



# NOTRE DAME

WINTER 2012-13 \$8

MAGAZINE

WHAT

AMERICA  
NEEDS

NOW

## A SEASON TO REMEMBER

Last summer we put together an issue to celebrate 125 years of Notre Dame football. It was mostly written in past tense. The subhead of the main feature asked: “Have the tidal shifts in college football finally doomed the independent Irish?”

We then put football in our rearview mirror and headed for our autumn issue. It had lots to do with Ireland but hardly mentioned the football game in Dublin. And a September win over Purdue had me saying to my father-in-law as we left Notre Dame Stadium: “That doesn’t look to me like a team that could beat Michigan or Michigan State.”

About that time the magazine staff turned its attention to the winter issue, plotting such stories as the insider’s account of the war on drugs and the profile of Skylar Diggins ’13, the Notre Dame basketball star whose game, character and appeal have made her a national celebrity.

Back on the gridiron, though, wins over those two rivals and a Soldier Field rout of Miami had the Irish trending upward. Still, anticipated dates with Stanford, Oklahoma and USC steered much of our early-autumn enthusiasm toward the Semion Lyandres saga, a riveting narrative that is more Indiana Jones than Russian novel — recommended reading, even for those who aren’t history buffs.

When the Irish stuffed Stanford in OT at home and then stunned Oklahoma on the road (a matchup that the Sooner highlight film indicated could be an embarrassing OU romp), we saw something special was happening.

Then, too, the 2012 presidential campaign was consuming the national conversation — not a conversation, exactly, but a divisive, venomous war of ideas, partisan posturing and personal attacks. Even before Sandy hit the East Coast, we sensed the country was in trouble, mired in rigid acrimony when real solutions were needed, not more anger and self-righteousness.

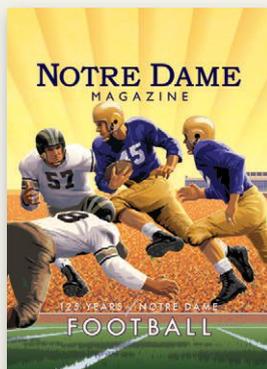
So — late in our cycle — we asked faculty members to talk issues, not politics. And we asked the executive editor of a major metropolitan daily to talk common sense about what America needs now. We were greatly pleased by the enthusiasm he and the faculty brought to the task.

More surprising, however, was the Pittsburgh field goal that flew a few feet east of its target, the late-season tumbles of Oregon and Kansas State, and the Notre Dame triumph over USC, closing out a perfect season and taking the Irish to the brink of a national championship — a turn of events and a team of inspiration that became the real story for the Notre Dame family in autumn 2012.

But it’s a story that has no ending as we go to press. And, given the unpredictability of bulk-rate mailings, you may or may not know when you read this if the beacon atop Grace Hall (shown on the back cover) is still lit beyond January 7. (Meanwhile, if you’d like up-to-date coverage from Miami, check out [magazine.nd.edu](http://magazine.nd.edu).)

Whatever the outcome, the season showed once again what Notre Dame football can mean to us all, even with so much else going on in the world.

— Kerry Temple ’74



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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  
500 Grace Hall,  
Notre Dame, IN 46556-5612  
[ndmag@nd.edu](mailto:ndmag@nd.edu)  
[magazine.nd.edu](http://magazine.nd.edu)  
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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*,  
500 Grace Hall,  
Notre Dame, IN 46556-5612.

Subscriptions: \$30 one year, \$45 two years

Telephone: 574-631-5335, Fax: 6767

Other University phone numbers:  
Directory Assistance: 574-631-5000  
Undergraduate Admissions: 574-631-7505  
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Ticket Office: 574-631-7356





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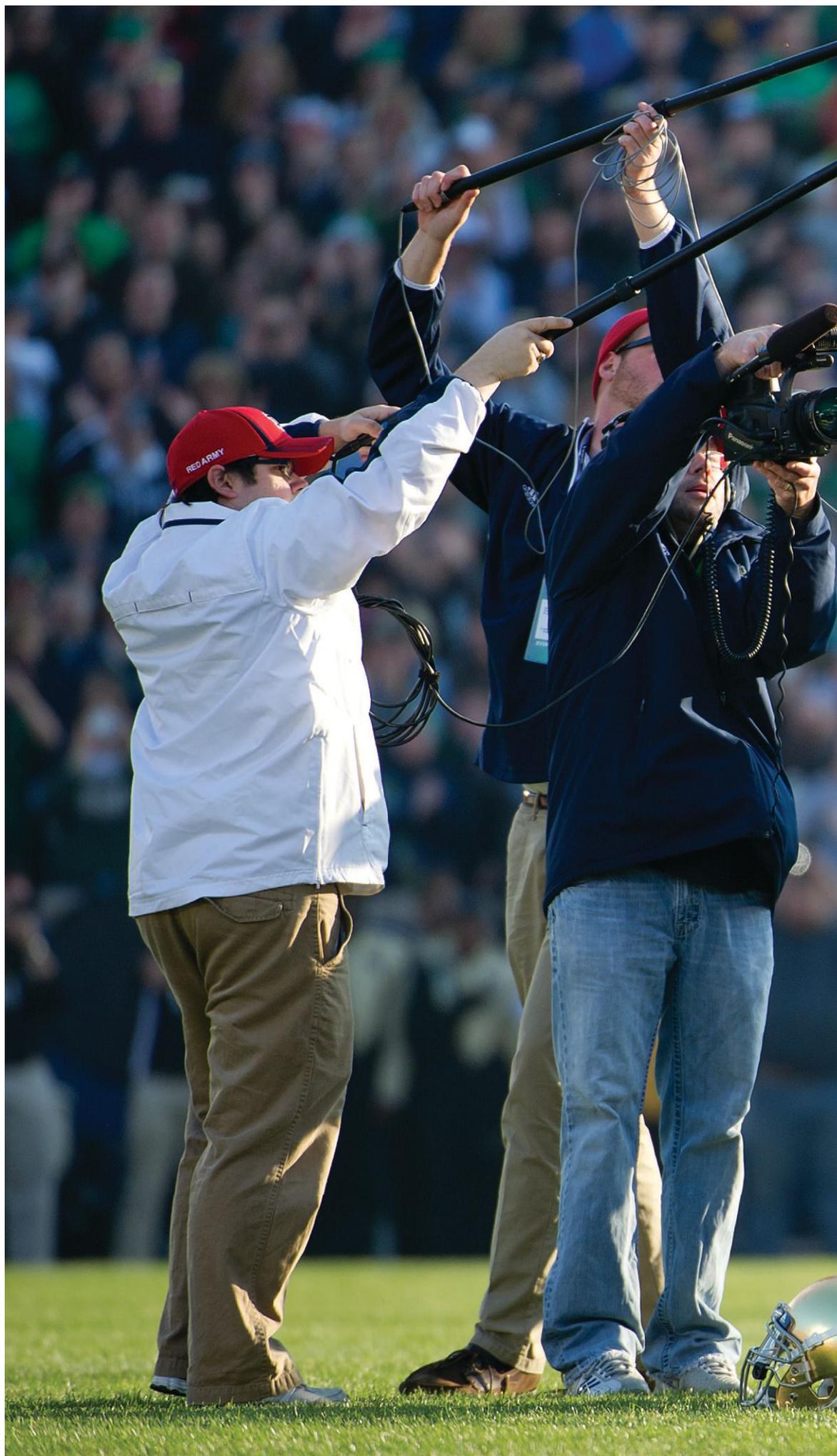


FOLLOW NOTRE DAME MAGAZINE  
ON TWITTER AND FACEBOOK

## STILLPOINT

### **IN A PUBLIC DISPLAY OF AFFECTION**

*linebacker Manti Te'o is greeted by his parents, Brian and Ottilia Te'o, at midfield during the player introductions at the final home game for Fighting Irish seniors November 17. Te'o, who graduated in December, was more than the leader of one of the nation's toughest defenses, which propelled unbeaten Notre Dame to the national championship game. His character, faith and sense of family made him one of the most widely celebrated athletes at a University rich in athletic traditions. Photograph by Barbara Johnston.*





## Building community

One of the aims of this magazine is to strengthen the bonds between our readers and the University.

We do this in print four times a year. We publish stories on these pages, readers react, many send us letters, some even write stories to share. The conversation moves on a quarterly cycle. It's limited to a prescribed page count.

But there's another conversation taking place. It can be found at [magazine.nd.edu](http://magazine.nd.edu).

This conversation changes daily. It isn't confined by the constraints imposed by print. But it, too, speaks of Notre Dame. It, too, is intended to build a sense of community, to encourage dialogue. While the online medium replicates the quality, content and verve you've come to expect in print, [magazine.nd.edu](http://magazine.nd.edu) is taking on a life of its own, distinct from the quarterly edition.

You will find there columns written exclusively for the website and links to articles published elsewhere that we think you will find enlightening, entertaining, provocative. You can hear from editors as they describe their experiences about campus life — or life beyond campus. You can read about co-education, favorite student hangouts or memorable teachers, then add your voice to the discussion. You can read the class columns or follow links to other class sites and communities. You can see photos, watch videos, stroll down the lanes of memory, participate in the ongoing venture that is Notre Dame.

And we hope you'll find, too, some meaningful or amusing items (like the sampling here now) that may not always merit attention in a space-limited quarterly but which can find a home at a place like [magazine.nd.edu](http://magazine.nd.edu).

### What's important about football

By Megan McQuade, age 12

The wind was frigidly blowing against my bright and fuzzy purple jacket. My hair, traveling all over the place. My nose, turning bright pink each minute. I took a sip of the only warm thing I had left — the hot cocoa slipped down my throat and the marshmallows too gushy to even chew. I sighed, the warm air leaving my body and creating clouds. I took a seat on the wooden bench that gives me splinters in my jeans. The

*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](http://magazine.nd.edu).*



### The other side

Having spent 30 years of my academic life studying and writing on Ireland, I couldn't disagree more with the articles by Liam Farrell and Robert Schmuhl that characterized the struggle in northeast Ireland's six counties as being based largely on sectarian strife between Catholics and Protestants.

The working class people of Ireland's "north" continue to live with the vestiges of centuries-old divide-and-conquer colonialism. The nationalist struggle was all about human rights distilled in both the March to Derry (1969) and Derry's Bloody Sunday (1972), where 14 unarmed civilians were murdered in cold blood by government forces. It was from the ashes of that nonviolent civil rights movement that the Irish Republican Army rose to fight in yet another chapter of Ireland's history. As Cork's Ciaran de Baroid has written, promoting Ireland's fight as one based on religion is as ludicrous as calling the Vietnam War a battle between Christians and Buddhists. Its economic roots go much deeper than that. Yet that knee-jerk image remains, thanks to antinationalist revisionism promulgated by the British government, the media and politically naïve academics.

Violence, massive unemployment, poverty and daily repression have characterized life on the streets of nationalist communities. Like it or not, the Irish Republican movement pursued an anti-imperialist war with British crown forces and institutions (economic and military) as its targets along with various loyalist paramilitaries. Ordinary loyalist civilians who were seen as victims of the same system were not targeted. Underscoring that fact, the British army referred to its conflict with the nationalist guerrillas as a "war" in its secret internal reports. Loyalist death squads did, however, routinely kill random citizens within nationalist communities; never mind that those neighborhoods were saturated

with police and army via foot patrols, armored cars, cameras, spotter planes and helicopters, begging the question of collusion. Likewise, innocent civilians were also targeted — maimed and killed — by forces of the crown, some of them children who fell to rubber, plastic and "real" bullets. Guerrilla violence often proves to be more selective than that of the state. Tragically, without the pressure of the IRA military forces, there would be no Good Friday Agreement.

SEAMUS METRESS '55  
TOLEDO, OHIO

### John Bellairs

As a member in good standing of John Bellairs' inner circle of friends at both Notre Dame and the University of Chicago, I was delighted to read the story about him and can attest to its accuracy. I can also attest to his love of books, which should be obvious by the attached photo taken in Howard Hall by Jerry Trautschold '59.

AL MYERS '59  
LONGBOAT KEY, FLORIDA



Deepest thanks for the delightful article on John Bellairs. Sharing with John Frank O'Malley's Rhetoric and Composition course our freshman year is among my happiest Notre Dame memories. Patrick Dunne's generosity in recounting his experiences with John is a fitting tribute to one of the unforgettable characters of the Class of '59. His early death deprived the reading public and the Notre Dame family of a truly gifted and endlessly entertaining writer.

JOHN F. HAYWARD '59,  
TOLEDO, OHIO

While reading the article on John Bellairs, I asked my wife if she was familiar with his work and she quickly produced *The House with a Clock in its Walls*, also shown in the magazine. I noticed the book was illustrated by the celebrated artist Edward Gorey. My wife's father, who sold books for more than 50 years and who passed away this summer, was a friend of Mr. Gorey. His store, Parnassus Book Service, was a stone's throw away from Gorey's home in Yarmouthport, Massachusetts.

KEVIN COUGHLIN, M.D., '79  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

John Bellairs lived across the hall from me freshman year. What a delightfully smart, witty and eccentric guy he was. I (and my grandchildren) can still recite from memory the longest name for a lake in the United States: Chaggogaggoggmman-chauggagoggchaungungungamaugg — thanks to John Bellairs.

JOE MAIER '59  
GLEN ELLYN, ILLINOIS

What a pleasant surprise it was to see myself in the magazine, right in front of John Bellairs, and what an instant trip back to Wranglers' meetings, the Bookmen and quarterly publication of *The Juggler*. I climbed up to the top row of my bookcases and there, way in the back, were still all my copies of *The Juggler* from fall 1957 to spring 1961. I didn't see Bellairs' name there, but Banchoff is there and many others. It made me think: Bellairs has his books, my book is fresh out (*Our Experience, Ourselves*) and surely others in that photo have books in print. We were certainly an enthusiastic bunch, and the magazine turned out to be a special amalgam of Chicago, New York City and Los Angeles tastes.

LYN RELPH '61  
DOUGLAS CITY, CALIFORNIA



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

whole crowd was cheering. I was too cold. I looked up at my mother who was too into the football game to even notice I was cold. I stood up and set my hot cocoa down underneath the bench. I looked over the heads of so many Notre Dame fans down onto the bright green field. I suddenly felt a warm and cozy squeeze that I know as my mom's warm and loving arms. She gave me a peck on my head and leaned down to take a sip of my hot cocoa. I looked into her gleaming brown and gentle eyes. The score was 24 to 13. I stood up when the whole crowd started booming with cheers. I yelled at the top of my lungs "GO NOTRE DAME!!!!!!!" I was born into a Notre Dame family and will continue to be like that. I sat down quietly to pick up my warm hot cocoa that was cold now, and stood back up and joined the crowd and had the time of my life.

— from Roberta McQuade '80



Megan McQuade

#### Letters from campus

Frederick J. Talento of Rye, New York, wanted us to know about Father Roland Simonitsch. So he wrote a letter about him. Talento's daughter, Janette Talento Ley, wanted us to know about her 90-year-old dad. She wanted us to know "the greatest 90<sup>th</sup> birthday gift my amazing father could ever receive would be having his letter published in *Notre Dame Magazine*."

Talento, she continued, "would never boast about his World War II heroics," but "he received two purple hearts and a bronze star." Talento had attended Notre Dame from 1941 to '43 before enlisting in the U.S. Army and fighting in Europe. "He never graduated," wrote his daughter, "but his heart belongs to Notre Dame."

That affection, Talento explains in his letter, was due partly to a "regular guy priest" who was "a shining example of the spirit of Notre Dame and a bright star for 'The Greatest Generation.'"

Simonitsch was a professor of philosophy and religion, a student adviser and, writes



Fred Talento

Talento, "of all things, a gourmet cook." The priest, he says, "was a delight and would welcome a 'bull session' at almost any hour," often about the chances of staying in school during the tumultuous times. Simonitsch would also become the link to campus life for the Domers scattered across the globe in various theatres of the war.

"As the war raged on," Talento wrote, "Father Roland created an awesome mailing list of Domer names and their military base locations. This mailing list enabled him to have his newsletter reach a Domer Marine on a Pacific island, a carrier pilot with the U.S. fleet and, in my case, in a snowy foxhole during the Battle of the Bulge. We, the enlisted Domers, realized Father's newsletters were holding the warrior student and the beautiful campus they loved together."

As a footnote to this memory, Talento contacted University Archives and the good folks there sent him copies of Father Roland's mailings, which spanned several years of the war.

#### Gridiron gift

The package came from Gino Leonard Pucci in Largo, Florida. The letter says he enrolled in 1941, was a member of the Navy ROTC, was commissioned into active duty in February 1944, then returned to Notre Dame after the war, graduating in 1947.

"I am following the path of many of my classmates and am forced to extensive downsizing," he writes, mentioning the summer issue of *Notre Dame Magazine* and its cover stories on Fighting Irish football. "I am forwarding an autographed photo of the football team during one of my years. I have no one to leave it to, so I thought it might fit among some of your historical items."



*Having coffee with...*

# Peter Holland

Teacher, scholar, alien, gnomes

BY TARA HUNT '12

Professor Peter Holland welcomes me into his office littered with literature and Shakespeare knickknacks, ready to chat with me for the magazine's "Having coffee with" series. Alas, he's already had his morning coffee and I'm on a caffeine retreat, so we have water.

"Water with Peter Holland" sounds pretty dull, we joke, and seems to suggest we're constructing an environmental piece when in fact we're here to talk about Shakespeare and America and how students think professors are aliens.

I'm late, I must mention, but I bring along a peace offering — a Notre Dame gnome. I remember from my Shakespeare and Film class with Peter (who insists I call him that instead of my comfortable Professor Holland) and

*Tara Hunt is an associate editor of this magazine.*

our discussion of the animated tale *Gnomeo & Juliet* that he has a typically British fascination with gnomes. Unfortunately, his American wife and fellow English professor, Romana Huk, refuses to let him purchase such a tacky thing. Loophole: I bought it.

Gnomes aren't the only thing lost in translation for this Brit stuck in the middle of Indiana. Bowties, the names of the 50 states and why people enjoy going to the gym are a few others. More sincerely though, he feels his relationship with his students is much different than what he had at Cambridge. There, he had students in class several times during their tenure, he'd see them around campus, he'd get to know them both academically and personally, and gradually they'd become friends. Often after class they'd continue talking over a pint or two.

"I suppose it's a step beyond the old

traditions of 'Let's pour a glass of sherry,' which nobody does anymore," he says. "Thank God, horrible drink."

But America, he insists, is still caught up in the wake of prohibition.

"America is deeply anxious about alcohol and continues to worry, whereas we just grow up with it as a normal part of our world," he explains. "It's the whole thing of a pub is not a bar, a pub is a place you go and have a drink and can sit for two hours over one drink talking and nobody says, 'Hey, you're not buying.'"

Even aside from bar culture, Holland says students here rarely ask him to meet socially. I counter and ask if he believes many professors at Notre Dame would honestly want to spend their free time with students, even if a pint was involved. Neither of us can answer for the others, but he insists he



MATT CASHORE '94



would, and so we agree to have a follow-up interview in a pub.

“Pints with Peter Holland,” now there’s an intriguing headline.

He continues on the social awkwardness between professors and students, insisting that ND students have this delusion that their teachers are not real people but are instead some odd species.

“Hey, we have other things that we do. It’s like when you bump into a professor at Martin’s and you think, ‘They shop! Wow! They get laundry detergent. It’s amazing!’”

I ask him what, as a real person, he does on the weekends. He chuckles, as if realizing he’s about to violate his claim, and says his typical weekend involves mostly research.

“One of the terrible things about being an academic is you have extraordinary job satisfaction. And the bit of the job you really like, because it’s the bit we all got into it to do . . . we wanted to become academics to teach and we wanted to become academics to do research.”

And by research, he means theater and Shakespeare, things he didn’t study as a student but are instead pastimes since childhood.

His father, a Polish Jew escapee, and his mother, a daughter of Russian immigrants, ran a clothing shop in a blue-collar neighborhood, a profession they hated. In his contribution to the book *Shakespeare and I* (Continuum 2012), Holland reveals his parents were not well-off but the one thing they were willing to spend money and time on was live theater, a love that unintentionally inspired their son’s future work.

It’s a situation of passion inspiring work rather than work gradually becoming a passion, something that has made his job endlessly fascinating and fulfilling, which perhaps allows him to publish, edit and speak at the rate he does. He has just edited Shakespeare’s lesser-known *Coriolanus*, complete with 250 pages of commentary, for release

this year as a part of the third Arden series, the Holy Grail of Shakespeare. He is also completing edits on the 18<sup>th</sup> and final volume of *Great Shakespeareans*, a collection of analyses on some of Shakespeare’s greatest critics, actors and scholars, also to be published this year. In the meantime, he is teaching, serving as associate dean of the College of Arts and Letters, and maintaining a busy speaking agenda that includes travels anywhere from L.A. to Seville to York to China.

Though he’s been at Notre Dame for 11 years now, Holland is still in awe of the opportunities he has, or, in his words, “Here, it’s the art of the possible. Everyone wants to make things go well.” Then again, he’s doling out many an opportunity, too. Since arriving, he’s amplified the presence of Shakespeare on this campus and helped expand the Notre Dame Shakespeare Festival. He has brought to his classes Actors from the London Stage, a director and executive producer from *Three Days of Hamlet*, and an actor from *Anonymous*. The 2011 film is a constructed account of the Shakespeare conspiracy theory, which claims someone other than William Shakespeare wrote the famed works — an argument Holland absolutely refutes.

His popular Shakespeare and Film class is taught in the Browning Cinema in the DeBartholomeo Performing Arts Center, a place he calls, “the biggest toy I’ve ever had.” The class features such films as Franco Zeffirelli’s traditional *Romeo and Juliet* and the American teen hit, *10 Things I Hate About You*, surprisingly based on Shakespeare’s *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Appropriating Shakespeare’s works, more than 400 years old, for film, a relatively new medium, creates a fascinating blend and contrast of old and new, traditional and contemporary. But such is the value of Shakespeare, Holland says. Even centuries later, Shakespeare’s plays, either thematically, ethically or narratively, still resonate with people. We bring our lives, our social constructs, our ideas to Shakespeare, and that’s how we interpret it, he says.

“When people ask me, ‘Did Shakespeare mean that?’ well, that’s not an interesting question,” he says. “The real question is, ‘Do you want Shakespeare to mean that, and if so, why?’ What does your reading of Shakespeare say about you?”

He provides two examples of how that works. You can, for example, read Shakespeare’s plays as an adolescent and perceive them one way, then return 40 years later to find an entirely different narrative. For him,

*Romeo and Juliet* was a lackluster love story as an adolescent, but 40 years later, as a father, he is now sympathetic to poor Lord Capulet, who can’t seem to control his daughter.

Second, how one construes Shakespeare depends on the cultural context. “American Shakespeare is not like South African Shakespeare is not like Chinese Shakespeare is not like Korean Shakespeare,” he says.

Shylock, a Jewish character in *The Merchant of Venice*, was used in Nazi Germany as an example of the cruelty and heartlessness of the Jewish people. By contrast, Holland says, Shylock is often interpreted in modern Shakespeare as a sympathetic character mistreated because of his race and caught in the grips of injustice. It’s the same play, but read two drastically different ways in two different cultural climates.

“Theatre is a moving target. There’s always something new,” Holland says, adding that this is truer for Shakespeare than any other playwright in history. But because Shakespeare is never the same, Shakespeare can never be fully understood. Even, Holland adds while smiling, by him.

His humility about his own studies and genuine glee as he talks about a poet long gone is refreshing, especially from such a respected and decorated academic. Just take a brief look at his previous students, four of whom are Oscar winners (Emma Thompson, Tilda Swinton, Rachel Weisz, Sam Mendes), or the program notes he writes for the Royal National Theatre in London (a former student is the art director), and you realize the man is not only a passionate researcher but an inspiring teacher.

An inspiring teacher who has settled in South Bend, Indiana, even though the best and brightest of the United Kingdom were filling his classrooms across the pond and access to Shakespearean plays and scholarship largely comes out of Europe. Even I have to raise an eyebrow and wonder why he isn’t positioned in London or Verona or even New York City. Academic freedom, he answers. He can teach what he wants to teach when he wants to teach it and no one says no or why. And so can his wife. And they can both do so with funding and support from the University.

Nearing the time in his life when he could settle into retirement, forgo his studies and return to England, Holland smiles and says, “I can’t begin to think of it.”

When I follow up a few weeks later over a pint, Holland insists the gnome is perched on a mantle at his home, where it is only temporarily allowed to reside. □

## An act of inclusion

A new pastoral plan establishes a student organization for GLBTQ students and others.

The University announced in early December plans to establish a new student organization for gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered and questioning (GLBTQ) students and their allies.

The new organization was recommended by the Office of Student Affairs after a five-month review process and is part of a comprehensive plan to promote a more welcoming and inclusive environment while remaining consistent with Notre Dame's mission and heritage as a Catholic university.

Titled "Beloved Friends and Allies: A Pastoral Plan for the Support and Holistic Development of GLBTQ and Heterosexual Students," the plan calls for "a new support and service student organization" and a full-time student development staff person to oversee educational programs that will encourage campus dialogue, nurture a spirit of inclusion and further an understanding of Catholic teaching among students. It also recommends a new advisory committee composed of students, faculty and staff to counsel the vice president of student affairs on the questions, concerns and needs of GLBTQ students.

This advisory committee will replace the Core Council, an advisory board comprised of four administrators and eight students, most of whom identified as lesbian or gay. The Core Council, the University's primary resource for meeting the needs of GLBTQ students, had evolved in 2006 from a standing committee established a decade earlier in response to student appeals to have a club for GLBTQ students.

Requests through the years for a University-recognized club for GLBTQ students have been denied by administrators careful to ensure that student groups be consonant with the University's mission and the

moral teachings of the Catholic Church. The University, most notably through its 1997 "Spirit of Inclusion" statement and other administrative initiatives, has at the same time attempted to develop a welcoming and caring environment for GLBTQ students.

The call for a student-to-student club gained renewed momentum during the spring semester of 2012 when an alliance of gay and straight students, faculty voices and the campus 4-to-5 Movement (referring to a study that shows that 80 percent of U.S. college students and college-educated Americans in their 20s support the acceptance of gay rights) precipitated a lively campus discourse.

This time the decision on applications for a student club was deferred to allow time for a review of the current structures and services offered GLBTQ students. And that review, explained Erin Hoffmann Harding '97, vice president for student affairs, revealed that although "the educational and support programs provided by the Core Council have been very important and need to be continued, the composition and size of the group has limited its ability to serve the needs of our students effectively."

The report, released December 5 (a few days before this issue went to press), acknowledged that "numerous GLBTQ students seek additional support as they come to understand and live out their sexual orientation and gender identity" and that "many students, whether undergraduate, post-baccalaureate, GLBTQ or heterosexual allies, desire to be engaged more fully in building the climate of welcome and inclusion that the University desires to achieve," adding, "not all such students are currently able to contribute to the efforts of the Core Council because its official membership is limited."

The plan notes that the new group will

be a student organization, not a student club — an organization being more permanent in structure, with an administrative staff member appointed as adviser, whereas clubs operate on student interest, disbanding or making constitutional changes at will, with the ability to choose their own advisers. Student organizations, some observers say, have the benefit of stability whereas student groups tend to ebb and flow as student leadership changes.

The formation of the student organization is distinct from any discussion regarding the inclusion of sexual orientation in the institution's nondiscrimination clause, and the pastoral plan stipulates that neither the organization nor its staff will engage in political advocacy, such as the issue of gay marriage.

The plan, available online at [friendsandallies.nd.edu](http://friendsandallies.nd.edu), resolutely affirms the University's adherence to Catholic teaching in regards to human sexuality, distinguishing between the homosexual tendency and individual homosexual actions. Sexual orientation, according to the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops, "is experienced as a given, not as something freely chosen" and therefore "cannot be considered sinful."

But all students, whether gay or straight, are instructed by the University and the *Catechism of the Catholic Church* that sexual activity must be confined to the marital relationship and that all sexual activity be open to the gift of life. As a result, the catechism maintains, "homosexual persons are called to chastity."

Implementation of the plan will begin during this spring semester. The student co-chairs of AllianceND have withdrawn the application submitted for club status from the consideration of the Student Activities Office. □

# Giving them what they need

## Do modern parenting practices lead to healthy adults?

BY SUSAN MULLEN GUIBERT '87, '93M.A.

**I**'ll never forget my first "Where did I go wrong?" moment as a young mother. My second child, a daughter, awoke from her nap and came downstairs into the family room where I was folding laundry. I looked up from the stack of towels to greet my sweet 3-year-old but was temporarily rendered speechless.

During her "nap," Grace had cut her own hair. Her chin-length bob, a la Caroline Kennedy, was gone. Now she had "bangs." And very little hair over her left ear.

But what really troubled me was the string of lies my toddler told me in the next 90 seconds, without hesitation or remorse, in order to deny, cover up and justify her crime.

Was this the beginning of a lifetime of psychopathic behavior? Had she no conscience? *What had I done wrong?*

Fifteen years later, I recognize my over-reaction to a 3-year-old's fibs was silly. But a new body of research that links certain early, nurturing parenting practices — the kind common in foraging hunter-gatherer societies — to specific, healthy emotional outcomes in adulthood does have me re-thinking some of our modern, cultural child-rearing "norms." Human development and who and what a person becomes is not only about genes — which play an important albeit *small* role — but how genes are "activated" through a person's environment or experiences. Studies show that early experiences affect genes, influencing whether or not or how much they're activated. So genes are not our fate; we do have some control over if or how much they're expressed.

"Breastfeeding infants, responsiveness to crying, almost constant touch and having multiple adult caregivers are some of the nurturing ancestral parenting practices that are shown to positively impact the developing brain, which not only shapes personality but also helps physical health and moral development," says Darcia Narvaez, a Notre Dame professor of psychology.

"Ill-advised practices and beliefs have become commonplace in our culture, such

as the use of infant formula, the isolation of infants in their own rooms or the belief that responding too quickly to a fussing baby will 'spoil' it," she adds.

Her concern over these practices makes sense because when a baby is stressed, its body releases cortisol, a toxic hormone that kills brain cells. This can lead to a higher probability of ADHD, poor academic performance and antisocial behavior.

Conversely, responding to a baby's needs (not letting a baby "cry it out") has been shown to influence the development of conscience; positive touch affects stress reactivity, impulse control and empathy; free play in nature influences social capacities and aggression; and a set of supportive caregivers (beyond mother alone) predicts IQ and ego resilience as well as empathy.

The United States has been on a downward trajectory on all of these care characteristics, according to Narvaez. Instead of being held, infants spend much more time in carriers, car seats and strollers than they did in the past. Only about 25 percent of mothers are breastfeeding at all by 12 months, extended families are broken up and free play allowed by parents has decreased dramatically since 1970.

Whether the corollary to these modern practices or the result of other forces, research shows an epidemic of anxiety and depression among all age groups, including young children; rising rates of aggressive behavior and delinquency in young children; and decreasing empathy, the backbone of compassionate, moral behavior, among college students. In fact, a recent study showed that college kids today are about 40 percent less empathetic (a trait measured by standardized tests) than college students of just 30 years ago.

"All of these issues are of concern to me as a researcher of moral development," Narvaez says. "Kids who don't get the emotional nurturing they need in early life tend to be more self-centered. They don't have available the compassion-related emotions to the same degree as kids who were raised by warm, responsive families."

Drawing from research in psychology, anthropology, sociology and biology, schol-



WARD SCHUMAKER

ars from around the globe gathered at Notre Dame last fall, presenting studies that corroborate these findings, showing that the environment in which many babies and young children are raised today fails to consider basic human needs. The disparity between the environment under which our mammalian brains currently develop and our evolutionary heritage is, the scholars say, partially to blame for mental and physical illnesses, as seen in the dramatic rise of depression and obesity in this country.

In other words, our modern culture — its social practices and public beliefs — is misshaping human development, and babies often are not getting what they need to be emotionally and physically healthy as adults.

My daughter is now an 18-year-old high school senior (with long hair) and my son a college junior. Both great kids. Although I have to admit that I wasn't *quite* as conscientious in the "don't let them cry it out" department with Grace as I was with Patrick, my firstborn. There were times when she napped that I'd allow her to fuss for a few minutes rather than drop what I was doing and sprint to pick her up. Maybe that's why she cut her hair during naptime. Could she have known that I wouldn't be immediately "responsive" to her?

There is good news if you feel like you dropped the ball on one or two of these recommended parenting practices: According to Narvaez, other relatives and teachers also can have a beneficial impact when a child feels loved and safe in their presence.

And early deficits can be made up later, she says. "The right brain, which governs much of our self-regulation, creativity and empathy, can grow throughout life. The right brain grows through full-body experience like rough-and-tumble play, dancing or freelance artistic creation. So at any point, a parent can take up a creative activity with a child, and they can grow together." □

*Susan Guibert is an assistant director in the Notre Dame Office of News and Information. She can be reached at sguibert@nd.edu.*

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

## ‘The perfect hall for public entertainments’

BY MARK C. PILKINTON

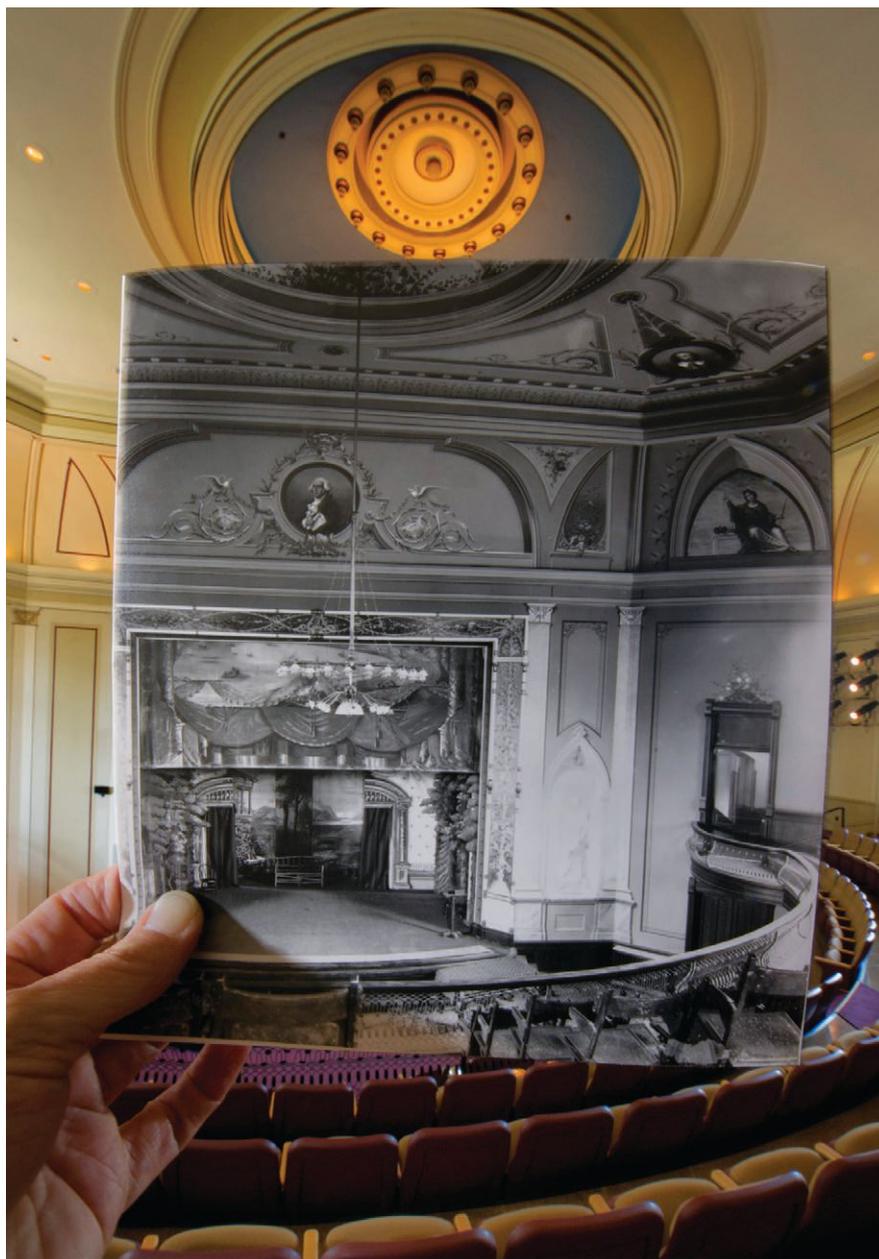
Washington Hall has been a busy place since its dedication in 1882, and nearly everyone who has studied at Notre Dame has some memory of it. Some recall attending orientation meetings there when they first arrived or convocations when they were about to graduate. Those getting married may have taken Father Theodore Hesburgh’s renowned Pre-Cana class there. Notre Dame students have filled the auditorium in Washington Hall to see their peers act in plays, to watch movies, to experience music in all its forms, to attend lectures or take classes and examinations. Some have heard the world’s movers and shakers — from Tom Dooley to Mario Cuomo — speak from the Washington Hall stage.

Almost everyone who remembers anything about Washington Hall also has a ghost story to tell about incorporeal bugle players, the famed football player George Gipp, who died of pneumonia in 1920, or accident-prone steepplejacks.

If the Basilica of the Sacred Heart has been the venue for sacred assembly, then Washington Hall has served the vital complementary role for secular assembly in the heart of the historic campus.

When I first visited Notre Dame in early 1984, I walked into a Washington Hall auditorium that looked essentially the same as it had since 1956, despite ongoing renovation. The painted interior, tastefully executed with minimal decoration, had been central to the mid-1950s modernization plans of Father

*Mark C. Pilkinton is a professor of film, television, and theatre at Notre Dame who directed 10 plays on the Washington Hall stage between 1984 and 2004; 13 of those years he served as chair of the Department of Communication and Theatre. He is the author of Washington Hall at Notre Dame: Crossroads of the University, 1864-2004 (Notre Dame Press). He co-edits the Theatre Chronology database, accessible at [archives.nd.edu/search/theatre.htm](http://archives.nd.edu/search/theatre.htm).*



BARBARA JOHNSTON

Arthur S. Harvey, CSC, '47, who directed the University Theatre from 1954 to 1969. Today, few Domers can remember any interior but this modern one.

Similarly, not many Domers also know that Father Harvey’s renovation involved painting over an elaborate interior executed in 1894 by Luigi Gregori and Louis Rusca, the same artists whose efforts on the Basilica and Main Building have now been painstakingly restored. Their interior contained complex, emblematic frescoes and paintings that covered Washington Hall’s every surface.

From 1894 until 1956, audiences seated in the Washington Hall auditorium saw a proscenium arch that included the surnames

of the two patriarchs of Notre Dame’s music programs, Professor Maximilian Girac and Father Edward Lilly, CSC, along with trompe l’oeil “statues” of the great classical orators Demosthenes and Cicero. Intertwining images of musical notes, scores and books with the names of contemporary European composers — Rossini, Haydn, Balfe and Gounod — climbed up the arch to the top, where over the stage a stern George Washington, father of the country and namesake of the building, held the Declaration of Independence. Banners proclaiming *Pro Deo et Patria* and *E Pluribus Unum* surrounded him.

Beyond the proscenium arch and occupying niches along the curved upper walls sat

the emblematic personifications of Tragedy, Comedy, Poetry and Music, accompanied on the ceiling proper by portraits of Shakespeare, Molière, Beethoven and Mozart. Faux marble columns with gold Corinthian capitals surrounded the seating area and appeared to support the entire building, with every surface between them flamboyantly decorated.

It is little wonder *Scholastic* magazine described the newly completed interior in June 1894 as “this gem, this perfect hall for public entertainments.”

Audiences during the period heard fiery speeches by Williams Jennings Bryan and lectures by G.K. Chesterton and saw films from *The Birth of a Nation* to *Knute Rockne, All American*, projected from the back of the balcony onto a screen set up on the stage. They attended full-fledged minstrel shows and later iterations like the “Monogram Absurdities” and witnessed a long tradition of men, including famed football coach Knute Rockne, playing women’s roles before women played those roles exclusively.

They also experienced some of the greatest performers in the nation, from the

by a detailed interior executed by Midwestern fresco artist Louis Rusca. While the original plan apparently called for those iconic portraits of Shakespeare, Molière, Dante and Mozart to be complemented with appropriate muse-like personifications, in the end Gregori seems to have painted Beethoven rather than Dante. We may never know why he made a change that would have compromised this clear and obvious partnering, but it nevertheless seems highly likely that it was Beethoven he wished to be placed adjacent to Poetry.

Gregori returned to Florence in June 1893 after his last visit to the United States. There, in declining health, he executed all 11 pictures on canvas. He had them shipped to Notre Dame, and Rusca installed them directly onto the proscenium arch, walls and ceiling of Washington Hall. Rusca prepared the rest of the auditorium interior, too, including the painted elaborate trompe l’oeil “frames” that would surround each of Gregori’s pieces.

When the pictures shipped, Gregori’s daughter Francesca sent James Edwards, a professor of history who helped shape the

interior seems to have been completed in time for commencement that June, Rusca had barely two weeks to finish his work.

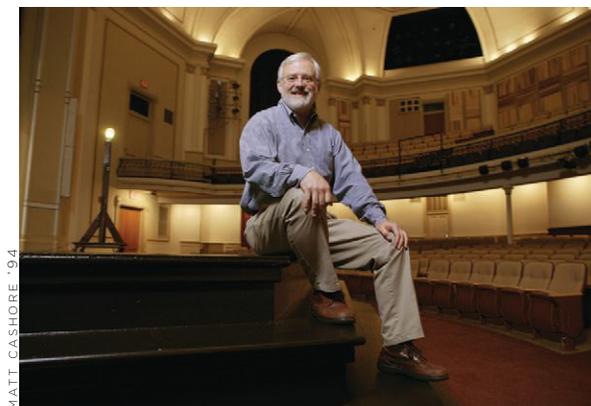
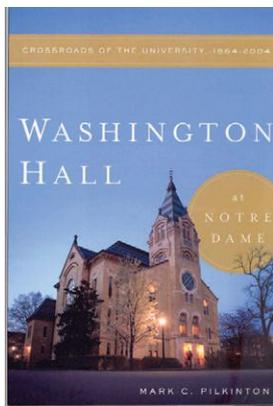
The 1956 modernization may have destroyed all 11 of Gregori’s paintings. The canvases would almost certainly have been damaged by the scraping and sanding procedures the workmen likely used to prepare the walls and ceiling. Two tones of gray paint helped to transform the space from a late 19th-century multipurpose exhibition hall into a 20th-century purpose-built theatre where Father Harvey would showcase the work of the University Theatre over the next decade and a half.

With the 2004 opening of the spectacular five-venue DeBartolo Performing Arts Center on the south edge of campus, Washington Hall lost its status as Notre Dame’s premier showcase for the performing arts. What then will be the role over the next century for the innovative structure Willoughby Edbrooke designed soon after the Great Fire of 1879 as a key part of the architectural and ideological unity of the central campus?

As I have dug deeper into Notre Dame’s history, I have come to the conclusion that

the time has come to restore and, if necessary, reconstruct the Gregori/Rusca grandeur of the past, just as the University has done with both the Basilica and the Main Building. While the ghost of Washington Hall lives in legend, in a very real sense the truer ghost is the work of Gregori and Rusca, some of which inevitably remains, awaiting a restoration that would allow this venerable building to regain its artistic integrity and assume once again its rightful place among the architectural triumvirate of the central historic campus.

Other institutions such as the University of Virginia with its Old Cabell Hall auditorium (1898) — replete with a glorious reproduction of Raphael’s *The School of Athens* — have done just that as part of larger restoration efforts. Notre Dame should do the same. The 1894 interior, once restored, would both complete the artistic vision we see today in the Basilica and the Main Building while reaffirming the larger vision for the campus’ most historical buildings. Perhaps it is indeed time to make Notre Dame’s first performing arts center once again the gem it was intended to be. □



*Pilkinton (left) says the time has come to restore Washington Hall’s interior glory.*

premier acting troupe of the day, Augustin Daly’s Company of Comedians, to the avant-garde Merce Cunningham Dance Company (with composer John Cage) at the peak of their talents. They saw puppet shows, scientific exhibitions and travelogues. They did all of this under the watchful eye of the Father of Our Country and his supportive cast of painted characters.

Inspired by the work of Sophia Meyers ’10M.A. and Professor Robert Coleman on the former Vatican artist, Luigi Gregori, my archival research on Washington Hall reveals that by 1894 the University had commissioned Gregori, a Notre Dame professor of art from 1874 to 1891, to provide 11 pictures as focal points surrounded and supported

University archives, an instructional letter reminding him to be sure Rusca both had properly primed the surfaces where the paintings would be attached and had plenty of workmen on hand to lift the large canvases into place carefully without creasing or folding them (which would cause the paint to flake off during the process). Rusca’s installation of the 11 canvases was probably similar to how we might install wallpaper murals today.

Rusca, a Swiss-Italian who immigrated as a young man to the United States in 1866, deserves a great deal of credit for his timely labor. He got the venue fully prepared by May 1894, so Gregori’s paintings could be efficiently installed the instant they arrived. Since the

**seen & heard...**

**THE CAMPUS COMMUNITY MOURNED THE DEATHS** of two students during the autumn semester. Ziqi Zhang, 19, a spirited Saint Mary's College sophomore from China who took engineering classes at Notre Dame, died October 18 after colliding with a vehicle while riding her bicycle near the Saint Mary's entrance on Indiana 933. The body of Colorado native Michael Thigpen, 23, a rock-climbing enthusiast and first-year student in the global health master's degree program, was found in his off-campus home on November 13. The county coroner ruled Thigpen's death a suicide. . . .

**A PLAN TO WIDEN DOUGLAS ROAD** to four lanes and beautify the gateway to campus for motorists



MATT CASHORE '94

coming off the Indiana Toll Road by August also would more smoothly connect vehicle traffic with destinations on campus' northern edge, proponents say. University officials also cite future growth — the indicated route would improve access to 120 acres of University-owned land north of the lakes — as a reason for the proposal, as well as the safety of employees who currently cross the two-lane Douglas Road. Under the plan, which was approved by the St. Joseph County commissioners as this magazine went to press, Notre Dame would pay to build the re-routed segment of Douglas along with bicycle and pedestrian paths that will eventually link campus to exercise trails leading all the way into Michigan. The county would be responsible for plowing and maintenance. Some area residents raised tranquility and safety concerns over the design that would shift

Douglas — and expected increases in vehicle traffic — several hundred feet closer to University Village, Notre Dame's housing complex for married students and families. But project advocates in the University architect and community relations offices say the installation of HAWK crossing signals at key pedestrian rights-of-way will maximize pedestrian safety. . . .

**A "PRETTY OBSCURE ACADEMIC"** is how Father Brian E. Daley, S.J., has thought of himself throughout four decades of studying the writings, sayings and lives of the earliest Christians. So imagine his surprise when the Catherine F. Huisiking Professor of Theology was summoned to Rome in October to receive the 2012 Ratzinger Prize for Theology. Obscure no more, Daley received the "Nobel" of his field from the Holy Father himself, who praised the Rhodes Scholar and Jesuit's work on the development of Christian doctrine by the likes of Saints Augustine and Maximus the Confessor as "exemplary for the transmission of knowledge that unites science and wisdom" and as helpful to discussions of Christian



AP 2012

unity and relations between Catholic and Orthodox Christians. . . .

**MURPHYKATE MONTEE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING HALF-WAY.** The senior honors mathematics and music double major from Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, played the grisly, pie-baking Mrs. Lovett in Opera Notre Dame's 2012 production of *Sweeney Todd* and this coming April will sing the part of Sister Blanche of the Agony of Christ, the featured soprano role in Francis Poulenc's *Dialogues des carmélites*. She's also



MATT CASHORE '94

found time to write or co-write three articles on knot theory and related problems in topology and become Notre Dame's first recipient of the Alice T. Schafer Mathematics Prize, a national award bestowed upon one undergraduate woman each year. At exam time, Montee was filling out grad school applications. . . .

**WHAT BEGAN AS A TEASE** to the director of student programs at the American Pavilion of the Cannes International Film Festival led to eight current and former ND Film, Television and Theatre students rubbing shoulders with Alec Baldwin, Ewan McGregor and Tilda Swinton on the French Riviera — and making a documentary film about it. When Myriam Despujols made a presentation on campus in autumn 2011 to potential festival interns, FTT assistant professor Aaron Magnan-Park noted that she didn't use a film and suggested she grant Notre Dame students exclusive rights to capture the American Pavilion

internship experience at Cannes. She greenlighted the idea, and executive producer Magnan-Park and his team secured support from 10 different campus sponsors and began planning for the 17-day shoot last May. The result includes *The Festival*, a 12-minute look at the premiere screenings, red-carpet sightings and career-launching opportunities of Cannes, along with four featurettes on individual student programs and, naturally, a trailer. . . .

**NOT HAVING A CAMPUS OFFICE** has left John Soares with a broader view of office hours as a teaching tool, much to his students' benefit — and his. In an essay published by *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, the adjunct assistant professor of history mentioned unusual but accommodating campus venues that help him drive home points he makes to students in courses on national security and the Cold War, such as the Air Force ROTC library, the hockey rink and the lounge outside the Browning Cinema. Soares' favorite? The Brother Gorch Pool Hall in LaFortune, where he illustrates the analogy that historian William Appleman Williams once made between the satisfactions to be won by the difficult rethinking of America's imperial foreign policy and the "demanding brand of pool" the historian had played "in the working-class bar he frequented while writing [his] book." □



BARBARA JOHNSTON

## DEATHS IN THE FAMILY



For many years before he died on October 2 at the age of 82, **EDWARD A. GOERNER** and his family lived in The Lilacs, a pale yellow brick house built in 1889 for a Notre Dame professor at the corner of Notre Dame Avenue and Napoleon Boulevard, which Goerner had restored in the late 1960s.

Residence in that house so redolent of University history seems particularly appropriate for “a Notre Dame loyalist to the bone,” as his friend and fellow emeritus professor of political science, Donald P. Kommers, described him.

Goerner first came to Notre Dame as a student when Frank Leahy was the head football coach, and the conviction he formed then — that Leahy was the greatest coach in Notre Dame’s history — was sufficiently durable and fervent to be included in Goerner’s *South Bend Tribune* obituary. That sort of ardor informed everything about him. After his graduation and three years of service in the Navy, he earned a doctoral degree from the University of Chicago in 1959, taught for a year at Yale and returned to Notre Dame as a teacher because, as he told an editor of *The Dome*, “more interesting things were going on in the Notre Dame government department.”

There Goerner developed a course on political theory in which Hobbes’ *Leviathan*, Rousseau’s *Social Contract* and Plato’s *Republic* were closely read and richly explicated in an unmistakable Brooklyn accent by a lecturer whose theatrically dapper attire (well-cut tweed suits, silken ascots and, occasionally, a cape) and baritone eloquence were matched by a searing commitment to capital-T Truth.

No less a scholar than a teacher, Goerner wrote numerous articles and essays as well as a book, *Peter and Caesar*, on church-state relations. He also served for many years as associate editor of Notre Dame’s *The Review of Politics*. But his principal interest was always in those hundreds of students he welcomed into his office and home. He respected them as junior colleagues, and they knew it. One of them

remembered Ed Goerner as “one of those unique individuals you can build an education around.”

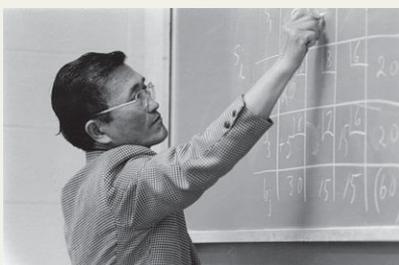
At least 24 of them did just that. In a post on this magazine’s website shortly after his death, Goerner’s former students praised their late mentor as “a storyteller with a keen sense of history, a vast knowledge of comparative systems and cultures . . . [who] developed lectures that tugged at the minds and souls of his students. In them, historical detail danced in service of theoretical insight, fact informed value, theater conspired with philosophy. He embodied the intellectual and ethical virtues that he taught, a Christian who lived a life in service of others.” The signatories were political scientists holding doctoral degrees from all over the world of higher education.

“The political philosopher,” Goerner once said of their shared vocation, “would not, as do power politickers, assume that it is inconceivable one might die, like Socrates and Jesus, for something noble.”

Surely all would agree that Edward A. Goerner lived and died every inch the political philosopher.

**BYUNG T. CHO**, a professor emeritus of management and a specialist in business and economic statistics remembered as a demanding instructor and devoted mentor to two generations of Notre Dame students, died October 15. He was 86.

Born in Korea during the repressive period of Japanese occupation between the world wars, Cho began his university studies in Tokyo and was conscripted into Japan’s military, postponing the completion of his bachelor’s degree in Seoul until the end of the Second World War. He moved to the United States for



graduate school at the universities of South Carolina and Illinois, mastering English along the way, and joined the Notre Dame business faculty in 1966. Fluent in both Korean and

Japanese, Cho would resolve his personal experiences of the often bitter tensions between those two cultures at Notre Dame. Noted for his kindness and generosity to all his pupils, Cho especially reached out to Korean and Japanese students and served both as faculty adviser to the Korean Students association and as principal of South Bend’s first Korean-language school.

Some students fondly remember Cho, whose scholarship focused on forecasting and decision-making under uncertainty, as a scourge. Present at the creation of Notre Dame’s MBA program in 1967, the new professor gave statistics exams that kept some degree candidates in their Hurley Hall classroom for up to eight hours.

An internationally renowned authority in radiation and physical organic chemistry remembered by colleagues as “a gifted scientist and an attractive teacher,” **KLAUS-DIETER ASMUS** left his native Germany and a prestigious 21-year career at Technical University Berlin to become the fourth director of the University’s Radiation Laboratory in 1995. The personable



emeritus professor of chemistry and biochemistry who loved soccer, dancing and 19<sup>th</sup> century Russian composers returned to Germany after he retired in 2005. He died in Berlin on October 6 at age 74.

Asmus’ tenure at the prominent, federally contracted “Rad Lab,” the centerpiece of Notre Dame’s strength in radiation chemistry since 1949, spanned an effective if brief three years. He brought with him expertise in the oxidation of simple amino acids and an interest in studying the effects of ionizing radiation on biological systems, particularly the consequences of radiation damage on living organisms and the aging process. After stepping down as director in 1998, Asmus turned to full-time teaching in the Department of Chemistry and Biochemistry and to the cultivation of promising younger radiation scientists and research networks at Notre Dame and in Europe. □

WHAT  
America  
NEEDS  
NOW

BY DAVID M. SHRIBMAN

# WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

**THAT WAS THE TITLE OF A FIERY MANIFESTO THE LONELY REVOLUTIONARY LENIN WROTE 110 YEARS AGO. IT WAS A QUESTION FOR HIS TIME AND FOR EVERY TIME OF TROUBLE. AND WHILE THIS MAY NOT BE AN ERA OF REVOLUTION, IT SURELY IS AN ERA OF CHALLENGE — AND GRAVE DANGER — BOTH IN THE ECONOMIC AND NATIONAL-SECURITY REALMS.**

In the pages that follow, Notre Dame faculty members set forth in sharp, eloquent terms what is to be done by the president and what he should say in his first major address before Congress. The president would be well-served to linger on the contents of the suggestion box assembled in Notre Dame, Indiana, but he likely will not see them. More's the pity.

Professors, of course, are inclined to add two terrifying words to the questions they set for their exams at semester's end: Be specific. Presidents need to be specific, too, particularly when they deliver their agendas to Capitol Hill. But at this time mere specifics aren't enough. They are, as the scientists on the faculty would tell you, necessary but

not sufficient. We need to tackle the details, to be sure, but first we need to settle, or at least engage seriously, some very big questions that have lingered without resolution in the national conversation.

So before we decide what is the optimum level of the taxation of capital gains, whether the age of eligibility for Medicare ought to be raised, how big a tax credit businesses with fewer than 50 employees should get to cover health-care premiums, and whether the mortgage-interest deduction should be phased out, let's look at some really big questions. Such as:

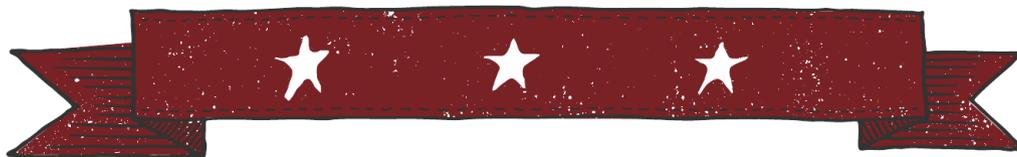
*How do political figures adjudicate between conviction and compromise?*

The phrase "courage of our convictions" tumbles effortlessly off the lips, and we sure have seen a lot of that in recent years: lawmakers and other political figures who sign

pledges and hew to them, who hold their opinions with fierce determination, and who view compromise with the same disdain Margaret Thatcher held for the "wets" in the Conservative Party.

Then again, this is a country whose beloved Constitution was created by a series of compromises, including one that from the start earned the modifier "great" — the Great Compromise of 1787 that gave us a Senate with two members from each state and a House of Representatives whose state delegations are determined by population. Other compromises have been important parts of our history, including the Compromise of 1850, which, flawed as it was, contained five elements that put off civil war for a decade. One of the signature citizens of 19<sup>th</sup> century America, Henry Clay, himself earned the adjective "great," and as a result the Great

*David Shribman is the executive editor of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*



Compromiser is remembered today as one of the outstanding lawmakers of all time.

In *Profiles in Courage*, Senator John F. Kennedy gave equal honor to both the men of conviction and the men of compromise. In speaking of the lawmakers he selected for his 1955 classic look at the Senate, he said: “Some demonstrated courage through their unyielding devotion to absolute principle. Others demonstrated courage through their acceptance of compromise, through their advocacy of conciliation, through their willingness to replace conflict with co-operation. Surely their courage was of equal quality, though of different caliber.”

The principal challenge facing the United States in the second decade of the 21<sup>st</sup> century is to adjudicate between the two social goods of conviction and compromise. In *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy struggled with this issue and seemed to settle on the notion that political figures should engage in “compromises of issues, not of principles,” arguing, “We can compromise our political positions, but not ourselves.” This is a debate Kennedy had with himself. It is a debate we must have as a nation, and the new year is a good time to start.

*Will the American people give their president enough room to change his mind?*

We have just completed a political campaign that was nasty and brutish but not short. Many Americans, including those among us who take politics as a vocation or avocation, simply could not wait until it would end, so odious were the advertisements and so duplicitous were the voter appeals. Both candidates found themselves boxed into corners of their own making, and now the president is a prisoner of his own rhetoric. My guess is that on the morning after his inauguration the president may awaken in the White House, look in his second-floor mirror and not recognize his own profile.

Margot Asquith, the wife of the man who was prime minister of the United Kingdom precisely a century ago, once described Winston Churchill, the consensus choice as the greatest historical figure of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, as a “man of transitory convictions.” No one admires a politician who, in the manner described by Lillian Hellman, cuts

his conscience to fit the fashion of the season. But can we learn something from the example of Churchill, who served in Parliament from two different parties and who headed a coalition government that presided over victory in Europe in World War II?

The view from behind the desk in the Oval Office is a lot different from the view behind the podium at a campaign breakfast or late-night rally. For that reason, is it wise to freeze our political figures and their campaign vows, or might we allow the warmth of the White House fireplace to allow those vows to melt a bit — and to allow the president to be a work in progress?

Perhaps a story from the Franklin Delano Roosevelt years might be appropriate here. Governor Roosevelt traveled to Pittsburgh in the 1932 campaign and delivered an ardent appeal for a balanced budget and a 25 percent cut in federal spending. Once he was president, he saw that neither was possible and that, in fact, the opposite was preferable. He was squeamish about breaking his promise and asked his speechwriter, Samuel Rosenman, what to do about the speech he had given only the previous September. The answer came back swiftly: “Deny you were ever in Pittsburgh.”

*Is partisanship such a good idea, and are we paying the price for ideologically aligned political parties?*

For decades American political scientists, including a future president, Woodrow Wilson, bemoaned the state of U.S. politics. We had two mushy parties that stood for almost nothing, with a rump of conservatives in the Democratic Party and a wing of liberals in the Republican Party. Some Republicans were more liberal than the most conservative Democrats. The whole thing made no sense.

Franklin D. Roosevelt didn’t think it made much sense either, and he tried to purge his own party of the conservatives who were such reluctant warriors in the New Deal. He went to war against Walter F. George of Georgia, Ellison D. “Cotton Ed” Smith of South Carolina and Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, and he was able to defeat none of them. He was lucky his purge failed. Many of the strongest skeptics of the Roosevelt domestic agenda became strong advocates of his

foreign policy. Had his purge succeeded, he might not have won support for Lend-Lease, which provided material support to the Allies before the United States officially entered World War II, and the world might be a different place today.

And FDR learned his lesson. Two days after war began in Europe (and more than two years before war would reach our own shores), Roosevelt issued this remarkable appeal, inconceivable today: “Let me make the simple plea that partisanship and selfishness be adjourned; and that national unity be the thought that underlies all others.”

Only a dozen years after Roosevelt’s ill-conceived purge, an article called “Toward a More Responsible Two-Party System” appeared in the *American Political Science Review*, a publication revered on university campuses but generally ignored everywhere else. This article assailed a political system where Harry F. Byrd of Virginia and James Eastland and John Stennis, both of Mississippi, could represent their states as Democrats in the Senate even though they were devout conservatives, and where Clifford P. Case of New Jersey and Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. of Massachusetts could be Republicans, though they could accurately be described as liberals.

Today the most conservative Democrat is more liberal than the most liberal Republican, which gives us the ideologically aligned parties that FDR and the *American Political Science Review* wanted so badly. But it also may be one explanation for the political paralysis we see in Washington — a paralysis deplored by everybody in the capital but addressed by nobody there.

Let’s examine another example. Today hardly anybody looks with nostalgia at the 91<sup>st</sup> Congress, which sat from 1969 to 1971, a period of upheaval throughout American life and a period of partisan strife in Washington, where Richard M. Nixon had become president after a paper-thin victory over Hubert H. Humphrey and where the Republican president faced an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress. It was a time of bitterness and strife.

And yet that Congress established the Council on Environmental Quality and began environmental-impact statements; created



an airport trust fund; approved landmark antiracketeering legislation; made major contributions to urban mass-transit systems; created Amtrak; established OSHA; extended the Clean Air Act; and passed the highly controversial measure providing the president with power to stabilize prices and wages. The fact that the Senate included Democratic conservatives such as Allen J. Ellender of Alabama and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and Republican liberals such as Jacob K. Javits of New York and Charles “Mac” Mathias Jr. of Maryland is almost certainly not a coincidence. Lawmakers were routinely exposed to party colleagues with clashing ideologies, and House and Senate

snare invented by designing men for selfish purposes — and which turns voters into chattels, slaves, rabbits, and all the while their masters, and they themselves, are shouting rubbish about liberty, independence, freedom of opinion, freedom of speech, honestly unconscious of the fantastic contradiction; and forgetting or ignoring that their fathers and the churches shouted the same blasphemies a generation earlier when they were closing their doors against the hunted slave, beating his handful of humane defenders with Bible texts and billies, and pocketing the insults and licking the shoes of his Southern master.”

There was a reason the Framers excluded

Modern presidents do read. Both Bill Clinton and George W. Bush consumed presidential biographies with real interest. It’s important that their successors follow suit. But it’s also important that members of Congress slow down and think as well.

We may believe that history moves faster today than it did in earlier generations. That may not be so. It galloped between 1939 and 1945 in Europe, and it did in the 1960s in the American South. But most of the time, despite the passing passions of every era, history is more like a gentle canter, and we need to think about how, in an age where the demands of the news media and fundraising keep our leaders moving at a frantic, frenzied

## **The principal challenge facing the United States in the second decade of the 21<sup>st</sup> century is to adjudicate between the two social goods of conviction and compromise.**

leaders were fluent in the politics of reconciling differences.

Neither is true today. The major economic-security measures of the last century, Social Security (1935) and Medicare (1965), were passed with votes from members of both parties. The major civil-rights measures of the 1960s were approved with support from both Republicans and Democrats. But the health insurance bill known as Obamacare won not a single Republican vote. It stands alone as a major legislative touchstone with single-party support, and it is a symbol of how far and how fast we have departed from a political system that was at once inexplicable . . . and indispensable.

Not that the past was free of partisan rancor. The level of politics was so low in the 19<sup>th</sup> century that Mark Twain was moved to write:

“Look at the tyranny of party — at what is called party allegiance, party loyalty — a

the word “party” from the Constitution.

*How do we hear the hoofbeat of history?*

Otto von Bismarck said great leaders hear the hoofbeat of the horse of history, and, in fairness, American leaders of this generation and of those who came earlier have listened carefully for that distant sound. It is never easy to hear it.

Lincoln heard that hoofbeat in part because he consulted the depths of his own soul and conducted his search for justice in public. Both Roosevelts heard them. So did Kennedy, who gave voice to American idealism and purpose in his speeches and governed with a profound sense of history derived from deep youthful reading. (Jacqueline Kennedy would say in an interview recorded shortly after her husband’s death: “He’d read walking, he’d read at the table, at meals, he’d read after dinner, he’d read in the bathtub. . . . He really read all the times you don’t think you have time to read.”)

pace, to slow down and permit contemplation about the issues sketched here and about some of the other tensions that have defined our national life.

We face new issues in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, and our leaders — and we ourselves — must pause to contemplate them as we continue to wrestle with ancient questions. So we must consider the implications of the biomedical and communications revolutions along with such evolving topics as the role of government in society. And: What is the place of religion in the public square? How does a nation built on individualism construct a caring, gentle community? How do we balance our twin values of order and freedom?

These are questions that matter. This is what is to be done. □

# WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

INVITED TO PRETEND THEY COULD  
WRITE 300 WORDS FOR THE NEXT STATE  
OF THE UNION ADDRESS, HERE'S WHAT  
NOTRE DAME FACULTY PENNED.



**Many American presidents of the past century have turned to the academy when the times called for rhetoric that informed and inspired as it brought the nation together. Father Hesburgh even drafted ideas for President Gerald Ford's speech commemorating the bicentennial. So in the weeks before Election Day 2012 the editors invited a few dozen Notre Dame professors to play presidential speechwriter — without knowing the outcome of November 6. The White House has tapped you, we wrote in our appeal, to draft part of the president's 2013 message to Congress based on your interests and expertise. In a few hundred words, what would you recommend he say?**

## **BURYING THE HATCHET**

I come before you after a long campaign, one that — like all contests in our democracy — emphasized differences. But before we get down to working on the people's business, I ask you to consider how we go about dealing with one another. Each one of us won election to the office we hold, but the public's trust in Washington is alarmingly low. That situation is good neither for us nor for America.

We need to do better. We'll argue on occasion, and there might be times when you and I will want to take a breath and count to 10 — or, possibly, 100. But any politician's political future should always take a backseat to our nation's future. Let's never allow the next election to define how we consider proposals during this session of Congress. Short-term solutions will not cure our long-term problems nor will they do anything to contribute to the national interest.

The American people expect — and deserve — more than the paralysis that partisan polarization has produced in recent years. Some of you might disagree, but we share in common much more than what divides us. Later this year, we will observe the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Gettysburg Address. In it Abraham Lincoln spoke about “government of the people, by the people, for the people,” and he called for “a new birth of freedom.” Tonight I ask that we commit ourselves to government with a new birth of cooperation. Tomorrow will be different if we look beyond ourselves to what really matters — America's tomorrows and the generations to come.

*Robert Schmuhl is the Walter H. Annenberg-Edmund P. Joyce Chair in American Studies and Journalism and director of the John W. Gallivan Program in Journalism, Ethics & Democracy.*

## **PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST**

The Middle East has entered an uncertain period. People's revolutions in Tunisia and Egypt fostered hope for an Arab Spring, but the subsequent violence in Libya, Syria and the Gulf reminds us that there is no “one size fits all” response to events whose course we might influence but certainly cannot shape. It is imperative that the world understands

clearly where America stands. Today I set forth the principles that will guide U.S. foreign policy toward the region.

First, we will support the emergence and consolidation of free and open societies marked by the rule of law, representative and accountable government, and the protection of human rights as defined in international law — as well as our own Constitution.

Second, the United States will enter into productive diplomatic and economic partnerships, security alliances and robust programs of cultural exchange with nations that honor these standards. Our strong historic relationship with the state of Israel is rooted in this agreement — we expect it to play by these rules, and we hold our own nation to them as well.

But our friendship with Israel does not preclude the development of stronger partnerships with other nations from Egypt to Iran — and it will be a goal of my presidency to build mutually beneficial alliances with all governments that enter into honest and transparent negotiations and dialogue with us on contested issues. Call it the era of New Partnerships for Prosperity.

Third, much of the work of bridge-building is rightly done by civil society: universities, development organizations, cultural exchange programs, business partnerships and the like. Yet our own foreign policy has too often failed in understanding the Middle East, especially the complicated religious, ethnic and cultural dynamics that often shape not only revolutionary groups but also official government policy.

Therefore today I am making permanent the ad hoc Working Group on Religion and Foreign Policy established by Secretary of State Hillary Clinton in 2011 as part of the government's Strategic Dialogue with Civil Society. This will build an infrastructure to advance religious and cultural literacy about the region among our diplomats, military leaders and policymakers in areas ranging from energy and agricultural policy to gender and religious engagement. We will lean heavily on our top universities in providing this expertise, as well as on our own military and civil leaders returning from substantive service in the Middle East. Only by drawing on the experience of our own citizens as well as interlocutors from the region can the

United States exercise prudent leadership and craft constructive policies.

*R. Scott Appleby is a professor of history and the John M. Regan Jr. director of the Kroc Institute for International Peace Studies.*

### **FUNDING PUBLIC TELEVISION**

Except for my opponent and me, no single figure was equally attacked and defended more than Big Bird during the presidential campaign. But Big Bird will never be fired, nor will he need a Facebook campaign to save him. His Sesame Workshop employers don't rely on the government funding that is channeled through the Corporation for Public Broadcasting to show him how to get to Sesame Street. Private and corporate donations, program sales and merchandise revenue take care of that. But it is likely that with continued threats to the financial health of PBS, the children of Billings, Boise and Bangor won't get to watch Big Bird because the local stations that air PBS programming rely significantly on government funds.

We have seen this funding dwindle for decades now. It is beyond time for public broadcasting to be sufficiently supported. Many of us have access to hundreds of television channels; can't just one be mobilized to serve the public, rather than advertisers and shareholders?

Perhaps government funding isn't the answer, given that it turns public broadcasting into a political football every four years. Perhaps establishing a trust with funds from the FCC's auction of spectrum space, or even an annual charge for spectrum-space use, is the answer. That space was granted to broadcasters for free in exchange for a commitment to serve the public interest. We can readily question whether the public interest has ever truly been served by commercial television. Let us see instead what a strong public broadcasting system can offer this country.

*Christine Becker is an associate professor of film, television and theatre.*

### **DECLARING WAR ON IGNORANCE**

Fifty years ago, U.S. primary and secondary school students' scores in reading and math placed them among the very top in the world. Today, the typical student's performance ranks only in the middle of the top 30

industrialized countries. This performance is unequal to our capabilities and poses a threat to America's future in the world economy.

Moreover, during the past four years, the industry that lost the greatest number of jobs — 600,000 — was state and local government. Our public schools alone laid off tens of thousands of teachers as we reduced spending for public education. This is the opposite direction from what we should be taking.

At a time when two wars are winding down and expenditures for them declining, we should now declare a "War on Ignorance." I will ask Congress to authorize additional outlays of \$100 billion per year for the next 10 years to support primary and secondary school education at the federal, state and local levels to fight this war. There is no better time to invest in education and the future of America.

*Jeffrey H. Bergstrand is a professor of finance.*



### **A MODEST PROPOSAL ON SPRAWL**

Let me turn now to our built environment, because it relates to our economic predicament and there are hard truths here for us to confront. This administration will do everything it can to tap America's energy resources and minimize our dependence upon those who wish us ill. But we all have a duty to husband our resources more wisely. And this means being smarter about how we build our neighborhoods and towns.

Like most of you, I love to drive. I am grateful for the personal mobility the automobile gives us. But in service to this mobility, with the best of intentions, we have squandered our wealth and the best of our cultural heritage to build a transportation infrastructure in which the automobile is a necessity rather than a convenience.



We imagine this infrastructure is a result of free choices and market forces. It is not. It was created and sustained largely by federal policies and subsidies, and it is an infrastructure we never could afford.

Given the extent of our national debt and our obligations to national defense and the social safety net, we can no longer subsidize automobile-centered development. Therefore, though this administration will encourage the private sector to drill for and reserve American oil, we will diminish federal subsidies for the interstate highway system and eliminate federal subsidies for the road infrastructure of states and local communities, which will be required to bear the financial obligations of their infrastructure or to look for an alternative. This will also make clearer the financial benefits of traditional town and neighborhood infrastructure. Above all, this will place upon our state and local governments both the burden and freedom of choice: How best to spend tax dollars wisely and for the common good.

Scripture tells us: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Our fiscal crisis challenges us to limit our appetites. But there is the possibility of great good — if we are smart, if we are just, if we are generous. If we learn again to live within our means; learn again to live in harmony with and be good stewards of nature; learn again to make durable and beautiful buildings and places; learn again that we need one another in order to flourish — we will also find that we have worked through our economic crisis and created durable wealth.

*Philip H. Bess is a professor of architecture.*

### SCIENCE AND WISDOM

Our commitment to elevate education in our society will capitalize on the synergy of the sciences and the humanities in the service of a full human life. We will continue to unlock the secrets of the universe for the purpose of easing human suffering, providing sufficient energy and resources and protecting the environment. But we will not forget the crucial role of language, of history, of philosophy and other fields of inquiry in thriving societies where every person can flourish.

It is necessary to understand *what is*, as science and technology can reveal. But science is not value-free, and its discoveries require wisdom for their beneficial application.

Therefore, it is also necessary to engage the questions of *what ought to be*, to enter into that great conversation as old as speech itself that lies at the root of the world's diverse and fruitful cultures.

So we will take seriously the accumulated insights of the ages, and we will add our voices to hand off an enriched legacy, both scientific and humane, for the future. We will not sacrifice one for the other: We will hold in the highest value both our scientific endeavors and our furthering of the unique human story, and we will invest in a future that sustains both the physical world and the human spirit. As that great American, Father Ted Hesburgh, said, "Science can make man comfortable, but only wisdom can make man happy."

*Gregory P. Crawford is the William K. Warren II Foundation Dean of the College of Science and a professor of physics.*

### A FOREIGN POLICY OF HUMILITY AND RESTRAINT

Campaigning in 2000, George W. Bush presented an eloquent brief on behalf of the proposition that our nation could best maintain its pre-eminence and advance the cause of global freedom by adopting a foreign policy of humility and restraint. He shrewdly observed that our standing in the world "really depends on how our nation conducts itself in foreign policy. If we're an arrogant nation, they'll resent us. If we're a humble nation but strong, they'll welcome us."

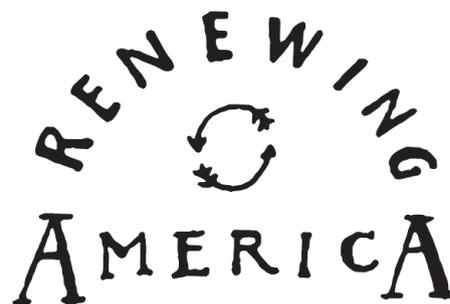
Elected on this wise platform, my predecessor rashly abandoned it after September 11, 2001. Failing to finish the just, necessary, but limited war to bring to justice those who attacked America from Afghanistan, he began a new war in Iraq against an odious regime that had nothing to do with the attacks upon us, and he committed our country to a herculean exercise in global social engineering to build nations in places they'd scarcely been before. He did all this against the well-intentioned advice of many of our allies around the world.

Further, to wage these wars of choice on the cheap, my predecessor put the bill on the government credit card. The resulting deficits are not only financial millstones around our grandchildren's necks, they already

burden our economy as it recovers from its worst crisis since the 1930s.

My administration will never shrink from protecting our country from those who wish it ill nor be stingy in giving succor to our friends in liberty around the world. But it will do so by recognizing that we can best defeat our enemies and aid our friends not through arrogance and profligacy but rather by relearning the global virtues of humility and restraint.

*Michael C. Desch is on leave as the chair of the political science department and is a co-director of the Notre Dame International Security Program.*



### RELIGHTING THE AMERICAN LAMP

We have to re-think America. If we want other countries to dream the American dream, we have to begin by delivering life, liberty and happiness for our own people. If we want the United States to be a beacon for the world, we have to shine.

We have to deliver human rights, because without a moral republic, nothing else matters — not power, not wealth, not even knowledge. We have to start with the right to life. Other rights are no good to people whom we kill in the womb, or lethally inject, or leave to die in poverty or sickness.

We must have a fair society, where all pay taxes proportionate to their wealth and none lack shelter, health care or schooling, no matter who their parents are. We must share the power and rewards of our industries among all workers, not just the wielders of wealth.

We must build a society for future value, not for present profit. That means modernizing our infrastructure and revaluing education so our schools catch up with the rest of



the world and our research institutions retain pre-eminence in learning and thinking.

We must re-awaken American pride in real democracy, stripping plutocracy out of the system, limiting campaign finances, purifying politics.

We have to re-think our place in our hemisphere and our world. Our past greatness grew out of resources we no longer have. We have to face that fact. We cannot police the world alone or enforce our will by exercising our might.

So we'll stop making enemies. We'll join international collaborations for peace and justice. We'll disavow wars except as a genuine last resort to defend right. We'll work for ever closer union with our neighbors. We'll spread our values by example and attract friends by welcoming them as equals.

*Felipe Fernandez-Armesto is the William P. Reynolds Professor of History.*

### **ENSURING EQUAL OPPORTUNITY**

Fifty years ago Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. had a dream, "that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal.'"

We have come a long way since 1963, but not far enough. Equality is not about being the same; it is about having equal opportunity, a fair playing field. America is strong because of our diversity, but with diversity comes the responsibility to strive for the day when we all have the chance to live our lives in freedom and the pursuit of happiness. The American dream is that we all have the opportunity to at least try to follow our dreams.

This dream is not yet a full reality. Inequality based on race, class, gender, religion, orientation and ableness still occurs. The top 1 percent of us controls nearly 35 percent of the country's wealth, while about 22 percent of U.S. children live in poverty. Women seldom receive equal pay for equal work, and fair access to our amazing universities, decent wages and even the possibility of owning a house remains out of reach for too many of us.

The dream of equality is within our grasp, but we all have to work together. We can start with a focus on education and

the workplace, with renewed support for schools and teachers, student loans, equal pay for equal work and a living-wage policy. It is time for us to recognize the value of community and collaboration, to continue the hard work of creating the America where equal opportunity is a fact — not just a lofty goal.

*Agustín Fuentes is a professor of anthropology.*

### **WE THE IMMIGRANTS**

The time has come to write a new chapter in our nation's immigration history, one that sees immigrants not as threats but as gifts, not as people who take jobs but who create them, not as individuals who grab from America but who give to it. Without immigrants we would not have companies such as Intel, eBay, Yahoo! and Google. Nor many of the people who build our houses, put food on our tables or care for our elderly. Nor Americans named William Penn, Albert Einstein and Knute Rockne. Immigrants are key to our ancestral past, our cultural present and our economic future.

The ideal is to create a world where people have the right to stay in their homelands. But until that happens, we must work harder so the American dream does not become for some a human nightmare in which families are separated, workers are exploited and people die in our deserts. Almost 12 million people without documents live in the shadows of our



country, and we cannot benefit from their labor while excluding them from full participation in our society. While we will not promote illegality, we must commit ourselves to ensuring our laws and systems are just for everyone, including the tired, the poor, the "huddled masses yearning to breathe free."

We cannot allow ourselves to feel threatened by those who are different. We deport

something of our souls when we fail to see something of ourselves in those struggling for more dignified lives. And though we have many needs here, we cannot forget our responsibility to a larger human community. People are the real wealth of nations. Unless we fight issues of human insecurity abroad we will have no lasting security at home.

So I am asking my fellow Americans not just to seek to have more but to be more. The greatness of America is interwoven with the immigrant story, and we must not let that narrative unravel, even as we face many challenges on the road ahead.

*Father Daniel G. Groody, CSC, is an associate professor of theology and director of the Center for Latino Spirituality and Culture at the Institute for Latino Studies.*

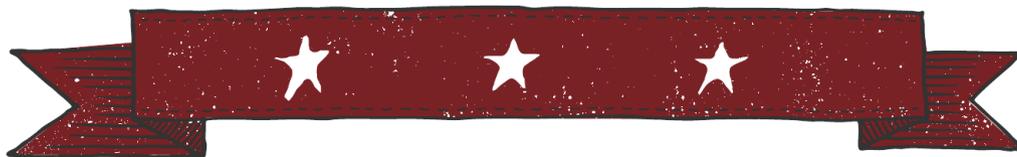
### **RESPECTING POSTERITY**

I am proud to lead a nation whose exceptional achievement consists not in its power (which is never a criterion of right and, as history teaches us, may evaporate surprisingly quickly) but in its capacity to integrate people from all over the world, regardless of their creed, race, ethnic background or rank, and to be more meritocratic than any other country I know.

The reasons we face such difficult times are many. First, our national achievement stands in strident contrast to the increasing jingoism and the willingness to use force in international relations, even outside of real self-defense.

Second, the complex structure of the American constitution, which derives its vitality from the separation of powers, also presupposes willingness to compromise, since legislation needs the cooperation of the president, House and Senate. But the acrimony between the two parties is such that it is difficult for people in and outside America to trust that the United States will find a solution to its pressing problems, such as the public debt.

Even more disturbing is, third, the low intellectual level of our political debate. Of course markets are the most efficient mechanism for achieving an equilibrium of supply and demand — but only if their political frame is not itself up for sale. Lobbying, however, and the increasing dependence of



campaigns on private funding have undermined the moral autonomy of the political realm.

Fourth, the idea that there is a rational way to determine the common good has been laughed away by right and left alike. What we need is a rational and more complex concept of justice that takes our duties toward future generations seriously. Since they yet lack both purchasing power and the capacity to vote, they are the great losers of market democracies.

We see their interests threatened in the way we use scarce resources with little concern for ecosystems and our climate. We must not make the mistake of neglecting the rights of future generations until environmental catastrophes of our own making force our hand. Instead, we must consider a more long-term approach, possibly through the creation of a federal agency charged with safeguarding the interests of future generations and curtailing activities that would violate their rights.

*Vittorio Hösle is the Paul G. Kimball Chair of Arts and Letters and director of the Notre Dame Institute for Advanced Study.*

### INCLUDING DISABILITY

Around 56 million Americans live with a disability. We have made great advances with levels of inclusion. But we have not done enough.

Marc Maurer '74, the president of the National Federation of the Blind, says the biggest issues for blind people in the United States are unemployment and lack of access to educational resources on the Internet. We must make this commitment to educational opportunities for people with disabilities.

Recently our courts threw out a copyright infringement lawsuit against universities working with Google to digitize their book collections, which makes them accessible to people who have limited vision. Blind people now have new access to 10 million books. But we must do more.

The unemployment rate for people with disabilities is 13 percent. It should not double that of the rest of the population. As we strengthen our economy, we must strengthen our commitment to fully include people with disabilities in the workplace.

Since July 2010, we have nearly reached our goal of hiring an additional 100,000 people with disabilities to work for the federal government. It is vital now that employers in state and local government and the private and nonprofit sectors commit themselves to disability inclusion and renew

people from the workplace but merely modifies their inclusion.

In this house, “the cook cannot walk without crutches, the kitchen maid has but one eye, the dairy maid is almost stone deaf, and the house maid has but one hand; and yet, perhaps, there is no family where the business is better done.” Most people fail, the novel says, “not from a deficiency of power, but of inclination.”

We have the power and the inclination. We must do more and we will.

*Essaka Joshua is a specialist in English literature and the Joseph Morahan Director of the College Seminar.*

### A DEEPER DIVE INTO HEALTH CARE

I lead a country seemingly divided as never before. Yet our divisions are not unprecedented. We are less divided than our ancestors were during the Civil War, or when racist language and economic practices were widely tolerated.

However, since divisions today seem so intractable, let’s distinguish between actual divisions and how those divisions operate in our national conversation. It is this latter reality that concerns me more than the differences of opinion themselves. What reinforces this paralyzing sense of division when grounds for agreement exist? Among many reasons, I’d like to isolate one: the nature of our elections in relation to our nation’s political health.

Our elections are bitterly fought; they are expensive; and they feature carefully packaged presentations of views that not infrequently pass over into dishonesty. High-stakes campaigning follows well-grooved patterns: Demonizing opponents and pandering to audiences regardless of the implications.

We must create better conversations about serious issues by freeing them from our tight, two-year electoral cycle. To address long-term problems we need longer-term discussions immune from derailment by electoral changes.



that commitment regularly. This might be as simple as issuing guidelines on disability etiquette in the workplace or in recruitment, offering mentoring programs, or simply making presentations more accessible.

None of this is new. A friend of mine, who teaches literature at the University of Notre Dame, recently sent me a 1762 novel written by an English woman, Sarah Scott. It’s called *Millenium Hall*. It describes a house, run by women, where disability doesn’t exclude



As president, I pledge to work in a non-partisan way to make those crucially important conversations possible. We need to model a successful process. I propose that we make a trial of this process by addressing health care — both because it is so urgent and because opinions about it are so strong.

Thus, after consultation with both parties' congressional leaders, I will invite 12 of our fellow citizens to engage in a two-year Forum for Health Care. Their task will be to examine complex issues and propose solutions. I believe we all agree that what we have is not satisfactory, and that we all want the best healthcare we can reasonably afford. I want to give a group of serious-minded people resources to consider health care in the right depth.

I trust that we will encounter difficulties doing this — for instance, ensuring accountability in a process that needs to be free from undue interference. But we as a nation need to learn how best to create the right processes necessary for solving big problems.

*Father Paul V. Kollman, CSC, is an associate professor of theology and executive director of the Center for Social Concerns.*

## The Environment

### BALANCING THE NATURAL BUDGET

Nature provides us with bountiful natural capital like fish, timber, fruits and vegetables, and we benefit economically from bees pollinating our crops and wetlands cleaning our waters. Yet in the recent election, neither my opponent nor I highlighted how much our economy depends on this natural capital. We agreed that the earth is warming and hence it costs more to cool homes and protect coastlines from monster storms. Yet the environment remains an unnecessarily polarizing topic.

Our nation has a proud history of bipartisan success in boosting the economy through environmental protection. The

Clean Water Act brought Lake Erie back from the dead and today it is one of the world's most valuable freshwater fisheries. President Carter created the Department of Energy in pursuit of what every president has called for since: energy independence. The first President Bush amended the Clean Air Act to reduce acid rain, protecting highly valuable tourist waters stretching from Minnesota to Maine. The time has come to make the protection of our natural capital a bipartisan priority once again.

Green can be gold, but inadequate environmental stewardship has created a sea of red. Invasive species cost the U.S. economy more than \$140 billion annually. So I will direct the secretaries of Agriculture and the Interior to close the nation's doors to pathogens, weeds and other harmful species that threaten the health of our crops, forests, livestock and wildlife. Climate change is costing our nation billions more, so I will direct the Secretary of State to restart international negotiations to slow climate change, and I will ask Congress to pass legislation to help our country adapt to a warmer world. Instead of a legacy of partisan wrangling, we owe our children and grandchildren the gift of restored natural capital and a strong economy.

*David Lodge is a professor of biological sciences and director of the Notre Dame Environmental Change Initiative.*

### REVIVING OUR COMPETITIVE SPIRIT

America's economy faces a multitude of challenges, perhaps the greatest of which is unemployment. At the heart of our ability to create jobs is our ability to compete. The sobering news is that America's competitiveness, on the whole, has waned for quite some time. The process has occurred over decades, and it cannot be attributed to one political party or the other. Some factors have been in our control and others have not, but the deterioration was masked by an unprecedented age of credit expansion that felt good at the time but was unsustainable and nearly brought our entire economic system to its knees in 2008.

The good news is that the situation has stabilized. Today we have a chance to do what many generations have done in our

great history: Work together to make America better for tomorrow.

In order to improve our competitiveness, we must play to our advantages. Fortunately, as a nation we have many. The dollar continues to be the reserve currency for the world. In addition, we are uniquely gifted with a culture that celebrates innovation and the entrepreneurial spirit, which have been essential in our ability to cultivate effective leadership in corporations and capital markets as globalization introduces new opportunities and challenges.

We will do well to remember that capital and jobs will go where they are encouraged. Thus, while they seem to be ideals increasingly questioned, we must continue to encourage free and fair trade, open markets and investment of all sorts, including foreign investment in America.

Commensurate with that, we must combat protectionism and remember that healthy competition cuts both ways. In that spirit, we must work with other countries to nurture the complex and essential ecosystem that is the global market and provide the necessary level of regulation which fosters a level playing field without the unnecessary and crippling burden of excess oversight.

## CIVIL DISCOURSE

Above all, strengthening our competitiveness will require us to build a broad and strong consensus across parties and the populace. We simply cannot be a house divided against itself.

*Scott Malpass is vice president and chief investment officer at Notre Dame and a concurrent assistant professor of finance.*

### TEMPERANCE IS A POLITICAL VIRTUE

The campaign is over. Or is it? By the time I finish this term as president, high school



and college students born in the 1990s will have known nothing but the fierce partisan conflict animating our most recent election campaigns and our work as public servants. Policy reforms, judicial nominations and even the functioning of the federal government are now hostage to the winner-take-all efforts first of one political party and then the other. Our young people do not know, and the rest of us can barely remember, a political atmosphere less poisoned by personal attacks and an unwillingness to value substantive achievement above political gain.

Partisan conflict can result from genuine difference of opinion, and I do not ask anyone to abandon their convictions. But it is also a luxury, a temptation to squabble for the transient goods of better polling numbers, enhanced fundraising opportunities and tiny electoral victories. Waged within each of our parties, this partisan conflict has had the effect of squeezing out our most moderate members, who once forced us to compromise for larger goals.

Will anyone replace them? I hope so. Because at this moment in history — buffeted by high unemployment, a looming deficit crisis, inadequate and costly health care, and global threats as diverse as climate change and weapons proliferation — partisan conflict is a luxury none of us can afford.

*John T. McGreevy is the I.A. O'Shaughnessy Dean of the College of Arts and Letters and a professor of history.*

## **We have steadily lost sight of the proper balance between law and war. Military force has become a predominant mode of American action abroad, instead of a last resort to defend against aggression.**

### **PROMOTING INTENSIVE PARENTHOOD**

The mental and physical health of our children is among the worst in the developed world. The ability of young children to self-regulate and get along with others

has deteriorated, along with their academic prowess. Even our college students show increased narcissism and a decline in empathy. These outcomes affect us all, because children become our neighbors and our leaders.

We know now through science what our ancestors knew from experience: To raise a healthy, intelligent and socially capable child, adults need to provide intensive care when brain and body systems are rapidly developing. Intensive parenting for young children evolved over millions of years and its components are known to foster optimal health and well-being. The components include extensive, on-demand breastfeeding, nearly constant touch, responsiveness to infant needs, shared care with multiple caregivers, free play and, of course, natural childbirth.

I pledge to you today that we will restructure society so that children receive what they need to reach their highest potential. What I propose is a set of policies that are known to promote the well-being of children: One year paid parental leave and nurse visits to every family for six months after the birth of a child; mandatory high-quality daycare facilities at workplaces so parents and young children can see each other throughout the work day; multiple daily recess periods for primary and middle schools; support for wet nurses and low-cost breast milk; a review of hospital child-

make our children stronger, our nation becomes stronger and better able to meet the challenges ahead.

*Darcia Narvaez is a professor of psychology. Her Moral Landscapes blog appears on the website of Psychology Today.*

### **RESPECTING THE RULE OF LAW**

America must recommit to the rule of law at home and abroad. The founders of this great nation replaced the dictates of a king with law as the highest national authority. The founders knew they would have to establish their vision with military force, but military force would be deployed in the service of the law.



Since our revolution, America has been a model of nationhood under law. Americans have worked to spread this ideal to other countries and to relations among nations. Our Bill of Rights is a template for the protection of human rights everywhere. The Lieber Code, drafted to govern the conduct of our forces during the Civil War, led the way for international humanitarian law. Americans advocated for a world court, and Americans drafted the United Nations Charter with its central rule prohibiting the use of force except in self-defense or with Security Council authorization.

During the Cold War and in the two decades since it ended, we have steadily lost sight of the proper balance between law and war. Military force has become a predominant mode of American action abroad, instead of a last resort to defend against aggression.

President Eisenhower warned Americans that the military-industrial complex would press us into a militaristic foreign policy. And so it has. Political scientists also bear responsibility for their simplistic policy guidance that the United States should project military power in the world to the detriment



of every other possible goal. The result has been decades of wars of choice and, more recently, killing far away from battlefields through the use of unmanned drone aircraft and commando raids. Untold numbers have died, leaving a legacy of hatred, debt and disability, and myriad unsolved problems from environmental devastation to devastating poverty.

We will return to the founding vision. We will again promote the rule of law in the world, and we will use our military power in strict compliance with and support of that law.

*Mary Ellen O'Connell is the Robert and Marion Short Professor of Law and research professor of international dispute resolution.*

### **RECONSIDERING CUBA**

We must address the recent history of our relationship with one of our largest and closest neighbors to our south. The oldest among us may remember a time when our relations with Cuba were cooperative and amicable, but the present moment is defined by paralysis. We must move toward an engaged future.

Cuba does not have weapons of mass destruction, Muslim terrorist cells or a drug-trafficking problem. It is not a threat to the United States nor has it indicated that it has violent designs on America or any other targets. Whether or not we agree with a political system is not our criteria for trade or relations with other countries. The text of the now half-century-old embargo does not reflect technological development or globalization. And there is no doubt that the embargo's aim — to promote regime change — has failed.

The inevitable death of Fidel Castro must not be the only catalyst for change. Cuba is reforming as we speak. We must decide how to engage our neighbor now if we wish to have any input in Cuba's future. Much of Asia, Europe and Latin America has trade, travel and political agreements with Cuba. While the future of its policies and government must remain in the hands of Cubans, knowledge about its politics and engagement with Cubans in power will be essential to positively influencing any transition.

Cuba is 90 miles from our shores. The

Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962 taught us that we must inform ourselves about what is happening there, yet we seem to have forgotten this lesson 50 years later. It is time to rethink the island and our country's relationship to it.

*Yael Prizant is an assistant professor of film, television and theatre and American studies.*

### **FIGHTING POVERTY FROM DAY ONE**

Far too many of our fellow Americans are struggling to make ends meet, and tragically many of the least fortunate are children. It's time to rethink the way we help those in greatest need in this country. Let's find ways to promote prosperity for all — not by giving more handouts but rather more hand-ups. Let's give every child, rich or poor, the chance to thrive and pursue their dreams.

Unfortunately, equality of opportunity is far from a reality. Many of our youngest children are being left behind before they are given a chance. Differences in cognitive ability between rich and poor children are evident as early as age 2. Fewer than half of poor children are ready for school at age 5.

## Children's Welfare

We are letting our children down at precisely the time when we could be making the greatest impact. Evidence from the biological and the social sciences emphasizes that these early years have an enormous impact on well-being throughout life. Much of our personality, intellect and skills are formed in our first five years. Yet only a small fraction of our public spending goes to children during this critical phase. Experimental research has shown that something as simple as a rigorous preschool program can affect a lifetime of outcomes, making kids more likely to go to college and less likely to be arrested or have a child outside of marriage.

Let's fight poverty and promote equality by giving our children an opportunity to thrive and pursue their dreams. Let's keep the playing field level from the beginning.

*James Sullivan is an associate professor of economics.*

### **STRENGTHENING AMERICAN INFRASTRUCTURE**

We live with a legacy of infrastructure that was largely planned in the 1950s and which enabled and encouraged unlimited urban and suburban sprawl. Although our buildings, factories, roads, railroads, bridges, waterways, ports, airports, water supply and sewage systems have allowed us to thrive and prosper, we now are overwhelmed — much of it too costly to operate and maintain, too susceptible to the forces of nature, too unfriendly to our ecosystems and harmful, even, to our own health.

It's time to redefine what we mean by growth when we talk about infrastructure. We need to build for the 21<sup>st</sup> century's global economy, energy supply and demand, climate and changing ecosystem: Not bigger or more spread out, but smarter, tighter, stronger, more resilient, more efficient, more diversified.

We must be good stewards of our resources, being mindful not to attempt to control nature but rather to integrate our infrastructure into our ecosystems. Our transportation system must be diverse, modular and energy-efficient — a healthy arterial system for a strong body. We must reinvent our cities to be compact and efficient, seeking out new ways to use our energy and material resources and pollute less. We must rethink how we plan for resiliency to face hurricanes, tornadoes, floods, rising oceans and droughts that now too often lead to devastating losses. Building in concert with nature, building in safer places, and building smarter, tighter and stronger will reduce risk. Only a trim, healthy, efficient and sustainable infrastructure will allow our nation to thrive.

*Joannes Westerink is the Notre Dame Chair in Computational Hydraulics and Henry J. Massman Department Chair of Civil and Environmental Engineering and Earth Sciences. Diane Westerink is the coordinator of the Computational Hydraulics Laboratory. □*



# Dogged by the Dark

Sometimes I lie awake at night and wonder where His love is.

BY MEL LIVATINO

One morning each week I wake up alone. On that day — typically a Wednesday — my wife is with her daughter, who takes her for a day and a half each week. Kathy has advanced dementia. She no longer knows my name or her full name; she forgets she has children and grandchildren; she does not know where we live; she no longer knows the names for such common things as kitchen, refrigerator, bedroom, grass, sky, sun. And of course she is no longer capable of conversation. So while I miss her for that day and a half, I am also glad for the time alone to think and write and read.

Those mornings when I'm alone start much the same. The room is dark when I awaken. I do not want to be awake yet, but I am, so

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*Mel Livatino's essays have appeared in The Sewanee Review, Writing on the Edge, River Teeth, Under the Sun and other publications. Four of his pieces have been named Notable Essays of the Year in Robert Atwan's Best American Essays annual (2005, 2010, 2011, 2012). He is at work on two books: The Little Red Guide to Publishing Creative Nonfiction and God: An Inquiry, the latter about the existence and nature of God and evil. He lives in Evanston, Illinois.*

I lie on my back and look into the dark space above the bed. That's when the hurt begins. The hurt is brought on by a sense of aloneness. It has grown since my retirement from teaching nine years ago, which coincided with the onset of my wife's dementia. I know as I look into the dark space of the room that this hurt will weave itself into everything I do that day. It may go undetected while I'm concentrating on something — shopping, driving, cooking, writing, reading or talking to someone — but it will be there beneath the surface. And when the day goes slack, the hurt will become palpable again.

Sometimes all I long for is sleep and night. Churchill, who knew this state well, called it his "black dog." Lincoln and Hemingway were also frequented by this state. The American novelist William Styron wrote a memoir about it called *Darkness Visible*. In this state, God seems remote, even nonexistent.

So this morning I do what I usually do when the hurt is as palpable as the dark over the bed. I begin saying the "Our Father" slowly, concentrating on each phrase, pausing between phrases to let the words

*Yes, there is divorce. Yes, there is death and disintegrating bodies. Yes, there are people who sustain great physical and mental damage. Yes, there is great sadness and pain in our lives, but there is also the rain and the seed, and there is the heat of God upon our cheeks.*

Christopher de Vinck, Introduction to *Nouwen Then*

*We are not human beings on a spiritual journey. We are spiritual beings on a human journey.*

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

settle into meaning before I go on to the next phrase. When I am done, I say the “Our Father” again. Some mornings I go to the “Hail Mary,” then the “Glory Be.” I may do several of each. This morning I do only two “Our Fathers,” and then I just look into the dark.

The hurt is still there as I remember listening yesterday to a homily a dear evangelical friend of mine gave me a week and a half ago. I’d had the CD sitting upright in its slim slipcase between the emergency brake and the console for a week. I had deliberately set it in this military posture so it would not drift out of sight or consciousness — because my friend had told me it was fantastic, and she is almost never wrong about things. Two days ago, when I finished the previous audiobook — Julian Barnes’s *The Sense of an Ending* — I put this homily into the CD slot.

Ravi Zacharias is a barnburner “itinerant Christian apologist,” as he calls himself in the homily. I said barnburner because it is a readily understood expression, but it would have been more accurate to say he is a houseburner because Zacharias intends nothing less than to burn down the unappreciative, unloving and unloved secular house we live in so much of the time. He wants nothing less than to put his listeners into the house of God, the house where we are loved without conditions all our lives.

Listening to this evangelical homily was a unique event for me. I had never listened to a non-Catholic homily in my life. Nor had I ever wanted to listen to one. I expected there would be shouting and carrying-on, fire and brimstone, talk of sin, repentance, the devil, commandments. God knows what all I expected, but I did not expect the speaker I was listening to. I surely did not expect this man to slip through the crack in my heart I have been living with for more years than I care to remember.

Zacharias’ homily is a 72-minute commentary on the book of the minor prophet Hosea. In that book, God orders Hosea to take as his wife a prostitute named Gomer. Hosea greatly loves Gomer, despite her whorish ways. It is Hosea, unbeknownst to her, who provides her bread and water and wool and oil and drink when Gomer leaves him and dwells with her lovers. And when she tires of them, he takes her back again. It is a story of a love beyond all bounds. It is a metaphor of God’s love for us.

Like all good homilists, Zacharias spends most of his time pulling threads of other stories through the warp and woof of the main story. About 40 minutes into his homily he tells a story from his Indian culture.

A man from a village in India falls hopelessly in love with a beautiful woman from another village. He begs for the woman’s hand in marriage, but she dismisses him. He begs again; she dismisses him again. This goes on for many months before one day the woman says to the man, “All right, if you want my hand in marriage, you may have it, but there is one condition. You must prove that you love me.” When the man protests that he does love her, she says, “No, you must prove it. You must go back home to your mother, kill her, cut out her heart and bring it to me.”

At first the man cannot believe his ears. But finally, hopelessly in love, he agrees to her wish. He goes home, kills his mother, cuts out her heart and begins his journey back to the woman with the bloody heart in his hands. The path is treacherous, and at one point he trips and falls in some brambles, and the heart leaps out of his hands. When he goes to pick it up he can’t find it. He searches and searches, badly cutting his body on thorns as he is searching. Finally he sees the heart and takes it back into his hands. Just then he hears a voice coming from the heart: “Son, are you hurt?”

I shall never forget precisely where I was when I heard that story. I was southbound on Green Bay Road in my hometown of Evanston, Illinois, and when I heard the last words of the story, the tires of my car had just entered the junction where Green Bay gives out and enters Ridge Road. When I heard the words, “Son, are you hurt?” tears welled up in my eyes.

Off and on for the last 15 hours, except for sleep, I have been thinking about that story. As I finish the second “Our Father” I am thinking about it again. I am thinking that this is how God loves me. No matter who I am or what I have done, God loves me. It is comforting, but it does not take away the sorrow of aloneness.

Ever since my twenties, when I began in a noticeable way to think for myself, I have wondered about the existence and nature of God. Most days of my life for the last nearly half century these questions have come to me unbidden. I have lived all this time with a longing for an absolute and unshakeable faith in God. But clouds of doubt surround the longing. Sometimes brilliant sunlight breaks through the clouds, but the clouds are always there. I had pretty much resigned myself that my life would be this way till I drew my last breath.

But yesterday, and now again this morning, Mr. Zacharias makes me wonder. What if I ignore the clouds? Clouds, after all, come and go, but sunlight is always there, whether we see it or not. What if I

say, okay, I don't know if God exists but that does not stop me from believing He exists. What if I quit looking at the clouds and look only at the sunlight when it is there? And what if, when the clouds obscure the sun, I say to myself, sunshine is there, I just can't see it right now? What would I lose if I did this? Right now, in the dark of this bedroom, I can think of nothing I would lose. And what would I gain? Knowing that I am loved as no mere human could ever love me, that, as Julian of Norwich put it so well, "All shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well."

In the dark of the bedroom I let all this sit inside me for some time. Then a thin rim of light begins to outline the pulled shades of the room. Soon it will be time to get up and go to my ex-wife's house to watch my newest grandson, Michael, my 10th grandchild, who will be 6 months old tomorrow, while my ex-wife drives his brother and sister to preschool.

On the drive over to her house I continue thinking about the house of God that Mr. Zacharias has given me, the house in which God is like the mother whose heart has been cut out but who still asks, "Son, are you hurt?"

At the house I play with my grandchildren with a joy I cannot remember. And the joy is in their faces and eyes and giggles too. It lasts only 10 minutes, but I know it will be the best time I have today. Luke, who is 2, gives me a bright smile and a high-five. Ce-ce, who is 4 and whose real name is Siena, lights up when I tell her I found the children's card game Go Fish. She jumps and claps her hands and her eyes sparkle. Then she and I begin counting in French with *joie de vivre* from *un* to *dix huit* (a number we have always considered special and magical because of its sound). I say the words, and she echoes them perfectly: *un, deux, trois, quatre . . .* until we joyfully ring out *dix huit!*

When I watch Michael, the time does not drag. He smiles at antics like putting my forefinger in my mouth and snapping it out to make a large popping sound or "taking off the tip of my thumb" by sliding it beside my forefinger. It doesn't matter that his response is minimal, an ordinary response for a baby, for I remember reading recently the poet Philip Larkin's wish that his friend's child be ordinary. God bless the ordinary, for the ordinary is more wonderful than we can ever know.



Thinking this makes me remember one day many years ago when I walked into my class and looked at rows of tired faces, bored faces, faces that looked like they had no reason to be happy. Without thinking, I suddenly said to them, "You look unhappy. What would make you happy? What would make your faces break out in sunlight and joy?" A student who thought he knew the score said, "A million bucks!"

"Ahhh," I said, "so money is the answer." I addressed the whole class: "Would money make you happy?" A few smiling faces. I waited and then asked the question again. More smiling faces. "Better yet, a lot of money?" I asked, letting my voice and face play with the phrase. Now almost everybody was smiling.

"Okay," I said. "What do you think you're worth right now?" The smiles disappeared. At first no one said anything. Then one young man said that since he owed money, his net worth was a minus figure. Laughter and heads nodding in agreement. Someone said he had almost \$500 in the bank. A woman said she had \$78.90 in her checking account.

"This sounds dismal," I said. "Thank God, I don't believe you." I let a long pause occur, a lot of white space in the air. I just looked at each of them till they got nervous. After a minute of silence, while I did a long survey of their faces, I pointed to one student and said, "How much for your right eye?"

"Huh?" he said. "I don't get it. What do you mean?"

"I mean how much money would it take for you to sell me your right eye?" The thought so jolted this young man that he jumped back in his chair, as if I were actually going to reach out and pluck the eye from his head.

"Okay," I said, "let me make you an offer. How about the million dollars that would make the first student happy? Would that be enough?"

"Hell no, I'm not selling my eye for a million dollars."

"Okay, how about a hundred million dollars? Would you take a hundred million for your right eye?"

"No way!"

"Good man," I said, "Never sell cheap. So how about a billion?" He just looked at me through the eye I was bidding on, but he couldn't bring himself to sell it, even for a billion dollars.

So I opened the question to the whole class. "How much would

any of you take to sell your right eye?" I started bidding, moving the number up slowly. When I hit 10 billion dollars, a kid in the back said, "Yeah, I'll take 10 billion." But I noticed he couldn't bring himself to finish the sentence: "to sell my right eye." "Well," I said, "if Bill Gates needed a right eye, I bet he'd gladly pay that much."

Now I said to the kid who just sold his right eye for 10 billion: "Okay, how much for your other eye? You just got 10 billion for your right eye. How much would you take to sell your remaining eye?"

"No!" he cried, "I'm not taking any more money for anything!"

So I asked the rest of the class what they would take to sell both of their eyes. I went clear up to a trillion dollars and didn't get a single taker. "So," I said, "you're sitting on 10 billion just for one eye and you have another eye left in the bank — and then you have your ears, your tongue, your hands, your fingers, your feet, your legs. What are you worth?"

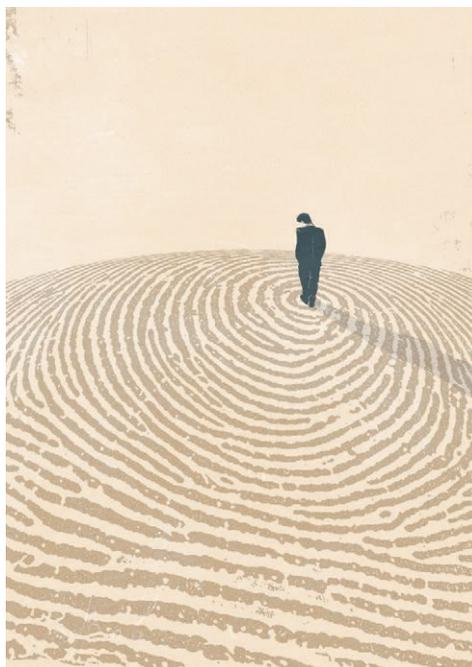
Every now and then I remind myself of that day in class because, like my students, I, too, forget what I am worth. I forget it every day. I especially forget it in the dark of those early mornings when hurt is upon me. We all forget how much we're worth. We forget it most hours of every day.

Later that morning, driving home from playing with Michael, out of the blue I remembered a woman from my youth whom I hadn't thought of in many years. She was a distant friend of my parents. I saw her only once or twice a year for perhaps 10 or 15 years, and then I never saw her again. I haven't seen her in 50 years.

Her name was Dorothy Litz. She was married to a good-looking man who was always very nice to my sister and me. But Dorothy, who was called Dottie, was even nicer. She was also beautiful. And she had one other quality, a quality I have looked for — though without actually thinking about it — in every person I have ever met. I don't have a name for that quality, but she had it in spades, more than anyone else I've ever encountered

It was a combination of joy and happiness and a rich pleasure at being alive and being in your company — and not a scintilla of it was fake. She radiated this quality. It was so spectacular that it is still with me more than half a century later. Her husband died when he was in his 30s. She never remarried, at least not during the time I still saw her, but she also never lost that radiant quality of joy and happiness combined with such obvious pleasure at being alive and in your company.

Though I haven't thought of her in many years, driving home that morning I was thinking of her again. She was right there where my windshield is, and I suddenly realized I was yearning for this woman who was like an aunt to me and whom I hadn't seen in more than 50 years. Why? Why was I yearning for this woman who is only a distant memory?



As the blocks passed I realized she was the woman in Zacharias' story, the mother whose heart her son had cut out to give to the woman he had fallen in love with and who says to her son, when he trips and falls amongst the thorns, "Son, are you hurt?" Then I realized this woman from my boyhood and the woman in Zacharias' story were images of God's love, incarnations of that love. Finally I realized I hadn't felt the hurt of aloneness since I started thinking about the mother in Zacharias' story — since, that is, I became aware of God's love for me.

Over the next few days the skeptic in me begins to pound away with questions. His hand on his hip, his head cocked, he snarls, "Oh, yeah, how long do you think this happy horse --- is going to go on? What do you think is going to happen the first time some driver cuts you off? Or when Kathy does something radically foolish to foul up your day? Or when something goes drastically wrong in your computer?

Or you smash your finger with a hammer or stub your toe black-and-blue? Or when the black dog of depression visits again?"

I have no answers to these questions. Just because the mother loved the son totally, doesn't mean the young man didn't fall upon thorns. Just because Dottie was a beautiful, sweet, kind and radiantly alive woman doesn't mean her husband would be with her all her life. Love, even God's love, doesn't change reality.

"And what's going to happen," my inner skeptic yells at me, "when the Big Question inevitably comes back to you: 'Does God really exist?' It will, you know."

Yes, I know. But that question is now easier. That question can just sit there unanswered, sit there, paradoxically, beside my belief that God loves me. I remember that the pastor narrating Marilynne Robinson's *Gilead* says in his letter to his son, "So my advice is this — don't look for proofs. Don't bother with them at all. They are never sufficient to the question, and they're always a little impertinent, I think, because they claim for God a place within our conceptual grasp. And they will likely sound wrong to you even if you convince someone else with them. That is very unsettling over the long term. . . . Christianity is a life, not a doctrine. . . . I'm not saying never doubt or question. The Lord gave you a mind so that you would make honest use of it. I'm saying you must be sure that the doubts and questions are your own, not, so to speak, the mustache and walking stick that happen to be the fashion of any particular moment."

Finally, the skeptic, now really pissed off, says, "Well, if God loves you so much, how come family doesn't visit more often? How come Kathy has dementia? How come people tear each other apart with hatred, kill each other by the millions? How come beautiful good people die young? Why is there cancer and Lou Gehrig's disease? Why are there plane crashes? Why do we get old and feeble and ugly and die, maybe alone, maybe unloved by another human being? And why, oh blessed one, have you behaved selfishly every day of your life?"

I can only think to myself that these are the conditions of the world, this is the nature of existence. We are creatures, not gods; this planet is material, not spiritual; we are divided beings. Were these things not true, God's love wouldn't matter. God's love matters because we are limited and selfish and conflicted and mortal — because we are flesh.

"You sure of all of this?" the skeptic says.

No, I'm not even certain of God's love, but I intend to keep believing.

The next morning in the dark of the bedroom I wonder how this awakening to God's love came about. Did a single homily bring this on? After some time in the dark I realize I have been moving in this direction for years. Each month taking care of Kathy has taught me something about love. I used to think, for example, that I could never help someone use the toilet. And at first it was disgusting. Then it became ordinary (and I remember Larkin's wish that his friend's newborn be ordinary). Finally I realized that taking care of Kathy, including the messiness of toilet matters, was the very blessing I needed.

Every day I see others who love much more simply, much more directly, in vastly greater ways and with much more ease than I do or likely ever will. My ex-wife, for example, has taken care of our

and the water may not be visible, but it never stops flowing past the hard places in our lives.

In those dark mornings when the black dog of depression and aloneness are upon me, I am looking at the rocks, not the water. A moment after I remembered the day I learned of my father's stroke (he would live almost eight more months), I imagined something similar happening to me. In that moment I suddenly knew that my family would feel the same panic in their stomachs that I had felt when I learned about my father's stroke. They would be at my door as fast as they could. In that moment, beyond a shadow of a doubt, I knew my family loved me. I knew that water is vaster and stronger than rocks.

God's love is even greater, vastly greater, but most of the time we are looking at the rocks, not the water. We see and feel where we are hurt; we see and feel what we don't have but want. We live our lives hungry for candy, anger and sleep, as a poet once put it, and for all the other things we imagine ourselves not having: pleasure, fame, status, power, love. Such cravings are the constant focus of the popular media. They splash themselves all over our TV programs and the magazines at the checkout counters of our grocery stores. It is only our cravings that we can see. What we fail to see, however, is what we have been given.

## **In taking care of Kathy I have inadvertently stumbled upon a love I had not previously known. It is only a splinter of the real thing, but in that shard, like a hologram, I finally see the whole picture.**

grandchildren from 7:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. five days a week for several years now. No charge, she just gives those days to the grandchildren and to our son and his wife. I, on the other hand, have led a long life of seeking my own comfort and advancement. Such ways are ingrained. I doubt they will ever go away. But in taking care of Kathy I have inadvertently stumbled upon a love I had not previously known. It is only a splinter of the real thing, but in that shard, like a hologram, I finally see the whole picture.

I am still a deeply selfish person. I probably always will be. I get to write almost every day, to read, to watch what I want on TV, to see wonderful films. I get to see Ce-ce and Luke and Michael several times a week, and in their faces life is more beautiful than I'd ever known it could be.

Does my family love me? Do those few people in the world I most need to be loved by love me? The other morning I awoke when the light was already making a rim around the shades of the bedroom. In my half-awake state I was remembering the day a little over 20 years ago when I received the news by phone that my father had had a serious stroke in another state, Florida. I remembered the sharp panic in my stomach when I heard that news. Though we had had a rocky relationship, I knew in that instant, and without qualification, that I loved my father.

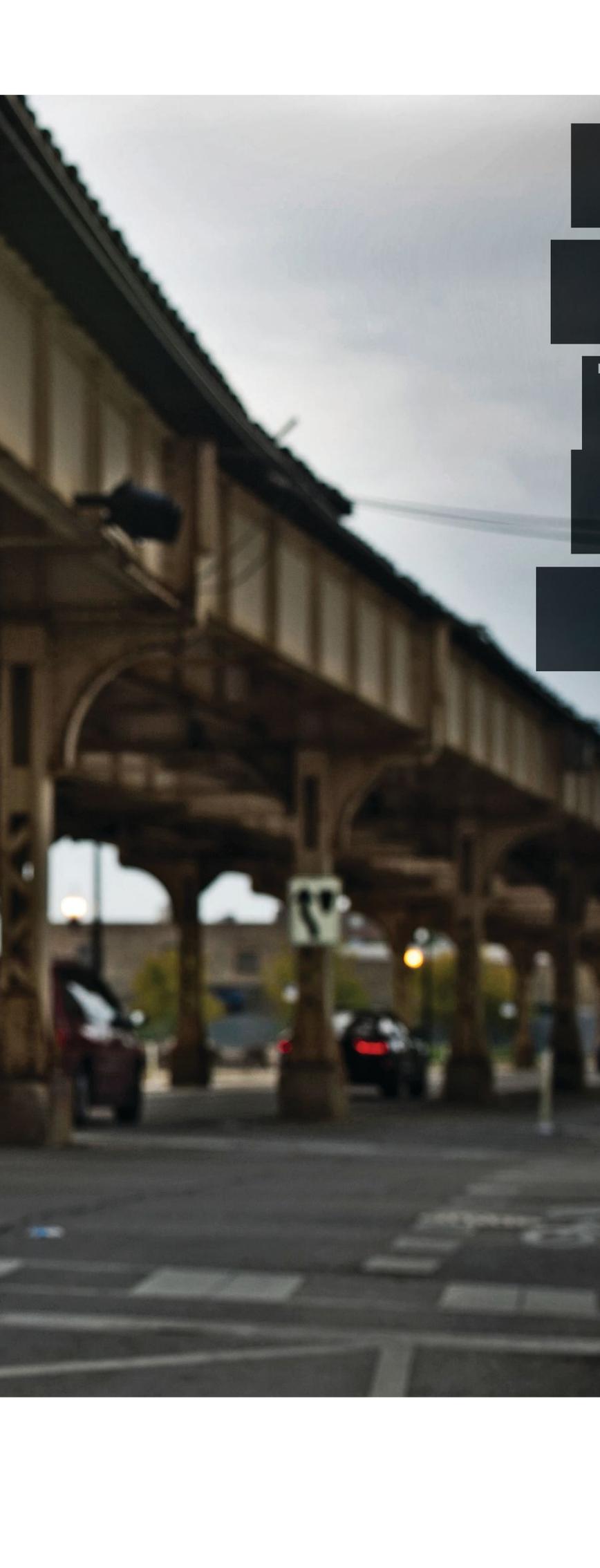
Rocks border coasts, but the ocean still makes its way in. Even if it is night and we cannot see, the ocean's water is always flowing over and around the rocks. So, too, with love. It may be night

We stand, sit and lie every moment of every day in God's love — but what do we notice? That our feet hurt, that the back of the chair is too straight, that the bed is too hard. We look out at the world and all the things of this world that we crave — but we fail to notice that we are looking through trillion-dollar eyes, that those eyes are the gift of God, and that they are only the beginning of God's love.

Julian of Norwich thought suffering, and even sin (which at its root means missing the mark), were not so much evil as they were necessary to discovering God's love for us. That might not be the church's official teaching, but I see what she was driving at. Suffering, and even sin (missing the mark), seem like the long way round. Could it be that for some of us the long way round is the only road open to the house of God's love?

I do not know. I am only a wanderer without a road map. I'm just trying to pay attention and keep my eye on the house at the end of the road. I know the road will be full of hills and turns and loop-backs and that for stretches I will lose sight of the house of God's love. But I will continue to hope for another turn or rise in the road so I might once again see the house of God's love — especially in the dark hours of early mornings. □





ONE

OF

THE

GOOD

GUYS

**NOTRE DAME FAN JACK RILEY HAS USED A TEAM APPROACH TO WAGE WAR AGAINST DRUG LORDS AND DEALERS. HIS LIFE HAS BEEN A LONG AND TENACIOUS FIGHT TO END UP ON THE WINNING SIDE.**

BY KARA SPAK '96

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARBARA JOHNSTON

**A**s the sun baked the 50 miles of Interstate 10, linking Las Cruces, New Mexico, to El Paso, Texas, Jack Riley drove to his first day of a new job, submerged in the rank smell of death.

The desert sand slapped Riley's car as he sped 80 mph south along a highway lined on both sides by slaughterhouses.

It was supposed to be a big honor to go to the border and work as the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency's special agent in charge of operations in El Paso, overseeing half of west Texas and all of New Mexico, an area that encompasses around a third of the U.S. border with Mexico.

It was a promotion after two decades of working his way through the agency, from a Mercedes-driving undercover operative to a Quantico trainer to a Washington suit to a leadership spot in St. Louis. All of that put him on the road to El Paso in 2005.

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*Kara Spak is a reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times.*



*The drug culture on Chicago's West Side claims children and adults as its victims.*

The last man with this job hadn't brought his family south. He had felt it wasn't worth the risk for them to live across the border from Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, the murder capital of the world with more than 10,500 recorded murders during a killing spree over several years — fueled by two warring Mexican drug cartels.

Riley couldn't imagine leaving behind his wife or his son, just starting his freshman year of high school. So they settled in Las Cruces, about an hour's commute from the DEA headquarters in El Paso.

"I'm driving down Interstate 10 and I'm thinking to myself 'What have I gotten myself into?'" Riley recalls. "I see out of my rearview mirror — now, I'm in the middle of nowhere because there is desert on both sides, nobody lives anywhere here, so I see this truck coming up behind me going really fast."

The vehicle starts accelerating, blows past him and slams into the car yards in front of him.

"[The driver] then gets out of the truck and runs into the desert," Riley says. "I thought to myself, 'What?' Obviously he stole the truck and was trying to make a run for the border.

"That was my first day." And he hadn't gotten to the office yet.

#### **ON THE FRONTLINES**

It's been more than 40 years since President Richard M. Nixon declared a "war on drugs." Riley has worked in the DEA for 27 of them.

He's spent a career fighting a battle he knows he'll never win, especially before his forced retirement in three years when he hits the agency's mandatory retirement age. He is currently the DEA's special agent in charge of the Chicago Field Division, overseeing agents, wiretaps and undercover operations in five Midwestern states. He leads a number of groups that connect intelligence between the DEA and local police, as well as his agency and foreign governments, a

significant shift in the once-unilateral way drugs were policed.

The drug war was once a fight for the feds alone. Local police arrested low-level users. The DEA went after the big guys, the major drug suppliers. But more than two decades ago, the DEA started deputizing local police officers to help work cases with the feds. The feds needed local know-how on the street. The local governments needed federal money.

"If we had 25,000 sworn DEA agents, we wouldn't rely on our state and local partners as much as we do," Riley explains. "But we need them for the intelligence, we need their partnership, we need their expertise." Riley sees himself as a coach who builds a team out of anyone who can contribute to the successful prosecution of a case, regardless of the uniform they wear.

Around 7:20 p.m. on March 5, for example, Chicago police stopped two brothers, Mario and Omar Coria, in the hipster Bucktown neighborhood for running a red light, according to a federal indictment from the office of the U.S. Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois. The brothers were driving a flatbed tow truck with a blue Honda Prelude on top.

One cop asked if the Prelude was stolen, since it was registered to a third person, the complaint says. The brothers said no, police seized the car anyway and the brothers drove off in the tow truck.

Within the hour the driver, Mario Coria, called a third man, Alberto Guadarrama, telling him over and over that the Honda had "broken down."

"No, I'm telling you that the . . . the car was taken by the clowns, man," Mario Coria said.

Inside the Honda, DEA agents found what they had expected — 20 kilograms of high quality heroin separated into 20 packages. The three men and seven others were arrested and charged with a variety of federal drug trafficking charges in an investigation where

the DEA seized 21.5 kilograms of heroin and 5 kilograms of cocaine, according to the Northern District attorney's office. As of November, the cases against the men were pending in federal court.

This wasn't just a lucky traffic stop by a couple of eagle-eyed cops. It was the culmination of an investigation that started in 2010 with a tip from a confidential informant. Ultimately, five suburban police agencies assisted Chicago police and the DEA with the investigation. DEA personnel in Indiana, Wisconsin and Texas all played a role in the arrests.

For Riley, the case is a typical example of working off a tip and building a case until it strikes at a distribution network. "We go wherever we have to go," he says. "We have to work on the people who are really in control. We have to eliminate the organization. And the organization begins on the street with a young guy pulling a gun and shooting somebody. But it also goes to [Sinaloa cartel head] Chapo Guzman, who is hiding on a mountaintop in Culiacán, Mexico, making phone calls that affect what goes on here in the streets of Chicago."

And on the city streets, where Guzman makes his money, people are watching. "I would venture to say in every corner of this city

explaining how to safely dispose of prescription painkillers. He is battling to stem the tide of drugs that flow into America's inner cities, leaving bloodshed and havoc in their wake. Increasingly, he is battling drugs — both distribution and use — in the suburbs.

His chief enemy, he believes, is the group of Mexican drug cartels, the well-financed, expertly managed networks of drug runners who use Chicago's central location and massive transportation infrastructure to distribute narcotics across the country. From marijuana to heroin to the ingredients used for making methamphetamine, cartels have their tentacles in every type of illegal drug in America.

"They're really our number one problem, really across the country but specifically here in the Midwest," Riley says from his office on the 12th floor of the John C. Kluczynski Federal Building, across the street from the federal courthouse, the scene of former Illinois Governor Rod Blagojevich's 2011 corruption trial. "They are ruthless. We've never seen criminal organizations as well-financed, as vicious . . . I got firsthand experience in just how vicious they are when I was the boss on the border."

Chicago has the network of railroads, highways, even inland shipping to transport mass quantities of virtually anything, including illegal drugs. The city, with the second largest Mexican population outside of Mexico, has an active network of Mexican smugglers who learned the trade bringing blue jeans and hot peppers north before trading in something far more lucrative. Drug smugglers hide easily among those making their way in honest trades, and Chicago's more than 100,000 documented street gang members provide the distribution end of an international business estimated to rake in \$65 billion every year.

"Of course, the way they regulate themselves is through violence," Riley says. "There's no FCC or something regulating how they do business. They do it with the barrel of a gun."

Or, in parts of Mexico, the sharp blade of a machete. Riley's chief enemy is Joaquin "El Chapo" Guzman, the leader of the Sinaloa drug cartel who once put a bounty on Riley's head. "Chapo," which means "Shorty," is on the *Forbes* list of billionaires. And he is wanted on dozens of racketeering and conspiracy-related narcotics charges in the United States.

Beheading is his signature method of assassination. His subordinates carve "narco messages" into the victims, warning rival drug cartels to get out of Juarez. The beheadings and mutilations often appear briefly as Internet videos, a warning to any who would try to cross the 5-foot-6-inch terror.

Riley has overseen the arrest of several of Chapo's lieutenants, including Alfredo Vasquez Hernandez, believed to be Chapo's closest friend. As of October, he was in federal custody in Chicago after being extradited from Mexico. Also arrested under Riley's watch was Jesus Vicente Zambada-Niebla, another high-ranking member of the Sinaloa cartel who, as of October, was such a security risk he was transferred out of Chicago to a federal lockup in Michigan.

Riley has caught a few of the Sinaloa cartel's big fish. But it's the little guy, Shorty, that Riley's after. "There's not a day I don't come to work that I hope I read that either we captured Guzman or one of his rivals put a bullet in his head," Riley says. "His time's coming. There's no question about it. Once he's caught I think I'll have a little different feel about retiring."



Heaven Sutton's hat (pinned to a tree in her family's yard) memorializes the 7-year-old killed as she finished selling candy — reportedly shot in a gang dispute on Chicago's West Side.

right now there are DEA agents and Chicago police officers sitting in a car, operating in the shadows where nobody sees them watching people," Riley says. "The whole idea is to put a case together, an investigation together, and try to identify as many people who are involved in those cases as possible. So that we can prosecute them and get them off the street.

"And that goes on around the clock."

## THE ENEMY

At 54, Riley reports to duty daily in an office suite with a bland waiting room similar to one at a dental office — except for the pamphlets

While Guzman hides on a Mexican mountain, he makes his money through a massive illegal drug distribution organization in Chicago and throughout Middle America. Hitting at those channels, Riley says, is how the DEA can make the biggest impact in terms of affecting Guzman's organization.

While Riley's enemies are the narcotics-trafficking Mexican cartels, they are the supply side of the business. Supply simply meets the demand. Across America, nothing unites people of every race, ethnicity and income level quite like our country's collective need for speed. Or, in the case of the estimated 18.1 million American marijuana users, the lack thereof.

"Here in the United States now clearly our appetite for illegal drugs is probably second to none around the world," Riley says. "We're a country for the most part that's affluent compared to some of the other countries. And we've got a culture that for many, many years said that drug use is okay. And, clearly, the people that are involved in that don't see the damage that it does to the inner city. They don't see the damage that it does to the rural parts of this country," where the roots of methamphetamine production and addiction lie.

Riley has never wavered from the belief he is on the right side of the fight against drugs. "For me, it's very black and white, and that's why I'm an old-school guy," Riley says. "This is good versus evil. I look at the drug problem not as a war but as a public health issue that's never going away. And unfortunately, I've seen firsthand what it can do to families, communities, institutions. It is an issue that we're going to be grappling with for the rest of our existence."

#### HOW HE GOT HERE

At 1:30 a.m. on October 10, Riley's ringing cell phone wakes him up.

It's his counterpart in Los Angeles, letting him know a Mexican heroin and money-laundering case is coming his way.

By 9 a.m. Riley is in a generic wood-paneled conference room, on the phone with some of the representatives of more than 40 different agencies that have a piece of the case moving from the West Coast to Chicago. He spends more than an hour listening, trying to fit diverse bits and pieces into a case that can eventually be prosecuted. "I listen to everybody and I pretty much say, 'This is the play we're gonna run,'" Riley explains. "Go get 'em."

On and off for more than two decades, in his downtime, Riley was a high school basketball coach, a red-faced, skinny guy bursting with inspirational sports phrases in the locker room and demanding nothing but the best from his players on the court.

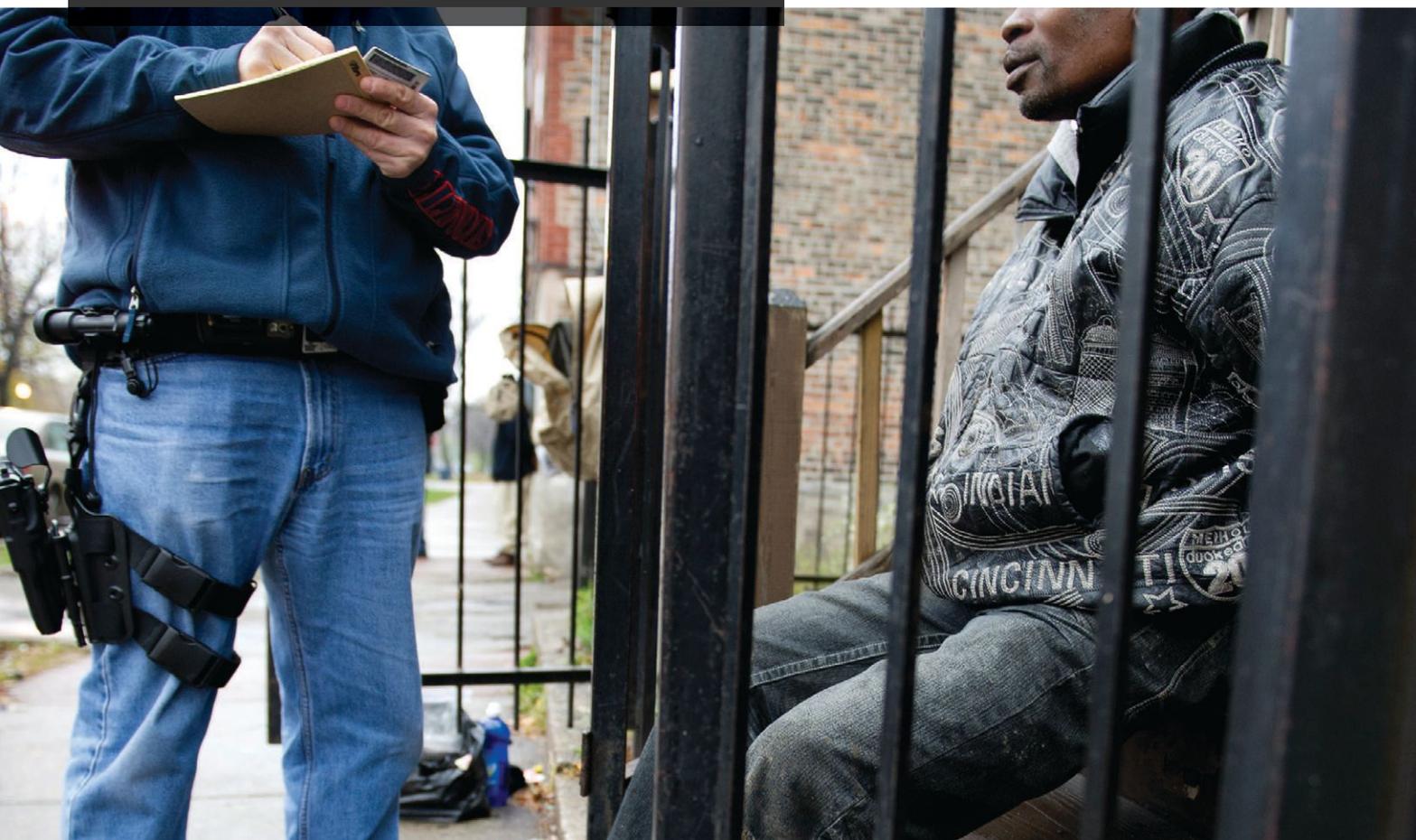
He's a storyteller who can't stop exuberantly regaling folks about his adventures, like the time he stopped a man high on PCP — a man who thought he had superhuman strength — by hitting the guy with his car.

A devoted Notre Dame fan, his office bursts with Fighting Irish paraphernalia, from the enormous blue-and-gold ND-monogrammed carpet to the leprechaun lamp, the framed Lou Holtz picture and the gold football helmet that perches on a coffee table. He dresses for work in Notre Dame sportswear, a reminder of the team mentality he instills in his agents.

No agent goes into a criminal situation alone, and Riley is justifiably proud that they've all come back alive from often perilous missions.

"The way that I run this operation, I learned a lot from athletics," he explains. "And I learned a lot from athletics just by being around Notre Dame football. When you're up against something, sometimes you don't win all the time. You've got to keep your wits about you."

*A DEA agent questions a man suspected of distributing heroin on the Chicago streets.*



Riley is the grandson of a Chicago police officer, the son of a “life-of-the-party” stay-at-home mother and a father, Dr. Ralph W. Riley '50, who spent his career at Ingalls Memorial Hospital in an impoverished Chicago suburb.

Riley grew up as a jock in Chicago's south suburbs. Basketball was his game, sometimes baseball and football, too. He never used drugs, never saw them in high school. Sneaking an occasional beer with the boys in a local park was thrill enough.

He went to Bradley University, planning to walk on to the basketball team. “I couldn't even get in the front door of the gym,” he

virtually every criminal element at some point had something to do with selling drugs.”

There was no shortage of money the government was throwing at the agency to fight the cocaine epidemic. Riley and fellow agents once met an informant at a Chicago deli called the Dill Pickle to pay him for his services. “He was as nasty as the day is long,” Riley says. “If a rat goes down a sewer, you don't send a swan down to catch him. You send a bigger rat.”

The informant signed a mound of forms. Riley gave him \$50,000 cash. “He then left and went and bought a brand new Lincoln Town Car,” Riley says. “I think he got locked up a few months later.”

Riley worked his way through the agency, training new agents at Quantico, cracking a case involving Colombian drugs under U.S. Attorney General William Barr, heading offices in Milwaukee and St. Louis. When he was promoted to run the St. Louis office in 2000, Missouri was in the throes of the



*DEA agents working the street corners in Chicago are part of a coordinated law enforcement network that includes local police and targets Mexican cartels.*

recalls. “I realized that day [my basketball career] was done.”

He majored in criminal justice. He can't remember why. He had no firm career plans, so he headed to graduate school at the University of Illinois for a master's in public administration. There, he met a DEA agent. He was hooked. After a three-year application process, he was accepted into the agency. He trained for 18 weeks at the Marine Corps base at Quantico, Virginia, next to the FBI training academy. He wrestled, he swam, he boxed, he learned to fire “every gun imaginable” and wore camouflage pants daily. “I always used to say I'm not going to wrestle with the guy,” he says. “You gave me a gun. I'm either going to hit him with my car or I'm going to shoot him.

“I couldn't wait to get out of there,” he adds.

In 1985, U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese gave Riley his credentials and sent him to work the Chicago streets. While Nancy Reagan was urging U.S. schoolchildren to just say no, Riley was posing undercover as a rich yuppie named John Lynch and having no problem finding people who just wanted to say yes.

Driving a white Mercedes with a gold grill and a trunk full of government cash, Riley would walk into a house alone, his heart pounding, and announce he wanted to buy some drugs. “I used to tell them I inherited this money and I'm trying to make more,” he recalls. “These people didn't care. They were the worst of the worst. And if you had the money, they would bring you in.”

He built trust with low-level dealers, then worked his way up the chain as 10 to 15 agents on surveillance watched, ready to spring in to help if needed. He worked undercover throughout the United States and Mexico. “I bought from everybody,” he says, “from Irish guys to black street gang members to Italian organized-crime people. Cocaine was so prevalent then and such a moneymaker that

meth epidemic that would eventually reach all parts of the country. “I remember going to this trailer in the middle of nowhere — they had an active meth lab,” he says. “There was a guard dog which was a pit bull which we had to shoot. He was eating what I thought was a rib-eye steak that was cooked to order because he was so important to the operation.”

Behind the dog were three generations — grandparents in their 40s, children in their 20s, a baby crawling on a chemical-soaked carpet. “Three generations — this family's just ruined,” he says. “You saw the meth ruin not only families but also communities; the social services were overwhelmed, the children were taken away, the cleanup site — you could never sell that house again because it had to be detoxed. And that was every day.”

In 2005, the DEA sent him to El Paso. Five years later, he was back in Chicago, running the office where he started as an undercover agent. The border where the Mexican cartels worked had moved north. So had he.

Along the border or in Chicago, Riley and his agents know who cartel members are talking about when they speak of the “three letters” — D, E and A. “That means they know we're going to kick their ass,” he says.

#### TIME TO SURRENDER?

In 2010, after reviewing a host of public documents, the Associated Press estimated that the U.S. government had spent \$1 trillion in four decades of fighting illegal drugs in the United States. *The New York Times* put the estimate at \$20 to \$25 billion spent annually on counter-narcotics efforts. The AP figures included \$33 billion in antidrug messages for America's schoolchildren, \$49 billion for law

Jack Riley, special agent in charge of the Chicago DEA, heads up drug enforcement for the Midwest from an office that shows his affection for Notre Dame.



enforcement work along the U.S. border with Mexico and \$121 billion in the arrest of more than 37 million nonviolent drug offenders. Ten million of those were arrested for marijuana possession.

Drug use has decreased since the 1970s, though marginally. In 1975, 45 percent of high school seniors reported using some sort of drug in the last 12 months in a National Institute on Drug Abuse-funded study, administered by the University of Michigan Institute for Social Research and called Monitoring the Future. In 2011, Monitoring the Future reported that 40 percent of high school seniors said that in the last 12 months they had used some sort of illegal narcotic, such as marijuana or heroin, or a legal drug like OxyContin or Ritalin to get high.

Though drug use is down, it's far from gone. The 2012 government report "What America's Users Spend on Illegal Drugs" estimated that drug users spent around \$100 billion on cocaine, heroin, marijuana and methamphetamine in 2006, the most recent figures available. By way of comparison, the report stated that Americans spent slightly more — \$116 billion — on alcoholic beverages annually.

Riley doesn't think the drug war money is wasted — drug use is down across the board, though many are still using. But more and more voices are bringing more and more attention to the idea that the way the U.S. government is trying to stop drug use and trafficking is a complete waste of money. One of those speaking out is Sean Dunagan. A former intelligence analyst with the DEA, Dunagan worked in Miami, Guatemala City and Monterrey, Mexico. In Mexico, he saw the cartels at their most dangerous — his family was evacuated because it wasn't safe for them to live there.

In 2011, though, Dunagan concluded the drug war was a bust and left the agency. "I had been there for 13 years and I could have been there for another 13 and the problem would not have gotten better," he says. Now working for a nonprofit that promotes government transparency, Dunagan is a volunteer speaker with LEAP, or Law Enforcement Against Prohibition, a group of police officers and others in law enforcement pushing to legalize drugs. "By making these drugs illegal we've made it tremendously profitable and at the same time we've incentivized violence," he says. "Drug traffickers don't have access to courts."

Dunagan doesn't disagree that drug cartels and their actions constitute a moral evil. He doesn't use drugs, doesn't want his four children using drugs and doesn't endorse anyone using drugs.

But he doesn't think they should be illegal.

"When it comes to formulating a rational policy [regarding drugs] you really have to step back and analyze why this is such a violent business," he says. "The problem with what we're doing is we can arrest the most violent traffickers in the world and after tomorrow there will be 10 more violent traffickers. You see it at the block level, the city level, the cartel level.

"We're arresting people," he says. "But are we solving the problem?"

#### THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT?

The war on drugs — with its violence, intrigue, narrative plots and shady characters — offers prime storylines for media and the movies. On television recently, viewers have been sucked into the worlds of Nancy Botwin on *Weeds* and Walter White on *Breaking Bad*. Ordinary folks down on their luck, both characters descend into the criminal underworld. Botwin, a widow with two young sons, deals marijuana. White, diagnosed with terminal cancer, seeks to produce high-quality methamphetamine.

In Chicago over the summer, less than a mile from Wrigley Field, a billboard touted a popular Spanish-language soap opera called *Pablo Escobar: El Patron del Mal*, featuring a menacing-looking middle-aged man surrounded by a pile of cash. The 2012 Colombian-produced series was a "narco novela," a prime-time serial focused on drug lord Pablo Escobar. Nearly 2.2 million viewers in the United States watched its July 9 premier on Telemundo.

Riley's not one to watch many of the drug movies — he thinks Hollywood glamorizes drug use. But when he was working in El Paso, he visited the New Mexico set of *Breaking Bad* to help correctly set up the show's mobile meth lab. The idea that the girl or guy next door will rise to the level of drug kingpin is absurd, he says. "Usually they're victims from day one," he says. "They get caught in the middle of it. A lot of people don't understand once you get involved in this it's very, very difficult to get out. And usually two things happen. You go to jail. Or you get killed." Riley sees few happy endings.

"The severity of the people using drugs now, their lives are ruined," he says. "And that goes from a pilot to a reporter to a policeman. There's no coming back from it." Treatment can be successful, he says, but more often it isn't. "I don't know a whole lot of people that it's been successful for," he says. "Other than that it ruined their financial status, their family's gone broke. You can't just return these people back to the same social structure that caused it."

#### A NEW FRONT TO THE WAR

At Chicago City Hall, seven blocks from Riley's office, politicians

spent much of 2012 talking about drugs. And it wasn't only because of the \$10 million marijuana crop found growing outdoors on the South Side in October.

In June, the Chicago City Council voted to ticket those possessing small amounts of marijuana instead of arresting them. While the city council members gave a lot of lip service to the notion that the \$250 to \$500 tickets might send a mixed message to the city's teenagers, they voted 43-3 in favor of Mayor Rahm Emanuel's decriminalization plan.

Cook County Board President Toni Preckwinkle wasn't shy about pushing for marijuana decriminalization, noting that the low-level arrests of mostly Latinos and African-Americans were clogging the county jail she was responsible for as well as state prisons. She told an audience during a seminar that former President Ronald Reagan deserved a "special place in hell" for his role in the drug war. She later issued a written apology for the remark but also noted: "Drugs, and the failed war on drugs, have devastated lives, families and communities. For too long we've treated drug use as a criminal justice issue rather than a public health issue, which is what it is."

For Riley, marijuana decriminalization can't be separated from his battle against Mexican cartels. The city council missed the big picture, he says. "The number one [cartel] cash crop is marijuana," he says. "If you're carrying 10 grams, that 10 grams just came from Chapo Guzman, who just beheaded 15 people."

Those arrested for personal use amounts of marijuana weren't being prosecuted, and decriminalization proponents said ticketing offenders was a way to free up Chicago police officers to work on bigger crimes. And in the summer of 2012, there was plenty of heat on the street.

On October 28, Chicago marked a grim milestone — the number of murders in 2012 tied the number of murders in all of 2011. Fitz Bariffe, a retired CTA bus driver, had put up a metal fence around his South Side home because of problems with people drinking and using drugs on his block. It didn't stop an intruder from breaking in

and fatally shooting him in the kitchen.

Overwhelmingly, the murders were gang-related. Street gangs, regardless of the race of their members, are the ground-level distribution network for cartels.

"A lot of that is obviously drug-related, gang-related, fighting for turf, fighting for control, retaliation and just poor marksmanship," Riley says. "These guys don't go to the range."

The suburbs were dealing with their own drug issues. In July, a 20-year-old man fatally overdosed on heroin in Naperville, Illinois, the second heroin overdose in the suburb in 2012 and the eighth in the last year and a half. The deaths in a town named one of *MONEY Magazine's* Best Places to Live in America — and other deaths in similar suburban Shangri-Las — shone a spotlight on the rise of the drug throughout the suburbs. Hundreds of concerned parents flocked to town hall meetings to learn how a drug associated with total burnouts was now killing kids in their town.

The gateway to heroin is often prescription painkillers found in the family medicine chest. Young adults get hooked, run out of cash or access to the pills and then find a cheap substitute, heroin, more powerful than ever and smoked or snorted instead of injected. It's sold on Chicago's West Side — a quick trip off the highway.

Prescription painkiller abuse is skyrocketing, Riley says.

"I mean, last year more people died of overdoses on prescription drugs than coke, marijuana, methamphetamine and automobile accidents put together," he explains. "Organized criminal robbers, the same guys that maybe 20 years ago would rob banks? They now go from pharmacy to pharmacy, busting in, stealing specific drugs, OxyContin, vicodin, those type of pain controls. They put them on the street."

Riley says street gangs are now selling prescription drugs. "I always tell people it's coming to a town near you if it's not there," he says. "And it is there. You've got to open your eyes."

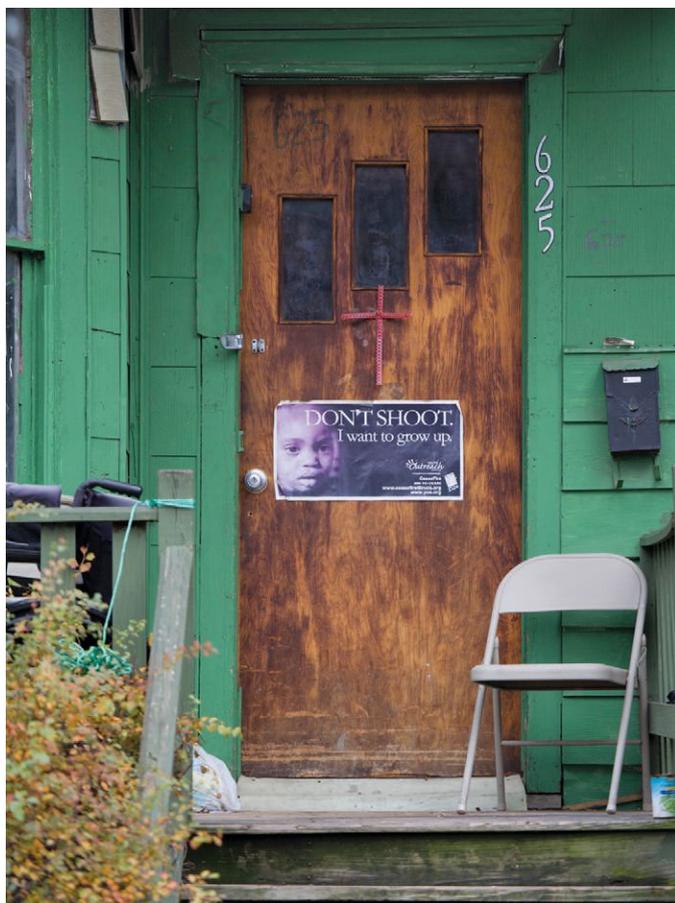
Riley can't separate what he sees on the toughest Chicago streets from casual drug use in the city or suburbs. "For someone to sit on their porch in Hinsdale or a wealthy place and smoke marijuana or snort coke, they're part of the problem, too," he says.

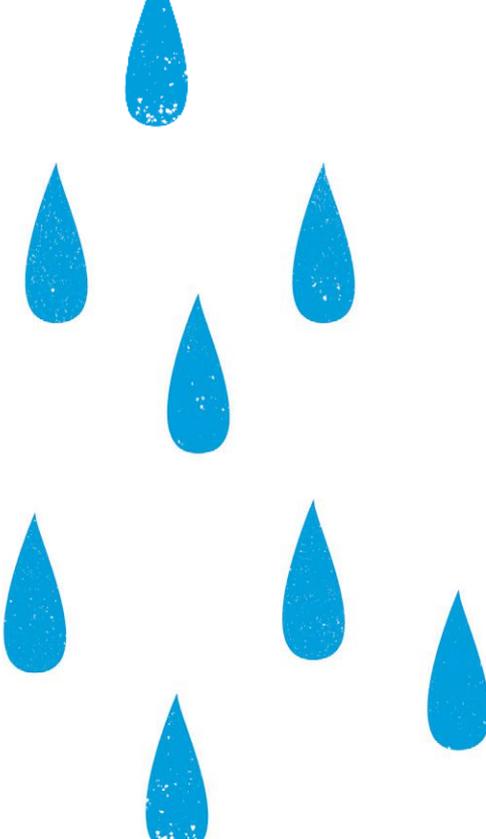
Riley refuses to say the war on drugs has been a failure, that his efforts and those of the men and women he's worked with — some of whom have died on the job — are meaningless. "The fact that people say we failed at the war on drugs really pisses me off," he says. "Because it denotes there's a beginning and an end. There's a war on homicide. We haven't won that war either, but we're not giving up."

"I just think people look to an end to something . . . that's part of our culture." Fighting drugs is a marathon, he says, not a sprint. And regardless of the resources, law enforcement can't win this one on its own. "We can't arrest our way out of our problem," he says. "I don't understand why parents don't take a tougher role with their children. I've always said from day one it starts at the dinner table. You got to be involved. Educators got to be involved. Faith-based practitioners got to be involved."

Riley's role in law enforcement is focused on fighting drug cartels, but he wishes more families had the sense to fight for their own survival. "You don't let a team member wander," he says. "Well, there's no better team than a family."

In three years, when Riley hits 57 and must retire, he knows there will still be drug abusers, drug sellers and drug distributors. He hopes there will be fewer of them, and a greater awareness of the systematic harm he believes the drug trade is wreaking. "I want to make sure when I leave here it's better than when I got here." □





# HOW FAR WE HAVE COME

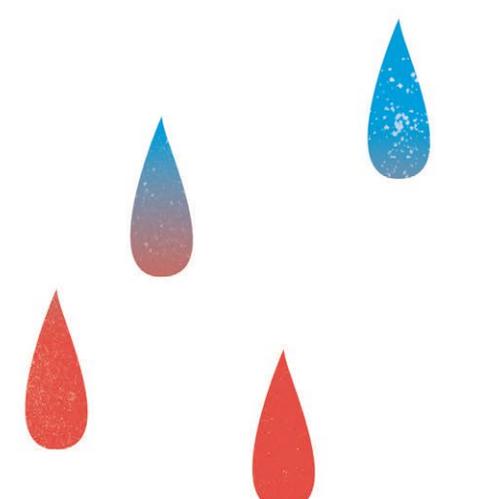
BY ART BUSSE

**T**hirty thousand feet above the North Atlantic, somewhere between Greenland and Newfoundland, strapped in the darkened cabin among the silent, the dozing, the dazed — they come for me.

It starts with an awareness of my own skin, dark and still slightly burnt from the equatorial sun. It spreads to the dozens of mosquito and sand flea bites as they flare up into a wave of insistent itching for the millionth time. It goes to the rhythms down in the resonant, cavernous reaches of my body, assuming a certain signature, barely

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*Art Busse's interdisciplinary studies in social theory at Princeton and Stanford led to an interdisciplinary life. He is both an award-winning writer and an architectural designer. His work has appeared in Sunset, Metropolitan Home, Interior Design, Architecture, San Francisco Chronicle, Yogi Times, Lonely Planet Tales from Nowhere, The Humanist and Writer's Digest. He lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.*



discernible, in the drum of the blood against capillary walls, the tidal rushes of air into and out of my lungs.

I carry them with me now, declarations to the contrary, past the checkpoints where the fruits and artifacts were left, immune to the insecticidal fog the flight attendants let loose once the doors were sealed before lifting off from the Nairobi airport, immune to all the efforts to ensure that Africa stayed in Africa. They're here anyway, breeding God knows what in the shallow pools of my mind.

The story starts four months ago, at home in Berkeley with my novelist girlfriend, Elizabeth Rosner. Liz had recently been offered a month as artist-in-residence by the Akili foundation, which sponsors artists for extended retreats in Lamu, Kenya. She was anxious to go, but I was concerned for her safety.

Kenya had been in the news lately, and the news had not been good. Massive and deadly riots were occurring in the aftermath of a controversial election, although

the riots were mostly in Nairobi, the capital, and Lamu was far away and isolated on the Indian Ocean. But that raised another concern. Somalia was only a hundred miles or so north along the coast from Lamu, and recently there had been stories in the news about government troops there forcing the Al Qaeda-affiliated rebels farther south. The rebels were running out of room and options, and it seemed to me that it was only a matter of time before the terrorists cast their eyes south across the border with Kenya where rich, famous and isolated Westerners would be ripe for the picking.

Liz, however, was not about to let my concerns for her safety stand in the way of a major perk like this retreat. After hours of negotiations and a few international phone calls, I was thrown in as bodyguard and consort to the artist-in-residence, an unofficial title that nonetheless provided for my room and board, and we were off to Africa.

During our time in Kenya, I'd been the steady blogger, writing about the colorful people, the exotic setting, the cipher-like architecture. Because it was different and interesting. Because I knew some readers would find it entertaining. Because that's where I went, what I did and who I met.

But there were other things I couldn't write about — not then. Things I wasn't ready to take on — bigger, more subtle and elusive than the experiential claptrap of the trip. I could feel them out there, just out of sight but all around, stalking me amid the swarm of thorns waiting in the bush and the dive-bombing bats, lurking in the bright green algae-colored pool water by day and the high-pitched buzz of the malaria-coated mosquitoes at night. There, too, in the morning's headlines: "Hundreds killed in the Rift Valley"; "Scores burned alive while seeking refuge in Nairobi church"; and in the jog of my memory as I tried to set my geographic bearings: Darfur, Rwanda, Burundi, Sudan, Somalia. Surrounded by genocidal madness, tribe-on-tribe mayhem as friends and neighbors go mad and cut each other's heads off.

It made me want to close the shutters, turn on the lights and whistle an encouraging tune to myself, and to you.

But here now, alone in the dark, worn down with travel, Africa receding around the curve of the globe — my time has come. The

spirits of what I'll never leave behind have come to claim me. Whispering in Swahili with sharpened machetes, bleating from the asylum, slithering through the sand and the grass, brushing against me in deep water, gusting hard against the flimsy doors. Africa has seeped into my psyche, the way the heat penetrated my bones, stripping away the insulation of a lifetime's pleasantries, exposing the abyss.

Ali, the Somali refugee whose job was to prepare our meals and generally make sure we were well cared for, was one of the sweetest human beings I've ever met, the epitome of patience and good will. Ishmael, Ali's brother and right-hand man, was even sweeter. He would blush when speaking with us in his oh-so-soft Swahili tones, telling us of his family life. George, who worked on the grounds surrounding the retreat house, would light up like the sun whenever he saw us, his happiness exploding from his miraculous smile. Nearly every African we met in Lamu was exemplary for their cordiality, their shy composure, their good nature. Even Zero, the African dog, became our friend.

It was easy to feel comfortable and at home with them, to think that we knew them. Then one of them told us what it was like to have a neighbor you've exchanged greetings with your whole life, and who is as good a person as any other, look at you one day as if you weren't human and come at you with a machete and a lust for your blood.

I realized on my last day there that I had been substituting my own familiar approximations for the actual reality I was experiencing in Kenya. The nice person, the good dog, the beautiful landscape, standing in for Ali, Zero and Lamu. On that last day I sensed all that I would never understand about any of them, all that couldn't be counted on, everything that didn't translate. The unfathomable strangeness of Africa. It stood like a mirror in the night, reflecting back the unfathomable strangeness of my own soul, causing me to shiver in fear at the prospect of what I was.

For hundreds of thousands of years our species has evolved. Millennium upon millennium of gradual shifting in response to the ebb and flow of the natural world. A hundred thousand years of living this way, a hundred thousand years of living that way, etching patterns into our genetic codes, imprinting the attributes of generation after generation of the winners of the race to survive and the battle to breed. What effect can the last few thousand years of history have on that?

Yet here we stand on the thin ice of civilization dismissing all that dark water beneath our feet as if it didn't exist, as if we weren't carrying the instincts of our animal ancestry into the future in every cell of our bodies. We are the beings who came down out of the trees with rudimentary tools in our hands, fanning out from Africa to populate a world and threaten it with extinction. We're monkeys in suits, pushing buttons, telling ourselves stories that we take to be real, inventing new weapons with which to club and hack at each other, smug in the moral delusions of culture.

We're clever little creatures, but not clever enough to do much more with that intelligence than leverage the effects of our bad habits through technology. What they still do with clubs and knives in Africa, we in the civilized world have learned to do with gas chambers, nuclear bombs and spreadsheets, imagining wrongs that will allow us to use our cherished instruments to right.

It took Africa to make clear to me what should have been obvious, and therein lies its allure. To feel reality as a fabric woven from equal strands of danger and safety, suffering and comfort, life and death, is to live among the truth, to walk as an animal through a natural world, a part of it rather than apart from it. To know that we are up against something, both out there and within ourselves, bigger than what we have to wrap around it, is to have no alternative but to sit with mystery and watch as the world fills again with wonder.

I wasn't always comfortable in Africa. I didn't always feel safe. But the naturalness there was its own reward, and that naturalness helped me to feel at home. Returning to the so-called civilized world, first Heathrow then San Francisco, I was struck by the overwhelming artifice of the environment we have made for ourselves in the name of security and comfort, and I watched as my spirit struggled under the weight of it.

Could it be that the greatest threat to our species is happening all around us in broad daylight, so pervasive that it disappears while in plain sight? Are we the willing, if somewhat less than conscious, accomplices in our own demise? The answer is lapping at the shores of Lamu. □

# BEING SKYLAR DIGGINS

What if Skylar Diggins '13 had committed to Stanford University at the eleventh hour instead of Notre Dame — a decision she came close to making? Seems a good time to ask, now that the Irish's best-known female athlete, one of its best-known athletes period, is playing her final season for the women's basketball team.

The most obvious place to seek answers is the women's basketball team itself. Muffet McGraw, who has coached the Irish for 25 years, including the team that won the 2001 national title, puts Diggins at the top of her player list. That's got to feel like validation, given that McGraw began courting Diggins in middle school.

Not only has Diggins, a three-time All-American, led her team to back-to-back national championship appearances with her considerable talents, game IQ and sheer will, she also has raised the profile of women's college basketball with her magnetism on and off the court. "She is the face of women's college basketball," McGraw says.

It doesn't hurt that the face is gorgeous and the brains behind it invite exposure. More than 275,000 people follow @SkyDigg4 on Twitter, making Diggins the most-followed NCAA student-athlete. Some unquestionably are drawn to Diggins' fiery take-no-prisoners play, but many no doubt harbor a crush on the woman who makes a camouflage headband look like a fashion statement. "I don't know if they follow me because they think I am good at basketball or they like Notre Dame or I don't fit what they think a woman basketball player is supposed to look like," Diggins says. "I love to play like a guy and look like a woman."

McGraw calls Diggins the "whole package." If her point guard had chosen Stanford, maybe the spot would have gone to someone equally well-rounded. Not likely, McGraw says. "I don't know that we'll ever have another player like her."

The South Bend community is a good place to ponder the "what if" scenario, given that its members have followed Diggins' basketball career — often in person — from her glory days at Washington

THE SOUTH BEND NATIVE HAS TWICE LED THE WOMEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM TO THE NATIONAL FINALS. BUT THAT'S ONLY PART OF HER STORY.

BY ANN HARDIE '82

High School to her highly anticipated final season with the Irish. Their social lives undoubtedly would have suffered had the hometown girl headed west.

While the Notre Dame student body is AWOL at women's basketball's games, South Bend turns out en masse, so much so that the Irish have ranked in the top five in NCAA women's basketball attendance for three years running. In those years, the women have consistently outdrawn the Irish men's basketball team. "Chicago had Michael Jordan, the west side has Skylar Diggins," says Rev.

Rickardo Taylor Sr., pastor of South Bend's Mount Carmel Missionary Baptist Church. "She gave them a reason to enjoy Friday night or Tuesday night or Wednesday night, to spend a little extra money on life. When the economy turned so bad, this community still had Notre Dame girls' basketball to pump them up."

The women have yet to take the football team's place in the community's heart, Diggins says. "For now, football is Beyoncé and we are the background singers." At the Martin Luther King Recreation Center, about 5 miles from the heart of campus, however, Diggins gets top billing. The kids who shoot hoops and take after-school programs there generally don't see Notre Dame in their future. However, they do draw inspiration from the superstar whose stepfather runs the center and who first dribbled a basketball on the center's hard court when she was 3 years old.

"I met some kids who thought Notre Dame was too far away," says Taylor, referring to the economic distance between their world and the University. "Seeing her succeed allows them to dream."

What about Diggins herself? Given her many gifts, she likely would have done just fine, more than fine, amid the palm trees and spectacular ocean views of Northern California. But unlike most Domers who go through their undergraduate years knowing little about the city that surrounds them, Diggins draws her strength from it. Her best friends remain the ones she grew up with. Her large extended family fills many of the seats at those home games. Her immediate family — her mother Renee Scott, stepfather Maurice and 14-year-old brother Maurice Jr. — has been her rock during the tough times. Yes, even Skylar has tough times.

*Ann Hardie is a senior writer and editor at Habitat for Humanity International. She lives with her husband and two children in Atlanta, Georgia.*

PHOTO BY BARBARA JOHNSTON



“In the end,” says Diggins, who views basketball and life three plays ahead, “I couldn’t leave.”

### Leading with fear

Late afternoon on a cold, dreary fall day, the men’s basketball team is practicing in the main arena of the Joyce Center. Down a flight of stairs in the building’s bowels, some amazing female athleticism is on display. To the right, dozens of members of the Notre Dame Women’s Boxing Club are getting ready to go at it. To the left, in the Pit, the women’s basketball team is going at it, too, albeit without gloves, during their second practice of the day. The Irish are coming off their best season ever — having closed last year 35-4, 17-1 at home where they knocked off No. 2 Connecticut in overtime. The team lost to Baylor University in the NCAA championship. It also lost three starters.

Diggins, whose giant personality more than makes up for her 5-foot-9-inch cut frame, is trying to mold the current crop of women into a team. As point guard, Diggins leads and directs play, much like a quarterback does in football. Diggins takes on an entirely different persona when she steps onto the court — intense, focused, driven, scary.

In practice, Diggins smacks her hands (with their meticulously dark-polished nails) and yells at botched plays. McGraw indulges her point guard’s pleas to run those plays again and again. “It is a completely different role for Sky to be mentoring younger players — to try to get them up to her level,” McGraw says.

After practice, Diggins sits down in a chair courtside and respectfully endures the bazillionth interview of her 22 years. She indulges every opportunity to plug Notre Dame and its women’s basketball team. At an internship with espnW this past summer, she masterfully worked in both while interviewing rapper and actor Ice Cube about his love of the Los Angeles Lakers.

Diggins uses her considerable Twitter following to tout the Irish. Asked if it is a huge time drain, she says it was at first but isn’t now. “The hardest lesson I had to learn is that not everybody wanted to see me do well.”

Diggins’ love of the women’s basketball team goes back more than a decade when she attended basketball camp on campus and got to know McGraw. The relationship between coach and player helped tilt the scale in Notre Dame’s favor. “Coach McGraw is so loyal to you, and she makes you want to be loyal to her,” Diggins says. “Every game I play, I play for Coach McGraw. I want to make her happy. I want to win for her.”

Diggins knows she can be downright brutal toward that end. “You have players like Brittany Mallory from our team last year who was more like the mom of the group. Me, I lead with fear, not love,” she says. “My teammates know I have their best interest at heart. I always tell them, ‘I apologize ahead of time if my delivery is messed up.’”

Being Diggins’ teammate is not for sissies, acknowledges Michaela Mabrey. Still, the freshman guard finds Diggins less intimidating than well-intentioned. “If she yells at us or gets in our face, we don’t take it personally,” Mabrey says. “She has been here four years, she is the best player in America, and we all want to learn from her.”

The team also appreciates that the person Diggins demands the most from is Diggins. “She is very, very, very hard on herself, which, in the end, is great,” Mabrey says. “She expects so much from herself, she will do everything in her power to come through.”

### A star athlete’s boring life

Diggins, who keeps yawning, looks like she could use a little sleep. It’s dark out and she has been going full throttle for the past 13

hours. Notre Dame has been a good fit, she says. Diggins is not Catholic but appreciates the University’s faith-based mission. “Sometimes, I do go to Mass,” she says.

Her major, management-entrepreneurship, has honed her time-management skills.

From the outside, Diggins’ life, like her, looks pretty glam — a profile in *Sports Illustrated*, love tweets from rappers, trips to L.A. for the BET Awards and China for the World University Games. Diggins describes her life as “boring.” Today, it consisted of practice, class, food, practice and, soon, she hopes, more food and then bed. Other days she works in weights, study sessions, tutoring. Diggins lives off campus but could easily shuttle back and forth three or four times a day.

“People believe that student athletes are not held to the same standard. Here at Notre Dame, are you kidding me? We pull all-nighters with the other students.”

Diggins isn’t asking for sympathy. Part of her still can’t believe she gets to go to school for doing something she cherishes so much. “I am absolutely in love with basketball,” she says. “It is such a fun game to play. I love being challenged, competing against a good team, shutting down a great player. I love winning.”

Still, she talks about her desire to join the bowling or juggling clubs. “I couldn’t make it happen — I had practice,” she says. “And I would love to take some of those naps my Domer friends talk about.” She doesn’t seem especially eager to play Bookstore Basketball. “That can get ugly,” she says.

For all her hoop and star power, Diggins does not project an air of superiority. “She is humble, very humble,” McGraw says.

Consider: McGraw predicts that Diggins — poised this season to become Notre Dame’s leader in scores and steals — will be among the top three picks in the WNBA draft this spring. Diggins sizes up her chances as “probable.” “I am not the fastest. I am not the strongest. I’m sure not the tallest,” she says. “I have a lot of things I need to work on, to be honest. I have some talent but I’m also a little lucky.”

On the subject of her good looks, Diggins pivots the conversation to her mother. “She’s the beautiful one — all 5 foot nothin’, 100 and nothin’,” she says paraphrasing a line from the movie *Rudy*. “I’m just the poor man’s version of her.”

Where does the humility come from?

For Skylar Diggins, the answer is simple. “I wouldn’t be where I am today without my parents, my friends, Coach McGraw. I understand that. I have to have humility.”

### Grounded

A trip to the Martin Luther King Recreation Center sheds some light on the yin and yang of greatness and humility that defines Diggins. Ninety percent of the kids who come to the center deal with absentee parents, drugs, poverty or other issues that characterize them as “at-risk,” says Maurice Scott, Diggins’ stepfather and the center’s director.

The center is also where Diggins fell in love with basketball, playing recreational league for a boys’ team. Today, Diggins still pops by the center for a pick-up game and to get to know the kids — the young girls come up just to touch her hair. “Skylar grew up here realizing that not everybody had the same blessings that she did,” her stepfather says.

Not only does Scott direct the center, he coaches and refs basketball.

He coached Diggins in some capacity all the way through her senior year in high school and gets much of the credit for making her

the player she is. Like Diggins, he calls it how he sees it.

"I always felt that Skylar was a medium to above-average athlete," he says. "Skylar is the best player I have ever coached in terms of understanding the game, wanting to get better and being coached. She put in a lot of work."

Today, Diggins' mother is at the center. Renee Scott typically avoids the limelight but has agreed to an interview. Diggins is right — she is a knockout, even in jeans and a white polo shirt emblazoned with an ND logo. She also is good-natured, laughing when told how Diggins blamed her own bossiness and competitive streak on her mother. According to Diggins, the family had to play board or card games until their mother prevailed.

Sitting across from each other at a conference table, Scott is quick to praise his wife for keeping Diggins grounded and on course. "Mom was mom, she was not your friend," Scott says. Mom has gotten a lot of press for the rules that governed her daughter's life, including an 11 p.m. curfew her senior year of high school, a signed contract prohibiting anyone else from driving her car and a ban on the word "can't." "She never had any trouble following them," Scott says.

Although Renee Scott loves basketball, it did not come first. "If your grades weren't right, there was no basketball," she says. "If Skylar didn't have the grades, she would have never gotten into a school like Notre Dame."

All that talk about Diggins leaving Notre Dame early to turn pro was just chatter, mother and daughter both agree. "I came to Notre Dame because I wanted my mom to have my diploma on her wall. I want to make her proud of me," Diggins says.

In Diggins' home, the division of labor was simple. Mom was in charge of the academics, stepdad the basketball. "Renee raised the academic bar and I raised the athletic bar," Scott says. "No matter how high, Skylar exceeded them."

"A lot of times to our surprise," his wife adds.

### The freshman slump

Her senior year in high school, Diggins had a report card of As and was named a McDonald's All-American and Gatorade National Girls Player of the Year. College should be a cinch, Diggins thought. Like so many freshmen, she found it anything but.

She entered intending to major in pre-med, but calculus and chemistry double-teamed her. "I got Bs, but I had to scratch and claw to get those," she says. She'd have to study harder, but when would she play basketball? She couldn't even figure out how to fit in bowling.

Even now, Diggins, who will graduate with a solid B average even with all that hoop time, is hesitant to speak up in class. "I play against the best women college athletes in the country and I'm not intimidated at all. When I get in the classroom, God forbid I should say the wrong answer," she says, then adds, "I do shine on presentation."

That first year, basketball was another thing. The Irish were deep in returning talent, and Diggins sat on the bench. "I went in there with so much hype from the South Bend community, and now this," she recalls. "Here I was. I had decided that Notre Dame was going to be the school that raised me into the woman I am today. I thought, dang, would this have happened if I had gone to Stanford?"



MATT CASHORE '94

Her mom worried about the pressure, from the community and Diggins herself. "Honestly, I was always a little concerned about her staying here. What if she goes to Notre Dame and doesn't live up to the expectations?"

The Scotts call that time Diggins' "character-building year."

"Thank God we were close," her stepfather says. "We spent a lot of time on campus that first year, saying, 'You're okay. You got this.' Letting her know people in the community were rooting for her, they wanted her to succeed."

It was only a matter of time before Diggins prevailed, her mother says. "She is just the most determined person you will ever meet."

### Moving on

The Irish will play their last home game in March against Connecticut. With any luck, they'll surprise everyone — everyone except Diggins — and eventually go on to play for the national title in New Orleans.

Then what?

Diggins is ready to move on, as in leave South Bend. "At this point, it is time to jump out of the nest and stop using my parents as a crutch. Then again, maybe I'll get drafted by Chicago," she says with a laugh.

Diggins wants to play pro ball even though the money isn't great. She hopes to channel former Olympian and model Lisa Leslie, who won two WNBA championships with the Los Angeles Sparks before retiring in 2009. "What I admire most about her is her femininity — I think that is lost in our game. But she also would get dirty on you, shamelessly."

If the WNBA doesn't work out, Diggins sees herself before a camera as a basketball analyst or commentator. "I would love to work for ESPN," she says, recalling the part of her internship shadowing *SportsCenter's* Jay Harris and John Anderson. If that doesn't work out, she'll be calling on the Notre Dame network. "I could say I want to be a chef and someone would help me," she says. "Of course, I'd need to learn how to cook better." Long term, she says, she'd like to start a foundation. She's long admired her stepfather's work with the kids at the rec center.

Are Diggins' parents ready to let go? "I am ready," her mom says. Then her eyes well up. "A lot of people see the fierce competitor, but she is one of the most caring and giving people you will ever meet. I am confident in the woman that she has grown into. She will do well whatever she decides."

Are South Bend and Notre Dame ready to move on? "We see those days are coming," Rev. Taylor says. "I hope in the future that she does have some type of program to mentor young women — and men — to follow their dreams. But Mount Carmel will miss her. The west side will miss her. Her parents will miss her. But Notre Dame is going to miss her more."

The women's basketball team certainly will miss her. But Coach McGraw is interested to see what the future holds for her top player. "She'd be a great coach but she has bigger things in store for her," McGraw says. "It is hard to predict her future because she is so much more than a basketball player."

For now, the hometown girl is needed on the court. □

*Nicholas II, last of the Romanov tsars who had ruled Russia for 300 years, was an autocrat whose waning authority rested upon impenetrable bureaucracy and repressive police action. In the brutal winter of 1917, protests against the monarchy and Russia's involvement in the First World War boiled over into a soldiers' mutiny in the Russian capital, Petrograd. Within days, the Tsar abdicated, a coalition of liberal and moderate socialist politicians formed a provisional government, and an array of socialist intellectuals assumed the leadership of the Petrograd Soviet, an assembly representing hundreds of army units and factories. One socialist faction, the Bolsheviks, had long envisioned a two-stage revolution that would first remove the Tsar in favor of Western-style democracy and then arm radicalized workers to overthrow Russia's wealthy elites. At first they formed only the third largest faction in the Soviet, but they were not finished. For them, the "February Revolution," in one historian's estimation, "was a mere prelude to the 'true' — that is, socialist — revolution" that would come in October and, after a civil war, beget the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in 1922. — The Editors*

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**I**t was winter, 1917. The Russian Empire was disintegrating. The last Tsar was mired in a world war in which his leadership inspired no confidence at home. Casualties were in the millions. Morale was in the mud. Desertions multiplied, pogroms spread, war debts continued to mount. In her splendor, the Tsarina alienated the political counselors of the Duma (the Tsar's national parliament), and Mother Russia faced a new year of famine, mutiny, inflation and strikes. In March, Tsar Nicholas II heard reports of Petrograd in anarchy. Urged by his ministers, he soon abdicated and was placed under house arrest by a provisional government composed of leaders of the old Duma and a new worker's council, the "soviet."

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*A.P. Monta is the associate director of the Nanovic Institute for European Studies at Notre Dame. The "From St. Petersburg to Notre Dame: The Miraculous Journey of the Polievktov-Nikoladze Family Papers through a Century of War and Revolution" exhibition was on display in the Hesburgh Library during the autumn semester. Visit the digital exhibit at [polievktov.library.nd.edu](http://polievktov.library.nd.edu).*



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# Zinaïda's AND THE GOLDEN CACHE

How Notre Dame came to be home to a treasure trove of long-buried documents that provide an intimate and previously unknown accounting of the Russian Revolution.

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BY A. P. MONTA



M.A. Polievktov (1872-1942), ca. 1930



Guards checking identification papers at the Tauride Palace.

The advocates of democracy enjoyed an exhilarating spring that lengthened into a challenging summer.

Then came the Bolshevik autumn. Problems had not been solved. Factories had continued to close, foreign debt was in the billions, the war was still raging, and there were worker strikes and military mutinies as far south as Baku. The Provisional Government wanted to finish the war, but workers and soldiers had had enough. Demonstrations were put down by the government with gunfire. Some Bolshevik workers' leaders were arrested. Enraged, workers' councils turned to the Bolsheviks, first in Petrograd and then seemingly everywhere.

On October 24, the Bolshevik Central Committee declared the time was right for an armed uprising. What followed was civil war, mass executions, forced collectivization, the rise of monstrous Stalin, and the rewriting of history to enforce a single narrative: the fall of the Tsar was led by the vanguard of the glorious Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR).

What happened to the voices of spring and summer? Silence.

But in the provinces, evidence has a way of enduring. Historians have long known that a historical commission was set up in the spring of 1917 to document the revolution which deposed the Tsar. That commission may have recorded firsthand accounts from the participants themselves, which would offer the best possible source of evidence regarding their designs, proposals and motivations. Did such testimonies survive the long Soviet winter? If so, where were they?

You are among the first to know.

## WINDOWS IN MOSCOW

By 1992, the USSR had disintegrated.

In the heat and exhaust of a summer afternoon in central Moscow, a doctoral student at Stanford University named Semion Lyandres stood shoulder-to-shoulder with fellow historians in the cramped reading rooms of the Central State Archive. They had all come to open boxes that had been closed for generations by the enforcers of official narratives. Lyandres was checking the main lines of his research on early Bolshevik ties to German money. He was also keeping an eye out for any references to a historian named Mikhail Polievktov (1872-1942), whose name was associated with the historical commission set up in 1917.

Polievktov was a well-known historian of pre-revolutionary Russia. In sepia photographs he appears stubbled and mature, looking sternly away, thick hands stained by a permanent cigar. In 1913, he married Rusudana Nikoladze (1884-1981), the eldest child of Niko Nikoladze, a leading Georgian revolutionary, patriot and the practically minded former mayor of Poti on the western coast of Georgia. Rusudana had a fine nose and careful eyes. Broadly educated, she spoke five languages, traveled extensively in western Europe, and earned degrees in physics, education and both inorganic and organic chemistry.

In addition to being a reflective teacher (she had studied the methods of Maria Montessori), Rusudana was a gifted writer and meticulous record-keeper — a diarist, memoirist and correspondent of the first order. She was teaching chemistry at the Women's Pedagogical Institute in St. Petersburg when she met Polievktov, who sometimes lectured

there. He gave her pearls. They were on their honeymoon in Europe when Russia entered the Great War. Rusudana recorded their arduous and circuitous journey back to Russia in precise, extensive detail.

The Polievktovs moved into apartments near the magnificent Tauride Palace in Petrograd. They had one child, a son named Nikolai, in 1915. Two years later, Rusudana and her younger sister joined their friends as telephone operators in the offices of the Petrograd Soviet. Now it was the Provisional Government checking their papers every day instead of the Tsar's police. They were helping the new revolutionary democracy. It was early spring.

With a new chapter in Russian history underway, Mikhail Polievktov and a fellow historian had the foresight to establish a Society for the Study of the Revolution (SSR), a historical commission dedicated to documenting the events and recording firsthand testimonies. Mikhail was in charge of the SSR's Interview Commission and recruited Rusudana, her sister, and their friends and students to help record them. Multiple transcripts were made of oral testimonies and taken down in pencil to be later compiled into neat versions in ink. These were kept in Mikhail and Rusudana's apartment along with official papers, certificates, passes and their voluminous family correspondence.

In 1992, Lyandres and his colleagues knew only that the historical commission had existed; the whereabouts of its documents were a mystery. He had a hunch that the interviews might be found in some official archive, but seven years of searching for them had proved fruitless.

Then Lyandres discovered his first solid clue: a document in the State Archive of the Russian Federation written by Boris Nicolaevsky, a leading moderate Menshevik (from *men'shinstvo*, "minority"), stating that Mikhail Polievktov had delivered a report to The Society of the House-Museum for Preserving the Memory of Freedom Fighters in fall 1917. The report included a list of all those who were interviewed and disclosed that the original transcripts had been sent to Georgia for safekeeping.

The hunt was on.

## TBILISI BY PROXY

In an old tweed jacket and jeans, Lyandres has the virtues of an old-school historian: practical, patient, multilingual, intolerant of cant and imprecision. Born and raised in the Soviet Union, he speaks perfect Russian. Like Polievktov, he has thick hands that look like

they can handle anything. When he talks, you think about forests, catastrophe, vodka and the truth.

After earning a doctorate in Russian and Eastern European history from Stanford, Lyandres taught history at East Carolina University for several years. His research had been focused on providing fresh looks at documentary evidence from 1917 and on the relationship between legal and political thinking in the Russian Provisional Government. Notre Dame hired him in 2001 as associate professor of history and co-director of the Russian and East European Studies program.

Around the same time, Georgia began to stabilize after a conflict with secessionist groups in its northwest. With his international connections as editor of the *Journal of Modern Russian History and Historiography*, Lyandres searched for contacts in Tbilisi, asking everyone he knew whether there were reliable people in the Central Historical Archive of Georgia who could find the information he needed.

A recommendation produced a man who introduced himself on the phone as “Rezo.” Lyandres shrugs. “To this day, I have no clue who he is, maybe a state archivist.” He also had no idea where Rezo’s loyalties might lie or what Rezo might do with valuable historical evidence if he found it. Lyandres

had to be careful. For \$200, Rezo eventually answered a general query. Some of Polievktov’s scholarly papers indeed were in the historical archive. Nothing else; certainly no promising mention of the work of the 1917 historical commission.

Without being in Tbilisi, it was impossible to know whether Rezo was being fully forthcoming.

A few years later, Rezo told Lyandres that Rusudana had published a book of memoirs in 1975. What did it say? Rezo described the contents, unaware of what Lyandres was after. Lyandres heard for the first time that Rusudana had worked on the 1917 historical commission’s transcripts, and that they were still in the family’s possession in 1972. The trail was getting warm. Was Rusudana still alive? Rezo said she died in 1981. Any heirs? The Polievktov-Nikoladze residence was now in the hands of someone named Zinaida Leonidovna. Rezo had her phone number. Lyandres wrote it down, thanked his mysterious assistant and never heard from him again.

The problem now was how to reach Zinaida. Lyandres was reluctant to contact her because he had no idea how she would react to an unexpected inquiry by an American. He needed another proxy. “In early 2005, I was fairly certain that she had the transcripts, but she had to be approached cautiously.”

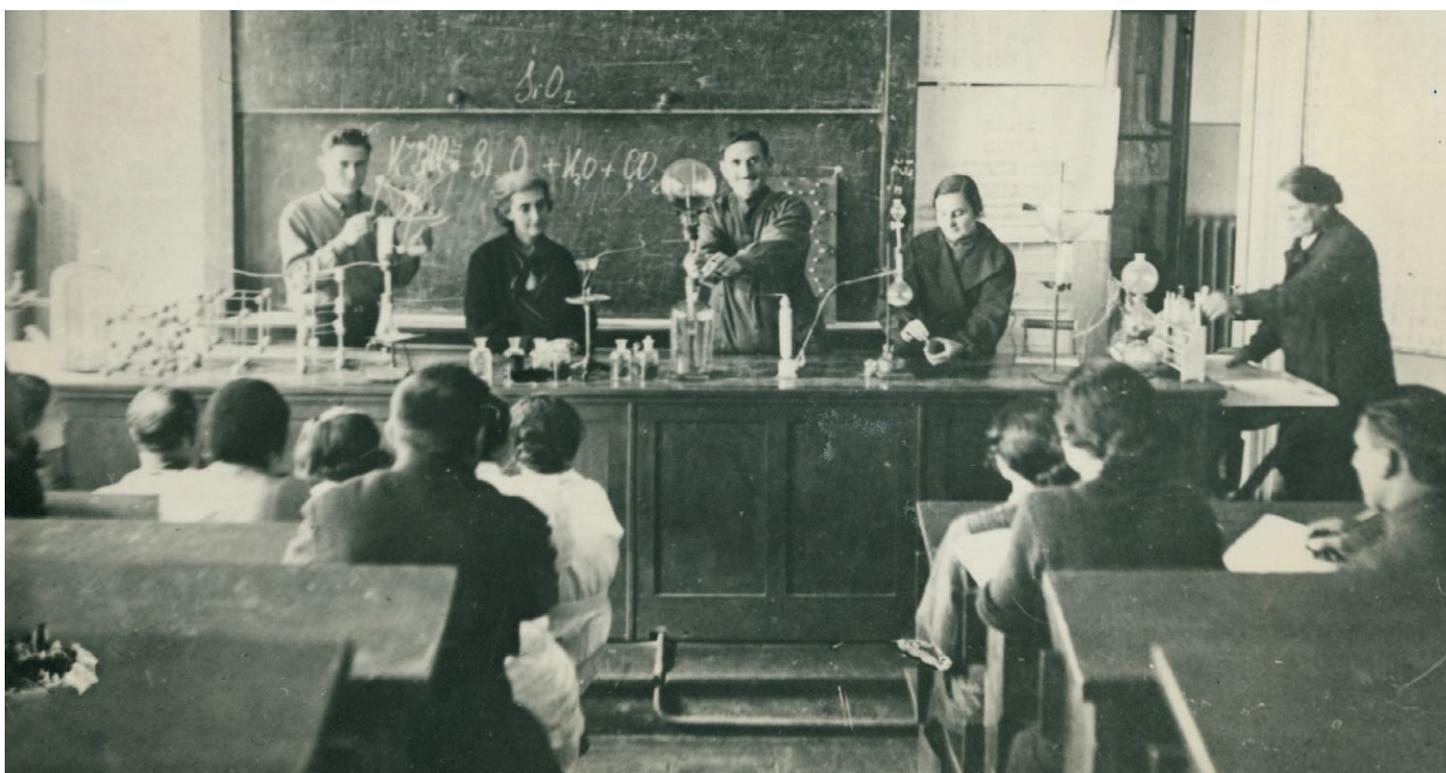
So Lyandres called a Russian colleague working at a historical institute in Moscow. “Let’s call him ‘Sergei,’” he says, adding only that he was a senior research fellow “with a superb nose” for documents. Lyandres approached him cautiously as well, saying he was interested in any documents that might be in Zinaida’s possession. Would Sergei telephone Zinaida on his behalf and inquire?

In her, the two historians faced a considerable figure. They had learned that Zinaida had married Rusudana’s only child, Nikolai Nikoladze. Like his mother, Nikolai had gone on to an illustrious career in the sciences,



COURTESY NATAHSA LYANDRES

Nikolai Nikoladze and his wife, Zinaida Leonidovna Polievktova-Nikoladze, in 1987.



Rusudana (second from left) with colleagues and students, Tbilisi Polytechnic, ca. 1950



The building on Tabidze Street in Tbilisi, where members of the Polievktov-Nikoladze family have lived since 1921.

eventually working under Igor Kurchatov in the 1940s on the Soviet atomic bomb. Zinaida herself was a physicist and had been a student of Nikolai's. He had died in 1989, leaving her in sole possession of the family apartment and all its papers. In response to Sergei's inquiries, she faxed him a list of the interviews she had, along with their dates. Comparing this list to the one Polievktov gave to Boris Nicolaevsky in 1918, it became clear to Lyandres that Zinaida had the interviews he was looking for.

But Zinaida was no fool. For more than a year, she refused to let Sergei see anything or indicate whether she was willing to sell or reveal any offers she had had from others. All Sergei heard was, "I'm not ready," or "Call me in a few months." He eventually shouted at her in exasperation, "Send me a copy of just one page!" She retorted, "You can come see it yourself!" She also demanded an enormous sum of money. Then she hung up.

At the end of 2005, Sergei's patience ran out in a stream of Russian expletives.

Zinaida had the interviews, but she wasn't talking.

### **SURPRISE FROM A FRIEND**

Family papers often emerge from the past in fragments to be sold off in pieces. Sometimes they shed light on historical events and sometimes their significance is decorative, confirming what we already know.

But sometimes the past can surprise us.

Early in 2006, Lyandres received a telephone call from a friend of his in Israel who grew up in Georgia, a biophysicist named Elya Fine. After catching up and heaving some mutual sighs about work, Lyandres related the story of his pursuit of some historical papers and a woman named Zinaida. Elya was interested. Those papers were they?

The name "Polievktov" rang a bell. Elya had once heard a lecture by someone named Polievktov-Nikoladze, a Russian physicist with an unusual name that sounded ethnically Georgian. His lecture was so striking that Elya still remembered it. "I know him! I heard him lecture 30 years ago! He was

different, important! This Zinaida must be his daughter — or wife?" He asked Lyandres to tell him more.

Polievktov-Nikoladze, Elya learned, was Nikolai, Zinaida's husband.

Elya, a practical man, told Lyandres, "We need to find somebody to get to her as a local, and I can help." Lyandres was skeptical, but Elya remembered some people who had also studied with Nikolai. "Let's at least open this door and see what's in there," Elya insisted.

A month later, Elya recommended a man who also studied physics under Nikolai. The man agreed to meet Zinaida in the family apartments. He phoned her, and she invited him over. Lyandres had sent him a list of questions and instructions to examine, if possible, the coveted transcripts of the 1917 historical commission. Once inside, the man was able to see what he described as handwritten documents from 1917. He jotted down some details and sent them to Lyandres the next day by email.

Comparing the details with bits of information he had, Lyandres found the trail getting even warmer. "Will she talk to me?" he asked Elya's contact. "Sure. She and I both went to Tbilisi University," was the reply. "She trusts me." During a second visit, the man asked Zinaida if an American friend of his could come and visit her as well.

There was silence. She would think it over.

The next day, she agreed.

### **HOW TO HAGGLE AT NOTRE DAME**

Buying historical documents is delicate work, especially when the documents are halfway across the world in a region suffering the effects of war and infrastructural anarchy.

So Lyandres went to Louis Jordan, head of Special Collections at Notre Dame's Heshburgh Libraries. "It was *terra incognita*," Lyandres said. He asked Jordan where they could find sufficient funds. They worked on logistics right away. Lyandres tapped his own research account; Jordan worked with the library and Professor Jeff Kantor, then a vice president for research, who eventually helped the team secure the funding it required to make the purchase. But at the outset, Lyandres had much, much less.

And how could such funds ever be transferred from Notre Dame to a private citizen in post-Soviet Georgia where there was no reliable banking system?

Lyandres offers an understatement. "We had many, many meetings."

One last logistical puzzle remained.

Where would Lyandres get the funds to travel on such an unusual premise? Lyandres went to Notre Dame's Nanovic Institute for European Studies, where director A. James McAdams instantly realized the importance of firsthand evidence of what happened in February 1917.

McAdams, himself a political historian, recalls the conversation. "It was a 'can't miss' opportunity to become a major player in Russian revolutionary history. The evidence would allow us to see world-historical events from the perspective of the actors who made them. They couldn't know what would come of their actions, but they were driven by the sense that they were on the verge of ushering in a new age. They were right."

Says Lyandres: "In five minutes, I had all I needed."

No one had any idea how large the return on this investment would be.

### **MEET ME ON TABIDZE STREET**

On May 8, 2006, a Monday, Lyandres and Elya took separate flights to Tbilisi. Lyandres' wife, Natasha, a Russian and East European Studies bibliographer at Notre Dame, was worried. "Georgia was not a safe place. I was very nervous, and he had to work secretly. What if he were stopped?" Her fear was hardly unreasonable.

In Lyandres' jacket was a stack of traveler's checks and a nonrefundable ticket. He took the midnight flight, the only flight to remote Tbilisi for a week.

Skirting the southern edge of the Caucasus, the plane touched down in Tbilisi at 4:30 a.m. There Lyandres met Elya, who had flown in from Tel Aviv. Citywide electrical outages were routine. In total darkness, they made their way to a rundown hotel near Zinaida's apartment. The city was desolate. It was like that every day. "Even at 8 p.m., you felt like you were in the middle of the night in a field," Lyandres says. Stray dogs roamed the streets.

They were in an old, formerly prestigious neighborhood called Sololaki. On Tabidze Street, forlorn and empty, Lyandres and Elya carefully picked their way to the Polievktov-Nikoladze residence. The apartment was on the top floor. Not knowing what to expect with Zinaida but with no time to lose, Lyandres and Elya went straight up to meet her.

Zinaida greeted them and led them at once into a dining room decorated with fading frescoes. She offered them tea and *khachapuri* (cheese bread). Next to the fireplace stood an old-fashioned space heater. On the walls were some early 20<sup>th</sup> century

paintings. Doors led to adjacent rooms. Lyandres was nervous and exhausted.

After brief talk about Zinaida's late husband and family, they went straight to business. About the commission transcripts, someone named "Rezo" had come years ago to demand that Zinaida transfer everything she had to the state archives. She refused. What else? "Many historians were after things," a Russian named Sergei, for example. They never made it to her apartment. Why? Zinaida dismissed the question with rolled eyes and a wave.

Lyandres had been right to be careful.

Then she disappeared into an adjoining room. Lyandres looked around. The frescoes were almost certainly painted by a famous Russian artist named Sergey Sudeikin, who had designed sets for the Ballets Russes in the early 1900s and had worked on Nicholas Roerich's designs for Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. Whoever lived here moved in high artistic circles as well. Returning to the table, Zinaida produced a thick folder.

In it were the interviews from Polievktov's commission in 1917.

#### HOW TO HAGGLE IN GEORGIAN

Lyandres reviewed them coolly. After answering several questions, Zinaida took the

two men into the adjoining room, Mikhail and Rusudana's private study. What Lyandres saw staggered him. Every bookshelf was full. The floor was piled high with papers, manuscripts, books, scrapbooks and letters. An entire family archive, three generations of revolutionary, academic and political life, containing not only the firsthand testimonies from 1917 but the family's extensive correspondence with prominent Russian and Georgian revolutionaries, was right there in front of him, perfectly intact.

Lyandres is still amazed. "It was remarkable. The same arrangement of furniture and belongings was there for generations." In the middle of it, as if 1920 never stopped, sat Mikhail Polievktov's own desk from Petrograd. Mikhail, Lyandres learned later, had sent Rusudana and little Nikolai to Georgia to escape the turmoil in Petrograd. He, and his furniture, eventually joined them, having secured permission from the People's Commissariat for State Security to conduct a temporary "research trip."

Wisely, the Polievktovs never lived in Russia again. Georgia lost its independence in 1921 and was dissolved into the Soviet Union. Elected professor of history at Tbilisi University, Mikhail Polievktov lived for the rest of his life in that top-floor apartment,

writing and teaching about Georgia's international affairs. Unlike many friends and former colleagues with whom he kept up correspondence, he escaped Stalin's purges. Occasionally he had to fight off personal smears made by Soviet officials in the Georgian press, but by and large he lived an active and respected life as a historian.

Standing in that study, Lyandres knew what he had in the folder and what historical treasures might be contained in the bookshelves around him. Facing Zinaida, his stomach in knots, he began a conversational dance. "Talking to Zinaida, it was like we were from two different worlds, two different planets."

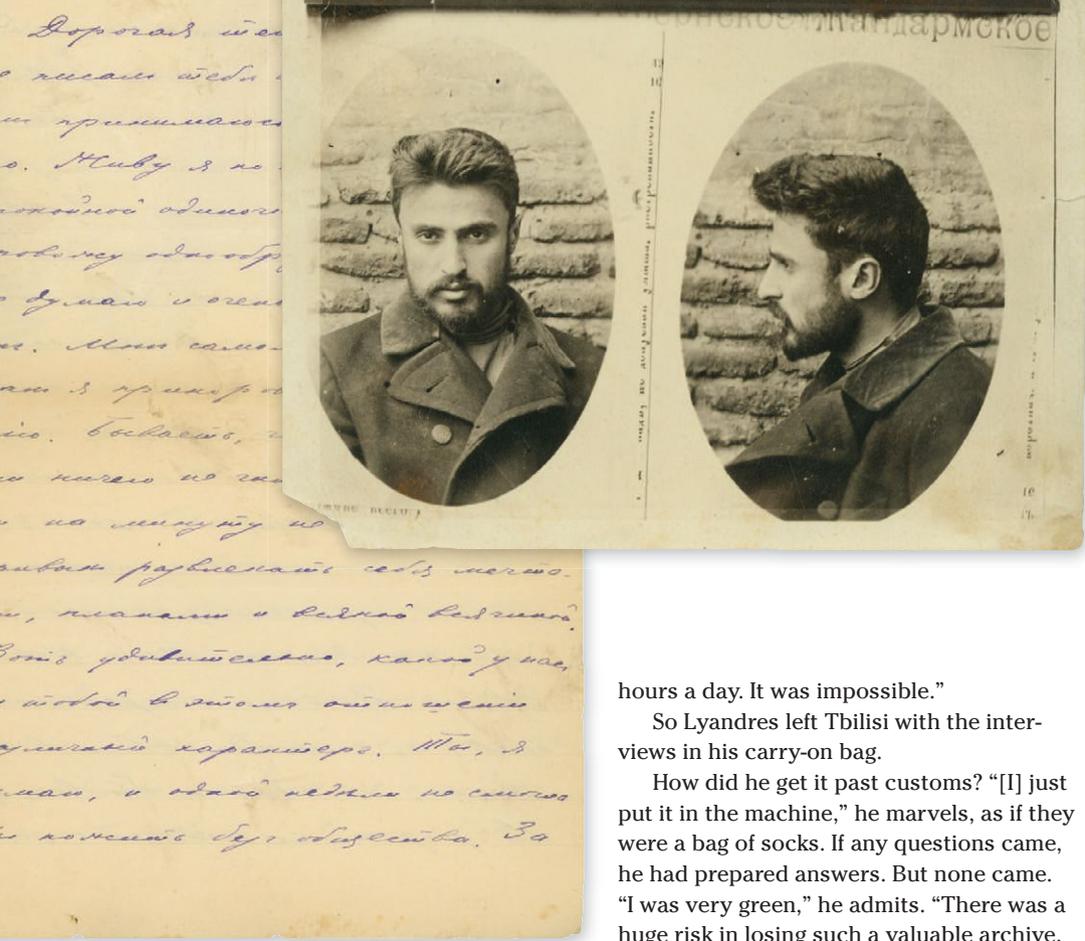
Lyandres knew the transcripts were valuable. Zinaida set an initial price, but with significantly less than the amount in traveler's checks, he wasn't prepared. He made a much lower counteroffer. They argued, morning till night. Zinaida once became quite indignant. "If David Beckham could sell one autograph for two million," she told him, "aren't these documents by great minds worth a measly twenty-five thousand?"

"We went back and forth like that the whole damn day!" Lyandres says. "She was absolutely stubborn."

As the evening turned into night, Lyandres finally pushed back his chair and rose

*Rusudana, ca. 1970, in the family apartment in Tbilisi, surrounded by her library and archive.*





Irakli Tsereteli

and Georgian public figures, many of whom were later executed by Stalin's secret police. "Would you be interested in something about Tsereteli?" Zinaida asked Lyandres at one point, knowing the answer would be yes.

Raised by two of Rusudana's aunts in western Georgia, Irakli Tsereteli (1881-1959) studied law at Moscow University but was arrested for leading student demonstrations against the Tsar. Sent to forced labor in Siberia, he returned to Russia during the 1905 Revolution and was elected to the second Duma. Arrested again for high treason, he was sent again to Siberia with fellow agitators. Who corresponded with him and visited him regularly while he was in prison? His cousin, Rusudana Nikoladze. She preserved his letters and notes written on cigarette papers in her personal scrapbooks. Moreover, she served as a courier between Tsereteli, his colleagues and their defense attorney in Petrograd. With affection, Tsereteli sends her "passionate kisses" and calls her "the Talleyrand of conspiracy!" All this is preserved in loving detail.

Alyssa Gillespie, associate professor of Russian Language and Literature at Notre Dame, is visibly moved by the collection. "The materiality of the items speaks volumes. The sloping handwriting in brown ink in a letter from a young man to a worried, doting aunt; the pages upon pages of tiny writing tied with a ribbon. . . . The archive not only restores the particularity of a culture, a family and certain individual souls in that family to life, but it also serves as a spiritual stimulus, awakening us to the compromises we have made in our present moment, in which everything is ephemeral, discardable, recyclable.

"That we at Notre Dame now have access to this astounding collection which brings the past so vibrantly alive," Gillespie adds, "is both improbable and fabulous."

And significant, scholars add, to the writing of history. Released from prison in 1917, Tsereteli went on to become a central figure in the February Revolution. An effective orator, he constantly advocated cooperation between the soviet workers' councils and the Provisional Government. The archive shows that the Petrograd Soviet, for example, accepted his revisions to their official declarations *in toto*. He eventually served in the Provisional Government as Minister of the Interior and left Petrograd for Georgia mere days before the Bolshevik putsch. Careful in more ways than one, Rusudana kept his official pass to a state conference that summer but erased his name. Active in

hours a day. It was impossible."

So Lyandres left Tbilisi with the interviews in his carry-on bag.

How did he get it past customs? "[I] just put it in the machine," he marvels, as if they were a bag of socks. If any questions came, he had prepared answers. But none came. "I was very green," he admits. "There was a huge risk in losing such a valuable archive. Of course I made copies beforehand, and I scanned some. I also made copies for Elya, who later sent them back. We took different flights, to see who could make it through."

What would the Georgian government say?

Lyandres puts on his black sunglasses. "What could they say? This was a private family archive and a perfectly legal transaction. Besides," he says with a smile, "I have no immediate plans to travel to Georgia."

#### FROM TBILISI TO NOTRE DAME

When his plane touched down in South Bend, Lyandres let out a sigh. "I called my wife and said, 'That's it. I can have a drink.'"

But the process was not over, not by a long shot. What Lyandres had found in the apartment was far larger than a folder of interviews. These interviews were indeed precious. They also included a firsthand account of the arrest of the Tsarina by Captain Nicholas Krasnov and a long interview with Alexander Kerensky, then minister of justice in the Provisional Government, which is now his most expansive testimony of the February Revolution.

But there was far more in the study, as Zinaida well knew. The archive contained unpublished manuscripts, genealogical and organizational charts, dozens of diaries, scrapbooks containing postcards from revolutionaries exiled to Siberia, police mug shots, official passes, questionnaires, certificates, rare first editions, hundreds of photographs, and extensive correspondence between members of the Polievktov and Nikoladze families and prominent Russian

with a sigh. "I have to give the University an answer," he said. Time was of the essence. It had been a frustrating conversation, and, he figured, probably the first of several marathons.

But Zinaida appeared disconcerted by his farewell.

She accepted his offer.

Looking at the vast collection behind her that represented three generations' worth of materials from a time that changed the course of Russian and world history, Lyandres promised her that he would talk to the library at Notre Dame, nearly 6,000 miles away, about additional acquisitions and more money. In return, over the course of the week, she allowed him to examine and copy many documents.

What had caused her sudden reversal? Lyandres thought it obvious. "She wasn't sure I would come back."

The 1917 historical commission transcripts safe in his hotel, Lyandres visited the state archives where Rezo had (and may still have) worked. Conditions were appalling, even worse than those in Moscow: "It was the same devastation, the lack of state support, terrible conditions for those who worked there let alone for visiting historians. There was hardly any hardwood floors left in the hallways. The wood had been chiseled away and used for heating and cooking." He shuddered to think what would have been the fate of the Polievktov interviews. Even if they had survived, access would have been difficult: "The archives were only open four

Georgian politics before it fell to the USSR, Tsereteli spent the rest of his life in exile in Paris and New York, where he died.

The figure of Rusudana Nikoladze is perhaps the most fascinating discovery of all. From a prominent family deeply engaged in public affairs, she emerges as its most fully rounded character. Both a participant in and observer of public affairs (she kept two parallel diaries, one “personal,” one “political”), Rusudana found her role as a chronicler easy and natural. Her father, Niko Nikoladze, the mayor, would write letters to her sister, Tamara, when Tamara was just 16; he would ask her no questions and give no paternal advice but rather brief her on what he was about to say to the governor during a workers’ strike. She and Rusudana knew from an early age that theirs was a public family.

The sisters were not provincial, either. A prolific writer and international traveler, their father had met and corresponded with the likes of Léon Gambetta and Léon Blum (prime ministers of France) and Karl Marx (a personal friend). Niko was the first Georgian to earn a doctorate at a European university. Rusudana, his eldest daughter, was probably his intellectual equal, and her husband Mikhail’s as well. In her, and any, generation, she was remarkable.

Her personal diaries are distillations of the family’s public and private lives as politicians, historians, mathematicians and scientists. “And she was an incredible writer!” exclaims Natasha Lyandres, who has been combing through the diaries that span 30 years of modern Russian history. “To think, she was almost 100 years old when she died, active until the end.”

Convinced of the broad nature and implications of what he had seen only in part, Lyandres returned to Notre Dame and librarian Louis Jordan. The two again met with ND’s research vice president, Jeff Kantor, who was enthusiastic. In July of 2006, with full funding available, Lyandres started calling Zinaida, ready to negotiate for the rest of the collection.

But there was no answer. He tried to reach her all summer and felt the opportunity slipping away. Finally, in September, Zinaida answered. She had been sick. Negotiations began. The archive was acquired in installments. The first few were made without incident, but in August 2008, before all the papers had been delivered, Georgia was again at war and in turmoil. At one point, Russian tanks were within 30 miles of Zinaida’s apartment. “We all held our breath,” says Jordan. Fifteen months later, after long silences, the final in-

stallment arrived.

Lyandres remembers the fragility of the process. “It was very difficult. Sometimes Zinaida was in poor health, and she wanted to bring everything herself. We had to have alternatives, so we looked for alumni who would be able to help with transportation.”

In the end, Zinaida insisted on paying her own way and brought the collection to the Hesburgh Library bit by bit. Jim McAdams of the Nanovic Institute was particularly struck by the appearance of Zinaida behind a desk in the library. With a box to her left and a stack of folders to her right, she examined each piece in detail. “Her memory was phenomenal,” says Natasha.

Zinaida came three times, each time with suitcases carefully stuffed with papers and books. On a separate occasion, her daughter and son-in-law arrived with multiple suitcases containing more than Zinaida had carried on her previous three trips. The staff in Special Collections shook their heads in wonder: five thousand, eight thousand, ten thousand items and counting, all in plastic bags packed in ordinary luggage. The scale of the transfer was astonishing.

During her last visit, Zinaida said there was nothing left in the family apartment. That was it.

Her exact whereabouts are unknown.

## HISTORY IN HAND

Estimated at 100,000 leaves of paper, equal to 12 linear feet of materials, the Polievktov-Nikoladze Family Papers archive is by far the largest and most significant collection in modern European history at Notre Dame. And it is one of the most important and extensive private collection of papers on modern Russia in the United States.

Louis Jordan can barely contain his delight with the find. “It is unprecedented to come across such a complete and extensive family archive whose members included so many prominent public figures, writers, politicians, scientists and artists. It is quite obvious that the Polievktov-Nikoladze Family Papers are of immense scholarly significance. Moreover, they have never been available to researchers. No archival repository in the United States holds a comparable collection in terms of its scope, chronological and thematic consistency.”

McAdams has been hosting visiting scholars from Europe since 2002. He is thrilled that “serious scholars of the period will now have to visit Notre Dame if they want to write about the revolution authoritatively.”

Such research and achievement is in its first stages. Lyandres has a book forthcoming from Oxford University Press on the subject, *The Fall of Tsarism: Untold Stories of the February 1917 Revolution*, due out in February. Oxford professor of Russian history Robert Service, who is digesting its implications, writes that Lyandres “has found important new sources and shows how they can be used to re-interpret the behavior of leading figures . . . [it is] an outstanding contribution to early twentieth-century Russian history.”

Lyandres doesn’t like the spotlight. He took the first crack at the historical commission’s interviews, but knows soberly and well how much there is yet to do with the entire collection. All the documents, which are so many and so various, need to be catalogued, described and digitized. It’s an enormous project that will take years. The goal is eventually to put it all online, but “to do it right,” says Lyandres. In the meantime, he would like to publicize the existence of the collection to as many scholarly groups as possible.

Another, more immediate priority exists, says Lyandres: to recruit graduate students at Notre Dame to work on the archive itself. This would be a major boost to their careers in modern European history at a time when jobs in the humanities are scarce. The Nanovic Institute has begun to support graduate research in this area. One of its Tobin Fellows, Maria Rogacheva, is writing a dissertation on Soviet scientist communities to which no historian has ever had access.

Notre Dame students and visitors were able to see highlights of the collection through an autumn semester exhibit at the Hesburgh Library. Designed by Notre Dame bibliographer Natasha Lyandres, with the assistance of the staff in Special Collections, the exhibit contained examples of Polievktov’s interviews, Tsereteli’s prison papers, Rusudana’s diaries and much more.

Lyandres surveys the implications of his find with satisfaction. “It’s a real coup. From nothing, our visibility changes overnight. We become a major player in Russian history.”

He and his graduate students in history now have ambitions to turn Notre Dame into the major North American repository of primary sources dealing with new Europe, more specifically, in the post-Soviet space.

What’s next?

Lyandres looks out the door and hoists his satchel confidently. “We have a preliminary agreement with some Ukrainians.” □

# PLAYING IT BY EAR

BY JASON KELLY '95

Crossing the Seine toward Cathédrale Notre-Dame de Paris on the pedestrian Pont Saint-Louis, you pass a transient street carnival. A performer creates soap bubbles the size and shape of pillows that glint under streetlights illuminating the dusk. Artists peddle ink drawings of la cathédrale. There are the jugglers and mimes of Parisian cliché. And music. Everywhere, music. Violins and harps and accordions and jazz guitars serenade the tourists who linger a while, listen, drop a couple coins into the hat and stroll on.

Just across the bridge, outside the wrought iron gate of Square Jean XXIII — Notre-Dame's backyard — a cornet, banjo, upright bass and clarinet blend into the infectious syncopation of classic New Orleans jazz. A small crowd gathers there.

Two or three deep around a half-circle of sidewalk, the audience forms an arc in front of the four musicians and a dancer who appears to have come to life from the dust jacket of a Jazz Age novel. She's an older woman, enchanting in a fatigue-green dress and matching cloche hat. Dancing alone, she bends her arms as if around an invisible partner, moving her feet in the shadow of his vanished steps.

The music, too, is of another time and place, yet perfectly suited to this warm autumn Saturday night in Paris. With tones by turns swinging and sultry, plaintive and hopeful, the band provides a soundtrack for the home movies everyone seems to be recording.

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According to a bright pink poster on the sidewalk, held in place with CDs displayed for sale, these are the Riverboat Shufflers. A stack of business cards identifies the bandleader as Richard Roy Miller, the cornet player with combed-over white hair and tattered Chuck Taylor sneakers. Turns out he's a 76-year-old former Notre Dame fullback whose journey to the Paris streets was as idiosyncratically American as the music he plays there.

## ALL JAZZED UP

"This first happened in 1990," Miller says. He's sitting at a café, sipping a glass of the beer-lemonade mixture *panaché*, describing his arrival in Paris with a cornet and one casual acquaintance as a contact. It was a whim, inspired by a *National Geographic* article about street performers. Then he flashes back to the beginning. "See, I was raised by wolves in Wisconsin."

Miller laughs and his rheumy eyes glisten as the welling memories come spilling out. Medford, the northern Wisconsin town where he grew up, might have felt like the wilderness, but he could hear WWL New Orleans way up there. As he lay in bed one Sunday night, the radio under the covers picked up the New Orleans Jazz Club broadcast from the Roosevelt Hotel. Hooked, the fifth-grader hounded his father to help him find some records. They had to go to Wausau, 35 miles away, but Miller finally found some 78s of Dixieland standard-bearers like Wild Bill Davison.

Those records were Miller's music lessons. He listened and mimicked what he heard. "Still today I'm a poor reader and especially a very poor sight reader," he says, "but I've got a great ear."

Miller could even hear the jazz where nobody else could, like in the marching Americana he was talented enough to play with the high school band by the time he was in seventh grade. In high school, though, his athletic talent started to take precedence over music.

Miller and two of his friends formed a backfield that made all of Wisconsin take notice of their little Lumberjack Conference school. They were the heart of a high-scoring offense that led Medford to three consecutive undefeated seasons from 1951 to '53, attracting rave notices in the *Marshfield News-Herald* and the attention of one of Frank Leahy's birddogs.



DICK MILLER '60 HAS IMPROVISED A LIFE AS RICH AND ROVING AS A FLIGHT OF JAZZ. AND THE TUNES KEEP ROLLING ALONG.



*The Riverboat Shufflers, including Madeleine who moves to the music, bring their rhythms to the Paris streets.*

All three were offered Notre Dame football scholarships, but the other two went to Wisconsin and only Miller accepted. "Me with a picture of Lujack on the ceiling," he says, "I couldn't say yes fast enough."

His freshman year in 1954 was Terry Brennan's first as head coach, and Miller soon realized that, when it came to college football, he couldn't do anything fast enough. "I didn't have the speed you needed at that level," he says, so he assumed his role as a practice dummy, never dressing for a game. "It's the one regret," Miller

says, a pause becoming a silence that, along with his pooling eyes, expresses how deep the regret goes. "I never got to run out on the field for a game."

At the end of his junior football season, Miller told Brennan that the lack of playing time had taken the game out of him. He wanted to leave school and join the Army. His scholarship would still be honored when he returned, the coach said, and Miller withdrew to an enlisted man's life of leisure at the White House.

## ON LOCATION

“Good morning, Mr. Nixon.” From his post in the basement of the West Wing, Miller often greeted the vice president.

After going through the Army’s motion-picture and television training, his Washington-based, civilian-dress job involved traveling with the White House press corps, setting up the microphones and editing 16mm film of President Eisenhower’s remarks.

Miller was with the reporters when chief of staff Sherman Adams resigned for accepting gifts, including a vicuña overcoat, from a textile manufacturer facing a federal investigation. He watched America’s Cup yacht races on a destroyer escort near Eisenhower’s summer home in Newport, Rhode Island. He even played a round of golf at Augusta.

A few months shy of completing a three-year enlistment, he received an early discharge to finish school. He returned to Notre Dame a more dedicated student than ever, anxious to get on with his life, completing his degree in 1960.

Four years later, Miller was married with two daughters and living in southern California, trying to make it as a filmmaker. There wasn’t much work.

He made an experimental, 10-minute film that aired on a local program featuring critiques from well-known directors. George Seaton, who directed *Miracle on 34th Street*, reviewed Miller’s movie and then invited him to lunch at his country club.

Seaton talked about the long odds against young directors in the business. He had something in mind for Miller, though.

“Would you go anywhere?” Seaton asked.

“George,” Miller said, “I would go to East Tibet.”

Seaton put him in touch with George Stevens Jr., the son of the Oscar-winning director of *A Place in the Sun*, *Shane* and *The Diary of Anne Frank*. The younger Stevens worked for the U.S. Information Agency, commissioning documentaries about American government initiatives around the world. In 1966 Stevens sent Miller to Libya.

“It was like being on the moon,” Miller says, but there were films to be made, including a 35mm color documentary about a Moroccan irrigation effort called *With Water: Hope*. “I shot it very poetically. The story is just about water, preserving it . . . [through] concrete ditches that hold water, dams in the desert, so when it rains it doesn’t disappear. So they grow a little more food and they have a little bit better life.”

Unrest in the region exploded in June 1967 when Israel launched an attack on the Egyptian air force. Families of government employees, including Miller’s wife and daughters, were airlifted out, and President Lyndon Johnson soon recalled nonessential personnel. Miller retained the position of regional filmmaker for North Africa, but he was based in Virginia, where he edited the Moroccan footage that he had finished shooting before returning to the States.

While cutting the film, frustrated with the music available to score it, he visited an assistant’s apartment for a beer. A record playing on the turntable reminded Miller of Debussy’s “La Mer.”

“What’s that?”



**MILLER  
SOON  
ASSEMBLED  
HIS FIRST  
QUARTET  
FROM  
AMONG  
THE  
MUSICIANS  
HE GOT  
TO KNOW.  
THEN A  
CHANTEUSE  
CHOSE  
HIM.**

“It’s the Modern Jazz Quartet.”

“Oh, my God, that would be lovely, it’s what I’m looking for,” Miller said, but he put the idea out of his head as fast as he had it, knowing it would be impossible to arrange the rights.

Half an hour later, paging through the paper, his assistant happened across an ad for a Modern Jazz Quartet performance in Bethesda. The band would be in town for 10 days. Miller caught a performance and then shyly asked the quartet’s leader, John Lewis, about “maybe possibly doing some just — what? — doing some vamping” in the recording studio. “I don’t have the guts to ask you to do anything more than that.”

“Let’s see the film,” Lewis said. Miller arranged for an art theater to open the next morning to screen it for the band, and they agreed to do much more than vamp in the studio. They promised to write an original score. The piece became the title track on the band’s 1968 album, *Under the Jasmin Tree*, and that experience became the fondest memory of Miller’s filmmaking career.

Upon his return to California, Miller continued making movies in Los Angeles in the 1970s, working with a small film company on contract jobs with the government and other independent productions. Soon his fingers started twitching to play his horn again. Occasional jam sessions in Africa had kept them oiled, but Miller knew he lacked polish.

Clarinetist Rosy McHargue’s band played at a club called Sterlings on Ocean Boulevard in Santa Monica, and he let Miller sit in once in a while. “It was then that I started really learning my horn,” he says, eventually becoming McHargue’s lead cornet.

Bill Knowles, an ABC News producer in Los Angeles, shared Miller’s love for traditional jazz and got to know him through mutual musician friends. In the 1980s, Miller was divorced and “chased a dream” with Knowles, starting a production company to make films about jazz bands. “And, of course, we lost our shirt,” Knowles says,

chalking it up to declining interest in their favorite music. “There’s just no money in it — except on the streets of Paris.”

## STREET MUSIC

By necessity and choice, Miller has been a wanderer since boyhood. He moved often with his parents for his first nine years until they settled in Medford, then off to college and the military, and on to the filmmaking post overseas. New places and new faces have defined different phases of his life. So in his early 50s, when he read the *National Geographic* article about Paris street performers, the lure of a new adventure overwhelmed any apprehension. His mother gave him \$2,500 and said, “Stay until the money runs out.” It never has.

His only contact in Paris was a singer named Kiki Desplat. Miller had corresponded with her since they met at a Sacramento jazz festival a few years earlier. After stepping off the train at Gare du Nord in 1990, he went straight to Le Petit Journal, a club where Desplat performed. She wouldn’t be there for another two nights, but he introduced himself to the band playing at the time and was invited to sit in right away. Miller played that night and the next, performing twice in Paris before his first rendezvous with Desplat.

That sort of musical *bonne chance* accompanied him around town. On his second day, wandering the Left Bank alone with his horn, he stumbled upon the spot where street musicians gathered, identifiable by the scattered instrument cases. A red-haired kid named Billy Collins, with sharp Bronx notes in his accent, struck up a conversation. He asked what kind of music Miller played.

“Jazz,” he said. “Traditional jazz.”

“You play Fats Waller stuff?” said Collins, who happened to be indulging an interest in the jazz pianist, learning his songs from a book. Few of his friends were versed in them, but Miller was, so the two had an immediate connection. Collins, a guitarist, summoned a bass player he knew from a nearby bar called The Mazet, and formed a trio on the spot that started playing on the corner. “Within a half hour,” Miller says, “we had made some money.”

Nothing like the money he would make on a trip to Switzerland a few days later. A violin player and a singer were coming from London to travel with Collins and his friends for a little working vacation. They invited Miller along. “So three days later I’m on the train to Zurich,” he says. “And we played in Switzerland for about 10 days and did very well.”

Back in Paris, Miller and Collins played as a duet around Sacré-Coeur. Miller soon assembled his first quartet from among the musicians he got to know. Then a chanteuse chose him.

A 16-year-old girl named Maddie asked if she could sing with his band. “She sat on the curb and sang ‘Georgia’ and knocked me out,” Miller says. She’s had that effect on a lot of people since. Maddie grew up to become the modern-day Billie Holiday named Madeleine Peyroux, but as a teenager she sang with Miller’s cornet accompaniment and fast became the band’s best busker.

“Maddie’d sing a number, and she’d pass the hat,” Miller says. “Having a nice 16-year-old girl pass the hat helps *a lot*. She was good at it.”

When they played near a club that American jazz legends once haunted called Le Bilboquet, the manager would step outside to smoke a cigar, chat with his friends and listen to the band. He was always good for 200 francs. One day he offered a two-week gig at the club to fill a vacant block on his August calendar.

Miller almost said no. The group had recently lost its saxophone player, and he wouldn’t disrespect the place by accepting without a worthy reed player.

A clarinetist and saxophonist named Dan Levinson came to mind.

Miller knew Levinson as a high school student who sat in with McHargue’s band in California. He had since graduated from NYU and was working with the jazz pianist Dick Hyman. At Hyman’s urging, Levinson accepted the offer for Le Bilboquet dates. Now a world-touring performer, Levinson still makes an occasional cameo on the Paris streets with the Riverboat Shufflers.

Miller sensed that Levinson would amount to something big when Miller would wake up to use the bathroom at 7 a.m., three or four hours after they got in from the previous night’s show. “He’s up practicing,” Miller says.

Knowles, Miller’s former filmmaking partner, has similar stories about Miller. When Miller lived in the San Fernando Valley in the mid-1980s, his home had a horse barn where he spent every spare moment practicing in the same fashion he did as a kid. A lifelong admirer of the 1920s cornetist Bix Beiderbecke, Miller stockpiled his recordings, listened and imitated. “He would take a tape recorder out there with all of Bix’s tunes on it and play along,” Knowles says, “and just play over and over again. He’s the hardest working guy I’ve ever seen.”

That was the allure of Paris, the opportunity for regular work, to improve and perform at the same time. The Riverboat Shufflers play a handful of times a week at various locations — along the Boulevard Saint-Germain or Rue de Buci, in Abbesses near Montmartre, at Galeries Lafayette and around the bridge by Notre-Dame.

This is Miller’s fourth “trip” to Paris since he first came in 1990, and his longest, beginning in 2008, when he formed the current incarnation of his band. He used to spend two or three years at a time, then return to the States. Once, as a Parisian interlude, he moved to the Bay Area in California, working in a San Jose law office for a couple years so he could play weekly with cornetist Jackie Coon’s band. “Because he wanted to get better,” Knowles says. “He is today a much better player than he ever was when I heard him in the ‘80s, because he’s worked at it.”

Paris, in particular, makes the work worthwhile. On a bad night, the five or six performers make the equivalent of 40 to 50 American dollars each. They’re often invited to play weddings or parties, including a few expenses-paid boondoggles to the French countryside. Once in a while they perform at Le Petit Journal, the site of Miller’s introduction to the Paris jazz scene, but he says the money’s better on the street. The second Madeleine, the band’s dancer and charmer, manages the cash, sorting the euros from the suitcase where they collect into equal shares.

She used to be a spectator, dancing to the Riverboat Shufflers with her husband. When he died, the band became part of her extended family. That her name happens to be Madeleine seems especially fitting, putting her in the ethereal place Madeleine Peyroux once occupied, her dance steps as entrancing as the singer’s voice.

Miller handles the vocals himself now — offering a much earthier tone, let’s put it that way — and the instruments harmonize and synchronize to irresistible effect, reflected in all the undulating shoulders in the surrounding crowd.

At the center of it all, Miller serves as a sort of narrator and conductor. He stands with his cornet dangling at his side, introducing each number with an enthusiastic lesson about the history he knows as well as the notes. Counting time to bring the Riverboat Shufflers to life, he belts out lyrics, pausing to thank people who spare change and to spread applause around to the soloists. Then, after a sip of wine from a plastic cup, Miller lifts his cornet to his lips, grateful for the chance to do what he never could as a Notre Dame fullback: play. □

## 'That world where it's always summer'

BY CAROL SCHAAL '91M.A.

If only those shadowy monsters hiding in the closet or under the bed or outside the window — a wide-eyed toddler can attest that you never know where they might be lurking — were the only threats kids face. Parents know better.

As do recent grandparents Jean Derbes Ratté '74 and Geoffrey Ratté '75. While they know they can't vanquish the world's very real dangers, the Rattés are doing what they can to enlist today's children in safe, wholesome activities.

"We really wanted to create a world," Jean says, "from a time when things were not as scary for kids. . . . [when] they could go outside by themselves. It's that world where it's always summer."

That world created by the Rattés and their business partners, niece Megan Derbes McCarthy '96 and Doug Ferron, is called FishingKids, and it comes with a line of books, toys, apparel and outdoor gear for boys and girls.

The business was launched in January 2012 when its website, FishingKids.com, went live. The first of its chapter books, *The Monster of White Bear Lake*, does tackle something the 10-year-old main characters Spinner (Steve Pinner) and his buddy Bobber (Bobby Ernest) find a little scary, a creature Bobber describes as "a super crazy fish missile with giant teeth and a rocket tail" which might be responsible for some missing ducklings. As the pals plot ways of capturing the "monster," they enlist Spinner's grandfather, known as The Chief, in their quest.

"They're fun little stories," says Geoffrey, "the friendship of two boys, adventures they have. . . . It's about getting along; it's about stewardship."

Written by Mike Holliday, a photographer, writer and fishing guide based in Stuart, Florida, the chapter books — *The Mystery of Porpoise Point* and *The Pirate of Creole Bay* are also available — sneak



in education, too. Throughout their playful escapades, Spinner and Bobber learn about fishing skills, safety and sportsmanship. Spinner fills a notebook with pictures of and facts about fish, and other "cool fishing stuff" he learns. Yet another Notre Dame graduate, Marilyn Emma Bellis Anderson '95, creates the artwork for Spinner's notebook.

The boys also learn about geography as they travel to different states on vacations, meeting a new fishing kid in each place and exploring different terrain.

"These are real places, destinations that [kids] can go to in real life," says Jean. The first book is set in Minnesota, where the Rattés live. For the second, the boys travel in an RV with the Chief and Spinner's Uncle Pete to the Florida Keys. The third adventure finds them camping in the Louisiana marshes. "My mom grew up in Louisiana," Spinner tells Bobber. Perhaps not coincidentally, Jean grew up in New Orleans and the Rattés raised their three children there.

The idea for FishingKids resulted from the confluence of Geoff's background in the fishing industry and Jean's marketing sensibilities. "My husband was in the fishing tackle industry for about 40 years," says Jean, "making fishing sinkers here in White Bear Lake in Minnesota." In his role on the board of the Sport Fishing Association, she says, "Geoff did a lot of outreach to get kids interested in fishing, camping."

Nothing seemed to work, she says, so the couple decided to attempt that same outreach through a private company they would create.

That's when Jean starting thinking about American Girl dolls.

For those who may have missed the juggernaut, American Girl, a subsidiary of Mattel, introduced a line of historical dolls in 1986. Along with the 18-inch dolls came

books detailing the characters' "lives" and, of course, clothing and accessories. Since then, the company has launched a magazine, other versions of its trademark dolls and, beginning in 1998, branded retail stories. The vision of its founder was to "bring history alive" through the dolls and books.

As part of what Jean calls the "amazing" way FishingKids came together with the help and advice from family and Geoff's business colleagues, they learned that John Sherry '74, a Notre Dame professor of marketing, and five colleagues had recently researched the American Girl brand.

"Backed by a rich web of innovative and successful retail stores, lines of books and clothing, a series of how-to-live books, and more, the American Girl brand is simultaneously a toy, a library of texts, and a set of values," the research team wrote in the article "Why Are Themed Brandstores So Powerful? Retail Brand Ideology at *American Girl Place*."

Geoff made it a point to meet with Sherry, to learn more about the business plan of American Girl. While none of the FishingKids founders foresees their company earning the mega-millions made by American Girl, they do see how the values of friendship, family and love of the outdoors, combined with a nostalgic vision of kids fishing with parents and grandparents, could strike a chord in families who enjoy outdoor activities.

"Most of our customers right now are grandparents buying for their grandkids," says Jean.

That FishingKids customer base might have a lot in common with Geoff, who has a clear vision of what retirement should encompass. "We don't want to work too hard," he says, "but we want to go fishing." And he wants to bring the kids along, too.

*Carol Schaal is managing editor of this magazine.*



**With his Indiana electoral victory** in November, **Joe Donnelly '77, '81J.D.** was able to ascend to the rarified air of the U.S. Senate — and he became just the fourth Notre Dame graduate to serve in that exclusive club.

The records kept by the U.S. Senate provide a glance at the cohort of Domer senators, whose names were culled from history by the University of Notre Dame Archives. All of them, including Donnelly, have been Democrats with backgrounds in law, but only two were popularly elected (one served before the Constitution was amended in 1913 to allow direct election of senators).

Their careers took place in the administrations of presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, with Barack Obama now added to the list. Only one, however, actually served a full term, and no one who tried was successful in getting his party's nomination for the

subsequent election. Donnelly is the only one who has been elected from a state east of the Mississippi River.

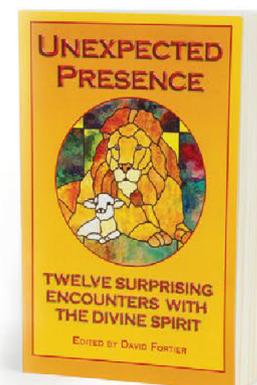
The first Notre Dame senator was **John M. Gearin, Class of 1871, 1874M.S., 1903LLD(Hon.)**, who studied law at Notre Dame and went on to practice in Portland, Oregon, his home state. Gearin's political career began in the state's House of Representatives, and he had stints as the city attorney of Portland and district attorney for Multnomah County. In 1893, President Grover Cleveland appointed him as special prosecutor for cases of opium fraud. The Democrat went to the Senate to fill a vacancy for Oregon in December 1905, following the death of a senator. He left the Senate in 1907, without trying for the nomination, and went back to practicing law in Portland. Gearin died in 1930.



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Besides Donnelly, **David W. Clark, Class of 1922**, is the only other Notre Dame graduate to have been sent from a general election to the U.S. Senate. Clark also graduated from the law department of Harvard University in 1925, and the Democrat practiced law in Pocatello, Idaho. He was the assistant attorney general of Idaho and won two terms in the U.S. House of Representatives before claiming an Idaho Senate seat in 1938. Clark only served one term before being defeated for re-nomination in 1944. He resumed his law career and dabbled in broadcasting and banking before his 1955 death in Los Angeles.

Before the 2012 election, **Edward P. Carville, Class of 1909**, was the most recent Notre Dame graduate to have a seat in the upper chamber. A Democrat, Carville served as governor of and U.S. attorney for Nevada. In 1945, he was, like Gearin, appointed to a Senate seat to fill a vacancy caused by a senator's death. He was defeated for re-nomination to the Nevada seat in 1946 and left office in January 1947. Like the others, Carville also returned to private life in the legal realm, practicing law in Reno, Nevada, until he died in 1956.



**"In the pub that night,**

serenaded by soft light and lilting guitar and a hundred strangers' voices, I was given courage," writes **Patrick Hannon, CSC, '88M.Div.**, in his essay "Bathed in Melancholy." The essay is part of *Unexpected Presence: Twelve Surprising Encounters with the Divine Spirit*, edited by David Fortier (ACTA Publications). The book offers stories by those who find "the divine presence in the midst of [their] fragile, limited, ordinary, mortal existence." **Kathleen McGroary '62M.A.** is also among the authors included in the book.

**Painter and photographer** **Chris-**

**topher Kuhl '77** was invited to show several of his paintings at the International Multimedia Art Festival in Yangon, Myanmar. The late November event was sponsored by New Zero Art Space in collaboration with the French Institute in Yangon. Kuhl, who represented the United States at the festival, has written on arts and culture for *European Photography*, *Art in America* and *stretcher.org*. The artist lives in Marietta, Georgia, and has exhibited extensively in this country and overseas, and lectured in New York City and in the Middle East.

**From corporate litigator to president** of a

hairstyling tools company sounds like an unlikely move, but **Erin Potempa '99** was only riding the wave with her younger sister, celebrity hairstylist Sarah Potempa. During a backyard chat at their parents' Libertyville, Illinois, home, Sarah commented that she wanted to create a new type of curling iron. Erin, who says she "loved the idea of building something new," joined Sarah in a three-year journey of research and development. The result was the **Beachwaver**, which sold out in its January 2012 launch on QVC.

Since then, the sister act has expanded Sarahpotempa, Inc., to include 12 styling tools, including the Wrap Up (to create top knots and buns),

brushes, a tension comb and styling iron. The tools are also sold at Nordstrom, beauty.com and sarahpotempa.com, among other venues. As president of the company, headquartered in Union City, New Jersey, Erin handles all business development, legal matters, logistics, factory management and daily operations.

"We are trying to build an ethical company with an emphasis on family values and empowerment," says Erin. "Working with my sister and with the constant support and advice of our parents has honestly been a dream come true."



**He visits** with family and friends in the United States, occasionally takes in a ND football game, teaches medical students in America and treats patients in Third World countries. Welcome to the “absurd life” of **Dr. Vincent DeGennaro Jr. '02**, who recently moved from his work in Boston and Rwanda to teach at the University of Miami and participate in Project Medishare for Haiti. His medical missions have taken him from Honduras, Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic to Rwanda and Haiti. Follow his Global Doc columns twice monthly at [magazine.nd.edu](http://magazine.nd.edu) to find out where he is, what he's doing and what's on his mind.



**Are you an uber-fan?** As seniors at Notre Dame, **Sean O'Brien '12** and **Evan Wray '12** wanted to find a way “for fans to express their school spirit as fanatically as we do.” They came up with TextPride Emoji ([textpride.com](http://textpride.com)), a mobile app that allows users to share their enthusiasm for a team through text messaging.

The app, says O'Brien, works as a message-creation device. “Upon opening TextPride,” he explains, “the user is able to type a message and add any amount of unique school images to that message.”

While the app is free, users must pay \$1.99 to download each school image package. Licensed images from more than 40 Division I-A universities are offered, including Notre Dame, Michigan, Auburn, Florida, Miami, Georgia Tech and Texas — and each participating school

receives a percentage of TextPride sales. Each PridePack includes from 20 to 25 images of such items as helmets, monograms, mascots and logos.

O'Brien, a political science major from Dallas, Texas, who deferred his law school entry to work on the app, and Wray, an economics major from Dayton, Ohio, who left his job as a financial analyst for NetApp to focus on their new company, moved to San Francisco to partake of the start-up culture of Silicon Valley. The co-founders named their company RevoApps, and they credit Notre Dame professors and graduates with support that helped them turn their idea into a reality, including mentors Joe Queenan, who previously was the acting client service director at Innovation Park, **Frank Belatti '69**, a management instructor in the Mendoza College of Business, and angel investor **Patrick A. Salvi '78**. J.D. Among their staff is **Mike Murray '11**, who serves as the company's mobile developer. Eventually the founders hope to expand the PridePack offerings to include professional sports, military units and, says Wray, “anything that has a brand.”

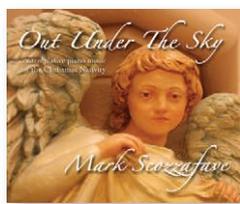
While they don't offer any predictions, O'Brien and Wray say they are excited about the financial possibility of their business. “We have all of these teams on board — so if we get a very small fraction [of fans] of each school, the numbers start to get really big,” says Wray.

**Lindsey Jones '02**, former captain of the ND women's soccer team, and former professional soccer player and coach Heather Dittmer have launched Upward Roots, a nonprofit organization in Oakland, California. The group aims to develop leadership in low-income and at-risk youth through a program that focuses on community service projects chosen and overseen by the students. Research has shown that such civic engagement, Brown writes, is “directly correlated to numerous positive outcomes, academically and in personal development.”



Since spring of 2011, Upward Roots has served students in six elementary and middle schools of the Oakland Unified School District. Sample projects, Brown notes, have included painting a mural on campus that advocates respectful behavior; planting a vegetable garden promoting healthy and sustainable living; running an anti-violence campaign promoting peaceful action at school; and conducting a fundraiser for a local animal shelter.

**While at Notre Dame**, **Mark Scozzafave '03** recorded and sold two solo piano Christmas CDs. These days the Chicago resident, who works for Accenture, volunteers as a pianist at Old Saint Patrick's Church. He recently recorded a new CD, *Out Under the Sky*, a collection of original arrangements that contemplates the music of the first Christmas. “It is inspired in part by the classical repertoire and music from the Polish and Celtic traditions,” he writes, “but more deeply by the humanity of those days under the Bethlehem sky: the wonder, the journey, the cold, the humility, the joy.” The 15-song CD can be found at Amazon, iTunes and CD Baby.



**The senior thesis project** of **Charlotte Lux '11** MFA was awarded a 2012 Core77 Design award, which recognizes “excellence in all areas of design enterprise.” Lux developed a new approach to the diagnostic procedure for those undergoing stereotactic breast biopsy, which is generally an uncomfortable experience for patients. Her redesign proposes changes in the nurse-patient information exchange, the gown a patient wears, visual focal points in the testing room and the table on which a patient lies throughout the biopsy itself.

Her hope, Lux says of the project, “was to add to the current movement aimed at changing the way healthcare practitioners and medical equipment

manufacturers approach the delivery of care.” She has shared her “human-centered” project design with breast-care clinicians and a representative of a medical equipment manufacturer, although further product development work would be required if a company wishes to implement her design.

Lux, who now works at IA Collaborative, a research, strategy and design consulting company in Chicago, says, “My current focus is a project aimed at helping people living with chronic illness lead healthier lives.”





## The shore that calls us home

BY SAMUEL HAZO '49

IN 1999 I RETURNED TO NOTRE DAME for the 50-year reunion of the class of 1949. I had missed all previous class reunions for various reasons but decided it was important to come to this one. I might add that my wife, whose ardor for Notre Dame is second to none, may have had something to do with that.

A month or so before the event my friend Joe O'Brien, who is also our class secretary,

*Samuel Hazo is the McAnulty distinguished professor emeritus at Duquesne University and founder and director of the International Poetry Forum in Pittsburgh. He was awarded an honorary degree from Notre Dame in 2008. The poem, "Home Are the Sailors," was given a musical setting by Samuel Robert Hazo, the author's son and a symphonic composer. Entitled "Siorai September," it was premiered as a special University commission in New York's Carnegie Hall by the Notre Dame Concert Band on May 11, 2012.*

called and asked me if I would consider writing a poem to celebrate the occasion. I told Joe that poems "written for occasions" were rarely worth anything and that, although I appreciated his asking me, I thought it was not a good idea.

As the date neared, I was startled out of sleep one night by a dream too relevant to be ignored. In this dream the reunion had already happened, and I had indeed written a poem that I dreamt I quoted at the farewell dinner. In fact, the poem in the dream stayed with me as I woke — not totally but in parts — and I wrote as much as I could remember of it on a sheet of paper. All that day I worked on my memory of that poem until I finished it. I waited several days to see if it would still "hold up." Finally, I called Joe and told him that the poem I had written regarded the reunion as already behind us, but that he was welcome to it if he thought it appropriate.

We've journeyed back to grass  
and souvenirs and beige bricks.  
The sky's exactly the same.  
Acre by acre the campus  
widens like a stage designed  
for a new play.

Why  
do we gawk like foreigners  
at residence halls no longer  
ours but somehow ours  
in perpetuity.

We visit them  
like their alumni — older  
but unchanged.

Half a century  
of students intervenes.

They stroll  
among us now, invisible  
but present as the air before  
they fade and disappear.

It's like  
the day we swam St. Joseph's  
Lake.

We churned the surface  
into suds with every stroke and kick.

After we crossed, the water  
stilled and settled to a sheen  
as if we never swam at all.  
One memory was all we kept  
to prove we'd been together  
in that very lake, and swimming.  
Each time we tell this story,  
someone says we're living out  
a dream.

We say we're only  
reuniting within the lives  
we lived.

As long as we  
can say they were, they were . . .  
And what they were, we are.

Looking back on that reunion experience (as it actually was, as well as how I imagined it would be) has made me regard returns of this kind as more than mere nostalgia. I've come to the conclusion that they are related to one of the deepest compulsions in each of us, and that is the drama of leaving "home" and then coming back.

Subconsciously many of us at the 1999 reunion felt that we were in a sense "coming home." For a number of our undergraduate years Notre Dame had been a *home* to us. Of course, it was never fully "home" because as students we invariably counted the days until we could return during Christmas or midterm breaks to Pittsburgh, Boston, Kalamazoo, Birmingham, Phoenix or wherever. A home away from home, however dear it may historically or actually be, is not quite the same as home. But at times it seems so, if only temporarily, as I tried to say in a poem called "Home Are the Sailors."

Like those who sail away and then  
come back, we keep returning  
to a port we've never left.  
A life we used to live  
awaits us there as shores await  
all sailors home from sea.  
So much is differently the same.  
And yet what is the present  
but a future that the past  
made possible?

There is  
no older story.

And what  
are we but random pilgrims  
stopped in progress to remember?  
If now seems more like then,  
why care?

As long as home  
means where we most belong —  
just that long — we're there.

The experience of leaving home for college, war, work or diversion is now commonplace. The leaving may be difficult or perfunctory or routine. It's painful if you know you're leaving (or have to leave) permanently. If it's anything less, you look forward to coming back. Coming back from war, for example, to be reunited with loved ones is a joy beyond words. Coming back from work makes us realize what we are actually working for. And returning from a vacation or a stint in college rewards us with a sense of familiarity as we survey rooms that seem to have been waiting for us. No matter why we leave, we look forward to returning for only one reason — to be in that space where we are at home. There is simply no substitute for it.

In literature we find the theme of departure and return in everything from Homer's *Odyssey* to the parable of the prodigal son to Alfred Lord Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe to the saga of Huckleberry Finn. I even see this in the game of baseball. Having played it when younger and being a lifelong devotee, I know

## This puts me at odds with one Czech writer who claimed that a man is not fully human until he achieves a state of being resident nowhere, thus truly becoming a citizen of the world.

in my genes that a batter comes to home plate with the hope of returning to home plate again. Getting home, in the parlance of the game, is all that counts. Literally.

The importance of home to one man made a lasting impression on me when I recently read the late Anthony Shadid's *House of Stone*. Shadid, the winner of two Pulitzer Prizes for international reporting, was the chief Middle East correspondent for *The New York Times*. He covered the wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria. It was while leaving Syria in a horse convoy (because road travel was too perilous) that Shadid died of a severe asthmatic attack.

It was discovered after his death that Shadid was mortally allergic to horses. But prior to that he had decided to take a year off from his posts in Iraq and Libya and, rather than return to his home in Washington or to his native Oklahoma, he thought it would be resuscitating to rebuild and restore the stone house of his grandparents in Marjayoun, Lebanon. With the help of a motley crew

of stonemasons and other craftsmen, he did just that, although his death in Syria prevented him from seeing the job completed.

But, as he narrates in *House of Stone*, it was his connection with the Shadid family's ancestral home that saved him from a depression to which he was prone after witnessing the horrific effects of war on the populations in Iraq, Libya and, finally, Syria. For Shadid the idea of home — or rather the restoration of a home — restored him as well. His family, realizing that, decided justly that he should be buried in Marjayoun.

The prize-winning memoirist N. Scott Momaday wrote that a man in his lifetime once "ought to give himself up to a particular landscape in his experience, to look at it from as many angles as he can, to wonder about it, to dwell upon it." It lately has become apparent to me that for many years I have looked at the city of Pittsburgh in just this spirit. Born, bred and "battered" here, I feel essentially alien when I am away from it for too long, no matter where I am. Even in the south of France, which has the climate, the pace, the cuisine and the Mediterranean blend of work

and leisure that attract me as nothing else can, I reach a point while I am there when I simply want to come home in order to feel "at home."

This puts me at odds with one Czech writer who claimed that a man is not fully human until he achieves a state of being resident nowhere, thus truly becoming a citizen of the world. And it leaves me diametrically opposed to the great Argentinian writer and dissident Jacobo Timmerman, who was persecuted and exiled by the dictator Pinochet. In exile Timmerman stated: "I am more at home in subjects now, not countries." These comments were made by men who actually were refugees, however, and such statements could readily be seen as the fallback of men forced into permanent exile. I even have the feeling that the statements smack of rationalization, and understandably so.

A person's addresses and orientations may change, but no one is truly from everywhere. Each of us is from somewhere, and if that somewhere remains accessible to us

and we live there by choice, then to call it anything else but home is plain wrong. Being from a particular somewhere we draw a certain strength from and feel the pride of loyalty to our residence there.

We are part of the whole.

When asked why I have stayed and continue to stay in Pittsburgh, I never can give a specific reason. It's like being asked why my wife and I chose one another or why I do what I do. The answer gets bogged down in the mystery of life itself. Eventually I wonder if I actually did the choosing or, vocationally speaking, was chosen. When pressed, I give the usual reasons — it's where I earn

been and still is mine more than a geographical importance. It makes it mine; it literally becomes me, a part of me forever.

This might even explain a phenomenon for which Pittsburgh has become widely known. The city's population has dwindled from more than around 675,000 in the 1950s and '60s to just over 310,000 now; not an unusual drop for a city where many jobs once centered on the steel industry. The young began looking elsewhere for their lives, while the old grew older and died. This was true even though the city was and still is known internationally for its medical facilities, its universities and its diversi-

**I suspect that I live in Pittsburgh because I have never discovered or felt the need of another home anywhere else. True, history and upbringing and happenstance all had something to do with my staying. But there was and always is something more.**

my living, where my family has been and still is, where my friends (and enemies) of long-standing still are, where I like the change of seasons and so on. But I know in my heart that these are not the reasons as much as they are simply facts.

I suspect that I live in Pittsburgh because I have never discovered or felt the need of another home anywhere else. True, history and upbringing and happenstance all had something to do with my staying. But there was and always is something more. I sense this each time I visit the plot of graves in Calvary Cemetery in the city where the deceased members of my family are buried. While I am there, I understand what continuity means. It's what the living always feel when they are in the presence of the graves of those once loved . . . and still loved.

Beyond religious belief, beyond the ineluctable ties of blood, beyond all power but the power of love itself, I know that the remains of those who raised me are there beneath my feet, and in the grip of feelings generated by that remembrance I have shamelessly knelt and prayed on that grave-cluttered slope for these dead and definite few. In a larger sense it's as if America exists in miniature in the 10 or 15 square yards of Pennsylvania that holds them. It confers on the city that was their home and that has

fied light and heavy industries. But what emerges as a matter of amazement is that many of those who left in their 20s and 30s came back when they were in their 60s and 70s. Many even moved into some of the very houses and neighborhoods where they were raised to live out their retirements.

If this return "exodus" is not a testimony to the magnetic pull of "home," I have no other way of explaining it.

During my visits to Notre Dame in the past few decades, I realized that what was a home away from home for me and many other alumni was truly a home for the priests, brothers and some of the resident lay teachers who gave their very lives to their work at the university. They are buried in the Holy Cross Cemetery. On one return visit I decided quite spontaneously to take a walk through the cemetery, stopping here and there when I recognized a name. A poem actually came of it.

So many gone to graves  
and all in regimental order . . .  
Headstoned by squat crosses  
and ranked in death's exact  
chronology, they answer  
to the names we had for them:  
"Black Mac" McCarragher,  
Leo "Rational" Ward,

"Big" and "Little" McAvoy,  
Boarman the orator, and Eugene  
Burke of the pinched pince-nez.  
To see their lives reduced  
to digits on a cross seems almost  
disrespectful.

Sameness they hated  
to a man, but now they're stuck  
with it.

And yet there's something  
just in this most orderly  
democracy.

Each man is buried  
minutes from the work that was  
his life.

Together they resemble  
soldiers buried by battalions  
near their battlefields.

Here's Kehoe  
the Prefect.

Here's tall and scholarly  
Soleta.

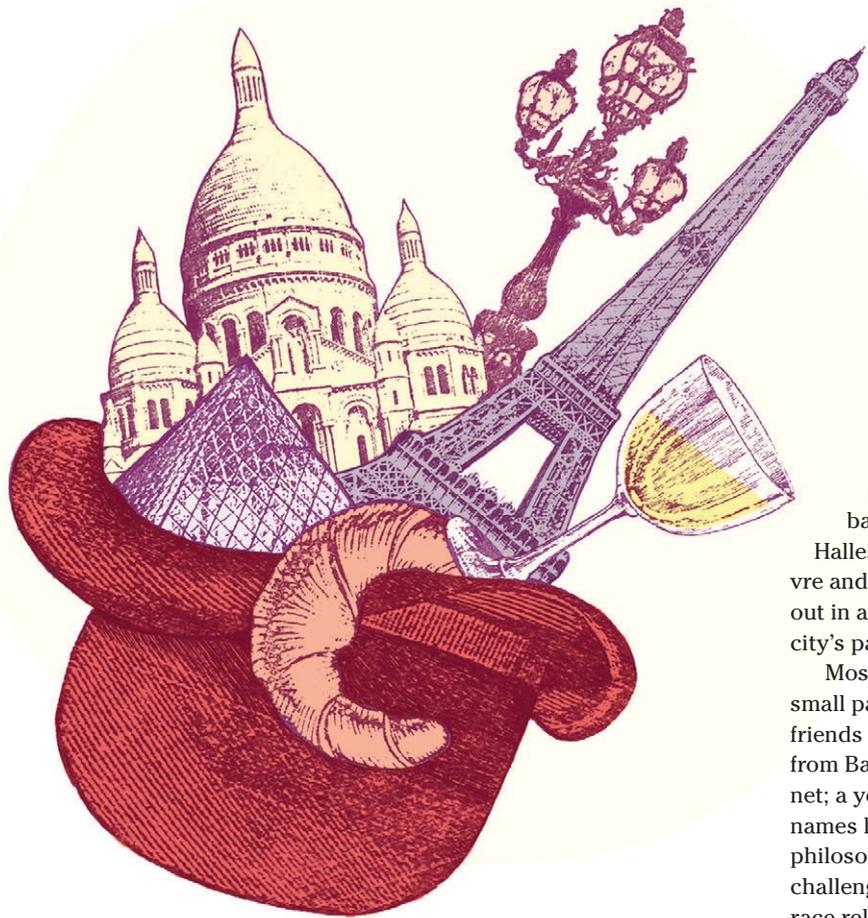
Here's Frank the fiery  
centaur of the lot.

A trio  
of fresh, white tulips decorates  
the plot that claimed him forty  
years ago.

Who put them there?

Thoughts that prompt a poem like this invariably raise important, existential questions. Paul Gauguin grouped them succinctly as the title of one of his most memorable paintings: "Who are we? Where do we come from? Where are we going?" All spiritual quests and all religions address themselves ultimately to these questions. The answers depend on the faith of the questioner, who hopes that his faith will be rewarded. It could be reunion with Christ, with God, with holiness itself, with family and loved ones, with the spirit of the universe. The answer is never a matter of absolute knowledge but a matter of faith. And the answer is unknowable this side of death as much as we would like it to be. We simply live in hope, which for Christians is the crucial virtue that unites faith and charity. It's the one virtue that impels us to live, regardless.

I think that the homing instinct in each of us carries over into the sense that life itself could be something similar to a journey home. Many writers have described an after-life in these terms. They all reflect the view that the homing instinct seems too deep and universal to be confined to our "ground time" in the here and now. They imply that it could be a foretelling. We shall see. □



## A place I once knew

BY FRANK J. CUNNINGHAM

*A young man goes to Paris as every young man should  
There's something in the air of France  
that does a young man good.*

I WAS BARELY 22 when I went to Paris, at once naive and brash, weary of studying and working for tuition, a “day hop” Siena College graduate anxious to get away from home. I tagged along with a college mate who planned to finish his French requirement at a summer course in the Sorbonne. It was 1963, and in my pocket was a one-way ticket and \$400. A student ship took us from New York to Le Havre, then a train to Paris where I spent the first night in a park propped up against my brother’s Marine Corps duffle bag. I had not enough French, but enough spunk.

The next morning we met Bernadette. She was a tour guide standing outside the American Express office, a tourist mail drop in those years. Maybe we asked her directions, maybe advice on a cheap hotel. In a gesture of kindness she hustled us onto her tour bus and showed us the city. After work she introduced us to her fiancé, Jacques. They found us a room in the Left Bank — \$2 a night each at the Windsor Hotel on Rue de l’Ancienne-Comédie —

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*Frank Cunningham’s articles have appeared in this magazine, America and U.S. Catholic. He retired as publisher and president of Ave Maria Press in 2005. Song lyrics are from “Raspberries, Strawberries” by Will Holt.*

and took us to dinner where we met their friend Gerard. Chain-smoking, rumple-suited Gerard. We were quickly under their collective wing.

What ensued was extraordinary, especially for an Irish Catholic kid from a circumscribed urban neighborhood. How my worldview would shift and expand.

For survival money I got a job selling the Paris edition of *The New York Times* in the afternoons on the Champs-Élysées or the evenings in front of the Opera House, a grand baroque structure. I also corrected and typed letters in English for a small exporter and sold a series of articles on my experiences to my hometown paper. It paid the rent, provided money for espresso and beer, baguettes and camembert, and an occasional foray into Les Halles for onion soup and chilled white wine. I haunted the Louvre and the Rodin, practiced speaking my reader’s French, hung out in a café or two on Boulevard Saint-Germain, and explored the city’s parks, churches and gardens.

Most memorable were the late evenings in the cafés or in the small park at the tip of Île de la Cité with my newfound French friends and others: Mariah from Finland; a beautiful Caribbean girl from Barbados; a Brit who could play respectable jazz on his clarinet; a young Italian who had hung out in Harlem nightclubs — their names long forgotten. Youthful discussions of politics, religion, philosophy and music ranged on and on. My sense of America was challenged — our paranoia at domestic communism, our abysmal race relations, our consummate materialism all easy targets of idealistic youth. Despite their challenges, these young people revered the United States, loved our movies and our jazz, the hope and vibrancy of the youthful Kennedy administration, Martin Luther King’s appeal to our better selves.

How quickly it would all change. How quickly the years would pass.

*An old man returns to Paris as ev’ry old man must.  
He finds the winter winds blow cold.  
His dreams have turned to dust.*

I’d always wanted to return to Paris, but life made other demands and so it took 48 years. Now the Windsor Hotel on Rue de l’Ancienne-Comédie is gone. The etched stone plaque remains, letting the world know that the king’s court jesters lived on this street through most of the 18th century. The old restaurant across the street is still there, looking much smarter than I recalled. But precious little else is familiar, a once sleepy side street buried in an explosion of touristy commerce.

Boulevards Saint-Michel and Saint-Germain are still wide and busy, minus the rickety Renaults and rusty Deux Chevaux of the early ’60s. The side streets no longer provide quiet refuge. What a frenzy it has all become, the students who once sipped espressos in the cafés replaced by guide-toting tourists. Would Burroughs and Ginsberg find a suitable place to dally now? Would Sartre and de Beauvoir find a welcome table at *Les Deux Magots*? The Left Bank of Voltaire and Molière and Wilde is gone, replaced by gaggles of tourists pursuing their footsteps.

So, too, the museums. In that other time I stood within arm’s length of the Mona Lisa, but now she’s mobbed by a semicircle through 50-feet deep. An unobstructed view was hopeless, so I

turned my back to the dozens of phone cameras held high but offering little more than a periscope's view of *La Gioconda*. I made my way back to the quarter-mile-long Grand Gallery to linger nearly alone with works by Raphael and Caravaggio — masters, not pop stars.

The crowds of the Louvre wore me down, so I made my way out and ambled to the old Opera house, intent on having lunch at the Café de la Paix, where I once sold *The Times* to patrons and where I couldn't afford an espresso. I still couldn't, so I opted for an outside table at an intimate café down the street. There I stalked the ghosts over *soupe à l'oignon gratinée* and chilled *vin blanc*.

Memories surfaced despite my faulty recall of a more expansive Place de l'Opéra, of longer steps for an opera crowd in evening dress to ascend. In this same mind's eye I spotted the old woman beggar I came to know through repeated evenings of eye contact and smiles. She'd plop herself at the Métro stop, hand held out for hours in supplication. One night she waved me over to ask how I'd done selling my papers. "Fine," I told her. Then, with a knowing smile, she parted the pleats of her long, thick, black skirt to reveal buckets of change in her lap. Despite her revelation I opted to continue my career in print media, occasionally enjoying explaining that my first job out of college was with the Paris edition of *The New York Times*.

I recalled the man who asked for directions and then complimented me on my facility with English. I thanked him and told him I'd been "educated in the States," smug in the belief I had passed for a local. And the IBMer who was incredulous at what I was doing. He gave me his card and wrote a name and number on the back.

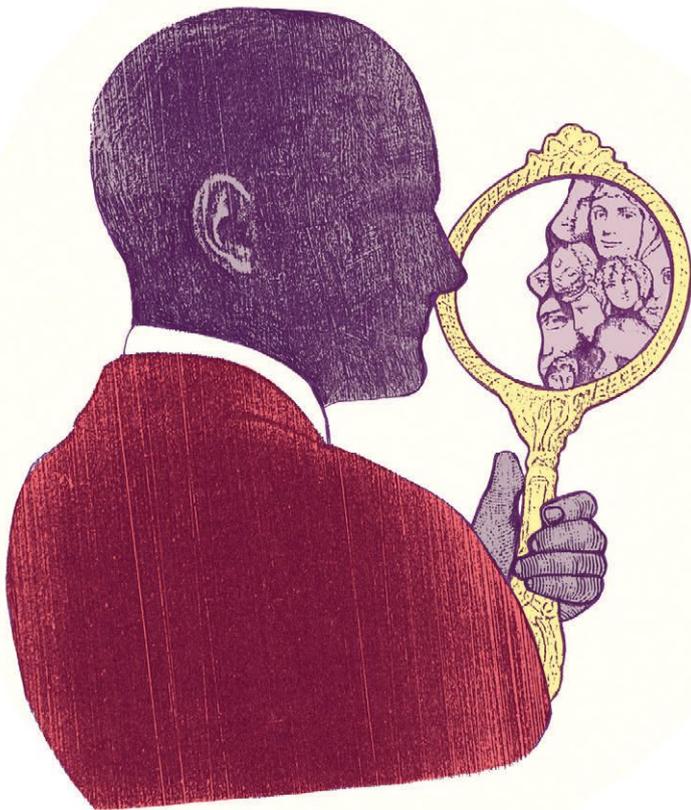
"Call my boss when you get back. IBM is looking for people like you." I never followed up. I wasn't a gray-flannel-suit guy.

Such daydreaming is an aging man's exercise in nostalgia, something I promised myself to minimize. I don't want to bore my family and friends by repeating oft-heard stories. Yet nostalgia is a necessary therapy when there are many more years behind than ahead. It helps us understand why we've become what we are, what happened after the forks in the road.

In my reminiscing that summer afternoon in Paris I was struck by how similar my family-raising, working-life years were to today's Paris — hectic, intense, purpose-driven, squeezed full with people and activity.

And how similar my post-career years are to that carefree adventure in Paris so long ago. The evening of my life has granted me a freedom unknown since youth, a freedom to pursue interests — to watch with pride the unfolding lives of our children; to revel in grandchildren's antics, observations and conversations; to gain a richer understanding of music; to whittle down that list of books; and to travel. I can even plot and undertake occasional grand adventures, such as long-distance hikes and bicycle rides with old friends. My blessings have rekindled wonder.

I left Paris for the second time with an overwhelming sense of gratitude for a charmed life. Some of my youthful dreams turned to dust, it's true, but others played out. From the Paris of my youth I had traveled on to Rome where I met my future wife. Forty-eight years, four children, seven grandchildren and a fulfilling career later I've lived a reality contained in few dreams of that 22-year-old. □



## The George Bailey in all of us

BY PATRICK GALLAGHER '83

I FIRST ENCOUNTERED *IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE* about 30 years ago at Notre Dame. In our sophomore or junior year, one of my friends was shocked to learn that I, the film buff in our group, had never even heard of this classic holiday movie. So when WGN aired it near Christmas, he reserved the Zahm Hall basement party room and we invited our friends to the screening.

We loved the movie. It was great to be with these friends and watch the story of a man who did more good than he knew. When the movie ended, after his friends had come to George Bailey's rescue, someone pointed to one of the Farley girls who, never one to hide her emotions, was crying profusely over the happy ending. This distraction gave the rest of us a chance to surreptitiously dry our own eyes.

*Patrick Gallagher lives in Aberdeen, South Dakota, where he works for the Catholic school system.*

That night in that room with those friends has remained part of my experience with the movie over 30 years of watching. And after all those viewings, and what I've picked up each time I've watched it, I've come to realize that the movie ends the way I first watched it: with friends.

As those friends and I were watching George Bailey's life story, I'm sure we weren't looking 30 years down our own road — and we certainly weren't thinking of ourselves ever being as old as George was in the movie (an age we passed a decade ago) or thinking about the situations we would be in, with our own responsibilities, our

## Dreams are a part of the air in college — they're woven into the promise of school and might as well be in the course catalogs.

own compromises. No, the 20-year-old me wasn't looking forward, but the 50-year-old me *is* looking back, wondering: Have I become George Bailey?

I believe *It's a Wonderful Life* is like America's mirror. I can't be the only viewer who imagines I see something of my own situation represented there. It's a story of a man of great promise and, if not promise, great dreams, who sets it all aside — the seeing the world, building things, getting rich, even lassoing the moon — and puts himself in the service of the common good. It's a selfless act, and we all like to see ourselves in an unselfish light, forced by circumstances to interrupt our plans.

Deferred dreams can be painful, though, and even noble George wasn't always stoic in all of this. He was tempted by the evil Mr. Potter to take a better-paying job and close the Building and Loan. Potter pegs George: "George Bailey is not a common, ordinary yokel. He's an intelligent, smart, ambitious young man who hates his job, who hates the Building and Loan almost as much as I do. A young man who's been dying to get out on his own ever since he was born. A young man — the smartest one of the crowd, mind you — a young man who has to sit by and watch his friends go places because he's trapped, yessir, trapped into frittering his life away playing nursemaid to a lot of garlic eaters."

When Potter ends this description with "Do I paint a correct picture, or do I exaggerate?" George may sit silently, but we viewers know the answer.

George isn't silent on the Christmas Eve when Uncle Billy has lost the Building and Loan's deposit and the books are out of order and there's a risk of fraud. When he gets home that evening after a day of scandal, he's inundated with the day's routine news from his wife and children, who are oblivious to his stress and ignorant of its cause. After stewing during several minutes of too much good cheer, he finally blows up in his living room and violently kicks over a table that holds a model of a bridge, his long-deferred dream that never came true.

Dreams are a part of the air in college — they're woven into the

promise of school and might as well be in the course catalogs. We go to college to create or fulfill dreams, and so, as students, we might have been particularly vulnerable to a movie about big dreams. Similarly, perhaps I was susceptible to the other cultural icon I adopted while at Notre Dame: Bruce Springsteen. Not long before we had our *Wonderful Life* party, Springsteen's "The River" came out, and it included the line, "Is a dream a lie if it don't come true, or is it something worse?" The movie raises that question, too.

Was George trapped by a dream that didn't come true? The 20-year-old me watched 20-something George go from dreamer to not-quite-40-something banker who's not doing the *important* things he wanted to do. That youthful me ignored the important things George does — in being a good husband, good father, good citizen, good man. It took the angel Clarence to show George that he, too, was overlooking these accomplishments.

Clarence is the answer to a prayer but also to what is essentially a midlife crisis. Told by Potter that he's "worth more dead than alive," George lets his long-simmering frustrations boil over and reacts by calling his whole life into question — "It would have been better if I'd never been born at all." The crux of a midlife crisis is to wonder if your life was worth it, whether you've done anything of consequence — something you'd be proud to tell your younger self about. Clarence's mission in this somewhat inside-out *A Christmas Carol* shows George the impact of actions that are mostly everyday things, raising his kids, doing his job — as the Woody Allen line goes — of just showing up.

At the end of the movie, George reads the inscription that the newly winged Clarence wrote in a copy of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*: "No man is a failure who has friends." Contrary to Potter's taunt that the "riffraff" would run him out of town, George's friends do show up, bailing him out with enough money to cover what was lost. But that happens only because George never realized his dreams. If not for George deferring his dreams, those friends would be living a Potter nightmare.

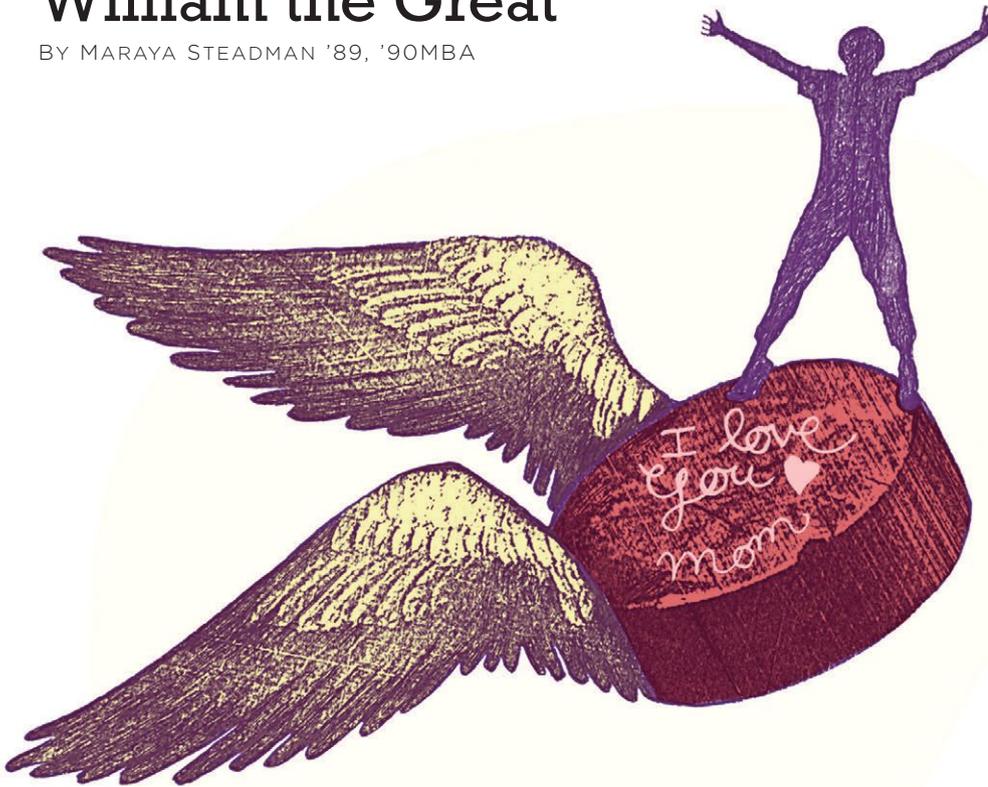
Interestingly, when Clarence tells George, "You really had a wonderful life," he has only shown George what he had done for other people, not for himself. Having had those dreams, even if they didn't come true, still shaped George. One might ask: Without those dreams, would he have been the man those friends would have wanted to rescue? Thus one answer to Springsteen's question: Dreams that don't come true don't have to be a lie or something worse; maybe they are something else.

They may not have been angels, but the people in that Zahm Hall party room are still some of the best friends I've ever had. And in that room and in those memories and among those friends lies another solution to Springsteen's problem. Simply enough, maybe too simplistic for some, an answer to dreams that don't come true is friends — the distractions, shifted perspectives, altered opportunities, companionship, buffer, time and love that friends inject into life. The money from George's friends solved his problem, but that was just a dividend from the time he'd invested in being a good man. It's not the money piling up that jerks the tears at the end; it's the flood of friends who keep pouring in.

No, I haven't become George Bailey, and, given my reverence for the movie, there's a certain sacrilege in suggesting it. My sacrifices and impact (and promise) don't add up to his. But I've learned what he did. In my life, I've confronted problems that were insoluble, whether broadly dysphoric, like an unfulfilled dream, or wrenchingly real, like a death. Yet my friends and family were the solution, not by fixing the problem but by being there, by just showing up. □

# William the Great

BY MARAYA STEADMAN '89, '90MBA



What I love about my 8-year-old son is not seeing his name on a hockey team roster but that big toothy grin, the way he uses a dirty sock for a bookmark, his school shirts that look like he got into a fight with his lunch. I love holding his hand, the way he loves to hug, how happy he can be over French toast and the card he wrote to his grandmother for Mother's Day.

A father of a boy we know recently commented to me that he liked my son's drive and intensity. He told me his son wasn't as competitive. The boy's father wanted his son to be involved in something, maybe band, but another father told him every kid should do team sports for the life lessons they teach, so he's forcing his son to play team sports.

I struggle sometimes to understand the lessons we learn through sports. Sitting beside my son when he thinks he's not good enough, when he cries after a game and tells me he sucks, when he's bullied in the locker room or learns the name for a "girl's wiener" in Polish, I wonder what our children really learn about life from playing competitive sports.

I'm not sure an ice rink is the best place for my son to learn life lessons. Despite this, I'm still the one driving him to practice, driving him to tryouts. It's me, not my son, who made the decision for him to try out for Mite 1. I'm the one who put us here, in the rink, on a Tuesday afternoon, risking not making the team, risking failure.

So on Tuesday afternoon my son opens the door, pulls on his gloves, steps onto the ice. He is wearing his favorite jersey and the beaten-up skates he no longer lets me tie for him, the skates he wore to every practice, every camp, every clinic and every hour he put into making this team. He is 8 years old and skating away from me with the courage to fail. Watching him step onto the ice is the hardest parenting I've ever done, and writing "I love you" on a hockey puck is the best advice I can offer as he plays this game — his game — as I sit on the sidelines and cheer. □

*William Steadman, number 90, made Mite 1 and now plays right wing on its second line.*

THIS MORNING MY SON threw up his breakfast. He's not sick. He's just stressed out about hockey tryouts. He's 8. This is ridiculous.

"You are awesome," I tell him. "I'm so proud of you, whatever happens." On it goes, my cheerleading. But he's not listening. He's waiting for the roster.

If he makes Mite 1, he'll be one of the last kids picked on a roster of 14. If he doesn't make it, he'll be a dominant player on Mite 2. And I have no idea what I should want for him. To be one of the best players on the team who gets a zillion minutes of ice time every game, or just another kid on the third line who never gets on the ice for a penalty kill or the last two minutes of a big game — BUT who gets to practice with the "Elite" team, plays against tougher competition, develops his skills and is on track for Central States, AAA and that elu-

sive Division I scholarship I couldn't care less about.

I have no idea what is best for him, and I think that is why I was awake at 4 a.m. What is tearing at me is yesterday in the locker room he looked around at the other boys there and whispered to me, "I'll never make the '1' team, Mom. I'm not good enough."

Because he is good enough — he is more than good enough. He is my kid, and I wanted to scream and shout: "You are so much better than 'good enough,' never let your value as a person be determined by another person or a hockey tryout." Instead I told him, "I don't care if you make the Number 1 team or not. I love you." And he smiled his big, goofy, toothy grin, and at that moment I hated everything about hockey and locker rooms, taping sticks, lacing skates, snack bars, pro shops, the risk of injury and all the freaked-out parents and the politics and all of it.

Earlier that day I had buried a puck in the bottom of his bag, under all the gear, stained and beaten by hours on the ice. I dug it out and handed it to him. On the puck I had written with a gold marker, "I love you. Mom."

*Maraya Steadman is a stay-at-home mother who lives in a Chicago suburb. See her biweekly "The Playroom" column at [magazine.nd.edu](http://magazine.nd.edu) and at her website, [marayasteadman.com](http://marayasteadman.com). She can be reached at [maraya@steadmans.org](mailto:maraya@steadmans.org).*

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