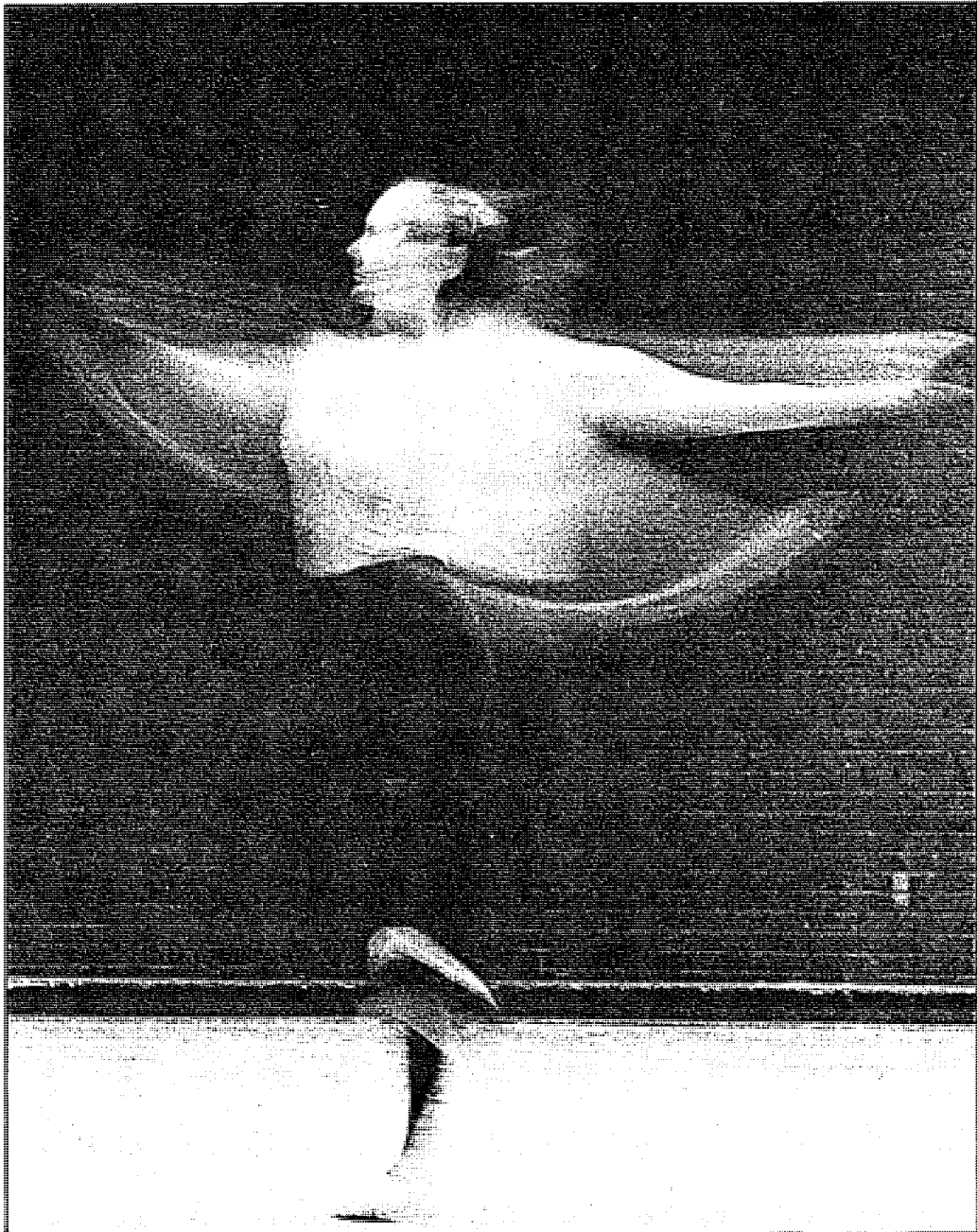


Scholastic

November, 1981



The Arts

(Looking at the Life We Live, Part II)



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Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

I love the cover of the October issue of *Scholastic*!

Just to set the record straight, the central figure, the girl with the "We're number one" thrust upward, is not a student—not a Saint Mary's student, not even a girlfriend of a student. She is Lt. Susan M. Kennedy, U.S. Army, a finance officer with the Fourth Infantry Division, Fort Carson, Colorado Springs, Colo.

When the picture was taken, Susie was on transfer to the 4th Inf. and stopped off at ND to visit her sister, Patty ('83). That's Patty on whose shoulders Susie is sitting. It was the opening home game of 1980.

Just goes to show that the ND Spirit is something that can be "caught" from family members or by exposure on the campus.

John Kennedy '49

From the Editor:

Is anybody there? Does anybody care? Complaints and compliments welcome. Write to me at Scholastic, LaFortune Student Center, Notre Dame, IN 46556.

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SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 123, No. 3, November 1981
Notre Dame, IN 46556

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Up Front

What do these two sentences have in common besides the words Madam and Adam?

"Madam, I'm Adam."

"Madam, in Eden I'm Adam."

The answer I have in mind is that both sentences are palindromes. That is, madamimadam backwards is still madamimadam. Once the solution is shown to us it may seem obvious, but very few find the answer on their own.

However, if I were to ask the same question of a group of third-graders, I bet that ten times as many could answer the question, and answer it faster as well. I say this because, at this stage in their lives, children have not yet completely fallen into the rut of established logical thought patterns. Their minds examine possibilities which many of our minds can no longer consider spontaneously. Children have clean, uncluttered minds. They are less inhibited and exhibit youthful spontaneity. According to the Ideal Toy Co., these are the same qualities that enable many children to solve the Rubik's Cube, while most adults struggle to solve a single face of the Cube.

Although children may be the major users of the Rubik's Cube, the college-age students and adults are the major buyers of the Cubes worldwide. I use the word "worldwide" literally, as well as figuratively. North America, Europe, and the Far East gobble these Cubes up as fast as they are produced for a price between \$3 and \$15. In 1980, four and one-half million legitimate licensed Cubes were purchased. An equal number of imitation models were probably sold last year as well. It is projected that at least four times that amount will be sold this year.

This only goes to show that our

world is a little masochistic. The Rubik's Cube has tried the patience and nerves of the civilized world. This simple cube of twenty-six facets and six colors that can be twisted into a random pattern and put back together again by only an elite few is deceptively simple. For most, it is impossibly complex and insolvable. Those who cannot solve Rubik's Cube can take heart in the fact that there are approximately 43,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 possible combinations, and only one correct one.

Nothing in recent history has swept the world like this puzzle has. Two years ago, almost no one had heard of the Rubik's Cube. Today it has become a household word. A passage from a recent issue of *Time* read "The world arms bazaar is a Rubik's Cube of complex and shifting relationships and one of the world's largest businesses." The cover of the Nov. 9, 1981, issue of *Newsweek* featured an altered version of the Cube, one with the names of countries painted on the individual faces of the cubes, and the title "The World According to Reagan." The transition from an obscure toy to a household item has been so rapid for the Cube that it amazes me.

It is probable that the next generation of children in this world is going to be brought up with the Cube; they will be exposed to it from an early age onward. The Cube promotes memory and ability with spatial logic and group theory in relation to finite geometry. At least in part due to Rubik's Cube, tomorrow's children will have different ways of thinking than our generation and past generations had.

Clay Malaker

P.S. They make good Christmas presents as well.

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Visual Culture at Notre Dame

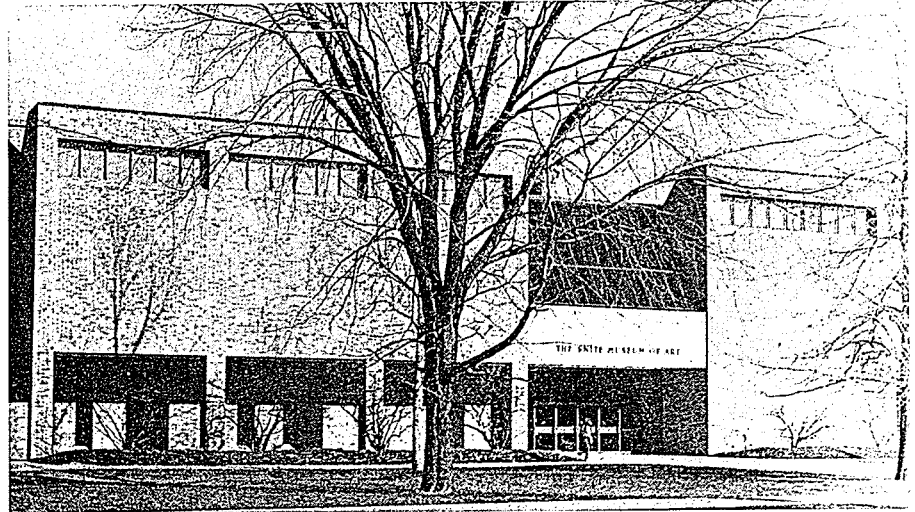
Beauty Looks After Herself

by Rev. James Flanigan, C.S.C.

This November 9 the Snite Museum of Art was one year old. It is considered among the best university museums and collections in the country. An active and exciting presentation of exhibitions, lectures, musical events, films and tours give proof and promise that the University has committed itself to the fostering of the visual arts. We have taken care of beauty. We have taken care of Art. The visual arts seem to have finally arrived at Notre Dame. Or have they?

Without being too picky, I would like to look behind the showcased image of Art to see what the real state of the visual arts is at Notre Dame. What does Art have to do with everyday life here? How important a part of a Notre Dame education is Art? What is the level of visual sophistication? Does Art really make a difference? Does Art (and artists) even belong at a university?

Over the last ten years public statements that there is a renaissance in the Arts at Notre Dame have increased dramatically. The Crowley Hall of Music, the Murphy organ in Sacred Heart Church, and the Snite Museum itself are heralded as proof that the University has truly become a patron of the Arts. It is as if we are saying, "Up till now we've had to survive; now we can leisurely appreciate Art. Art is



"We have taken care of the artifact . . .

something you get to once you've taken care of the really necessary things."

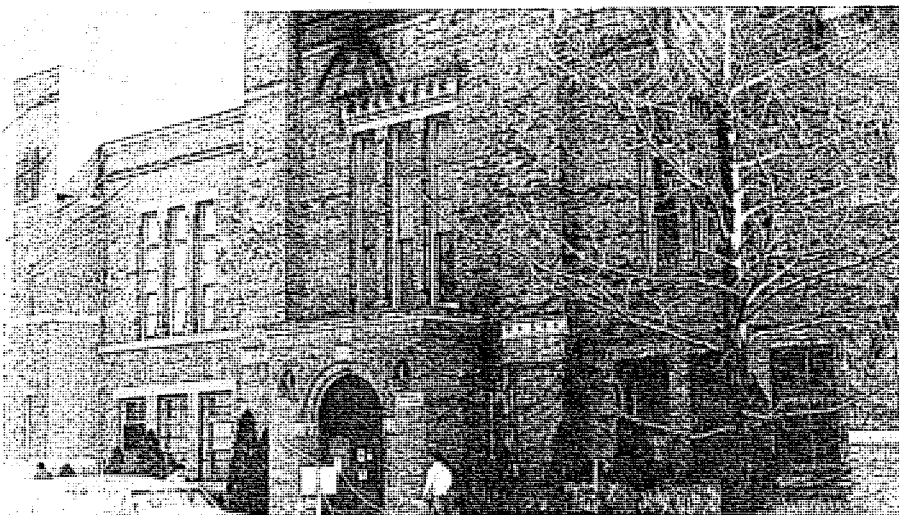
Father Sorin might disagree. Art (drawing) was part of his first course of studies for the University. Because he was a Frenchman and knew how indispensable art and culture were to an education, he fostered art and music, and built buildings that reflected his European heritage.

Our Northern Indiana editions of French architecture are thin imitations, but even in their eclectic watering down they have style and strength because they tried to do

more than keep the rain off and meet a budget; they tried to be architecture. To Father Sorin a university was a place of learning and culture. Building good architecture was a way to show an appreciation of culture.

How has this example been carried on at Notre Dame? The collegiate Gothic buildings of the teens, twenties and thirties (most of the South Quad) continued the tradition. They are not inventive architecture, not even contemporary in their time, but they at least reflect good historical models. For examples of collegiate Gothic gone awry, look at O'Shaughnessy, and the cardboard-thin gables on the Fitzgerald Hall of Engineering. Of all the post-World War II buildings, the only one that has anything approaching style and contemporaneity, and the building that has the grandest sense of interior space, is the Center for Continuing Education, designed by Frank Montana, Emeritus Professor of Architecture.

We have been forested by brick behemoths that increasingly insult the human scale of the old campus. An aerial view of the campus, for instance, reveals the monumental scale of the east side of campus from Stepan Center to the A.C.C. Pasquerilla Halls do attempt to reduce the scale of Grace, Flanner and the Library, and they do create



. . . But what about the artists?"

an interesting outdoor space, but one element of their design symbolizes the uncaring attitude campus designers have had for a generation. The grand sidewalk that splits the two Pasquerillas leads symmetrically and uselessly to the blank rear wall of the library. And as one wag said of the Old Fieldhouse, "There's one good thing about the Fieldhouse. When you stand in front of it, you can't see the Library." One would hope that of the forty buildings that have been built in the last thirty years at least *one* would have received some national attention for design excellence. We are more lenient with our architects than with our football coaches. We will continue to have mediocre buildings as long as there is no competition in the selection of architects. Our recent buildings are a result of the collaboration of a visually uneducated client being served by an architect that is afraid to disagree.

Even if we are surrounded by poor architecture, one could still be sanguine about the state of visual culture at Notre Dame if Art and artists were seen as essential to the mission of the University we say we are determined to become. The real importance of the several arts could be judged by the amount of money spent on them, the number of students attracted to them and their place in the University curriculum.

As stated earlier, the "renaissance" in the arts at Notre Dame to date has resulted in the Snite Museum of Art, the renovation of Crowley Hall of Music and the installation of the Murphy organ in Sacred Heart Church at a total cost of about \$4.7 million. By comparison the most recent academic buildings—Stepan Chemistry and Fitzpatrick Hall of Engineering—cost close to \$17 million. This is not to say that these facilities are not needed (although some have said so. It does hurt, though, when a landmark building like Washington Hall has been virtually unused for theatre for years while funds are sought to rehabilitate it).

The Art Department will soon have to move from the Old Fieldhouse into renovated quarters in Old Chemistry/Chemical Engineering. The move should be cause for hope, but the amount rumored to be available presently doesn't promise to fill the future needs of the department. Even institutions, it seems, put their money where their hearts are.

The dangerously decrepit and maligned Old Fieldhouse is, in more

ways than one, a symbol of the state of the visual arts at Notre Dame. It also serves a useful contrast to the Snite Museum. We have taken care of the artifact. Now, what about the artists? The Fieldhouse has been, since its "liberation" by student sit-ins in 1969, a constant thorn in the side of those who continue to build buildings with less character than it has.

For the artists who work there, including many prominent visitors, it has been seen as potentially one of the best art spaces in the country. Because of the Fieldhouse the Art Department has flourished, reaching large numbers of students. Its cavernous spaces have fostered a reckless sense of creativity. The 12 years that the Art Department has been in the Fieldhouse has been a positive and hopeful period for visual art at Notre Dame.

Why all the concern, then? For a number of reasons. No professional program can survive without an adequate number of good undergraduate students. It is extremely difficult to get student artists to come to Notre Dame. High school art students, to the extent that they practice their art, are often not competitive in some other academic areas. They are not poor students; they are interested in a different kind of learning. Our Admissions Office has made some allowance for artistic ability in students' applications. But until the University is willing to actively recruit students in all the arts, and give weight to artistic involvement, Art at Notre Dame will continue to be treated as an amusing leisure activity, not as a vital ingredient in the intellectual life of educated people.

If one looks at the University curriculum to determine what is essential to a Notre Dame graduate's education, it is even further obvious that Art is not considered of much value. The University Requirements, which all students must take, include Mathematics, Social Science/History, Natural Science, Philosophy and Theology, but no Art. The conclusion is that it is not necessary to have any awareness of Art to be considered educated at Notre Dame. Arts and Letters students *are* required to take one three-credit course in the Fine Arts. Even that requirement (the "culture credits"), which was introduced to give students some experiential awareness of making art, is fulfilled most often by yet another lecture course. The WORD wins again!

Students come to Notre Dame, because it is Notre Dame, not usually

because they are attracted by individual departments. Our students are bright, highly motivated and extremely competitive. Many others have observed that recently, those qualities, which ought to be put toward becoming educated, are increasingly being developed for getting a job. No one here wants to educate unemployables, but what ever happened to the goal of being happy in life no matter what one's income?

Artists do not make a lot of money. Most of them do what they have to in order to survive so they can make art. Our best art graduates are as good as any in the country, and a lot more broadly educated than most. What they have accomplished here they have done in the face of either the condescension ("Oh, that must be fun!") or the derision ("What are you going to do with that degree?") of their peers. They have worked in facilities that are embarrassingly ill-equipped, been taught by faculty who have had to be artists, teachers, maintenance workers, construction workers, recruiters and now, fund raisers. That so many art graduates have become successful is as much a testimony to their own abilities and determination as it is to what the University has provided them.

The visual arts—and all the arts—have had to struggle to be born and to survive at Notre Dame. Now, when there is some hope they might even thrive, if that "renaissance" does take place, the criticisms I've made might be seen as a petty and misplaced jeremiad. That may be so.

I'd prefer that it be taken as a plea that Art be taken seriously at a place that has pledged itself to excellence; that Art be supported not just with words, but with resources, not just because it can't be ignored, but rather because it belongs here. Without Art and its making, we mis-educate people by not touching their spirits. Art is not a frill, a social nicety, a plaything for the socially elite, to be treated like yet another designer-initialed product. It is not part of a public relations image that proves that we've finally arrived. It is part of what makes us human. It is as basic to the life of the mind and spirit as food is to the body; without it, we die. Beauty takes some looking after. □

Fr. James Flanigan teaches figure drawing and sculpture. Now an Associate Professor, he was the Chairman of the Art Department from 1973 to 1979. He is also the director of the Old College Program.

Artist, Teacher, or Both?

by Professor Douglas Kinsey

I have seen that look before, and I can imagine what it means. In the eyes of my graduate students, the ones completing MFA degrees which qualify them to teach art in colleges—if there were any such positions left—in their eyes, I sense either envy or judgment of me. I, after all, have a tenured position teaching art in a university; I am not only making a living but am given the opportunity to make my own art. Would it not be best to turn all art profs over 30 out to pasture and so allow room for vital and younger artists, new MFA's like themselves? They know that university teaching salaries are on the level of modest blue-collar jobs. But they also believe that a college teacher has prestige, a stimulating atmosphere in which to work, long vacations, and above all, an opportunity to follow his heart's desire and develop his art. Granted, anyone who is creative and motivated is going to make his art in spite of all circumstances. The question to which I address myself is this: is it reasonable for my graduate students to look at my position with envy? Or more accurately stated, is the university really a fertile ground for developing one's art when one is being hired as a teacher?

My immediate reaction to this question is to blurt out that, after all the teaching and other professorial tasks are done, there seems to be no time or energy left to make art. I suspect students may associate long hours in their own studios with the academic institution and assume that their teachers have the same leisure. College teaching is not a cushy job. One problem is that the job is not well defined; it is open-ended. The more possibilities a teacher sees to improve the art program, the more work he has on his



Self-portrait: Doug Kinsey

hands. My situation is pretty typical. At Notre Dame I teach 5 days a week. I teach 3 classes, all different disciplines, and have 8 tutorial students in addition. This amounts to about 20 contact-hours a week plus preparation time. I am responsible for the maintenance of a couple of studio areas. I order materials, sit on committees, scramble through the usual piles of administrative details, write letters of recommendation, and

even do a certain amount of janitorial work. Also, I want to support art activities by going to lectures and constant openings of exhibitions. Most of this activity is quite interesting, I admit. But it is time-consuming and exhausting, and where is there room to make my own art?

Apparently, in spite of all, there is time. Many of us are quite productive. We produce a fair amount, exhibit widely, and develop a per-

sonal direction in making art. Of course, the amount of activity outside of teaching varies among people depending on their ambition and on their willingness to forfeit the usual middle-class activities such as spending time with the family, taking vacations, or cultivating a suburban life-style. The question is: does the university aid creative activity or does that activity persist in spite of the university?

Generally speaking, the university does not support creating art as much as it supports scientific and scholarly research. It requires art faculty to exhibit, but it does not support it with time and proper facilities. The Arts at Notre Dame, not unlike other universities, may be the lowest academic priority. The Notre Dame Art Department, in trying to compete with the scope of offerings at other universities, has overextended its small faculty. There are departments in which professors teach two courses in order to have more time for research. This would be considered a part-time schedule in the Art Department. And because the Art Department has not been given adequate space in the decade and a half I have been here, it has, out of desperation, unofficially moved into the Old Fieldhouse in order to have room for its programs and now finds itself in a dangerously unmaintained structure.

There is a growing tendency in this country, outside of some good liberal arts colleges and possibly a few outstanding Eastern universities, to make the primary goal of higher education to give students the ability to make money. The emphasis is being placed on practical skills as opposed to speculative ones and on specialization as opposed to broad education. Intellectual and spiritual activity is considered a luxury; it is important but secondary. Unfortunately, universities such as Notre Dame are under enormous pressure to become technical schools by such financial powers as donors and parents. Consequently, the making of art is a low priority.

But if the Golden Dome has overlooked the creating of art, it has excelled in displaying the art of the past. The Snite Museum is a treasure. It is an admirable contribution to the culture of Northern Indiana, and eventually, when the word gets around, the museum will broaden Notre Dame's reputation for excellence. In fact, it may be the most conspicuous evidence of culture at Notre Dame. For a faculty artist on this campus, the Snite not only

offers constant stimulation, it makes available superb exhibition space. To have such a fine exhibition space gives impetus to the making of art on the campus.

Besides exhibition space, of course, the university offers many advantages to the artist over what he would have as an independent agent. There are facilities that would be difficult for an individual to have on his own. I have a large studio on campus, for instance, and I also have access to various printing presses. Summer vacations, breaks, and the occasional Sabbatical give the academic blocks of time that an artist making his living in a 9 to 5 job probably would not have. Also the university puts pressure on artist faculty to exhibit in the same way as it pushes scholars to publish. The method is called promotion and tenure. For some, this external pressure is helpful.

However, I think the most positive element of the university environment for an artist is stimulation from the community. I am really referring to two communities. One community consists of other productive faculty and graduate students who are constantly making art. Unless an artist lives in an artistic ghetto in a large city such as New York, he is probably rather isolated. Notre Dame has a small supportive community of involved artists. I do not mean that everyone is communicative with everyone else, for making art is a private and sometimes a highly specialized activity. But the fact that others about him are preoccupied with making art, a practice that is often considered impractical and strange, gives the individual more courage than if he were working in isolation. The other community I am referring to is the intellectual community at large in the university. This place is rich in concerts, films, performances, lectures, libraries, and exhibitions. And if one is inclined, he can easily find fascinating people who radiate information and concepts. And since art is not just a skillful manipulation of materials but also a carrier of ideas, feelings, and values the whole intellectual community is a valuable source of information as well as inspiration. Cities also can provide this kind of stimulation, but a university is often more concentrated and offers easier access.

Students are a mixed blessing to a teacher, as we all know. If a teacher is conscientious and generous, he constantly gives his time and energy to his students. With some professors there is a persistent

question as to where to draw the line defining a small private life apart from their students. Naturally, this interest in the student drains the energy that could go into one's own work. On the other hand, I find that I learn constantly by analyzing the problems that arise in the work of others, and sometimes I am directly influenced by their work. My day is filled with thought about art, and I am often refreshed by an insight from a young artist who is not burdened by my preoccupation with history.

Finally, I appreciate the freedom found in a university where my livelihood is not dependent on the art market. It is a kind of academic freedom. The other day I met a former graduate student who went to the city to survive on his wits after he was unable to find a teaching job. He paints watercolors which he can market through an interior decorator who furnishes the offices of corporations. He asks large prices for his work since he found he was not taken seriously by his clients when he asked for less. He paints everything from bubbly brooks to polo horses, and he recently did a watercolor of a view of a client's favorite golf green. He can survive. But he is rather uneasy about being a mere technician, for the scope of his expression is severely curtailed by a clientele lacking his sophistication. As a university teacher I have more freedom. Others may consider my work depressing, outrageous, or meaningless, but my livelihood does not depend on satisfying a public point of view. I am allowed to be a specialist, and I am free to try to find the most meaningful form that I can. This is an outstanding gift of the university to me, and eventually I hope I can relay that gift to others in the form of work that will broaden their experience and refresh their eyes.

As to the question whether the university is fertile ground to develop one's art, I say definitely yes. Nevertheless, in order to teach well and to practice art well, one consumes his life. The teaching and academic responsibilities take up a larger percentage of that life than many graduate students might suspect. I believe teaching just to support one's art practice could easily lead to unbearable frustration. An art professor must enjoy teaching. □

Douglas Kinsey is an Associate Professor in the Art Department at Notre Dame.

Pinnacles: An Adventure in the Abstract

by Alicia Miller

What is a conservative, who has previously been exposed primarily to traditional forms of art, to do when confronted with the world of abstract art forms? The reaction can either be to love or to hate, for instance, an abstract painting. My initial reaction has been one of aversion. I seem to be more confused, when viewing such an art form, than anything else. It has always been difficult for me to understand an artist's purpose in painting an abstract piece. Although I have tried to see what possible shapes, sounds and movements the forms could express, often, they make no sense to me.

Recently, two women from Saint Mary's College, composer Jane Zwerneman and choreographer Colleen Quinn, combined their talents to create a unique nine-minute performance of Jane's piece *Pinnacles*. As I talked with Colleen and Jane, I came to appreciate and understand the abstract art form.



Jane Zwerneman

Jane, a sophomore music major, was asked by her advisor to compose a piece which would be a part of Colleen's senior independent studies project. She went about composing the piece on a day-by-day basis. Jane explained that whenever she wrote, her emotions directly affected the piece: sadness, joy, peace or frustration. This can account for the dramatic contrasts that are present throughout her composition. The title *Pinnacles* further reflects this characteristic of the music. Jane used the 12-tone musical system developed by composer Arnold Schoenberg in the early part of this century, and has carried it out in an ABA form with a coda finishing it.



The composer orders the 12 musical pitches according to specific rules. She explains there is no specific theme or story line to *Pinnacles*, (which, as I understand, is characteristic of an abstract piece). The emphasis is on dynamics, color and design.

Colleen has never dealt with the 12-tone style of music. Consequently, she is faced with a new challenge, for she has worked only with traditional forms of music. When Colleen first heard the music she was at a loss because there were no definite beats or rhythms from which to work. Thus, her approach was to listen to a mood and assign it, for example, five beats. As a result, she has comfortably created a loosely interpretive dance to *Pinnacles*. Colleen's dance is to be a visual aid for interpreting Jane's music. Her goal is to provide the audience with a basic outline that will enable them to become part of the performance. The audience should create the details of the story line in their imagination, rather than passively watching.

The stage is set with a white backdrop and platform. The musicians are on stage, for Colleen believes they are an integral part of the performance. Indeed, she has called on their live music to narrate the dance. Having the musicians and the dancers on stage at the same time is part of the uniqueness of this performance. In choosing colors for the costumes (simple leotards and tights), Colleen wanted them bright enough to add interest, yet compatible so as to be pleasing to the eye.

My appreciation and understanding of Jane's abstract work came through Colleen's interpretation of *Pinnacles*. When Jane was explaining her piece to me, its abstract nature made me wonder how I would like it: would I enjoy or dislike it, understand or be confused by it? The question is yet to be answered. With a better understanding as to the purpose of the performance as a whole, I feel I will be able to judge whether they have indeed combined successfully, and accomplished their goal. By knowing that Jane's music emphasizes dynamics, color and design, and that Colleen's dance movements are giving me a basic outline with which to imagine details, I will be able to better appreciate and enjoy its abstract nature.



Colleen Quinn

Pinnacles will be performed on December 4 and 5 at 8 p.m., and on December 6 at 2 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium. □

Alicia Miller is a St. Mary's senior majoring in Humanistic Studies. She is from South Bend and this is her first contribution to Scholastic.

ISIS Gallery

by Mike Mulligan

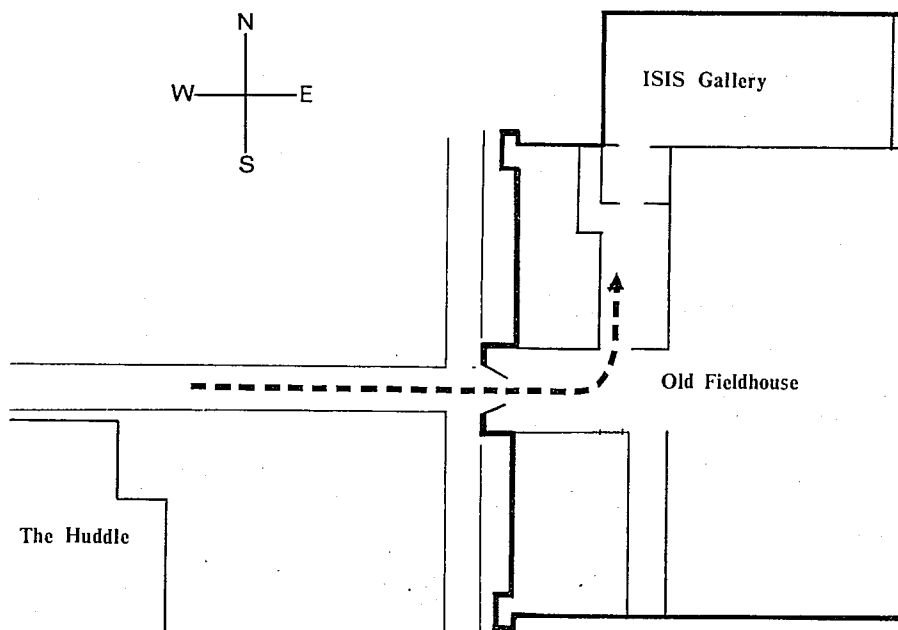
Ever wonder what that big red sign with the white letters I, S, I, and S is doing on the north end of the old fieldhouse? You mythology buffs probably recognize the name of the Egyptian goddess of death and resurrection, but why is it there? It's a safe bet that most students (aside from freshmen) are aware that the crumbling building houses many of the Art Department's studios, but how many of you knew there is also a full-scale student-run art showroom in the northwest corner—the ISIS Gallery?

ISIS has been in existence since 1970 when a group of architecture students returning from the first year of the Rome Program searched for a place to show their previous year's work to friends and faculty. They came up with the historic old

locker room in the fieldhouse. Some new light bulbs, a fresh coat of paint and a few nails did the trick. The gallery has steadily improved over the years, at times mainly student run, at others under the Art Department's control. Today the ISIS Gallery is totally a student operation with approximately a three thousand dollar budget form the Notre Dame Student Union and two student directors—Terry Redden, a graduate student in printmaking, and Bob Wade, a graduate photography student. They have volunteered their time as a service to the campus community and to gain the personal experience and organizational ability needed to run a gallery and thus diversify their backgrounds in the arts—a must these days to avoid the all too familiar cliché of the starving artist. All indications point to this being the ISIS Gallery's best year ever—from new walls for improved layout to a growing stack of portfolios submitted by Midwest artists seeking shows, as its reputation spreads as a university-centered showplace.

ISIS sponsors many different types of events. There are usually several exchange shows with other universities (from as far away as Arizona) to see what other students are doing. The gallery brings in visiting artists for lectures and workshops with students—usually accompanied by a short-term show. Occasionally ISIS arranges for a commercial gallery to transfer a show here, giving a professional edge to the work displayed. In addition to these events, the gallery hosts the annual Senior Arts Festival, midsemester reviews for art classes in a nice clean environment and regularly scheduled student shows. In the gaps, spontaneous showings often evolve, such as last year's "Opus Novum Rejectum" for works not accepted in the Snite Museum's year-end Art Department show.

This year's directors feel the ISIS Gallery plays a vital role in allowing space for the visual arts at a university where you see more calculators



The ISIS: a convenient location.

and slide rules than paint brushes or potter's wheels. The relaxed atmosphere and separate existence from the politics of a university department allows ISIS the freedom to show marginal or innovative artwork (which doesn't imply lower quality)—work not normally seen in more tightly run galleries. As a supplement to the Snite Museum, the ISIS Gallery can move shows through quickly, exposing students to a wide range of ideas which they might not otherwise experience. In a day when many schools are fighting for space for the arts, ISIS has room to cater to the students' specific interests and provides display room for their own work. An additional advantage is that galleries and artists are often willing to send shows or lecture at reduced rates or free of charge since the gallery is student-run and -financed.

Of course, the gallery is not without its problems. The lighting is dim due to the old wiring in the fieldhouse. There are occasional roof leaks which Terry and Bob patch with plastic. The two always keep their heads up in the winter—they have been warned to watch for cracks in the rafters from snow pressure on the roof. At times, the flow of visitors is not very heavy. Surprisingly, security has not been a problem, and there is University insurance to cover all loss or damage.

Upcoming events include a show of paintings and fibers by Chicago artists Don Mills and Gail Skudera called "Converse/Transect" from November 16 to December 2. In January a gallery show entitled "The New West" will come to ISIS with a pop-art, fun look at the Old West. Arrangements are currently being made for numerous University exchange shows for next semester. Bob Wade is developing plans for a juried photo show of nonobjective/abstract prints that he hopes will attract national attention and will feature a guest speaker and an exhibit as well. Tentative plans have been made for a final show at the end of next semester, in which the ISIS Gallery itself will be the work of art. Everyone will be invited to participate in painting walls, constructing or deconstructing in the gallery. Whatever is in ISIS afterwards will be knocked down with the building when it is demolished next summer. All these events are usually accompanied by opening night parties, to



Bob and Terry hang a new show.

which all students, faculty and area residents are invited. This year Terry and Bob would like to see more people involved in these openings and they hope to encourage this social aspect of the gallery next semester.

The gallery will not end when the fieldhouse is torn down. The future of ISIS looks bright as it is included in the Art Department's planned renovation of the old chemical research building. The new ISIS will be well-lighted and well-equipped. There is a danger that as more funds are pumped into the project the gallery could fall more heavily

into the faculty domain without a strong student advocate. However, this year's directors feel that Art Department Chairman Fred Beckman agrees the gallery should remain student run.

There you have it. You know what it is, you know where it is, so now take the time to enjoy it. ISIS is open 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Monday through Friday, or whenever Terry Redden happens to be in his studio at the back of the gallery. Keep an eye out for publicity on upcoming shows and stop by before class, after class, on the way to class or during class! It's there for you.

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In Search of Space

by Eileen Durkin

A long time ago, when someone hit upon the idea that we should become specialists in order to save time and effort, someone else suggested that it would be beneficial for each field to develop its own vocabulary. Not only would these increasingly technical terms allow us by their precision to communicate skills more effectively, they would also serve to identify those who were not specialists in the particular area. If two of us were talking "shop" and another did not understand the terminology, we could say, "Hmmp, obviously a layman!" and carry on superciliously. Understandably, this policy has been adhered to over the ages, but just last spring I discovered that the opposite is also true.

My friend and I were taking a study break on the second floor of the library when she casually mentioned, "You know, this would be a good space for a play." I was so flabbergasted at her correct use of "space" in a theatrical context, that I not only accepted her right then into the ranks of "theatre people," but did so unquestioningly. After all, we cannot have outsiders making judgments more astutely than the specialists. (It would be a wonderful space in which to do a play.)

Actually, it was not difficult to imagine where she had learned about the importance of "space" in theatre. For two years she had roomed with a theatre major who is concentrating in directing. She must have overheard countless discussions on what would be a good "space" for this or that play and just as many opening night critiques about whether or not a director "used his space well." While not a directing student myself, I would define "space" as the physical area, in all three dimensions, in which the theatrical experience takes place. This includes the acting area and the viewing area, which are not mutually exclusive, and any surrounding elements which affect the two. In this article I want to highlight the search for creative "spaces"

on the Notre Dame and Saint Mary's campuses, yet since any "space" must a priori be a "good space," it is valuable to understand this distinction.

A "good space" should meet three primary requirements. First, its appropriateness to the play in question must be translatable through the directorial concept. Next, the director and the actors must be able to develop a consciousness of the space which will be evident to the audience during a performance. Last year, in the case of *Molly's Song* in which the actress and the audience were both on the stage of O'Laughlin Auditorium, not only did Mary Link have to convey that Molly was in a Dublin flat but, also, that she herself was aware of the intimacy which she shared with the audience and the subtle opportunities which this presented. Lastly, the space must be interesting; it should spark excitement in those involved in the production and provide a challenge to their creativity.

The particular fascination with space of ND/SMC theatre students arises from the small number of established theatres and the lack of adequate rehearsal rooms. The dramas in the Subscription Series, usually directed by a faculty member, are staged either in O'Laughlin Auditorium or in Washington Hall, the only two theatres equipped for productions on a large scale. Sometimes another production may take place in these theatres, but it involves a juggling of rehearsal times which may place a stress on those involved in the conflicting productions. This situation forces most directing students to canvass the area for good "spaces" to stage their finals. The Little Theatre in Moreau Hall, the theatre in Regina Hall, and now the Chautauqua Coffeehouse are the only other elevated stages which students use. For certain plays this type of auditorium, with its limited seating, is desirable. Nevertheless, I consider it a tribute to the ingenuity of student directors in recent years that



they have turned their plight into an adventure and discovered intriguing spots for their productions. As an actress, I have benefitted from the provocative nature of a good space, and as a spectator, I have enjoyed the communal feelings which a unique space has generated; the experience is a first for actors and spectators alike.

Having acted in plays in Washington Hall, O'Laughlin Auditorium, on the stage of O'Laughlin, and in the Flanner Pit, I realize that my appreciation for the performance as an event in itself increases as I move closer to the audience. I find a great challenge in juxtaposing a high level of concentration with a sensitivity to the reactions of the audience. I have learned skills on stages but have unearthed feelings while sitting a few inches from a spectator. Student-directed plays set in good spaces gave me the opportunity to discover this facet of my acting.

Three years ago Mark Amenta directed Edward Albee's *All Over*. His designer created a space on the O'Laughlin stage. More than one hundred platforms were arranged to create a stadium effect, with a small opening on one side for an entrance. The acting area was no more than eight feet across and extended up at times into the seating area. The audience sat on pillows anywhere on the platforms that they desired. As I walked around that stage, there were people whom I had to step over and some later brushed by me during intermission as my character supposedly slept. No matter where I shifted my eyes, I was always looking into those of an audience member. The experience was an intensive lesson in concentration which is an important element in theatre. Audience response to the space was generally favorable. Some objected to the uncomfortable seating, designed to make the audience feel a discomfort similar to that of the characters, while others appreciated the enforced intimacy which kept them in the same room as the characters, waiting like them for the husband to die and it to be all over.

Last spring I acted in Bea Bosco's production of *Vanities* in the Flanner Pit. The play examines the relationships among three women as they progress from high school to college and then meet again six years after graduation. Bea set up three vanities along the back wall of the Pit and then seated the audience on the re-

maining three sides. The space began as a high school gymnasium, then became a college dorm room, and finished as a garden apartment in New York. There is little action in the play, and it focuses on the subtleties in their dialogue. Because of this emphasis on the conversational tone of the play, it was advantageous to have the audience surrounding the actresses eavesdropping on discussions which can be spoken at a normal voice level. I had never acted on carpet before and discovered that it put us at ease in the surroundings and made actresses and audience alike more relaxed. Needless to say, our rehearsals drew a few curious onlookers, and it seems to be true that one can appeal to a crusading spirit in this search for a new space. By invading someone else's space, a director can bring theatre to them in a way they may never have experienced before. Brother Pete, the rector of Flanner, was remarkably hospitable, but other student directors have encountered obstacles as they attempted to establish the perfect space for their play.

Nevertheless, I have seen several very interesting productions which have made use of a space in a unique manner. The Nazz has often been the spot for a show, the basement of Washington Hall has provided intimate settings, and a recent Second Scene drama was staged in the Saint Mary's Clubhouse. John Davenport did a one-man show last year in the lobby of Washington Hall, and the audience sat on the steps. Two productions in particular have impressed the importance of space on me as a spectator—Jeannie O'Meara's *Ti Jean and His Brothers* in 1978, and Doug Kreitzberg's *Oedipus at Colonus* last spring.

Jeannie staged *Ti Jean*, a West Indian folk tale, in the easternmost section of the fieldhouse. The audience sat on blankets on the dirt floor, and the actors, *Ti Jean's* family and various animals, walked or rolled in the dirt, depending on their character. The atmosphere was earthy and very effective in conveying the simplicity of the piece. Due to the informality of the space, she was able to have insect characters scoot among the audience, and one shot off a firecracker from the balcony. In spite of this, the space was still exotic enough to force a consciousness from the audience of their participation in an unusual production.

Oedipus at Colonus, enacted in the area surrounding the lake at Saint Mary's has undoubtedly been the most ambitious effort to date. This space not only encompassed the garden, the island, the bridge, the library, the shores of the lake, and the lake itself, but it had to deal with "the elements," as one actress put it, and how they shaped the space. Fortunately, the weather was obliging, but the lake was not yet sure that it enjoyed being a theatrical space and tried to capsize *Oedipus* and *Antigone* at one point. The audience moved with the actors to the spots listed above throughout the course of the play. The appropriateness of the outdoor setting to a drama of Sophocles seemed unquestionable, and this pilgrimage which the audience followed added an intriguing modern element to the work of a dramatist who lived in an age of amphitheatres.

My friend from the library was stage manager for this epic production, and she gained an appreciation for space beyond that of many theatre majors. It is difficult to ignore the physical space when one has to signal an actor to enter from several hundred yards by means of a big flag. She still wants to do a play in the library and is trying to recruit her roommate to direct it, but the latter is more interested now in producing an absurdist drama in the reflecting pool outside. In addition to their use of strange terminology, student directors today can be identified by their long walks around campus, with frequent stops to contemplate a possible scene, and by their habit of popping up in the most bizarre settings with, "Wouldn't this be a great space?" Nothing is spared—dining hall lines, garbage dumps, railroad tracks, under the Dome, etc. Professor Duffy has already reserved the birch tree in front of the Administration Building.

I did an excerpt from Racine's *Phedre* for his class last semester, and it was sheer luck that it was the afternoon and that the sun shone right into my eyes when I mused, "How dare I face this sacred sun, giver of my life?" If the sun comes out on cue, then it has got to be a good space. □

Eileen Durkin is a Senior English major, and has been involved in the theatre department for three years.

JEFFREY JACOB:

Professor and Performer

It is every bit as difficult to teach piano or music history or theory, to be a really effective teacher, as it is to get out on the stage and perform.

by Jane Zwerneman
Culture/Fiction Editor



Jeffrey Jacob

Jeffrey Jacob, assistant professor of music at Saint Mary's College, does both, and does them well. At the age of 33, he is an outstanding pianist and an exceptional teacher. He has performed in concert halls across the country, including Carnegie Hall, and is yet very natural and unpretentious in and out of the classroom.

Jacob grew up in Zanesville, Ohio. He is the family's first professional musician, though music has been an integral part of their lives. His grandfather, a German immigrant cooper, made sure that each of his nine children learned to play some musical instrument, and thus they naturally formed the "Jacob Orchestra," performing at church services and at other community functions. Jacob began his own musical education at age five, studying piano with his father and a family friend. After years of piano lessons, he decided to major in music at the University of Cincinnati. He received his bachelor's degree in 1970 then studied at The Juilliard School of Music. Receiving his master's degree in 1972, he returned to Cincinnati where he worked part-time at the University, and as a church organist and choir director. Jacob decided that this wasn't really what he wanted to do but rather desired to study with an accomplished pianist.

He was given an assistantship at Peabody Conservatory and began studying with Leon Fleisher. At this time Jacob began work on his doctorate, which he completed in 1980. In 1979 he received a fellowship to study for the summer at the Salzburg Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria, and is presently in his fifth year on the Music department faculty at Saint Mary's College.

When composer Ned Rorem came to the SMC New Music Festival a few years ago, he suggested that Dr. Jacob make a recording. Jacob took this to heart and in December, after months of thought and hard work, his first record will come out. It consists of three works for piano by 20th-century American composers. The first is *Sonata No. 1* by Ned Rorem, a Pulitzer Prize-winning composer. Jacob relates, "It's really a beautiful piece. Rorem, now 60, arrived at a style in his student days that he has maintained through the present. When he was here, Rorem made some provocative statements like 'innovation is nothing in music; continuity and craftsmanship are everything.' This is borne out in his music. His is a conservative style; a very melodic, tonal style with jazz influences in fast movements. It's not folk or pop, just very appealing."

The second piece is *Sonatina* by Samuel Adler. Adler is chairman of the composition department at Eastman School of Music. He studied with Paul Hindemith whose influence can be seen in Adler's style. It is very contrapuntal and angular, very dissonant and driving. Jacob said of the *Sonatina*, "The Adler piece is typical of a philosophy or a phenomenon in the 20th-century music that composers are not striving to write beautiful music. Just the opposite; it's rather an ugly piece. Composers are striving to write very powerful, eloquent music. It seems to be a movement in 20th-century art in general. Like Picasso — not lovely, but powerful, very moving."

The third piece on the record is *Spirals* by Roger Briggs. Briggs is on the faculty in the music department at Saint Mary's College. *Spirals*, as well as the Adler *Sonatina*, was commissioned by Jacob. "*Spirals* is influenced by George Crumb's music. Crumb's music represents a return to the aesthetic of beauty . . . beautiful sounds, sound combinations, and sound juxtapositions. The pace of musical events is slow and the emphasis is on specific sounds and colors. It is a very colorful piece, making use of

the extreme ranges of the instrument — both top and bottom. It is really a very beautiful piece."

Jacob claims that his first love is 19th-century music. So why is his first recording all 20th-century music? He explains that varied recital recordings are usually only made by the more established, big-name artists. Younger performers tend to record music from one period or by one composer. The second reason is that Jacob feels a responsibility to 20th-century music — the music of his day. "What's the point of making another recording of the Schumann *Fantasy* when these three pieces are excellent, first-rate pieces, and need to be heard? No one has ever recorded these pieces. If I don't do it, it's doubtful if anyone ever will."

In today's music world even the most accomplished musicians refuse to give contemporary music the respect it deserves. "George Solti, conductor of the Chicago Symphony, has utter reverence for a composer and his intentions for his music — unless the composer happens to be alive. As long as the composer is dead, Rudolf Serkin will play the music and will practice diligently on the music, give wonderful, superlative performances of the music; but if the composer is alive, he's not interested. That's regrettable. The music on this record is new music, fresh music, music of our time. We should be responsive to it and we can be if we'll just open up and let ourselves be."

In 1982 Jacob will be making two concert tours — one to the British Isles, and one to the People's Republic of China. Jacob will make his London debut in January at Wigmore Hall, the Carnegie Hall of London. This concert will be a varied program and will be advertised throughout England. From London he goes to Cambridge and then to Trinity College, University of Dublin. The Chinese Tour begins in June of 1982 in Shanghai. From there he goes to Harbin and then to the Peking Central Conservatory of Music. The concerts will be varied programs consisting mostly of 20th-century American and Chinese music, with world premiers of works by two Chinese composers. When asked if he feels responsibility when he performs, Jacob replied, "Yes, tremendous responsibility to the audience, the composer, to myself and to the music. There is nothing more abominable than a performer who plays down to an 'unsophisticated' audience. That's just obscene."

Recently Dr. Jacob coordinated

the Piano Festival, a three-day program of films, seminars and concerts featuring guest artist Donna Coleman. The idea of a liberal arts college is somewhat strange to Jacob, after having done most of his studies in conservatories. "When I was an undergrad I was required to take only three courses outside of music. I always wanted to take a course in philosophy, but because of the emphasis on music, I never could. As a result I will probably never know anything about philosophy. I think that's really regrettable." Jacob likes the idea of a well-rounded education; he thinks that it's very important and very desirable. "The fact that many SMC music students are accepted to good music schools for graduate work shows that their musical educations have not been sacrificed in order to receive the liberal arts education. I feel good about Saint Mary's and the music department. The history, theory and performance programs are very strong and compare favorably with some of the better music schools in the country."

Teaching and performing may seem to be worlds apart, but to Jeffrey Jacob they go hand in hand as two different, but equally important, forms of communication. Commenting on the fact that so many performers who can't make it in the performing world turn to teaching as an easy alternative, Jacob spoke on two different levels. "Idealistically, both performing and teaching are aspects of communication — communication of deep emotions and profound ideas. As far as

the intrinsic value of each activity, I think the performer who interprets masterpieces and presents them to the public, and the teacher who explains the masterpieces and draws a certain amount of appreciation from the public, are on an equally high plane — one is not more important than the other. On the realistic level it is certainly true that performers turn to teaching to help make ends meet. It's a shame that really talented pianists and composers can't devote all their time to performing and composing, but it's also a shame that a dedicated young teacher can do nothing but teach. No matter how gifted you are as a teacher or performer you have to do both." Yet Jacob, both accomplished pianist and effective teacher, doesn't feel pressured into doing both. He seems to have found the balance between performing and teaching that works best for him. As for the future, he doesn't see himself giving up one activity for the other. "I've always thought it would be wonderful to be a teacher. Now that I am one I still think it's wonderful. But performing is important to me. I would always want to be in the position of being able to perform and also where, from year to year, I could make recordings."

Whether performing or teaching or just conversing with his students, Jeffrey Jacob is truly a talented musician and personable individual. As art is the truest form of human expression, so is Jeffrey Jacob a true artist. □

Observer (cont'd from page 15)

up in a rather animated discussion among some people in the corner of the room. I had never seen any of these people before. Temptation got the best of me, and before long, I was throwing up trial balloons like clowns at a circus. Some pretty intense discussion (a lot of it was even constructive) of *The Observer* commenced and things were going great — until my friends arrived and started introducing me to all the people I had been talking with. So much for anonymity.

All in all, however, the struggle goes on to separate *The Observer* from schoolwork and social life. Like a siren calling upon erstwhile sailors, *The Observer* can be an alluring mistress. Socially, I'm sure that most of the friendships I'll remember from college have in some way

emerged via interaction with the newspaper. Similarly, even schoolwork can become intertwined with the paper. Research projects and group reports have somehow ended up focussing on various aspects of *Observer* operations, and term papers are easy to write when working with our 500 word-per-minute word-processing printer. And being the first business major to be editor, I enjoy the challenge of running a quarter-million-dollar business with over 100 employees.

It's more often than not a pleasurable diversion to be in love with *The Observer*, but just like the relationship between man and woman, the love affair consumes enormous amounts of time, work, and thought. But when it comes right down to it, I couldn't ask for a better partner. □



I got up at 6:30 that morning and proceeded to get ready for the big trip to Hunter Publishing Company in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The trip marked the end of one whole summer of book-planning, decision-making, and working on the first deadline. My work as editor of the *Dome* had begun long before my work as a student. Due to an intense night of page checking and first-deadline jitters, I was attempting the trip on three hours' sleep. With map in one hand and thirty yearbook pages in the other, I was soon heading south down Interstate 220. The trip is only a two-hour drive from my home in Roanoke, Virginia. At least, it's supposed to be.

As I was cruising along at about 62 mph, trying to remember whether I had added the photo credits and the name of the juggler whose picture appears on page eighty, I began

DOME: 1981-82

Laughing Tomorrow at Today

by Anne Hardie

to smell smoke. I thought that someone must be burning leaves by the highway. After a few more miles down the road, however, I realized that leaves weren't burning, but my car was. Being the mechanical genius I am, that is, as much as any English/Philosophy major can be, I quickly deduced that it wasn't a flat tire. I mean, I never heard of a flat tire smoking before.

The car would not accelerate above 30 mph, and I felt certain that it was going to explode at any minute. Suddenly, one thought crossed my mind—the pages. What about the pages? I didn't care if the car went just as long as the pages didn't go with it.

To make a long story even longer, I noticed a small place up ahead on the side of the road and a neon sign beside it that read, *The Handy House*. Being more desperate than discriminating, I decided to stop and take my chances. The owners of *The Handy House* had seen me coming, or rather, my car coming, five

miles down the road and were there to meet me when I pulled in. I turned off the ignition, grabbed the pages, jumped out of the car, and awaited the explosion. After Jess, the main owner, assured me that there was going to be no explosion, he ushered me inside and sat me down at the counter. He then left to take a look at my car.

It didn't take me long to figure out how the place got its name as I sat there amidst the colorful signs and provocative paraphernalia *The Handy House* had to offer. For fear of discovering more than I bargained for, I kept my eyes riveted on the pages I still had clutched in my hands.

I began to think about the people and the events connected with the pages rather than the pages themselves.

* * *

I remembered the night I ventured down to the darkroom to find Jim, Dion, and Mark lost in some fifty rolls of black-and-white film. I remembered walking into the yearbook room and reading Chris' note, "I would not be unhappy to die." Those photographers are a strange breed. I remembered when those guys decided to paint the darkroom bright yellow so that they could have a cheery place to work. The idea somewhat perplexed me considering they spend most of their time down there in total blackness. Who am I to pass judgment? They see the world through a 35mm camera. They get their kicks from freezing the moment Phil Carter crosses the goal line or Gerry Faust leaves the Crypt at 7:00 a.m.

Thoughts of Phil Carter and Gerry Faust prompted thoughts of "Mugsy" and Sports. Everyone laughs when they hear we have a Sports Editor named Mugsy. Oh sure, he sounds like a hard guy, but when it comes to correcting copy or critiquing photos, he rarely utters a harsh word. That doesn't mean he accepts bad work, only that he's extremely diplomatic in his approach. Although he has had to do a lot of replanning, I would venture to say that his section is, in his own words, "SWEET."

It didn't take Mugs long to realize that "yearbooking" is not just a sit down, decide, then go with it, business. He learned his lesson early when our preseason prediction of a National Championship turned sour. As the Irish accumulated more

and more losses, Mugs began looking for a new angle. From our point of view, if we couldn't have all the wins, then we'd rather have all the losses. If this were the case, then we could call football *The Doom of the Dame*. Of course, this angle, too, had its problems, because how could anyone root against the Irish? Especially Mugs.

And then, there is Jane. I'll never understand how anyone can possess the perseverance Jan possesses. She didn't panic when the Ralph Nader film was stolen along with the camera. She didn't panic when we had to reshoot most of her photos one week before a deadline. She didn't even panic when her HPC meetings conflicted with her yearbook meetings. Rather, she sat behind her desk and worked and waited. Her dates came and picked her up at the yearbook office and brought her back there afterwards.

She, too, faced the dilemma of what to do when things didn't go as expected and Father Ted decided to stay on for another five years. I can remember the day everyone found out about Father Hesburgh's continuance as president. What a shock for those of us who had already written the retirement copy. But as I sat there, thinking about Jane stationary at her desk, claiming that she did love yearbook, really she did, I had to smile.

Many times I've had to wonder how anyone can really love yearbook. Sometimes I have to think that purgatory must be something like working on the *Dome*. Sometimes I think Lou must feel the same way.

(cont'd on page 31)



Anne Hardie, Dome editor



Ah, to be able to separate work from private life. That's the thread that ties everything I have to say here together. In fact when Chuck Wood asked me to do this piece, I wondered exactly what I would write about — The Observer or John McGrath.

You see, the dilemma is similar to that of most athletes, student politicians, and club officers: where does one draw the line between your extracurricular activity, whether it be practicing, campaigning or administering, and your own persona? Or, when do you stop being a football player and start becoming just another student? The answer is a fuzzy one; at times, the lines of distinction begin to completely disappear and the two identities become inseparable—for better or worse.

As I see it, there are basically three components of college life: schoolwork; extracurricular activities; and the strictly social element of young people dating and going to parties. Ideally, the three should be held in approximate balance; each should have its time and place. But ask almost anyone on this campus — particularly at this point in the semester — and they'll more often than not tell you that at least one of the three is out of sync with the other two.

So my situation is really not that different from anyone else's at Notre Dame or Saint Mary's. Yet I must admit, there are some humorous — and frustrating — little "kinks,"



Working at The Observer

that come along with the job of being Editor at *The Observer*.

One of these kinks is the way that my business life is almost automatically shoved to the forefront in many social encounters. Schematically, that means that components number two and three have crossed paths where they shouldn't have. In practice, this kink is the way my friends and acquaintances introduce me to new people. I call it "the wince." That's because most times I'm introduced to someone I wince because I can predict exactly what they're going to say. It goes like this:

Hey, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine — he's the Editor of the *Observer*, you know — and, oh, I almost forgot, ah, his name is John McGrath.

Now I'll be the first to admit that being recognized for my job does give a gratifying ego boost and open the doors to many new friendships and experiences. But after a few months of it, a person (namely me) can get a bit tired of serving as *The Observer's* roving public relations specialist and complaint handler. And that's exactly what some encounters have turned into — a question-and-answer period about a Wednesday editorial, yesterday's column, or today's paper that didn't get to the North Dining Hall until 12:30.

This happens all the time: it might be at Senior Bar; maybe before class; or even at a noisy party.

Fortunately those encounters are in the minority. I also realize that my friends who offer the introductions do not intend in any way to cause me problems. In fact, I'm glad they've made the introduction that way in some instances — it's provided me with some new friends (and valuable business connections). But, believe me, sometimes, it can get on a person's nerves.

Then there's the converse case: the instances when I haven't been introduced to the people around me — and they're all talking about *The Observer*. Keeping a low profile and concentrating on maintaining a reasonable balance between *The Observer*, schoolwork, and social engagements is my goal. Yet I must admit that at times, I've almost lost my composure — from anger in some instances and hilarity in others — while eating in the dining hall or standing around at a party.

Typically, I'll be minding my own business; just sitting there carefully

probing the mystery meat for foreign objects, and suddenly a word or phrase attracts my attention from a group of guys sitting at the other end of the table.

Did you hear what *The Observer* said about Gerry Faust? Can you believe it? Man, they're pretty low — you know ragging on the guy just 'cause he lost a couple of games . . .

Then like a mounting cacophony of criticism, more attention-grabbing words and phrases waft over from the next table like the smell emanating from the dumpster behind the dining hall:

I can't stand those patsies at *The Observer*! The football team has their worst start in 18 years and those rah-rahs just stand by and keep pumping up the team like they're still undefeated . . .

How can you suppress at least a

OBSERVER: 1981-82

Private Life and Public Image

by John McGrath

little giggle at such a scene? It's beyond the point of annoyance for me, so I usually just sit back and see how far the opposing sides will go in contradicting each other.

At parties, I might go even further. Sometimes, in moments of mischief, I've joined in the tirade myself, throwing up trial balloons like: "What do you guys think about that new comic strip in *The Observer*?" or "Can you believe what that dude McGrath said about the Senior Death March?"

Most of the time, the results are fun, as I struggle to keep the laughs to myself — and pick up a lot of valuable information about student opinion of their student newspaper; but one incident comes to mind in which the little stunt backfired.

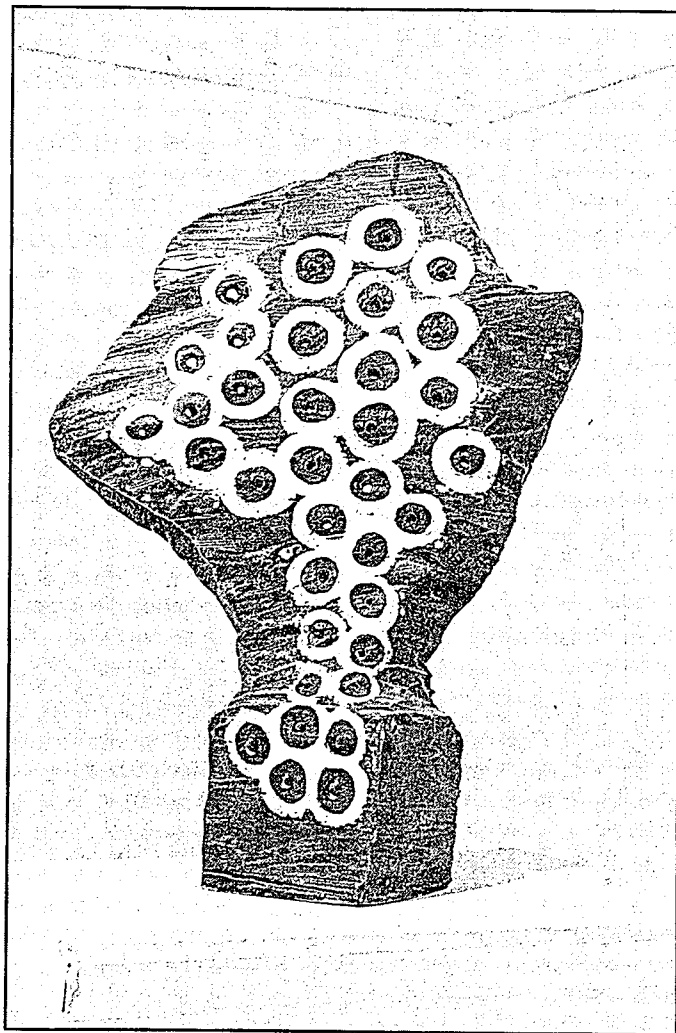
I was waiting for some friends to arrive at an off-campus party, and the subject of *The Observer* came

(cont'd on page 13)

Gallery

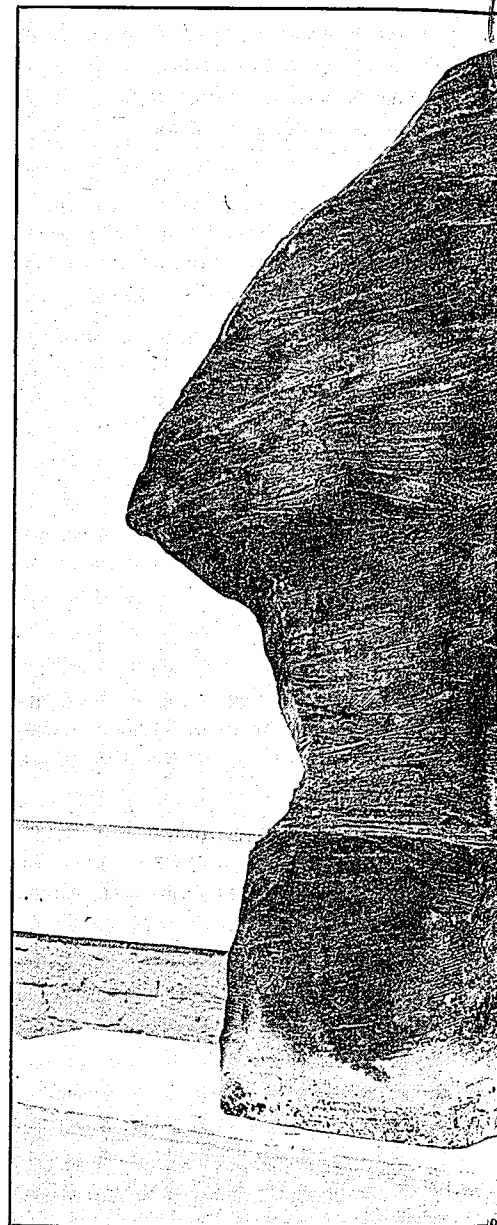
The work I am making is abstract. It's like arithmetic in that the combinations are endless; the answer depends on the shapes, forms, and colors that are added, subtracted, multiplied, or divided in a sequence.

However, any form without feeling is pointless. The ongoing theme in my work is the contrasting of opposites in order that they may compliment or hold one another in balance. The coexistence of symmetry and asymmetry produces monumentality. My sculptures look like parts of the environment that have been put on a base, signifying Man's tampering. It is reflecting our world. The large ones sometimes take on a figurative aspect because of their size. The perception of distance is increased when the size becomes smaller and the proportions stay basically the same. This is an attempt to maintain the monumentality of an idea at various scales. It all depends on visual politics.



Monument for the Circle Culture;
Clay; 25 X 19 in; 1981.

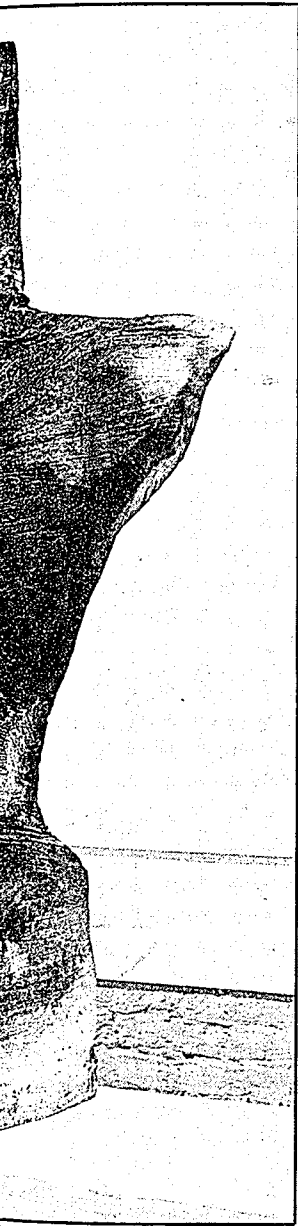
PORTRAIT ARTIS



Texan Monument Clay; 53 X 19 in; 1981.

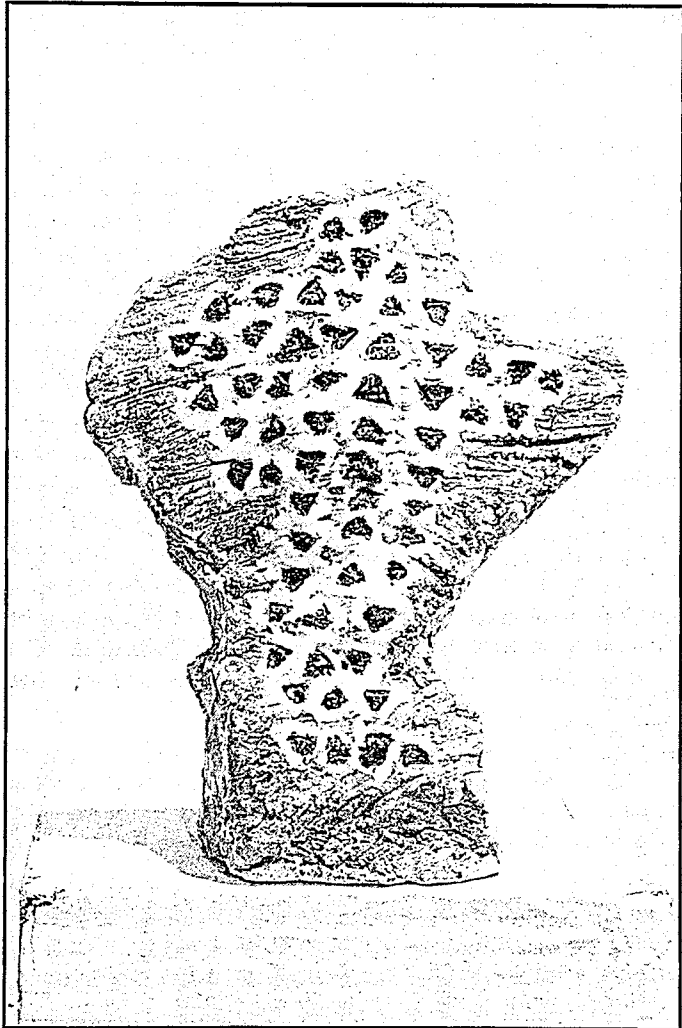
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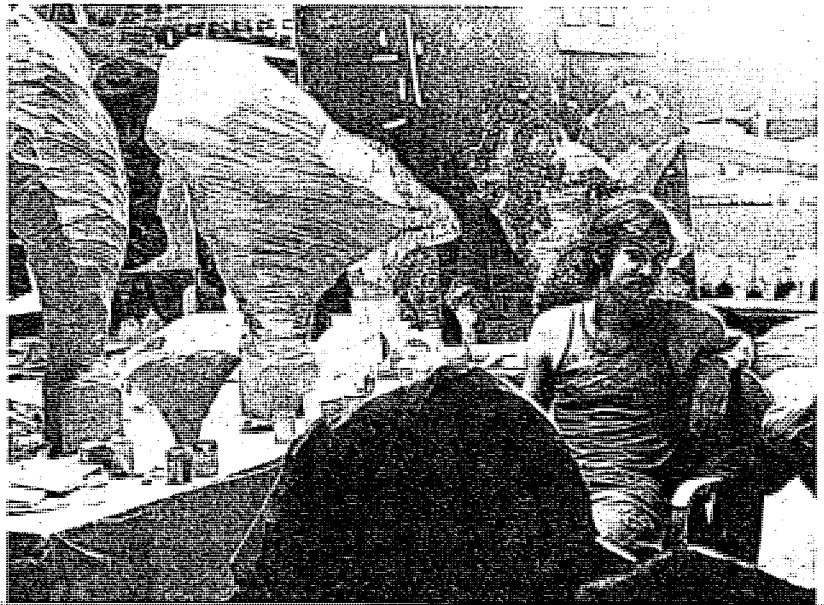


3 X 37 in., 1981.

dbdell



Digital Jesus; Clay; 5½ X 7 in., 1981.



David Lobdell is currently enrolled in the M.F.A. program at Notre Dame.

At the Same Time All Together

by Mary Fran Callahan

*Whence and how these ideas
come, I know not . . .
I hear them at the same time all
together.*

Wolfgang Mozart

There are nights when an empty chair cannot be found. And there are nights when nothing but empty chairs abound. There are no tickets, no pretensions, no offense taken for dashing upstairs for a hamburger or coming and going in the midst of a show. The place is the Nazz. Just upstairs is the Chautauqua project which was renamed the LaFortune Club in hopes of generating business. The club, established just last year, is a bit more formal with tickets at the door and professionals on the programs. Quite apart from both of these musical outlets is the Chapel Choir, whose members resound each Sunday from the balconies of Sacred Heart. These three musical outlets shed light on the concept of performance at Notre Dame.

All three organizations have vastly different objectives. Chautauqua's purpose is to bring professional entertainment to the students at a low cost. The Nazz simply wants to entertain the students. And assisting the congregation in prayer is the objective of the Chapel Choir.

Recently, Chautauqua has been a subject of much discussion among Student Government officials, and its future remains uncertain. Faced with low attendance and tremendous fiscal losses, the club has become a financial liability.

"It's very much in the red," Student Union Director Bill Lawler says, "and it was never intended to make money, just to break even. Our major disappointment is that we're not serving the students."

Both Lawler and James McDonnell, Student Activities Director, attribute the club's failure to a lack of alcohol on the premises. "Music just doesn't sell itself," says McDonnell, and though he does not want to "turn the place into a bar," he thinks alcohol would upgrade the atmosphere at the club. Both Lawler and McDonnell think there is a market for Chautauqua—the problem comes with restrictions.

"It's difficult to take a risk because at this school, to start something brand new is difficult. It's all bound up in trying to assess what people want," Lawler contends.



Mary Lloyd and John Warnock, Nazz co-directors, in J&M recording studios.

The students, however, are not the ones limiting the options. Lawler believes the student body is "diverse" and "not homogenous"; i.e., open to various forms of musical entertainment. Restrictions, however, come from the University.

LaFortune Club is losing money to the tune of about \$350 a show. A \$10,000 loss is projected should the club run all year. That figure could reach \$12-\$15,000, according to Lawler. McDonnell speculates that Student Government might decide to drop the project as early as next semester. The stage and all the sound equipment are salvageable if the club folds, for they were purchased as mobile equipment. The University is obviously not pleased with the losses. Through the Board of Trustees, it provided the club with a \$20,000 "line of credit." What that means is that Student Union does not have \$20,000 to spend on Chautauqua. It does have, however, up to \$20,000 credit which it can draw on from the University for the heavy losses, because the SU budget could not sustain such blows.

Lawler, however, views Chautauqua as "professional entertainment" and the Nazz as "amateur entertainment," both of which are different and he does not want to entertain any rivalries between the two organizations. In the past, there has been talk of a Nazz/Chautauqua rivalry. Nazz Director John Warnock finds the notion quite false. "Some people say we hate Chautauqua and vice versa. The two are completely

different markets. Chautauqua provides professional entertainment. We offer student entertainment and make no claims to being professional. I've always hoped Chautauqua does well. We are on opposite ends of the spectrum."

The Nazz does have definite advantages over Chautauqua. One is a guaranteed audience simply because friends will come to hear friends. LaFortune Club enjoys no such luck. Funded by the Student Union, the Nazz has received a generous budgetary allocation this year. That money (approximately \$6,000) is being spent on upgrading and investing in quality equipment.

Perhaps the success of the Nazz may be attributed to its relaxed, casual atmosphere. One night a week, the Nazz sponsors Open Stage which is as literal as its title. On Thursday nights, any and all who wish to do so may take to the stage and perform as short or as long as they like. A fairly consistent group of performers does pervade the Nazz although Warnock acknowledges that new talent is always incoming. His philosophy is simply, "If you feel like playing, come play."

Ironically, such a casual philosophy does tend to intimidate students into thinking they will be laughed out or will not perform well at all due to a lack of talent or lack of experience. Warnock thinks, "That hurts me inside. I don't want to put criteria on who can play. Being volunteers, we have to be open to everybody. We can't say no."

The solution is Open Stage because a performer can take a test drive. "Instead of saying, 'Come down and play for one and a half hours in front of 150 people' and scaring them to death, I tell them to come down and play for 10 or 15 people and get some experience in front of the mike," Warnock says. The rewards are evident, for people come back, and in time, play regularly. For Warnock, the Nazz is precious because of the constant influx of fresh talent and raw creativity. "I wouldn't let everything like grades and social life go to hell if I didn't love the place. The place really has no materialistic rewards, and yet people give so much of their time. That's what makes the place so neat," Warnock believes. And when the chairs are occupied, the room crowded and smoke-clouded, the "place" is at its best.

In contrast to the relaxed atmosphere of the Nazz is the Notre Dame Chapel Choir with its rigid attendance policies, mandatory rehearsals five days a week and weekly appearances in Sacred Heart Church. And though this group sings songs centuries old in as many as eight parts, they do not like to think of themselves as a performing group.

"Choir people have difficulty with the word 'performance,'" Director Matt Scheiber explains. "People in

the choir see what they do as first and foremost a ministry rather than a performance. It means nothing unless the people in the congregation are praying."

The group does have its problems—one being fiscal, the other a bit more complicated. The Choir is supplied with funds from several different sources. The group's major expenditure is a Christmas tour which takes place over semester break and annually covers a particular region of the country. The cost is tremendous, and not at all covered by the Choir budget. Choir album sales and fund-raisers help offset the deficit.

Going from state to state, parish to parish, the choir spreads its liturgy via its music to parishes all over the country. And such a task is "extremely rewarding" according to Scheiber. "We go into a parish where a lot of people may not be really involved or excited about liturgy or liturgical music, and it's great seeing the people come alive with music."

Since the Choir spreads liturgy, one might think the group would have to be somewhat religious. Here is where the complication arises. Scheiber says the average Choir person takes his or her religion "pretty seriously." However, he says, "a person might get the impression

you must have rock-solid faith to be in Choir. Well, choir is as much a place to take a journey in faith." He supports his belief with the example of a member who was questioning his faith. Choir helped the member sort out his questions and ultimately strengthened his faith.

Not just any person can get into Choir. Auditions are held with the directors of all the musical organizations such as Glee Club, Chorale, University Chorus and Choir. A student auditions and the experts place him in the group most suited to his or her talents. "There has been a leveling of standards," Scheiber contends. "We don't like to think one group is elite; they all have high standards."

The type of performer attracted to Choir, however, must be a team player, for there is no individual glory to be gained standing on a rostrum, on a hidden balcony, wearing a uniform. Such a given then provides the Choir with "a tremendous sense of community," according to Scheiber.

The Nazz, the LaFortune Club and the Chapel Choir each exude a distinct and unique form of musical creativity. Musical taste aside, perhaps all listeners can agree with Shakespeare. He said that the man without music is fit merely for "treasons, stratagems and spoils." □

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Fiction

The Man Who Would Be King

by Troy Scholl

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

Thailand 1968.

Mom sent me some popcorn which was quite stale by the time it had reached me and some brownies which were reputed to have tried-out for the Brooklyn Dodgers as replacements for their worn-out baseballs. But me and the boys were grateful for whatever made it to this side of the Pacific Ocean. You see, life was extremely lonely in these parts—being away from home and all that—and any sign that another human being gave a damn about your existence just had to make you feel happy inside. I know I did, and I would imagine that the rest of the boys felt the same way, that Christmastime just compounded the problem of isolation—here we were, green (like the uniforms) high school graduates spending our first Christmas away from home fighting for God only knows what reason—not rich enough to avoid the draft, yet lucky enough to send our regrets to Vietnam—well, sorta.

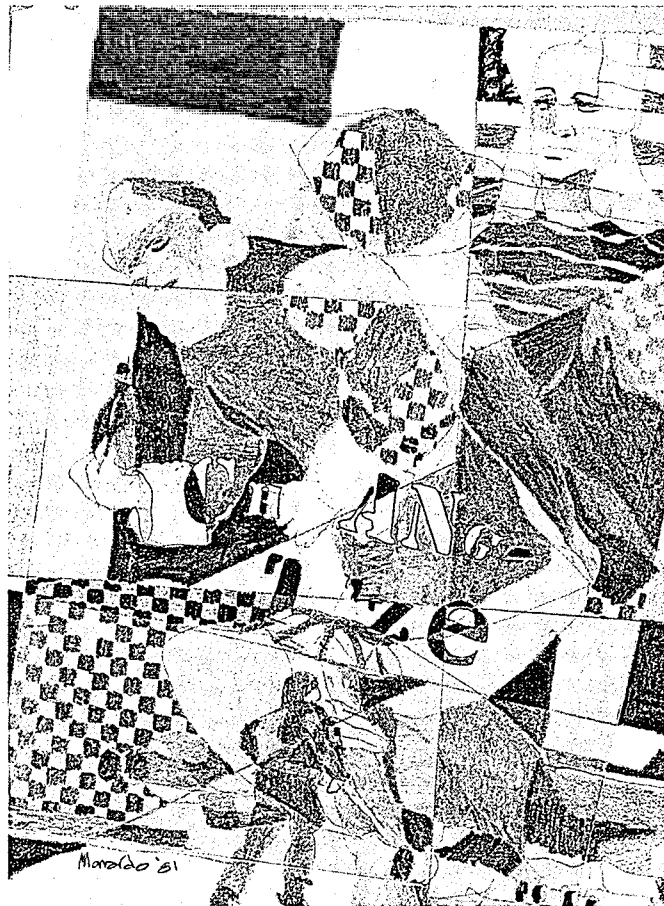
The base on which our survival depended resembled a German POW camp, completely furnished with guardposts and barbed wire laced with just enough gaiety to make me feel right at home. Most of us younger recruits were shipped in at the same time from the mainland and were quickly given the scoop on what we could expect. I thought that everything was just a bad dream, but I had to make the best of it.

When I was floundering between my fourth and fifth bout of depression, I met Neil Caine. He didn't seem any different than us common folks at the time, but I guess that only goes to show that like knows like. Neil was definitely unlike any of the other rookies. He moved in without much of a stir, but it wasn't long before me and the boys found out about him.

Christmastime brought the popcorn and other goodies for everybody including myself. A bunch of us fellas sat around on Christmas Eve contemplating our sorry lot when Neil came up with a brilliant idea of mass intoxication. We would form a drunkendom—our outpost kingdom in the midst of a Thai multitude—and Neil would be the magician to effect the change.

On our way to getting sloshed, Neil showed his humanitarian side—in the fashion that any great leader would've. He cried for the right of every man to his Christmas. "Even Scrooge gabe his GD peon the day off," he slurred. "Whas wrong with da United States Army? Why don' we putta a lihoh Chrissmiss in da lives of bour brudders who hafta watch Chrissmiss hebe change to Chrissmiss day from the power towers?" The boys and I hurriedly gathered up our goodies. We were caught up in the spirit of this modern demagogue espousing equality under the law in a land where the only law was to live.

Neil grabbed the paraphernalia (drug culture, you know) and donned a fake beard and Santa Claus outfit. Just where he got that get-up, I'll never know. The thing is, he got it and headed off to the guardposts



with the goodies in a sack draped over his back like a Pony Express satchel. He carefully climbed the ladder to his destiny and did quite well compared to how the rest of his adoring entourage would have done, that is, me and the other jobbers who followed him as much out of adulation as of curiosity.

He made it to the top without being noticed—quite a trick in those days—and started bellowing HO, HO, HO to the startled guard. The alcohol would have defended him against any ill-conceived bullets but the guard's instantaneous reaction was not fear but rather a more basic instinct—love. When Johnny Ever-ready saw Kris Kringle catapulting into his post, he neglected his responsibility, yet he fulfilled it. Neil, as Santa, destroyed all the lies of the Johnson administration, man's capacity for hate, the myth which demanded U.S. presence in Southeast Asia, all of this with one succinct bolt over the top. In the midst of a madding crowd he was the only one sane. The guard could not believe Neil's kindness and thought him extraterrestrial, too good to be true. The evening did not stop there, however, as Santa spread his warmth and the goodies to all the silent sentinels.

Neil began to establish a rather remarkable reputation for himself both as a local good-guy and as a top-notch crew manager of Recon flights over 'Nam. He was granted free run of the base, a privilege the

officers were not even afforded, and came and went at will. Whenever he came to the front gate the guards would let him in, saying Santa had a permanent pass. I found out later that his multiple sorties into town didn't jeopardize his flamboyant image in the least. He was acquainting himself with the Thai language as well as the women—what would you expect? The language would prove to be a door into the lives of the simple people who surrounded our prison.

The Recon flights and (shhh!) bombing runs from Thailand into 'Nam made me sick to my stomach. Neil and I were assigned to the same crew, and I began to see first hand what makes a leader of men. No one took responsibility for flying into heavy flak, except for him; the officers were afraid, but pressed on to save face. Neil was torn by something different. To him values and honor only meant something back home in great books he had read. The ground snow in the Thai mountains could never substitute for the white sands and girl with the wind blowin' through her hair of his sheltered youth. But those things no longer existed—only that which he could touch was real. He was faced with life and death and took the situation rather seriously. It wasn't as if he had to decide between pot roast or pizza for dinner. Morality, as I was to see, took a back seat on a roller-coaster ride to nowhere. War forced him to live life from day to day: he thought that he might die at any time, so why not go out in style? I guess that I felt the same way but never had the guts to try it. I always believed that God would pull me out of this hell somehow.

I bet that Neil didn't believe in God, or at least, in His ability to do anything significant in the affairs of one Neil Caine. I would imagine that God had lived in the bosom of that fair-haired girl in the States but died when Death replaced her memory in Neil's life.

Neil finagled his way into off-the-base living quarters so that he could expand his horizons. He still owed Uncle Sam forty-eight hours every four days but owed the rest to no one but himself. Me and some of the other guys followed our demigod off-base but did not live with him because he would not permit it. After much use and abuse he knew the Thai language better than his own—maybe it was his own—and I have never seen anyone who had assimilated a culture so well. My parents were immigrants, but it took them twenty long years to feel completely at ease in the foreign culture. To Neil, "foreign" was a dirty word. He needed only six months to understand the culture better than the native skins. I made vain efforts to follow in his footsteps, but the most that I accomplished was to become the object of sporadic bursts of laughter from the village girls who supplied our sensory needs.

Santa had turned his drunkendom outward but now harbored hopes of a kingdom. God had died without a tear being shed and Neil eyed the vacancy in his life with lust. Everything had been left behind—only Mom's popcorn signaled relations with what had passed before. Neil had a new beginning after his liberation by death from the shadow of life. Nothing really mattered anymore, so it was time to please his senses.

And please them he did. Neil's involvement with the Thai people became more and more complex. His flair did not restrict itself to Uncle Sam's boys. No, the Thais were aware of the gem that they had living in their midst and were willing to pay the price for it.

He loved and was loved. He sang and was sung to. He spoke in their tongue, and they offered him the kingdom he was searching for. He was the "chang-tze," the benevolent dragon who walked among their numbers without fear or hesitation.

Neil ingratiated himself to the Thai people by showing them more efficient ways to farm. Some would respond by offering him their wives (he would always decline) or their best meal, which sometimes meant stewed fish heads. While I would snore placidly after my latest venture over the border, Neil would be up at dawn to give the mayor of the town advice. But he did not do all this for free. He was respected and honored as a king. He was given concubines, culinary delights, and other offerings and became even more powerful than the mayor. His word became law as the people took a fancy to this benevolent gentleman from the West. He effectively earned power over life and death and could have ordered the execution of an officer if he so desired.

But in becoming this god, he was painfully aware of his own humanity and fallibility. He knew who he was and realized that the U.S. Army was much more powerful than a hamlet of Thai people who took it upon themselves to idolize the first person from the outside to become one with their people. But in this little corner of the universe he was God and could have whatever his heart desired.

The bombings over 'Nam continued, and the war was going badly. I became distressed over the decreasing war efforts—that is, the Johnson administration's reluctance to try to win this GD war. Neil was not affected, however. His life went on blissfully except for those forty-eight hours when he had to step off the throne and re-enter reality. But even then he was king. He had bridged the gap between a 20th-century civilization and an ancient culture which had died before his God had even been born. Both respected him, were in awe of his control, yet he had not done anything spectacular. At best, he had won the battle of one-upmanship once and for all. Would he make the mistake of trying to go one-up on God?

He was living with a woman in a state of what he would've considered sin back home where everything is nice and the girls full of spice. I envied the SOB, but I, for my part, retained loyalty to a memory which resonated in and out of my existence. Neil also enjoyed the favors of several reputable and some not so reputable "ladies" who lived in the town (they all had their papers, shot records, that is). Little did they know of their respective places in his life, and he didn't plan on enlightening them. After all, it was his privilege as a god.

One fine day, the god was lowered from his pedestal. He awoke to the rhythm of a bell chiming at his front gate. He was off for forty-eight hours and was enjoying the company of a young lady but figured one of his subjects had come to pay him a visit. When he arrived at the gate, he gasped as he saw his true lady love (or then-current fancy), and in a manner not unlike Zeus, he tried to figure out how to remove lady number 1 from the bedchamber without arousing any suspicion. He stalled for time and climbed to his upstairs apartment and encouraged the lady to leave the back way. While lady no. 2 waited patiently, but ignorantly outside, lady no. 3 walked up to the gate. Lady no. 3 actually was no lady at all. She was a helluva . . . with the biggest set of . . . ever found

(cont'd on page 25)

Glee Club on the Continent

by Chris Gorka



The European Tour of the Notre Dame Glee Club is fast becoming a tradition, and as the 1980-81 academic year came to a close the "Club" was once again making last-minute preparations for its tri-annual trip overseas. This European Tour, like those previous, was the result of countless hours of intensive planning and coordination. European Tour Manager Chris Morgan '82 and Business Manager John Sejdinaj '81, with the help of numerous assistants, spent almost an entire year diligently preparing for the May 20 departure of the Club. A good part of this work involved choosing a company to oversee the tour. This decision was crucial since inflation had affected our budget. Numerous companies vied for the Club's business, each with its own claim of superior service at a lower cost, but when all the haggling was done, the Club put its money on and its faith in Cultour Inc.

On May 20, 1981, 44 excited members of the Club (chosen by seniority), along with Prof. Douglas Belland and Glee Club Chaplain Fr. Robert Griffin, boarded a Sabena Airlines 747 for the nine-hour trip which took them far from the land of the Golden Dome to a land full of history, elegance and, as we all were to find out, incredible beauty. The flight went as scheduled, and many "clubbers" whiled away the hours reading, sleeping, watching "Bronco Billy," or treating their tastebuds to one of the great European beers which was to become a favorite of the Club—Stella Artois, affectionately known as "Stella."

After the initial excitement of landing on European soil, we met our bus driver named Heinz, an Austrian, and our tour guide Michael Graf, an Austrian student enrolled at the University of Vienna. Michael's first task was to show the Glee Club the surrounding suburban

area as well as the city of Brussels. But, by the time the bus had reached the outskirts of the city, many clubbers had succumbed to the combination of the long plane ride, the time change, and the comfortable seats in the bus and had fallen asleep. After a few hours of driving around Brussels (which appeared to cover the area of a circle with a radius of two city blocks), the Glee Club was introduced to what is considered "tourist," "standard," and "economy" accommodations by Cultour, but which received other more affectionate titles such as "fleabag," "hole," and just plain "pit" by the more colorful members of the group.

The *Centre d'Hebergement*, our lodging, was a rude awakening for many of those who had never experienced hostel-style living. Rooms featured ten to twelve beds, and there was one bathroom and shower per floor (with hot water on occasion). The *Centre* also had obnoxious doors which creaked so loudly that even those Notre Dame Fight Song automobile horns would be considered pleasant in comparison. The only consolation appeared to be that the Club was leaving for Cologne in the morning, leaving CHAB (acronym for *Centre d'Hebergement*) behind.

Along with the initial shock caused by CHAB, many clubbers found the selection and the prices of food beyond belief. Breakfasts of bread, croissants and coffee were a daily staple which drove many to such secular restaurants as McDonald's and Wendy's where each could fill his stomach while doing little damage to austere personal budgets.

In order to dispel any misconception that the Glee Club's European experience was devoid of any of the real benefits and beauty of the culture which it had come so far to appreciate, let it suffice to say that beginning with the morning of Fri-

day, May 22, the fortunes of the Club took a turn for the better. Somewhat refreshed after a night's rest, we headed for Cologne where there was a wide variety of sight-seeing, entertainment, and shopping possibilities for us.

Undoubtedly the most impressive aspect of our stay in Cologne was the opportunity to sing a High Mass in the Dom Cathedral. This cathedral is one of the most immense structures in all of Western Europe, lending itself very well to our performance of the "Missa Mater Patris" by Josquin des Prez.

Following a final afternoon of sight-seeing in Cologne, the Club was off to Frankfurt. Accommodations in this town were much more suitable than those in Brussels, but the *Haus der Jugend* was also built in hostel-style. We arrived in Frankfurt along with a light, misty rain which made sight-seeing a little damp but nonetheless interesting. Following a concert on Monday night, many clubbers took to the streets to observe and partake of the nightlife available, which became, for many, an evening of bar-hopping and brat-eating to their utter delight.

Moving away from the large cities and metropolitan areas, the itinerary took us to a small Bavarian village about thirty miles south of Munich called Murnau. The town was composed of a long, narrow, main street with pastel-colored houses running along both sides. The Bavarian character of the town, though well expressed by its architecture and design, was even more evident in its people, many of whom were dressed in outfits which Americans equate with yodelers and Swiss Miss instant chocolate. It was very refreshing for the Club to leave the urban madness of Brussels and Frankfurt for the solitude and peacefulness of Murnau.

Solitude and peacefulness were also the characteristics of the Glee

Club's next stop in the alpine town of Stams, Austria. This picturesque little village is located in Tirol. Many of the clubbers took advantage of the lovely mountains that sheltered this small town to do a bit of mountain climbing and hiking. Evenings were spent in the restaurant of the *Gasthof Eichenhof* which proved to be one of the most hospitable and accommodating places the Club stayed.

We continued our tour as we travelled to Switzerland. Lucerne gave the Club a little taste of what the European "good life" is all about. Numerous antique, art, and jewelry shops line the streets of this city, which has an undeniable taste of tourism. The Club stayed at the *Touristenhotel Luzern* which overlooks the Reuss River as well as the numerous elegant bridges which span its width. Summer had obviously already arrived in Lucerne before us as temperatures soared near the 80-degree mark. All in all, Lucerne was one of the most memorable stops for the Club, except that the Club's concert, scheduled for the evening of May 25, never came to pass.

This is what happened to our concert. Apparently, Cultour was either not aware that the Glee Club's program consisted of numerous Latin, German, and even French works, or was not aware of the fact that it had booked the Club into a nightclub. The manager of the "boite" was incensed when he learned that Prof. Belland refused to stage forty-four members on a platform that was suitable for twelve. He even offered standing room on the floor around and near the stage, but even that wouldn't suffice. The Club worked hard to convince him that the disco version of the "Ave Maria" just wasn't in its repertoire. When the manager finally realized that he was fighting a losing battle, he sped off in his Mercedes looking for another act for that evening, mumbling something about the Ohio State Glee Club.

We recovered, and it was on to France and the beauty of her cathedrals and chateaux! Chartres was the first stop on the tour of the wine country, with Angers and Paris to follow. Chartres proved to be an extremely frustrating experience for the Club as the bus arrived over one hour late, and the number of clubbers at the concert was greater than the number of those in the pews. The real coup de grâce came following the concert as the bus pulled up to the *Auberge de Jeunesse*. It ap-

peared from the outside that this particular hostel was still under construction—and it was!

France did, however, offer the Club some of its fondest memories because of a dinner with and an evening out as guests of SUNDEF XV (N.D. Foreign Studies Program) in Angers. The Club was also treated to a tour of the luxurious wine country of the Loire River valley. All this occurred prior to a concert which was undeniably the most successful of the tour. Those in attendance praised the artistic quality and professional appearance of the Club, even if they didn't understand a word of what we sang. The evening was a special occasion for all who were involved.

On Friday, June 5, the Club had the honor of singing an afternoon concert at the *real* Notre Dame—the beautiful cathedral in Paris. It was the perfect setting for many of the Club's religious works. Following the regular concert selections, we joined Fr. Griffin in the celebra-

tion of his twenty-fifth anniversary of ordination with a Mass on the main altar at Notre Dame. Even though the tourists took away some of the intimacy of the event, it was still a very memorable occasion for Fr. Griffin and the Club.

After touring for eighteen consecutive days, the Glee Club returned to Brussels for its final concert and its departure for the United States. The memories of the things we saw, the places we visited, and the people we met in those eighteen days will long be a part of every member of the Club. A second memory that will linger is that of Prof. Douglas Belland who wound up his tenure at Notre Dame with this, his final European concert. The 1980-81 European tour was a satisfying culmination of three years of work which would begin again as soon as classes resumed in the fall. □

Chris Gorka is a senior and a singer who still loves "Stella." This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



The Colonial Pancake House

Featuring:

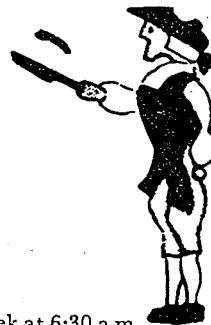
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At WSND You're on the Air

by Randy Fahs

When you were a little kid, it was a strange and fascinating thing to hear voices and music coming out of a box. As you grew a little older, it became commonplace and much less unusual to hear sounds coming from a radio station. It sheds a totally different light on things when it is your voice that everyone hears. You get a sense of pride and accomplishment when you are the one that makes things happen, and that is exactly what the staff members at WSND feel.

WSND first began broadcasting on February 9, 1947, from Walsh Hall. The first broadcasts were only for a few hours a day, featuring the top music of that time. The original voice of the Notre Dame students was a young man named Francis Cronin. The station was soon moved to the Old Fieldhouse where it kept its original call letters of WNDU. It was easy for the students to broadcast basketball games and events like the Mardi Gras which were held in the then-thriving complex.

The present-day station that is called WNDU came along and made a deal to get the now-famous call letters. In exchange for their original name, the students got an AP teletype machine. WSND has been handed down as the name, and WNDU still lets us use the teletype machine. In 1952, the station moved into O'Shaughnessy. The world never really heard WSND until 1971 when they got their FM transmitter and began to broadcast to a forty-mile radius in the Michiana area.

Now, almost thirty-five years later, WSND AM and FM are the voices of the Notre Dame student body. It acts almost like two stations because the FM at 88.9 is a noncommercial, classical station, while the AM at 6400 is a rock station which also broadcasts other campus events.

The AM station is carrier current, which means that there are transmitters in all of the dorms. It can only be received while on campus. The Lord and Master of what is



Randy Fahs

broadcast on the AM station is the AM Program director: Kevin Leitten. He coordinates the disc jockeys as well as the broadcasts.

The AM station follows an album rock format. It does not hold strictly to the pop charts. This sets it aside from most of the other radio stations in the area. The station is noted as being the most up-to-date student information bureau on campus.

The News Department underwent a major reorganization when Dan LeDuc took over as its director. He started a regular reporting staff which gathers stories as they happen. This gives WSND a great deal of insight into what is going on at Notre Dame. International, national, and regional news still comes from the teletype that WNDU supplied for the students' use.

The complement to the News Department is the Sports Department which is presently headed by Brian Reimer. He took over at midsemester when "Wild" Bill Dempsey left the University for health reasons. The Sports Department has also increased its capacity to gather stories. WSND regularly reports on all national, campus, and interhall sporting events. It also broadcasts football, basketball and hockey games.

On the other side of the coin is the fine arts voice which is provided by the FM station. The FM station is well-respected throughout the community. Its director is Kris Allen, and she helps to coordinate what goes over the airwaves. The FM station also uses volunteers from the local area to fill some of its positions, especially over the summer when we all go home. In order to maintain our broadcasting license, we have to transmit year-round. Our local



WSND in action at O'Shaughnessy Hall

help is what keeps us going, not to mention Summerfund, which is the fund-raising drive in the spring that helps to pay the bills.

WSND is kept alive by the efforts of many people. You hear many of them on the air, but some of the most important ones work behind the scenes and receive little or no credit for their work. They are the technical people who keep the equipment running and the station broadcasting. Mark Rowland heads up the production staff. His people have been using some pretty grim equipment to do some surprising things. WSND has done remote broadcasts from as far away as Los Angeles and from as far nearby as the ACC and the Stadium. They record promotional commercials and public service announcements. If you hear it, it's because of the work of someone on the Production Staff.

There are times when the equipment breaks down. That is when WSND calls in Mr. Fix-it, John Garino, the chief engineer. He is responsible for keeping the equipment in repair. He does miraculous work with some things that should have met their earthly end long ago.

The fearless leader and overseer

of the entire staff is the Station Manager, Tom Nessinger. He makes sure that things run smoothly, and that there are no problems. He has the final word in all disputes and is the person to whom all of the department heads are responsible. He has to make the ultimate decisions concerning the course of action that WSND will take.

That should give you some background information on how the radio station works. I came into contact with it when I was a freshman. I was most impressed by the fact that working at WSND allowed me to gain practical experience by actually going on the air and broadcasting. Of course there are numerous little problems that can arise.

When you first begin to work in radio, everyone is bound to make some mistakes. There are no two ways about it. The trick is to try to minimize them and cover them over so that they aren't so blatant to anyone who might be listening. Very few people freeze behind the microphone, but this wasn't my problem. My problem arose when I did the opposite, I kept talking. I should have known enough to end my newscast when I ran out of news to read.

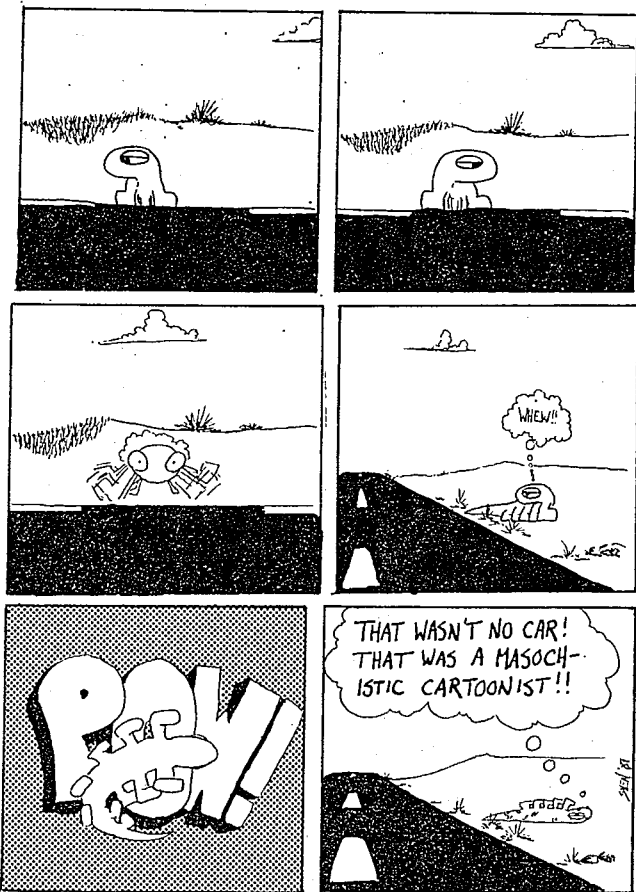
I should have left well enough alone, but I decided to crack a joke. Unfortunately, it was so funny that I began to laugh uncontrollably over the air. Needless to say, it was quite an embarrassing shift.

Everyone on the staff has some type of similar story to tell about how they made a mistake on the air. It's all part of learning by experience. Many people leave WSND and go into the communications field. Some work for WNDU as interns while they are still at WSND. The radio station allows you to learn skills while it enables you to have a great deal of fun.

You get a chance to try out new ideas at WSND. People start talk shows or get a chance to cover major events. The station is flexible enough that it allows a lot of changes to take place. Radio is a constantly changing medium and WSND has grown and changed with it. From its most humble beginnings until the present, WSND has remained open to new ideas; yet, it has maintained its continuity as a campus information medium. For people interested in radio, WSND is where it's at and where you can be on the air. □

Frods

by Sven Johnson



Fiction (cont'd from page 21)

on the normally flat-chested Thai women but she was also insane, or so she seemed.

Lady no. 2 inquired of lady no. 3 her purpose and both discovered that they were sharing the same man. Lady no. 3 began to scream "Neil, I'm going to keel you!!!" (it translated) and death appeared imminent for the god. Lady no. 1 joined in on this circus and soon all three chased Neil harmoniously. Lady no. 3 wielded a knife so Neil ran fast. So fast that he hopped over the balcony of his apartment to the balcony of the next. Unfortunately, he lost his towel in midair and everyone could see him as he really was—a man, just like any other man.

He was totally nude and shameless. Yet he ran with the intensity of a man in fear for his life—a man, not a god. He knocked on my door, and I asked him what the hell did he want. He yelled, "A girl's trying to kill me!" I laughed then opened the door and saw my idol in his decadence.

The fuss settled down, and Neil and I flew over 'Nam on a Recon flight to bring matters back into perspective. When we returned to base, Neil left for his home where the mayor was waiting for him. He told Neil that if any further problems occurred with the girl (lady no. 3) who wanted to kill him, she would be eliminated. Neil halfheartedly smiled at this notion—just how far could he go on playing God?

Girl no. 3 decided to get rid of Neil and caught the two of us stumbling out of our favorite watering holes. She aimed her pistol but missed—she probably was drunk—but neither Neil nor I ever saw her again. I could only speculate as to what became of her—but I (cont'd on page 32)

Poetry

Georgia Dark

by Sheila Beatty

Look down on her freckled face,
the six sweet yeared child,
pixie hair summered gold.
In the room where faeries danced
and Raggedy Ann slumped
in blue flowers with apron and bloomers. . . .
and Mother sang
trula
trula
trula
warmly in her hair

and rocked
the pine-swayed dark,
the cricket-sung dark
the mother-held dark.
She wonders about Daddy:
someday he's comin' back in a ayerplane!
and the faeries billow trains of blue silk
slipping silk sighs of blue
the pine-swayed dark,
the cricket-sung dark,
the mother-held dark.

how to survive an all-niter

by Dalia Sidabras

it was too much
it was really getting to be
too
much
and then
the dawn made its approach
silent but powerful
and crazily we scampered to the roof
to see the purplisswirlwithpinks
to breathe in the crisp freshness
to feel the cling of the tingling damp
to hear the first hum of awakening life

the crescendo peaked
with the burst of the sun's triumphant rays
upon my heart

and it was exactly then that I knew
that no matter what
I would make it through this day
through every day
if only to be able to tremble
with the rapture of the moment
of the beginning
of the next

How Long, O Lord?

by Sheila Beatty

Before dawn, before the
construction workers rattle the campus
and distant traffic hustles to work,
I wake.
And
before
the grouchy girls bang doors,
hiss showers,
confuse the morning with radios,
I lie on my stomach,
And
alone,
listen.

Out the window
the treetop leaves
husssssssshhh huskily
and
I listen,
hope
He I yearn for
will talk to me.
But,
I can't perceive Him,
so,

I wait the dawn,
alone.



through dinner at Cricket's
she babbled
he tried to discover
what bloomed beyond her Maybelline

she giggled, abashed,
unaccustomed to gentlemen
he gazed intently
as she gulped her wine

and later that evening
he told her he loved her
she drowned in a dream
when he whispered, you're real

by Dalia Sidabras

Moonlight Through the Window

by Kraig Culbertson

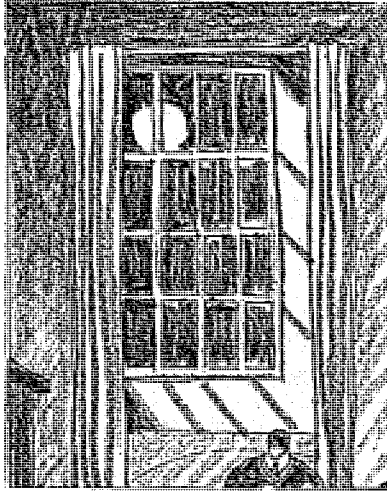
Pure Moonlight
Streaming in,
Conceals and reveals
Nothing.

In the darkness
a hand rises,
a fist falls,
a conception falters—
A child closes his eyes
and covers his head.

A scream is pure.
Salt's taste
is pure.

Moonlight is—
the most terrifying
of all

when it streams in through
the window, and is
only visible to a child
in darkness.



Last Words Were Quoted

by Kraig Culbertson

Three orphaned children
are upon the torn
and yellowed front page:
James, Joseph, Thomas.

We can make it
he cried,
And leapt—
from the porch,
with gun in hand,
running.

The children cried
When the photographers' light bulbs
flashed.

Aunt Frances told us
how he leapt.
And how halfway across the yard,
his breast burst.

Where was God then?
Red against blue sky,
red in mouth;
red covering white.
Loud explosions bringing
so much red.

That was the grayest day of all.
Thomas went out in the cold that night
and ate the red snow—
Frances told him to.

His sons cried more
when the police asked questions;
grew hard
under the nuns' scorn.

Their father's last words were quoted.
My God.

John Anderson

by William Hoogterp Jr.

I was born
on a
lonely
island
Hey! all I said was . . .
I'm not afraid of you
there I was, I thought alone
but I got rescued anyway
then I grew up, like you and them
I heard it all too.
I tried too.
Nobody believed me either, but
I was proof . . choice . . hers . .
free will . . . aha! free will!
why is the
greatest gift,
a chance?
Food stamps vs. philo class
Now they tell, dictate
"no man is an island"
be a pill, baby.
so,
we keep on trying, huh?
believe in patience.



Faces of Stone

by William Hoogterp Jr.

From what I can see
there's no one
like me.
people alone, with
people to blame
faces of stone,
therefore hearts of the same.
I feel sorry for you
that you can't be
humble and productive
as I pass by;
you all turn away.
Can't say hello?
Have you had a hard day?
No, from what I can see,
there's no one like me.
that glass! my reflection?
I'm not like me either.

An Interview with Sami Kahale & Jim Stein

Notre Dame Soccer

Basically, what is soccer all about?

Soccer is the national sport in almost all the countries in Europe, Latin America, and Africa. It is the most popular worldwide sport that exists today. Its popularity in the States is growing rapidly considering it has been introduced only recently. And it is an easy sport to understand. The rules and objectives are very simple: one cannot use one's hands or arms, and one cannot push, kick, or trip another player. The team that scores more goals wins. There are no time-outs; the only time the clock is stopped is for injuries. This makes soccer very fluid and exciting. Soccer is a complete sport: it requires top physical shape, stamina, concentration, versatility, quickness, aggressiveness, skill, creativity, and toughness. There are no set plays. Soccer doesn't require a particular height or weight, so anyone can play. However, it definitely is a contact sport. Soccer is played in any kind of weather. A game is seldom called off, and no matter what the conditions are, only shorts can be worn. One just needs a soccer ball and some cleats or turf shoes to play soccer. There are not any common paddings which are necessary, although shin pads are usually advisable during a game. The keys then to soccer's general appeal are that it is competitive, simple, interesting, and inexpensive.

What are the differences between European and American soccer?

The emphasis on conditioning in the U.S. is much stronger than in Europe and Latin America. In Europe, a team practices a couple times a week and has about one game a week. In the States, there are practices every single day as well as games two or three times a week. In college soccer the necessity of scheduling a certain number of games in a span of about two months does not leave any alternative. American players try to make up in aggressiveness what they lack in skill. The average American team plays a "kick and run" style of soccer—the players tend to chase the ball. European and top American teams make the ball do the running instead. In Europe the higher skill level requires defensive containment rather than pressure all over the field. Thus European soccer appears more organized and deliberate than the wide-open American style.

Recognizing soccer as the world's favorite pastime, Europeans tend to take soccer much more seriously than Americans. Consequently the experienced European coaches devote much of their time developing soccer talent in children. This is the cause of the disparity in player abilities between the U.S. and Europeans. On the other hand, Americans have not been involved with soccer

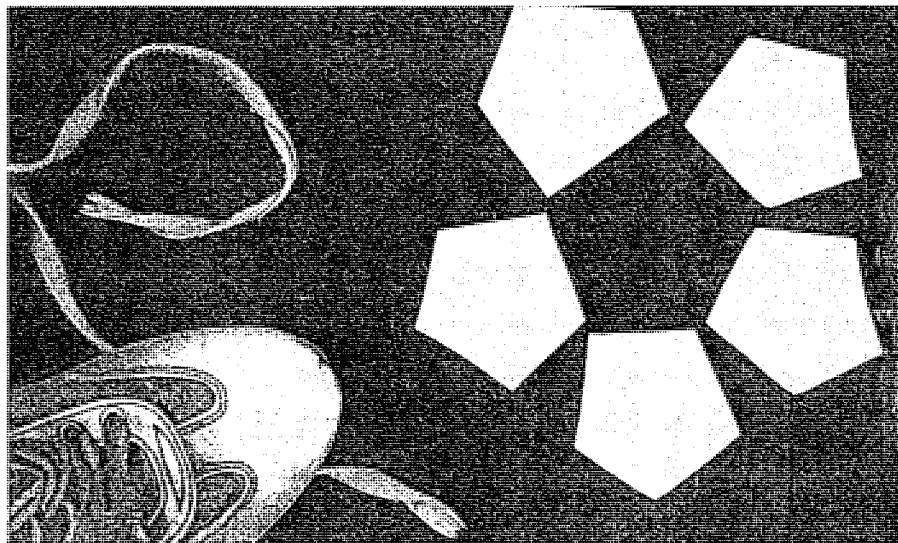
long enough to develop a strong base of coaching and refereeing to feed disciplined players into the system.

Both of us have been involved in coaching and refereeing clinics where we have had to teach people the fundamentals of the game. These people with little experience of their own are then expected to go out and teach children how to play. This can be detrimental to the achievement of their full potential. As time goes by, however, players who are participating in soccer can go on to be coaches and referees, and hopefully their experience will serve to further increase the caliber of American soccer.

Recently there has been a soccer boom in the United States which began with Pele and the N.Y. Cosmos. Since then soccer's popularity has grown very quickly. More and more children can be seen participating in community youth programs across the country. Many Europeans feel that the U.S. has only to tap this youth potential to develop soccer players that are on a par if not better than European players. In the near future we may see the U.S. competing side by side with the European and Latin American soccer teams.

Sami, why did you decide to play soccer?

I really never had the fixed idea of coming to Notre Dame to play soccer. I was actually thinking of playing tennis, a sport that I played throughout high school. When I came to Notre Dame I realized that I could make a greater contribution to soccer than to tennis because soccer was just getting started. I was brought up in Rome, Italy, where soccer is the national sport—consequently, I have been playing soccer since I was little. I started appreciating soccer as a sport and it became my favorite. When the opportunity came to play soccer at Notre Dame in the States I was eager to do so. I was impressed with the team unity and spirit, and met a lot of people, some of whom became very good friends. I found it challenging to play soccer



at Notre Dame considering that soccer had just become a varsity sport here the year before I arrived, and that Rich Hunter and the players were trying to upgrade and improve its expanding program. Soccer also provided diversion from academics. It did take a lot of time and sacrifices, but it was fun and worthwhile. It fulfilled my need to do something athletic and soon became a major part of my life at Notre Dame.

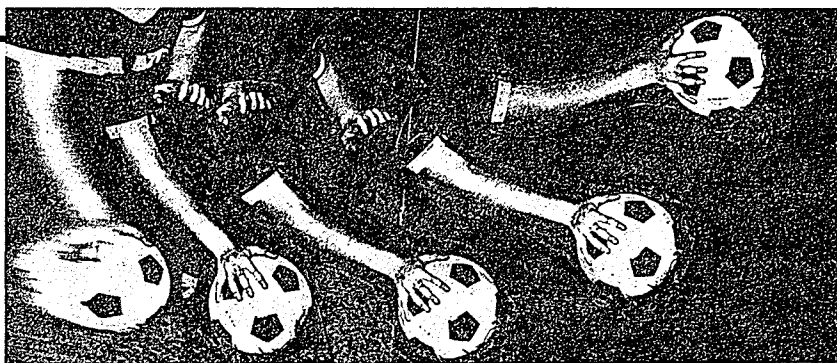
I find that soccer is an exciting sport, because of its continuity, quickness, and creativity. There is never a strict set of plays that must be followed. This makes it an unpredictable and fascinating game. If I had to go back, I would without a doubt choose to play soccer again. Soccer has meant a lot to me; it has obviously had its good and bad moments, but just being able to see the soccer program grow, and being able to say that I was part of its initial growth makes it very valuable to me.

Jim, why did you decide to play soccer?

During my freshman year in high school I became painfully aware that I was not big enough to be very competitive in football (except as a tackling dummy), so I decided to try soccer the next fall. I wanted a sport that I felt that I could someday excel in and it seemed to me that any lack of natural talent could be overcome by hard work and practice. After I got involved in the sport, it appeared to me that one's improvement in soccer was directly related to the amount of serious practice time invested, and with time one can see the tangible evidence of improvement which provides further motivation. Soccer offered me a great opportunity: I could become as good as I wanted to, and my performance would not be limited by my size, but rather enhanced by my dedication.

Another reason why I play soccer is that it is just as physically demanding as football but, I think, requires more finesse and specialized skills. Even though soccer is a team sport, the need for individuality is manifest. Soccer is not a game of set plays like football but allows for freedom of action. This aspect of teamwork being based on each individual's creativity is causing spontaneous opportunities—which makes the game fun, for one never knows what is going to develop.

When I came to Notre Dame I felt that soccer could provide a rec-



reational outlet for my academic frustrations and also provide incentives for me to stay in shape. Soccer soon became more than an outlet; it became my whole way of college living. By playing soccer I was able to meet all kinds of people and form close friendships. The quality of the team spirit and relationships are unlike any I have seen. They are bonds formed by knowing that we have participated in the building of the Notre Dame soccer program into a respected one and that this has come about largely through the efforts of ourselves and coach Hunter. This has made soccer a most worthwhile and rewarding thing for me.

You both have just finished your soccer careers here at N.D. What developments and changes in the program have you seen in the past four years?

Each year the N.D. soccer schedule gets tougher. The easy games are starting to disappear, and stronger teams are filling their positions. Notre Dame soccer has definitely improved every year though, thus keeping pace with these stronger teams.

In the first years N.D. played a "kick and run" brand of soccer. Over the years the team has been upgrading its style of play to take advantage of more skilled players. A big improvement was made between last year and this year. In years past we would always adapt our game to counter our opponents' strategy. We always pushed the ball forward without having the experience or ability to take control of it, and to create a play where the opportunity to score existed. This year we have used a lot of back- and square-balls that helped us control the tempo of the game. This also improved tremendously our offensive capabilities. Now, we usually set the pace of the game. Working hard in winter, spring, and summer improved everyone's skills. Each year there are better freshman soccer players who can fit immediately and well on the varsity team. Some need playing experience while others can gain a starting spot immediately.

The development of confidence in the past four years has been directly related to our success. Confidence in our own abilities and in our teammates' abilities has allowed us not to be as tentative and worried about making mistakes. We can now play a more relaxed game and take risks we would never attempt before. Also the coaches are more confident in their abilities, and through their accumulated experience can handle previously difficult problems. The players also feel this confidence by the fact that the sound advice and tactics offered by the coaches have proven fruitful. For example, last year when we played St. Louis (a national powerhouse), our forwards would constantly pressure their full-backs and would always get beaten since their four defensive players had very good skills. We learned from that game that when we play a good team, our three forwards should contain their four defensive players so that we could force their players to make a mistake and pass, instead of chasing them and trying to steal the ball away from them. Against a good team, the advantage of one player in this situation is crucial. This strategy was implemented immediately after an embarrassing 6-1 loss to St. Louis. This year when we played St. Louis, we did not make the same mistake, and we set the tempo of the game too. We played head to head with them and won 4-3 after a double overtime. This victory probably marks the biggest victory in Notre Dame soccer, considering that St. Louis was ranked number one nationally at the time of the game.

Another interesting aspect that we witnessed is the amount of soccer interest and follow-up, which has increased every year. The first year there was a respectable contingent of fans. The amount has steadily increased and many people show up for every game and not just for the biggest ones. It really helps the team when it has as much support as we did this year. The team appreciates this and hopes that each year more and more people will continue to support it. □

Reflection on Coaching and Training for the Head of the Charles

by Robert Bennett

"Gimme a count from the bow," the coxswain called. I remember feeling a strong sense of envy as my heavyweight men lined up next to their seats in the boat. I gave each man a confident handshake and to a few a warm embrace. "You can't imagine how much I want to be in this boat with you," I said to my captain, Ed Dailey.

"Lay hands. Ready to lift. Lift," Thompson, the team's heavyweight coxswain commanded in his usual clipped manner. The one-year-old pocock (a racing shell) eased out of its rack and was lifted to shoulder level. As the streamlined boat jutted through the MIT boathouse doors, I wondered to myself how many times this very same ritual had been repeated at our own boathouse back on the St. Joseph River in Mishawaka. Had six weeks of daily training passed already? Was this single three-mile race during October Break to be the culmination of all our hard work and effort, I wondered.

"Overhead. One hand in. Ready to roll. Roll. Set the boat in the water," and thus, through a simple set of commands the sixty-four-foot wooden shell was carefully placed in the water on the Cambridge side of the dock. "Ports the oars, starboards the riggers," Thompson called, as the men readied their shell for their final three-mile piece of the season. While the men adjusted their footstretchers and made a last-minute check of the boat, memories and flashbacks began to flood my mind. Would they be ready? Had I prepared them properly for this race?

Preparation for the Head of the Charles Regatta began at sunrise on an early September morning. My first objective was to get my men reacclimated to the water and rowing again as quickly as possible. Most of them had not rowed since early May, so our first few practices were devoted to having the men get a feel for the set of the boat and the timing. The practices became increasingly difficult, incorporating various drills.

In mid-September, the men did their first three-mile piece for time. Rowing upriver, the coxswain called them through their ritualistic warm-up. "Take them up to half slide, John," I shouted from my launch. The stars had begun to fade away, and in the eastern skies above the tree line, a pink glow denoted where the sun was about to rise. At full slide now, and coming under the Bittersweet bridge, I called for half power. "All right, everyone, half power. Let me see you lengthen out. Sharpen up those catches (moment when blade enters the water). Slow down the slides."



Launching on the Charles; Boston in background

As my men rowed upriver, I thought that my purpose in coaching was not to criticize them, but rather to correct their mistakes and help them achieve the proper technique that would enable them to work as a perfectly synchronized unit. Perhaps the most difficult facet of coaching crew is learning the different mental attitudes of each oarsman, and attempting to learn what would motivate each individual to reach for that new level of excellence that they previously had not attained alone.

Past the second bridge, a little more than three miles upriver, I had both the lightweight and heavyweight crews turn the boats around. The sun had just popped its golden arc over the trees and pierced the waters with an orange streak of light. Warmed-up now, my men stripped off their sweats and readied themselves for the more intensive portion of the workout.

For a three-mile, full-power piece, I gave the lightweight boat a thirty-second lead over the heavyweight crew. This tactic helped to simulate race conditions as well as give the crews something to work for during the three-mile piece. The heavyweight crew's objective was to overtake the lightweight boat, while the lightweights attempted to hold the other boat off until the finish.

"Sit ready. Ready to row. Row," the heavyweight coxswain commanded. "Let's build it up to full power now before the bridge," I called. As the bow of the boat passed under the bridge, I started the watch, and thus began the intense work.

Three-mile pieces were designed to prepare the crews both physically and mentally for the Head of the Charles. A three-mile race is roughly eighteen minutes of grueling, leg-burning work. Mentally, each oarsman must achieve complete concentration. Each individual must become totally aware of his own bodily movements, as well as obtain a feel for the boat as a whole. As a

coach, my function is to give each oarsman the technical skill that would enable the boat to achieve what experienced oarsmen call "swing." Once the boat starts swinging, the shell seems to move effortlessly through the water.

About a mile down, the power in the heavyweight boat had fallen off, and the boat was sitting on the starboard side.

"John, call a power ten."

"Ports, lower your handle heights, starboards, raise 'em!"

"Larkin, get your head in the boat, clean up your finish."

"Mullane, slow down the last six inches of your slide."

"Fido, straighten out that wrist. Get on the legs! Let me see you bend that oar!"

"Ed, you're skying your blade just before the catch."

By the end of the power ten, the boat is beginning to pop at the catch again, and move swiftly through the

water.

"Let's move on that lightweight boat now."

As we approached the Bittersweet bridge with a little more than a thousand meters remaining, both boats were close together. From my launch I could see the strained faces and flexing leg muscles of each oarsman. With each drive of their legs and prying open of their backs, the oars bent and sprang back through the water, leaving behind a trail of puddles.

"Stroke up, Mark," I shouted at the lightweight boat as they fought to maintain their marginal lead.

"Don't lay on that rudder, Terry. Use your men to turn the boat," I yelled to the lightweight coxswain.

"Rudser, Cunneen, get those blades in the water quicker."

"Mike, roll your blade up sooner. Don't drop your hands into the boat."

"Tom, square your shoulders. Don't dip at the catch."

"Lengthen out John Williamson. Timing!"

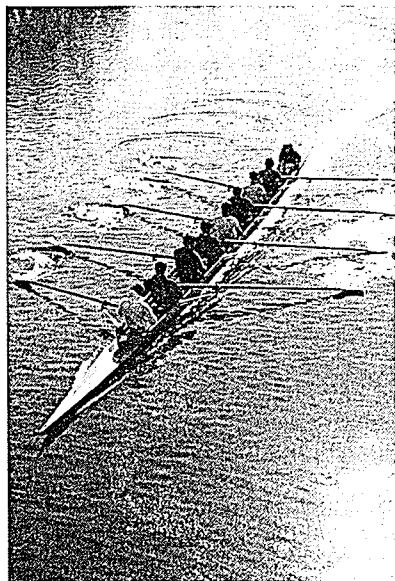
"Rich Green, keep your head up."

"All right everyone, bear down. Open those backs up. Let me see you break those oars in half."

Despite their efforts, the lightweight boat was passed by the heavyweights with 500 meters left in the race. As the crews rowed through the finish line, the coxswains eased down their boats. As they stopped to turn their boats around and head towards the dock, I noticed steam rising from the sweaty bodies in the cool morning air.

"Good workout, men."

After weeks of 5 a.m. practices and grueling training, we finally found ourselves in Boston, getting



Lightweight team in training

ready to launch our boat in one of the most renowned regattas in the world. All those practices, I thought, for a single three-mile race. A race that would draw over 150 crews from all over the country and from around the world. I stood on the dock of MIT with my hands clasped in a nervous grasp, pondering this thought for a moment, while my men made final preparations for the boat.

"One foot in. Ready to shove. Shove," completed the commands to leave the dock area. As the boat pulled away from the dock, I said a final prayer for my crew. I had taken them as far as I could, and had given them all the technical knowledge I possessed. They had

Dome (cont'd from page 14)

He's so anxious to serve his time and leave, but I hope it won't be the death of him. I forward all calls from seniors who have mutilated, lost, or eaten their senior proofs to Lou. Occasionally, I send an irate mother of a senior who has failed to have his picture taken to Lou. Lou will give me the best Christmas present of all when he hands in eighty senior pages during finals. If that isn't enough to absolve Lou from all his previous sins, I don't know what is.

God bless the Barbs of this world. Barb is the only person I know who could endure being both Copy Editor and my roommate at the same time. She's the only person I know who could turn out 4,000 captions, 8,000 leads, and 10,000 headlines during one afternoon. She's the only person I know who enjoys typing on a 1921 Royal typewriter. She's the only person I know who would spend one week in Williamsburg, Virginia, in one-hundred-degree weather planning a book that didn't even have a year yet.

Sometimes I wonder if Tina, our Business Manager, ever had a real budget. I always want to tell her, "Hey, Tina, get a real budget." I think I had more money in my piggy bank when I was five than Tina has to work with now. Somehow, she's keeping us in the black and that isn't easy for a staff that requested carpet and chandeliers as office improvements.

I must admit, sometimes the walk up three flights of stairs hardly seems worth the effort. Sometimes, the hours behind a desk or an enlarger seem to go unnoticed or unappreciated. I think we would all like to spend more time at Corby's or

worked endless hours for the past six weeks, had put up with equipment and administrative problems, and had persevered through conditions that most other people would not have cared to hear about let alone go through. Still, they showed up for practice without a complaint.

As they headed down toward the starting line, their blue blades with gold shamrocks popped in and out of the water with sharp and precise movements. And as the boat passed out of view, I thought to myself that I would probably not meet a group of finer men. □

Robert J. Bennett, a senior Marketing major, is Men's Varsity Coach for the Crew Club.

studying, or at a football game not worrying about who is covering the band and who is covering the plays. And then, when things do go right, when Mugsy does get that angle or when Jane does get her photos, I wouldn't trade a minute of "year-booking" for a minute at the bars.

One day, we were sitting in the office glancing through the old year-books, some as old as 1908. Of course, we were laughing at the style of the Domers who had gone before us. It occurred to me that in twenty years someone would be laughing at us. More importantly, we would be laughing at us. That's what the staff of '82 is all about. We record today so that we can all laugh tomorrow.

* * *

Three hours later, Jess returned. He informed me that the car should be alright until I reached the first Exxon over the hill. But the pages and I made it all the way to Hunter Publishing without stopping. God bless the Chris' and the Jim's, the Mugsy's and the Jane's, the Lou's, Barb's, and Tina's, and even the Jess'. □



Christy Casey working on the Dome

The Last Word

by Chuck Wood

I was going to write an insightful, thought-provoking, and profound "Last Word" about the importance of creative artistic activities at Notre Dame and Saint Mary's as opposed to the oppressive, often brutal, and dehumanizing activities connected with pursuing the "Almighty High G.P.A." I was going to talk about the people who get caught up in this pursuit to the point where they become living grade reports and three-dimensional class evaluations (calculating how much of a G.P.A.—raise a given class promises to provide). That's what I was planning to talk about, but I decided it might be a bit too . . . well, "Arts-y and Letter-y" as two friends of mine put it recently (one is in Business, the other in Engineering, by the way).

But more importantly, I started to think about the injustice I would be doing to students whose majors and temperaments do not leave time for many extra-curricular activities. And I decided it was ridiculous and unfair to imply that artistic endeavors are the only creative activities students can pursue. What about those whose interests and talents lead them elsewhere?

To label the artistic "as opposed to" the academic is to make too strong a distinction, or perhaps even an unnecessary one. For instance, students in the Art Department certainly face the rigors of deadlines and exams (critiques and reviews). And as students we are, ideally, learning how to make a living as well as how to enjoy life; these should be complementary goals, not mutually exclusive ones. As Fr. Flanigan states in his essay in this issue, "No one here wants to educate unemployables."

But no one should want to produce mere competents or knee-jerk achievers. I used to think that this is what Notre Dame was for. This was, I felt, a place for raising a breed of people that would prove to all those Protestants out there that we Catholics could do just as well, if not better, under that Ethic of theirs as they could, thank you. And though there is probably an unfortunate amount of truth to that characterization, there is so much more going on here that can keep such a cynical assessment from capturing the fundamental truth.

Our theme this month focuses on a few of those things that make up the rest of the story about these campuses. We highlight the Fine and Performing Arts, and I want to thank everyone who took the time from doing what they do to talk and write about what they do. But there is so much going on that we could not get to all the areas of the arts in which students are involved. Yet since we should not push any of the arts to one side or into a "Frills Compartment," I am

glad we did not try to shove articles about all the arts into this one magazine.

One of the places that show how necessary and powerful the artistic outlets for creativity can be is the Nazz. The Nazz transforms. Being there for a show makes it clear that we can have a good time without alcohol, and frees performer and audience from the pressure to be perfect; it is enough to see people who do not bury their talents for the time they are here. The music and the lyrics often mean more than they do over a stereo, and it is always hard to imagine that the person sharing beauty up on stage is a person who can be seen walking bleary-eyed to morning classes, studying sleep in the library, or being a cut-throat for mint-chocolate-chip ice cream in the dining hall.

But then again, there are similar changes when someone takes the time to help a friend learn to play racquetball, or gets involved in the Big Brother/Big Sister program (did you ever watch a friend who you thought had no patience at all manage to keep a Little Brother or Sister entertained?). And much deeper transformations can take place when we worship and pray alone and with others, or when we acknowledge the potential impact that our Christian faith can have on these and all other aspects of our lives.

The types of activities I have talked about, plus many more, are the elements of the whole "Notre Dame/Saint Mary's picture." *Scholastic* should and can bring it to full exposure by considering as many of the elements as we can.

Our obligation and ability converge since our reading audience is also our pool of writers. The more people get involved with writing and working for the magazine, the more successful will be our efforts at "looking at the life we live." And if you are too busy to exercise creativity and your power of the press with an article, I hope you will respond to our efforts with *Letters to the Editor* (my *Scholastic* mailbox in Lafortune is almost as easy to my personal one in Stanford).

* * * *

Speaking of the power of the press and Stanford, soon after the October *Scholastic* appeared, my "Last Word" pricked someone's conscience. I had simply thrown in the bit about the theft of our bookshelf as an unusual way to announce my move to Stanford. But it also resulted in the discovery of the stolen property and its temporary borrower through a creative but unsuccessful attempt at returning it anonymously. Imagine that. □

Fiction

(cont'd from page 25)

think that Neil knew. He was a god now; he had power over life and death.

Neil's star was on the wane as the brass had it in for him. They believed that his presence had a detrimental effect on the maintenance of discipline at the base. I wondered why discipline was so important when we were not even trying to win the war. Nevertheless, the feared transfer came through and sent Neil back to the United States. He received it with mixed emotions. Perhaps he could have refused it

but that would have been idiocy. Yet he was a king, a god in Thai eyes, and he would be nothing back home. Thailand was the land of opportunity for him, and he would be cursed as an extension of the establishment back "home." He would have to abdicate his throne, and he knew that he could never go back once he left. I smiled at him as I watched his plane depart and wondered why I was not like him. I was content with my mediocrity—life was much simpler that way—but could I have stepped in and filled his empty shoes? I think not, but as I was afraid to try, I was destined not to ever know. □

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Culture Update

MUSIC

... at Notre Dame

- Nov. 22 — University Chorus—Marilyn White, conductor—
 Dec. 6 — 8:15 p.m.—Sacred Heart Church
 Messiah by: G. F. Handel—Carl Stam,
 conductor—Performed by: The Notre Dame
 Chorale and Orchestra—8:15 p.m.—Sacred
 Heart Church
- Dec. 7 — "A Pythagorean Tonal Genesis"—Lecture by:
 Calvin Bower, University of Notre Dame—
 4:00 p.m.—Crowley Hall, Rm. 124

... at Saint Mary's

- Nov. 17 — Michiana Area Composers Concert—Roger
 Briggs, coordinator—8:00 p.m.—Little Theater
- Nov. 19 — Fall Choral Concert—Raymond Sprague,
 director—8:00 p.m.—Little Theater
- Nov. 22 — SMC Wind Ensemble Concert—Roger Briggs,
 conductor—8:00 p.m.—Little Theater
- Dec. 3, 4, 5, 6 — Annual Christmas Madrigal Dinners—
 7 p.m.—Regina North Lounge—Tickets
 required, call 284-4176
- Dec. 9 — "Lessons and Carols"—Christmas Concert—
 Raymond Sprague, director—8:00 p.m.—
 Church of Loretto

ART

... at the Isis Gallery

- Until Dec. 4 — "Converse/Transect": Two-Man Show by
 Chicago Artists Dan Mills and Gail
 Skudera
 (gallery hours: M-F, 10-4 p.m.)

... at the Snite Museum of Art

- Until Dec. 27 — "Life: the First Decade"—O'Shaughnessy
 Galleries
- Until Dec. 27 — "Everett McNear: Drawings and Water-
 colors"—O'Shaughnessy Galleries
- Until Dec. 31 — "Bruce Onobrakpeya: Nigerian Print-
 maker"—O'Shaughnessy Galleries
- Until Dec. 31 — "Christmas Show"—O'Shaughnessy
 Galleries
 (gallery hours: Tues.-F 10-4 p.m.; Sat./Sun., 1-4 p.m.;
 Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving)

... at the Saint Mary's Galleries

- Until Dec. 4 — "Jack Olson Drawing"—Hammes Gallery
- Until Dec. 4 — "Juried Alumnae Exhibition"—Moreau
 Gallery
- Dec. 7-Dec. 11 — "Christmas Show"—Hammes and Little
 Theater Galleries
- Dec. 7-Dec. 11 — "Redbud Show"—Moreau Gallery
 (gallery hours: M-F, 9:30-12/1-3; Sun 1-3; closed Sat.)

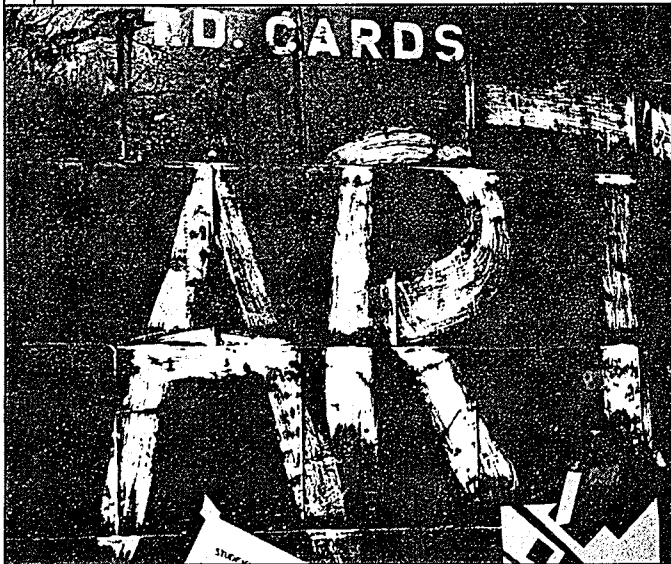
THEATER

- Nov. 20, 21 — The Inspector General by Nikolai Gagol
 —directed by: Leonard Powlick—
 Washington Hall—8 p.m.—ticket
 information below

DANCE

- Dec. 4, 5, 6 — Winter Concert—O'Laughlin Auditorium
 —Directed by: Debra Stahl w/Colleen
 Quinn—Evening performances, 8 p.m.—
 Matinee, Sun., 2:30—ticket information
 below

(Theater and Dance tickets: Students, faculty, staff: \$2.50
 —GA: \$3.00—Sr. Citizens: \$2.50)



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