common ground for people of all backgrounds to come together."

Music, of the contemporary Christian variety, presented itself as the ideal vehicle for attaining this goal of unity. "Music IS a universal language," elaborates Pat. "Contemporary Christian music is music with a message for people with a purpose—challenging but not preachy. And it's become first-rate music with people like Michael Omartian, B.J. Thomas, Cliff Richard, and Kerry Livgren (of the rock group 'Kansas') involved."

Spiritual Rock sponsored one other concert during the 1977-'78 school year. With the help of David Medley, grand knight of the Knights of Columbus, who assisted in reserving auditorium space for the as yet unrecognized group, SR presented Randy Matthews and The Resurrection Band together in the Library Auditorium in April.

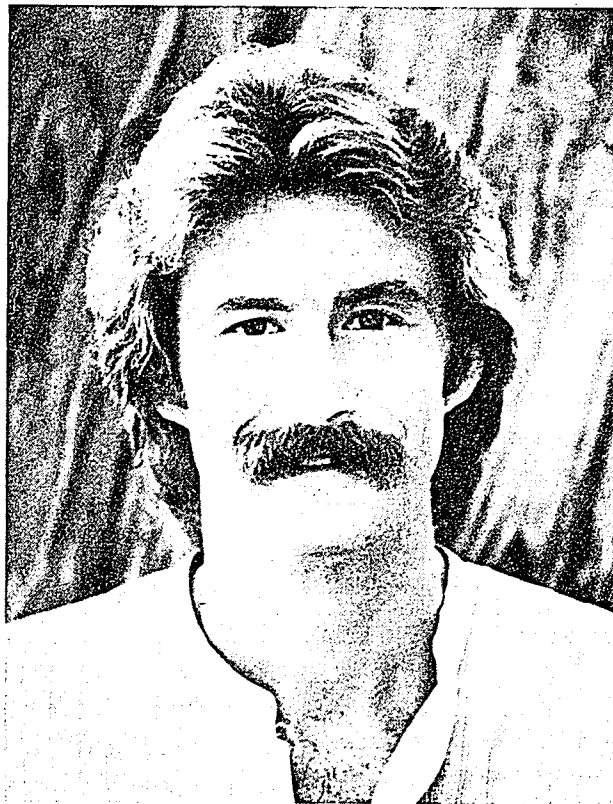
This patchwork existence ended in the summer of 1977 when the group drew up a charter and received recognition by the University as an official campus organization. It was also at this time that they adopted their current name. Antonio DeVerra brought the phrase "Spiritual Rock" to the attention of the

others. Put aside any idea that the phrase came from a vision in Antonio's mind of Jesus wailing away on lead guitar at a future concert; the "rock" here is not a reference to music. The phrase comes from St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians: "All ate the same spiritual food. All drank the same spiritual drink (they drank from the spiritual rock that was following them and that rock was Christ)" (1 Cor. 10:3-4).

One person who truly found the group a rock on which to build is current SR student director John Hupp. John came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1978 as a junior transfer student and for a while found himself "casting about socially." However, coming out of one Friday afternoon Bulla Shed Mass, two friends of his from Saint Mary's (Kelly Conlin and Laura O'Mara) asked him if he would like to go see a Christian concert. He went and enjoyed the show. So he tried another, a SR-sponsored Larry Norman concert in April of '78, that happened to coincide with a Student Union-sponsored Billy Joel concert at the ACC.

Norman arrived on stage at Stepan Center about fifteen minutes late, with a handful of Billy Joel T-shirts. "I ran into this skinny Italian kid and he asked me if I could give him a hand," he explained. The audience roared. "This is the overflow room, isn't it? . . . That's O.K.—I couldn't get tickets for Billy Joel either." With that opening, Norman had John and the rest of the audience captivated.

"Larry Norman was a straight-out rocker," recalls John. "He shattered



Terry Talbot

illusions I had about Christian music being nothing but slow organ music and old-time gospel. I began to realize that living the total Christian life was exciting rather than obligatory, that I could find the respect and acceptance of others without hitting the bars on Friday and Saturday nights and playing social games."

Sr. Jane Pitz, associate director of Campus Ministry at Notre Dame, expresses a similar view of the positive power of music: "Music has an 'opening element' to it; it can be very affirming, very supporting." Sr. Jane's impression of Spiritual Rock's activities is similar to John's: "They don't talk a lot about what they do, they just put something out and then extend an open invitation to anyone who wants to come."

The next project that SR is working on is laying the foundations for the coffeehouse. The coffeehouse will remain true to SR's musical roots, often featuring performers like Dan Zimmerman, Steve Winum and Anne Denny. But it will encompass more than just music, covering, in Pat's word's, "the entire spectrum of contemporary Christian communications." In this expanded view, movies, drama troupes, comedians, and even an illusionist (Doug Maihafer) will also be featured.

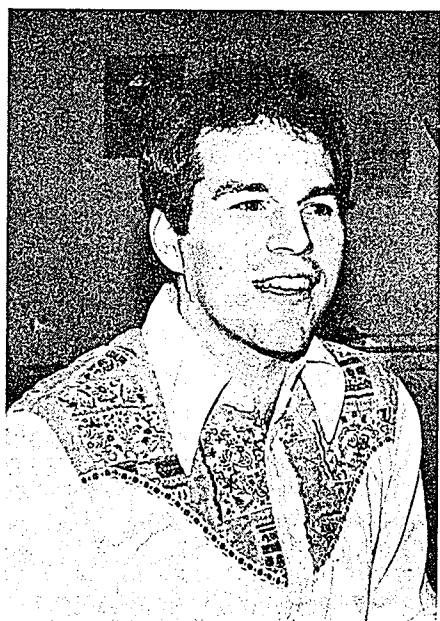
The large-scale concerts will also continue. A rock band from Los

Angeles is slated for March 28 in the Library Auditorium. Terry Talbot, who got SR's concert series off the ground almost three and a half years ago, will return April 15, this time to the more acoustically sound Library Auditorium. Barry McGuire will come to Stepan Center on Mother's Day in May. John Michael Talbot (who is Terry's brother) may also return, this time with a full symphony orchestra and choir for a performance of his production, "The Lord's Supper."

Spiritual Rock has grown gradually and sometimes painfully—Pat remembers being over a thousand dollars "in the red" at one time due to promotional overhead—for three years. Now it has blossomed. Its goal remains the same. In Pat's words, "We want to communicate the love of Christ with respect for each person's individuality and in creating this environment of love we want to promote unity."

There are different gifts but the same Lord; there are different ministries but the same God who accomplishes all of them in everyone. To each person the manifestation of the Spirit is given for the common good.—1 Cor. 12:4-7.

The body is one and has many members, but all the members, many though they are, are one body; and so it is with Christ—1 Cor. 12:12.



John Hupp

F.L.O.C.

ND-SMC Support Grows As Injustice Continues

by Tony Clishem

I want to tell you a story about caring. It is a story about what can happen when one person begins to care about justice and to share that concern with others.

This story begins with a girl named Anne. I know very little about her personally, but the significant quality in her was that she cared about people who suffer from injustice.

Anne became acquainted with a South Bend woman who was actively involved in issues affecting Mexican-Americans. She invited Anne to travel with her to Toledo, Ohio, to participate in a demonstration which the Farm Labor Organizing Committee (FLOC) had planned in protest against two corporate food giants, Campbell Soup Co. and Libby-McNeil-Libby, Inc.

Anne learned that FLOC was a labor union representing migrant farm workers. These people, many of them entire families, must leave their homes in Florida and the Rio Grande Valley in Texas to earn whatever living they can picking fruits and vegetables in the Midwest. Last year, approximately 12,000 farm workers migrated through Ohio.

Anne met many former migrant workers who had left the migrant way of life to work for FLOC. They told her about that way of life—the low wages, the hunger, the constant exposure to pesticides, the one-room shanties with no light or indoor plumbing.

They told her about their frustrated efforts to change this cycle of poverty. In 1968, FLOC confronted the farmers in Northwest Ohio, threatening to strike the fields unless certain demands were met. FLOC obtained contracts with thirty-three farmers who agreed to pay migrant workers a wage consistent with human decency.

But this success was short-lived. Campbell's and Libby's, the two major food conglomerates in the Midwest, made it known that no contracts would be awarded to farmers who had negotiated wages with migrant workers. FLOC, still an infant as a labor union, awakened to hard economic reality. The migrant farm workers' fate would be determined not by the farmers who directly employ them, but by the powerful canneries.

Campbell's and Libby's buy all of their tomatoes from Midwestern farmers. In preseason negotiations with the farmers, these companies decide exactly how much they will pay for a ton of tomatoes. The prices set by the canneries determine, therefore, not only the farmer's profit, but also the migrant farm worker's wage.

Having seen that bargaining just with farmers is ineffective, FLOC asked to become a third party in the contract negotiations between the farmers and the canneries. Instead of answering this request, Campbell's took positive steps to frustrate

the migrant worker cause. In 1979, Campbell's revamped its tomato processing system so that it could run only on machine-harvested tomatoes. Today, Campbell's requires its farmers under contract to own mechanical harvesters. As a result, migrant workers have lost work while many small farmers, unable to afford the costly mechanical harvesters, are forced out of business.

Anne was deeply affected by what she learned in Toledo. She met a group of dedicated people who hungered for justice. She recognized this hunger in her own life, and as she felt this hunger there arose in her a desire to do something positive for the farm workers' plight. She began to care.

She returned to Notre Dame very much alone in this desire, but determined to do something about it. As she related her experience in Toledo with a few friends, she found that they, too, began to care.

In February 1979, Anne and her friends decided to present the migrant farm worker issue to the Notre Dame student body. Their goal was to convince the undergraduate community to pass a referendum calling for a boycott of Campbell's and Libby's products in all University food services.

The newly born support committee circulated a petition needed to place the referendum on a ballot. The required number of signatures was obtained, and the referendum came up for a vote. A majority of those voting supported the boycott. However, the referendum was refused by the University because the voter turnout was less than the required 50 per cent.

In 1980, the small support committee regrouped and renewed the referendum campaign. The second time around, however, the committee engineered an effort more organized than the first. The committee received support from CILA and the World Hunger Coalition. A strong publicity campaign included campus-wide poster distribution, and heavy coverage in the student newspaper, featuring articles and letters from students, Campbell executives and Bishop William McManus of the South Bend-Fort Wayne Diocese.

Baldemar Velasquez, the president of FLOC



Campbell Soup's Public Relations Director and Director of Salaried Employees came to Notre Dame to present Campbell's position to the student body. The referendum revote was preceded by a door-to-door campaign.

The second effort succeeded. This time the voter turnout consisted of exactly one half of the students plus one, and a majority of these voters favored the boycott. About a week later, the University made the boycott public in a press release which appeared in major papers throughout the country. *Notre Dame Magazine* and the *National Catholic Reporter* also covered the emerging news story. Notre Dame became known as the first major university to support the boycott.

Anne graduated in May 1980, but she has left an indelible mark on Notre Dame. Because at one time she, alone, cared enough for the plight of migrant farm workers to do something to help them, hundreds of other people at Notre Dame and elsewhere have joined in the struggle.

Just this February, a review board composed of University officials met to decide the fate of the referendum. After analyzing updated written arguments from Campbell Soup Co. and the ND-SMC Farm Worker Support Committee, the board decided to extend the boycott for another year, subject to further renewal.

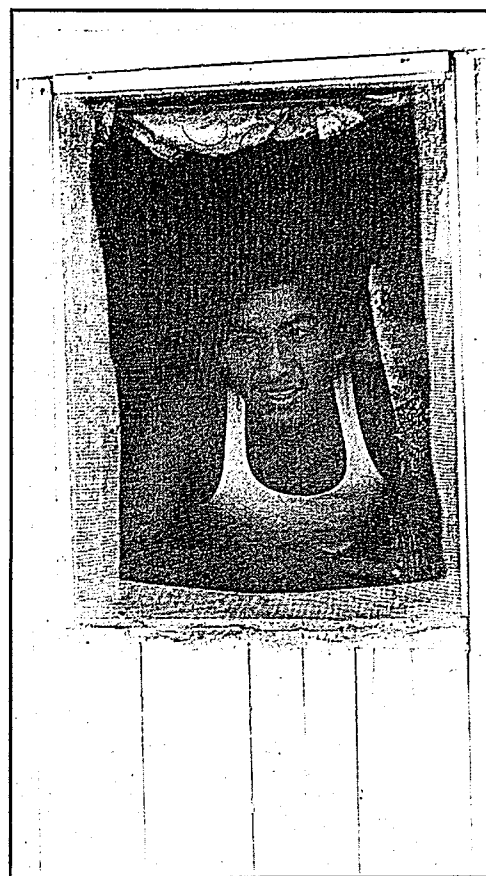
Meanwhile, the Support Committee, represented today by approximately fifty members, has engaged in efforts to further the cause of the farm workers. Several fund raisers have been held, including bake sales, taco sales, and collections at Sacred Heart Church and the student dining halls. The Committee is playing a larger role in asking religious organizations, labor unions, and consumers to support the boycott. Over this past spring break, for example, twelve students met with the Catholic school superintendent in their home dioceses to ask them to recommend to Catholic schools 1) to stop collecting Campbell soup labels in exchange for school equipment and 2) to support the boycott of Campbell's and Libby's. A letter campaign is also underway to contact the remaining one hundred and sixty school superintendents in the United States. Finally, many Committee members have gone into the South Bend community to educate the consumers by handing out leaflets in front of grocery stores.



This year's efforts will culminate the week of March 29 to April 5. That week has been named "Farm Worker Week" by the ND-SMC community. Activities will include a dinner and panel discussion with Baldemar Velasquez, the president of FLOC. A farm worker Mass and procession will also take place as a show of Notre Dame's continued solidarity with the farm workers.

I have called this story a story about caring and about what can happen when people begin to care. More fundamentally, this is a story about injustice.

I wish I could say that there is an end to the story of injustice for migrant farm workers, but I cannot. Migrant farm workers will be out in the fields again this spring and summer picking tomatoes and earning the lowest wage of any American today. They will be out in the fields where twenty-four cents is the going rate to pick enough tomatoes to fill a thirty-three-pound hamper. Children will continue to work side by side with their parents under constant exposure to pesticides. The migrant workers' life expectancy will probably remain forty-nine years and their infant mortality rate should continue to be double the national average.



Migrant farmworkers and their children will return to the fields this spring. Earning the lowest wage of any American and living in substandard conditions, the workers' life expectancy remains far below the national average.

Despite the continued injustice, I am hopeful that there will continue to be people like Anne who take to heart the cry for justice. If I have learned anything from having known Anne, it is that her concern for justice has had far-reaching effects. Anne is no longer at Notre Dame, but her hunger for justice continues to motivate the lives of many students at Notre Dame and Saint Mary's and to give hope to thousands of migrant farm workers. □

Tony Clissem, a 1980 Notre Dame graduate, is a graduate student in the Master of Divinity Program at Notre Dame.



Perception

Cont'd from page 7

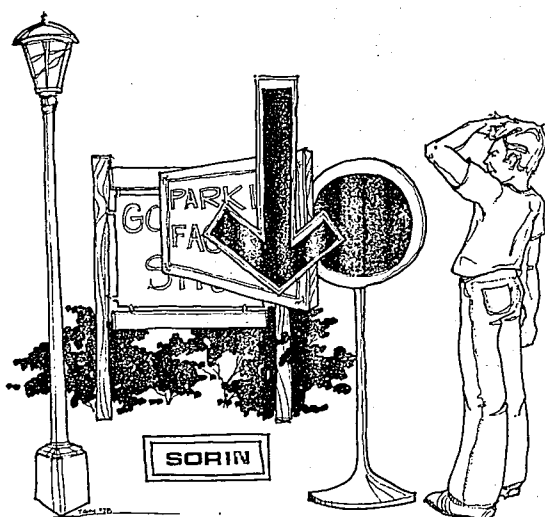
Earth, the whole campus? But not yet is there a defined common piece of ground, a sacred space. The Grotto reflects this intention, but as a rather private place. And the central ground space below the Main Building is now grown over. Perhaps a space between the old campus and the new, between Sacred Heart Church and the Library will be the place, and so even symbolically will make an interrelationship between the parts.

The trees, the few flowers and of course the grass. These we per-

ceive in bright sunlight and in snow: they are not hidden. But their ordering that should correspond to contemporary philosophical intuition, that is a matter of discussion.

The struggle to move into the third period of order in Notre Dame's campus history will require heightened perceptions and responsible design. □

Esmee Cromie Bellalta is an Associate Professor of Architecture at Notre Dame.



point where we can no longer afford to build without the services of a competent architect whose first concern would be quality at Notre Dame.

Many of the errors here at Notre Dame cannot be corrected overnight. It is unfortunate that buildings like the Old Fieldhouse, whose charm and character are not replaceable, could not be saved, while buildings like the Stepan Chemistry Building (another building in the ever-growing list of really bad architecture on the Notre Dame campus) or the Memorial Library could not be razed in its place. The architecture of the Notre Dame campus postdating the 1950s has shown no concern for the context in which it was set. Nearly all of the other prestigious universities in the nation, which Notre Dame has at some time or another attempted to emulate, have shown an interest in the intellectual level of their architecture. Notre Dame probably thought that by building the biggest library in town, we would prove just

how smart we were (maybe we did).

What has grown from Father Sorin's original sowing of the seeds of excellence, have been weeds fertilized by the bullish concern for cost per square feet over quality. This probably is the last chance for an appeal to reason, for if the next ten years are to be as destructive as the last ten, little will be left of the once admirable campus romanticized by Knute Rockne and George Gipp.

The baseline is, for those of you who have not yet guessed it, that the level of sophistication of the contemporary architecture here at Notre Dame is unquestionably low. This seems ironic, for one would imagine that the "sophisticates" that populate this place would be in search of some cerebral stimulation, something in their visual environment which would not be a would-be laughingstock of the architecture world. Or maybe in fact, in a Neoplatonic sense, this exterior form is a reflection of what's on the inside; one hopes not. □

Tripucka

Cont'd from page 26

Kelly's unique blend of unselfish charisma may be the key to his tremendous following, yet this characteristic is in many respects typical of many of the Irish heroes who have constantly made Notre Dame's "win over all" sports mythology into literal reality.

"Playing for Notre Dame has gotta be my greatest joy," says Kelly. "Not just because you have so many fans that follow the school, but so many fans who BELIEVE. They all believe you're going to pull out all the close ones, and yet they'll stick by you, good or bad. Personally I believe the close games even themselves out (remember Marquette?) but when you got so many people believing you're gonna win all those kinds of games, you start to believe it too. And maybe since so many people believe that the Man Upstairs just kind of orders it to happen. I don't know. But I do know that before the Virginia game I knew something was gonna happen, and I was laughing and joking with the other players that this was going to be THE game, the game we pull our annual last-second upset. Virginia must have thought we were crazy. But I couldn't help it.

"Even people who have never seen us play have heard of Notre Dame and know what it means," continued Kelly, and before I could comment he went on to give me some concrete, if bizarre example. "Just the other night I turned on TV and Happy Days was on, and they were right in the middle of a sketch where this Uncle Guggleheim or something was found up on the roof for ten years, waiting for Knute Rockne to come back. The next thing that was on was that new show with Ted Knight. And during the whole show he was wearing this sweatshirt. I probably don't have to tell you what school was on the front of it." I gave my ND nod, and Kelly proceeded. "Well, even with stupid things like that, if you see enough of them all the time you know the school's got to be something special." As if to emphasize his statement he looked up, and there above the door was the proverbial "God Made Notre Dame #1" plaque. I was about to argue his theology and he shrugged his shoulders, saying, "It's a gift," and I was forced to quit my inquiry. For THAT was a point that nobody could argue. □

The Last Word

by Chuck Wood



Dear Casey,

I've got a problem I think you can understand. The magazine's Art Director, Mike Garretero, wants to do a focus on the campus as a physical entity. Some other articles have come up that look at the place from a perspective more concerned with the interior life of the people here. I am trying to find something to say that relates to the subject, but I cannot think of a thing.

You probably don't believe that. "After all," I can hear you saying, "didn't we used to talk for hours about living in the shadow of the Golden Dome?"

We spent a lot of time tearing this place apart, that's for sure. Everything from the GPA fetish to the rose-colored dome we envisioned resting tightly over campus (with an extension to the bars, of course), helped to sustain our endless conversation. Ah, youth, ah, cynicism!

Our complaints did not set well with a lot of people. We soon found out that critical analysis of ND was not supposed to be a part of the Freshman Year package. Even in our least cynical moments we had problems. Other freshmen thought we were unappreciative of what we had here. We were not so much worried about being treated as children (parietals, kegs) as we were about being handled as raw materials to be turned into automata and success for the Notre Dame Mythology. And what did our classmates say? "If you think it's that bad here, why don't you leave?"

But we also had our share of victories; these were, however, two-edged consolations at best. When we found students and teachers who agreed with us, at least we knew we weren't completely off in space somewhere. But positive reinforcement of our negative ideas was perhaps not what we really wanted.

"This place is a factory, or a vocational school for overachievers, churning out good, executive-material Americans who just happen to be Christian," you'd say. And a teacher would stare at you with sad respect and warn you that most people didn't figure that out so soon. Or I would pompously observe that, "All we students are doing is thinking about earning, not learning about thinking. Of course that's exactly the way the University wants it." And two seniors told me I would not last four years if I had already started to see that.

So there we were: the cynical leading the cynical. Finally you took the lead and left. I saw you as a rat deserting a sinking ship. How could I keep my head above water if I didn't have anybody to help me stay afloat? We treaded water with our creative insanity (remember how we would choreograph our way from place to place because merely walking was much too mundane? Remember how people with us pretended they had no idea who we were?).

I stayed and you left. If I wanted to be really melodramatic I could write a male version of the movie, *The Turning Point*. We would meet in 2001 or something, and your son would be interested in going to Notre Dame, and I, having turned into a Notre Dame Man, might encourage him to go, against your will, and then . . . you get the idea.

Anyway, do you remember what one of our big complaints was? We couldn't stand the sheltered, almost claustrophobic atmosphere. We didn't think we'd be any more prepared for the real world when we graduated than when we entered. But when you left, and then some other friends of mine left, partly on the strength of my convictions, I began to catch a small dose of grown-up ambivalence.

I still feel that many of our criticisms of this place were valid; that hasn't changed. But experience has aged my cynicism into realism. It's no "sin" to leave this place without a diploma (as you did), but it's not necessarily a concession to the system, the Notre Dame Machine, to stay here either. You know, a lot of places and situations we end up in will probably be similar to this one. Mixed emotions may be the best we can expect in many cases, as in this one. So maybe in a strange sort of way, being here can provide preparation for the less ideal parts of the postgraduation world.

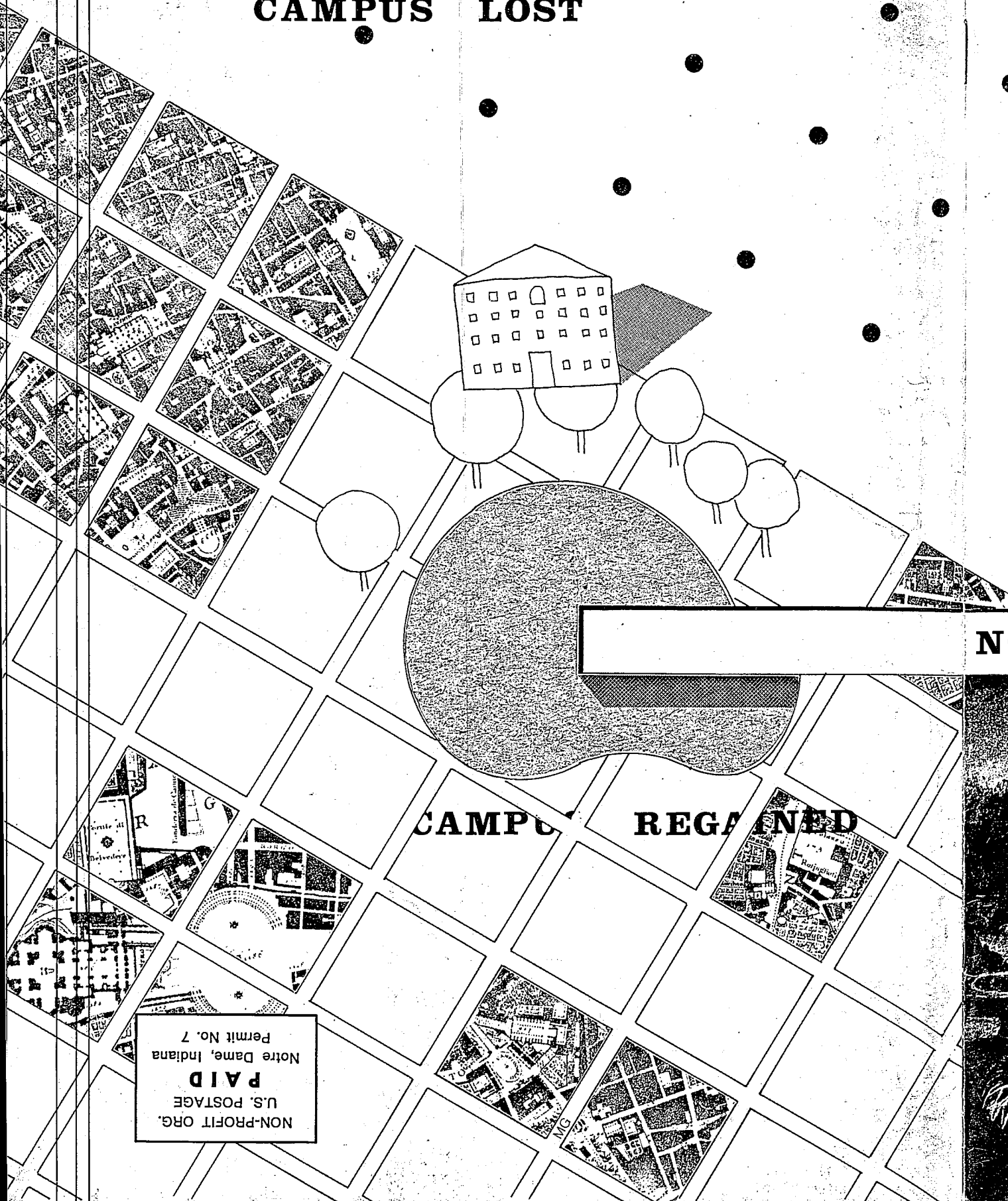
But who am I to talk when I'm still snugly in the shelter of the rosy dome? You're probably getting a healthy dose of the give-and-take, working at a dream that could make you more satisfied or a lot poorer (or both) than anyone who graduates in '82 when you would have if you had stayed.

Speaking of all that stuff you're doing, I sure hope there's enough creative insanity out there to keep you going. You probably need it more than I do. I do still need it, though. And I'm glad to say I'm getting and seeing my share. A few weeks ago, for instance, there was a *Casablanca*-final-scene thickish fog over the campus. Walking on the North Quad, I spotted three guys in Bogartesque trenchcoats and hats standing beneath a lamppost. One of them was doing a passable Bogart imitation, so I started to whistle *As Time Goes By*. The guy laughed out his acknowledgement, and I went on my way toward Pangborn. That was all that happened, but it was great. I . . . I almost wrote that I wish you were here to see these things for yourself, but we both know that as far as thinking about coming back here is concerned, you would prefer not to.

I do wish you would visit, or that I could come see you. I'd still like to meet this girl you've been writing about for almost two years. Anyway, I assume everything is at least bearable for you these days, and I hope it's much better. Write back and let me know which is a more correct assessment.

Unable to think
of a good closing,
Chuck

CAMPUS LOST



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