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Also inside: The instant gratification epidemic · Lost thoughts · Portraits of injustice
The widening gap between rich and poor · A vision for sharing what we have in common

NOTRE DAME

MAGAZINE

THE
ROME
OF THE
AMERICAS



THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

I spoke the other night to a group of students about writing. The Career Center had gotten us together to talk about careers in publishing. Here's some of what I told them.

I said we were in the midst of a communications revolution. And no one knows where it will lead. And, even though the revolution is in its infancy, it has had a colossal impact on all of us. Just look around: instant communication around the globe, and everybody on the phone, texting, talking, sending pictures and video, absorbed by what we see on our little screens.

The effects on newspapers, magazines and book publishing have been radical, baneful, industry-changing. What does it all mean for those wanting to write?

Well, consider this. Until very recently aspiring writers had to be published by newspapers and magazines, or find their audience through books, television or radio. The media controlled the airwaves, the public discourse. They don't anymore, I said; anyone can create a website, write a blog, self-publish a book.

Access is no longer controlled by the few, not just limited to the members. Call it the mass democratization of mass communication.

I also said that storytelling is fundamental to human nature. From cave paintings in France to battle scenes depicted on buffalo hide at the Snite Museum here on campus, people have been compelled to tell stories. And the world will always need storytellers.

It's the medium that changes, and that's been true for centuries. So learn how to do it well if you want to make a living telling stories, and be flexible — because today we're still adapting to the shifting media and discovering how the media serve the storytelling.

But here's the deal, I said. Because of the democratization of communications, there is an abundance of crap out there. Lots of crap.

Clattering, yammering, cacophonous voices . . . needless, inane noise.

The media gatekeepers once maintained a standard of quality; communicators were educated, skilled and trained professionally and experientially. No more. Not today. Everybody has access, has a voice; anyone can post a video on YouTube for all the world to see.

So now, more than ever, the world needs voices of intelligence and reason, storytellers who know the human heart and mind, who want to seek and share the truth, and who can speak eloquently about the challenges facing the planet.

And, as corny as it sounds, I said, I wanted — when I was your age — to be a writer because I believed in the power of communication to bring about understanding, and I thought understanding to be essential to bringing peace and love and all things good.

So, I concluded, be mindful of all this, and go write.

So why am I telling you all this? Because walking back to the office after my talk, I thought about this magazine and this particular issue and how the stories here are all about the way we live today. And how they lend voices of intelligence and reason seeking truth, of the heart and mind and soul seeking the common good. They decry injustice and shine a light upon the beautiful, lament the wrongs and champion what's right. They take a hard look at the state of things and promise hope.

And I thought about how valuable and important it is, especially today, for there to be institutions dedicated to truth and reason, to science and the spirit, and that encourage analysis, opinion and dialogue. And I thought how fortunate I've been to have worked at this magazine for 30 years, in this medium that encourages thoughtful engagement and serves the mission of such a place.

— *Kerry Temple '74*

NOTRE DAME MAGAZINE

DEPARTMENTS

Notre Dame Avenue

- 6. Saving South Bend
- 12. A celebration of dance

Expeditions

- 18. Water loss; 12th century mystic

Café Arts

- 52. A face you'll know
- 54. Gourmet dough boy

Alumni

- 56. The House Rock Built
- 58. Battlefield doc
- 61. Class columns

CrossCurrents

- 89. How could they?
- 92. Come on, baby, end my wait
- 93. If I can't remember who I am . . .
- 96. "Stay at home, Mom?"



FOLLOW
NOTRE DAME
MAGAZINE
ON FACEBOOK



FEATURES

19. Anything But Clear

A report on campus sexual assaults.

24. The Rome of the Americas,

BY JOHN NAGY '00M.A.

Winds of change are stirring in Cuba, and Notre Dame's School of Architecture is exploring opportunities to help the city of Havana frame its future while preserving the rich and classic beauty of its past.

33. Gotta Have It Now, Right Now,

BY RON ALSOP

We used to work hard to earn the American dream. Today our desires aren't so patient. We're driven by an appetite for instant gratification.

39. My Fair Share,

BY LORI BARRETT

There's a great and growing divide in America between the rich and the poor, and it's threatening our economic health and tearing the national fabric.

44. Images of Us,

BY JULIA DOUTHWAITE

Notre Dame hosts the American debut of an international exhibit whose lens focuses on pockets of poverty, violence and oppression around the world — and reminds us that we're affected too.

46. A World that Works for Everyone,

BY JAY WALLJASPER

A Mendoza professor is a leader in a global movement to save the planet and ourselves by sharing what we all have in common.

Classmates helped Regis Philbin '53 celebrate the end of his historic run on live television by attending one of his final shows. From left are Bill Maus, Dick Perry, Dave O'Leary, co-host Kelly Ripa, Philbin, Jim Blackburn and Tom Reedy. Jim O'Brien also attended.

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Notre Dame Magazine
(ISSN 0161-987X) is published
four times yearly in Spring,
Summer, Autumn and Winter
by the University of Notre
Dame for its alumni and friends.

The magazine's address is
538 Grace Hall,
Notre Dame, IN 46556-5612
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Periodicals postage paid at Notre
Dame, IN 46556 and at additional
mailing offices.

Postmaster: Send change of
address to Notre Dame Magazine,
538 Grace Hall,
Notre Dame, IN 46556-5612.

Subscriptions: \$25 one year, \$40 two years

Telephone: 574-631-5335, Fax: 6767

Other University phone numbers:
Directory Assistance: 574-631-5000
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STILLPOINT

IN MOODS COMMUNAL AND REFLECTIVE, Holy Cross fathers gathered for the evening Mass of Remembrance celebrated on the Hesburgh Library Mall to mark the tenth anniversary of the 9/11 terrorist attacks. Masses in the 29 undergraduate residence halls and the graduate housing complexes were canceled and thousands of students who were in grade school at the time of the catastrophe held long white candles as they prayed under clear and purpling skies. Photograph by Barbara Johnston.





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Family hug

BY KATHLEEN TOOHILL '12

September 26, 1987: Two graduates of Notre Dame Law School married at the Basilica as the Fighting Irish played at Purdue. As the wedding party gathered to take pictures, someone realized the bride's father was missing. Eventually they found him in his hotel room, unable to tear himself away from the game on TV.

My grandfather became a lifelong Notre Dame fan when his daughter, my mother, attended Notre Dame as an undergraduate. Charlie and Marge Kiley drove out from Livonia, Michigan, for every game when my mother was an undergraduate, and remained ardent fans as my mom graduated from Notre Dame Law School, married a fellow J.D. and had three children, two of whom are now enrolled at Notre Dame.

Over the course of the three years I've spent here so far, my grandpa asked me countless times about my Notre Dame experience. A recurring joke of his was that Notre Dame had hired him as one of the coaches of the football team.

As I entered my senior year, his most persistent question became, "Have you finished all your requirements yet?" Each time he asked, I explained that no, if I had finished all my requirements I would have graduated already. And I'm certainly not in a hurry to leave this place.

On the morning of October 25, I was scrambling to finish an assignment due for my 11 a.m. class. My dad called at 10:11 a.m., and I answered his call reluctantly, ready to tell him that I would call back later because I didn't have time to talk.

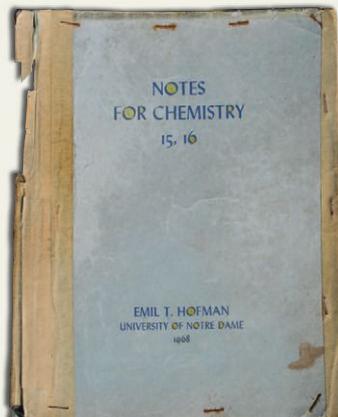
This wasn't a call that could wait until later.

My grandfather had passed away the previous night, finally succumbing to the heart condition that had plagued him the last few years.

For most of my life, my grandpa was the only member of my extended family who lived near us in San Diego. He spent every holiday and birthday with my family, attended every game and piano recital. His health may have been declining as he aged, but his mind and sense of humor were as sharp as ever, and his death was unexpected.

Kathleen Toohill was this magazine's autumn intern.

The letters we publish here are edited for space and are representative of those we receive. We print only those letters referring to an article in the most recent edition of the magazine, not those responding to letters or commenting on issues not addressed in the recent issue. For a fuller presentation of letters visit our website at magazine.nd.edu.



More Emil T.

Brendan O'Shaughnessy's article on Emil T. Hofman ("The Excellently Extraordinary Iconic Emil T.") was outstanding. It truly captured the heart and soul of Professor Hofman. He has touched a countless number of lives inside and outside the classroom and has been such a profound role model for so many Notre Dame students. He IS Notre Dame.

Here's a picture of my well-used Emil T. textbook from 1970. Some things I just cannot discard.

TOM HECK, M.D., '74
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

I entered Notre Dame in 1971 as a frightened premed student. Dr. Hofman's chemistry class was overwhelming and the infamous quizzes difficult. By midterm I received a pink slip in chemistry. My freshman adviser recommended an immediate change of major. He sent me out with a form that had to be approved by three teachers to make the switch. The first two signed it without so much as a second look.

The last was Dr. Hofman. I slid that form under his nose after class. He looked at me and handed the paper back. He then asked to meet me in his office at 2 p.m. That 10-second interaction would forever change the course of my life.

Later that day Dr. Hofman spent time asking about my life story, and he concluded by refusing to sign the change-of-major form. More importantly, he went on to meet with me every Thursday afternoon for tutoring sessions before Friday quizzes. The result was an A for each semester and a medical degree seven years later.

After 32 years of practicing medicine, I

have logged more than 250,000 patient visits. The positive effect I have had on any of their lives would never have been possible without the precious time Dr. Hofman provided me in 1971. He is a very special man.
BRYAN BARRETT, M.D., '75
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

As I read the article on Emil Hofman, I was on two planes of thought — the impact he made on so many students over the years and the impact he made on me and my career in mechanical engineering. I remember just scraping by that first semester of freshman year and dreading Thursday nights and Friday mornings. While other students around me appeared to be doing well, I had this general miasma and wondered how I was going to survive, let alone get through the next three-and-a-half years. I was faced with a very cold choice: Do I sink or do I swim?

I finally woke up to the fact that his was "the new game" and time to get with the program.

Emil T.'s chemistry class was a great exercise in discipline and determination. I'm happy to say I got an A- second semester, and the icing on the cake was Dr. Hofman coming up to me and saying, "Well done."
EUGENE YANG '78
PLAINFIELD, ILLINOIS

I was one of the 5 percent. Yes, in a sea of over-achievement at Notre Dame, some of us just couldn't cut the mustard in Dr. Hofman's Chemistry 115. My F in chemistry precipitated a quirky and memorable visit to Dr. Hofman's office in Brownson Hall in January 1975.

My journey there began when, as a child, I wanted to be an astronaut. I soon determined that a ride into space necessitated my becoming a test pilot. And so began my soon-to-become-train-wreck first semester in aerospace engineering. My dorm mates didn't seem to mind the academic load, but I (carrying 20 credit hours and NROTC training) fell behind immediately and soon received a zero on one of Emil's deadly Friday quizzes. No amount of pre-quiz tutoring could change the fact that I simply could not understand chemistry.

When my first-semester report card arrived in Minnesota, I was stunned to see my

GPA at 1.812, driven by my first ever F (in chemistry, of course). Back on campus, I am summoned to Dr. Hofman's office to discuss my second-semester options. My dream of space exploration is fading fast as I explain my plan to become a test pilot. But I see the wheels turning in his mind — Emil already knows I don't have to be an aerospace engineer to become a pilot in the Navy. So he leans across the desk and says, "Bob, I don't think you should be an aerospace engineer." Emboldened, I reply, "I think you're right, Emil," — I can't believe I just called him "Emil" — "what have you got for me?"

"Bob," he says, "you look like a" — long pause as he strokes his chin — "like a business major to me."

Emil was right. I ran into him a few years ago at his bench on campus after Mass and recounted the story, bringing him up to date, explaining that I had spent 20 years as a pilot with the Navy and Navy Reserve, then was a commercial airplane pilot for another 27.

BOB KRUSE '78
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Your beautiful article on Emil T. brought a smile to my heart. Emil and I go back more than 50 years. I was a student in the Notre Dame Teacher Training Institute, which he directed and through which I received my M.S. in chemistry in 1964. Emil taught the first course in the program and it was one of the best chemistry courses I ever had.

Years passed and we kept in touch. After Emil became dean of the Freshman Year of Studies, he offered me a position as an academic adviser. I looked on the offer as a gift from heaven. I joined a wonderful team of dedicated people under Emil's care-filled direction. I spent 16 years there, helping students find what made them come alive and helping myself do the same. Tough but unwavering love was all part of it.

Now that I am retired and living close by, I visit campus often and see Emil at his bench office. At 90, Emil is an inspiration to me to never give up on service to others at any age, even if it's only one small act of kindness each day.

ELAINE TRACY '64M.S.
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

A long overdue apology to ND women

The article on Emil T. Hofman brought back

some fond memories for me, particularly those dreaded Friday morning quizzes. But it wasn't the story's primary focus that moved me to write this letter, but rather the memories of Julie Silliman '78. I was particularly impacted by her memory of "the humiliation of entering the dining hall to tables full of men holding placards rating each woman's appearance."

While I wasn't one of those holding the placards, I did join many others encouraging what clearly was inappropriate and juvenile behavior. Years later I, too, remember what we did to the female members of that first co-ed class and am embarrassed by what I did and what I didn't do at the time. I can't imagine that any of us who have had daughters or nieces attend Notre Dame over the years would have wanted them to endure the same treatment these brave women had to endure.

I'd like to extend my sincere apologies to Julie Silliman and all of her fellow female classmates who were likewise impacted by this inappropriate behavior and would like to thank all of them for the important contribution they made in bringing a vibrant and healthy co-educational environment to Notre Dame.

BRIAN O'HERLIHY '76
WAYLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

War wounded

In "Dealing with the Dead" Major Andrew DeKeever '95 explains that combat Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder and military suicidality could readily be assuaged by simply acknowledging, valuing and supporting the living, those "ordinary" people who must cope with the extraordinary brutality of war. Yet therein lies the paradox: Coping with war entails psychological defenses (denial, compartmentalization, dissociation) that are inherently isolating.

Reconnecting with comrades, families and friends entails lowering such defenses and sharing one's profound pain with those who can handle it. Major DeKeever had the courage to write an article that demands our courage to read. As members of his Notre Dame family and spiritual community, let's share prayers of love, honor and thanksgiving for him and his Mortuary Affairs team.

PAUL TURNER '75
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT



BARBARA JOHNSTON

Kathleen Toohill along the way.

After my dad's call, I moved in a grief-fueled daze from the Grotto with my brother Connor, a sophomore at Notre Dame, to the lakes with my roommate. After my roommate left to go to class, I decided to try to find a somewhat-secluded statue I'd heard about recently, one that's nicknamed "Jesus in the Woods."

I walked along Moreau Drive past Columba Hall and then ventured right into the woods, crunching on leaves and stepping over branches, hoping I would stumble upon the statue.

Eventually I found it. Fall colors framed the quiet elegance of the crucifix and the statues of the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene that stood on either side. I realized, when I arrived at the statue, that Notre Dame had cleared a path straight to it. I had just been too preoccupied to notice.

That night, Connor and I ate Rocco's pizza at my apartment with a few of my friends. Others stopped by to express their condolences, bearing the college version of sympathy flowers: a cupcake and Starbucks.

An admissions counselor that I've worked for since my freshman year as a student employee drove me and my brother to the South Bend airport two days later so we could fly back to San Diego for the funeral.

Twice that weekend, both on my flight to San Diego on Thursday and my return flight to campus that Sunday, I felt like I was going home.

Back in 1987, Notre Dame beat Purdue 44-20 as my grandpa watched from his hotel room. On October 29, my family and I watched the Navy game together after my grandpa's funeral. The Fighting Irish emerged with an even stronger victory that day, 56-14, and it felt like another small addition to everything Notre Dame has already given us. □

This is the man who will fix South Bend

Architecture graduate student David Matthews is building in places where residential developers have long feared to tread.

BY JOHN NAGY '00M.A.

Predicting the future is a deadly business. One year ago a dying magazine, *Newsweek*, proclaimed South Bend a dying city — No. 8 on its lethal list of the “top” 10 — based on U.S. census figures showing the city’s precipitous and unexpected drop in total population (down 3.9 percent since 2000 to 104,215) and in residents under age 18 (down 2.5 percent). To the dismay of the city’s outbound mayor and residents young and old, the statistical pairing put South Bend in the familiar company of troubled neighbors like Cleveland, Detroit and Flint, Michigan.

Back then, *Newsweek* expressed doubts that South Bend would ever recover.

But predictions are the lifeblood of magazines, so here comes another dangerous prophetic dalliance in the darkest days of the dead season: Should reports of South Bend’s death prove greatly exaggerated, the first signs of its revival will be found half a block from the Saint Joseph River at the corner of Niles Avenue and Washington Street.

Today that weedy, empty parking lot is in the hands of a 29-year-old Notre Dame graduate architecture student, a proud product of South Bend’s struggling public school system who also happens to be one of the leading land developers in north central Indiana.

David Matthews doesn’t look like your typical builder — least of all in the era of Donald Trump. His slight frame shows no evidence of a lunchtime steak habit; the blue oxford shirt, dark denim and black dress shoes mostly suggest an afternoon of teaching John Updike to undergrads. Yes, those are Ray-Ban frames, but they have clear lenses that convey the alert, unorthodox mind behind Matthews’ green eyes.

The fact is, Matthews isn’t your typical builder. He broke ground on his first confirmed real estate success, the innovative Ivy Quad development that rises across

John Nagy is an associate editor of this magazine.



PHOTOS BY MATT CASHORE '94

Finishing touches: Matthews designed his own East Bank home for large social gatherings he hopes will create a buzz for his future projects.

Twyckenham Drive from the varsity lacrosse and soccer fields, the year the housing bubble popped, when he was 26. He pays more up front for durable, high-end materials (3-cm granite countertops for instance are standard at Ivy Quad because “it’s more affordable to pick a higher standard and buy a whole bunch of it than to go a lower standard where you can pick anything”) and superior construction methods. He hires Amish framers (“They don’t build the fastest, they’re never in a hurry. And they’re very consistent and really easy to work with . . . and, yeah, they’re good”). He handles all sales himself so he can catch the body language that communicates prospective buyers’ inarticulate likes and dislikes.

He’s never known a housing boom, and yet he just moved in to one of his own units at his second venture, the profitable, downtown East Bank development, with its attractive brick and limestone facades and its exhilarating views of the falls and the Morris Performing Arts Center. And he doesn’t harbor

anxieties about that uncertain future.

“A lot of developers think that if you can squeeze a dollar out of a project and into your pocket, it’s better,” he says. “But I’m from South Bend, you know? My business partners at Ivy Quad are from South Bend. This is our community, and what we build is going to stand for decades to centuries, so we better do it right.”

Youth movement

Matthews, of course, isn’t the only home-grown twentysomething to put his talent where his heart is. In November, South Bend voters overwhelmingly chose Pete Buttigieg, the 29-year-old Rhodes Scholar and son of Joseph Buttigieg, Notre Dame’s William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of English, in the first race for an open mayoral seat in 15 years. Though “brain drain” threatens South Bend much the way it does communities across the Midwest, younger faces are increasingly prevalent in its energetic business and economic development communities.

Truthfully, the news isn't all bad. Last summer, hopeless old South Bend won a prestigious All-American City award from the National Civic League, which cited revitalization of the northeast neighborhood and a campaign to reduce high school dropout rates among reasons for the designation.

Before the contrarian Matthews came along, however, no one had quite figured out what to do with what locals commonly view as an embarrassment and Matthews calls the city's strongest asset — all that vacant land in the city's deurbanizing landscape, especially along the river near the central business district. "Vacant land is awesome," he says, "if you build on vacant land."

That a townie kid would launch his vision for "fixing" downtown South Bend with luxury condominiums near Notre Dame is ironic, particularly when competing developments close to campus were laboring to find buyers. But Matthews saw untapped opportunity in the market, sold the idea to local investors Jim and Julie Schwartz '89, hired adjunct Professor Frank Huderwitz '80, '92M.Arch. to design Ivy Quad's first phase, and soon found his business model paying off despite lower per-unit profit margins. He has been especially successful at finding year-round occupants, another elusive target for new housing developments near campus.

"We had to start somewhere," Matthews says, explaining his long-term goal to build for every price point. Even in this economy, he adds, surveying the University's skyline from the back deck of an Ivy Quad townhome, the sounds of hammers and hydraulic cranes emerging from the rooftops of Phase II, "the Notre Dame market is good." Meanwhile, he says, the project has supported 120 local jobs.

It's not the first time the Purdue-trained industrial engineer has found a way to tap Notre Dame money for the benefit of the community. As a teenager, not all that long ago, he sat beneath the stadium press box on football Saturdays and sold programs to raise money for the Adams High School swim team. But Matthews' story probably starts a few years earlier when, fresh off his award-winning performance selling Boy Scout raffle tickets, he found a copy of *How to Buy a House with No (or Little) Money Down* on his parents' bookshelf. "And I wanted to do it when I was 9, and my mom wouldn't let me," Matthews says, laughing out loud.

By the time he bought his first house, with the intention to fix and re-sell it, Matthews had left Purdue's doctoral program to figure out what he really wanted to do. He'd



The materials, colors and architectural details at East Bank evoke the more attractive features of South Bend's historical factories and warehouses.

interned for Disney, worked for the Department of Defense at Maryland's Fort Meade and even did a stint at a copper pipe factory in Elkhart, Indiana, listening to the *Harry Potter* series and modern Greek language tapes on headphones while feeding parts into a machine. "I wanted to go to Greece," he says.

He wound up keeping that home he'd intended to flip, intrigued with the change he was able to make when he reconfigured the windows and walls to bring more light inside. Taking his entrepreneur father's advice, he shadowed local business people and found his way into development, quickly gaining executive experience with a smaller-scale project.

Soon he was building Ivy Quad, making more money than he knew what to do with and acting like a retiree, traveling and even joining the competitive ballroom dancing club at Notre Dame. There he'd become friends with architecture students like Crystal Olin '10M.Arch. and Aimee Sunny '10. Olin in particular recommended books from her urban design curriculum, and Matthews began tapping Notre Dame students for input and hiring recent graduates.

"And then I was getting kind of bored," he recalls. "I was tired of flying, so I was trying to figure out what to do. I didn't want to join a country club. So I was like, hmm, grad school again."

Looking into programs, Matthews shopped around the region. "The head of one program in the Chicago area actually asked me, 'If you could get into Notre Dame, why would you bother coming here?'" While he felt technically prepared for his work, Notre Dame's classical curriculum offered him history, theory and skills like watercoloring that he felt he lacked. "The classical program is based on more of a structured

understanding of architecture, where they teach you proportions and the orders of things and that whole process of how to make beautiful buildings." He met professors at the school's weekly public lectures and in August 2010 went back to school.

Light and magic

Being a full-time developer as well as a full-time student takes some of the grade pressure off and helps Matthews keep his focus on learning. He says he's building "much better now because of my education next door," adding that he leaves the heavy architectural lifting to designers like Velvet Canada '09M.Arch., Selena Anders, a visiting assistant professor, and others on his in-house staff. He also calls upon friends like Lauren Eaton '12, Luke Olson '08, and fellow graduate students Sylvester Bartos and Christopher Whelan, whom he credits with sparing him some embarrassing mistakes.

Professor Alan DeFrees '74 says what Matthews gives back to the School of Architecture is just as valuable. "He's full of good ideas. He's a sponge for learning." In DeFrees' Acoustics and Illumination class, the students were comparing the use of steel angle versus limestone for a lintel. Matthews came in with prices demonstrating that the more durable but less conventional limestone cost less and labor costs would be lower, too. DeFrees says that kind of contribution helps both graduates and undergraduates, for whom such real-world matters are still relatively abstract.

Matthews' work also demystifies development as a possible career path — one generally with more control over outcomes than architects typically enjoy in their often uneasy professional co-existence. In DeFrees' veteran opinion, Matthews steers clear of

Some enchanted evening: Downtown South Bend from Matthews' rooftop patio.



two ruinous paths — developers who override their architects because of cost considerations, and architect-developers whose extravagant tastes overshoot potential buyers' sense of good value.

Like his pupil, DeFrees also spent his childhood in South Bend. He returned later to study at Notre Dame and takes pleasure in Matthews' "remarkable" success. Touring Matthews' East Bank townhomes with their exceptional views of the downtown, DeFrees noticed subtle applications of lighting principles and techniques he'd taught Matthews in class. And while standard practice in the building trade almost invariably produces suburban results, DeFrees finds Matthews' higher-density, mixed income developments communal, pedestrian friendly and civic-minded. "He knows how to design for his market," DeFrees says.

Salvation in a simple idea

Finding that market without the benefit of Ivy Quad's proximity to Notre Dame was Matthews' East Bank challenge. As it turned out, what he discovered was probably the last thing any reasonable person would have expected from an unreconstructed former manufacturing hub in the flatlands of northern Indiana: A view.

From street level, the East Bank site was not so impressive, surrounded by modest structures and abutting the river at Colfax Avenue. But Matthews sensed what he couldn't see: By raising the site with earth excavated for drainage at Ivy Quad, and by orienting the layout obliquely to the street, East Bank could offer its residents an unprecedented perspective of the city from spacious top-floor patios that captured its best features while maintaining a comfortable level of privacy.

Matthews then made another crucial decision. Rather than accepting the city's usual offer of land sold at assessed value with

property tax abatements he could pass on to buyers, he convinced officials to essentially sell him the land for free. Homebuyers would begin paying taxes immediately but, Matthews insisted, he could build an affordable, high-end townhome community that otherwise well-behaved local professionals would throw elbows to buy.

Voila, new taxpayers. And the first real hope that downtown South Bend might once again become a place more people would happily call home.

People actually attended the May 2010 groundbreaking ceremony. "Nobody shows up because some guy's building condos," Matthews observes. "Nobody cares."

This time, 70 people cared. "And these weren't contractors. These were city employees, attorneys, bankers and accountants — people who work and live in downtown knew about it and they showed up. Because people care about South Bend, and they want to see South Bend succeed."

Eighteen months later, East Bank was finished and occupied. Matthews, who also obtained a grant from Downtown South Bend to make improvements on adjacent streets and neighboring properties — like a new outdoor mural depicting the labors of the artists who work inside the Fire Arts Gallery across Sycamore Street — calls it his "catalyst."

River Race, that weedy, empty parking lot a few blocks south along Niles Avenue, is his "litmus test." Showing potential buyers the view from East Bank is helping with sales. Matthews already has three refundable deposits in hand with the groundbreaking penciled in for sometime this spring. What he has in mind for the site, which will rise directly above the falls where the East Race waterway begins its separate course, is a row of 10 townhomes priced as close to \$200,000 as he can get. It's tough to build good quality homes at that price, he admits, but mortgage rates are favorable, and he

knows if he can sell to teachers, police officers and recent college graduates, he can sell to anyone.

The site plan includes top-tier commercial office space with underground parking and a rooftop café, two other rarities in the city.

"The way that you fix downtown, in my mind, is you need to get pedestrians on the sidewalks," he says. Lunchtime isn't enough. Most merchants and restaurateurs require solid, round-the-clock support if they're going to take a chance on the city again. During the Christmas season, Michigan Street storefronts are filled with temporary pop-up shops brimming with holiday cheer, but without a reliable, year-round customer base within a five-minute walk, entrepreneurs fear losing out to suburban malls and Mishawaka's Grape Road.

Farther east along the river are 30 abandoned acres near the old Transpo bus depot, another spot Matthews considers prime for this kind of durable, attractive urban infill. At 20 homes per acre and an average of three people per household, he knows he can meet the threshold Chicago analysts use for building a new grocery store — just the kind of anchor that gives small businesses confidence.

So, can David Matthews turn South Bend's *Tales from the Crypt* into *Sleeping Beauty*?

Once upon a time, Professor DeFrees knows, South Bend was a bustling American city, larger than Sacramento, Austin, Mobile and Phoenix. He sees no reason it can't grow again. But numbers alone don't tell the whole story. "The energy that David brings makes a big difference. He's showing people that South Bend is worth the investment."

"I want developers to make a lot of money doing things in South Bend because that means more people will come and try the same thing. And then South Bend will be a successful city," DeFrees says. "It used to be a beautiful city. Maybe people like David will turn it into a beautiful city again." □



Celtic twilight: Poets Yeats and Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, CSC, then the University's president, in 1933.

A trip to the archives?

Surely some revelation is at hand.

BY ROBERT SCHMUHL '70

Though the financial recompense might not be comparable, drilling for oil and doing archival research share similarities. Both pursuits involve targeting a location, probing the territory for what you're hoping to find, and either making a strike or moving on to another place to drill.

The paper chase of scholarship is much less messy and physically taxing but can be, in its way, just as frustrating. Never do you expect your professional prospecting to turn up a lost anecdote about your employer and a Nobel laureate.

The other day I was looking for information about Joyce Kilmer, the early 20th-century American poet, who plays a prominent role in a book I'm writing about Ireland and America. Upon learning he had ties to Notre Dame and that his most well-known poem, "Trees," might have been inspired by a visit to the Grotto, I headed to the University Archives in the Hesburgh Library to see if I could find a paper trail to track him.

Several letters document his friendship with Rev. John W. Cavanaugh, CSC, and Rev. Charles O'Donnell, CSC, both previous presidents of Notre Dame. A Kilmer lecture trip to Notre Dame in 1916 — three years *after* "Trees" was written — receives attention.

Bob Schmuhl is Walter H. Annenberg-Edmund P. Joyce Professor of American Studies and Journalism at Notre Dame and director of the John W. Gullivan Program in Journalism, Ethics & Democracy.

O'Donnell, himself an accomplished poet, even assembled a fascinating file of newspaper and magazine clippings about Kilmer's death at age 31 while fighting in France during World War I.

One slim file in Cavanaugh's presidential papers includes a few of his reminiscences, mentioning a New York dinner that Kilmer attended. But there are only passing references to him and nothing about "Trees."

The next page, however, turns to another poet, William Butler Yeats, who also figures in my book, so I decided to keep reading. Yeats had spent several days at Notre Dame in January 1904, the year before Cavanaugh assumed the University presidency. The priest's recollections are both charm-

ing and revealing about the Irish man of letters.

"Yeats was an inexhaustible source of delight," Cavanaugh remembered. "I've never known anyone so forgetful of little details. Whenever it came time for his lecture in Washington Hall on the campus, he seized his portfolio and marched over only to find after he arrived on the stage that he had brought the wrong lecture or no lecture at all in an empty portfolio. This was constantly happening.

"Similarly he would go out into the cold winter weather without a hat and after four or five minutes he would remember that he was hatless and hurry back to his room to get a covering for his head. The number of experiences of this kind was almost endless.

"At last it came time for him to go away and as I bade him goodbye and waved to him as the automobile trundled on out of sight, I said to someone near me: 'I wonder what he has forgotten now.' Three minutes after as I still stood watching the departing guest, I saw the machine turn round about the graveyard and scurry back to the entrance to the Administration Building where I was standing. I waited leisurely, guessing what had happened.

"As he bounded out of the car and up the steps I said to him: 'Well, Mr. Yeats, what have you forgotten now?'

"'Upon my soul, Father,' he said, 'I've forgot my teeth.' He dashed anxiously into his old bedroom and returned in a moment, triumphant and with his teeth."

Though "forgetful of little details," Yeats always seemed to find the right words for his poetry and prose, winning the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923. And he made another triumphant lecture trip to Notre Dame in his later years.

A story like Father Cavanaugh's, buried as it is in one file among many, probably won't find its way into my book or do anything to advance Yeats scholarship. Yet from it you receive an enduring verbal snapshot of the artist as a person — and a good laugh in the process.

A wildcatter's oil gusher it might not be, but occasionally an archival search in one direction takes the kind of golden turn you never regret. □

Governor, meet students

On November 15, Indiana Governor Mitch Daniels stayed overnight in Alumni Hall, a men's dorm and self-proclaimed "Center of the Universe." He might have learned as much from the men of Alumni as they did from him.

BY MICHAEL RODIO '12

It is 10 p.m. on a Tuesday night, and the six resident assistants of Alumni Hall are sitting in a third-floor apartment in their dorm, trying politely to convince the governor of Indiana to go downstairs with them and try a slice of student-made Dawg Pizza.

Governor Mitch Daniels looks hesitant. *Dawg Pizza?*

Someone explains: the men of Alumni Hall call themselves the Dawgs, and they make their own pizza right in the dorm. It's not bad, they say, although the quality is hit-or-miss. There is some debate. Maybe Reckers, the University's 24-hour eatery nearby, would be a better choice.

Governor Daniels politely declines. A Coke is just fine.

Since the Republican's days on the campaign trail in 2003, Daniels has stayed in family homes instead of hotels. It wasn't a calculated political move, he says, he just wanted to operate cheaply and save some of the state's money. He doesn't necessarily stay in the homes of his supporters, either. Often he stays with Hoosiers he's never met. He only stays at a motel when he arrives too late to make a house call. It would just be impolite, he says.

Daniels is visiting Notre Dame to give a talk on government and entrepreneurship at the Mendoza College of Business. In his lecture, Daniels — a past CEO of pharmaceutical giant Eli Lilly and a veteran of the U.S. Office of Management and Budget under President George W. Bush — discusses the policies he has pursued to encourage business growth in Indiana. Afterward he has a formal reception at Notre Dame's Innovation Park. Tomorrow, he will visit Our Lady of Hungary, a Catholic school in South Bend that receives funding through the state's school voucher program.

Michael Rodio, a music major from Oceanport, New Jersey, is a senior in Notre Dame's Gallivan Program in Journalism, Ethics & Democracy.

So that's why the governor of Indiana is sitting in a third-floor apartment in Alumni Hall, flanked by six RAs, working his way through a bag of cheddar-flavored Sun Chips and a Coke.

Father Bill Lies, CSC, normally lives here, the guys say, but he's away this semester. The apartment, frugal but still homey and clean, is disconnected from the standard Alumni Hall chatter: bursts of laughter from a video game tournament, talk of tests and papers, post-workout swagger. The governor of Indiana is not just crashing on some sophomore's couch.

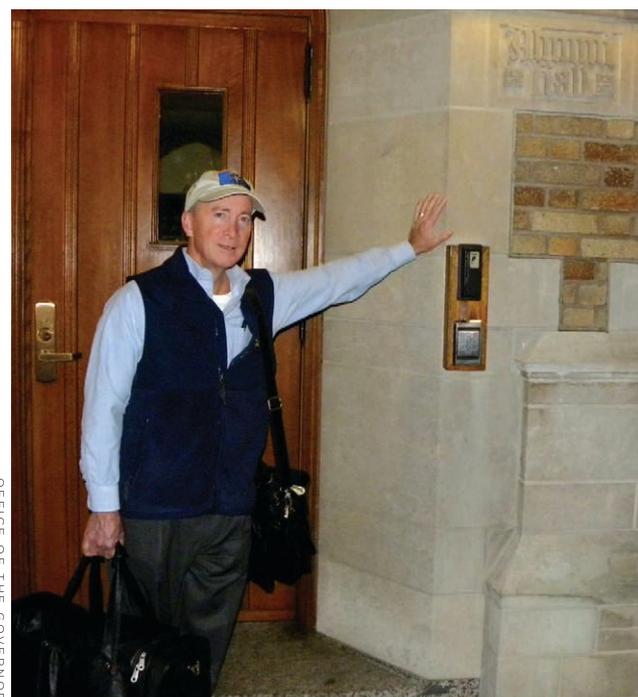
In his lecture at Mendoza, Daniels speaks energetically, with a soft Midwestern pitch accenting his plain talk. He wears a navy fleece vest over gray slacks and a white button-down. He toys absentmindedly with the top of his water bottle as he speaks, but he is clearly comfortable with an audience.

This being Mendoza, Daniels isn't afraid to throw in some shop talk: deleveraged bets, gross domestic product. He uses a few political buzzwords. His administration is "aligning around an objective," creating a "spirit of entrepreneurship."

But with a few quaint clichés, he smoothly shifts gears to the Indiana everyman: Indiana is "open for business," but our national government is "flat busted." His "new government organization wasn't a 'synergistic enterprise,'" he says. "We just built a better mousetrap."

Maybe Mitch Daniels, with his blue vest and his figures of speech, should be a basketball coach. He is a Hoosier, after all. He's got the fast pace, the energy, the natural understanding. He explains government-business relations as an offensive play, drawn up like a greaseboard give-and-go during a pressurized second-half timeout.

Perhaps it's not so surprising, then, that on the third floor of Alumni the talk inevitably falls to sports. Here the governor really shines, even though everyone gets a few



Rested and ready, Mitch Daniels emerges from his overnight in Alumni Hall for another day of governing Indiana.

shots at his hometown Colts. Daniels thinks the Colts need some stronger supporting players. The Alumni guys, sensing that the governor is comfortable on the common ground of sports, join in. Doug Farmer, the editor-in-chief of *The Observer*, adds a few thoughts about Brian Kelly and the Fighting Irish. Dan Collins, former leprechaun and current assistant rector, sneaks in some inside information of his own. The language of sports is probably the primary language of the men's halls at Notre Dame.

The students regard Daniels with a mixture of natural respect and good-natured humor. They understand Mitch the politician. They want to see Coach Mitch, and he often obliges, trading jokes and poking fun the same way any Alumni guy would.

We talk cities and states, a ritual familiar

to ND students. In their first days as freshmen, Domers eagerly try to define themselves with a state identity, to put themselves in context.

Doug Farmer is from Wisconsin. Bobby Niehaus makes a joke about cheese. Everybody laughs.

Tony Schlehuber is from Indiana, so someone makes a crack about skiing, or the lack thereof. Are there even hills in Indiana? There are, says Daniels. He then explains Ice Age glacial action in Indiana, and Indiana's rich topsoil, and how there are a few ski areas down south but it's too temperate down there for much snow, and they're probably not the most profitable businesses anyway. Tony agrees while the rest nod in surprised bemusement. The governor might act the everyman, but this man knows his state from the ground up. Literally.

They give in to their curiosity. Have you met anyone really interesting, governor?

He pauses. "To be honest, guys, I'm not really sure who you'd find interesting." Everyone laughs. How about other governors?

Do you know Chris Christie? "Yeah, and when we have meetings together it turns into a comedy show. He's very quick with his jokes."

And Joe Lieberman? "Yes, and he is a really good guy, even if he and I don't agree on politics."

We pause. *Do you know Arnold Schwarzenegger?* Everyone laughs again.

"Yes," says Daniels, "but I'm hesitant to say anything about him, since it's a whole different world out west. Although I will say this: He is definitely big."

A few of the students stand and shake the governor's hand. We're sorry, they say sheepishly, but we have to go play a broomball game. "Broomball?" asks the governor. "Yeah," says Matt Sushinsky, who coaches. "It's kind of like hockey, but you play it with brooms." The governor nods. James Heshburgh chimes in: "And you're wearing sneakers. On ice." Everyone laughs again.

Someone asks about Indiana's new school voucher program. The governor explains the technicalities, and suddenly the thinking caps are on. The students respond with questions and ask for details. Danny Barrera, whose parents work in education, compares Indiana's program to Florida's.

The time comes to depart. The governor, finally some tiredness in his eyes, thanks us for the talk. It's nearly 11. Mitch Daniels has a handshake and a joke for everyone. Someone makes a final, last-minute pitch for Dawg Pizza, and we all laugh once more. □



MATT CASHORE '94

SHOULD WE TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER?

Dramatic shots of the skies above South Bend called attention to campus at least twice last year. University photographer Matt Cashore '94 captured the threatening gray blanket (above) as it rolled its way over South Quad on July 22, tweeted the photo as a campus scene of momentary interest and went about his business. But when Notre Dame web designer and Twitter superuser Timothy O'Connor '02, known as oaknd1, re-tweeted the image that same day, it instantly thundered to the top of the "most viewed" list at photos.nd.edu. As it turned out, that summer storm cloud offered but a mild preview of the drama that rained down upon Notre Dame Stadium (below), causing two game delays and a full evacuation during the September 3 home football opener against South Florida. University officials said there were 335 confirmed lightning strikes within a 10-mile radius of the stadium that afternoon, each one carrying about 200 times enough electricity to kill a person.



COURTESY NBC SPORTS GROUP



PHOTOS BY TADASHI OMURA

‘Suite’ at 55

Merce Cunningham’s Notre Dame encore

BY JEREMY D. BONFIGLIO

Daniel Madoff stands in a rigid pose on the Decio Mainstage Theatre stage as the spotlight rises. Wrapped in a skin-tight, light blue costume, the young dancer contorts his body in a series of complex phrases that have become synonymous with the Merce Cunningham Dance Company.

The strain of flesh pressing against wood can be heard from the balcony as Madoff stretches his foot across the stage in the opening solo of “Suite for Five,” the same piece Cunningham himself first danced some 55 years earlier at Notre Dame’s Washington Hall.

It’s no coincidence that this piece, originally titled “Suite for Five in Space and Time,” was chosen to open the program performed November 10-12 at Notre Dame’s Marie P. DeBartolo Performing Arts Center in the final weeks of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company’s two-year Legacy Tour. This last swing through the Midwest, like its other celebratory stops in Hong Kong, Paris and New York City, has featured revivals of works long-absent from Cunningham’s vast repertoire as the final generation of dancers chosen and trained by the renowned choreographer says thank you and goodbye before disbanding in 2012.

Cunningham, who died in July 2009 at the age of 90, managed his legacy as meticulously as he choreographed his dances, setting out plans for this tour and the future of his work.

Jeremy D. Bonfiglio is a South Bend-based writer and a frequent contributor to this magazine.

“It was very poignant but also very exciting to be able to let our students be a part of this history and have it come full circle at Notre Dame,” says DPAC executive director Anna M. Thompson, who has presented or commissioned the company on four other occasions.

For the University, the three-night performance capped a semester of immersion in Cunningham’s work and collaborations, which included the exhibition “Warhol’s Camera” at the Snite Museum of Art, featuring the pop artist’s images of Cunningham, as well as symposiums and class lectures in dance, art history, music and poetry.

“There was a lot of teaching on modernism before the company got to town,” Thompson says. “We had [composer] Christian Wolff here talking to music and aesthetics classes. We had Bonnie Brooks [Legacy Plan Fellow of the Cunningham Dance Foundation] talking to poetry and performance classes. That all gave tremendous depth to the experience, because it gave a larger context to the work.”

Cunningham was not only considered one of the most important choreographers of his time, he was one of America’s greatest dancers as well and a leader of the avant-garde movement throughout his 70-year career. Although he started as a ballroom and tap dancer, his professional modern dance career began with a six-year tenure as a soloist in the Martha Graham Dance Company. In 1953 he formed his own company as a forum for his groundbreaking ideas of shape and form.

Cunningham rebelled against the conventions shaping dance narratives at the time, replacing traditional storytelling with non-programmatic movement that exalted dance on its own terms. He choreographed independent of musical scores and predetermined rhythms. Alongside composer and life partner John Cage, his most frequent collaborator, Cunningham would merge choreography and score only at the last minute.

“I think he is the only choreographer really who stuck to the idea of dance and music being separate from each other,” says David Vaughan, the company’s archivist.

“With other kinds of contemporary dance

you have the ability to relate to the music,” Thompson elaborates. “If you look at Paul Taylor or Lar Lubovitch, they often use music from contemporary pop culture. You don’t have that with Merce.”

Cunningham choreographed more than 180 dances in his prolific career. During the tour stop at Notre Dame, his company performed “Suite for Five,” “Pond Way” and “Antic Meet,” three of his most notable works. “Antic Meet” — a 1958 dance reconstructed with a co-commission from Notre Dame — features a tongue-in-cheek setting that includes a dancer’s attempt to slip into a sweater with three arm holes and the memorable image of a single male dancer attached to a chair.

It was the opening piece, “Suite for Five,” however, that seemed most poignant for the occasion. One of Cunningham’s more physically demanding works, the dance foregrounds slow solo and duet passages that use tilts, jumps and balances in a dance assembled in six sections.

When Thompson discovered that “Suite for Five” had made its debut at Notre Dame, “I about fell off my chair,” she says.

“You have women dancers in these body suits in 1956 on what at the time was an all-male campus?” she adds, laughing. “Modern dance, avant-garde dance? I’m not thinking that’s going to go over big.”

In fact, Vaughan says, that first audience on May 18, 1956, only consisted of “a couple of priests and maybe six nuns.”

“Performances in those days were few and far between for the company,” Vaughan says. “I think Merce himself used to write letters to various schools and universities looking for engagements. That’s likely what happened here.”

Now, 55 years later, the company will disband.

That doesn’t mean that Cunningham’s impact won’t continue to be felt. Thompson says the University’s semester-long immersion has been so well received that it will be used as a model for future DPAC projects. Meanwhile, Cunningham’s plan created a trust that will now oversee the availability and continuation of his work in the years ahead. □

DEATHS IN THE FAMILY

J. KEITH RIGBY JR. never met a dinosaur he didn't like. And over the course of his 34-year career as a paleontologist he met tons of them, literally. The associate professor of civil engineering and geological sciences, who died unexpectedly on November 5 at age 64, conducted archaeological digs in Montana, Wyoming and China. At Notre Dame, he taught courses

year awards from the College of Engineering and Sorin Hall as well as the Distinguished Scholar Award from the College of Science. A devout Mormon, he was a master of the imaginative G-rated expletive. The Utah native was known, for instance, to voice his displeasure with someone by using a rebuke such as, "my sister's black cat's rear end" and other creative epithets.

In his later years, the father of six grown children sported a full, snow-white beard. With his ample girth, Rigby bore an uncanny resemblance to Santa, whom he delighted in playing for children during the holidays.

He is survived by his wife, Susan, ex-wife Virginia Peterson, and six children from the two marriages.

For nearly 50 years at Notre Dame, everyone from undergraduate science novices to senior chemistry faculty knew that when you ran into the inevitable stumper in thermodynamics and needed clear, incisive help, it was time for a chat with **ROBERT G. HAYES**. The Philadelphia native and professor emeritus of chemistry, who died in July at age 74, arrived on campus in 1961 and toiled here happily and almost exclusively until his retirement in 2009.

For years the pleasantly cynical Hayes taught huge sections of Physical Chemistry of Life Sciences — then required for medical school aspirants — and other courses in physical chemistry. Meanwhile, he defined collegiality for a generation of Notre Dame chemists, who found in him an unparalleled expertise in electron paramagnetic resonance, a sounding board for their own research ideas and a resource for challenges they faced in the classroom. Once, when a blackboard proof had failed to enlighten students, a colleague asked Hayes how he would explain that any number raised to the power of zero always equals one. Hayes suggested he have them take out their calculators and start punching numbers. "They're not going to believe you," he quipped, "but they're going to believe their calculator."

Hayes' patience and curiosity applied to his avocations as an outdoorsman, photographer and student of languages, the last of which he was known to cultivate by sitting in on classes at Notre Dame. He is survived by his wife, Linda, and their five children.

When they say "their blood is in the bricks" of those whose dedication and service built Notre Dame and made it great, they're talking about people like **HERBERT E. SIM**. The Austrian-born macroeconomist, who retired in the early 1990s after 35 years on the business faculty, many of which he spent as chair of what was then the Department of Finance and Business Economics, died last spring in Tucson, Arizona. Sim was 87.

Former students, like Barry Keating '67, the Jesse H. Jones Professor of Finance, may remember their Money and Banking professor as a quiet, steady, dedicated presence in the classroom, qualities that along with a reputation for absolute discretion and a deep institutional memory made Sim a trusted adviser to many at the University, including the administration. When, as president, Father Ted Hesburgh was hatching plans to create the University's first endowed chairs, he called Sim for insights. And when a donor approached the College of Business asking how to help, Sim's ideas took shape in the O'Hara lecture series that brought some of the finest minds in economics to campus, including John Kenneth Galbraith, Charles Schultze and Robert Heilbroner — an important step toward the global mindset of today's Mendoza College.

It seems Sim rarely spoke of his U.S. Army service in World War II, when his fluent German served him as an interrogator of Nazi POWs and earned him a Bronze Star. A private man who let others do the talking and went home for lunch nearly every day, Sim, also a classical music and opera buff, diligently pursued his intimate and evolving grasp of the financial sector throughout his academic career. Ask him any arcane question, Keating recalls, and "you'd be an expert by the time he'd finished his 10-minute explanation of it." Preceded in death in 2009 by Sylvia, his wife of 63 years, Sim is survived by their five children. □



PHOTO BY MATT CASHORE '94

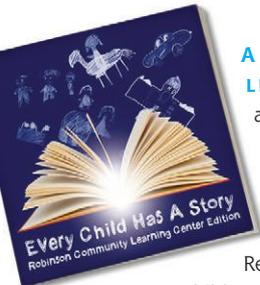
J. Keith Rigby Jr. in 2003.

in physical, historical and environmental geology, sedimentation and stratigraphy. He received his doctorate from Columbia University in 1977 and joined the ND faculty in 1982.

In 1997, the ND scientist led a team that discovered a huge *Tyrannosaurus rex* fossil near the Fort Peck Reservoir in Montana, believed to be one of the largest specimens ever unearthed. While the discovery was noteworthy for its size alone, news coverage went viral when a local ranch family, falsely claiming ownership of the dig site on federal land, attempted to steal the fossil. Rigby received death threats, an FBI investigation ensued and stories appeared on CNN and in *TIME*, *Newsweek* and *The New York Times*.

A popular teacher with a booming voice and a knack for colorful stories and language, Rigby earned teacher of the

seen & heard...



A SNEAKY PET LIZARD squirms away at Notre Dame's rock climbing wall, two friends study for a history test by play-acting the Revolutionary War, and

children take an unforgettable field trip to see the president of the United States in *Every Child Has A Story: Robinson Community Learning Center Edition*. Written and illustrated by Robinson Center kids with help from members of Notre Dame's Student International Business Council, the book will raise money for the Robinson Center, the off-campus hub for supplementary learning and community activities that the University founded in South Bend's Northeast neighborhood in 2001. For sales information contact everychildhasastory@gmail.com. . . .

SEVEN ND ENGINEERING STUDENTS trekked their way into a badly flooded district of rural northwestern Nicaragua in October



MARIA WILSON

to meet civic leaders and survey the site of a footbridge they are planning to build this summer. The project marks the fourth year in a row that a team from NDSEED — Students Empowering through Engineering Development — has worked in Central America at a locale selected by Bridges to Prosperity, a volunteer-driven charity seeking to

eliminate rural isolation as a cause of poverty. Sophomore Luis Llanos, the lone mechanical engineer on the civil engineering team, says it will take six weeks and about \$25,000 to build retaining walls, elevating towers and the 40-meter span itself, mostly out of local materials, across a major stream near the tiny village of San Francisco. When finished, the bridge will serve hundreds of families who are dangerously cut off from the city of Estelí most autumns, often for weeks at a time. Learn more about the project at nd.edu/~ndseed/. . . .

THE PAINFUL NEWS of child sex abuse allegations at Penn State made its way into the discussion in at least one Notre Dame classroom. Law Professor Mark McKenna '97 found himself fumbling for an answer to a student's question in his torts class: Might Joe Paterno be exposed to liability for not telling police about the alleged sexual assault of a boy in the locker room? In an essay, "The Cruel Lesson of Penn State," published November 18 in the online magazine *Slate*, McKenna disclosed his own experience of abuse as a minor, perpetrated by a youth sports coach. "Abuse thrives on silence," he wrote, reflecting on the emotions that had overwhelmed him that day at the Law School. "But it is precisely this silence that helps create the conditions for abuse." McKenna wrote to break that silence and offer encouragement to other victims. He also argued against the tendency to demonize accused assailant Jerry Sandusky and to focus blame on Penn State or college sports in general, warning that these reactions allow us to miss "what happens, or can happen, in our own backyards." Within days, McKenna says, he received more than 600 emails voicing support, many from strangers who shared their own

stories. "It seems to have touched a nerve, and that was the hope." . . .

THE SHORT-LIVED ROCKNE MOTORS CORPORATION, a subsidiary of South Bend's famous Studebaker Corporation, built only 38,000 Rocknes before it expired in 1933 in the midst of the Great Depression, but it's hard to imagine

financial concerns. The discussions also provided an opportunity for senior alumni in financial services to network with young alums, explained Scott Malpass '84, Notre Dame's chief investment officer. "Notre Dame alumni are among the most respected professionals on Wall Street," he said, noting the very recent success of the University's



MATT CASHORE '94

an antique car more lovingly restored than the model that subway alumnus George Gajdos (pictured) offered for display before the October 8 game against Air Force. Visitors were invited to have their picture taken with the blue-and-gold beauty on the Irish Green as part of the Rockne Heritage Fund/Director's Circle Recognition weekend. . . .

ABOUT 300 ALUMNI IN THE MONEY MANAGEMENT BUSINESS gathered with other industry experts at the New York Hilton



MATT CASHORE '94

November 1 for meetings and talks on investment strategies and Wall Street

Career Center placing interns on Wall Street. Syndicated columnist George Will also addressed the conference, co-sponsored by Notre Dame's Wall Street Leadership Committee and the University's investment office. . . .

IRISH HOCKEY'S FROSTY NEW DIGS, the Compton Family Ice Arena, opened just in time to house what feels like a new era for the varsity program. The Irish icers opened the 2011-12 campaign with their first-ever national preseason No. 1 ranking but suffered their first home loss (to Ohio State) at their October 15 farewell to the Joyce Center. Six days later they trounced Rensselaer before a record crowd of 5,022 — the venue's capacity — at the Compton opener. Tickets for

the building's dedication game on November 18, in which the Irish managed a dramatic 3-2 overtime win over Boston College, sold for as much as \$500 on StubHub. Meanwhile, the program made its own relatively quiet move in the tectonic conference realignments sweeping



MATT CASHORE '94

college athletics. Notre Dame will join the Hockey East conference as its 11th member for the 2013-14 season in response to the Big Ten's choice to form its own hockey league and the subsequent decision to disband the Central Collegiate Hockey Association, the team's home since 1992. Televised games are expected to be part of the new era, too. This season, fans may still catch the team — and Compton — on the NBC Sports Network when the Irish play Michigan on January 20. . . .

FATHER JOHN JENKINS' DAYTIME TELEVISION DEBUT

on the November 10 broadcast of *Live! with Regis and Kelly* came one week before Regis Philbin's last bow as co-host of the popular morning talk show. The University president's visit was a surprise tribute to Philbin '53, who holds the Guinness World Record for "Most Hours on Camera" and often spoke enthusiastically of his alma mater on the air, regaling audiences with affectionate descriptions of everything on campus from his favorite duck in Saint Mary's Lake to the courtrooms in the new Eck Hall of Law. Jenkins' appearance

followed that of former Irish football coach Lou Holtz and included the presentation of a replica of Holy Cross Father Anthony Lauck's statue of the Visitation, which stands outside the campus bookstore. "I had to come out on behalf of the whole Notre Dame family to tell you how much we love you and how proud we are of you," Jenkins told the humbled entertainer, adding, "We expect to see more of you now." . . .

RANKINGS COME AND RANKINGS GO

in the hypercompetitive world of higher education, but here are three you likely missed in 2011: *USA Today* awarded Notre Dame first place in the strategic use of social media websites like Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. The editors of *onlinecolleges.net* considered the "Irish Blessing" TV spot fourth on their list of most creative college commercials. Best of all may be hercampus.com's Collegiette, who considered "Designing an Environment for Design" one of the 10 coolest college classes in the country. Apparently Collegiette (Kenyon College student-blogger Sarah Kahwash) read the course description for the 2009 class on ND's website and liked the idea of asking top design students to propose a cross-disciplinary research environment for Stinson-Remick Hall, then under construction. . . .

THOUSANDS OF ARMS CROSSED IN AN 'X' swept Notre Dame Stadium on Saturday, October 29, way beyond the familiar spot occupied by residents of Zahm



MATT CASHORE '94

Hall. This time the X, a Zahm symbol traditionally raised during the Celtic Chant at football games, honored former resident Xavier Murphy '11, a fifth-year student and football-team intern who died October 11 after being diagnosed with leukemia only the month before. Zahm rector Corry Colonna described Murphy to *The Observer* as energetic, faithful and kind, and noted that the letter in the "Raise an X for X" campaign he organized in Murphy's memory could also be a variable representing anyone fighting cancer. The campaign's T-shirt and bandana sales raised money for a scholarship in Murphy's name at his high school and for the cancer charity Relay for Life. . . .

COACHING INEVITABLY SAPS

its most dedicated practitioners, but no one's said it better than men's lacrosse assistant coach Gerry Byrne, who was quoted in the October 2010 issue of *Lacrosse Magazine*: "Now that recruiting tour season is over I realized there is a whole other world, things like dentists, lawns, sunsets, your kids' names." . . .

THE PLACE WHERE DECLAN SULLIVAN

would meet his family after home football games — between the Guglielmino Athletics Complex and the LaBar Practice Fields — is now the site of a memorial in his honor. Sullivan was a 20-year-old Notre Dame junior and a student-videographer for the football team on the October 2010 afternoon when a 53-mph wind

toppled the scissor lift on which he was standing to film practice. He died in the accident. The parklike memorial consists of six trees, a boulder-mounted plaque bearing a shamrock with Sullivan's initials and a poem written by a family friend, and two benches inscribed with messages from his siblings Wyn, a Notre Dame sophomore, and Mac. Soon



MATT CASHORE '94

after the dedication ceremony, the University announced the creation of the Declan Drumm Sullivan Scholarship for financially needy students who share one of Sullivan's interests such as filmmaking, creative writing or community service. . . .

FRIGID SWAMPWATER, 12-foot walls and electrified barbed-wire fields won out over books and the BC game the weekend before Thanksgiving for sophomores Kevin Colvin, Ryan Tixier and Dan Yerkes. The three participated in the Attica, Indiana, Tough Mudder, a murderous obstacle-course run that, since its inception in 2010 as a traveling adventure challenge staged in different cities throughout the year, has raised more than \$2 million for the Wounded Warrior Project, a charity supporting injured and combat-stressed military veterans. "I'll do it again, but not during November," Tixier told *The Observer*. "There were too many ice water swims where your entire body just goes numb. If I did it again, it would be during the summer months and I'd get more guys from my dorm to do it." Hmm. On second thought, Ryan, recruiting may be your biggest obstacle of all. □

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... a look back at campus past ...



promising crop of untested sophomores. The team opened with seven straight victories, mostly against lighter opponents such as St. Joseph's College. In a sign of what was to come, sophomore scoring machine Johnny Moir took a pass from 6-foot-6 sophomore center Paul Nowak to notch the season's first basket, against Albion, while substitute forward Ray Meyer and guard Tom Wukovits, both sophomores, combined laser passing with unyielding defense in support of seniors George Ireland, John Ford, Johnny Hopkins and Frank Wade. They stumbled in their first big test, falling 54-40 to a speedy Purdue bunch that had been the Big Ten co-champion the year before, then followed with an unusual contest against Northwestern. After both squads had left the floor in an apparent 20-19 North-

Irish coach George Keogan (right) presents his would-be 1936 Olympians for a team photo at the old Fieldhouse. Opposite: Sophomore guard Tom Wukovits (#13) nets a layup.

“Near perfection” — The 1936 Notre Dame championship basketball team

BY JOHN WUKOVITS '67

The hardcourt wizardry of forward Tim Abromaitis and guard Ben Hansbrough on the men's squad and superstar guard Skylar Diggins on the women's team stoked national championship chatter among Irish basketball fans a year ago, but many remain unaware that such excitement had occurred before. In mentioning past Notre Dame championship teams, one inevitably thinks of George Gipp, the Four Horsemen and other gridiron heroes. Back in the 1930s, though, Notre Dame dominated college basketball much the way

John Wukovits is a World War II historian who has written seven books about that conflict. Also a sports fan, Wukovits enjoyed researching his father's 1935-38 teams.

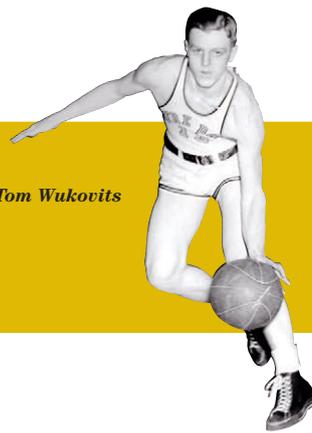
Knute Rockne's teams had barreled through the football landscape. Coached by George Keogan and propelled by what one publication called “the immortal trio of Notre Dame basketball,” in 1936 the team captured Notre Dame's last undisputed men's national championship, playing a brand of basketball one *New York Times* sports reporter called “as near perfection as it could be.” Keogan was no stranger to winning. He had one national title under his belt, and his 327 career coaching wins place him second today only to Digger Phelps at 393. After an uneven 1934-35 season in which his Irish squad posted a 13-9 record, he pinned his hopes on a few established veterans and a

western victory, official scorers detected an error and declared a 20-20 tie. Since the players were already showering and much of the crowd had left, both schools agreed to accept the result, and the only tie game in Notre Dame basketball history went into the books. Coach Keogan's patience wore thin four days later when his team tallied a mere six points in the first half against Minnesota. Hoping to put a spark in his offense, Keogan turned to his talented sophomores, including Nowak, Moir, Tommy Jordan and Wukovits, who scored every point in a second half comeback to win, 29-27. With an 8-1-1 record, the team began its “suicide schedule.” Over the next 10 games they would square off against eight reigning conference champions. They began their run with a 43-35 win over Pittsburgh on January 10 and rolled past Marquette a few days later. “The game featured the playing of Notre Dame's flashy crop of sophomores who dominated the scene from start to finish,” *Scholastic* magazine said of that performance. After polishing off Pennsylvania, 37-27,

PHOTOS: UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

Built upon the exploits of 'the immortal trio' of Nowak, Moir and Wukovits, Keogan's squads followed their 1936 run with back-to-back 20-3 records.

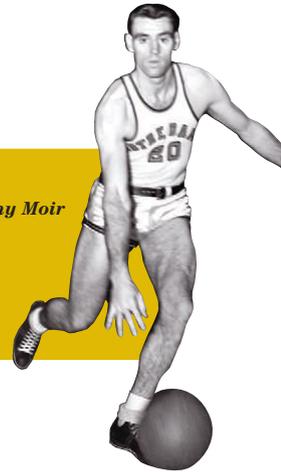
Tom Wukovits



Paul Nowak



Johnny Moir



the Irish headed to Syracuse for a game against a rival that had not lost on its home court in four years. Despite yielding a height advantage to Syracuse, who fielded five men over 6 feet tall, the Irish defense checked high-scoring center Ed Sonderman to swipe a 46-43 win.

The Irish now faced their harshest tests with consecutive matches against the top two teams in the country, legendary coach Adolph Rupp's vaunted Kentucky Wildcats and New York University — the only team to which Kentucky had lost. Moir netted 17 and Nowak 11 to lead the Irish to a 41-20 victory, the most lopsided defeat during Rupp's first six years at Kentucky.

Four days later, the Irish arrived at Madison Square Garden to take on powerhouse NYU. The game sold out three weeks before the match, and *Scholastic* magazine urged campus readers who wanted to listen to a radio broadcast to deluge CBS with letters asking for a transmission to the Midwest.



New York returned every starter from the team that had defeated Notre Dame the year before. Confident the local five could handle the Midwesterners, one *New York Times* reporter hoped that Notre Dame would at least put up a decent fight so the game did not bore fans.

The writer failed to account for both the Irish talent and Notre Dame's national allure. More than 19,000 spectators jammed

the Garden, at that time the largest crowd to watch a basketball game in New York. Keogan later admitted, "It was a sight to behold, and one that would make the blood of any coach fairly tingle."

The outcome was never in doubt. After spotting NYU three points, Notre Dame shut down NYU's high-scoring forwards and tallied seven points on the night. Filling in after the half for star Johnny Moir, who had gotten into foul trouble, Johnny Hopkins added another 10 as Notre Dame handed NYU a 38-27 defeat. It was the school's first ever loss in Madison Square Garden, convincing even the infamously partisan New York sportswriters that "the finest basketball is not played in New York." Most conceded that Notre Dame was the No. 1 team "from coast to coast" and some even urged their selection to represent the country in the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games.

Despite having garnered in 1927 his first Helms Foundation National Championship, the honor accorded the premier team in the land in the days before post-season tournaments, Keogan called his 1935-36 team the best in Notre Dame history because it had dominated a schedule no other squad could match. The team scored so speedily that they were the first to be called a "point-a-minute" squad. They set records in games won, total team points in one season, average points per game, and points in a single game — 71 against St. Joseph's — in compiling a 22-2-1 overall record.

Moir, who established an individual season scoring record with 260 points, was named the nation's outstanding college player by the Helms Foundation. He and Nowak were named consensus All-Americans. And while the Helms Foundation awarded the Irish their second national championship in nine years, University policy against post-season play eliminated any hope of participating in the Berlin Olympics.

Built upon the exploits of "the immortal trio" of Nowak, Moir and Wukovits, Keogan's squads followed their 1936 run with back-to-back 20-3 records. Behind Moir's scoring, Nowak's rebounding and the passing and defense of Wukovits — nicknamed the "guarding angel" — in both years they convinced many sportswriters that they again deserved championship recognition. When they needed a breather, second-string forwards Ed Sadowski and Mike Crowe carried the load, but a follow-up national title proved elusive.

On March 4, 1938, the big three played their final home game before 5,500 fans. In defeating Marquette, Nowak scored 15 points, Moir 11 and Wukovits 7, earning a tremendous ovation at game's end that recognized three years of stellar basketball and a 62-8-1 record.

After the game *Scholastic* writer John F. Clifford '38 credited "the fastest breaking, deadliest shooting and sharpest passing trio in the game today" for producing "Notre Dame's Golden Era of Basketball," and equated their impact to that of the Four Horsemen.

Their basketball days did not end with graduation. Moir, Nowak and Wukovits became the first Notre Dame alumni to play professional ball, continuing their winning ways together for the Akron Firestones in the National Basketball League.

Two of their championship teammates made names for themselves as college coaches. George Ireland's Loyola University of Chicago teams won 321 games over 24 seasons. In 1963 he led the school to a national title in a 60-58 overtime thriller against Oscar Robertson and Cincinnati.

Meanwhile, Ray Meyer was building crosstown rival DePaul into a national power. Winning 724 games over a 42-year career, Meyer led his teams to two Final Four appearances. In 1979 he joined George Keogan in being elected to the Basketball Hall of Fame. □



WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO DRINK

As climate change accelerates, worldwide fresh water supplies are predicted to become increasingly stressed. However, since oceans cover 70 percent of the planet, you might be skeptical of a water problem. With all that sea

sloshing around, there should be enough for everybody, right? Just remove the salt. Problem solved.

Well, not quite. As much as desalination, making fresh water from saline sources such as the ocean, may seem the perfect answer to the world's increasing fresh water needs, it is a limited answer, William Phillip of Notre Dame and Menachem Elimelech of Yale write in a recent *Science* article.

Great strides in desalination truly have been made in recent years, the chemical engineering professors say. Innovations such as improved membranes and better pumps have dramatically improved process efficiency, and large-scale reverse osmosis desalination plants are being constructed at a rapid pace. In fact,

they note worldwide desalination capacity is projected to double by the year 2016.

Despite those gains, however, the researchers say the number of people living in water-stressed regions is projected to increase from one-third of the world's population to two-thirds by the year 2025.

Phillip and Elimelech argue that desalination may be one tool to help solve the world's fresh water needs, but it does have its downside. For instance, desalination is probably the most energy-intensive method for increasing water supplies, and there isn't much hope for improvement.

The Notre Dame and Yale professors point out that "reverse osmosis," the most advanced de-

salination technology, has been tweaked so much in the past 40 years that it is near the theoretical and practical limits of its efficiency. Since the desalination process itself is about as good as it gets, they argue any future improvements are likely to come in the pre-treatment phase, where other contaminants, such as organic matter from decomposing seaweed, are filtered out.

"The main point we wanted to make is that desalination should be thought of as an option only after all other more sustainable fresh water sources, such as conservation and water recycling, have been exhausted. Just about any fresh water treatment technology is much less energy intensive than desalination," Phillip says.

12TH CENTURY WISDOM FOR THE 21ST

She may have lived in the 12th century, but the German mystic Hildegard of Bingen speaks to the 21st, says Margot Fassler, Notre Dame's Keough-Hesburgh professor of music history and liturgy.

The historian of sacred music has been working for several years on a ground-breaking study of the medieval Benedictine nun. In her lifetime, the many-faceted genius made significant contributions in theology, poetry, music, art, science and medicine, as well as founding several religious communities.

"I think people today are looking for ways to bring many things together," Fassler says. "Hildegard was a theologian, composer, artist and scientist who had the ability to synthesize knowledge."

The mystic is most widely known for her theological insights drawn from a series of visions that she explained and illustrated in her treatise *Scivias* and other works. "Hildegard saw every person's life as a kind of epic saga, a quest for theological understanding, where each of us have choices to make between good and evil," Fassler observes.

Exhibiting what may seem a modern attitude toward ambiguity, the Benedictine mystic believed that as long as a person holds the question open as to whether God exists, she remains on the road to some sort of salvation, the ND theologian notes.

In particular, Fassler has been intrigued with Hildegard's vision known as "The Cosmic Egg." The image, illustrated and discussed in *Scivias*, basically presents an Aristotelian view of the world, Fassler says. The Benedictine mystic sees the egg as a metaphor for the world and church. It is a dynamic force, with an outer shell of flame surrounded by an inner darkness of struggles. The Earth is suspended in the middle, surrounded by virtues sparkling like stars.

The Notre Dame professor says in the *Cosmic Egg*, as in Hildegard's play, *Ordo Virtutum* (The Order of the Virtues), the nun places the quest for theological understanding at the center of the cosmos. "You can see Hildegard putting everyday decisions that humans make at the heart of the purpose of God's creation," Fassler says. "It's an extraordinary view, a microcosm and macrocosm."



WITH THE KIND PERMISSION OF THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY OF ST. HILDEGARD, EIBINGEN

CLEAR

ANYTHING BUT

A REPORT ON CAMPUS SEXUAL ASSAULTS

Sexual assault is a crime few people want to talk about. It's a tough topic — personally invasive and legally loaded, intricately complicated and sensitive. It's national in scope and particularly problematic on college campuses where young people converge to get an education and to have fun as they launch their adult lives.

Notre Dame has not escaped this societal problem, despite serious and sustained efforts to counter cultural tides. Since 2005, 37 reports of sexual assault have been filed with Notre Dame Security Police (NDSP). Because heightened awareness typically leads to more incidents being reported, officials anticipate an increase in the future. And they note that national underreporting rates suggest that more assaults — which by definition range from unwanted sexual touching to rape — transpired over that period. Alcohol is almost always a key ingredient.

Over time various University initiatives and programs, including expanded education and more restrictive alcohol policies, have been implemented to combat the problem. And in the summer of 2010, the University put the finishing touches on a revamped

policy addressing sexual misconduct at Notre Dame. That work, which took two years, transformed a simple statement condemning student-on-student rape and sexual assault that had appeared in *du Lac*, the student handbook, for a generation.

The effort had drawn together leaders from all corners of campus, from Student Affairs to Student Government to the Office of General Counsel. While Notre Dame had long taken the matter seriously, the new policy provided students with a clearer explanation of what constitutes sexual misconduct and where lines are drawn.

But policy is never enough. The number of sexual misconduct allegations in the 2010-11 academic year was consistent with past averages, but a course of events drew widespread attention at Notre Dame and elsewhere.

No article in any magazine or newspaper can capture the complexity of sexual assault on college campuses, much less solve the problem. Whether an unwelcome touch or non-consensual intercourse, it is a crime to which college-age adults nationally are most vulnerable. American colleges and universities reported some 3,300 forcible sex offenses in 2009.

The issue nationally has been of sufficient concern that in April 2011 the U.S. Education Department released a statement (which came to be known as “the Dear Colleague letter”), strengthening its decade-old sexual-harassment guidelines and reminding colleges and universities they must have transparent, prompt procedures to investigate and resolve complaints of sexual misconduct, protecting the rights of alleged victims. And for the past year the department’s Office for Civil Rights has been working more intensively in higher education to better enforce laws prohibiting sexual harassment.

The result of such efforts at the federal level has been closer scrutiny, new language defining the policies and procedures relative to allegations, investigations and adjudications of sexual assault charges as well as institutional changes within higher education.

Elimination is the goal toward which Notre Dame has steadily built its institutional response over the years, but victim advocates and officials here and nationwide agree that the solution requires a deeper change in the collegiate culture, in which people no longer downplay sexual violence as a victims’ issue but embrace it as a men’s and women’s issue — a community issue.

“If ever there were a place where I think it could be eradicated it ought be here, given who we are and what we say we’re about,” says counselor to the president Ann Firth ’81, ’84J.D., formerly an associate vice president in student affairs, former co-chair of the Committee on Sexual Assault Prevention and the mother of a Notre Dame alumnus and two current students. “Sexual violence in any form is absolutely antithetical to everything this place stands for.”

FINDING WORDS

Rape crisis volunteers begin by believing. That’s where it started for Annie Envall ’05, who volunteered as a victim advocate at S-O-S, South Bend’s rape crisis center, as a sophomore. She went through the center’s training program, learning how to take crisis calls and how to comfort victims from the greater South Bend area.

Most of the victims Envall, until recently S-O-S’s full-time project coordinator, would see were anywhere from 18 to 25 years old, and nearly all were women — although men, too, are victims of sexual assaults. A 2007 survey prepared for the National Institute of Justice found that one in five college-age women experience a completed or attempted sexual assault between enrollment and graduation. While most victims eventually share their story with a confidant, the study found that few seek help from crisis centers, health care providers, law enforcement or campus authorities, who believe that as few as one in 20 of these assaults is ever reported.

Five years ago, Envall and Elizabeth Moriarty ’00, ’07M.Div. of Notre Dame’s Gender Relations Center (GRC) co-founded a confidential support group called Out of the Shadows for college women who had experienced “unwanted sexual contact.”

Groups aren’t for everyone, Envall says, but it is important that victims break the silence. “Acknowledging first off that you need help is a big step. And the more we can do to facilitate that the better it’s going to be for those victims.”

CROSSING LINES

Elizabeth Moriarty figures she wasn’t yet 3 when she first heard the word “rape.” Her parents spoke openly about the bad news coming from El Salvador, where four Maryknoll women had been ambushed, raped and slaughtered by Salvadoran national guardsmen. She carried with her the stories she didn’t understand at the time, but she didn’t personally encounter the effects of a sexual assault until her freshman year when she dropped by to see another Farley Hall resident.

Her friend was disturbed by what had happened to her and was anxiously trying to figure things out. To her knowledge, the friend never reported the incident to anyone in authority. It’s complicated, says Moriarty, who’s now the assistant director of Notre Dame’s GRC. “She knew the guy, someone she was interested in,” she recalls. They never spoke about the incident again. “I think she just tried to pick up the pieces and move on,” Moriarty says.

Hitting the party by yourself, having too much to drink, going somewhere dark and quiet with someone you barely know — these are unhealthy choices, Envall explains, “but your consequence should not be rape.”

At issue is the matter of consent, whether and how it’s given, whether a person is able to give it. One significant change to appear in Notre Dame’s 2010 policy revision was a definition.

“Consent means informed, freely given agreement, communicated by clearly understandable words or actions, to participate in each form of sexual activity,” it begins. “Consent cannot be inferred from silence, passivity, or lack of active resistance.” Past dates or sexual encounters do not constitute consent any more than a kiss implies a wish to remove one’s clothes. Threats, coercion and intimidation eliminate the possibility of consent. The statement concludes, “A person incapacitated by alcohol or drug consumption, or who is unconscious or asleep or otherwise physically impaired, is incapable of giving consent.”

Among students, the neat legal and administrative lines between the heat of the moment and the commission of a crime are often thin, fogged by alcohol and perilously subjective. G. David Moss ’01Ph.D., Notre Dame’s assistant vice president for student services, talks about progressions of intimacy that begin with a look, move to a handshake or a hug and — too quickly among young adults — may jump about 20 big steps to a hookup. What happens next could be something later acceptable, or regrettable, to both. But whenever one person forces past the other’s boundaries, “intimacy” becomes a violation. The power to make a decision is disregarded or taken away.

DAUGHTERS AND SONS

Statistics don’t tell stories but they can provoke a visceral response. Some years ago, Student Government sponsored posters on sexual assault and the response on campus was negative, as if the statistics “had just been made up by a bunch of angry women,” junior Robert Ring notes. Time went by, and a student group called Men Against

Violence (MAV) posted the same numbers. “And the response was so different. Like, ‘Wow, these are really impressive and frightening statistics,’” Ring says.

That was before Ring came to Notre Dame, when he was still getting over the shock of a female classmate who’d been date-raped by a mutual friend from their Wisconsin high school. Ring joined MAV as a freshman and got involved as a peer educator for the Gender Relations Center, promoting sexual assault awareness especially among men.

Originally a task group organized by the GRC, Men Against Violence is now a student club. Its signature project is a pledge drive.

When people drink — both men and women — they do things they wouldn’t if their judgments and behaviors were not impaired by alcohol.

A poster campaign featuring the baseball team and the boxing club sends the message. “I pledge never to allow someone to be raped, abused or exploited if it could have been prevented,” the poster reads. “Take the pledge. Be a real man.”

That pledge is in line with the work of the GRC, founded in 2004 to promote healthy relationships and educate students about gender and sexuality. Today the GRC staff sees the need for programs they describe as “organic to Notre Dame.” For example, annual campus performances of *Loyal Daughters and Sons*, a vignette-based meditation on relationships, values, sex and the soul produced each year by new teams of students with fresh stories from campus life have replaced the less relevant *Vagina Monologues*, and the controversy surrounding that production has evaporated. Moriarty says the challenge is to “talk about what people’s life experience has been and bring that into a conversation with the teaching of the Church.”

“I think not just as a university but as an entire culture we need to help men to find their voice to say, ‘What does it mean to be an integrated and thoughtful, faith-filled male and citizen today?’” says Father Tom Doyle ’89, ’96M.Div., who began his tenure as vice president for student affairs in 2010. “A lot more of our efforts are going to be focused on men.”

SETTING BOUNDARIES

In 1989, the University published its first policy on sexual harassment committed by students, faculty or staff. The announcement

in the *Notre Dame Report* characterized it as the codification of protocols formulated in the mid-1970s, shortly after the University opened its doors to undergraduate women.

Not long after, Ann Firth co-wrote the grant proposal that established the University’s Office of Alcohol and Drug Education (OADE). Like the GRC, the office’s mission comprises much more than sexual assault awareness, but the two would eventually partner to create educational programs that all first-year students must attend during orientation.

“Almost 100 percent of our sexual assaults involve alcohol use by one or both parties,” says OADE director Chris Nowak. Students come to college with a wide range of drinking experience, she says, complicating their efforts to fit in socially and live their values. When people drink — both men and women — they do things they wouldn’t if their judgments and behaviors were not impaired by alcohol.

Firth, who started her career in student conduct, helped assemble the Committee on Sexual Assault Prevention (CSAP) in 2007. Rewriting policy was a priority, but the committee meets other needs as well. One is to facilitate collaboration among the many units on campus, like health services, First Year of Studies, the counseling center and Campus Ministry that handle prevention and education, support victims and the accused and provide other services. Two CSAP members serve as 24-hour sexual assault resource persons who can advise students of their options after an incident.

The University continues to develop its comprehensive approach to eradicating sexual assault. Starting this year, four employees serve as resource coordinators who can walk through the process with students, be at their side at the hospital or police station, follow up with phone calls or simply be a sounding board. Meanwhile, the GRC has added an expert in sexual assault prevention to its staff.

Some new efforts have emerged from the University’s work with the U.S. Department of Education’s Office for Civil Rights (OCR). Last December, OCR initiated a voluntary review of Notre Dame’s work on sexual assault, scrutinizing policies, procedures, case files and media reports to ensure compliance with the federal law that guarantees men and women equal access to educational programs funded by the federal government.

In April OCR clarified to all colleges that the law requires schools which “reasonably should know about student-on-student harassment that creates a hostile environment . . . to take immediate action to eliminate the harassment, prevent its recurrence and address its effects.” The guidance letter lays out the standards by which schools will be evaluated, either through voluntary reviews as at Notre Dame or during investigations of formal complaints.

At the end of June Notre Dame signed a resolution agreement with OCR that noted the effectiveness of many of the University’s provisions to date. The agreement calls for Notre Dame to consolidate its

policy documents to ensure clarity. It requires the University to put into writing the steps taken in investigations of reported incidents and its existing policy in disciplinary hearings of the “preponderance of the evidence” standard used in civil litigation, rather than the more exacting test of “beyond a reasonable doubt” applied in criminal trials.

Other schools, such as Yale and Stanford, are also aligning with the OCR guidelines, but some observers, such as political scientist Peter Berkowitz, say the directives go too far. Writing in *The Wall Street Journal*, Berkowitz claims the 19-page, April 2011 “Dear Colleague letter” essentially asks colleges and universities “to curtail due process rights of the accused.”

The senior fellow at Stanford’s Hoover Institution also explains that the “preponderance of the evidence” standard “is the lowest standard” — “much less demanding than ‘beyond a reasonable

Assaults on college campuses are distinguished from rapes in other contexts: intoxication and prior acquaintance with the suspect. Studies have identified both as factors that diminish the likelihood that a victim will come forward.

doubt,’ which is used in the criminal justice system, and the intermediate standard of ‘clear and convincing proof.’” To deliver a guilty verdict, he writes, a disciplinary board “need only believe that the accused is more likely than not to have committed the crime.”

Even those observers sympathetic to the plight of victims express caution that guilt not always be presumed and that false allegations are sometimes — if rarely — made.

The OCR-ND agreement, which “does not constitute a finding or admission that the University is not in compliance” with federal law or related regulations outlines other mandatory changes. The school will, for instance, have to make arrangements for complainants who do not want to be in the same room as the accused during a hearing and ensure that complainants have the same right to appeal as the accused.

ASKING QUESTIONS

If Robert Ring could go back to high school, he’d encourage his friend to press charges. He’d listen more and try to help her see that it wasn’t her fault. Back then it was all so difficult. “People feel so isolated,” he says. “And any attempts to help them through it, they can push you away or you can push them away.”

Father Doyle, the vice president for student affairs, has been there when a victim breaks the silence. As a former rector and as a confessor, he’s seen victims question their identity and their future.

What happened to me? Am I responsible?

“There is guilt, there is shame, there is misunderstanding,” Doyle says. “Just telling the first person is one of the most heroic acts that you could ever witness. It’s a humbling thing to be in the presence of somebody when they share something that is that personal.

“As somebody who has walked with victims, the next question is, ‘How do we help them from here?’”

Notre Dame takes a victim-centered approach to its response, which Doyle describes as putting choices and control of their lives back into victims’ hands.

Students don’t often open up the morning after, or even within the 96-hour window when a trained nurse examiner might still collect

evidence from a rape victim. As a category, assaults on college campuses are distinguished from rapes in other contexts in at least two statistically significant ways that help explain the high rates of underreporting — intoxication with alcohol and prior acquaintance with the suspect. Studies have identified both as factors that diminish the likelihood that a victim will come forward. They may need weeks or months before they speak of the incident with people they trust.

Students need to know that their story may remain confidential only with some University employees. OCR’s guide-

lines stipulate that any employee not designated as a potential confidant must report what they know whether or not the student wants to pursue an investigation. While some victims may be ready, others may feel their control slipping away again just as they’re trying to recover it.

The argument for mandated reporting views campus sexual assault as a public health threat. Proponents of this ascendant view say that a relatively small number of perpetrators, who probably do not see themselves as rapists, are likely to do it again and are responsible for most incidents, exploiting personal familiarity and the relaxed circumstances of parties or bars to find the most intoxicated — and therefore most vulnerable — prey.

SEEKING ANSWERS

Phil Johnson ’81, ’99MBA, director of the Notre Dame Security Police, says one thing investigators try to do with an initial report is gauge the threat to the community. Context, location, whether the alleged assailant is known to law enforcement are all important. Victims may convey this information at the hospital, when a victim identifies as a student — or indicates the perpetrator is a student — and an officer is dispatched to the ER. Depending on whether the incident

took place on or off campus, the investigator will come from NDSP or another jurisdiction.

NDSP employs three officers who investigate sexual assaults and other cases: a former city detective who has overseen or conducted more than 200 sexual assault investigations; a former FBI agent; and an officer who has spent the last six years of her 24 on the campus force investigating assaults and other crimes.

“We have the challenge of finding facts,” Johnson explains. That means investigating the scene — if there still is one — following up with a victim who may be in distress or choose not to cooperate, trying to understand what happened, exercising due diligence before contacting any witness or suspect, and recognizing that there are at least two sides to a story. “But we’re very conscious of the dynamics of how difficult this could be for victims,” he says.

Some rape victims choose not to have the hospital call the police. Dave Chapman, NDSP’s assistant director, says victims should know that they may file a Jane Doe report in which caregivers collect evidence, assign a case number and send the anonymous kit to the county police, who keep it for one year. Regardless of whether they had evidence taken or how much time may have passed, victims should feel encouraged to make a report anytime, Chapman says.

“We want them to know that we care about them, that we’re going to work tirelessly on their case,” Johnson adds. “It may take some time, but we’re going to work as quickly as we can.”

The Office of Civil Rights now requires schools to investigate any reported incident and share their findings with regulators. A student may choose recourse through the disciplinary process, the law, neither or both. But the difficulty of holding assailants accountable is an issue throughout the criminal justice system and higher education.

Experts speaking last summer at a national workshop for student conduct officers identified several factors that complicate narratives brought before hearing boards, including intoxication, consent, credibility and the significance of the consequences. Notre Dame has adjudicated about four cases per year over the past five years. Outcomes have ranged from a finding of no responsibility to dismissal. On the law enforcement side, police have made four arrests since 2005, but you’d have to go back a few more years to find a criminal conviction.

Even when an assailant is held accountable, Doyle observes, real justice is elusive. Victims “get to the end of it and say, ‘But I don’t feel whole. I don’t feel like it’s resolved.’”

As a priest he knows people can heal, but some do not. “I’ve seen glorious, unbelievable, miraculous, grace-filled, courageous healings, and I’ve seen people carry this heavy cross through life as a daily burden,” he says.

GETTING UPSTREAM

It is a great — and for some, bitter — irony that in our sex-saturated culture we don’t really like to talk about sex. Generation gaps and mores are two factors in play on college campuses, especially at

religiously affiliated schools like Notre Dame. Peers talk about sex, says Mandy Lewis ’10, a sociology major who did her senior thesis on sexual assault at Notre Dame, “but not always in positive ways.”

Lewis, now a victims’ advocate, knows what she’d say if she could go back and speak to students: “Men and women need to not be afraid to communicate with each other. It’s not unsexy to actually talk to your partner instead of just initiating. It’s okay to go to a party, hang out and go home separately. . . . We need to stop pressuring each other to do things we don’t want to do. We need to stop pressuring our friends to make these conquests, to have these conversations where we treat men and women as objects. . . . And we really need to not be afraid to go to our rectors and ask questions.”

Doyle, who lives in an apartment in Pasquerilla East, a women’s residence hall, says many students come to Notre Dame with a strong sense of who they are and have little trouble living with personal choices that limit physical expressions of love. But questions about dating, relationships and how to approach romantic interests are common, he says.

Still, some students perceive the atmosphere as less welcoming because of Church teaching, even though Catholics believe that sexuality is one of the most sacred parts of being human. “We say that the appropriate place for the most intimate physical acts is reserved for the context of permanent commitment in marriage,” Doyle notes. The fact is engraved in University policy, which forbids consensual sex outside of marriage. But, he adds, “Just because an institution has a point of view about the appropriate expression of sexuality doesn’t mean it’s not willing to engage in all kinds of dialogue about that.”

As co-chairs of the Committee on Sexual Assault Prevention, Moss of student services and Sister Susan Dunn, O.P., are fostering a sustained plan for a campus conversation about relationships. Doyle calls it “getting upstream” of sexual violence. “I’m convinced that if we can help young people engage in healthier friendships with one another we will address the most grotesque manifestation of abuse in relationships,” he says.

It takes courage to speak seriously about what it means to be made in God’s image and likeness at Reckers at midnight. But it also takes courage to intervene when you see a friend in trouble. NDSP offers self-defense classes each month and at least 150 women complete the course every year. Now more colleges, including Notre Dame, are introducing active bystander training.

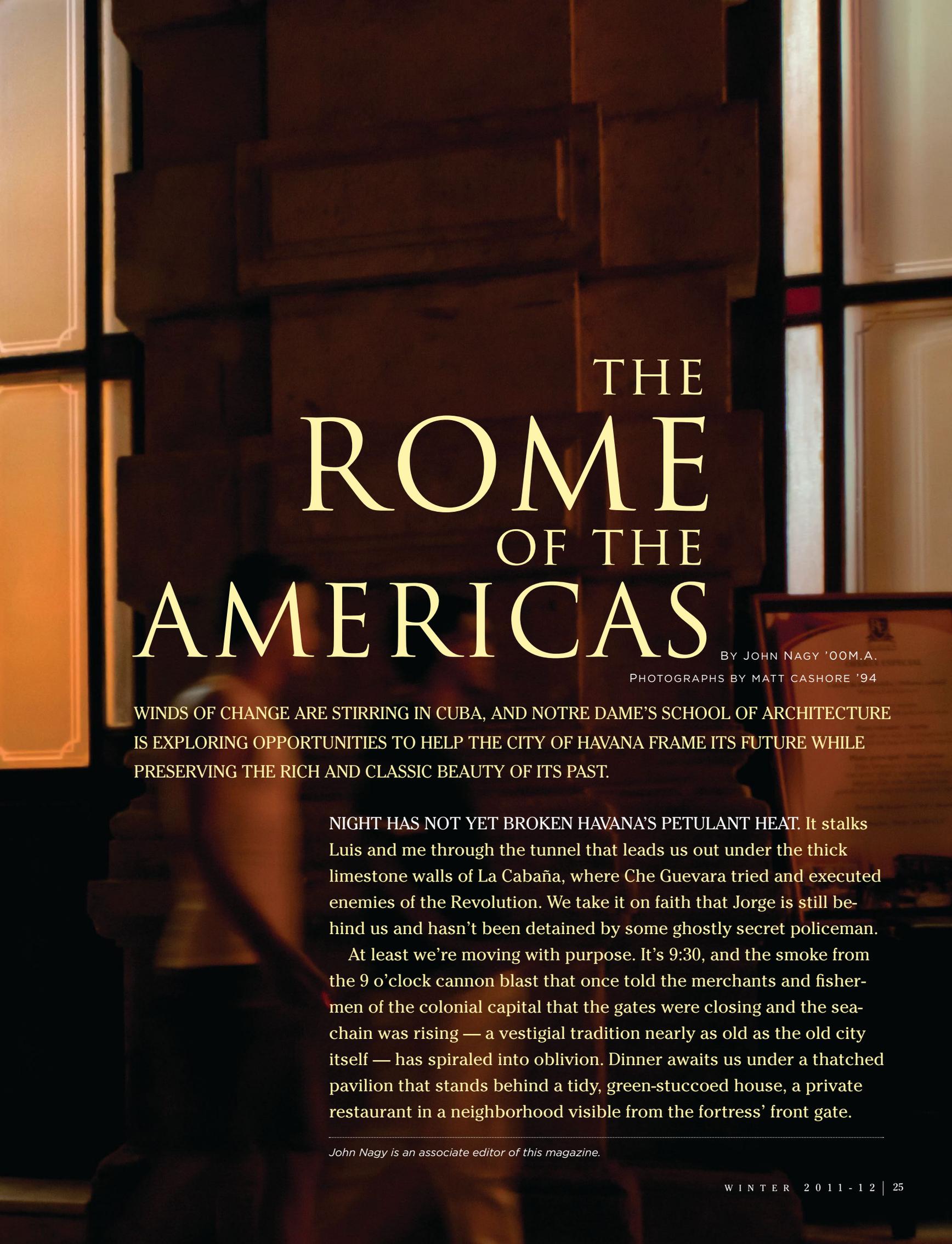
But standing up — rather than standing by — can’t be left to women alone. Robert Ring knows. He can imagine a Notre Dame free of sexual assault. It’s a matter of not tolerating members of the family who use alcohol to take advantage of others. But it’s not easy. “I mean, it takes a lot of courage to say — not only to your friends, but maybe to someone you don’t even know — ‘Hey, is she okay with that?’”

— *The editors*



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THE ROME OF THE AMERICAS

BY JOHN NAGY '00M.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATT CASHORE '94

WINDS OF CHANGE ARE STIRRING IN CUBA, AND NOTRE DAME'S SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE IS EXPLORING OPPORTUNITIES TO HELP THE CITY OF HAVANA FRAME ITS FUTURE WHILE PRESERVING THE RICH AND CLASSIC BEAUTY OF ITS PAST.

NIGHT HAS NOT YET BROKEN HAVANA'S PETULANT HEAT. It stalks Luis and me through the tunnel that leads us out under the thick limestone walls of La Cabaña, where Che Guevara tried and executed enemies of the Revolution. We take it on faith that Jorge is still behind us and hasn't been detained by some ghostly secret policeman.

At least we're moving with purpose. It's 9:30, and the smoke from the 9 o'clock cannon blast that once told the merchants and fishermen of the colonial capital that the gates were closing and the sea-chain was rising — a vestigial tradition nearly as old as the old city itself — has spiraled into oblivion. Dinner awaits us under a thatched pavilion that stands behind a tidy, green-stuccoed house, a private restaurant in a neighborhood visible from the fortress' front gate.

John Nagy is an associate editor of this magazine.



Luis Trelles mops his forehead with a limp handkerchief. “I’m worn out, man,” he mutters, folding and pocketing the cloth without breaking stride.

“I know,” I say. “It’s been a long day.”

Luis’ mouth spreads into a grin that expresses a day’s worth of stress, delight, exasperations and minor epiphanies — all the responsibility that comes to a visiting associate architecture professor escorting eight graduate students, an equipment-laden photographer and an absent-minded writer through Havana under the lazy surveillance of state security.

“No. I mean, I’m worn out with Jorge’s shenanigans,” he explains.

Jorge Trelles is Luis’ brother, and in 36 hours of traveling with the two professors I’ve taken to pronouncing his name “George” the way Luis does. We’ve just spent five uncertain minutes sitting on low walls inside the fort waiting for Jorge to descend a stone staircase he’d climbed to explore the darkened rooftop of a barracks. La Cabaña offers a commanding view of the city. I’m told it’s the largest colonial fortress in the Americas, and I believe it. One could easily lose himself here, but Jorge Trelles isn’t the kind of man who gets lost unless he wants to.

Meditating on the story, I had offered a headline: “Curious Jorge Tumbles into the Sea.” Luis, who has been in Havana with Jorge twice before, trumped it: “Curious Jorge Does 25 Years.”

Yet with the exception of a few *prohibido* government buildings, Havana endlessly rewards such free-spirited curiosity. Great cities hold the same numinous power as great landscapes. They can inspire, restore hope, summon forth by astonishing example our own creative potency. Hemingway and Graham Greene understood this about Havana; the allure was far more than what could be blended with Cuban rum inside El Floridita or on the rooftop of the Hotel Sevilla.

The city nurtures its own imagination, too, breathing centuries of Spanish Caribbean life into its children through fountain-cooled courtyards and sunwashed waterfronts. Alejo Carpentier, Havana’s homegrown genius of magic realism, dubbed it “the City of Columns” for the shady porticoes and colonnades that define its unique streetscapes.

Havana’s greatness has been obscured to Americans by the last saltwater remnant of the Iron Curtain. But it lives in the couples who dance to the salsa bands, the brassy music spilling out onto Calle Obispo at dusk, and in the barefoot soccer matches that span afternoons at Central Havana’s disheveled Plaza del Vapor. And it lives across the Straits of Florida in the hearts of the *exilios* for whom Miami has become a new homeland with genuinely global horizons.

The city is an unfinished, 500-page novel in which the Castro brand of communism is only a 50-page chapter. “Every corner of the city is like a story unto itself,” I overhear Luis telling Ian Manire, one of his students. The centuries endure in stone, timber, masonry, colored glass, concrete and steel, teaching layered lessons about the relationship between architecture, culture and the making of cities that an era of ideologically induced stagnation has both preserved and neglected.

That makes it a living textbook for Manire and his peers, who are packing a five-year undergraduate curriculum into an intensive, three-year graduate portal into the architecture profession. As second-years, they’ve learned to draw beautifully and they’ve mastered the basics of building systems, things like ventilation, heating and cooling, lighting, how to get people in and out and up and down, and how buildings can create urban spaces that people love. Their task now is to integrate it all into functional designs.



Professor Jorge Trelles listens as architect Rafael Fornes, who teaches Havana Studies at the University of Miami, introduces the students to Plaza Vieja. Born and educated in Cuba, Fornes holds Cuban and U.S. passports and maintains strong professional ties in both countries. “The American relationship is not something that we’re making up,” he says. “Right now it’s severed, but its reality was continual.”

They could do this in northern Indiana, as some of their predecessors have. But Notre Dame trains architects to touch the past. Time and the Trelles brothers are giving the school a rare opportunity. In Havana, which may soon be a simple four-hour flight away, every building is a lesson.

Before we left South Bend, each student selected one for study. They began working around the limitations of international politics to track down whatever plans, drawings, photographs and data they could find to create “pictorial essays” about their buildings they might enhance by personal encounter in Havana. That first project would prepare them for the semester’s signature achievement, individual proposals for a new market building at Plaza del Vapor, where the city’s once-great market, the Mercado Tacón, was demolished in 1962 by a Cuban government that had no interest in rebuilding it.

It is often said that Havana is frozen in time, an impression reinforced by the classic American cars which dominate its streets like segments of a rainbow on wheels. Apart from specific changes like the demolition of the Tacón, the city we see today is essentially the same one Meyer Lansky greedily pondered from the veranda of the Hotel Nacional, the same one Castro’s grubby *barbudos* entered on

tanks, jeeps and horses in 1959. We may be glad Havana became neither Las Vegas nor Karl-Marx Stadt but remained true to itself, a view with which UNESCO agreed when in 1982 it declared Old Havana and its fortifications a World Heritage Site.

NOW THE ECONOMIC REALITIES that effectively prevented new construction inside the city during the communist era are transforming, leaving Havana with an exciting if precarious future. Raúl Castro’s modest reforms have revealed Cubans’ appetites for an entrepreneurial renaissance, as we learned during that meal of fresh seafood, icy fruit juices and Bucanero beer after La Cabaña.

Other market forces are already at work. At Plaza Vieja, the city’s oldest commercial square, the central market building is long gone, but the edifices that once shaped the narrow streets around it have been exquisitely restored by the Office of the Historian of the City of Havana, creating a space where neoclassical detail and pastel hues frame the moon in the clear periwinkle of the Havana twilight. On the front of one grandly porched building, the brass logos of foreign companies — Pepe Jeans London and United Colors of Benetton — hint at the hurricane winds of globalization now gathering offshore.





They may batter the island, once American firms are permitted to enter and all companies are free to sell their products directly to Cuban citizens.

The impact on real estate will be no less radical than in any other sector of the economy. Luis grimaces at talk of the gated resorts that will likely eat up undeveloped coastline flanking the city, leaving the whole looking like virtually every other tourist catchment on the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. But as much out of love of Cuban architectural traditions as from some anticipation of external pressure to change their city, Havana's architects restored where they could not build new.

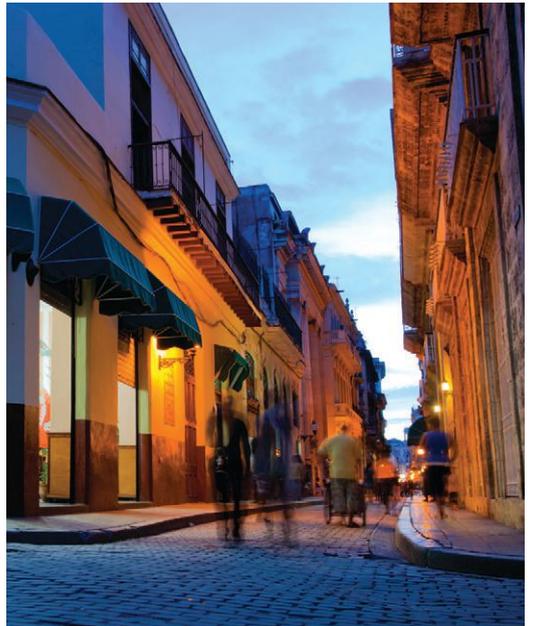
The Office of the Historian, which oversees this work, is no dusty, part-time museum operation. It's serious business. The historian himself, our guides tell us, holds a position in Raúl Castro's equivalent of a cabinet and manages a workforce of thousands in departments that include four state-controlled construction companies and Habaguanex, the agency which runs hundreds of hotels, restaurants, shops and coffee bars. The work that started in Plaza Vieja is surfacing in other cherished parts of the city, as architects and laborers develop a practical expertise in restoration and historic preservation that stands them today among the best in the world.

Jorge and Luis Trelles can relate to the limitations an economy may impose on architecture. The recession has affected their firm, Trelles Cabarrocas Architects, drying up new construction in Florida and focusing their efforts on additions and renovations. They have worked together — and alongside Jorge's wife, Mari Tere Cabarrocas Trelles — as professionals and educators for a quarter century. The homes, schools and businesses they've designed and built — ranging from a seaside *pensione* to the offices of a Miami shipping concern — combine neoclassical discipline with a zeal for bold colors

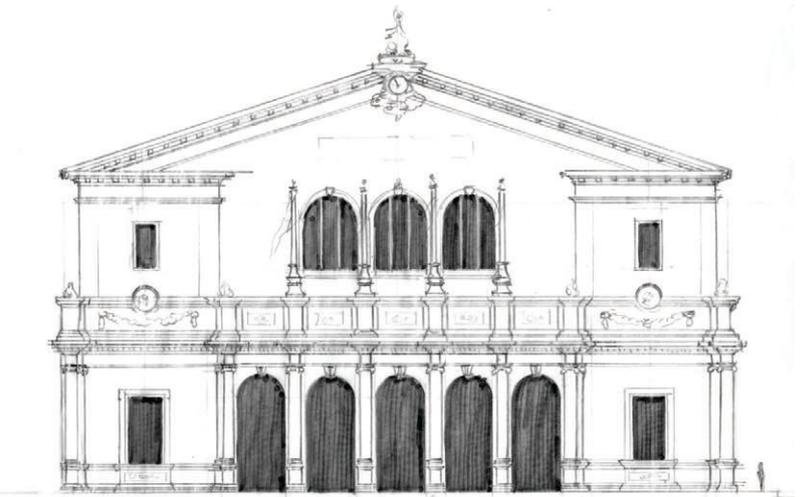
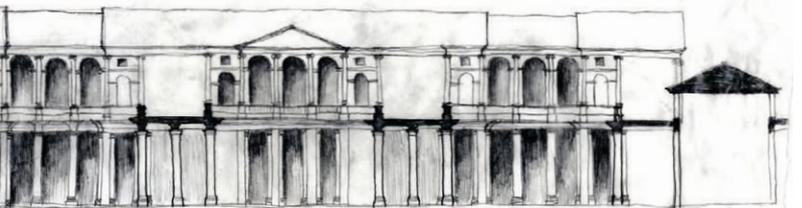
and materials and a fierce commitment to the architect's freedom to respond to climate, history and building traditions when designing a project. Léon Krier, among the most influential architectural theorists and designers of our lifetime, offers this simple praise of their career portfolio: "The Trelles brothers have style."

That alone would make them incomparable guides to a city that Michael Lykoudis, Notre Dame's Francis and Kathleen Rooney Dean





Professor Luis Trelles ponders Havana's forsaken Plaza del Vapor, once the site of the great Mercado Tacón that was designed by the father of Notre Dame's first architecture student. The Trellezes asked their students to propose a new market building. "Now that private business is emerging in Cuba," he explains, "this may actually be very timely as a project for consideration." Below, early studies and concepts by Sylvester Bartos (top) and Christopher Whelan.



of the School of Architecture calls "the Rome of the Americas." But their qualifications only begin there. Twenty-two years ago, while teaching at the University of Miami, the brothers co-founded the Open City Studio with their colleague, Teófilo Victoria. The concept, which has taken them to world-class cities from Iquitos, Peru, to Saint Petersburg, Russia, is to immerse students in the culture and built environment of a great city, giving them five weeks to explore, sketch and draw inspiration while sampling its food, street life and arts. More recently they helped develop a course in which students travel to absorb the work of Renaissance Venice's grand master, Andrea Palladio.

Taking students to Havana, even for three days, even after teaching in places like Cape Town and Mumbai, is analogous to the difference between the X-Games and the Olympics — way outside the comparative comfort zone. Navigating the travel regulations of two countries that don't recognize each other is only the beginning. You enter the country ready to leave it, forswearing credit cards, ATMs and, practically speaking, cell phones and Internet access. But in a new moment of openness to academic travel, the potential rewards were too alluring both to the Trellezes and the School of Architecture not to follow through.

The Havana studio satisfies yearnings the brothers have felt since leaving Cuba in their mother's lap and had cultivated through graduate thesis work — Luis' plan for a new Key West and Jorge's vision for a reborn Havana — as students of the late, influential Colin Rowe at Cornell. But their eyes for the city are nearly as fresh as their students'. Their first homecoming, just two months before our trip, was both fact-finding mission and personal pilgrimage to the house their father built and other places of special meaning to their family.

Notre Dame isn't the only U.S. university visiting Havana to assess its instructional value and seek a role in its future. But if Havana has much to offer Dean Lykoudis, his faculty and students, Notre Dame offers something rare in exchange. "It's a very important institution," Jorge says. "It has a voice on classical architecture, preservation, the importance of knowledge." And it already has relationships with the city that decades of separation have not erased.

AS THE SKY DARKENS OVER PLAZA VIEJA on our first night in the city, Luis introduces us to our third guide, Rafael Fornes, an architect and professor who left Cuba as an adult and who now teaches Havana Studies at Miami. Fornes trained and practiced in Cuba with a generation of architects who were becoming irrepressibly inquisitive about the world. It is through Fornes and his contacts that the Trelleses have set up visits with professors at the University of Havana and the new College of San Geronimo, where the faculty have overseen some of the city's most important restorations.

Fornes has arranged for us to enter sites now closed for restoration, such as the city's mind-blowing Capitolio, erected in the 1920s under the supervision of Eugenio Rayneri Piedra, class of 1904, the first Domer to graduate with an architecture degree. Its stately cupola dominates the skyline from the plaza 12 blocks away.

We make our way through narrow lanes toward the district known as Little Wall Street, where a century ago U.S. steel and administrative technique combined with Cuban traditions to introduce into the colonial streets a collection of moodily elegant stone banks worthy of the early skyscrapers of New York and Chicago. One 12-story structure encloses an atrium open to the sky. Fornes and the professors Trelles take turns directing our attention as we walk past men setting out a chessboard and a trash picker rolling a massive gray plastic bin. A child calls down from a balcony where socks have been hung to dry.

Any time-traveler from ancient Rome could walk Old Havana and understand it, the tight streets that capture the trade winds and provide shade at any time of day, the hidden courtyards, the easy mix

of public and private spaces designed to blend modesty and wealth. Jorge shows us the *palacios* built in the 18th century as fashionable townhomes for Havana's elite, who would rent space along the street to artisans and foodmongers. The city historian has reclaimed the most significant palacios as hotels and restaurants that serve tourists, but most are interior ghettos that may be home to as many as 50 families, their bare entryways cobwebbed with jury-rigged electrical wiring. "People are living here," Jorge observes. "It's not all tourists. It's a living city."

While the students sketch, Jorge offers a short course in Cuban architectural history. He explains how the Spanish Crown's Law of the Indies laid down guidelines for city building that were founded on Roman architectural principles unearthed during the Renaissance and fused with Moorish techniques for battling the heat. "In a way, America is the platform for Renaissance theory, even more than European cities because they were already existing," he says. On the mainland, Spanish architects engaged with established Aztec, Mayan and Incan methods and engineering, but no such precedent existed in Cuba. So Havana became a European city in a new world.

It has been renovating and modernizing ever since, cultivating a distinctly Cuban identity while keeping an eye on Europe and eventually the United States. Ambitious colonial governors and presidents of the young republic drew up or commissioned master plan after master plan, extending the city outside its colonial walls, introducing the railroad and erecting lavish city markets that defined streets with their porticoes, and combined residential and commercial uses once more on a Roman model.





A few years after Vienna tore down its city walls in 1857 to make room for new development, Havana did the same. The human scale of Spanish colonial urbanism opened into the baroque grandeur of public promenades and broader streets and boulevards, where a proliferation of porches assumed the task of shading and sheltering the Habaneros and their visitors. We feel the shift instantly as we step off Calle Obispo into the brighter lights and brisker pace of cars and motorbikes that glide around the city's Central Park.

AFTER LUNCH THE NEXT DAY, we pick up what Jorge calls one of those “funky cab rides” from the same spot. A Kelly green 1950 Chevrolet whisks Fornes, student Joshua Shearin and me into Havana's western third, the “suburb” of Vedado that has become the heart of the contemporary city. The Chevy leaves us at the iconic stone steps that form the front entrance to the University of Havana, where we rejoin the group. Our host, Professor Orestes del Castillo, welcomes us into the gated campus while undergraduates eye us with casual curiosity. It is the first day of classes.

Luis introduces the white-haired architect, whose English is clear and precise. They have met before, at a conference in Canada. Del Castillo mentions his son's current work on restaurant refurbishments in Washington, which presents Luis a segue to describe his students' work. “We are preparing, Orestes, to exercise on a theoretical project to design a market in the grand tradition of the great markets of Havana. And we will use the site of the old Mercado Tacón.”

Del Castillo doesn't comment on the choice, but he recognizes the demolished building as the work of that first Notre Dame alumnus' father, Eugenio Rayneri Sorrentino. The son did a lot of work in Cuba, he notes, adding, “I would like to express my satisfaction at having you here, having the possibility to begin an exchange with Notre Dame, to collaborate with your ideas.”

As we tour the buildings and gardens we find shade under banyan trees and notice a young Cuban, dressed like a student, taking

pictures of our group for a file somewhere. Del Castillo speaks about his restoration of the stock exchange building that Joshua Shearin has selected for his first project, praises the durability of its Bethlehem Steel frame and turns to the historical ties between Cuba and the United States and their “artificial” separation. “There's a cultural link between these countries,” he says. “It's a matter of a relationship . . . people to people.”

On the surface, these sentiments seem like pure cordiality, but it represents our first formal connection and colors our visit in the hues of warm diplomacy. Subsequent visits build the Trelles' confidence. When architect Daniel Taboada shows us the Casa de Obra Pía, an exemplary palacio where he led a major restoration, he mentions an active friendship with Jorge's father-in-law, David Cabarrocas, going back to childhood. Taboada and his colleagues at the College of San Geronimo — the dean, Eusebio Leal, is also the powerful city historian — affirm that the Cuban government views collaborations with U.S. architecture students as “a very important bridge toward change and a new relationship.” The door now seems explicitly open to Notre Dame.

When we part, Jorge and Luis exchange backslapping embraces with their Cuban colleague. “We're over the hump,” a relieved Luis explains. “Now we're in the hands of people with official status who have made it clear to us that we are officially welcomed.”

All of which means that if students like Rob Duke, Stacey Philliber and Joel VanderWeele accept their invitation from the notable Cuban architect Julio César Pérez for his 2012 studio on Central Havana, they may work freely alongside peers from Cuba and Italy. And they won't have to tiptoe around security guards to measure the pilasters of architectural treasures in government service. The windows have opened, so to speak, pulling a breeze into the courtyard. For now, Pérez even offers to share his own notes, photos and sketches with them as they return to their drafting tables in Bond Hall. “Anything I have,” he says, “is yours.” □



The arkies take Havana: students Stacey Philliber, Joel VanderWeele, Robert Duke, Christopher Whelan, Stephen Zepeda, Sylvester Bartos, Joshua Shearin and Ian Manire.

Havana Notebook

GOVERNMENT BRUTALITY in Cuba, one cause of the opposition to dictator Fulgencio Batista that prompted Fidel Castro's rise to power in 1959, continued under the new regime. Evidence of the Revolution's iconoclasm, which targeted symbols of the post-colonial republic's ties to the United States, is everywhere. A statue of Cuba's first president, Tomás Estrada Palma, was ripped from shoes that still stand on a plinth in Ve-

gado, the core of contemporary Havana.

Not even the Cuban Telephone Company's earnest mascot, Tonito Ring-Ring, who looked like Bob's Big Boy's Cuban cousin, was spared. Soon after Castro's 26th of July movement forced Batista into permanent exile on New Year's Eve 1958, Tonito was pried from the wall of the company's monumental headquarters in Central Havana, marched down to the harbor and given a "burial at

sea." Two blocks away at the decommissioned Capitolio, the faces of founding fathers were rubbed out from the bronze panels that tell the republic's story on the inside of the towering front doors. "Easy with the art!" Professor Jorge Trelles cries out when the students share this discovery.



The destruction became personal for his wife's family. Mari Tere's great uncle, Felix Cabarrocas, revered today as one of the island's most accomplished architects, died in 1961. His funeral cortege processed down the Malecón, the parkway that shapes Havana's waterfront. When the casket approached the monument he designed in 1924 to honor the victims of the 1898 sinking of the *USS Maine* in Havana's harbor, police stopped traffic. As Jorge tells it, "Fidel chooses that day to rip the eagle off." Like Tonito, the eagle was tossed into the ocean, "so that his whole family would see the desecration of the monument." But Jorge keeps the malice in perspective. "Those stories are light compared to . . . the firing squads, the killings. There were no scruples. The revolution was ruthless."

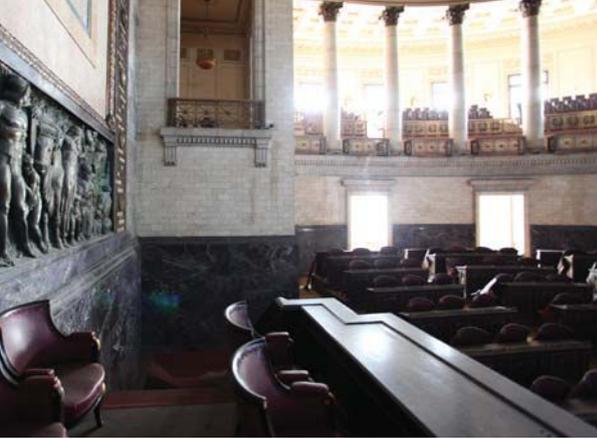
NOTRE DAME'S FIRST STUDENT to graduate with an architecture degree is among its most distinguished.

By age 30, Eugenio Rayneri Piedra, class of 1904, had won an international competition for his design of Cuba's Presidential Palace. He would become the founder and first president of the Cuban Society of Architects. But his signal contribution to world architecture was his work as technical architect on the Capitolio, completed in 1929, the masterpiece of the generation that built the University of Havana's modern campus and the Malecón — the esplanade and seawall that hugs Havana's shore — along with other urban celebrations of Cuban liberty.

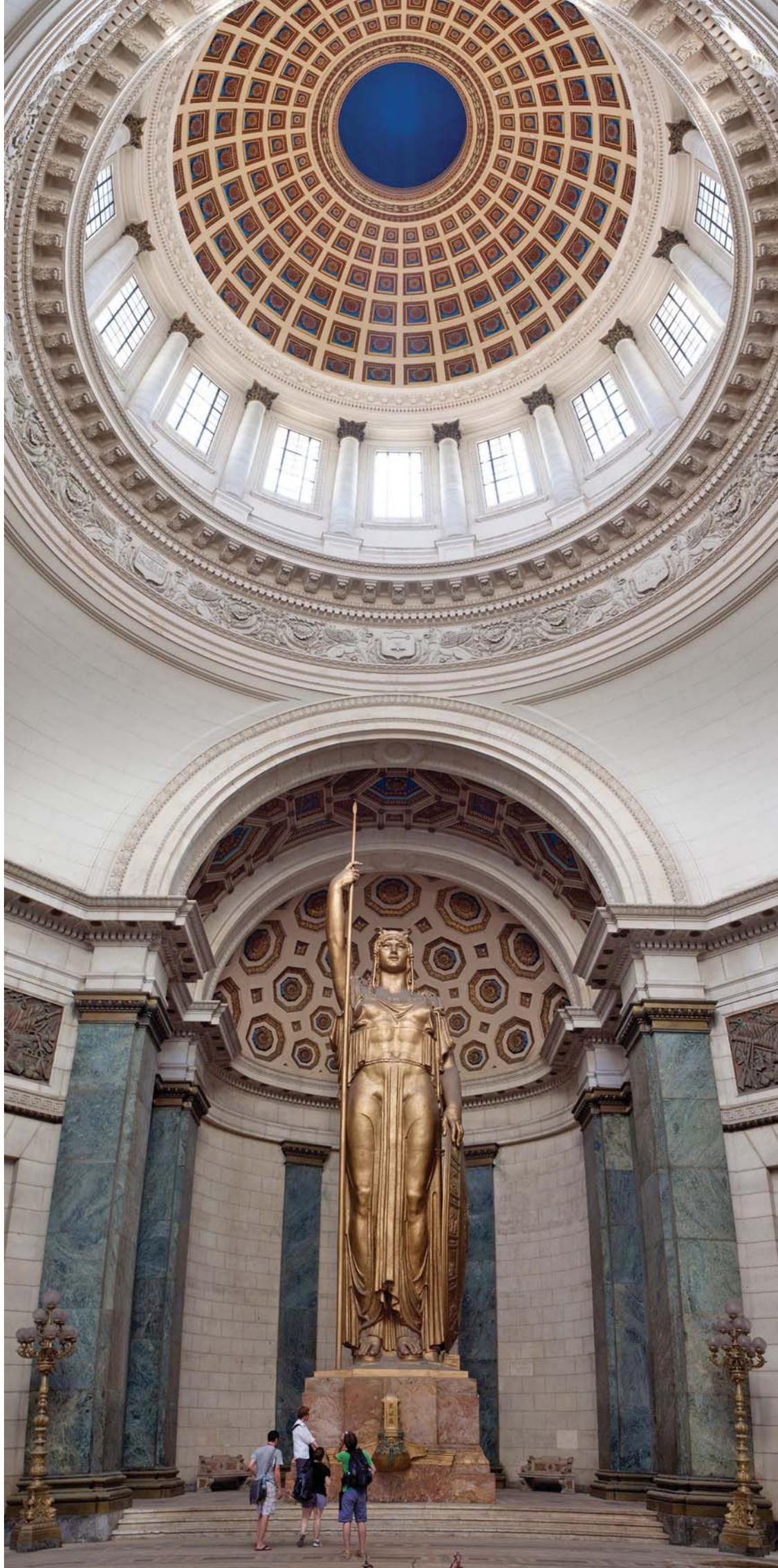
Too often the Capitolio is described as a replica of the U.S. Capitol in Washington, D.C., which slights its originality and epic

craftsmanship. Visitors may notice one difference when they see the outside of its cupola from several places inside the building, where literally





The ghost of the Cuban Republic lingers in the shadows of the Capitolio's interiors, designed primarily by Eugenio Rayneri Piedra, Class of 1904, Notre Dame's first architecture student. The building's restoration team has shut off the electricity at least during this early phase of its work, but sunlight still fills important spaces such as its legislative chambers (top), library (bottom) and the Hall of Lost Steps (right). While the structure has long housed the Castro-era Cuban Academy of Sciences, it has fallen into dangerous disrepair.



hundreds of lightwells and full courtyards provide illumination, ventilation and those breathtaking views.

Felix Cabarrocas' firm produced early concepts and designs. "It needed a legion of the very best architects to be built," the notable Cuban architect Julio César Pérez informs us — not to mention sculptors, painters, furniture makers, lamp designers and other artists.

Rayneri Piedra was responsible for much of the building's interior, which already has been closed to the public for a year. Our guide, the distinguished restoration architect Jaime Rodriguez, is supervising the gargantuan task of preserving the building and grounds that will take at least another five. After introductory remarks and a warning to look out for roosting bats and other wild animals, Rodriguez and his colleagues lead us up a sweeping staircase beneath a barrel-vaulted ceiling that triggers my vertigo.

Inside the darkened chambers of the House Speaker we find unblemished Napoleonic furnishings. Narrow stairs lead us up to the Speaker's podium and the House itself, past locked doors that conceal a private toilet and a shower with body sprays, "which

we are coming to appreciate," Luis says dryly. "In 1929, the building's equipped with the latest."

We pass security guards lurking in the shadows of inner corridors and finally disturb the privacy of a calico cat, which sidesteps us out a window onto the low ledge of a lightwell.

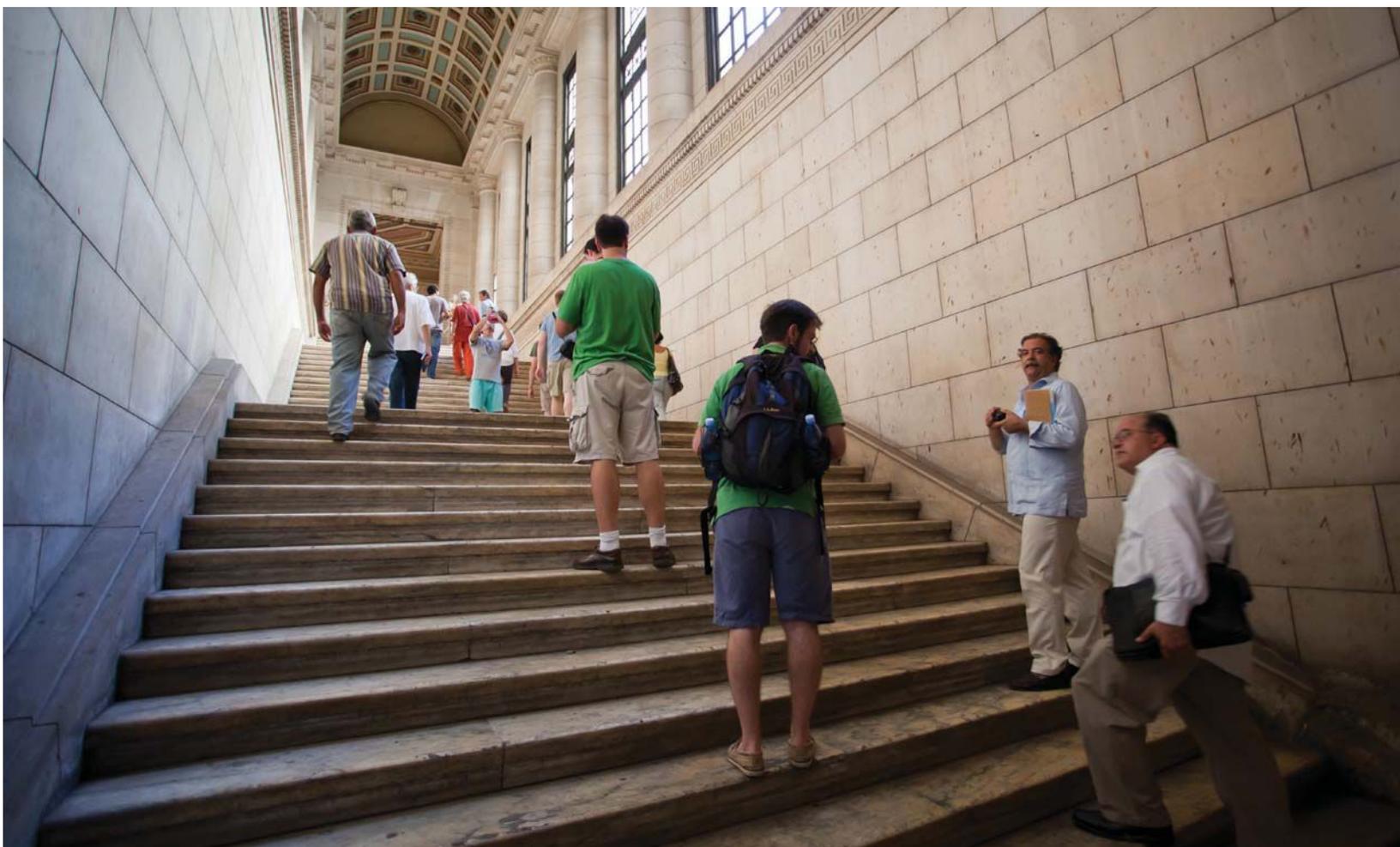
Nothing prepares us for the ceremonial Hall of Lost Steps. A replica of the 25-carat diamond once embedded in the floor marks the centerpoint of the dome above us, but the real stunner is the colossal bronze Statue of the Republic, reportedly the world's third tallest statue under roof. "It's kind of overwhelming," says Stephen Zepeda, the student who chose the Capitolio for his pictorial essay. "I want to be able to know everything about the building now, but there's not enough time." Even taking pictures is a challenge. "Zoom in, and you get some cool details," he says. "You miss how it fits, but then you can't zoom out far enough to get the whole space."

WE HAVE FIVE MINUTES to explore Mercado Unico lest we risk missing our flight back to Miami.

The Unico was never the urban glory the Tacón once was, but today signs of its decay are everywhere. Most of the mezzanine windows are broken and three of the four halls that front the busy surrounding streets are unused. The muddy courtyard is piled with stone and debris.

But inside that fourth hall on a Wednesday morning, the joint is jumpin'. Vendors eye potential customers from behind tables piled with everything from coconuts to pigs' heads. Neighbors greet each other while filling their sacks with candies, green onions or bags of beans. Everyone seems to be arguing, but Professor Luis Trelles assures me this is just normal conversation.

Grandier markets than this one are integral to Havana's history. Market buildings





were a unique form that stylishly housed commercial activity within whole city blocks just as they had in European cities back to the days of the Roman republic. The Tacón anchored a bustling neighborhood near the Capitolio and was home to numerous families who lived in apartments above the street. Market buildings defined public space both inside and outside themselves, which makes them perfect subjects for students thinking through the collective problems of architecture and urban design, explains Ian Manire, the student who is analyzing the old Tacón and who will use what he learns to produce his proposal for a new structure on the site.

Nowadays, he says, “It’s a lost form. It doesn’t exist. Not many probably have been built even post-1900.”

The Trelleses feel the assignment is valuable for other reasons, too. Havana has a surplus of unused ground-floor commercial space that could be renovated, but a proposal for a new market packs a real symbolic — and potentially practical — punch.

“The market has always been a public building, an effort on the part of the government to provide infrastructure for the small agricultural business where people can count on finding them on a daily basis,” Luis explains.

“And now that private business is emerging in Cuba, this may actually be very timely as a project for consideration.”

HAVANA’S HISTORIAN couldn’t restore the whole city for all the money in Cuba. “People in the government found it important to hold on to this,” Jorge observes on our stroll through the old city. “The rest of the city’s crumbling.”

Demolition is an inevitable part of the future, but it need not mean the city’s demise. “Nine out of 10 projects that we do, we begin with a demolition,” the architect explains.

Still, students of classical architecture and urban design get anxious about the







creeping modernism, sprawl and big-box construction they believe have marred cities throughout the United States and Latin America. Drawing from their professional experience, the Trelles brothers encourage them to take up what Luis calls the “challenge to make something great in our own time.”

“There’s no question in my mind that that’s going to happen in Central Havana,” he says. “So much of it is in desperate need of renewal and only a portion of it will be worthy of the investment. The other parts are going to have to be started from scratch.”

After a thoughtful pause, he adds: “I’d be very happy to contribute to that era.”

STACEY PHILLIBER STARTED with little more than a sketch of a section of her building drawn on a standard 8½-by-11-inch sheet of paper and later came across some old photographs. That’s all she could find in the resources available to her in the United States. But by the time we arrive in Havana, she’s begun elaborating that sketch into a cross-section of the building’s full elevation in a drawing about 42 inches tall. Not a bad pre-visit fortnight for any architecture student flying blind, but then Philliber didn’t choose just any 10-story



building with a tower on top. This is Leonardo Morales’ Cuban Telephone Company building (above), the 1920s Spanish Plateresque masterpiece of a man revered by his professional descendants as one of the best Cuban architects of all time.

Plateresque means “in the manner of a silversmith,” and Morales delicately dressed his building — down to its terra cotta cornices and balustrades — in dragons and eagles, a reference to the major streets that intersect at the site, Dragones and Aguilas.

Philliber doesn’t meet her building until

the evening before we leave, but she’s able to visit its grand foyer and mezzanine and make sketches and photographs from the roof of a building across the street. She likes the mystery and guesswork that will go into her overall re-creation of the building’s design as well as her close-up study of its window systems and how they fit into Morales’ steel, brick and stucco walls. “You’re learning from someone else per se, but you don’t have all the information so you really have to think it through and figure out how they would have done it.



“I think that in particular will be helpful when we need to shift and think about these things [for our own designs]. We’re learning to ask the questions of what we know and don’t know.”

WHILE HIS CLASSMATES each selected a single building for study, student Christopher Whelan’s job is to tie them all together in a kind of illustration called a site plan. After two days of criss-crossing Havana, the features he says are most important are the ubiquitous columns and the carefully de-

signed streets. “After walking the streets and sweating a lot, you really appreciate these arcades,” he says. “On a map you can’t really tell how big these things are, how wide these things are, how tall they are. If there’s some way I can explain it in a two-dimensional site plan, I would love to try.”

Many site plans convey a city’s layout in simple black and white, but Whelan says that won’t do for Havana. “Color is a very important part of this city. I don’t want it to be monochromatic. I want it to have some life, some feeling.”





HAVANA IS RELATIVELY SAFE at night despite being poorly lit. “The city is a disaster when it comes to lighting. Have you noticed?” Luis asks. “You walk around those parts of the Capitol and the lights are all out. And there’s only one or two occasional . . . bright lights. The place deserves the lower-level light that’s more consistently illuminated, like all great cities.” Jorge agrees. “They have a lot of work to do.”

“A VERY WISE FEATURE of Havana’s urbanism is the proportions between the height and the width of the street that help you to be sheltered,” Cuban architect Julio César Pérez points out to the students. “If you’re walking in Havana, you see that half the street at least is always shaded.”

WHAT’S THE VALUE of a pricey visit to Rome or Havana? Student Joel VanderWeele explains. “You can’t understand a city without being there,” he says. “Maps and diagrams and pictures can do a lot, but there’s something spatial and something human about actually being in a place.” □



*We used to
work hard
to achieve
the American
dream. Today
our desires
aren't so
patient. We're
driven by
an appetite
for instant
gratification.*

**GOTTA
HAVE IT
NOW,**

As I write this article, I am struggling to resist the urge to peek at my email. I realize that checking it would partly be an escape for me when the words don't flow freely. But I also may be a perfect example of how technology has intensified people's need for instant gratification.

Even though I don't know what my inbox might hold, it's the uncertainty, along with the expectation I just might find a gratifying message, that makes me want to look.

David Greenfield, founder of the Center for Internet and Technology Addiction in West Hartford, Connecticut, likens my email experience to playing a slot machine. I'm not going to feel the excitement of winning a jackpot, but subconsciously I realize that a waiting message could contain a bit of good news. "The hit when you get a good email is like the hit of winning money," says Greenfield. "It provides instant gratification."

Whether on our computers or at casinos, we are indeed a culture increasingly driven by our need for instant gratification. We want — no, demand — everything right now. Once a virtue, patience is becoming as rare as handwritten letters.

there's no need for high school seniors to worry for long about college admission decisions: Apply "early decision" and learn your fate within a month or so.

"Things are happening so fast and information can be obtained so quickly that it does bias us toward instant gratification," says Darrell Worthy, assistant professor of psychology at Texas A&M University. "Five or 10 years ago, I would have been more able to sit down and read an entire journal article. Now I tend to read through the abstract and figures more quickly. I'm focused on acquiring the gist of things."

Although people save time and may even be more productive in our accelerated world, the need for instant gratification raises concerns about our work ethic, social interactions, character development, even our mental health. Some people are so impatient and so driven by instant technology that they never unplug, never slow down. They don't take time for contemplation and relaxation, and, according to some mental health professionals, they are at greater risk for addiction to drugs, alcohol, sex, gambling, video games and the Internet.

RIGHT

Examples of the need for instant gratification abound. A friend who works at a Williams-Sonoma store was fuming one day recently when a shopper called him incompetent and demanded his name and the customer service number so she could report him. The crime: She had to wait 10 minutes to pay for her bag of pasta.

Everything from on-demand movies to scratch-off lottery tickets to instant messages has heightened people's sense of urgency. At Walt Disney World, FastPass tickets cut your wait time for the most popular rides. Cosmetics marketers promise a facelift in a flash with products like Maybelline Instant Age Rewind. Online, instantly downloaded music purchases have put record stores out of business. And

A number of societal trends, including easy credit and unfettered consumer buying before the Great Recession, the explosive growth of legalized gambling and the technology revolution, have stoked people's desire for instant gratification. At the same time, our business and government leaders also demonstrate little tolerance for moderation and long-term planning. Staggering federal and state budget deficits show a reckless lack of self-control, and Wall Street's fixation with short-term results puts pressure on companies to deliver quarterly gains at any cost. That mentality, along with personal greed, accounted in large part for the financial scandals at Enron, Tyco and other companies a decade ago, and for the extreme risk-taking that brought down Lehman Brothers and the world economy in 2008.

A "spend now, save later" mindset also figured strongly in the housing market collapse. While predatory lenders took advantage of unqualified prospects in the subprime mortgage crisis, the homebuyers

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were also to blame for their unwillingness to delay a home purchase until they truly qualified for credit. Their parents likely worked extra hours or took second jobs as they scrimped and saved to buy a home, but who can wait that long anymore?

Financial experts fret about people's failure to delay gratification and save money, especially for their retirement years. "I feel that America has become the culture of now, the culture of present consumption," says Stephen Utkus, a principal with the Vanguard Group's Center for Retirement Research. "It's a major problem that people can't get over their present-day bias and plan for retirement. And the financial system has been an enabler with the easy access to credit."

The U.S. personal savings rate began dropping in the mid-1980s, the era of Madonna's "Material Girl," and has never come close again to the double digits of the 1970s and early 1980s. Meanwhile, consumers' debt load rose steadily during the previous decade, peaking in 2007 just before the economy cratered.

Wanting things faster is by no means a new phenomenon. The Polaroid instant camera was invented in 1948, the same year the first

uses Google Instant, the company estimates, they will save more than 3.5 billion seconds a day in Internet search time.

That figure is something the millennial generation would surely appreciate. The need for speed is especially pronounced with millennials, who literally grew up on technology. They were born in the 1980s and 1990s as, first, personal computers and video games, and, later, the Internet and cell phones came to dominate our lives.

My teenage son and other millennials find it hard to believe that their parents once had to sit through television commercials, search for a pay phone to make a call if their car broke down and spent hours in the library combing through books for college research papers. A college intern who worked for me recently didn't know what I meant when I suggested he look in a telephone directory or call directory assistance when he couldn't quickly track down a source on the Internet for an article he was writing.

Helicopter parents who hover over their millennial children have fed into the need for instant gratification by intervening to solve every problem, buying them the latest in fashion and technology, and dishing out praise for even the smallest accomplishment.

Because many things have come easily to millennials, they aren't always willing to pay their dues. Some educators and employers worry that their work ethic isn't as strong as that of previous generations and that they are willing to cut corners and even cheat in school to get what they want now.

For their part, millennials make no excuses for their impatience. Nearly three quarters agree that they want instant gratification, according to a survey by the career center at California State University, Fullerton, and Spectrum Knowledge, a research and training firm in Cerritos, California. "It is almost an innate instinct of ours to receive instant feedback for something we do,

not because we are greedy, careless or selfish but because we grew up that way," Kristin Dziadul said in a post on Social Media Today, an online community for PR and marketing professionals. "Many people criticize our age cohort because we are this way, but consider how you would respond to things if you grew up experiencing feedback or rewards after everything you did."

As millennials grow older, their need for instant gratification is extending well beyond the virtual world. Teachers find it harder to engage millennials in class because many want fast-paced, interactive lessons that entertain them. I once sat in the back of a classroom at the University of California at Berkeley and observed a fascinating discussion of business ethics. I was appalled that several students were checking email and surfing the Internet rather than paying attention.

Struggling to compete with YouTube and Facebook, some professors try to connect lessons with popular music and movies. Others

NOW

BY
RONALD
J.
ALSOP

McDonald's fast food restaurant opened. FedEx created its powerful international brand with the 1980s ad slogan, "When it absolutely, positively has to be there overnight." At about the same time, the microwave oven became a kitchen staple, and the plastic squeeze bottle took the anticipation out of pouring Heinz ketchup.

But the world moves ever faster, and it seems that people are becoming less and less patient. Remember the days when waiting for a dial-up connection for the Internet seemed perfectly reasonable and gave you enough time to grab a cup of coffee? Now if a high-speed connection takes more than a few seconds, people complain to their Internet provider.

Can't stand waiting a few seconds for search engine results? Now, Google Instant reveals possible matches while you're still typing in your request. Google determined that people type slowly, taking 300 milliseconds between keystrokes but only 30 milliseconds to glance at another part of the page and scan it. If everyone around the world

give condensed reading assignments rather than entire books. And some schools even provide students with video iPods for online lessons.

While I applaud such creativity and dedication to trying to motivate students, I believe such approaches could shortchange them. Already many students aren't developing the sound problem-solving skills they will need in their lives and careers. They don't take time to do the thoughtful research that ambiguous problems — the stuff of life — require.

Millennials also expect near daily praise and feedback from their teachers and bosses, as well as rapid promotions and steady pay increases. Julie Heitzler, human resources manager at the Orlando Airport Marriott Hotel, sometimes feels she should be further along in her career at age 29. Yet when she looks around at her peers within Marriott, she finds that she is one of the few millennials at her level. "As I'm growing older and younger millennials are entering the workforce," she says, "I am starting to see that some of the expectations, especially timing, we have for our careers can be unrealistic."

Millennials' reward mentality is proving to be a major challenge for employers around the world. I recently spoke at a college recruiting conference in Venice, Italy, where employers complained about their excessive expectations. "They don't want to wait," Federica Gianotti, a recruiting specialist for Iveco, an Italian truck and bus manufacturer, told me. "It's always 'What can the company give me?' not 'What can I give the company?'"

The Great Recession and its aftermath have certainly thwarted millennials' desire for instant gratification in the form of a dream job. "There's a lot of pent-up frustration," says Jim Case, director of Cal State Fullerton's career center. "They're not getting jobs and a lot of postponement — marriage, buying a house — is being forced on them by the economy."

As the millennials demonstrate so vividly, it's technology and gadgets, from social networks to smartphones, that have really put our culture on steroids. Mobile phone owners between 18 and 24 years of age exchange an average of 109.5 text messages a day, according to the Pew Research Center, and 90 percent of 18-to-29-year-olds sleep with their phones. One new bride recently posted the happy news on her Facebook page — as she was walking out of the church. Some surveys even show that people check texts and answer cell phones while having sex because they simply can't wait to see who's contacting them.

While the millennials epitomize the instant gratification culture, the next generation could want things even faster. Some parents are giving babies and toddlers cell phones, iPads and other tablet devices loaded with entertaining applications that may or may not have any educational value. A new survey from Common Sense Media found that 10 percent of children under age 2 have used mobile devices, as have 39 percent of 2-to-4-year-olds and more than half of 5-to-8-year-olds. The growing number of televisions, computers and mobile devices in homes and automobiles recently prompted the American Academy of Pediatrics to warn parents to limit children's time in front of video screens so they have time for creative play and interaction with other people.

To be sure, ever-faster technology can be beneficial when it connects us to the right information in seconds. Some people maintain that instant technology not only is rewarding, but it also makes them more productive. Many pride themselves on multitasking on computers and mobile devices. But a growing body of scientific research shows that multitasking is a myth. The need for stimulation from multiple sources simultaneously plays havoc with our brains and

our performance. A Stanford University research study in 2009 concluded that people who are being bombarded with several streams of electronic information do not pay attention, control their memory or switch from one job to another as well as those who complete one task at a time.

People can talk on the phone while answering emails and watching a video, but their focus is split and performance suffers. What's more, the compulsion to check email, send texts and talk on cellphones becomes

extremely dangerous when people are driving. The National Safety Council estimates that more than a quarter of all traffic crashes — over 1.6 million a year — involve cell phone calls or texting. Some lawyers even call mobile phone use the DWI of the 21st century.

The need for a quick technology fix is making people not only less focused but also less considerate. Inevitably, perhaps, instant gratification comes at the expense of civility. Although it's impolite and annoying to others, people these days routinely check their email and send texts in the middle of dinner with friends, during business meetings or while speakers make presentations at conferences.

At a performance of *The Color Purple* on Broadway, friends of mine had to endure texting between the woman seated next to them and her husband a few rows behind. The couple couldn't stay focused on the play that they had paid over \$200 to attend and didn't mind disturbing those around them.

Such behavior recently prompted the Steppenwolf Theatre in Chicago to ask patrons to refrain from texting until intermission. Glowing phones on vibrate may be quiet, but they can be quite distracting in a darkened theater. "When people live in the now, they want to share their experiences in real time; they can't wait to announce that they're blown away by the play they're watching," says David Rosenberg, Steppenwolf's communications director. "But for us at the Steppenwolf, sending texts and tweets during the performance is distracting and unacceptable. Actors complain that they can see the lights from the texting, and more audience members are saying they're distracted from the play."

A few of those texting and tweeting theatergoers might be looking for a date after the play. That may seem like short notice, but some of the latest mobile apps promise the ultimate in speed dating — or at least hookups. While traditional online matchmaking services mean weeks of searching profiles and meeting potential mates, new mobile applications, such as Blendr and OKCupid Locals, offer instant gratification by connecting people in the blink of an eye. Through location-based technology, the apps reveal

WIRED FOR REWARDS

The maxim, "With age comes wisdom," may in fact have a neurological basis.

That's what Darrell Worthy, assistant professor of psychology at Texas A&M University, suspects. His experiments show that older adults tend to make decisions based on long-term benefits, while younger subjects are driven more by instant gratification.

Are those differences due at least partly to age-related differences in the brain? Worthy and fellow researchers hope to answer that question by running functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) scans on the brains of people as they make decisions.

A growing number of scientists, including Worthy, believe the ventral striatum section of the brain is involved in instant gratification, while the prefrontal cortex is more connected

who is nearby and might be up for a drink, a date or just a sexual encounter.

Such quick and easy connections could devalue relationships and lead to an obsession with sexual hookups. Of course, the need for instant gratification underlies most addictions, whether to sex, drugs, alcohol or gambling. Now some therapists believe people suffer from Internet addiction because they're hooked on social media, video games, and online gambling and sex sites. There is even

to delayed gratification. "Aging leads to a lot of decline in different neural areas, and one of those areas is the ventral striatum," Worthy explains. "That area is implicated in assigning value to the immediate rewards you receive. Anytime you are rewarded or punished the area becomes activated." He and his colleagues are investigating whether the frontal areas of the brain that are used in more conscious, deliberative processing become more active in older adults to make up for other age-related changes.

Researchers also are studying links between the ventral striatum and prefrontal cortex. "Just looking at those two parts may be too simplified," Worthy says. "There's an emerging distinction between the networks linking the striatum to the prefrontal cortex.

The limbic loop appears to be related more to emotion and immediate gratification, while the cognitive and motor loops would be related more to delaying gratification."

Another major study of instant versus delayed gratification also showed the importance of the ventral striatum and prefrontal cortex. University researchers recently did a follow-up study with some of the people who participated in the well-known marshmallow experiment at Stanford University some 40 years ago when they were 4 years old. The study examined the behavior of the subjects — now adults in their 40s — to determine whether they demonstrated the same tendency toward instant or delayed gratification that they did as children when choosing between eating one marshmallow now or waiting a while to get two.

Not only did the study show that the tendency toward instant or delayed gratification remained constant over time, but through the use of fMRIs, it also found differences in the brain activity of the subjects. "The ventral striatum that has been implicated in reward and risk-taking showed a difference between groups, as well as the ventral prefrontal cortex, a region implicated in impulse control," says BJ Casey, director of the Sackler Institute for Developmental Psychobiology at Weill Cornell. "These regions have been shown to be involved in addiction and substance abuse."

Such brain research could lead to greater understanding and perhaps even new treatments for various addictions and other problems related to impulse control and instant gratification.

— Ronald J. Alsop

debate among therapists over whether to add Internet addiction to the next edition of the American Psychiatric Association's Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders.

Some universities, including Notre Dame, provide counseling services for Internet addiction, and specialized treatment centers offer both outpatient and residential programs to people who lack the impulse control to disconnect from computers and smartphones.

"We try to prevent our children from gambling, but there isn't the same cultural awareness about how addicting digital technology can be," says Hilarie Cash, executive director of the reStart Internet Addiction Recovery Program in Fall City, Washington. "Parents aren't placing the appropriate boundaries around Internet use; they don't understand how addictive the gratification can be from constant text messaging and online game playing."

Since it opened in 2009, the reStart therapeutic retreat center has attracted about 40 young adults, mostly between the ages of 18 and 28, whose online obsession interfered with their college studies and their offline relationships. The patients spend at least 45 days at the center where they receive therapy and have no access to digital technology. Many also need to develop better daily habits, including hygiene, exercise, diet and sleep.

While most people won't fall victim to an addiction, some mental health professionals and academics worry that we are so connected to the Internet and smartphones that we aren't taking time for contemplation and relaxation.

Mark Zupan, the dean of the Simon Graduate School of Business at the University of Rochester, finds updating his microeconomics textbook with his co-author much more efficient these days using the Internet rather than doing research in a library. But he told me that he sometimes longs for the time when he could lose himself in a library for three or four hours without any interruptions. He also misses the days when he couldn't access email from airplanes. "Now if I'm on a flight where I can get email, I feel that I have to go

through all my messages before we land," he says. "That used to be time to read and relax."

Indeed, downtime and thoughtful reflection are essential to sound decision-making, creativity and innovation. Breakthrough solutions to problems don't come easily or quickly — or through Google searches. In fact, a friend of mine won't let his children use Google for their homework until they have tried to figure out answers through plain old thinking.

"We have devalued the time we spend alone just thinking, but it's that time for reflection that leads to the big ideas," says Daniel Forrester, the author of *Consider: Harnessing the Power of Reflective Thinking in Your Organization*. "Multitasking is espoused and almost glorified in the United States, but it is dehumanizing us and making us less creative."

There are some signs of resistance to constant connectivity, particularly on social networks. An online group called the Anti-Facebook League of Intelligentsia pledges "to revive man's ability to experience life" and celebrate "a spirit of self-sacrifice in place of self-indulgence."

To most people, waiting is a waste of time, a feeling that technology only accentuates. But Harold Schweizer, an English professor at Bucknell University, begs to differ. He is an ardent advocate of the value of waiting and has written a book titled *On Waiting*. To him, waiting and delaying gratification can be regenerative and restful, as well as a time for inspiration and fresh ideas. Instant gratification, on the other hand, must be frantically repeated and is in the end

“no gratification at all,” he says. “Indeed, instant gratification is perhaps the endless delay of gratification.”

He has incorporated pauses and waiting time into his teaching to give students more time for unexpected insights about a poem or other piece of literature. “Objects and experiences acquire value through the act of waiting,” he says. “If instant gratification devalues, if impatience is a form of greed, perhaps patience, then, is a generosity, an intentional giving of one’s time, a giving of oneself.”

So there’s truth in that old chestnut — what’s worth having is worth waiting for. Successful entrepreneurs certainly must have a tolerance for delayed gratification. Watching their dream come to life in a new product or company is rewarding, but they know it may take years to see a financial payoff.

Delaying gratification can take practice. For most people, willpower doesn’t come naturally. That’s why FranklinCovey, a training and consulting firm in Salt Lake City, Utah, sees a new business opportunity in teaching “urgency addicts” to manage their time by focusing on what really matters on the job and in their personal lives. “As humans, we have always been wired for instant gratification, but technology has kicked up that biological need,” says Leigh Stevens, a partner in FranklinCovey’s productivity practice. “We have to stop the madness and be deliberate about choices. We have to learn to act on the important and not react to the urgent.”

Some people have developed their own individual strategies to try to control expectations for instant responses to messages. Ron Culp, a public-relations consultant and director of the graduate program in PR and advertising at DePaul University, checks his email frequently and may write replies right away — but he doesn’t hit send. Instead, he sets up the responses so that late night messages don’t go out until the next morning. That way, people won’t start expecting instant responses no matter what the hour.

Others take breaks from being connected 24/7 by exercising without any electronic appendages. Schweizer at Bucknell, for example, slows down by hiking, bicycling and kayaking on the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania. “I move my arms and legs in the rhythm of my body, in the rhythm of the time that I am,” he says, “and I recover a little.”

The Pew Research Center found in a 2011 survey that 29 percent of cell phone owners turn off their mobile devices for a while just to get a break. That’s what Kate Robertson does sometimes. She also removes email from her iPhone every few months so she isn’t constantly checking it and can take time to really enjoy conversation with friends or a stroll around the streets of downtown Chicago where she works.

“It’s nice to think and just observe what’s around me,” says Robertson, a project manager at Eduvantis, a consulting and marketing services firm for colleges and business schools. “Do I really have to see the latest Groupon offer immediately?” But the 30-year-old concedes that she feels lost without her phone, especially because of its music and maps. “And I do get excited when I receive a message,” she says. People get instant gratification from their phones, she believes, because they feel “like they are loved, that they have friends looking for them, friends responding to them.”

When people like Robertson decide to untether themselves from technology, they may need to prepare their Facebook friends and other online connections, who expect the gratification of an instant response.

“There is social pressure to be immediately responsive,” says David Levy, a professor in the Information School at the University of Washington, who advocates balancing technology with meditation

and contemplation. “It’s becoming harder to create protected space and time for yourself because it might be read as being uncaring or unavailable by others.”

He and other experts strongly encourage parents to help their children develop the ability to delay gratification and lose their sense of entitlement. Parents and teachers can make young people work more to earn rewards and privileges, praise them when they exercise self-discipline and show them the value of taking time to think reflectively. “We need to reward self-control in children rather than focus on building their self-esteem,” says Roy Baumeister, a social psychology professor at Florida State University and co-author of *Willpower: Rediscovering the Greatest Human Strength*. “The two traits that most predict success in life are self-control and intelligence.”

Research indicates that some individuals may have a predisposition to either impulsivity or self-control. Some 40 years ago in the most famous study of instant gratification, children at Stanford University were told they could eat one marshmallow right away or wait 15 or 20 minutes to get two. Some couldn’t resist the temptation; other held out longer in anticipation of a bigger treat.

Follow-up studies with some of the children as adults revealed that the tendency to seek instant or delayed gratification didn’t change over time. What’s more, the children who waited longer at age 4 later scored significantly higher on the SAT, were better educated, felt a stronger sense of self-worth, coped more effectively with stress and were less likely to use cocaine or crack than those who couldn’t delay gratification.

“As a group, those who could not stop themselves at 4 could not at 40,” says BJ Casey, director of the Sackler Institute for Developmental Psychobiology at Weill Cornell Medical College. “This appears to be a personality trait that is relatively stable.” She and fellow researchers observed differences in the brains of the two groups in one of the follow-up studies (see related story), but she says it isn’t an issue of either nature or nurture. “We know that experience can turn genes on and off. Even early experiences could have shaped the behavior of the 4-year-olds and those experiences could have continued.”

Whether we are governed more by nature or nature, Mother Nature sometimes takes control and shows us we can’t always get the instant gratification that comes even from something so basic as electricity. An editorial in the Westport, Connecticut, newspaper in September suggested that people suffering power outages from Hurricane Irene should try to patiently accept the fact that “the plug is pulled on instant gratification” and they can’t always be first in line to get what they want — their electricity restored.

I agree with the editorial’s premise based on recent firsthand experience. After losing heat and electricity for six days following the freakish October nor’easter in New Jersey, I learned to survive without lights and my desktop computer and even without my cars, which were trapped in the garage by nonfunctioning electric door openers.

Resourceful people, including myself, were still able to get our hit of instant gratification — and caffeine — by recharging ourselves and our mobile phones and laptops at the local Starbucks. It became my town’s central meeting place, as people swapped stories about the storm and shared extension cords to make the most of the limited number of electrical outlets.

Turns out we can give up the comforts of a cozy, warm room, refrigerated food and even our cars much easier than the instant gratification of texts, tweets, email and Facebook connections. □



MY FAIR SHARE

There's a great and growing divide in America between the rich and the poor, and it's endangering our economic health and threatening the national fabric.

BY LORI BARRETT

In 1987, Gordon Gekko told moviegoers around the world that greed is good, greed is right — and greed will fix the malfunctioning corporation known as the USA. In the years since he delivered that speech in the movie *Wall Street*, the rich have become richer. But the corporation known as the USA looks pretty unstable,

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with high unemployment, rising numbers of people in poverty and a growing concentration of wealth in fewer hands.

The yawning wealth gap in the United States has attracted attention from economists, politicians and pundits. A year ago, the satirical newspaper site *The Onion* weighed in with a story claiming, “Gap Between Rich and Poor Named 8th Wonder of the World.”

Even DC Comics has something to say. Its Action Comics’ reboot of the Superman

series depicts the Man of Steel as part folk hero, part superhero. In the first issue he tussles with a CEO. Series writer Grant Morrison told *LA Weekly*: “The way I wanted to approach Superman was to go back to that very early Depression-era Superman because we’re in a different kind of depression these days.”

Sesame Street aired a primetime special in October, “Growing Hope Against Hunger,” featuring a Muppet named Lily whose family relies on a food pantry and her school for

meals. In 2009, a *Sesame Street* special dealt with job loss (after Elmo's mom loses hers) and economic insecurity.

It's an issue that promises to dominate the coming election. Both Republicans and Democrats have said it's time to address the income gap. On the right, the focus is on deregulation and tax cuts to aid wealthy job creators. On the left, there's a growing cry for increased taxes for the very wealthy and more money to create jobs for teachers, police and firefighters. The media and Washington agree that something needs to be done to stave off a double-dip recession. For many in the shrinking middle class, there will be no double dip since there was never any recovery.

POVERTY

Not long ago, the United States had one of the largest and most-secure middle-class populations in the world. Now, income disparity is at the highest level since the beginning of the Great Depression in 1929. Economist Edward

Wolff at New York University estimates that in 2009, 1 percent of the U.S. population owned 37.1 percent of the nation's wealth.

Meanwhile, the Census Bureau reported in September that median household income adjusted for inflation declined by 2.3 percent in 2010 to \$49,445, the lowest it's been in more than a decade. A few weeks later, the Kaiser Family Foundation released a study showing that the cost of insurance premiums for an average family jumped 9 percent in the past year.

Amid increasing unemployment and rising costs of housing, food, fuel and medical care, 2.6 million more Americans slipped from the middle class into poverty, the Census Bureau reported in September. In early November, the Bureau released a supplemental poverty measure, taking into account aid programs such as food stamps, as well as income spent on housing and health care. The revised figures showed an increase in the number of Americans living in poverty: 16 percent or 49.1 million people. The September figure

was 15.2 percent.

The Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank, released a study of its own when the poverty statistics were released in September. The poverty numbers aren't necessarily true, says the foundation. Most people the government defines as being in poverty "are not actually poor in any ordinary sense of the term," since they have modern conveniences like washing machines and cable TV.

James Sullivan, a Notre Dame economics professor, also questioned the Census Bureau figures because they don't factor in income tax credits, food stamps, housing subsidies and other antipoverty measures. A more accurate measure of poverty would come from looking at consumption rather than income, Sullivan argues. For example, food stamp programs might lift some people out of poverty, while at the same time a person devoting most of his or her income to medical bills or childcare has a lower standard of living than income alone suggests.



BRYAN SMITH/ZUMAPRESS.COM

Charles Wilber, emeritus professor of economics at Notre Dame, has taught a course on poverty a number of times, most recently in 2008. In the class, students look at the Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on the economy — written in 1986 — and rewrite the section on poverty in light of what's happening in the current economy.

The class in 2008, when the previous year's percentage of people living in poverty was 12.5, also determined there were miscalculations in the Census Bureau statistics. Poverty thresholds don't take into account modern-day out-of-pocket costs such as transportation, childcare or health care. (The bureau addressed this in November with its supplemental statistics, factoring in how much families spend on food, shelter, clothing and utilities.) The students' look at the definition of poverty concluded that the bureau's current measure "defines poverty in terms of economic deprivation, but neglects to address the social deprivation that results from economic disparity."

A full picture of poverty includes quality of life compared with others in the individual's social circle. The students wrote in 2008: "While a family living on \$25,000 in the United States may not be in absolute poverty — that is, their basic needs of food and shelter are met — there is no doubt that they are in relative poverty compared with the general U.S. population."

ECONOMIC DISPARITY

The United States is number 40 out of 136 nations in income inequality. Sub-Saharan African nations such as Kenya and Benin have a more equal distribution of income. It might seem nonsensical to compare the United States to a small country with very little wealth. But the United States was built on the belief that anyone could achieve success through hard work. A Third World country, on the other hand, has an underclass that doesn't believe it can advance and which weighs heavily on an often weak and unstable economy.

Is the United States heading toward a scenario like this?

"Everyone's just scared and angry and financially distressed. You juxtapose it against people who are making staggering amounts of money, and it's unprecedented," says Charles Wheelan, a senior lecturer in public policy at the Harris School at the University of Chicago and a visiting professor at the Rockefeller Center at Dartmouth College.

Wheelan, who wrote the book *Naked Economics: Undressing the Dismal Science*,

says he can remember when Michael Eisner at Disney made \$200 million in one year, and that was a mind-blowing number. "And now you have these hedge-fund guys who are approaching a billion dollars. It's hard to wrap your mind around, probably particularly so if you're under water on your mortgage."

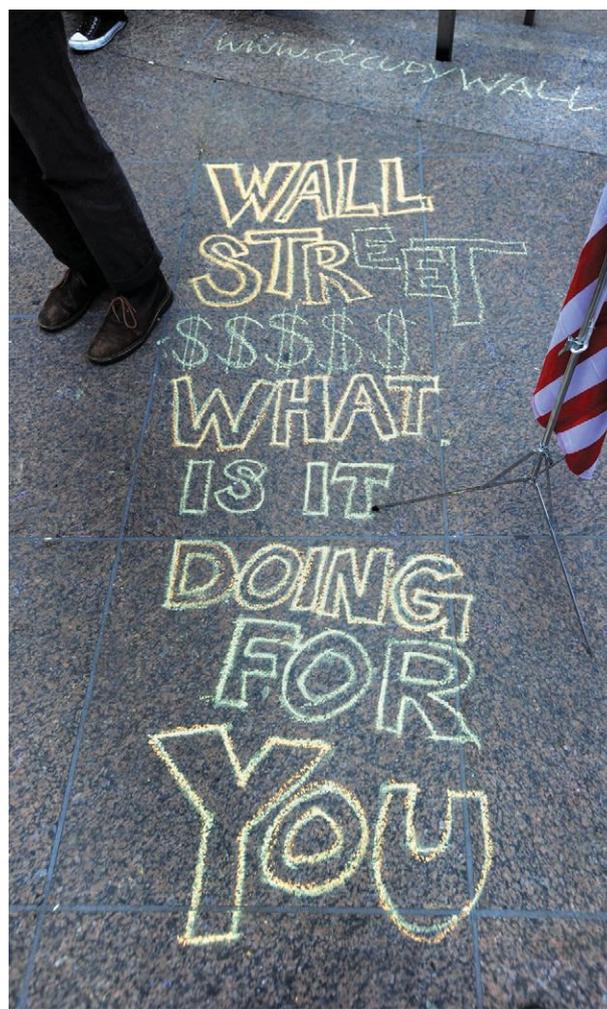
Anger about economic disparity has been bubbling across the world. In London and Spain last summer, young people took to the streets. In the Middle East, demands for economic justice and equality led to a wave of protests and fighting large enough to earn the name Arab Spring.

In what some began calling an American Autumn, people in the United States are protesting corporate greed and government policies that favor corporations and their wealthy leaders over individuals. The original protest, called Occupy Wall Street, started with a small group of about 200 occupying a park a few blocks away from Wall Street, where they moved after the police shut down their original camp. As the Occupy Wall Street crowd grew, so did actions in other cities and affiliated online networking sites. It's hard to say whether anything will come of these protests, but by November trade unions, celebrities and other grassroots organizations were pledging solidarity with the protesters.

CLOSING THE GAP

There is much debate about how the United States got here and what should be done to help close the gap. Wheelan sees technology behind a lot of job loss figures. A continuum exists, he says. If you're on the top end of the earning spectrum, technology will amplify your skills. But workers with fewer or more specialized skills are likely to lose jobs to ATM machines, parking kiosks and a host of other machines that have followed the personal computer into our lives.

Wilber says what's happening now is a lack of balance. "It's not simply that everybody's gaining and some are gaining faster. At the bottom there are people who are actually



going backward, while there are people in the middle who have stagnated." A source of disparity he cites is "economic policy has to first pass political policy, and political policy is driven by money." Elected officials hear louder the voices of their contributors, a truth no matter what the political party.

The structure of our tax system has also played a role. Most Americans live on money earned from a job. Tax rates for this income are progressive, with the highest earners paying the most in taxes; sometimes as much as 35 percent of wages go to income and payroll taxes. Yet the rate for investment income tops out at 15 percent, so an average worker can end up paying more than those who earn through investment.

Both presidents George W. Bush and Barack Obama reduced the income-tax burden for families and individuals struggling to make ends meet, prompting some sensational headlines claiming 47 percent of the adult population pay no income taxes. However, most of this 47 percent still pay local, state and payroll taxes. The small percentage of



Street protest, Nobel-prize winning economist Joseph Stiglitz stopped by for a teach-in. He delivered his lecture, some of which he also said over the summer to the protesters in Spain, one line at a time as the crowd closest to him shouted what he said to those farther away. (Bullhorns are not allowed on Sundays.) As Stiglitz noted, and as was repeated by his shouting interpreters: Democracy faces more regulations than Wall Street does.

In his talk, Stiglitz cited the idea that the bailout socialized losses and privatized profits — or government policy assured resources for the too-big-to-fail banks that were largely paid for by taxpayers. This, Stiglitz says, is not capitalism; it's a distorted economy. Socialized losses and privatized gains has become an oft-repeated phrase among the protesters.

MARKETPLACE MORALS

Each year the Notre Dame Forum brings together leading authorities on a topic for a yearlong discussion. In 2010 that topic was the Global Marketplace and the Common Good, an appraisal of the global economy and its impact on human development.

Mary Hirschfeld, a doctoral candidate in moral theology at Notre Dame who also has a Ph.D. in economics from Harvard, moderated a forum event called *Morals & Markets: Being Catholic in a Global Economy*. In a recent interview, she noted that the income disparity is so excessive, “it can’t possibly be good or just or right. It can’t be justifiable in any sense.” Many people trying to live within their means can’t afford to buy anything. Then when the very rich try to invest in business, it becomes hard to find customers or clients able to afford those products.

Yet she knows the difficulty in trying to think of morality and economics at the same time. “There isn’t a moral justification to the strong claims to ownership of wealth. But on the other hand, you can’t give everybody the same. How do you find a system that addresses this?”

Leading up to World War II, the United States had a similar imbalance in income equality, Hirschfeld says. The war helped the economy and the nation’s sense of union, but so did the G.I. Bill, which “allowed the market to look like it could generate fair distribution so the average person could advance.” One step toward a balance, she says, would be a renewed commitment to unions and education.

Hirschfeld also cites Elizabeth Warren, the Massachusetts Senate candidate. Warren

people who actually pay no taxes consists of families earning less than \$20,000 a year and the elderly, says the Tax Policy Center.

Other factors contributing to the growing wealth gap include globalization, which has shifted manufacturing jobs out of the United States to places where employment is cheaper and in some cases environmental regulations don’t exist. And, according to a recent study by sociologists Bruce Western of Harvard and Jake Rosenfeld of the University of Washington, waning support for unions and declining union membership accounts for a third of the growth in income inequality among male workers.

Then there’s Wall Street, target of the protests. A heady run of high-frequency algorithmic trades fueled by money from the housing market left the financial system on the verge of collapse. The government in 2008 bailed out failing banks, automakers

and mortgage companies. This may have prevented a true depression, but it asked little of these firms in terms of management change or transparency. The \$700 billion bailout program, called the Troubled Asset Relief Program, propped up the corporations deemed too big to fail, yet still allowed industry leaders to take home bonuses. Because these companies lost so much money, tax loopholes allowed them to defer paying taxes — a practice large corporations from Bank of America to Apple and GE continue today, with accounting that balances profits earned and kept overseas with losses in the United States.

As the big banks received bailout funds, middle class families began losing their homes to creative lending practices that had banks repackaging risky mortgages as investment products.

In the third week of the Occupy Wall

spoke in September at a campaign event and responded to claims that raising taxes is class warfare. A video of her remarks went viral not long after. She tells her audience that no one in this country got rich on his own. “You built a factory out there? Good for you. . . . But I want to be clear: You moved your goods to market on the roads the rest of us paid for. You hired workers the rest of us paid to educate. You were safe in your factory because of police forces and fire forces that the rest of us paid for.”

Terrence Keeley '81 also participated in the 2010 ND Forum. As part of a panel on Professions and the Common Good, he spoke about combining a profession in finance with a life of conscience. Keeley, a managing director with the investment firm BlackRock, wrote a companion essay on the same topic that concludes: “Wrath, greed, pride, lust, envy, gluttony — all save sloth among the seven deadlies — are in abundance in the money business. I pray every day for more strength to keep them at bay. I do so with varying levels of success.”

MANY ECONOMISTS AND POLICY MAKERS AGREE EDUCATION IS A GOOD FIRST STEP TOWARD CLOSING THE GAP. WHAT THAT MEANS IS UP FOR DEBATE.

He also has written about the marketplace and Catholicism. “There is no question that the encyclicals recognize capitalism as the most effective system for reducing poverty,” Keeley says. And as capitalism has helped to lift people in developing nations out of poverty, Keeley has trouble with limiting the discussion to only the United States. “Outsourcing a job from Indiana to India may hurt the United States — but has global utility declined? The developing world has made gains at the developed world’s expense. Is this unjust?” he asks.

Keeley is taking one step he hopes will improve the imperfections of capitalism. He is a founding director of an initiative to promote higher ethical standards in the world

of finance with a Financial Hippocratic Oath, which promises to place the interests of clients, colleagues and community ahead of the individual’s, and to observe all laws in letter and spirit. Yet, Keeley says, he remains mindful of that fact that there’s always going to be a class of individuals who cannot support themselves.

“We must simultaneously recognize that we in America will not be able to have benefits and a social safety net and a generous social provision that other countries do not share when we’re competing with these other countries,” he says.

SEEKING ANSWERS

Many economists and policy makers agree education is a good first step toward closing the gap. What that means is up for debate. There’s been a lot of discussion lately about the value of a college education, partly because the cost of a college education, once considered a ticket to upward mobility, has soared almost 130 percent over the past 20 years. Mark Kantrowitz, publisher of student-aid websites Fastweb.com and FinAid.org, estimates that the average amount of debt a student graduates with has reached \$22,900.

If technology is displacing workers, “education is the only answer if you want to get to a place where technology is complementary to what you’re doing as opposed to making you redundant,” says the University of Chicago’s Wheelan. Training programs to improve technological skills is a well-rounded solution, he believes. “It’s a very good tool if you’re worried about competition from India and China. It’s a very good tool if you’re worried about immigration. That just happens to be an ancillary benefit,” he says.

That doesn’t mean training would be a cure-all. “Education and skills are roughly synonyms, but not exactly,” Wheelan says. “It’s really about, are we giving people the marketable tools they need to succeed? That’s thinking; that’s writing. Highly skilled people get laid off all the time, but they’re resilient. Don’t skip the step of acquiring general skills before specializing.”

Keeley sees education as a means to economic security — but has tough words for students. At this time, in this global economy, students need to get away from thinking about what they want to do and consider what they can do and what’s practical, he says. “To be a productive member of society you have to be engaged in value creation. People should not have an illusion that society is required to provide them a job.” In fact, the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows

unemployment among young adults ages 16 to 24 is 18 percent.

The students in Wilber’s Notre Dame class on poverty and the bishops’ letter have a different take. They note that Catholic social teaching says every human being has a fundamental right to meaningful and life-sustaining work. The fact that not all people have access to work is “a significant flaw in our current economy,” as are jobs that fail to produce adequate support of human life through inadequate wages or other shortfalls. The most recent encyclical from the pope, *Caritas in Veritate* from 2009, warns against the dehumanizing forces of capitalism and calls for the promotion of workers’ organizations that can defend their rights.

A commitment to unions is another important salve, Hirschfeld, Wilber and Wheelan agree. There are Occupy Wall Street protesters in New York City and elsewhere who say they were inspired by the protests in Wisconsin last winter over Governor Scott Walker’s plan to strip bargaining rights from state and local government workers. A variety of unions have pledged support to Occupy Wall Street protests in cities across the country.

However, some believe the anti-big-business spirit of the Occupy Wall Street movement has its limitations. “We need some kind of Labor Relations 2.0,” says Wheelan, who calls for a model “where you try and protect some of the leverage that comes with collective bargaining but the entities doing that are respectful of the fact that the industry in which they’re bargaining has to stay competitive.”

Keeley points to Germany as a current model of manufacturing. They’re the largest exporter in the world. They’re excellent at producing things, he says. Germany also has strong unions. In a joint statement to the G20 summit in France in early November, a delegation of global unions said countries with strong systems of social and labor protections weather financial crises better than those without. “The dismal and faltering recovery, spiraling unemployment figures and record poverty levels in the deregulated U.S. labour market contrast with stronger, job-rich growth in Germany,” the unions wrote.

Of course, as the largest exporter, Germany is dependent on world growth. Bringing manufacturing jobs back to the United States, to a workforce willing and able to negotiate for better training and wages, is necessary not only for a U.S. recovery but for a post-crisis world.

Greed does no one any good, not even Gordon Gekko. □



Notre Dame hosts the American debut of an international exhibit whose lens focuses on pockets of poverty, violence and oppression around the world — and reminds us that we're affected too.

Images

BY JULIA DOUTHWAITE

Remember those connect-the-dots coloring books we used to get as kids? When I was 10 or so, my brother Charlie gave me a set of connect-the-dots sewing cards. Each one was made of stiff cardboard, and you were supposed to use the thick needle and yarn to sew from dot to dot. The concept was the same as the coloring books: from an assortment of apparently random dots on a blank page, the outline of a familiar object would emerge.

My most indelible memory of this gift, however, is the outrage I felt when I opened it. I can't remember why it made me so mad. Looking back on that Christmas day from the vantage of my present self, I think I know. At age 10, every kid thinks she knows how to connect the dots. No stupid coloring book or sewing kit can do it half as well as a fifth grader. Except that it is actually really hard.

Connecting the dots is what I've spent my life trying to do, as a teacher and scholar and more recently as a mentor of kids from the west side of South Bend. The payoff is great when you start to see how dots — people, events, ideas, economics and even the past — hook up to make meaning.

It can also be painful. Living in the United States these days is to hear stories of violence every day. Just the other night in South Bend a woman was badly beaten by a robber apparently frustrated that she had no cash on hand. Her two young daughters watched and screamed and cried, and were taken in by the neighborhood women who are keeping mum.

The silence swaddling that violence makes sense, I think, if you connect the dots. It crystallizes several factors that exist in certain neighborhoods of South Bend or any U.S. city: poverty,

*Julia Douthwaite is professor of French and Francophone Studies at Notre Dame. She is coordinating the launch of the Amnesty International DIGNITY exhibit touring the United States, beginning with its debut this month at the Snite Museum of Art. Her most recent book is *The Frankenstein of 1790 and Other Lost Chapters from Revolutionary France* (forthcoming, University of Chicago Press, 2012).*

Brenda Gjevrije, age 14, of Macedonia, was raped by a family friend. He is in prison. She fears that he will get out quickly and return for revenge. Photo by Jean-François Joly

hopelessness, unemployment, drug abuse, gangs, under-resourced police and, especially, the growing number of armed people roaming city streets.

The fact that a single victim might happen to be a woman may be incidental, a random dot in the tapestry of urban blight. The fact that her fearful neighbor is a woman is less random.

Women have for centuries stood witness to violence and have long been afraid to speak up for fear of reprisals. It's not because we're meek or accepting but because we have other people to think of, mainly our children. We know that those women who have spoken up have not always fared so well, nor have their families.

Just connect the dots as you think about all the nameless women who spoke out against abuse and who lived to regret it in Chile, Rwanda or Sudan, in the Middle East, Afghanistan or East Asia. Go further back in time and remember the suffragists, many of whom were shamed into silence or starved into submission.

of Us

As a professor of French, I think about the activists of the 19th century, such as the so-called *Vésuviennes* (known for wearing culottes) or the *pétroleuses* of the

Paris Commune, whose outrage over the French government's refusal to honor republican principles materialized in social movements with an outrageously high number of civilian dead. Many of the dead were women, and their kids were orphaned as a result.

I think about Marie-Jeanne Roland, the wife of a high-ranking 18th century government minister and an outspoken politico, who may well have regretted her involvement with the revolutionary cause of 1789-92 when, from the foot of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, she realized her daughter and sole survivor would pay the price.

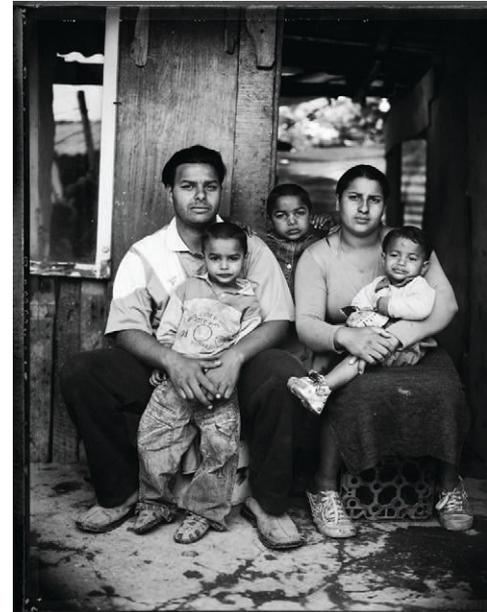
Speaking up is hard to do. Compassion is fleeting, and in the end you're all alone. You only have to connect the dots to see this.

I connected other dots this past summer, working on the Amnesty International exhibit "DIGNITY: Poverty and Human Rights." The exhibit, making its U.S. debut at Notre Dame's Snite Museum of Art now through March, is the visual centerpiece of our contribution to a worldwide commemoration of the 18th century Swiss philosopher and writer Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778). We at Notre Dame are focusing on Rousseau's role as a pioneer of humanitarian thought.

The DIGNITY exhibit, unveiled in Paris in 2010, delivers a jolt to viewers in its portraits of what poverty looks and feels like from five countries: Egypt, India, Mexico, Nigeria and Macedonia. The stories take on different forms depending on the people's situations. The portraits of Me'phaa people from Mexico frame the most basic human wish: an end to the ethnic persecution and murders that have devastated their numbers. Two photos show a woman and a small girl holding photos of their dead menfolk — a brother, a father. Two other women speak out from portraits of despair, telling of the nightmares they still see in their mind's eye of the soldiers who repeatedly raped them. They said they were afraid to speak for a long time, and they're still afraid now. But the risk is worth it, they say, if it will end the violence.

By bringing this exhibit to the United States, people like me — academics and art museum professionals with a political conscience — hope to raise awareness about such atrocities. Each haunting section calls for observers to respond through words and support. It feels good to be involved in a cause like this. It feels good to help mobilize some action that may make an impact. Yet the images and histories give me pause. Although I admire the women who spoke out from Mexico or Macedonia, I now worry about them. I wonder if they regretted bringing attention to themselves. I wonder if they are still alive, still able to work, to care for their families.

I also keep thinking about that nameless woman robbed and beaten in South Bend, her neighbors and the many others who've entered my mind during the planning for DIGNITY at Notre Dame. The dots seem to be converging. Human rights abuses that I once thought were far away are drawing near. □



Plastic-bottle gatherers Idnabi and Eldijana Dzeladin and their three children in front of their home in Skopje, the capital of Macedonia. Photo by Jean-François Joly



Modesta Victoriano holds a photo of her late husband's dead body. He was assassinated in 2008 after being kidnapped and tortured for his activism on behalf of the Me'phaa people in Mexico. Photo by Guillaume Herbaut



Boy with soccer ball in a mining district of the Congo. Photo by Michaël Zumstein

A WORLD THAT WORKS FOR EVERY- ONE

A MENDOZA PROFESSOR IS A LEADER IN A GLOBAL MOVEMENT TO SAVE THE PLANET AND OURSELVES BY SHARING WHAT WE ALL HAVE IN COMMON.

BY JAY WALLJASPER

PHOTOS BY BARBARA JOHNSTON

You would expect Notre Dame's Mendoza College of Business to focus its teaching on making profits from the world as it is instead of asking students to explore how to fundamentally change it.

But that means you probably haven't met business Professor Leo Burke — a former entrepreneur, Motorola executive and, in his student days, manager of the Notre Dame football team.

At first glance, Burke '70 hardly seems a rabble-rouser. Wearing tassel loafers, navy blue slacks, a tasteful blazer and wire-rim glasses, he looks exactly the part of a business professor. Yet when standing at the podium in an Executive Leadership Seminar — so slender it appears a strong breeze would carry him away — he sounds like a community organizer crossed with a moral philosopher. "When we are able to work out of our deepest values, we can work with a compassion for others that changes systems."

He's speaking to students in the executive MBA program who travel to South Bend once a month for an intensive four-day battery of classes. They are successful business leaders, many of whom have already climbed far on the corporate ladder and believe a Notre Dame MBA will boost them to the top, so you might expect some eyes to roll at this outspoken display of idealism. But

Jay Walljasper is the author of All That We Share: A Field Guide to the Commons and editor of OnTheCommons.org. His article imagining South Bend as a bastion of the commons in the year 2035 can be read at magazine.nd.edu/news/15907-state-of-the-commons-2035/. His website is JayWalljasper.com.



everyone sits riveted by Burke's message, scribbling notes in unison when he asks, "What inner capacity do you need to access in order to make a difference?"

"He urges you to go deeper, look harder," says Kristin Mannion, a senior majoring in business information technology management who took his undergraduate course in 2010. "He's a brilliant thinker and leader."

"Even the biggest curmudgeons in class can't help but stop and think about what he's saying," says Kerry Davis, 42, a global sales manager for a Chicago company and an executive MBA student. "Leo is such a gentle soul and lives with such a sense of purpose."

The purpose that's driving Burke's life right now is an ancient idea he believes will be crucial to the future of humanity and our planet: the commons. At first, the term can provide more confusion than inspiration. Many people think of the commons as a park in downtown Boston or as communal grazing lands seized by English noblemen before and during the Industrial Revolution, turning many self-reliant peasants into unwilling factory workers.

Burke explains that "commons" has taken on a broader definition over the past 10 years, which could ultimately affect life in the 21st century as much as industrialization did in the 19th and 20th. The commons has now come to mean everything that we share together, which is owned by no one individually. This includes air and water, parks and roads, the Internet and scientific knowledge.

"The total inheritance of humankind upon which life depends," is how Burke describes it. That's from the website of the Global Commons Initiative, a project he's launching out of Mendoza. But here's the shorthand explanation he uses frequently in the classroom and conversation: "The commons means a world that works for everyone."

Burke stresses the commons is not some abstruse theory — it's part of the fabric of our daily lives. "You are actually participating in the commons, whether you know it or not, when you are volunteering at your local library, organizing a blood drive, doing a project with the Knights of Columbus or working with open source software."

This idea of managing resources everyone shares depends on old-fashioned virtues like cooperation and collaboration, which play a huge if little-noticed role in making the world go 'round — even in a nation like the United States devoted to individualism and private property.

Burke and others in the nascent commons movement point out that modern life would be impossible without all the things we share — starting with water, the atmosphere, biodiversity and the bounty of nature. We also depend on human creations such as language, cultural customs, stories, religious practices, scientific knowledge, civil society and public services. These natural and cultural riches are not the exclusive property of anyone. They exist for everyone to use, exchange, improve upon and pass on to future generations.

Even the market economy with all of its rewards for individual initiative, commons advocates say, would fall to pieces without a solid foundation of commons-based institutions: the legal system to settle disputes, police enforcement to protect property, schools to train employees, regulatory agencies to protect people's interests, educational institutions to do basic research.

One example of the commons at work is the Internet, which was not developed by Apple or Google but by the U.S. government, thanks to our tax dollars. It has become the information and communications nexus of the modern world precisely because it is based on the ideals of sharing, not hoarding. The Internet offers a textbook example of how a commons functions.

But the workings of the web are now on a collision course with copyright laws, which lock away information and creative work from anyone not paying for them. Copyright, along with patent laws, serves a useful purpose by making sure people can benefit from the success of their creations. But copyright laws have grown increasingly repressive through the years.

The original Copyright Act of 1790 established a 14-year copyright with a chance to renew for another 14 years if the creator was still living. The Sonny Bono Act of 1998 sets copyright at 70 years beyond the death of the creator, or 120 years from the time of creation if owned by a corporation. Some have charged that this disrupts the natural creative cycle of human civilization, in which ideas and culture become available for everyone to use and reinvent.

So how do we reward creators for their work but not stifle everyone else's creativity? Harvard Law Professor Lawrence Lessig looked to the workings of the commons for a solution and came up with the Creative Commons license — a system in which writers, musicians, photographers, designers and others allow people to freely share their work but retain the right to charge for

commercial uses. Today, Creative Commons licenses are recognized in 50 countries, including the United States, and cover more than 150 million individual works.

In his classes, Burke assigns the book *Capitalism 3.0* by Peter Barnes, co-founder of the organization On the Commons. Barnes proposes that commons assets such as the airwaves, the Internet, watersheds, groundwater, city streets and the atmosphere be managed for the benefit of everyone.

Barnes translated this commons idea into legislation to curb global warming, which has been introduced in Congress by senators Maria Cantwell (D-Washington) and Susan Collins (R-Maine). Under Barnes' Cap-and-Dividend plan, we all are equal owners of the sky and must impose increasingly stiff restrictions on carbon emissions to protect our property. By the same token, any fees companies pay in compensation for their pollution should be distributed to the American public equally. This approach differs from President Barack Obama's Cap-and-Trade proposal, in which companies keep the profits from buying and selling the right to emit carbon.

Writing in the international magazine *Kosmos*, Burke declares, "What makes the commons come alive are human relationships — the dynamic interactions of people working together to address shared needs."

David Bollier, co-founder of the international Commons Strategy Group and author of *Silent Theft*, says Burke's own way of working seems to mirror the commons itself. "Not having ego hang-ups and the need to take credit for everything allows him to work in powerful ways of putting people and ideas together."

Through the Global Commons Initiative, Burke has established both MBA and undergraduate courses in the commons at Notre Dame, launched an open-source commons curriculum available to everyone (now part of the London-based School of Commoning) and is working with the United Nations Institute for Training and Research on an "Introduction to the Global Commons" curriculum. Once associate dean for executive education at Mendoza, he has now cut back to half-time teaching and research so he can travel the world forging partnerships with commons advocates and scholars.

Still, a question remains: As important as the commons may be, why study it in a business school rather than in humanities or social science departments?

Dean Carolyn Woo, who helped Burke create the Global Commons Initiative before she left Notre Dame in December, reels off five answers to that question without stopping for a breath. 1) Understanding the global dimension of business is essential for anyone in the work world today; 2) Managing complex systems, including the interdependent relationships that characterize the commons, will be necessary for tomorrow's leaders; 3) Safeguarding God's creation is at the core of the Mendoza College's purpose; 4) Paying attention to the commons promotes the school's mission to "ask more of business"; 5) Giving students a wider view of the world on many levels will better prepare them for the future.

"The culture we live in today is so competitive," says Woo, who left the deanship to head the international Catholic Relief Services. "There's this whole idea that there is only one winner, and everyone else loses. We want people to realize that we are not always keeping score, that our capacity to care for others is part of our own growth.

"Notre Dame's founding mission is that we do good for society, not just for ourselves," she continues. "The global commons is one more aspect of broadening our perspective to serve other people."

Indeed, the *Catechism of the Catholic Church* affirms the importance of the commons: "The right to private property, acquired or received in a just way, does not do away with the original gift of the earth to the whole of mankind" [No. 2403].

Burke's research documents commons principles in Roman law and the Magna Carta as well as encyclicals by popes Leo XIII, Pius XI, John XXIII, Paul VI and John Paul II. "Throughout history the commons has focused on those resources necessary to sustain life," he writes. "As such, it is closely related to the 'common good,' a key concept in Catholic Social Teaching."

For all the excitement he generates among students and colleagues about the potential of the commons to help us solve seemingly intractable problems like economic inequity, ecological decline and social alienation, Burke is candid about the forces that threaten our shared inheritance.

He notes that each day brings more news about companies "releasing vast amounts of carbon into the atmosphere, patenting the genes necessary to cure cancer, privatizing water, depleting ocean fisheries and claiming seeds as their intellectual property. Corporations face ever-increasing pressure from

capital markets to externalize and maximize short-term profits. This orientation often runs counter to the long-term view needed to sustain shared resources for hundreds of years."

That's why, he believes, "It's fundamentally appropriate to examine the commons in a business school, because a lot of what we are doing today to destroy the commons comes from the process of maximizing profit," which is generally what business schools teach. "That's not to say that profit in itself is bad, but too often we don't think enough about what happens in the pursuit of it."

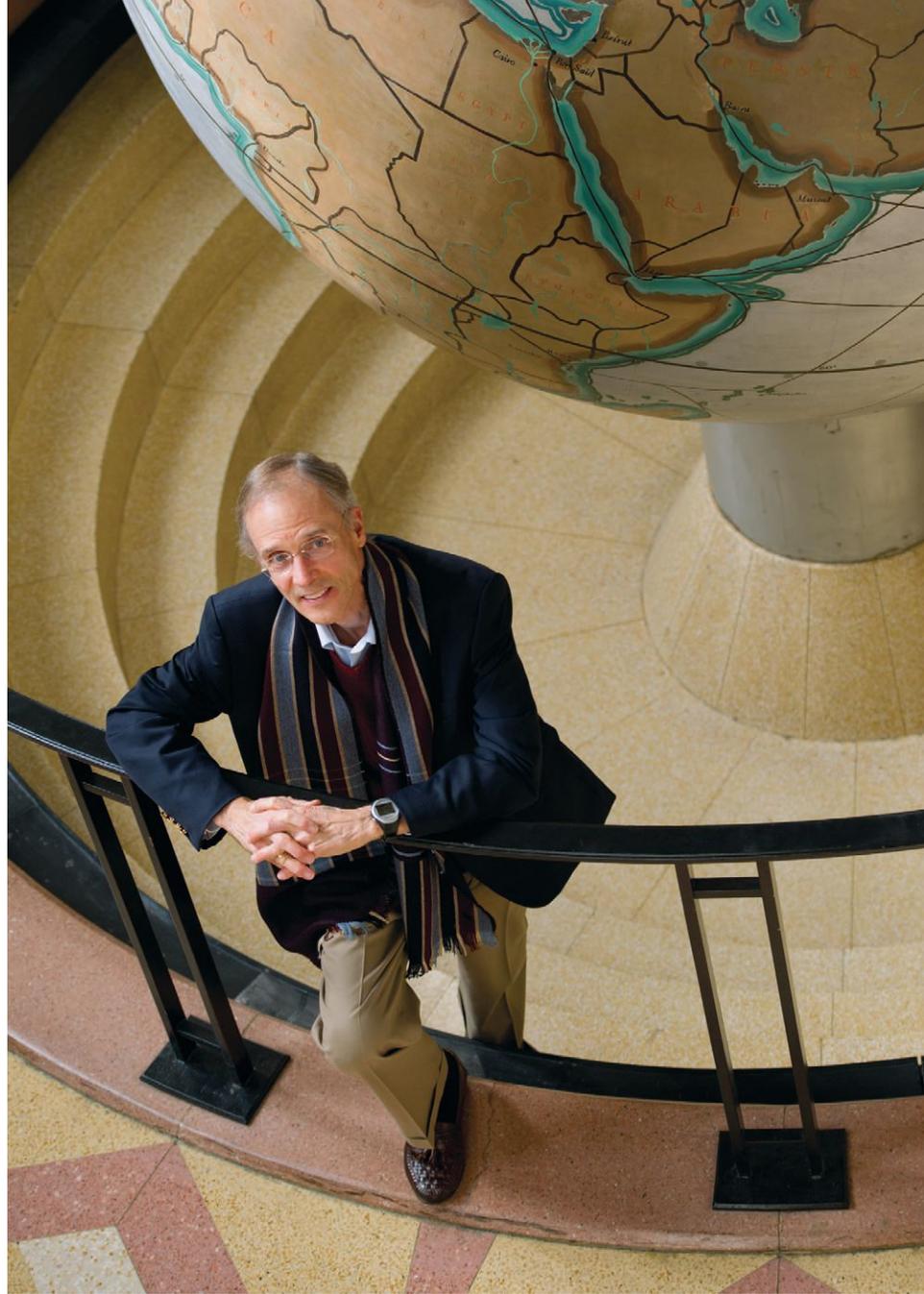
Burke notes that 20 years ago few B-schools offered classes in sustainability. Now almost all do. He predicts the same thing will happen with the commons, which today is the focus of courses in only a handful of universities and no other business programs that Burke is aware of.

"My concern is that our students absolutely

get the best education in marketing, finance, accounting, et cetera, but we also need to invite them to look at the world expansively. I want to make sure we are preparing our students for the world they will live in and lead."

Yet Burke is quick to point out that a greater understanding of the commons is no panacea for all that's wrong. He cautions, "Too much emphasis on the commons might not leave space for entrepreneurial efforts that are beneficial." But we are a long way from needing to worry about that, he adds. The critical balance between individualism and the common good is radically tilted in the direction of the individual in modern society.

In his executive MBA classes, which meet in South Bend and Chicago, he uses the Great Lakes as a case study. "People love the Great Lakes, and they were once a great environmental success story. But people don't realize they are in trouble again. The pollution,



ABOUT THE COMMONS

The commons is actually a simple notion, but advocates say it has huge ramifications for how we lead our lives, maintain our communities and organize our society in the years to come. The commons refers to a wealth of valuable assets that are no one's individual property. Instead, activists say, those resources belong to all of us and should rightfully be used and protected for the benefit of everyone, including future generations.

Although it may sound like a wild new idea, the commons has been part of human civilization for centuries. It's the central organizing principle of indigenous cultures and peasant communities around the world today, and it still plays a major role in keeping things running throughout modern society.

In this worldview, commons are all around. The sky. Nature. The street in front of your house. Water flowing from your faucet. The language you speak. Family recipes you cook. The public library. Wikipedia. The fire department. Fairy tales. Broadcast airwaves. Open source software. The list goes on and on.

Not everything is a commons, of course. Private property plays an enormous role in our lives. But, say those in the commons movement, large swaths of what should be publicly owned are either being privatized — claimed as someone's individual possession — or neglected to the point of ruin. The commons is seen as increasingly under threat, with dire consequences for the future.

An example of what commons advocates say we're losing comes right out of today's headlines about spiraling health care costs. The creation of many widely prescribed drugs, which millions of people need to survive, was funded in large part by government grants. Thirteen of the 15 new U.S.-developed drugs with sales of more than \$1 billion received substantial public funding, according to University of Maryland Professor Gar Alperovitz. But, he says, the exclusive right to sell these pharmaceuticals was handed over to private companies with almost nothing asked in return. That means consumers pay high prices for medicine developed with our tax dollars.

That's just one reason Notre Dame Professor Leo Burke thinks it's essential that business majors and MBA candidates learn about

the commons along with finance and marketing. A healthy business climate for tomorrow, along with a healthy society and planet, he believes, depend upon recognizing and protecting the value of these things we all share.

How does the idea of the commons translate into standard business practices and public policies? There's not one clear answer yet from commons advocates. But as the movement gains ground, proposals are emerging. In his classes at Notre Dame's Mendoza College of Business, Burke assigns the book *Capitalism 3.0* by entrepreneur Peter Barnes, co-founder of the financial and telecommunications firm Working Assets (now Credo), and later of the commons strategy center On the Commons.

In order to save the commons and the planet, Barnes maintains that we must upgrade the operating system of our economy, just as we would a computer. He believes that alongside private property, we need to foster a new category of ownership using the centuries-old institution of "trusts" — property managed in the interest of certain beneficiaries, which could include all of us. He proposes an interconnected network of public trusts designed to preserve, not destroy, what belongs to all of us.

Here are some of Barnes' thoughts on what this could look like:

- A series of ecosystem trusts that protect air, water, forests and habitat;
- A mutual fund that pays dividends to all Americans — one person, one share [modeled on Alaska's existing Permanent Fund];
- A trust fund that provides start-up capital to every child as he or she reaches adulthood;
- A risk-sharing pool for health care that covers everyone; and
- A national fund based on copyright fees that supports local arts."

Barnes readily concedes, "Getting from here to there, of course, is the big challenge," but goes on to note, "with the economic upheaval of the last few years, it's possible that a window of opportunity has arrived."

— Jay Walljasper

the fracking, the diversion of water. Lake Michigan could become the Aral Sea, which has lost 85 percent of its water in the last 30 years."

Rather than emphasize "gloom and doom," which, he says, "does not work in teaching because people just tune out, you must remind students that along with things breaking down, there are opportunities for breakthroughs." He introduces the commons as a tool that business, investors, citizens, government and nonprofit groups can use to work together to find solutions to looming problems. When you view something like the Great Lakes as a common asset held by everyone who lives there, he says, it stimulates new creativity.

Burke tells a story of a hedge fund manager who, like many executive MBA students,

did not at first see the practical application of the commons in his life. "Sure, you can't walk into the office the next Monday and change everything you do," Burke admits. But after more discussion in the classroom this student realized the idea was at the core of something he cared deeply about.

"He grew up in the Midwest, and during the summers his family would vacation on the Wabash River," Burke narrates. "Now in his 40s, he vacations with his children on the river. He was distressed that a chemical company (private sector) is polluting the river, and the state department of natural resources (public sector) is not adequately enforcing environmental laws. He expressed concern whether the river would be healthy for his grandchildren. He came to understand that the Wabash River is a commons.

That gave him a whole new view of how the river could be cared for."

As passionate as Burke is about the commons, he is careful to remember his role in the classroom is educator, not proselytizer. "Ninety percent of our executive MBA students are here to enhance their careers," he says, "so I am not here tell them how to think, only to offer some questions that I hope will enable important conversations to take place, not only in the classroom but maybe later at a PTA meeting or on the golf course."

"Notre Dame's business school is a very market-driven place," says Amy Fitzgerald, 34, an executive MBA student who worked on economic development projects for the British government before undertaking a mid-career transition. "So I was surprised to hear

about the commons here, although he made sure we understood the difference between commons and communism. It's like my eyes have been opened, even if I struggle with how to integrate the commons into my work." Fitzgerald, who lives in Evergreen Park, Illinois, is thinking about creating a class in the commons for high school students.

"Students love [Burke], I think, because they get a perspective that they cannot get anywhere in the business curriculum," says James Quilligan, an international development adviser to world leaders ranging from Jimmy Carter to West Germany's Willy Brandt to Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, who is

for Social Concerns, a service-learning center that puts the Gospel and Catholic social teaching into practice. Every time a cell phone rings in his executive MBA classes, he says with a smile, the recipient of the call must put 20 bucks in a jar to be donated to the center.

As we round Saint Joseph's Lake, a long-threatening thunderstorm finally cracks the sky and we dash toward a sheltered patio outside Moreau Seminary. Burke is reminded of his time as student manager for the football team, which then bunked at the seminary on nights before home games. Part of his job was seeing that the players got to bed early. He recounts it as a great experience getting to know

Corporation as director of its in-house College of Leadership and Transcultural Studies. "By that point," he says, "the company was operating in so many countries they realized that executives needed special training in order to do their best work."

After 12 years at Motorola, he was lured back to Notre Dame to become associate dean for executive education. Dean Carolyn Woo deemed his diverse experiences just right for shaping the Mendoza College's programs for students already in the midst of their careers. "He's a combination of reflection and action, a deep soul and a proven implementer, a hermit and a person of the world."

'There's a huge gap between what we want for our children and grandchildren, and where we are headed right now as a society,' says Burke.

now advising the U.N. Global Compact on the significance of the commons. "In turn, Leo has found that his students bring innovative strategy and solutions to the problems of commons management."

After a long day in the classroom, Burke shows his executive MBA students *Amazing Grace*, a 2006 movie with Albert Finney about English politician William Wilberforce, who after 26 years of rancorous debate finally pushed through legislation in 1807 that banned the slave trade across the British Empire.

"At that time there were people who said we couldn't outlaw slavery because of the effect on the economy," which is an argument we hear today about changes, Burke tells me after introducing the movie. He's already seen the film a dozen times, so I persuade him to take me on a tour of his favorite campus commons.

We step into a steamy summer evening, and he points out Holy Cross Chapel inside Stinson-Remick Hall, where he slips away sometimes to meditate. Burke leads me through the quads, past Hesburgh Library, the Dome and the Basilica, and then into the Grotto before stepping onto the pathway circling the lakes — all places shared by the Notre Dame community as special sources of meaning, inspiration and pleasure.

One of his favorite Notre Dame commons, he explains, is not a place at all but the Center

such stars as Alan Page '67, Joe Theismann '71 and especially coach Ara Parseghian.

"That's where I first learned about management," he recalls. "Ara was a remarkable leader, very charismatic and caring. A taskmaster but very ethical and fair."

Burke had grown up in Richmond, Virginia, where his father and uncle — both Domers — ran a family furniture store. As with most students, he found that coming to campus as a freshman opened up a feast of new ideas. "Students were talking about all kinds of issues — social justice and what's really important in life."

He graduated with a sociology degree in 1970 and headed to Indiana University for a master's in political science. Ironically, Elinor Ostrom, who won the Nobel Economics Prize in 2009 for decades of research about how the commons functions in communities around the world, was on the faculty, but Burke never took a course from her. His concentration was jurisprudence.

In his life's work, Burke has been continually drawn to both visionary exploration and practical action. After graduate school he became a sales rep for a gift and greeting card firm, eventually starting his own company specializing in artistic cards for museum shops. In the 1980s, intrigued by how the emerging field of organization development was introducing insights from many arenas into the workplace, he earned another master's in the subject and joined Motorola

Suddenly bells start ringing amid the thunderclaps. We sit quietly for a few moments, savoring the cool breeze as we watch lightning illuminate the heavens across the lake. I ask Burke for more details about the connection between the commons and new breakthroughs in scientific understanding. "The spiritual implications of quantum mechanics are remarkable," he says softly. "What we are hearing from physicists is that all things are unified."

"You don't have to be a Buddhist to believe that," he adds. "Jesus says it. Catholic social teaching says it. Now science says it. I think this insight could provide us with a new model about how we organize our society and our economy."

He's quiet again, as if trying to figure out a puzzle in his mind. "I really try to listen closely to my students, and what I hear all of them say is that their families are most important in their lives. I hear them say they want to make a difference in their communities. But the way we work today, and the way our economy works, doesn't always support that."

"There's a huge gap between what we want for our children and grandchildren, and where we are headed right now as a society," adds Burke, who is awaiting the birth of his own first grandchild at the time we speak. "The commons gives us new ways to bridge that gap."

Looking up I notice the rain has stopped. The night is now illuminated by lightning bugs instead of lightning.

Burke stands up, gazing at the sky. "The commons means a world that works for everyone," he offers, before heading back across campus in the gloriously cool air to rejoin his class. □

Hey, look, it's that guy you've seen in lots of movies and TV shows

BY ERIC BUTTERMAN

Richard Riehle '70 has been known as many things in his career: character actor, theater standout and, more than anything, as the “jump to conclusions” guy from the movie *Office Space* (1999). In fact, in an interview easily accessible by the Internet, he refers to himself in exactly this way.

Maybe that's the greatest hint about who Richard Riehle is — someone who knows who he is. Who's always looking for a juicy part he's never played but is comfortable with his career and where it's taken him.

Comfort wasn't something that always came so easy for Riehle, the oldest of six whose father died when Riehle was 13, forcing his mother back into the workforce as a nurse. For Riehle, this meant learning independence and a fierce work ethic in his town of Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin. As a teen, he clocked in 40 hours a week at the

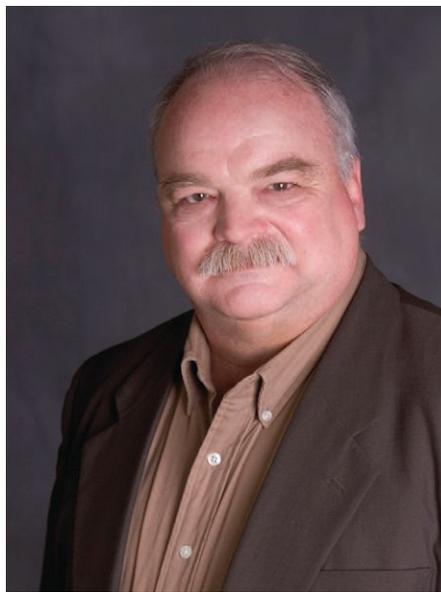
Eric Butterman has previously profiled Regis Philbin and Anne Heaton for this publication. Contact him at ericbutterman@yahoo.com.

local grocery store owned by his late father's friend, allowing him to contribute to the family finances.

Even though he acted in high school, he thought another calling awaited. “My godfather was a priest, and my mother's brother had been one,” he says. “In every generation, essentially, on the Irish side. . . . It just seemed to be the direction I wanted to go.”

The seminary and Riehle quickly decided together that it wasn't best, however. “I went off to the [Saint Francis de Sales] seminary, but it became clear pretty fast that it wasn't for me,” he says.

A good clue of the shift in his interests came when he was caught sneaking back



Richard Riehle: 'The lead isn't always the best part in a play or a movie.'

from seeing *Lawrence of Arabia* without permission. “They sat me down at that point and just asked me if I really thought this was the right place for me. We both knew the answer.”

Riehle's professional career began with roles in local theater while filling a teaching assistantship at the University of Minnesota. Fellow ND graduate Warren Bowles '70, who was also in the Land of Ten Thousand Lakes at the time, ended up being a one-time roommate and could tell at that point Riehle was going places.

“He is one of the most well-read theater people I've met in my life,” says Bowles,

who's been a director for Mixed Blood Theatre. “He is and has been the classic character actor. He was playing middle-aged men when he was in his 20s. He also looked to avoid the really broad stuff. He went for the kind of subtle wink-and-a-nod comedy that took strong skills.”

Riehle regularly was cast in roles at the Meadow Brook Theatre in Rochester Hills, Michigan, or you might've caught him at Shakespeare festivals in Colorado or Oregon. “I was content during that time,” Riehle says. “I always seemed to find work.” He even learned not to mind if he didn't get the lead role.

“I always wanted the role that would bring something out of me, force me to find something extra,” he says. “The lead isn't always the best part in a play or a movie.” Riehle found acting to be a balancing act, interpreting when it was time to be over the top and when subtlety was the order of the day. Holding back, he says, is one of the toughest things he learned.

From those learning experiences came a job in Seattle in the early 1980s with a director writing a play that would ultimately reach Broadway in 1986. It would be pivotal for Riehle.

“It was called *Execution of Justice*, and before it went to New York it was in Washington, D.C. [The director] called me and said there was a part she thought I'd be great for. She couldn't offer it to me but could get me an audition for the producers in New York. I went to New York, got cast [at the age of 37] and ended up staying in town for 10 years.”

As so many talents did to start — from Meg Ryan to Demi Moore — he would play the soap opera circuit, the bulk of it from 1984-89. The plots were as outlandish as you might expect. On *One Life to Live* a guy ends up in a coma dreaming he's in the Old West. Riehle was the bartender there.

Basking in Glory

Riehle's big screen break would come in the classic Civil War film *Glory* (1989). Playing a quartermaster who doesn't mind denying African-American soldiers shoes, he draws the ire of the character played by Matthew Broderick, just one of many well-known actors in the cast. According to Riehle, the director, Ed Zwick, was won over because he



WARNER BROS. PICTURES

Riehle as Santa Claus in *A Very Harold & Kumar 3D Christmas*.

said everyone else played the quartermaster as a villain while the Wisconsin native played him more as a bureaucrat.

“It was the most touching screenplay I’d ever read,” he says. “I didn’t have many scenes with Denzel Washington or Morgan Freeman . . . but to be a part of that cast was a highlight of my career.”

Riehle says he found it particularly interesting that some of the extras weren’t exactly strangers to the time period being shot. “We used about 400 people who had already been Civil War re-enactors — they were there almost every day,” he says. “They would be annoyed and say that’s the wrong patch or this button isn’t right. . . . They had a lot of passion.”

Riehle would then have another break, though it would be a short one. Cast as Principal Ed Rooney in the television version of *Ferris Bueller’s Day Off* in 1990, it gave him a chance to work with a then little-known Jennifer Aniston, someone he would see again in — you guessed it — *Office Space*. “Her timing was just so brilliant, and there was real humility in what she did,” he says.

Unfortunately Aniston and that cast’s talents weren’t enough to save the *Ferris Bueller* TV series, and Riehle found out by hearing about it instead of a phone call. “We didn’t even have a wrap party because everyone thought we’d be back after we shot our last scenes,” he says. “But things change.”

What didn’t change was Riehle’s devotion to his work. Whether playing a security guard being evasive with Tommy Lee Jones in *The Fugitive* (1993) or a banker getting threatened by Joe Pesci in *Casino* (1995), he kept busy and kept auditioning. That led to his most celebrated role as Tom Smykowski in *Office Space*. A character always worried about his job, Riehle had to find the balance of humor and a touch of sadness in a man who ends up in a wheelchair.

“What I remember most of all about that shoot was [director] Mike Judge said, ‘at least, we’re going to go have a blast,’” he says. “We went out everywhere while

we were shooting in Austin. We had a great time.”

The low budget meant creative decision-making. “We didn’t have a regular effects person to put me into a body cast for my scene after the character’s accident, so we hired an EMT guy to put me in a real cast. I couldn’t get out of it for 8 hours — and when the EMT had to go to work he left a cast-cutter for the PA [production assistant]. That was fun.”

Although the box office numbers were anything but great, the film has become a legend thanks to the world of DVDs and Comedy Central.

It’s led to people asking him about his character’s unforgettable invention — the Jump to Conclusions mat. You see, there are squares with different conclusions and you, uh, jump to them. The character Samir sums it up beautifully when he assesses, “This is a horrible idea.”

Says Riehle: “People come up to me all the time asking about the movie, but maybe the best was one time when I was at this bar. I was going to leave but they told me to stay since Sammy Hagar was going to show up. He comes in with these beautiful women. One of them asks me for an autograph with a line about a stapler. The only problem is . . . that’s another character’s line. When I tell her this, she later asks me for the autograph again — and, again, asks me to write the stapler line.” He did.

Maybe that’s the life of a character actor: Recognized but sometimes unappreciated.

Riehle in *Office Space*.



TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION

Again, Riehle doesn’t seem to mind so much. “I was older when I really got started, and it did limit things,” he says. “But a character actor, you come in to make a little diversion, be the comic relief or add a little bit of intensity to what’s going on. You’re also liable to have a longer career.”

Riehle’s keeps going. His career so far has included well over 100 parts. He’d been a regular on the sitcom *Grounded For Life* from 2001-03 (“when that job ended, at least I received a call from someone about it,” he says with a laugh) and played summer stock. Riehle relished a moment in the latter that had him come in contact with one of the greatest playwrights of all time.

“I was doing Arthur Miller’s first play, *The Man Who Had All the Luck*. He came and I found it interesting when he talked about not wanting to change it. He said, ‘I wrote it in 1940, I was a totally different person, I can’t pretend to know what was in my head.’ It was something to see this man in his 80s.”

Another reason Miller wanted the words to stay the same was because he thought he’d given in too much as a younger man. “He saw it as a parable, and the others in [that 1940s] production saw it more literally,” Riehle says. “Miller was afraid to say something then since he was a . . . kid. He didn’t have that problem this time around!”

Riehle, who lives in Los Feliz, California, is also pursuing his love of traveling, one of the reasons he got into acting to begin with. “I spent a month in Sofia, Bulgaria, doing a horror film and realized from walking around that it’s really three cities in one: the first from the 1200s and 1300s, not touched with cobblestone and winding streets, the second from the USSR . . . the third is the one with creeping capitalism.”

You can also count on Riehle to be found with a book in his pocket. “I like that I can stand in line somewhere with something to read and be instantly entertained.”

Riehle views taking on roles in independent movies as yet another hobby — not so focused on paying the bills as stretching out his abilities. A few years ago he did *Ken Park* with Larry Clark of *Kids* fame. It probably will never go into wide release, but Riehle relished the experience, nonetheless.

“I love the freedom these types of projects allow,” he says. “You can sometimes just start shooting right away and have the chance to experiment. . . . As I get older, the roles may not be there as much on high-profile projects, but I’m always going to look for ways I can work and maybe even be a part of ways to change the business. When I work, I feel great. That doesn’t ever have to stop.” □

SHORT TAKES

Average Joe styles
world-class bread

BY CAROL SCHAAL '91M.A.

Joe Bellavance '89 knows how to get people to stop at his trade show booth. He fires up an oven he's schlepped there from home and bakes his signature artisan bread. "The smell of fresh bread is like moths to the light," he says.

The bread visitors taste was actually 10 years in the making. As a stay-at-home father of three in Fort Wayne, Indiana, Bellavance enjoyed experimenting with different bread recipes. Until, that is, he discovered he couldn't make his favorite — a crusty European bread, moist and airy in the middle, crunchy and brown outside.

"The key to a good crust is steam," he says. He tried all the tricks, from leaving a dish of water in the oven to spritzing the crust at various times during the baking process. "I could never get what I wanted."

Even a \$200 cast iron pot he bought didn't do it.

Eventually the self-described "hack baker" found a no-knead recipe online that approached the style and taste he wanted. Two years and countless loaves later, a business was born.

"A friend suggested that I should make an artisan bread kit," says Bellavance, "and teach others how to make it."

The 45-year-old serial entrepreneur is no stranger to business projects, previously working on computer software



Joe Bellavance '89

and renewable fuels. He says the bread kit idea, however, filled "my need to have creative input into the product."

Average Joe Artisan Bread, LLC, officially began business in 2009. "I've taken what I've done and basically put it in a box," Bellavance says. "It's good for lazy guys like me."

Lazy doesn't really describe the assistant high school soccer coach, whose children are now 16, 14 and 10.

"He's a really driven, smart person," says Kelly Gayer, a minority partner in the Average Joe firm whose agency, Smartguys Advertising & Design, helped launch the artisan bread company. "He drives headfirst into stuff."

Once the details of the signature crusty bread were refined, baker Bellavance put on his marketing hat. He took samples to the kitchen staff of Joseph Decuis restaurant, distinguished by AAA as a Four-Diamond establishment, in nearby Roanoke, Indiana. They were sold, and now serve his bread.

Bellavance makes it clear that just about anyone can get make a great loaf with his kit. "A lot of people are intimidated by baking," Bellavance says. "But this is foolproof."

His 80-year old grandmother and 3-year-old niece make the bread, he says, "and have had no problems." And those who have purchased the kit frequently send photos of their successful results to the company's website: breadkit.com.

The artisan kit, whose gift edition includes a sturdy bread pot, mixing bowl, kitchen tools, ingredients, cookbook and cheat sheet, makes a variety of breads, from the European style golden standard to a Margherita pizza crust to a cinnamon-raisin crown (enhanced by pecans).

"Bread is one of those things that brings people together," says Bellavance. "I'm proud of this."

Carol Schaal is managing editor of this magazine.

ND Folk Choir releases first live CD

BY KATHLEEN TOOHILL '12

If you have attended Sunday Mass at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart since 1981 you may well remember belting out "How Can I Keep from Singing," the hymn that has become the unofficial anthem of the Notre Dame Folk Choir. Now imagine it sung in perfectly enunciated four-part harmony by a Folk Choir ensemble — along with 1,500 professional church musicians — and you'll have a feel for the choir's newest CD release and its first-ever live album.

Last summer, during a heat wave that kept temperatures above 90 after sunset, the choir performed inside a sweltering Saint Boniface Church in Louisville, Kentucky, at the National Pastoral Musicians' Conference, an annual gathering of professional Catholic musicians. The choir's director, Steve Warner '80M.A., says the concert took months to plan, since it brought together 15 current students and 35 alumni and required near-perfection.

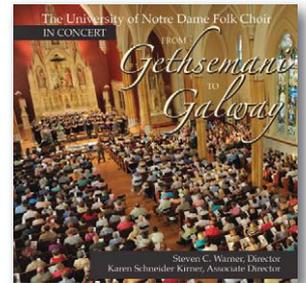
"We knew going into it that we wanted to record, which meant the stakes were high right from the start," says Warner. "You've got one chance for an hour and five minutes to make it right. There's no second take."

The concert ensemble of past and present members had performed together only once before, the previous night at a parish in suburban Louisville that raised money for a local shelter for homeless men.

The live album, *From Gethsemani to Galway*, charts the 30-year journey of the Folk Choir from its collaborative relationship with the Trappists of the Abbey of Gethsemani, just an hour south of Louisville, to the choir's famous summer tours and a more recent pastoral ministry initiative in Wexford, Ireland, called *Teach Bhríde*, or House of Brigid.

The 17-track album was released through World Library Publications in November. The CD opens with "You Have Put on Christ" and then Warner's arrangement of "The Lord's Prayer." Its final track is the powerful anthem "We Are Marching."

Much of the Folk Choir's music was written or arranged at Notre Dame by Warner and Karen Schneider Kirner, the choir's associate director. Warner wrote harmonies for all of the songs the choir performed at Saint Boniface to encourage audience participation. "Sometimes, the veil between heaven and earth gets stretched very thin," he says of the performance, "and this was one of those moments."



Kathleen Toohill was this magazine's autumn intern.

CAFÉ CHOICE

Quotable Notre Dame, edited by Jim Langford '59 and Jill Langford '80 (Corby Books). From one-liners to short vignettes, this paperback offers a compendium of quotes that draw from the University's 170 years of existence. Insights from presidents, professors, priests, sports figures, students and alumni are included here, in such categories as history, academics, student life, athletics, and spirit and spirituality. Black-and-white sketches and photography enhance the book.

Hawai'i's Pets: Photos of Our Animal 'Ohana, photography by Deb McGuire, written by Tim McGuire '85 (Mutual Publishing). From dogs and cats to horses, rabbits, goats and even reptiles, the book showcases the island group's pets — called 'ohana or extended family — in stunning natural settings. The photographer also provides tips on how to capture your own personable pet shots. A portion of the proceeds are being donated to the Hawaiian Humane Society.

Grace Notes: True stories about sins, sons, shrines, silence, marriage, homework, jail, miracles, dads, legs, basketball, the sinewy grace of women, bullets, music, infirmaries, the power of powerlessness, the ubiquity of prayers, & some other matters, Brian Doyle '78 (ACTA Publications). The book's subtitle gives an idea of what the storycatcher, who says he is "charged with finding stories that matter" celebrates. The committed Catholic uses 37 snapshots here to "point at shards of holiness."

The Available Parent: Radical Optimism for Raising Teens and Tweens, Dr. John Duffy '86 (Viva Editions). When sullen silence and slammed doors replace hugs and smiles, what's a parent to do? The author, a clinical

psychologist, suggests strategies to keep the lines of communication open, first discussing what doesn't work — such things as snooping, lectures, overindulgence, coddling and micromanaging — then what does, from showing respect to supporting a teen's interests to reinforcing positive behavior.

Books, Crooks, and Counselors: How to Write Accurately about Criminal Law and Courtroom Procedure, Leslie Budewitz '84 J.D. (Quill Driver Books). What is evidence? The burden of proof? The discovery process? Can judges question witnesses? Mystery writers may know plots and characters, but not all know the fine points of the law. This guidebook by a practicing lawyer and mystery writer addresses legal issues to help writers correctly incorporate the law into fiction.

Ending Dirty Energy Policy: Prelude to Climate Change, Joseph P. Tomain '70 (Cambridge University Press). America's dependence on fossil fuels can be eased, the author asserts, but changing energy policy won't be simple. Here he proposes "two dramatic changes": America must promote and support new energy markets, and the country must reject its 20th century model of government regulation. "New market structures, new products, and new technologies," Tomain writes, "require new, and in many instances dynamic, regulatory responses."

Battling Goliath: Inside a \$22 Billion Legal Scandal, Kip Petroff '83 J.D. with Suzi Zimmerman Petroff (Frame House Press). When discouraged dieters heard about fen-phen, many rushed to their doctors for a prescription for the weight-loss drug. Unfortunately, some then suffered devastating lung and heart damage. Attorney Kip Petroff details his decade-long fight against a pharmaceutical giant to bring

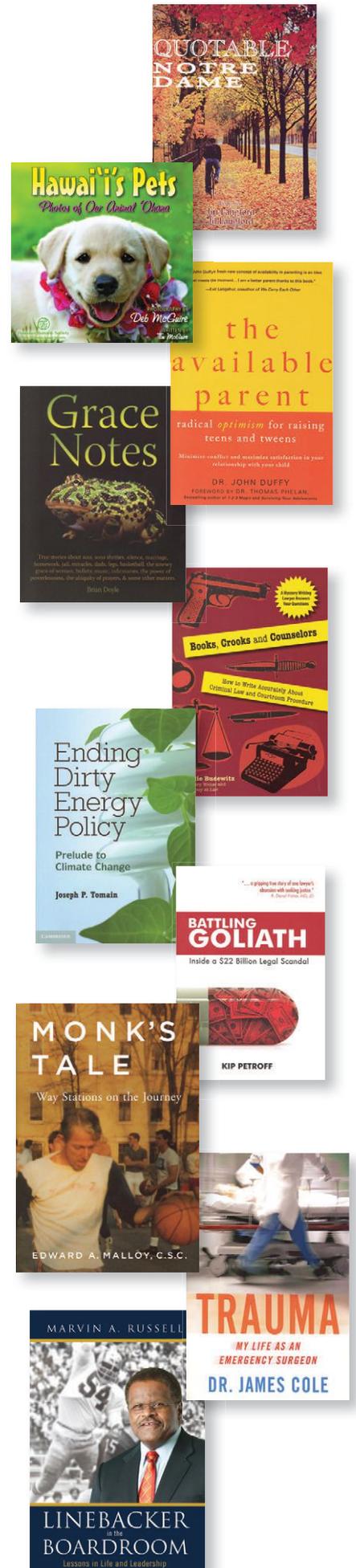
justice to the drug's victims. "It's going to get ugly," he was told, and it did.

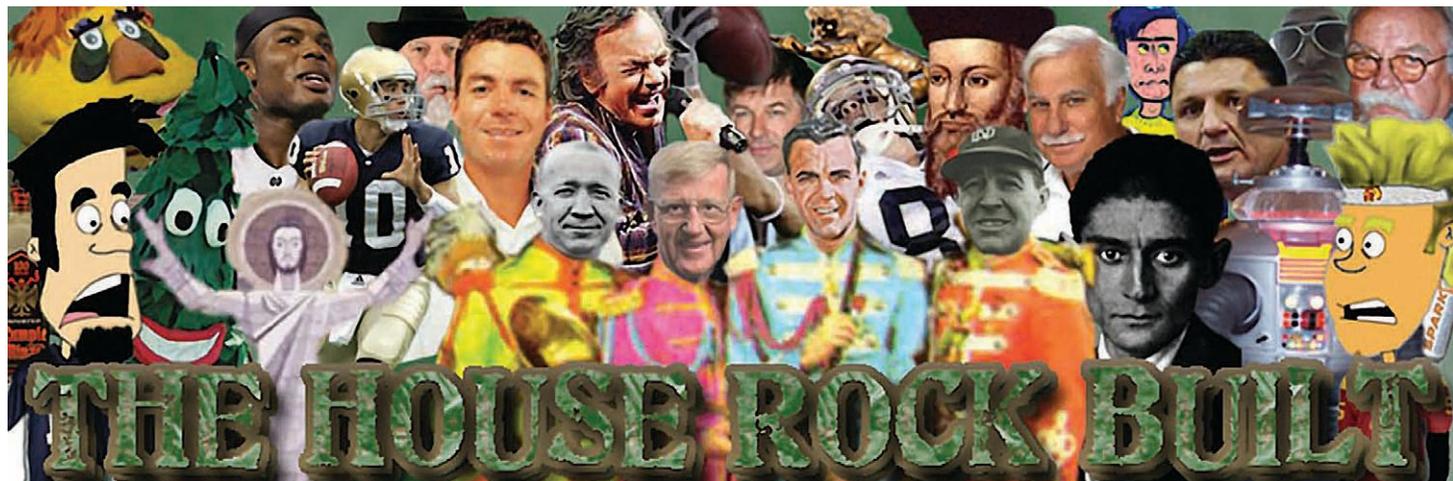
Monk's Tale: Way Stations on the Journey, Edward A. Malloy, CSC, '63, '67 M.A., '69 M.A. (University of Notre Dame Press). In the second of his projected three-volume memoir, the priest and ND president emeritus covers the years from 1975 to '87, and his life as "a teacher, dorm staff person, international traveler, major administrator and board member." He includes the process that led to his election as president of Notre Dame and the thankless job of reassigning some parking spots.

Trauma: My Life as an Emergency Surgeon, Dr. James Cole '87 (St. Martin's Press). From his work in the battlefields of Afghanistan and Iraq to his civilian practice in trauma surgery, critical care and emergency general surgery in Illinois, the doctor's account of his life spent saving lives is not for the faint of heart. The cases he highlights include an attempted suicide by crossbow, a woman whose body is invaded by flesh-eating bacteria and a construction worker impaled on a row of steel poles.

Linebacker in the Boardroom: Lessons in Life and Leadership, Marvin A. Russell '77 (Outskirts Press). A member of the 1973 Notre Dame national championship football team, the author talks about "the demand for excellence and accountability in all things we do." He offers tools to help readers transform themselves into high performers by finding their impact zones, or "individual opportunities to make a difference." University President Father John I. Jenkins, CSC, and football coach Brian Kelly are among those quoted in the book.

Compiled by Carol Schaal '91 M.A. Visit magazine.nd.edu for Choices in Brief.





BY LIAM FARRELL '04

When Dayne Crist woke up from what he thought was a nightmare in November 2010, he was horrified to learn that not only had Notre Dame actually lost to Tulsa, but Brian Kelly and Michael Floyd were, indeed, zombies.

After a heartbreaking loss to USC in 2009, Notre Dame quarterback Jimmy Clausen and wide receiver Golden Tate made sense of it the only way they could — by painting a picture of a sad clown and getting drunk at an underground cockfight, respectively, all to the strains of R.E.M.'s “Everybody Hurts.”

Welcome to “Stuffing the Passer,” the puppet show put on by the blog The House Rock Built that provides Notre Dame fans a funhouse mirror through which to view their team.

There’s puppet Brian Kelly, who speaks in a Kennedy-esque accent; puppet Dayne Crist, who has a recurring problem with fine motor skills; puppet Tommy Rees, who at one point mentions he is ND’s starting quarterback “pro tempore”; and puppet Michael Floyd, who is blue with green hair, does not lack confidence so much as he lacks clothes, and believes the Main Building was built in 2008 so he would “have something to base jump off of.”

Michael Fotopoulos ’03 and Brian Stouffer ’04 are the comedic brain trust behind the series. These Chicago alums trade their day jobs — described as “cubes in undisclosed locations” — to become amateur Muppeteers in their free time.

In an Internet full of fans who take the trials and travails of their teams seriously,

Liam Farrell is this magazine’s alumni editor.

The House Rock Built is often a whimsical breath of fresh air.

“We have really tried to just show our affection for our school,” Stouffer says. “We saw a need out there.”

The two Domers were neighbors in Keenan Hall and first started writing things together for the Keenan Revue, the annual popular send-up of campus life. Post-graduation, they were involved in separate blogs and “it just kind of snowballed from there,” Fotopoulos says.

According to the duo, the puppet show was born during a going-away party for a friend who was moving to New York. Conversation drifted into the existence of the Muppet Whatnot Workshop at FAO Schwarz, where people can purchase customized Muppets, and the potential of doing a show centered on Notre Dame.

“It started out as a joke, and we just got too many beers into it,” Stouffer says. “We were like, ‘Oh my goodness, we have to start doing something.’”

The ensuing productions have definitely been on the guerilla filmmaking side, making up in enthusiasm what is lacking in budget. One recent innovation was an \$8 tripod from Walmart.

“We basically doubled our efficiency,” Stouffer says. “It’s fun having the giant challenge.”

II.

College sports, with their fervent rivalries and fan bases, have proven fertile ground for the Internet. The website SB Nation, for example, hosts hundreds of sports blogs. Many are specifically tailored to college football, from

Purdue-centric Hammer and Rails to Penn State-focused Black Shoe Diaries and Michigan-dedicated Maize n Brew.

A standard-bearer of this subculture is Every Day Should Be Saturday, a blog that covers college football through its uniquely jaundiced eyes. Past features have included an award for the program that has the most run-ins with the law and NCAA violations, and recurring satirical Top-25 rankings from long-time coach Howard Schnellenberger, who routinely finds “suspenders” to be a worthy No. 1.

Things can take an even more entertaining turn in the blog’s comments section. That’s where dozens of college football fans enter a virtual sports bar and rag on each other’s teams, illustrate their emotions with television and movie clips, and spin inside jokes like how the Clemson Tiger’s eyes make him look like a drug addict.

Perhaps the biggest Notre Dame footprint on the Internet belongs to NDNation, which basically functions as a discussion board for Fighting Irish fans. Other sites, such as Her Loyal Sons and One Foot Down, have tried to mix humor with more straightforward analysis. The lines between traditional media and blogs continue to blur, with Keith Arnold ’02, a writer from NBC, even taking part in a virtual, weekly Q&A discussion called the Irish Blogger Gathering.

For years, one of Notre Dame’s most popular and informative blogs was Blue-Gray Sky, a collection of people who knew each other from Notre Dame or from posting on the Internet. Their work was noticed by mainstream publications such as *Sports Illustrated*. Despite officially shutting down in

March 2010, the site still gets comments on its website.

Jay Barry '92, one of the blog's founders, says Blue-Gray Sky entered the Internet landscape at a "fortuitous time." Few pure Notre Dame blogs existed, and other college football sites were just getting started as well.

"There was sort of this nascent base of college football blogging," Barry says. "I was kind of shocked and surprised ND didn't have more established blogs."

And the proliferation of new media tools such as YouTube and TiVo allowed more comprehensive access to game film.

"The DVR made all the difference in the world," Barry says, referring to the digital devices that can record and store hours of live television.

Those forces let Blue-Gray Sky feed a niche for original humor, long-form analysis and play-by-play breakdowns concentrated on a single team. In one corner there was a rundown of the greatest villains in Notre Dame football history (Desmond Howard, Jimmy Johnson, the referee who threw the clipping penalty flag in the 1991 Orange Bowl). In the other corner were analyses of offense formations.

"We had the luxury journalists don't," says Pat Mitsch '99, a former Blue-Gray Sky contributor who edited *Maple Street Press Irish Kickoff 2011*. "We could write as long as we wanted and whatever we wanted."

Even the most successful labors of love can get submarined, and Blue-Gray Sky met a fate similar to many other blogs when obligations such as children entered the picture. Barry estimates that at one point he was working 10 to 20 hours a week on the blog, and about 300 posts still remain in draft form.

Mitsch says the late nights — and an era of football games that could be equally as dark — left some marks.

"It took its toll, especially when the team was terrible," he says. "We'll encapsulate the Charlie Weis-era, for better or worse. There were a lot of late nights, but it was fun."

III.

For the average college football fan, there has likely never been a time when there are simultaneously as few and as many places to get information.

Games — the central product of college football — are placed in limited hands, with the monolith of ESPN controlling a good deal of the landscape and other networks con-

centrating on specific conferences or teams where available. But it is now possible to follow a team without ever laying eyes on major media because of the Internet explosion.

Sure, actually seeing the gold helmets on game day will require Fighting Irish fans to buy tickets or tune into NBC or ESPN. The monopoly on trenchant analysis is over, however, especially when it can come in the form of puppets.

"There is always going to be a spot for a team-oriented site," Mitsch says. "They will probably be the amateur guys doing it in their off-hours."

That is certainly the case for the puppeteering team of Stouffer and Fotopoulos. During the football season, they comb the Internet for the hot topic of the week, which could be anything from the stadium evacuation during the Notre Dame-South Florida game to conference realignment.

Those topics then get filtered through layers of the language that reflect the duo's background as members of a generation raised on *Sesame Street*, *The Simpsons* and *South Park*. "We tend to speak in constant pop culture references," Stouffer says.

Yet the world they have created is most definitely their own. All the characters, Fotopoulos says, "have their own quirks" in "Stuffing the Passer." Coach Brian Kelly may call his quarterback "Tommy" in real life, but online the sophomore is stiffly addressed in patrician-Northeastern style as "Thomas."

"We're not exactly parodying the actual people," Stouffer says. "They are the Muppet imitations of them."

Sometimes, however, reality and parody come pretty close together. Over the years, a rather manic puppet incarnation of former Irish wide receiver Golden Tate has made a habit of referencing his infamous 2009 leap into the Michigan State band, occasionally in holiday song (Oh touchdown tree/Oh touchdown tree/We love you more than field goals/And in the air or on the ground/Jump in the band and dance around).

Shortly before Notre Dame played the Spartans in the fall, Tate's Twitter account hinted he and his puppet may not be so far apart, posting, "All I kno is someone better keep the tradition going and jump into MSU band."

It's all part of the strange and *sui generis* Notre Dame love letter known as The House Rock Built.

"I hope [the players] enjoy it," Fotopoulos says. Notre Dame "is very, very much a part of who we are." □

Sites to behold

Notre Dame football expanded into the digital world along with the Internet and blogging explosion over the past decade. Here are some sites for the Notre Dame and college football fan.

The House Rock Built:

The Muppets take South Bend — houserockbuilt.blogspot.com



Her Loyal Sons:

A mix of humor and game analysis — herloyalsons.com/blog

One Foot Down:

Some of the best play breakdowns available for ND football fanatics — onefootdown.com

The Blue-Gray Sky:

Now defunct, but an in-depth and unrivaled accounting of the Charlie Weis era — bluegraysky.blogspot.com

ND Nation:

A popular message board for fans — ndnation.com



Inside the Irish:

Legacy media goes nontraditional — irish.nbcsports.com

Every Day Should Be Saturday:

The gold standard for college football blogs, even if it is run by a Florida fan — everydayshouldbesaturday.com.

Another Tour of Duty

At age 58, when most are plotting retirement, Dr. Kenneth Graf '66 joined the Army to be a combat surgeon, operating on the fly in Iraq and Afghanistan.

'You stop the bleeding, say a prayer and hope for the best.'
Dr. Kenneth Graf

BY TIM DOUGHERTY '07

In the days, months and years since the collapse of the World Trade Center's twin towers, hundreds of thousands of American youths have signed up for military service to sacrifice life and limb for the welfare of their fellow Americans. Dr. Kenneth Graf '66, a surgeon near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and member of the U.S. Army Reserves, has spent much of that time trying to keep them from having to.

Since enlisting in the U.S. Army Medical Corps in 2003, Graf, now 67, has been deployed as a combat surgeon to various battle zones in Kosovo, Afghanistan and Iraq, and served a tour at the U.S. military hospital in Landstuhl, Germany. He's been on active duty around 18 months over the past eight years.

The first war zone Graf witnessed, however, was in Lower Manhattan in November 2001, as he looked on with his wife, Lynn, at the devastation wrought by the deadliest attack on American soil since the Second Battle of Bull Run.

"It was still smoking and smoldering at the time," Graf recalls. "I knew our country was going to have to do something, though I didn't know what they were going to do. So I talked to a recruiter and asked if they'd need a surgeon."

Graf, a draftee during the Vietnam War,

Tim Dougherty, who interned at this magazine, is a writer living in New York City.

had served one stint as a medical officer in the armed forces three decades earlier, mainly performing physicals on draftees state-side. Despite his 25 years of private practice experience as a general surgeon, it took a while to get a recruiter who would accept the then-58-year-old's offer.

Although Graf did meet a few surgeons about his age during basic training in 2003, it was rare enough to warrant a nickname during his training. "They called me Grandpa in the tent. And that was about right," says Graf.

While no number of private practice surgeries can truly prepare doctors for the horrific wounds they witness in combat, Graf says that the time in which he began practicing medicine — before the technologies widely available now and the specialization they've ushered in — helped prepare him to treat the broad range of injuries he's seen under the austere operating conditions of theatres such as Iraq and Afghanistan.

"We did some brain surgery, chest surgery, just about anything you could think of," Graf says. "It was a challenge to keep them alive."

In his most recent tour in 2010, Graf led a team of three other surgeons and about 16 medics as the chief surgeon of the small Forward Operating Base Sharana in the Paktika Province of Afghanistan. The base is along the Pakistani border and, Graf notes, "far from all the hospitals." Though the temporary tents

eventually gave way to manufactured steel buildings, Graf's team never had an X-ray to diagnose injuries. Instead, the medical workers relied heavily on versatile ultrasound machines and first instincts reinforced through military-specific training like the two-and-a-half week crash course his team received at a trauma center in Miami.

"We usually use our own clinical judgment and our own exams," says Graf.

Whether sawing open a skull or reconstructing a vital artery, cradling a young life in one's hands is never a more awesome responsibility than when the soldier is on the table because he decided to put the lives of those back home into his. And the reward for keeping a soldier alive under unkind odds is both professional and deeply personal.

"That's what keeps you going. Those kinds of moments are priceless and unforgettable," Graf says. "You think, 'This is why I've trained. This is what I'm here for. This is my vocation.'"

The primary focus of combat surgeons faced with the often horrific trauma injuries seen only in war is "damage control." Graf and other combat surgeons do their best to stabilize a patient as quickly as they can with the limited resources available.

"You stop the bleeding," says Graf. "And you say a prayer and hope for the best."

And you waste no time moving on to the next person who needs care.

If more complicated surgery is needed,



BARBARA JOHNSTON

the protocol in Afghanistan is to prepare a soldier to be able to survive a helicopter ride to Bagram Air Base — since 2007, a full-fledged permanent hospital — or a flight to the Landstuhl military hospital in a C-17 Globemaster flying hospital.

Not all of the people Graf sees, however, have the benefit of air care available to them. As is one of the collateral tragedies of war, many of those Graf has treated have been civilians with nowhere else to turn. Civilian pediatric injuries in particular have been estimated to account for 12 percent of hospital bed time in U.S. medical facilities in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Graf recalls an episode in Tikrit, Iraq, when a 77-pound girl, reported to be 16 years old, arrived in hemorrhagic shock after a gunshot wound to the pelvis. Because of the girl's malnourished state, Graf's team had to adapt from how they'd treat military personnel in the same situation throughout her 83-day hospital stay that required 30 operations.

Two thousand miles away in Afghanistan, however, that treatment would have been unthinkable during his first tour there in 2005. As much as he and the other surgeons wanted to help, a decade of Taliban rule and its lingering influence meant civilian families would rarely permit U.S. male doctors to treat female civilian patients. By 2010, Graf says, the attitudes of civilian families appeared to have changed significantly.

"That was something we'd ask a husband or father, and they'd say, 'Do everything you can to save the life of my wife or daughter,'" Graf says. "They were only too happy to have anyone taking care of their loved ones."

Just as important, Graf adds, is the support U.S. doctors have received from their commanding officers, typically soldiers with some kind of medical background, whom he has never seen turn down a request to care for civilians. In contrast to the brutality met by captured U.S. and coalition forces, Graf points out the unique position of U.S. surgeons, who have treated Taliban rebels who

are brought to the hospital and, in some cases, are flown for follow-up surgery to Bagram Air Base.

"I've been fortunate never to have to decide between postponing surgery for an enemy soldier to care for a U.S. or coalition soldier," Graf concedes. "It's just good fortune for me not to have to live with that kind of decision. My mission [as a doctor] is life goes first. It doesn't matter whether it's yours or theirs. You have to do what you have to do. You take an oath."

In many cases, the sense of responsibility of the U.S. military to the civilians unwittingly caught in the crossfires of a war they didn't ask for has not ended on the operating table. Graf highlights the perilous missions of the 101st Airborne Division "Screaming Eagles," famed for their participation in D-Day, the Battle of the Bulge and Hamburger Hill, who would arrange to return dead Afghans from the hospital at Bagram Air Base back to their villages to be buried before sundown, in deference to Muslim custom.

"They didn't have to do these things. It wasn't a stated mission," Graf says. "To protect the culture to that extent is pretty special, and I don't know any other group or country that might do that."

Relationships formed during war are done so at one's own peril when they can be severed in the blink of a roadside bomb. For every friendship Graf made, such as a local Afghani surgeon who made countless trips in the cover of darkness pooling civilian patients to and from FOB Sharana, Graf has heard stories like that of a 7-year-old child killed by Afghan rebels because his grandfather was providing assistance at the base.

"Those are the kinds of things you take home and you don't forget."

When he's not abroad or training to go, Graf's full-time job at home is as a general surgeon at Lebanon VA Medical Center in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, where he's worked the past four years. How long Graf will remain home, he doesn't know, but he suspects the day may be coming soon where he'll be asked to hang up his fatigues and stick to caring for patients more often closer to his age.

"When I'm 69, they'll probably say 'Thank you for your service' and give me my honorable discharge from the military. But we'll wait and see. That hasn't happened yet. With my health I've been really blessed to be able to do these things, and I still will as long as there's a need." □

In November, Pope Benedict XVI named **Charles J. "Charlie" Brown '81** as the new papal nuncio to Ireland. A long-time aide to the pope working since 1994 in the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, the former monsignor from the Archdiocese of New York was elevated to the rank of archbishop along with his diplomatic appointment. The Vatican's previous ambassador to Ireland was recalled last summer as diplomatic relations became strained after a government report charged Irish bishops with covering up clerical child abuse cases. . . . **Thaddeus "TJ" Jones '89**, an official of the Pontifical Council for Social Communications, was the project coordinator for news.va, the Vatican's news aggregator website that launched last fall. Among other duties, Jones also coordinates worldwide telecasts of papal ceremonies and events. . . . Only days after its release, *Brainrush*, a sci-fi political thriller by **Richard Bard '73**, jumped to the Amazon Action/Adventure Bestseller list through an unusual promotion: Readers who bought Bard's book also received the No. 1 and No. 3 bestselling Kindle thrillers as well. The former Air Force pilot and 36-year cancer survivor, who went on to run three security technology companies, received a fan letter for his novel from singer David Crosby of Crosby, Stills and Nash fame. . . . **Tom Bettag '66** has joined NBC's new newsmagazine, *Rock Center with Brian Williams*, as a producer. In a career spanning more than four decades, the veteran TV newsman has served as executive producer at CBS News, ABC News and CNN. For many years Bettag was executive producer of *Nightline with Ted Koppel*. He also worked with Koppel on the Discovery Channel's program *Koppel on Discovery*. . . . **James O'Connell, M.D., '70**, president of the Boston Health Care for the Homeless Program (BHCHP), was awarded the Massachusetts General Hospital Trustees' Medal, which honors American physicians and scientists "whose lifetime contributions have uniquely benefited humankind. BHCHP is the nation's largest and most comprehensive health care program for the homeless, serving more than 11,000 individuals each year. . . . **Thomas Shilen Jr. '81** has been named chief financial and administrative officer of CBS News. Previously, Shilen had served as senior vice president, controller and chief accounting officer for CBS. . . . **John Michael '94, '98J.D., '98MBA** is the new play-by-play announcer for the Cleveland Cavaliers NBA team. Previously, the former trial attorney served as the TV broadcaster for the Columbus Blue Jackets of the NHL. . . . **Jon Theisen '70** was appointed a circuit court judge in Eau Claire County by Wisconsin Governor Scott Walker. . . . Illinois Governor Pat Quinn recently named **Michael Latz '85, '89J.D.** as a commissioner on the Illinois Workers' Compensation Commission. An attorney in private practice, Latz is a former assistant state's attorney for Cook County, Illinois. . . . **Betsy Paulsen Crapps '92** is the founder of Mom Prom, a "ladies' night out" for charity that has become a national movement (momprom.org). The events provide an opportunity for women to wear their old formal dresses and dance while raising money for a worthy cause of their choice. . . . **Jamie Reidy '92**, whose memoir of his time as a pharmaceutical salesman became the Hollywood romantic comedy *Love and Other Drugs*, received the Angel Award from The Good Shepherd Shelter of Los Angeles for his volunteer efforts there. The shelter is a haven for battered women and their children. . . . **Kiana Peacock '94** and her husband, Jason Evans, have been named by Calista Corp. as publishers of three Alaskan weekly newspapers and two specialty shoppers. . . . **Joe Brockington '07** and his working German Shepherd, Yogy Policia Slovakia, were awarded the Highest Auslander Trophy and Helper's Favorite Dog at the Mid-Eastern Regional Schutzhund Championship. Schutzhund (German for "protection dog") tests the traits of working dogs, such as German Shepherds. Brockington, who was a four-year letterman on Notre Dame's football team, is co-owner of the dog with his former ND teammate **Tom Zbikowski '07**. . . . **Rob McLaughlin '91** and his wife, Colleen ('91 SMC), have established the McLaughlin Family Endowment for Excellence to Fight Domestic Poverty.

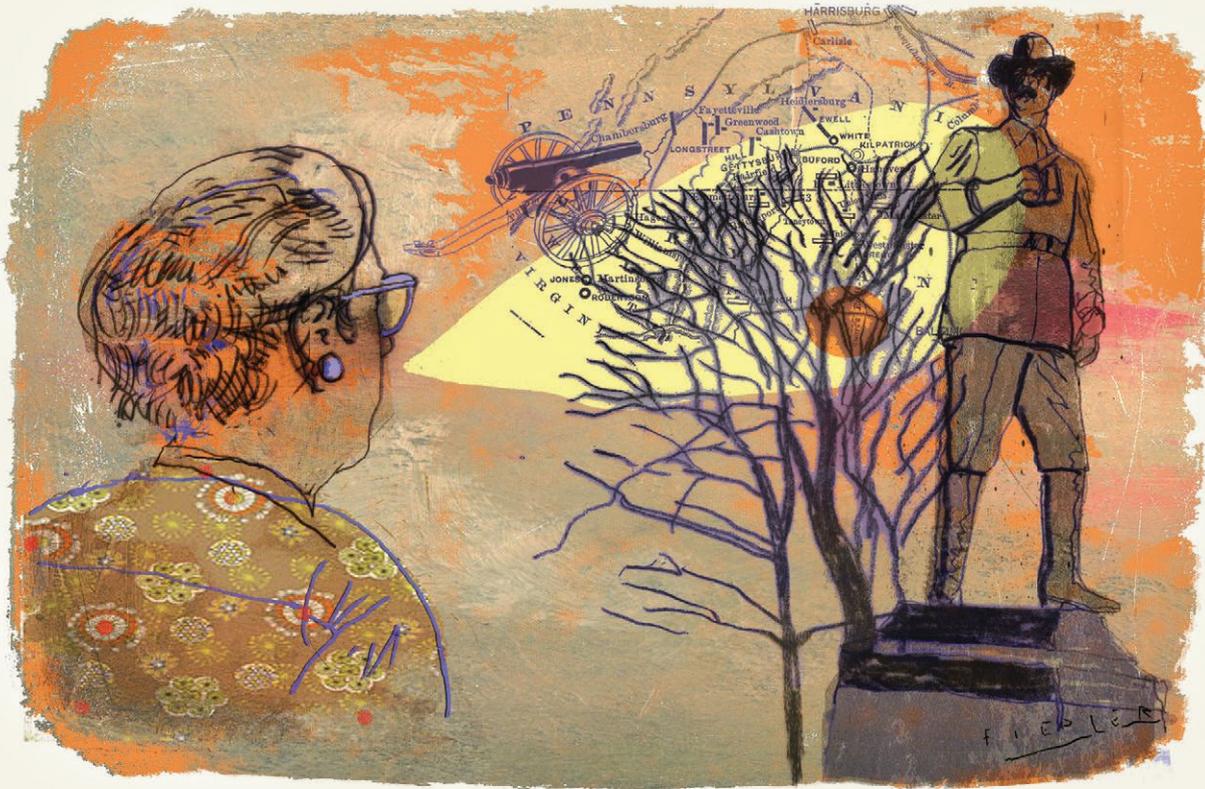
The endowment will fund initiatives from the Center for Social Concerns such as the Appalachian Program, which provides volunteer experiences for ND students in Appalachia. . . . Hollywood actor **William Mapother '87** offered a Notre Dame audience a sneak preview of his recent science fiction movie, *Another Earth*, which premiered last year at the Sundance Film Festival. The independent film deals with parallel existence, among other things. Mapother is perhaps best known for his character Ethan Rom in the TV series *Lost*. Mapother's newest film, *A Warrior's Heart*, in which he plays a lacrosse coach, was released in December. He also appears in the upcoming Lifetime cable channel original movie, *The Drew Peterson Story*, about a suburban Chicago police officer charged with the death of his third wife after his fourth wife's mysterious disappearance. . . . **Thomas Ealy '82** was recently named president of Encompass Insurance, a division of the Allstate Insurance Company. . . . **Travis Smith '95** is the new CEO of Jo-Ann Stores, Inc., the leading fabric and specialty craft store company in the United States. . . . Attorney **Ron Blubaugh '60** received an award from the state bar of California in recognition of his legal work on behalf of homeless people. . . . **Amanda Polk '08**, who was a member of the Irish women's crew team, helped the U.S. eight-boat team forge a come-from-behind gold medal win at the 2011 World Rowing Championship in Bled, Slovenia. Previously, Polk competed with the U.S. four-boat team that won a silver medal at the 2010 World Championships in Poznan, Poland. . . . **Tracy Miner '80**, a member of the litigation practice and chair of the white-collar defense group of Mintz, Levin, Cohn, Ferris, Glovsky and Popeo was elected to the board of directors of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers. . . . Long distance runner **Molly Huddle '06** competed in the track and field World Championships in Daegu, South Korea, last summer. Earlier she won a national championship in the 5000 meter run. Another outstanding women's track and field athlete, **Mary Saxer '09** finished fifth in the pole vaulting national championships last year. Both Huddle and Saxer are expected to make the U.S. Olympic team. . . . Doctors **Robert Simari '82** of the Mayo Clinic and **Jay Traverse '82** of the Minneapolis Heart Institute at Abbot Northwestern Hospital presented the results of their adult stem cell research at the American Heart Association scientific meeting last fall. The two medical researchers, who are friends and ND classmates, found that treatment with stem cells from a patient's own bone marrow is beneficial only when administered shortly after a heart attack. Their study found no benefit from the treatment two to three weeks after the attack. The Vatican has approved the use of adult stem cells, condemning only those derived from embryos. . . . Former Notre Dame All American defensive lineman **Pete Duranko '66**, a star of the 1966 National Championship team who later played eight seasons for the Denver Broncos, died in July. He had been diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's Disease in 2001.

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Go to mynotredame.nd.edu/candidates to see the biographies and election statements for each candidate. Alumni can vote for one candidate in each geographical region as well as the Young Alumni category.



How could they?

BY BARBARA TURPIN

MY FRIEND MARY AND I HAD BEEN ON THE ROAD for 10 hours already and were anxious to get to our destination. As we headed east along the Chambersburg Pike, our eyes scoured the countryside for any sign of the park — it was a national park, after all, and one would expect signs — but there were none. All we saw were the fertile farmlands of southeastern Pennsylvania.

All of a sudden, out of the corner of my left eye, I spied a man on a pedestal, holding binoculars. Glancing to my right, I saw the barn familiar to me from a certain mid-19th-century photograph. As my foot pushed down on the brake pedal, my brain began to process the two images. The man on the pedestal holding binoculars was not really a man but a statue of Union Brigadier General John Buford, who first spotted the arrival of Confederate troops here on June 30, 1863, as they marched east down the Chambersburg Pike. The barn marked the location of McPherson Ridge, where Buford and his 2,200 cavalymen tried unsuccessfully to hold off 7,000 Confederate infantrymen until reinforcements arrived.

No signs had guided us here, but we knew we'd reached our destination: Gettysburg.

My passion for the Civil War dates from my first viewing of Ken Burns' documentary on the war that was aired on PBS in 1990. Over

the years since then, I'd read many histories of the period. As part of a book group Mary and I belonged to, we read Tony Horwitz's *Confederates in the Attic*, which recalled the author's travels throughout the South with a group of Civil War re-enactors. More than anything else, Horwitz's book spurred me to plan my own tour of Civil War battlefields one day.

Since I'd planned to retire at the end of the 2010-11 academic year, and since 2011 marks the 150th anniversary of the start of the war, I thought, what better time to take that trip? So just six days after my last day of work at the end of May, Mary and I packed up our cameras and other belongings in a rental car and headed east for two weeks.

I had a general idea of what I hoped to accomplish on the tour. None of the books I'd read had given me a clear idea of what happened on the battlefields, and the maps were really inadequate. I also couldn't figure out how generals, North or South, knew where to position their troops on a huge battlefield like Gettysburg, or, in an age without even walkie-talkies, how they conveyed their wishes to their subordinates. I wanted to know how the battles were organized and coordinated. I thought that if only I could *see* the battlefields, I could figure these things out.

The tour, then, began as an intellectual exercise, like completing a giant jigsaw puzzle. But that solitary statue of Buford, emerging so unexpectedly from an ordinary farm field, presumably on or

Barbara Turpin, a former associate dean of Notre Dame's Graduate School, retired in 2011.

near the spot where he first saw those Confederates marching down the Chambersburg Pike on that day almost 150 years ago, had a profound effect on me. It was as if Buford had suddenly stepped out of history to remind all visitors of what had happened here so long ago. I'd been so focused on battlefield logistics that I'd almost forgotten that I would be walking on hallowed ground.

Mary and I eventually did find our way to the Gettysburg National Military Park and its new visitor's center, where we secured the services of Doug, a licensed battlefield guide, for a two-hour tour. For reasons that we never quite figured out, but for which we were both extremely grateful, Doug stretched out our tour of the roughly 6,000 acre park to five hours.

Doug took us to all the park's notable sites, indicating to us the placement of troops around the battlefield on each of the three days

of fighting and explaining how the generals communicated to their subordinates on the field. (They used flags.) But that information was no longer of interest to me.

Because by then I'd stood with Union Brigadier General G. K. Warren atop Little Round Top and understood, as he did from this vantage point, how critical that spot was to commanding the entire battlefield. And I'd stood where Confederate General Robert

E. Lee and Union General George Meade had watched the progress of General George Pickett's Charge on the third day, from opposite sides of the field, and understood how 5,600 Confederate casualties resulted. The nearly 12,000 men who stepped off from the woods that day had to march across a mile of open ground and scramble over fences, all the while being raked with fire from the Union-held Little Round Top on their right and Cemetery Ridge on their left.

I have no knowledge of military tactics or battlefield logistics. But it doesn't take a West Point graduate to look out over that field and conclude that such a charge would be an invitation to slaughter. Surely the men who stepped off that day knew what they were getting into, and yet they went anyway. *They went anyway.*

Standing at the wall where Union forces repulsed the one small Confederate force able to breach the Federal line, a place known to history as The Angle, I couldn't help but wonder how men could go on after a disaster such as this, how they could continue to march into battle and trust the leadership of their generals. It seemed inconceivable to me, and yet they did it.

My question was no longer how the generals did what they did on the battlefields, but rather why the troops continued to fight and die in such extraordinary numbers on both sides. Above and beyond what has motivated soldiers the world over since the dawn of time, I wanted to know why *these* men, the men who fought in the Civil War, went anyway.

Here are the numbers. At Gettysburg, out of the 150,000 men engaged in the three days of battle, 51,000 became casualties (killed, wounded or missing). Of the three million men who fought in the Civil War on both sides, 620,000 died of battle wounds or disease, during or after the war. This number exceeds the nation's total losses in all of its wars from the Revolution through Vietnam.

I imagined that one of the reasons soldiers went anyway may have been the 19th century's attitude toward death. Because medicine was so primitive, death was more prevalent. A third of all children born in the United States in the 19th century did not live to adulthood. And the sick or injured were usually cared for at home, where they died within view of their friends and families, not among professionals and shut off somewhere in a hospital or nursing home. This is not to say that people valued their lives less than we value ours; I mean only to say that death then was seen as normal and not as a medical failure.

But being more accepting of death is a far cry from volunteering for it, as these men did. That, it seemed to me, required a commitment to something higher. Both sides, of course, believed in the rightness of their cause, that God was on their side. But no sooner had my thoughts turned that corner, no sooner had the word "cause" entered my head, than all rational thought took flight. I understood that the cause for which they fought, whatever it was, was extremely important; it was what ennobled their self-sacrifice, elevating it above mere fatalism. But the very notion of a "cause," any cause, caught in my throat, almost physically choking me.

While I could pity the soldiers who fought at Gettysburg, as a cynical member of the Vietnam War generation, who learned to be wary of all grand causes since they often turn out to be nothing but grand delusions, and who wasn't sure there was *any* cause worth killing and dying for, I couldn't view them as anything other than poor, deluded fools.

We moved on to other battlefields, but with each stop we were confronted with more carnage and more evidence of incompetence. In just 12 hours of fighting at Antietam on September 17, 1862 — the bloodiest day in American history — there were 23,000 casualties, more than twice the *total* Allied casualties on D-Day. In Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862, Union General Ambrose Burnside threw his infantry against a firmly entrenched Confederate position on Marye's Heights not just once or twice but *14 times*. The result: 12,600 Union casualties. In July 1864, in the wake of an explosion under the Confederate line detonated by Union troops in an attempt to break the siege of Petersburg, those troops poured *into* the resulting crater to attack the Confederates instead of going *around* it, because their leader, Brigadier General James Ledlie, wasn't there to direct them. He was rumored to be behind the lines getting drunk, and 3,800 Union casualties resulted from what one Confederate general referred to as "the turkey shoot." My mind kept circling back to the question of what kept these men going.

Maybe it was the heat at Gettysburg that had fried my brain. The temperature on the battlefield that day had been 95 degrees, and we'd been out in that heat for five hours. Or maybe it had been the shock and the profound emotional impact of seeing the statue of John Buford rising from the earth out of nowhere that had caused me to forget everything I knew about the Civil War. More likely, it had been easier to see those soldiers as deluded fools than to see myself as a prisoner of my own historical circumstance. Whatever the reason that rationality had taken flight at Gettysburg, it returned during the subsequent two weeks of our tour.

The Civil War was not Vietnam, of course. It wasn't fought halfway across the globe, in the jungles of a little country in Southeast Asia few Americans had even heard of, on behalf of a people who didn't want us there. As our tour demonstrated all too well, it was fought right here at home, in our own cities and towns, on our own farmlands and along our own country roads, because of a contradiction

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between our principles and our practice, between what we professed to believe in — the equality of all — and the fact that four million of us, one in seven, were slaves. That house, Lincoln said, could not stand; to have believed otherwise — that we could survive permanently as half free and half slave — would have been delusional.

What was at stake in the Civil War was who we, as Americans, really were. We had a stake in the outcome of that conflict that we did not have in Vietnam. In addition, those who fought in Vietnam were primarily conscripts, not volunteers as they were in the Civil War; presumably, their motivations for fighting were different. In Vietnam, according to vets themselves, men wanted only to get out alive. And no one whose primary motivation was to get out alive would have followed Pickett across that Gettysburg field. No, the Civil War was not Vietnam.

So why exactly did Pickett's men follow him? What possesses a person whose basic instinct is self-preservation to sacrifice himself? Civil War historian James McPherson addresses that issue head-on in his book *For Cause and Comrades*, which was inspired by what he saw with his own eyes on his first visit to Gettysburg.

Surprisingly, one really can't say that military discipline is what drove them. Discipline on both sides during the Civil War was notoriously lax. Fully 50 percent of those eligible for the first Confederate draft in April of 1862 failed to sign up, with no consequence to them. And while desertion was widespread in both armies, execution for it was relatively rare. After serving briefly with the Confederacy, for example, Mark Twain spent the war years out west.

Nor can one say that Civil War soldiers were more unquestioning in obedience to orders than soldiers today. Their letters and diaries show just the opposite. In this very democratic, individualistic mid-19th-century society, privates thought they were just as good as officers and deserving of the same respect. They were determined to "have their rights," they wrote.

In American society at the time, duty, honor, patriotism and the concept of manhood — most importantly, the need to prove it — were more powerful motivating forces than discipline and coercion. Also, because men from the same communities often enlisted together in the same units, peer pressure compelled them to fight instead of flee. And there was the "band of brothers" effect; they fought for each other, if not for anything else. Religious faith played a role as well, perhaps not so much in motivating them to enlist — although some soldiers called the Civil War a crusade — but in sustaining them in the midst of battle. These values are what kept men in the ranks long after the sense of glory or adventure for which many of them had enlisted had lost its luster.

Finally, I think that respect for and confidence in the leadership of Robert E. Lee, who had brought the Army of Northern Virginia unexpected successes at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, also propelled Pickett's men across that field. Both they and Lee thought that under Lee's leadership, they were invincible.

Above all, there was the cause for which they fought. In Vietnam, U.S. soldiers didn't know what they were fighting for, and they couldn't help but notice how tenaciously the soldiers of the North Vietnamese Army fought precisely *because* they knew what they were fighting for. As McPherson wrote, "It is impossible to understand how the huge volunteer armies of the Civil War could have come into existence and sustained such heavy casualties over four years unless many of these volunteers really meant what they said about a willingness to die for the cause."

In the Civil War, there was no escape from the motivating power

of The Cause. Some Union soldiers immediately saw the major issue at stake in the war as slavery and fought to destroy it. But many saw the conflict originally as one of law vs. anarchy, and only came around to seeing it as one over slavery toward the end of the war. Others, such as Sullivan Ballou of the 2nd Rhode Island Volunteers, whose poignant final letter to his wife on the eve of the first battle of Bull Run was immortalized in Ken Burns' documentary, fought to preserve the legacy of liberty bequeathed to them by the Revolutionary generation.

Some Confederates did see themselves as fighting to defend slavery, but most saw themselves as fighting for liberty, too — i.e., against enslavement by the North. Apparently, the paradox of fighting for their own freedom while holding others in chains was lost on them. The South, of course, also fought for home and hearth.

Finally understanding why Civil War soldiers went anyway wasn't the reason I eventually changed my mind about them. During the two weeks after Gettysburg, I'd seen the landscapes of many battlefields, from Antietam to Fredericksburg to Petersburg, and having seen over and over again what those soldiers were up against, I developed an enormous respect for *all* of them, on both sides of the conflict, no matter what kept them going and whatever the cause for which they fought. Their fortitude on the battlefields we saw — so many of them D-Days in their own right — and in the face of either hubris or incompetence on the part of their high command, is simply astonishing, worthy of my respect and appreciation, not my scorn.

After the fall of Richmond and Petersburg in early April 1865, the chase was on as Lee retreated from Petersburg with Grant and his 120,000 troops in hot pursuit. The plight of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia at this point was heartbreaking. The Confederacy had fallen apart and had no resources left with which to supply its army. Starving, exhausted from days and nights of marching without rest, barely clothed or shod, their flanks constantly harassed by Union troops and drawn homeward by pleading letters from loved ones, thousands of Confederate soldiers deserted.

Remarkably, 35,000 men remained with Lee. These men had no "country" any more, or perhaps Lee was their country and they were fighting just for him. Whatever their cause, while I did pity them for all they had suffered, as I'd pitied the men at Gettysburg, I no longer saw them as poor, deluded fools.

Mary and I set out to follow Lee and the remnants of his once glorious Army of Northern Virginia from Petersburg all the way to Appomattox. When we first planned the trip, we thought that following the retreat would provide us with nothing more than a scenic drive. After seeing for ourselves the nature of this war, and the sacrifices made on both sides, we followed the retreat for a different reason: To pay our respects to the soldiers of both armies, who had fought so nobly and so bravely for so long.

And so for eight long hours, we followed the twists and turns of narrow, rarely traveled and often unmarked back country roads, through pristine Virginia farmlands, from Namozine Church to places with names like Jetersville, Deatonville, Rice's Depot, Amelia Court House, Double Bridges, Holt's Corner and New Store. It was like making the Stations of the Cross. But it wasn't until I was standing in Wilmer McLean's front parlor at Appomattox Court House, where Lee surrendered to Grant on Palm Sunday, 1865, that I fully realized what I had only dimly perceived two weeks earlier in front of that statue of General Buford in Gettysburg: what had begun as a tour would end as a pilgrimage. □

Come on, baby, end my wait

BY JOHN CRAWFORD '01MFA

AS WE INCH CLOSER to the due date, I try to wrap my mind around this baby situation. My wife isn't so tortured. She celebrates her birthday when we're on the cusp of the third trimester. It's just the two of us for now, and while our lives are on the verge of big changes, Hattie feels at peace. "I'm in my mid-30s," she tells me. "I'm ready for the next phase of my life."

We count down the days, and I try to make sense of it all. With 90 days to go, we start baby classes. They seem never-ending. In infant first aid, we learn to bang away on the baby's back if she's choking. That's unsettling. So is infant care basics, where we learn about diaper blowouts.

Hattie's belly grows bigger. During the second trimester, it had a cute roundness. Now it's out of control. One night she cooks at the kitchen counter and almost dips her belly in a plate of spaghetti and tomato sauce. "You got to watch that thing," I say. "Maybe we need to put police tape around it."

When we register, I ponder car seats and strollers. I also think about five years earlier, when we last registered together. I held the scanner gun as we roamed a Manhattan Macy's before our wedding. Hattie lived across the river, and our nights were filled with music, food and the PATH train. Times have changed. Now I've got the scanner gun again, and we're at a Babies "R" Us in a suburban Boston mall.

With 86 days to go, Hattie reads one of those baby books that's supposed to calm fears but instead seems to create them. "I was reading about how babies' heads flatten," she says. "Look at this. They wear this football helmet-like thing to correct it." "Are you trying to freak me out?" I reply.

With 70 days to go, Hattie researches bassinets. Most are around \$100, but one made in Europe costs \$300 and promises to contain no formaldehyde. "Formaldehyde?" I say. "They put that in bassinets?"

We fill out preliminary paperwork for the baby's birth certificate. Filling in info about my birthplace, my mom's maiden name, my ethnicity, I think of the descendants who in 100 years may look at this as

they research the family tree. We're all just a link in the chain.

With 56 days to go, I stare at Hattie's bare, bulging belly. Weird things are happening. "I don't think you have a belly button anymore," I say. Hattie agrees: "At this rate, my innie will become an outie."

With 48 days to go, the crib arrives. Hattie takes pictures. I double-check that the nuts and bolts are tight.

The crib is just the start. An all-out assault of stuff fills the baby's room. It's enough gear to drive you to madness, but Hattie has managed to organize it all. She tells me about changing pads, about bottles, about slow, medium and fast nipples. "A fast nipple?" I say.

With space at a premium, Hattie stockpiles boxes of diapers in the living room. I stare at them and think about how every last one will eventually fill up with icky things. It's too much to comprehend.

Nearing five weeks to go, I give myself another week before I officially start to freak out. "Don't worry," my sister, mother of two, assures me. "You're going to make it through and be happy."

Everyone has a story. My buddy tells me of his wife's unexpected C-section, of how she lost lots of blood, of how the situation became so serious that nurses escorted him out of the

room. I don't tell Hattie that story.

Everyone also tells me to sleep as much as I can now. But I'm not worried about a lack of sleep. What I am worried about is the next 21 years, give or take.

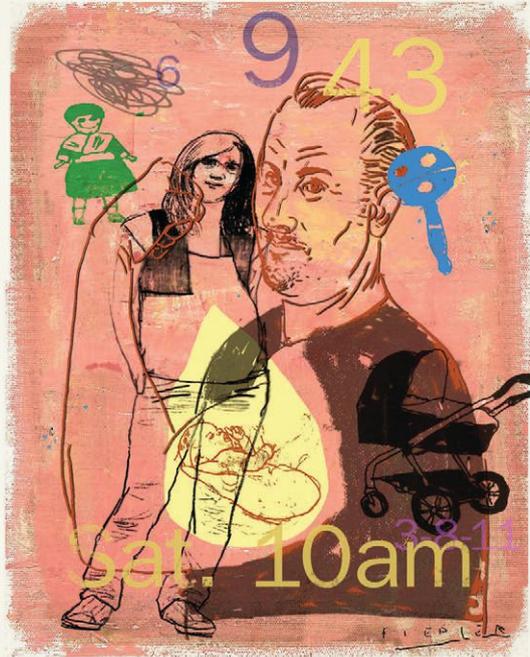
With 10 days to go, a co-worker gives me advice: "Whatever you do, just don't drop her." Thanks for the tip.

Every day, everything grows larger: Hattie's belly, her puffy feet, the magnitude of her aches, the realness of the situation. We spend our days waiting for something to happen. On the couch, we stare at Hattie's belly and watch it move.

Hattie is ready to go. I'm still not, but I realize that doesn't matter. In dark moments, I linger on the changes to come, how daunting everything seems. I push those thoughts away. I'll be fine. We'll be fine. Hattie and I first met nearly 10 years ago, two people searching for someone to share a life with. We found just that. It's now time for the next chapter.

The due date comes, and the due date goes. With the date to induce more than a week away, Hattie and I make plans to go out to a Saturday dinner one last time. We never make it.

Friday. 7 p.m. We're eating chocolate chip pancakes for dinner, and Hattie suddenly announces, "I feel uncomfortable." Five minutes later, she says again, "I feel uncomfortable." By 8:30 we're on our way to Massachusetts General Hospital. Passing Fenway Park on the Mass Pike, Hattie says, "Look at the lights." We zoom past the game and the glow, on to new adventures. □



John Crawford lives in Waltham, Massachusetts, with his wife, Hattie, and their baby, Riley, who was born in April. He's an associate editor of Babson Magazine, the alumni publication of Babson College in Wellesley, Massachusetts.



If I can't remember who I am . . .

BY PATRICK HANNON, CSC, '88M.DIV.

I FORGET THINGS MORE AND MORE these days, a tendency I attribute to growing older. To be honest, at 51, I'm not sure which makes me more anxious: my thinning hair or my lethargic synapses.

A month or so ago, an 18-year-old student of mine (I forget his name) asked me how old I was. When I told him, he said to me in a consoling tone — he actually patted me on the back as he said it — “Hey, you’re heading into the back nine!” He was referring, of course,

Father Hannon works at the University of Portland and is the author of The Long Yearning's End: Stories of Sacrament and Incarnation; The Geography of God's Mercy: Stories of Compassion and Forgiveness; and Running into the Arms of God: Stories of Prayer, Prayer as Story.

to the point at which a golfer makes the turn after the ninth hole and heads — inexorably, truculently and with grim resignation (these are my words, not his) — to the 18th hole, the clubhouse and a well-earned martini.

Now, as I think about it, that fresh-faced boy was patronizing me. This does not please me. I still *feel* young, but from his perch, evidently, I was not merely older. I was old. Avuncular. A gray fox. Damn him. While I have finally accepted the fact that I am not going to live forever, I still feel my best days are ahead of me, even if there's no way I'm on the 10th hole anyway, given the average life span of Hannon men. I'm lucky — even with the vim and vigor of my young soul — to be on the 13th.

So you can see now how the prospect of spending the rest of my days resorting to what my older brothers and I call “the alphabet game” might depress me. For those of you unfamiliar with this game, it goes like this: Someone at a dinner party asks you — oh, let’s throw out an easy question — “Who was the lead guitarist for the rock group Cream?” You immediately conjure up his face — you saw him in concert four years ago after all, or was it five? Hell if you remember — wire-rimmed glasses; scruffy, three-day stubble on tan cheeks and chin;

That little girl doesn’t know this, but I lived in that house once upon a time, and on an autumn day before she was born I was picked up by my father on a brick walkway covered in leaves and hugged and kissed and loved into importance.

earnest, sad eyes. But damned if you can remember his name. So you silently start plowing through the alphabet, hoping one letter might drag his name out of some deep warren in the prefrontal cortex of your brain, kicking and screaming.

A, b, c, d, e, f: You go through the whole alphabet and . . . nothing. You begin again. You stop at the letter *p* for some reason. You continue. This goes on for three or four minutes, even as the conversation has pivoted to a new topic. You come back to the letter *c*. You stop there. You’re confident that his first or last name begins with that letter. Finally, you see the word *clip*. *Clip, clop, clap . . . clap. Clap! Clapton. Eric Clapton!* You shout out his name, and everyone looks at you funny because they were talking about the guacamole dip. But you are relieved nonetheless. Sweaty, taxed neurons of memory, you admit to silently, but they are still firing. That is the alphabet game. And I’m playing it more than I would like these days.

To be fair, I’ve never been good with names anyway. It might be a congenital condition. When I was a boy I thought my name was “Brianjackmikeregwhateverhell-yournameis” because that’s how my mother usually referred to me. And my father consistently called me Greg. I was *named* after my father. So maybe I can be forgiven then

for the faux pas I committed when I was 18 and my folks were visiting me in my college dorm. We were walking down the hall on our way to dinner and up ahead a fellow I *knew* was standing by his door. An accounting major from Hawaii, he had a degenerative spinal disease I believe, so with his severely curved backbone he stood maybe 4½-feet tall.

“Hey, Pat,” he said.

“Heyyyyy,” I said. I couldn’t remember his name if my life depended on it. I had a recurring nightmare in those days, where I

was being tortured. *Just tell us his name, the guy with the brass knuckles would say. I don’t remember!* I would say. *Just kill me and get it over with.*

We all stood there awkwardly, as my parents waited to be introduced. This is what I said: “Mom, Dad, this is . . . is . . . my little buddy.” *My little buddy?* Jesus Christ. How mortifying still is *that* memory. His name was Don Robinson, by the way. I looked it up in my yearbook a few minutes ago.

Now here is an intriguing question: Would I be better off forgetting that shameful memory or do I cling to that memory because it reminds me of some essential truth of my being? I’m not sure. The irony of this predicament humbles me anyway. I am hounded by this memory of forgetfulness.

I sometimes wonder if my short-term memory loss suggests early onset Alzheimer’s or dementia, but my doctor insists that it does not. I’m just getting older, she tells me. Memory loss is to be expected, she says. She is quick to remind me that dementia doesn’t run in my family anyway. My doctor is well-meaning and probably right, but I find her diagnosis to be cold comfort. Is this what growing older — growing old — portends? Am I to hear in the fraying of my short-term memory an assuaging lullaby to go gently into that good night? Maybe.

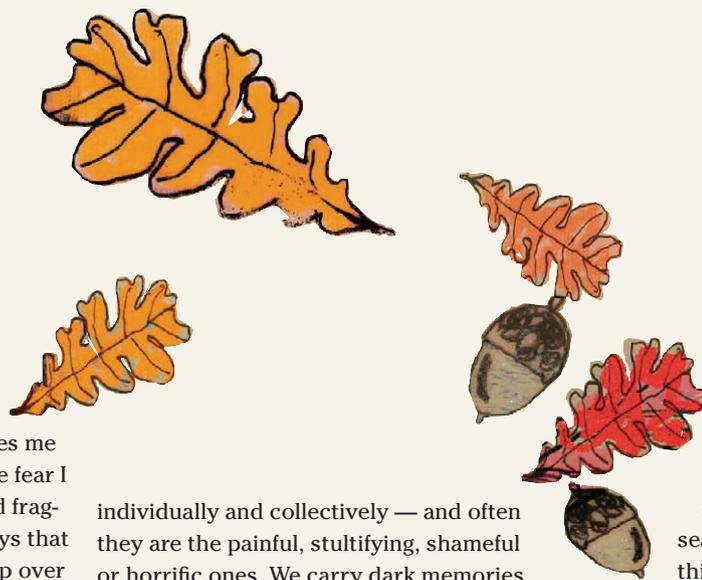
But before each forgotten set of car keys, pen, hat, umbrella, book or film or song title, writer, singer, artist, painter, appointment, phone call or line of verse, I raise a defiant fist that masks a deep fear. I will not go gently into that good night. I will rage, rage — thank you, Dylan Thomas — against the dying of the light. Even as I move trembling, steadily toward it — this dying, this letting go — I sing all the verses of Don McLean’s “American Pie” by heart. This brings me immediate comfort.

It frightens me to think that I might lose my memory some day. I’ve seen what happens to those who have. They appear to be almost ghostlike. Though wrapped in flesh and bone and blood and contoured clearly by their humanity, they seem lost. They seem to have lost — along with their memories — themselves. Unanchored, they float in a sea of dreadful anonymity. They cry and whimper and fret. Often they lash out violently. Are they raging, raging against the dying of the light? I’m beginning to think so.

I’m also beginning to think that it might be a sin to quiet such fury with a syringe or a pill or a Dixie cup filled with God-knows-what. Lost and frightened and forgotten in a deep fog of unknowing, who wouldn’t scream at the top of his lungs in hope of being found? I hope I would.

I met a man once who was assuredly demented. He spent most of his day sitting in a chair looking out his bedroom window. His memory had been whittled down to five words, which he sometimes whispered and sometimes shouted. “A man had two sons,” he said over and over and over again. “A man had two sons.”

I still don’t know if he was referring to himself and the two sons he might have had or if he was recalling the first line of Jesus’ parable of the Prodigal Son. If I had to choose now, I would pick the latter, because those words begin what I think is the greatest story ever told: of a father who — mercifully — never forgot either of his sons, the stupidly foolish or the calculatingly obedient one. And since Jesus was obviously referring to his Abba — *our* Father in heaven — the thought that God has an eternal memory, that God never forgets, makes the prospect of my growing older



with an unhinged memory slightly less frightening.

Still, the moaning of that man makes me uneasy. Will I suffer the same fate? The fear I harbor is this: Without these collected fragments of moments, these pieces of days that I can retrieve and savor and even weep over if I must, I will no longer know who I am because I will not remember who I was. And if I can't remember who I am, what's the point?

Memories allow me to believe — humbly, fervently — that I am in no small way important, that my little life has meaning, that I am part of a grand story, that I am an actor — leading, supporting or otherwise — on an impressive stage. Memories, these enduring imprints of faces and places and fragrances and melodies and textures and tastes, stand prepared to remind us that we are human persons, each of us with a compelling story to tell. And yet I have this gnawing feeling that I have sprung a leak and that slowly, one by one, my memories are dripping out of me. First I forget names, then places, then faces, then myself. I shudder at the thought.

Admittedly, we are not the only species with an ability to remember. Dogs remember where they buried their bones. Migrating geese in these parts have committed to memory all the drinking holes from the Arctic Circle to Guadalajara. Antelope remember *exactly* the sound a lion makes when it is prowling in the tall Serengeti grass, when it is licking its chops. We are the only ones, though, who have sense of a past. We are the only ones who can conjure the past and feel regret or gratitude. We are the only ones who are aware of the fact that we are teetering on a thin thread of now, aware that our brief lives are bookended by two eternities. We are the only ones who can be haunted or nourished by memories. We are the only ones who can forget. Maybe this is why we are the only species that can smile. Or frown.

Now I will contradict myself, and I'm not sure how I feel about this yet. Sometimes I think having a strong, vivid memory is not all it's cracked up to be. Our unique human capacity for memory is as much a curse as it is a grace. For us, it is never merely a matter of what we choose to remember. Some memories are forever seared into our souls —

individually and collectively — and often they are the painful, stultifying, shameful or horrific ones. We carry dark memories to our graves along with the bright. Some wounded memories never heal.

Who has it better, I wonder now: the afternoon lounging, sun-stroked cat or the memory-afflicted human person? Who has a better life: the well-fed, belly-scratched dog or us? Sometimes I envy pets and other animals — but not, oddly, grubs and worms and insects.

My memory can haunt me. I read somewhere that Jack Kerouac remembered everything he ever saw, heard, smelled, tasted and touched. As the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported, he “was also known to consume 17 shots of Johnny Walker Red in an hour, washed down with Colt malt liquor.” He died of alcoholism at the age of 47. Memories have a millstone-around-the-neck quality to them. Still, I treasure them, even the ones with scabs and scars. Without them, I'm lost.

I was back in my old neighborhood a few years ago. I had not been back in years. I parked the car next to my old house. It was autumn because the tree in my old front yard was a riot of red and orange and yellow. The blanket of mellow maple leaves covering the front yard triggered a memory. I was 4 years old.

In my memory it was a cool, brisk November day. In my memory it was twilight time. It might have been my birthday. I was sitting on the front porch steps playing with my Slinky. I saw my father's car making its way up the street. It was a metallic green Pontiac GTO convertible. He pulled into the driveway and cut the ignition. He looked over at me and smiled. I jumped up from the step as he climbed out of the car. “Daddy!” I said. I ran toward him. As he neared the red brick walkway I leaped. He caught me and swallowed me in his arms. I hugged his neck and detected a residue of aftershave. He kissed me on the cheek, hoisted me onto his shoulders and took me inside the house. It was the first time I remember my father kissing me.

Somewhere in the back of my memory I remember Proust was fascinated by memory, so as I mused on this memory of my father, I did a quick Internet search and found — wonderfully — this Proustian take: “When, from a long distant past, nothing subsists, after the people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered, still, alone, more fragile, but with more vitality, more unsubstantial, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remain poised for a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest; and bear unfaltering . . . the vast structure of recollection.”

Now I see that distant memory for what it is. Waiting for its moment amid the ruins of all the rest, a riot of red and orange and yellow leaves on a cool autumn day a few years ago erased the line that separates past from present and mercifully reminded me that my father treasured me, and that he does still, though he has been dead these 26 years.

A little later, while I was still sitting in the car, a pigtailed girl came from the side of the house, retrieved her tricycle (was it red?) and began riding it in ever-widening circles on the driveway. At one point our eyes met. I smiled and waved. She smiled and waved back. Her little legs seemed to pump the pedals faster. She was performing for me, and this delighted me.

That little girl doesn't know this, but I lived in that house once upon a time, and on an autumn day before she was born I was picked up by my father on a brick walkway covered in leaves and hugged and kissed and loved into importance.

William Carlos Williams wrote, “so much depends/upon/a red wheel/barrow/glazed with rain/water/beside the white /chickens.” For me, so much depends upon the memory of a red-bricked walkway covered in maple leaves, a stubbled chin and the sweet scent of Aqua Velva. If the riot of those autumn colors were to somehow be silenced, and the image of my young, scented father kissing me, his little boy, that November day were to somehow fade into oblivion, it would be as if a part of my soul had died. And I can't let that happen. □

‘Stay at home, Mom?’

BY MARAYA GOYER STEADMAN '89, '90MBA

AT 7:30 THIS MORNING, as I am trying to cut out a “Box Top for Education” with a steak knife because my children have been cutting off their Barbie’s hair, their own hair and the dog’s hair with my kitchen scissors, again, and my kitchen scissors have gone missing, again, the phone rings. It’s my friend, and she’s got a crisis.

“My kid has a temperature of 99 and he doesn’t want to go to school and I don’t know what to do.”

I am silent. I know what’s coming next. I don’t want to take care of her kid. I want to stick with my own agenda, the one where her kid is in school. But I know that someday I’ll need help, and I also know that the last time she brought over dinner I didn’t return the Rubbermaid containers. She even sent me a .jpg file of the missing container, and I still didn’t return it. I owe her one.

“I’ve got a lunch date at 1 with that guy I told you about, the one who might have some work for me to do.”

More silence as I contemplate if my stay-at-home mom friend is serious about going back to work. I don’t want her to go back to work. I don’t want her to cross over to the other side. I want her to stay on our side. The side that sends .jpg files of Rubbermaid containers we want back.

As I am grappling with sabotaging her chances at employment by refusing to watch her kid, she continues, “So I was wondering what you were doing this afternoon.”

“I’m going to the grocery store.”

“Right, okay, it’s not a big deal, I’ll reschedule.”

Big sigh as my conscience finally kicks in. “Wait. I can watch your



kid for you. I’m flexible. I don’t have to go to the grocery store. If I put off buying fruit snacks, the mutiny won’t happen until lunch time tomorrow, so I should still be alive until then.”

“Really? Great. Okay, so I’ll let you know if I send him to school or not. What do you think I should do?”

And here we are, the quintessential stay-at-home red button crisis issue. Our kid is only kind of sick, and we can’t figure out if we should send him to school or not. We don’t want to spend the day with our kind-of-sick kid, the one who isn’t sick enough to just sleep all day, the one who is still going to want us to feed and entertain them. But it’s bad form to send a sick kid to school, even one who is only kind of sick. But how sick is he? Is he sick or not?

This is when I long for a school nurse. When I am ready to put a referendum on the ballot to raise our property taxes just to fund employment opportunities for school nurses. Where did they all go?

When I was young the property tax levies paid for books and art rooms, and we didn’t have to cut out box tops to buy books for the library or to refinish the gym floor. At my elementary school we had a school nurse and an infirmary with cots and bleached linens, mercury thermometers, popsicles and low-wattage lighting.

Your mom never had to decide if you were really sick or not. She sent you to school no matter what, and if you were barfing or covered in purple spots or running a triple-digit fever you went to

the infirmary and lay on a cot and they called your mom. She took forever because she had to put on her lipstick, and she was never happy about coming to get you. As if it were your fault the nurse wouldn’t let you walk home, even though you were covered in purple spots and barfing your guts out. But today we don’t have school nurses or infirmaries.

As I am wrapping a Barbie Band-Aid around my index finger because I sliced it open trying to cut out the “Why are these box tops mostly on processed food and sugared cereals

the wellness committee doesn’t want me feeding my kids but I do anyway” coupon, the phone rings again.

“Crisis averted. His brother told him if he stayed home sick it wasn’t like he got to play video games and watch T.V., so he went to school.”

“What time does urgent care open?”

“He’s not that sick. I’m sending him to school.”

“Not for your kid, for me. I think I might need someone to look at my finger. I just sliced it open cutting out ‘Box tops that are only worth 10 cents but I’d rather just give the school a dime’ coupon with a steak knife.”

I wish they had a nurse over at the school. Then, when I dropped off my kids I could stop by the school office, turn in the blood-spattered box tops, lie on a cot in a dimly lit room and the nurse could look at my finger, bandage it up and then could call my friend to come and get me. □

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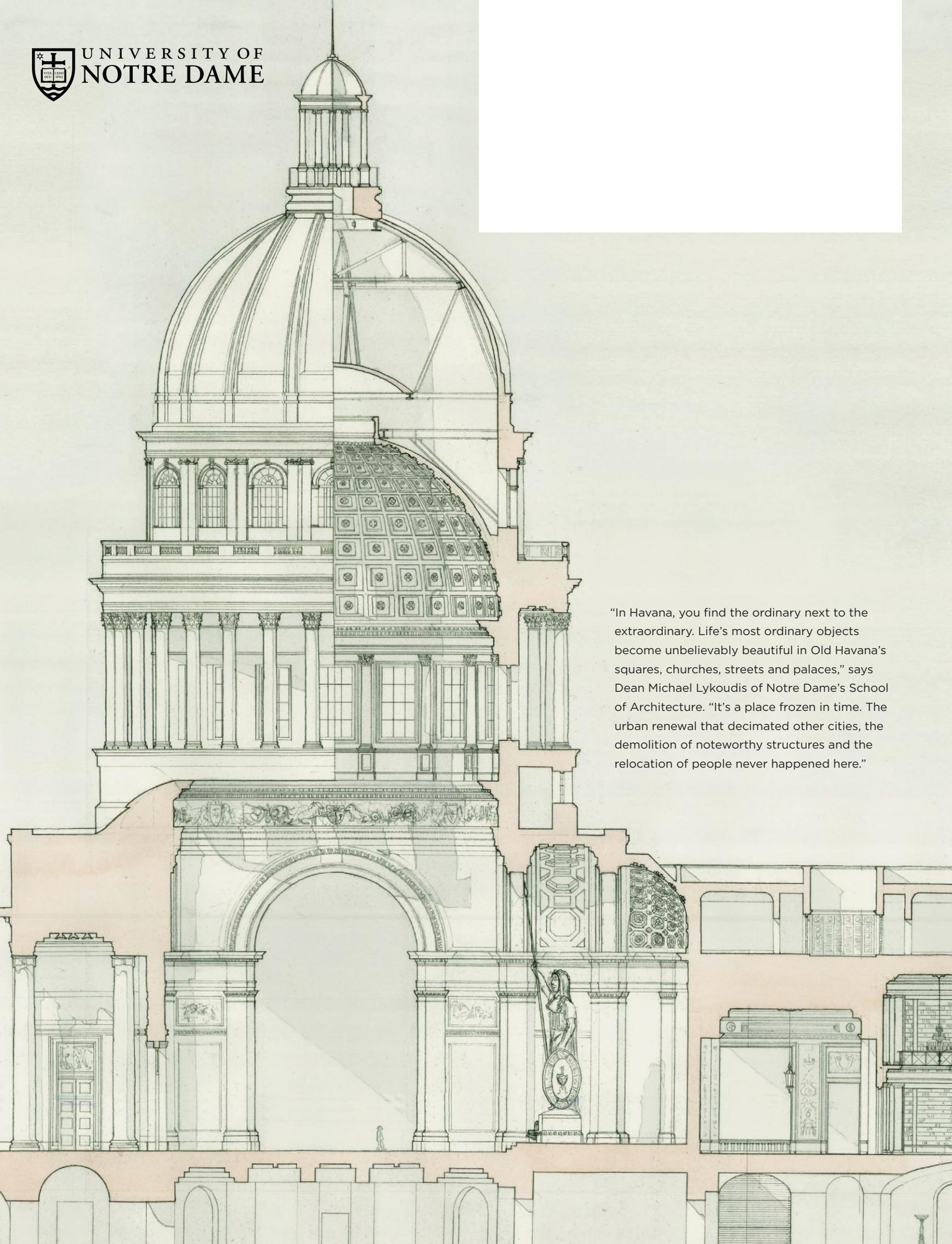


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