



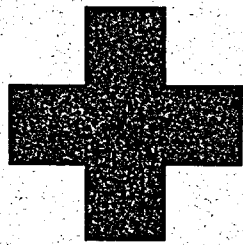
scholastic

February 24, 1978

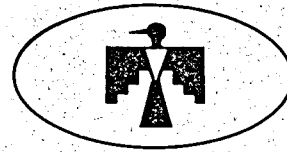
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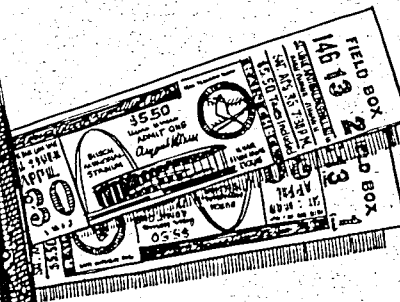


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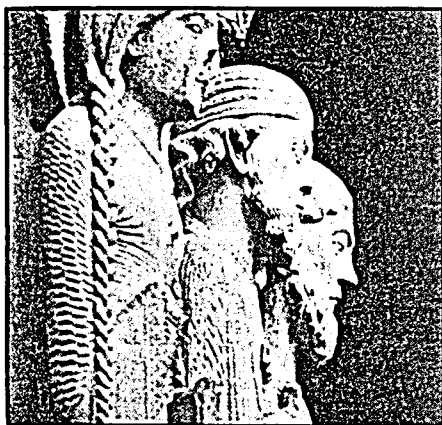
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Notre Dame, Indiana



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THE FOREIGN ALTERNATIVE

by Jake Morrissey

Each year, the lure of the foreign, the glamour of the exotic, and the fascination of the unknown attract a substantial number of Notre Dame-St. Mary's freshmen to the Foreign Studies office to look into the possibility of studying in Europe, Mexico, or the Far East. Under the firm hand of Dr. Charles E. Parnell of the Modern Language department, more than 125 students are currently studying abroad in the Notre Dame program, with another 123 studying abroad with the St. Mary's programs and graduate programs.

"The number of students in each program differs from year to year anywhere between 35 and 50 students," Parnell says. "For the current academic year, we sent 45 to Innsbruck, 47 to Angers, 13 to Tokyo, 18 to Mexico and five to Taiwan."

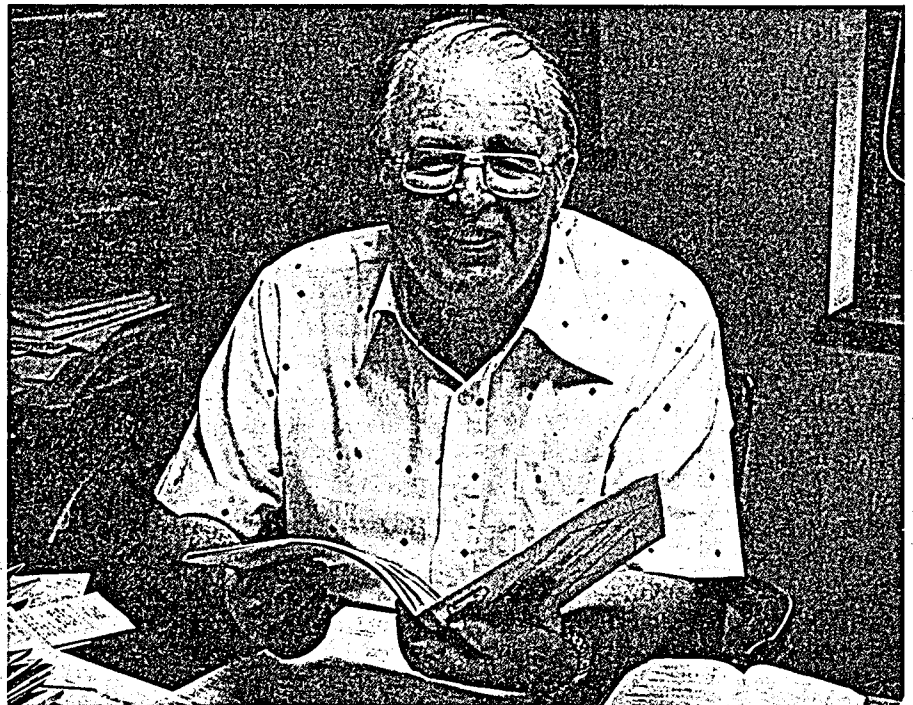
The programs are designed, according to a pamphlet by the Foreign Studies office, to "broaden and deepen the liberal education of the whole person to which Notre Dame has always been committed. Through the foreign study programs this unique advantage is added, without additional cost or delay in graduation, to the excellence of liberal education in the undergraduate colleges." Parnell concurs with this, and notes that, "Despite a nationwide drop in the number of students who participate in foreign study

programs due to economic pressures, Notre Dame has always been able to attract students to the programs." A phenomenon that Parnell has noticed is the fact that, while the College of Arts and Letters, the traditional source of students who want to study abroad, is dropping in number, the overall number has remained stable. At the same time, he has noticed a thirty per cent rise in the number of business students in the programs, especially Tokyo. "We have had excellent support and cooperation from the business

school," Parnell notes, "which perhaps accounts for the increase in enrollment of business students in foreign study programs." Science and Engineering, because of the specific curriculum, do not easily allow students to go abroad, although "several Arts and Letters Pre-professionals have managed it, sometimes taking an extra course or two in the summer." Saint Mary's students wishing to enroll in a Notre Dame foreign study program find no trouble doing so. "The Saint Mary's program is designed to allow this flexibility."

Flexibility in selection is not the only advantage or innovation to the foreign study program. Parnell comments that, "while most colleges and universities have a junior year abroad, Notre Dame does not. Since Notre Dame is not a teacher-training school, we want everyone who desires it to have the opportunity to study abroad without interfering with a student's major. One year, as a matter of fact, we had 100 students participate and between them there were 26 different majors."

Five programs are under Parnell's watchful eye: Innsbruck, Austria, Angers, France; Mexico City, Mexico; Tokyo, Japan and Taipei,



Taiwan. Each country and its program has its own charms and drawbacks. While Innsbruck is described as "picturesque, with its sixteenth-century houses, its old city, its ornate churches and baroque palace," Angers, its nearest competitor in number of students, has "old city walls (that) have now given way to broad tree-lined boulevards and modern apartment buildings in the new sections" and "contrast with the winding, narrow streets and old houses of the center of the city." China, Japan and Mexico offer similar enticing descriptions of their respective locations.

Reasons for Notre Dame's decision to settle programs in these countries are varied, ranging from a recommendation by a professional friend (Innsbruck) to a suggestion by a university president (Tokyo). Each site is screened by the Foreign Study office to determine if it is in fact suitable to the needs of the programs. Contrary to popular belief, each program is reexamined periodically in an attempt to discover if the site and program are still worthwhile. Apparently there have been good reports, as only one program (the Cali program in Colombia that lasted only the 1969-70 academic year due to a military junta) has been terminated.

Another misconception that Parnell is continually correcting concerns grades. After recording the grade point averages for students in Mexico City, he determined that there was actually no truth to the rumor that a foreign study program is "easier" than its base campus curriculum. Other courses are, however, offered abroad that are not offered on campus, reflecting the location and area geography. The Taiwan program, for example, offers, as a history course, "The History of China" and "Chinese Culture and Society" as an anthropology course.

These variables seem to give character and individuality to the different programs. Living conditions vary widely. In Innsbruck, long vacations are the rule, but a rather

large travel and food bill is accumulated as a result. Conversely, while Tokyo is a very expensive city in which to live, it is quite inexpensive for the students, according to Parnell, because many Japanese are interested in learning English and will talk with anyone who is willing to speak it. Tutors, for this reason, are often students and provide a source of outside income that keeps costs down. Taiwan's living expenses are astonishingly low, Parnell notes.

Equally individualistic is the housing situation in each program. While Angers students live with families in their homes in and around the city, students in the Saint Mary's Rome program spend a year living in a hotel. The reason for this, Parnell says, "is that Rome is an apartment city—it always has been, since classical times. And it's very difficult to house students in cramped apartments." In Japan, a reconverted warlord's house is used as a student residence, housing between 200 and 250 students, most of them Japanese. When the Notre Dame students first arrive they have a difficult time adjusting to such an environment, Parnell says, but gradually "the shock wears off and they go on."

Parnell and his program also accept outside students—students not in the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community. "They are eligible for application and admission providing that they meet our academic standards, there is no equivalent program at their university, and that the addition of the student does not put the number of students in a specific program over 50." Students from the University of Michigan, Yale University and the University

of Indiana have all had students in Notre Dame's study abroad program.

All of this global hopscotching may seem incredibly expensive, but Parnell contends that living and learning abroad for a year in one of Notre Dame's satellites costs just as much as living and learning on campus. "The base costs," he said, "are the same as the average for on-campus students—\$4780 or so."

Before a prospective Notre Dame student leaves the country, however, he or she must submit to a somewhat grueling screening process including intensive, special classes in the language of the country and counselors to talk to, reassure and placate uneasy, unsure students.

Despite all of the petty niggling, the rigorous requirements, and the insecurity in knowing that very few people will have even heard of the Fighting Irish, Notre Dame's Foreign Study program is flourishing, offering an opportunity to those of us with wanderlust in our hearts.

Point of Departure

Angers

Most of the people who are polite enough to listen to me ramble about my year in Angers, France, want to hear about my travels—my weekend in Monte Carlo, my Christmas at an Austrian chalet, or my Easter on the French Riviera. Traveling was an important part of my sophomore year abroad, but it was such a small part. I did travel throughout Europe, but I also lived there, in the medium-sized Loire Valley city of Angers.

Angers is a very old city; a 500-year-old castle is its major landmark. One of our first nights there, some of us walked down the narrow cobblestone streets which led to the castle. I remember wondering if the people who lived there even realized that most of this section of the city had been built before the discovery of America.

Angers was interesting, but it wasn't Paris. You won't find the Lido or the Folies Bergeres there. Some did try the one disco; most did see a few movies, and everyone knew where to find the best bars. We did not go out every night, however. The 40 Notre Dame students did spend a lot of time together, but we usually gathered at someone's home.

Most of our social gatherings centered around food. We would congregate to cook a meal and end up spending the entire evening sipping on cheap Algerian wine, munching on cookies from Monoprix's kilo bargain bag, and talking.

We talked a lot that year. We exchanged funny stories from our vacations and classes, helped each other over bouts of homesickness, and took turns reassuring one another that we would eventually learn to speak French fluently. By the end of the year, we knew each other very well. To me, that was one of the

greatest rewards of my 10-month stay. The friendships formed with members of our group continued when I returned to Notre Dame.

The French friends we made were just as valuable. There was Dominique, the French student who tried so hard to be American. He wore a parka and hailed Johnny Cash as the greatest of all musicians. There was Louis with the terrific crepe parties in his country home. There was Beatrice and her "pique-niques" on the Catho lawns. These people were friends. They were patient when we massacred their language, and they did not laugh when we questioned their culture and customs.

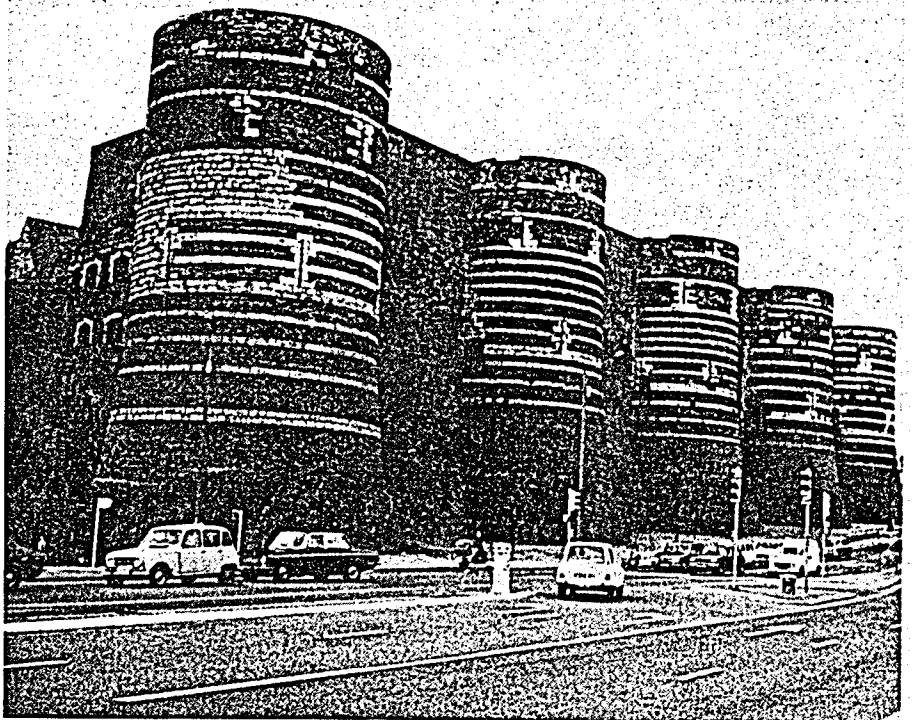
Some of us also became close friends with our French landlords. Each member of our group had a private "off-campus" room. Some lived with families, some with older

couples, and others with widows. Everyone had a different type of relationship with his landlord. There were those who lived as boarders, and those who integrated themselves into the family.

I was fairly close to my French family. I ate breakfast with them every day, and usually joined them for dinner on Sundays. In the mornings, my French "maman" would fill me in on all of the neighborhood gossip as I drank my hot chocolate and sawed off another piece of bread from the long hard *baguette*. I learned a lot from my French family and friends. I can remember more about the French language and culture from them than from any of our textbooks or classes.

One of the biggest myths at Notre Dame is that the sophomore year abroad is an easy year academically. We did not spend as much time studying as we had at Notre Dame, but it was difficult, especially the first semester, listening to lectures, taking notes, and completing all assignments in French. I remember leaving one history lecture completely baffled. I thought I had just heard about Joan of Arc's marriage to King Charles VII.

Even second semester, there were times when I felt that the classes were difficult. In our language class, we were to present an oral exposition as our final project. I wanted to tell about the waiting rooms of the



French railroad stations. I traveled to Paris' Gare-Montparnesse and spent the night interviewing bums. It was a terrifying experience; I was the only female there. Unfortunately, my teacher was not satisfied. She said I needed a more in-depth psychological analysis of the persons I had interviewed and reassigned the project.

All in all, it was a good year. When I tell other Domers about my experiences there, they often wish that they, too, had spent their sophomore year abroad. I wish I could tell them that they didn't miss much, but I cannot lie. They missed a once in a lifetime opportunity.

—Peggy McGuire



It's been a while now since I looked at a calendar and thought, "This time last year I was in Florence," or, "A year ago today I was picking beets on a French farm," but I still often think about (and love to talk about) my sophomore year in Angers, France.

The easiest part of the year to describe is the traveling we did. Mention the word "train" to anyone who has spent a year on an overseas program and the reactions which follow are sure to range from gagging to hysterical laughter. We took trains everywhere: to Paris for dinner, to Vienna for the weekend (well, three hours of the weekend—then it was time to take the train home), and to Copenhagen, where we mostly recuperated from the 27-hour trip.

We would run onto the trains, grab a compartment and spread our knapsacks, our loaves of bread and hunks of cheese our copies of *Europe on \$10 a Day*, and our bodies over every seat, so that we could prevent anyone else from sitting with us. We traveled by night (cleverly saving money on hotel rooms), and if there was one stranger in the compartment, we felt obliged to sleep sitting up all night — otherwise, we'd be on the floor or curled around each other, or even in the luggage rack.

Once on our way, we were faced with passing the long hours until we reached our destination. We

didn't know one another at the beginning of that year, but at the end there wasn't much we *didn't* know. During the long train rides we told one another anything we could remember about ourselves, sometimes starting at the beginning of our lives and talking through 19 years, sometimes telling unrelated story after story.

There were other ways of getting through those long, bumpy nights. There was the memorable all-night ride to Innsbruck when one person had a deadly German phrase book and insisted on teaching us. ("Now girls, you'll want to know how to find a bathroom. Repeat after me: *Wo ist die damen . . .*") And, of course, we ate — and ate and ate.

Arrival in a foreign country brought a lot of new problems. There was, first, the language barrier; everyone *doesn't* speak English, and I hadn't really expected them to, but I thought that they'd all speak French at least. Wrong again. So, we pointed to funny words on menus and ignored signs and rode buses going the wrong way, and somehow we survived and had a good time. There was never enough money — it all looked like play money anyway, and who could figure out how much it was worth? We walked throughout huge cities rather than spend money for a bus, and we stole bread from the breakfast tables so we could avoid buying lunch. Once, hungry and broke

in Monte Carlo, we threw purses up at municipal orange trees to knock down some oranges. We had to run from police, but we discovered that there *is* such a thing as a free lunch.

We even spent some time in France, exploring back streets of Paris, visiting Omaha Beach and the Riviera, and most of all, riding bikes or mopeds through the beautiful chateau country around Angers, frequently stopping for wine-tasting breaks.

There are so many sides to a year abroad. I remember feeling cold, hungry and tired after days of traveling, but all my pictures show us laughing in fountains in dozens of cities. I've stood on a boat watching the cliffs of Dover come into view (they aren't white), I've stood awestruck before great works of art, and I've danced in the Haubrau Haus on New Year's Eve, gambled in the casino at Monte Carlo, and hitchhiked through Ireland. Forty-two of us went to Angers two years ago, and most have plans to go back, plans which reflect changes in us in the past couple of years. We'll go back, but we won't be 19 again, and we'll do things sensibly; we'll stay in nicer hotels, we probably won't have backpacks or parkas, and we won't have the warmth and security of friends who made it possible to spend 10 months laughing.

—Marianne Corr

Nestled in the Alps

Innsbruck

Five months in Austria has not dulled the enjoyment of everyday living experiences in Innsbruck. While typical days here do not come often, we have learned with great enthusiasm the Austrian way of life and have done so in a setting described in fairy tales. Amidst the towering Alps we have become so accustomed to Innsbruck and its activities that it is a sound base from which to begin our adventures throughout Europe and a welcome home for our return.

Our first expectations and impressions of spending a year abroad were formed during our five-week stay in Salzburg. This introduction is one of the program's best assets. It was there that we were totally immersed in the German language but slowly exposed to the Austrian culture. We lived, ate, and studied on castle grounds from which we gradually introduced ourselves to Austrian life surrounding the beautiful and historical setting. With tales of a night in Salzburg to see the Marionettes, a day's excursion for a picnic in the

foothills of the Alps, or an afternoon spent conversing with the natives in a *Gasthaus*, we were comforted in the knowledge that we would return to Schloss Klesheim to good friends anxious to share our experiences. Our initial time spent together formed a bond amongst the group which has strengthened each passing week. The organized nature of the five-week study program enabled us to adjust to a completely new environment with incredible ease. Our primary responsibility was to learn German, yet we were also provided with the additional opportunity to absorb as much of the Austrian culture as we were so motivated.

Each day here begins with a typical Austrian continental breakfast at our home. From then on it is quite uncertain as to the progression of any particular day, aside from attending classes. These classes can be complemented by an assortment of activities which Innsbruck offers due to its Tyrolian atmosphere and facilities developed during the Olympics. A tradition which many

have favored is the long leisurely afternoons spent in cafes sipping coffee and chatting with friends. The *Gasthäuser*, where we tried our first Austrian beer, also offer a friendly atmosphere for socializing. Although we come together for dinner on weeknights, we must provide for some of our own meals and also share in the responsibility of running a household. Therefore, trips to the market are frequent. We've quickly adjusted to the metric system, typical Austrian dishes, and the fact that shopping bags are not always provided. With student bus passes, we have free access to the public transportation system throughout the city. This mobility enables us without effort, to go to the theater, a new restaurant, or the sports center, a recently built complex equipped with extensive facilities. Of course, the buses and trams play an integral role in assuring our prompt arrival to classes.

Because of Innsbruck's central location, travel opportunities abound, an outstanding supplement to our education here. Skiing in the Swiss Alps or shopping in Italy are equally possible weekend trips. Our academic calendar provides us with several free weeks during the year to explore whichever fascinating corner of Europe attracts us first. Innsbruck draws us home after those breaks during which we're scattered in all directions. Whether we've ridden camels past the pyramids of Egypt, walked through the ancient ruins of Greece, or viewed the vineyards and castles of the Rhine Valley from a steamer, none of our experiences could exceed the sheer pleasure of arriving safely to the Innsbruck train station. Exhausted and weary, we make our way down familiar streets to our warm comfortable beds awaiting us at home.

We will never be able to assess how much we have gotten out of our sophomore year abroad until our typical Austrian days have passed. Right now we are still deeply involved in dealing with never-ending challenges and experiences which could only arise in Europe. We continue to enjoy them.

—Mary Budde and
Meg Schiltz



One of the most common and justified complaints which Notre Dame students invoke against their contemporaries who have spent a year overseas is the charge of cultishness, of indulgence in a necessarily elite "Remember When?" syndrome. Such cliches, it is contended, exclude those unfortunates who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to travel abroad during sophomore year. There is a certain amount of self-glorification in the process, an implied one-upmanship which borders on the snobbish. The seemingly endless tales of Alps and adventure and gardens overflowing with beer and wurst, incite in even the most boorish and long-suffering breasts a particular envy, often aggravated by garrulous Innsbruckers to the point of deep resentment. (To be sure, Rome and France have their own, equally tedious, versions of paradise).

It should be noted, to promote the general welfare and establish peace among men, that the Innsbruckers cannot really help themselves: for the majority of them, their year-long life of study and travel in Europe was, and will continue to be, the most formative and central experience of young adulthood.

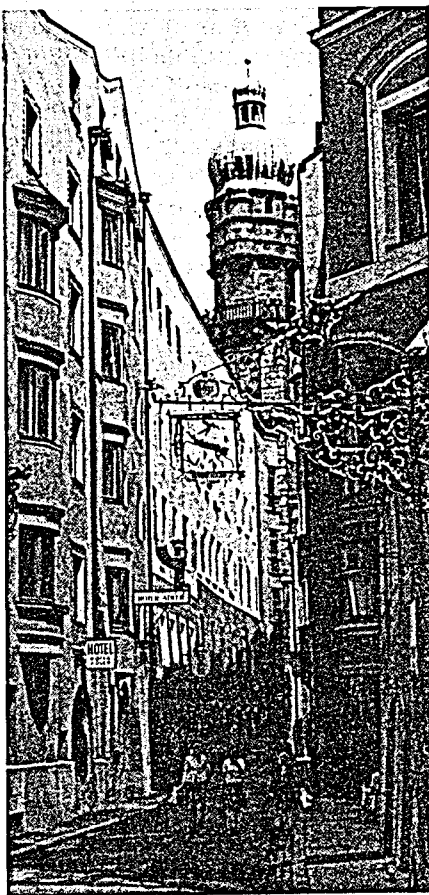
Indeed, the unprecedented freedom which is available to the college student abroad demands a corresponding development of self-reliance and responsibility. It is somewhat overwhelming to realize that, upon mere whim or fancy, one might enjoy access to a weekend (or week, for that matter) in Rome, Venice, or Lucerne. The student is limited in this area only by lack of money: "free time," traveling companions, and physical wherewithal are usually in ample supply. Such autonomy implies a decision for, or a rejection of, personal growth. In no other context is the student's choice so directly and consistently put to the test. Either personal maturity and individuation might occur, or, conversely, indifference and carelessness might become standard behavior. In any event, the option is quite prevalent.

Not the least of the attractions of such a program is the considerable beauty of Europe. Herein lies another phenomenon provocative of personal response. Much more than travelogues come to life, scenarios

such as the Alps at sunset, the low-lying clouds over the greens and purples of Ireland, the majesty of the Vatican, and the desolation of the Roman ruins are profound reminders both of man's fascinating history and God's benevolent work of creation. They are a lot of fun, too.

So, fie to all the stuffed shirts who lament overseas programs on academic grounds: the program is rewarding intellectually as well as emotionally. A bit of philosophy and economics can be complemented with romance and high adventure. And, to those whose patience is strained by told and retold stories in a fairy-book setting: eat your heart out, but do it silently. These people are, in a sense, to be pitied: they carry with them an experience too wonderful for the telling.

—Scott Appleby



Last year a group of transplanted Notre Dame students re-created their American holidays while living in Innsbruck. A few of our imported holidays such as Halloween and St. Patrick's Day puzzled the Austrians, but we felt obligated to retain our American heritage in the midst of *lederhosen*-clad gentlemen and *dirndled Fraus*. Our desire to learn about

the Austrian culture prompted us to celebrate more than a few of the European festivities also.

Our first taste of German merry-making came as the leaves began to turn and the thirsty crowds began to gather in Munich. Oktoberfest! We bid *Auf Wiedersehen* to Salzburg Summer School, donned our backpacks, and made haste to the carnival. Oktoberfest is the age-old celebration of the new suds bubbling forth from the city's seven major breweries. Tourists join with Germans in toasting to the new brew. With true Notre Dame spirit we bent our elbows with gusto matching that of any German.

Halloween is just October 31 to the Austrians, but the American witches and ghouls gathered for the customary masquerade. Toil and trouble it was to fashion costumes from little more than scanty funds and large imaginations, but the tradition-minded Domers observed the holiday in style. Imagine the uproar when a life-sized Crayola Crayon, escorted by a duck, flashed her bus pass and headed to the rear of an otherwise somber Austrian bus. Our director, Herr Klaus Lanzinger, added an intellectual dimension to the party by appearing as Mephistopheles, his favorite character in German literature. Despite the distance between Innsbruck and home, the bewitching evening of tricks and treats did not pass unheeded.

The second imported holiday on our agenda was Thanksgiving. Turkeys, being rare in Austria, were specially ordered from Poland and we managed to feast in a style reminiscent of Grandma's familiar cooking. Classes were mercifully cancelled, and our Austrian professors joined us for the banquet. No one would confess to the slightest twinge of holiday homesickness, yet the first round of \$3.60-per-minute trans-Atlantic phone calls were placed to anxious parents. Pumpkin pie and chestnut stuffing may have been missing, but once again we felt at home for the holiday.

Our tree rivalled any of Charlie Brown's, our stockings were hung with care to dry for another day of skiing, and eggnog was replaced by hot spiced wine. So goes Christmas in the Alps. Joined by family and friends, we rented a ski chalet in St. Johann, Austria, and settled in for

a week of skiing and good cheer. With the help of Saint Nick, who bore a striking resemblance to Herr Lanzinger, we exchanged gifts on Christmas Eve and trooped en masse to Midnight Mass. It was a chilly affair, as the village church had no heating (no kidding!), but good friends and good spirits warmed us. We shared a memorable holiday season.

Dice were rolling at Notre Dame's Mardi Gras, while *Fasching*, Europe's version of the pre-Lenten celebration, was in full swing. Balls, parades, and parties abounded as the Germans and Austrians had one last fling before Ash Wednesday. We were among the costumed crowds who danced and celebrated 'til the wee hours.

What?!! St. Patrick's Day with no corned beef? Blasphemous as the idea may sound, we nearly found ourselves celebrating the wearing o' the green with *wurst*. After a dedicated search we discovered that

corned beef commands a high price on the Austrian market—\$2.50 per can. The sacrifice was worth the effort; our blow-out in honor of dear Patrick can only be called successful.

Even without the help of Student Union, we royally welcomed spring to the Alps with our own version of An Tostal. With the snow gone, frisbees blew wildly and frustrated quarterbacks called the plays once again. Charcoal-grilled hamburgers, potato salad, and expertly tapped kegs made the last official celebration of the year unforgettable.

Living in a foreign culture can be trying at times, but looking back, good things are the stuff memories are made of. While in Innsbruck, we accepted and truly enjoyed Austrian festivities, yet we did not feel alienated. We brought enough of our own traditions to help us feel at home for the holidays.

—Liz Donovan and
Rhonda Kornfeld

South of the Border

Mexico

Somehow it always seems most appropriate to get caught in Mexican memories on freezing South Bend afternoons. (Even freezing evenings will do for Mexican memories, but afternoons do do better than evenings. Have I learned anything at all so far, Professor Evans?) "Do you remember what we were doing one year ago today?" seems to be an all too familiar question. "Let's see . . . oh, yeah, we were in Vera Cruz for Carnival! All 15 of us stayed in one tiny apartment. Remember all of the confetti which was lodged in our eyes? And then there was that double hammock. . ."

The friendships which developed between us aren't really too amazing. Close comradeship seems to be typical of most of Notre Dame's foreign study programs. But it is strange to think back on my reactions freshman year to the people who were going to Mexico with me: "Goodness, look at these people I'm going to spend an entire year with. How come all of the good-looking guys are going to Innsbruck?" But I guess that

during the summer those guys got a little better looking, or else I lowered my expectations, because anyone who spoke English to me, at that point, was more than I could ask for. Besides, there never was too much going on between me and the Mexican men.

Did you ever notice those strange people who go around hugging each other for greetings? Or else those groups of people who sit in the South Dining Hall just talking until the workers have to come and take their trays away? Most likely those people have been away to one of those far-off countries. Mexican memories on winter afternoons make for rather long lunch hours. I guess that it can be a bit much for some of our uninvolved friends, except those who do sympathize with the weather situation these days.

Spending 10 months under that tropic sun can't be summed up very easily. You're welcome anytime to drop by my room to look at slides. I'm always willing to talk to an interested person. I'm a big pusher of

sophomore year away programs. Generally I warn any unsuspecting freshman to stay away from me. But growth—and a great deal of it—goes on outside of the academic situation. You have four years to learn things at Notre Dame like calculus, stats and organic chemistry. You also have time during those years to learn how to get along when you do not speak the "right" language, how to travel conveniently and cheaply, the differences between our culture and theirs, and also how to say good-bye for a while to that special friend and to mom and pop. It's worth it. But back to a few memories, at least they are more fun.

The weather in Mexico City in February is wonderful; about 75 degrees and sunny. That's almost enough to make me run all of the way there. Remember how chubby Kristin and I looked in our bathing suits after seven months of *quesadillas* and *tacos al pastor*? Somehow the Puerto Vallarta population of males didn't seem to notice, people with blue eyes and light hair will get followed anytime, anywhere. Not even that bouncy bus ride to school jerked any fat off the bones. Still, how many times was I asked if I was a California girl? Me no, I was born and raised in the American Midwest. I guess that it must have been my roomie's "tent" that she wore and that painted star which gave us that freaky look. Things like making good first impressions didn't matter so much south of the border. I think it was because a Notre Dame (or Saint Mary's) woman meant that there was no way to draw the eyes of our guys away from those University of Anahuac women. Our guys did not stop drooling for 10 months. I'd call it, "reversion back to childhood," but I'm afraid they merely respond with: "No, it's realizing what you've been missing."

You know that sometimes it gets so bad here that I even miss the metro change at Pino Suarez. That is pretty bad, isn't it? I've been hearing those ads on WLS from Chicago which tell of free vacations to Acapulco. That doesn't help anything, you know, if it's freezing in South Bend. (And I can criticize, all of you fellow townies, because I've had 17 years of freezing South Bend winter afternoon experiences.) Guess what!

One year ago today we were staying in the condominium in Acapulco, complete with maid service and Karl's *piña coladas*.

Anyway, I do realize that this is getting a bit ridiculous. I bet that you are wondering about my point in this sampling of memories, aren't you? I think that I'll give it this: if I had the money, I'd go back tonight.

—Monica Costello

It's not a dream. I did spend my sophomore year in Mexico. Why is it so hard for me to believe now? Two years later I find myself extremely far from the life of relaxation and sunshine, the sense of adventure and beauty, and the experience of speaking, singing, and even laughing in a foreign language. The Notre Dame life of snowstorms, intense studies, and dining-hall food somehow does not compare.

As much as my year in Mexico now seems unreal, I have forgotten very little of it. We really had adjusted to a very different culture. I lived with a 76-year-old widow and her middle-aged son and daughter (both divorced). Also living with us was a 17-year-old girl who did all of the cooking, shopping, cleaning and laundering for the household. This is very common in Mexican urban life. From middle class on up the economic strata, young girls and women

from poorer families are paid low salaries to perform the duties of live-in maids. Some of the richer families have three or four maids, a butler, and a chauffeur or two. This type of service is very cheap in Mexico. It also helps to perpetuate a strong class distinction between rich and poor.

Mexico is described as the land of contrasts. This can be fully understood by the "Domer" living in Mexico. It was part of his daily routine to encounter great contrasts in people. The sons and daughters of the richest and most influential people in Mexico study at the University of Anahuac. The parking lots fill up every morning with new sports cars. Chauffeur-driven Lincoln Continentals drop off some of the students at the door.

A sample "Anahuac family" may have a condominium in Acapulco and possibly a ranch in the country, not to mention three or four cars and luxury items galore. Trips to Europe and the United States are standard vacations for the summer and Christmas holidays. Of course there are students at the University who can't boast of such wealth but the point is that many can and do. The Anahuac bulges at the seams with incredible wealth.

Traveling from our school in the mountains to home in the city, the Notre Dame group rides in an old bus. (No sports cars for us!) We

make the trip through the outskirts to the city and adjust our senses once again to the sights and sounds.

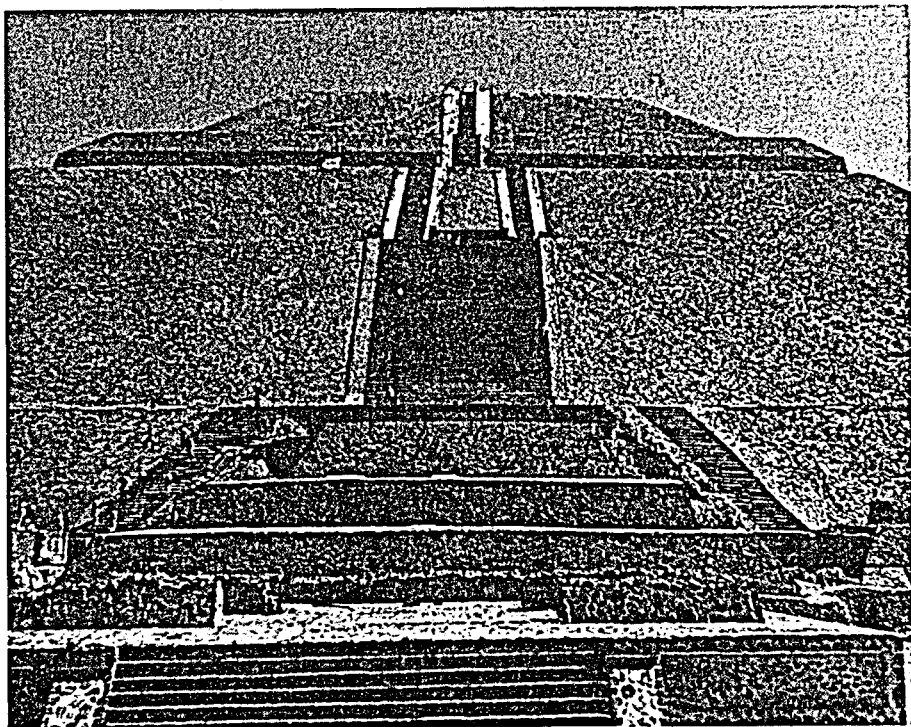
Everywhere there are ragged stray dogs, crippled beggars, and people selling trinkets or flowers on the streets. Children offer to wash car windshields for a few *centavos*. Bodies, overflowing from crowded buses, hang out the doors as they ride along through the congested streets. Along with the bustle one sees beauty throughout Mexico City in its parks, fountains, architecture, and people. The diversity and vibrance contrast greatly with our morning of classes at the Anahuac.

We make the transition daily from one way of life to another. Many students of the Anahuac never do. They go from school to a beautiful house in the elite section of town. They never ride the buses or the subway. Many do their best to avoid the city completely.

During our year in Mexico we interacted with rich and poor, in the city and in our travels. We came to know the mountains, deserts, jungles, lakes, and beaches of Mexico. We spent one five-day vacation in a fancy condominium in Acapulco where we lounged by the pool, walked the beaches, watched the sunsets (and the tourists), and enjoyed the nightlife. This was only one way to travel. Most of our trips were based more on the budget approach—10 of us in sleeping bags on the floor in a cheap hotel or outside around a bonfire. In this way I came to understand and love Mexico as the land of contrasts.

It's easy to see why it all seems so distant now. My experience in Mexico taught me about many life-styles and attitudes. Here we too often become wrapped up in living and breathing Notre Dame. I am thankful for having had the opportunity to have left the Notre Dame world to live in another. Many times we become too content with our life-styles just as the students of the University of Anahuac. My way of thinking has been marked by my immersion in a foreign culture. Perhaps it's that I have learned just how much more there is beyond my little world. I couldn't have learned it from reading a book or listening to someone else. I had to live it on my own.

—Tracy Enright



Pasta, Pizza, and Piazzas

Rome

We were first introduced one balmy evening in early September, about the time of the *passaggia*, the evening stroll so characteristic of the Italian life-style. It was not merely a chance meeting, but one which I now know was predestined.

She first impressed me as a bit brash, certainly bustling, capable of bombarding the senses with all she had to offer. Laughter emanated from the crowd and wafted upward over her encompassed throng, mixing with the drone of diverse languages, tempered by an occasional chord from a hungry guitarist. The general clamor popped and flowed in rhythm with the bubbling of the three beautiful fountains, laid at her feet by the great artist Bernini. A world within herself, Piazza Navona welcomed all who came to meet her, embracing each new acquaintance as yet another side to her multifaceted personality.

Fashioned from the circus of ancient Rome, the "circus" of her everyday life was sometimes static, often changing, rarely predictable, and always tantalizing. She consorted with all types from European "hippies," to the ever-present tourists, to Roman businessmen, all wishing to share her obvious beauty and spirited life. Then there were those of us who came to know her intimately, meeting with her daily, sharing with her our troubles, joys, and aspirations, while she became part of our dreams.

Bouncing by on still uncertain feet, a towheaded youngster, oblivious to the Italian tirades of an overworked mother, eagerly chases after a newly purchased balloon. Coming from the opposite direction at breakneck speed, a large black Labrador bounds across the square, nearly colliding with the child. Interrupted in flight, the child forgets her balloon, turning hopefully in the direction of

the great dark beast which has just whizzed past her. Her new toy forgotten, she runs up to a flock of pigeons which responds to her greeting by leaving in a flurry of wings and air. The child giggles in delight.

Three Portuguese sailors saunter cockily down the piazza, ice creams ready in hand, eyes continuously on the move. The roving eyes find a resting place on a group of French schoolgirls who are watching a classmate having her portrait done. The group of girls stare with wide-eyed amazement as the artist makes the visage magically appear beneath his stick of charcoal. Staring intensely at the girls, the sailors jovially shout suggestions for an evening on the town. The girls blush noticeably and giggle among themselves, eyeing the sailors on the sly.

Strolling from a recently opened gallery of art nouveau, a handsome Italian couple head for the famous cafe, the Tre Scalini, much renowned for its name as one of the social places to gather, as well as for its delicious ice cream. Fashionably clad, the woman wears a mid-calf-length skirt, tight-fitting in the style of the 40's. A satin scarf is tucked in the top of a silk blouse from which is hung a pair of seldom-used sunglasses. Her hair is coiffed to fit the style of the day. Her makeup is dark and heavy over her beautifully translucent skin. Her gloved hands securely clutch her huge Gucci bag. The man is equally well dressed in an impeccably cut suit of dark blue pinstripe, tailored to accentuate his broad shoulders, slender waist, and small hips. The couple have come to the piazza to see and be seen.

Languishing against the steps of one of the aging edifices facing the square, a number of the local degenerate youths pass a joint to newfound friends and watch the world of Navona turn kaleidoscopic before their eyes.

Painfully, an old man heaves his ragged body up from his usual spot near the curb and, with some difficulty, makes his way down the square. Occasionally, he stops and slowly stoops to grab a scrap left behind for the birds. He begs the filthy foreign tourists for *speci* (change). Inevitably, he reaches for the bag in his coat pocket, extracting one last drop from the bottle within. He makes his way back to his niche and falls asleep in the sun.

Lost in reverie, I was unable to cope with leaving an acquaintance so dear. Sitting in front of Bernini's fountain one final time, I find my mind caught up by the cadence of the falling water. Warm afternoons, armed with sketch pad and pencil, I had often attempted to capture a bit of the beauty which had captured me. Hours of enjoyment were mine as I watched people, their mannerisms, their interactions — and watched them watching others. The knowledge that the very special world of Navona had existed through the centuries in the lives of so many added to my fascination with her. Always ready to listen, eager to understand, quick to soothe, she was a dependable cure-all for a troubled spirit. She was there in happy times; too, increasing the joy already present. She took my heart when I left, but reciprocated with a gift of infinite value — her soul.

—Sharon Simon

Daybreak falls: a solid uncertainty, of piety and disgrace, of impurity and chastity, of somber solitude and wanderlust romanticism, of kindless refuge and temper-tossed dissent, stages of euphoria and blunder are locked like marital secrets under an early morning blanket of mist and fog. A civilization, meticulously designed, engineered, and executed, yet somehow dubiously spent, awakens and greets the morning sun, slowly, but eagerly, exposing herself upon the fringes of the hilly terrain which houses the city of Rome.

It is dawn but the city is already alive. In the Campo dei Fiori, the market is filled with fish, fowl, fruit, and flowers. In the bars the gentlemen and ladies are attending to their

cappuccino and *biscotti*. The morning sun is never quiet, except near the ruins of the Roman Forum, whose silent stones, fragmented and fluted, are protected by the gentle Vestal Virgins. Waste fills the temples; their prayers, unanswered and forgotten, silently reverberate within its empty chambers. The remnants of 2500 years of history and culture, entangled together within the embrace of man and the achievements of his civilization, are again animated for another day, another performance, another reading.

As we entered the city we were reminded that nothing is real — staring at the Victor Emmanuel monument (resembling a wedding cake to some and to others representing the same architectural ideologies that create masterpieces in purposeless eclecticism) — as we strolled down the makeshift boulevard of Rome called the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. When we arrived at Hotel Paradiso, the world (to which we had grown accustomed) had somehow disappeared from sight. Rome was different then, and we were quiet, reserved. We strolled down to Saint Peter's on a cool September evening, and I was so moved that I never returned there for quite some time.

Rome was different then. We discovered the monuments of Roman civilization much like rats in a maze; there is no place to move in the center of Rome without uncovering

some relic of antiquity, some Renaissance palace, a Baroque or medieval church, a niche on walls of a street with a shrine or classical fragment or some fountain or sculpture adorning a miniature court or plaza. Eventually, as we learned to adjust (or perhaps to transcend personal biases or feelings) the city was less a stage and more of a living room. We learned to sit in the piazzas and watch the world go by around us, staring at the architecture or observing the Italians.

Fall, winter wander in and away, chasing most of the tourists and pilgrims back to their respective homelands, leaving Rome to the Romans. We would leave and return, each time leaving more and more behind, returning with memories, stories and fables of new lands, new places, new peoples: Assisi, Florence, Venice, Sicily, Pisa, Lucca, San Gimignano, and beyond to the mainland of Europe, England, Egypt, Greece.

At the day's end, the life of the city crescendos and dissipates, never resolving even till the new morning. We wander around Piazza Navona, the largest nonsecular space in all of Rome. Around the corner and down the street from Tre Scalini Bar, in an unassuming hole-in-the-wall, not much larger than a medium-sized domestic kitchen, is a place called "Birdman's" (because, it is rumored, there used to be a bird in a cage in the corner of the shop, and because he offers no other name

or title of business). "Birdman" serves his own home-made ice cream in cones or in a *bicchierino*. He is especially generous in his servings if you are a Notre Dame *studente* and especially generous if you happen to be a pretty American *signoria* (*regazza*). We leave "Birdman's" and relax in Navona, near Bernini's fountain. We introduced the frisbee to the Italians in Piazza Navona, and they are quite amused. They were even amused when we launched 26 balloons through the oculus in the Pantheon. They were really amused when we developed a more than mild case of spring fever and would bask, half-naked, on the rooftops of the hostels.

Dinner was at seven or eight and lasted, usually, till about 10 or 11. An after-dinner stroll, bellied-full from veal and pasta, and unsobered by a couple of liters of wine, is a precious treat, perhaps the greatest luxury a man (or student) can afford.

As the sun leaves its ruined throne, the Holy City becomes radiant, glowing with the fervor and fever of a culture nourished in religious, emotional and intellectual energy. The lanterns of the Baroque domes glow from within, as evening prayers are offered in silence and in unison. Those who pray here feel closer to God; there is less distance here between man and his Ideological Creator. The sun has left the city dark, but not quiet. While cats cradle in their Coliseum cocoon, and the winos and drunks find their solitude in the ruins of antiquity, the Vestal Virgins are capricious, mischievous, whispering the secrets they were forbidden to reveal. The Republic seems turmoiled: in Piazza del Popolo there is violence, confrontation. The cold fragments of a stoned and ruined civilization do not dare speak. The night is calm, but soon the sun will rise again.

We leave our *spicci* on the fountain; as we leave we are searching for a way to return. Our emotional sighs, stoic smiles, and teardrops are not spent merely for a place or a person we left behind, but rather for *la vita*, the life we can't take with us, the essence of our Roman venture, and a key to the extension of our awareness and knowledge.

—Leo Hansen



Images of an Island

Taiwan

It already seems like a long time ago that I was in Taiwan. Certain images, however, continue to dominate my memory—like the sun. Nowhere in the world is there a sun as there is in Taiwan—a mammoth ball of red fire which lumbers across the vast blueness of the Taiwan sky, showering a warmth upon the inhabitants of the island which they somehow seem to transform and exude in their personalities.

People. Taiwan is a remarkably beautiful island, but it is the people who remain in your memory long after scenes of natural beauty vanish. Taiwan is one of the most densely populated nations of the world, but as one travels throughout the island (which is quite inexpensive and easy to do, as well as encouraged by the professors there), one sees that vast areas of the island are uninhabitable. The center of the island is extremely mountainous and rugged with few people and is perhaps one of the most beautiful areas of the globe. The people tend to be crowded onto the coastal areas. Taipei is an Asian maze—a dynamic city bustling with activity and excitement. One can travel anywhere in the city on the public buses for a mere two and a half cents, and the ride itself is quite an experience worth every cent of the admission price. The buses, especially at peak hours, are jam-packed with people literally spilling out of the windows—quite an experience.

Taipei, the capital city and the home of Notre Dame's program, is a most dynamic place which constantly illustrates the Nationalist Chinese dual ambition of preserving ancient Chinese tradition and modernizing simultaneously. In many ways, this is one of the great tragedies of Taiwan. The tragedy lies in the fact that the Nationalist Chinese have tried to preserve ancient Chinese ways, traditions, and customs—but they have not been

able to escape from Americanization, and they are coming to look and act more like Americans.

Perhaps it is the life-style of the Chinese which is most unforgettable. Having been gone from Taiwan for over seven months now, it is the easygoing pace of their life-style—the contentment the Chinese have for their way of living; the happiness they exhibit when together as a family; the strong sense of community and unity which is so evident there (and so lacking here in the U.S.)—it is this memory, above all, which remains with me now, sustaining me amidst troubles, and which makes the Taiwan experience so worthwhile.

Notre Dame's most distant and exotic outpost, its program in the Republic of China, is now in its third year of existence. This fledgling program is liable to die out in the immediate future if student participation does not pick up. After spending last year immersing myself in this most unique and fascinating culture, I feel a genuine responsibility to inform the rest of the Notre Dame community what they are missing, especially since so few students at Notre Dame are even aware of the program's existence.

I believe it was George Bernard Shaw who once remarked that, "The world is a great book, and those who have never strayed from home are stuck on page one." My advice is to get off page one—you are not going to be able to put this great book down once you have.

If you now have an open mind about leaving Notre Dame for a year, the next question is—why China? Why not opt for one of the programs in Europe? German beer, French outdoor cafes—these are attractions that the Republic of China cannot offer. And if you are going to Asia, why not to Tokyo where there is no language requirement? The two facts which distinguish the China pro-

gram from every other Notre Dame program are:

1. The richness and the uniqueness of the still flourishing Chinese culture and
2. The Republic of China is a poor, underdeveloped country (only the Mexican program can also make this claim).

To the students of Notre Dame, where campus rhetoric increasingly emphasizes feeding the world's poor, this opportunity to live with the poor, to share their problems, and to observe firsthand their struggle to modernize and develop are opportunities which should not be passed up. Furthermore, the opportunity to learn Chinese, the native tongue of over 800 million people who will have a very large voice in the coming age of scarcity should not be considered a drawback to the program. To learn Chinese is not as difficult as most people believe. Chinese does not have tenses and thus, learning to speak Chinese is comparatively easy. Writing and recognizing characters is somewhat difficult but comes with time and practice, and anyway, it is not emphasized as much as speaking the language. In addition, the practicality of acquiring competency in Chinese for anyone interested in an international career in business, law, or politics, should not be overlooked.

The spiritual rewards of a year in Taiwan, however, outweigh any consideration of future financial ones. To teach a bunch of little kids how to play basketball, to help your Chinese friends learn English or to sing an American song, to be able to astonish and surprise the local people by speaking their language when so few Americans are able to can be very satisfying experiences. I suppose Taiwan is one of the few places in the world where one can completely destroy the language, and the people will still love you for trying to speak it. By being willing to live as the Chinese do, by trying to speak their language, by immersing yourself in their culture without feelings of the superiority of your own, you will come away from this experience with spiritual rewards undoubtedly unknown to you if you remain in the cozy corner of Notre Dame to which you are accustomed.

For all of this, perhaps the best reason for choosing the Taiwan pro-

gram is largely because the experience is a lot of fun. The hot tropical weather (no blizzards), the abundance of tropical fruits, the incredibly cheap prices for all essentials, and the sheer beauty of this rugged island of mountains and rice paddies, make Taiwan a most unforgettable place. The opportunities for traveling throughout Asia are also excellent. With an international student

ID card plane fares in the Orient are all half price, making Hong Kong, Bangkok, Tokyo, Seoul, even Calcutta, all within reach. So if you have an adventurous spirit and are willing to try something different, willing to immerse yourself in a totally different culture, Taiwan may be for you.

—Pete Fitzgerald

The helpful person at the train station, the patient fruitseller, the kind attendant at the public baths, the truck driver whom we jammed with on his rock music instruments—together with all others, they were my year in Japan. Moments. Interactions with people I would never see again. Friends. There will never be enough right words to describe them.

But from here, my year in Japan is just a dream within a dream, the fading recollections of the most enjoyable ten months of my life. And I've given up trying to sell the Japan program or the whole idea of these foreign study programs. They are made for the type of student who seeks out such a bizarre experience and doesn't have to be cajoled into it; the type who knows that junior year and one's decision on one's major can wait for junior year, and who sees that three years under the Dome are as good or better than four. Few Domers can handle such a year. That is evidenced by the couple of students that annually come home early—be it that year from Ireland, France, China, Japan or wherever. But for that small minority every year who will gamble, who will forsake home, security, and ethnocentrism, who will go abroad and be thrilled by the challenges and the successes, to your pioneer spirit I offer congratulations and best wishes.

—Terry Finnegan

A Yen for the Far East

Tokyo

It often starts unnoticed. I'll be talking with friends, and they will mention a remembered moment—a movie scene, a party, a particular play in some ND game—and I will have to reply, sorry but I was overseas that year. Then, while their stories are being told to me, I will have to fight off the jumble of recollections, of special moments and special people, of the special memories of my sophomore year abroad in Tokyo, in order to listen to my friends' stories.

For a senior, now more than a year and a half from his last memories of Japan in early summer, and nearly two and a half years from his first memories of Japan in late summer, the trip seems a lifetime away. With less frequency now do Japanese words and thoughts pleasantly interrupt my train of thought. With less frequency do I write or, shamefully, even think of, my dearest Japanese friends. Yes, the most compelling reason I can think of for not going on a sophomore program is this painful erosion of urgency and importance given to the whole overseas experience. Truly, this withdrawal from what was once so encompassingly real to what is now fleetingly dreamlike is a dull hurt not fun to endure.

And yet, it is such a small price to pay for something so demanding, so satisfying. These foreign study programs give students the chance to develop confidence in themselves and to be humbled daily by their ignor-

ance—the yin of feeling one's knowledge of the ways of the world expanding greatly, and the yang of being shown with piercing clarity the truth that one's knowledge is no more than a mere grain of sand on the endless beach of all knowledge.

The minute one of us would walk out of our apartment in Shinanomachi, we would be entering a totally alien environment. We had to survive on equal parts of personal wits and reliance on strangers. So, while confidence in ourselves would increase, similarly we would be so thankful at the kindnesses shown to us by all types of Japanese people.



From the Lermontov Poems

by John Matthias

Ed. note: The following are brief excerpts from The Lermontov Poems by John Matthias, associate professor of English. Named for the 19th c. romantic Russian poet, Mihail Lermontov, the poem is intentionally preposterous in some aspects. It is the fiction of the poem that it was written on board a Russian ship while the poet was on his way to Cambridge for a year's sabbatical in 1976. Matthias answers the comments that he is a "Mid-Atlantic poet" by writing a poem which is meant to take place in between the continents. His advice to students going abroad is that they travel by ship rather than air — "It's the only civilized way to travel."

Dogear'd Proem

in which I decide to change my name before returning to England on a Russian ship after two years of sincerely trying to come to terms with America.

Once I had a Polish friend, Zymierski.
He changed his name to Zane.
Dane Zane it became. (It's Zane Gray I blame.)
Perhaps you've seen his ivory-handled cane
In the historical museum
In Barcelona, Spain.
I resolved, in disapproval,
Never to change my name—
Even for the best of reasons,
Even in the worst of times,
Even for the sake of love, the sake of fame.

Still, today I've heard it claimed
The Baltic Shipping Company's
Investigating all the old Decembrists.
Safety first, I say.
Anyway, like Pushkin,
I'm interested in my maternal side.
(My father's fathers I cannot abide.)
No curly hair, no swarthy
Abyssinian face, I can't embrace
An Ibrahim (Great Peter's Black,
In lace); nor, like his
Successor Lermontov, find
My line extends to Ercildoune
And gnomish Thomas with his elves.
But I can reach for names
That suit me just the same.

Like old Arzeno, watchmaker
And jeweler, born in some Italian drain,
Republican and Methodist
(Rare, as the obituary read,
For one of his nativity)
Who, once he reached Ohio
"Enjoyed the largest gains
In all of Georgetown"—
And Kirkpatrick, Scottish-Irish Democratic
Miller who was Abolitionist before
The Civil War, him whose
Moniker my social-working Aunt
Still answers to
In hot unsociable and palmy
Mid-Floridian lanes.
Her Christian handle's Jean,
Not Jane.

Arzeno and Kirkpatrick! How happily
I'd hyphenate your names!
Great grandfathering immigrants
Might summon if combined
In just proportions
A Maternal Spirit
Powerful as any Abyssinian or Elf
To whom I would declaim
A strange refrain:

—"O wild Italian-Irish Lass & Muse
O take aim and snipe at
(If not slay)
The heavy and judicial German
In me called Matthias.
Protect with sprezzatura
And some Gaelic gall this voyager
His life
His children and his wife.
O help me put on my disguise.
Help to make me good
And wise.
I'll be to God and man
Jack Arzeno-Kirkpatrick
For an odd span
Of days
Of days and nights."

Part Two

I'm introduced to the distinguished touring poet. He's a grand sight, all right. I'm mightily impressed. Dark hair, dark complexion, dark and piercing eyes. His companion (from the Secret Police? is our artist on a leash?) remarks with irritation: "Watch him. He will gaze contemptuously at all around him. He will greet you," the companion maintains, "with an unfriendly stare; he will be rude, insolent, and arrogant; he will respond, if he responds at all, to any remark of your own, with a sharp retort." I look at him and say: "You happen in one hidden glorious hour to waken in the longtime silent soul once more mysterious virgin springs of power." He responds with a sharp retort. I say: "Then trust them not? nor let their song be heard? Veil them in dark oblivion once again?" *In measured verse and icy rigorous words: a sharp retort.*

So. We understand one another immediately. With a little quick maneuvering in and around the more exotic midwestern towns we manage to lose his shadow somewhere in the vicinity of French Lick, Indiana. We fall immediately into a discussion of his life and times. "Bad times," he says. "Hard life." "Boring," he says. "Repressive." I smile sympathetically. "Listen," he says. "Nicky the First, after all! The Gendarme of Europe, The Cop. I exist at the will or the whim of a Cop." I smile sympathetically. "Monroe," I reply, "and his Doctrine. Its late applications. Not to mention Tzar Andrew — his powers & pains." He says: "The elegant and Jacobin Spring of December failed when I was young." "Yes," I sigh. "I remember the weather." And he: "The fate of Pushkin." And I: "The fate of Poe." He buys me a Vodka Collins. In my imagination we are transported to Tsar-koie Selo where the poet, Cornet of the Life Guard Hussars, entertains. Saber blades, as Viskovaty has described the scene, "serve as standards for the sugar-heads which, with rum poured over them, burn with a beautiful blue fire, poetically lighting the drawing room from which, for the sake of effect, all candles have been removed."

"I became famous in a single day," he tells me after a couple of drinks. "Anna Mikhailovna Hitrovo — we knew her as *la lepre de la societe* — showed that angry poem of mine to the Tzar. 'Fuel for revolution' she told the greedy crew that round his sceptre crawled. They sent me to the Nijegorodsky Dragoons where I slept in the open fields to the howling of jackals. I ate churyok, drank Kakhetian wine, and dressed like a Circassian with a gun in my belt. Still, Bielinsky praised the 'iron clangour' of my mighty line, and the mountains were a consolation." Abruptly, he stops. After a long and awkward silence, he blows out the sweet-smelling and eerie blue-burning sugar heads of my imagination. "Do you like the sea?" he enquires. "You'll perish, of course, in a duel."

He heads east in a '73 Datsun. He turns into a ship.

Part Three

Ah, the stuff of greatness: Lermontov! Lermontov!
And the sources of greatness, Pushkin
And Byron. A lecture on greatness: by Olga
Our cultural commissar. An example
Of greatness, contemporary: our captain, Aram
Mikhailovich.
A great weight: the 20,000 tons of our ship.
A great mountain range: the Caucasus.
Great is the sauna, the caviar, the vodka
And the Volga: great is the Volga Boatman, the
boatman
Himself and the song in his honour.
The bridge is great, the ballroom is great,
The bars are great (and the booze in the bars): also
The bilgewater is great and the bureaus
In the Bureaucracy: great are the drawers
Of each bureau, the pencils and the papers inside,
The paper-clips and the pens.
Great is the promenade deck and the number three
hatch.

Leningrad is a great city.
 Moscow is a great city. The Odessa steps are
 Great steps, especially in the film
 By Eisenstein, the great Russian director.
 A Russian passenger tells me
 In the gym: "Our system is greater than yours!"
 Great is the gym, the barbells and the jumping ropes:
 These will make us strong! The waiter pours
 Us at breakfast endless glasses
 Of pineapple juice: these will make us strong.
 Marx will make us strong. Lenin will make us strong.
 Great & strong is the ghost of Engels
 Far away in the ruins of Birmingham mills
 And great is our chief engineer, Vasily Vasilyovich,
 Who runs the engines' turning propellers
 Made by the great propeller makers of Leningrad.
 Great is the Neva River and the drawbridge across it
 The Winter Palace the Rostral Column the gate
 Of Mikhailovsky Garden the Admiralty the Palace
 Square
 And Isaac's Cathedral, all of these sights
 To be seen on a tour of the great city of Leningrad.
 Great is Cyrillic calligraphy
 And beautiful too in the hands of ancient scribes
 Who lived in ancient abodes before our own glorious
 times.
 Great are our own glorious times
 And great are the writers of our own glorious times
 Their works and their days. Great is
 The writers' union and Ivan Ivanovich its guiding spirit
 And great patriotic example:
 Great are his works:
 Especially great are his volume of poems *Praise*
To The Combine Harvester and his novels
Bazooka and *Love in a Sewage Treatment Facility*.
 Great is the port side of the ship
 And the starboard, great is the fore and the aft,
 Great is the bow and the bowsprit
 And the Bow of Rostropovich its resin and hairs:
 Great too is Shostakovich, sometimes:
 His greatness appalls us in his Leningrad Symphony
 If slightly less in his decadent earlier works
 And his very private string quartets.
 Great without doubt is the Bolshoi Ballet all the time
 And great are the fountains
 Of Peter the Great who was certainly great
 In his time
 And in his time a progressive.
 Great is my cabin
 Cabin 335
 Where I read an anthology
 Full of English and American poems
 In Russian
 And find in juxtaposition
 One by Kenneth Koch
 And one by Stephen Spender
 And think continually
 And think continually of what is great.

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Dishes of Delight

by Lisa Michels

Not one of the tiny Italian nuns shuffling into the medieval monastery dining room carrying our noon-time meal could have been over five feet tall. But what they lacked in size they more than compensated for in persistence. With each successive dish they placed before us, they insisted that we eat. If we returned our plate only half-empty, they were offended. So we ate it all—first the soup, then the pasta, the salad, the meat, the vegetable, and finally the pastry.

After climbing the tortuous hills of Assisi all morning in the summer heat, all we needed was a tall glass of ice water. Instead, a carafe of warm, white wine was placed on each table. Forgetting about warnings and promises not to drink the water in Italy, we all snuck into the kitchens begging the nuns to just bring us water. Reluctantly, they brought it. But it, too, was warm. Italians don't believe in ice cubes. At this point, eating the Italian food was posing more of a challenge than speaking the Italian language. The challenge was short-lived.

We soon found that eating Italian-style was the easiest form of indoctrination. Once we were settled into the Hotel Tiziano in Rome where we would spend the next eight months on the sophomore year abroad program, we found ourselves exposed to the delicacies of Italian food. We no longer needed the nuns of Assisi to prod us. The challenge now was in resisting the food. Our goal was to leave Rome in May fitting into the same clothes we had arrived in that September (few of us succeeded).

Food is an integral segment of the Italian culture, so in order to adapt, we indulged. Our indulgences took on various forms. A group favorite were the *frullati*, a type of milkshake (but made with fresh fruit instead of ice cream) concocted at a little place across the street from the hotel. On nearly every street corner in Rome, a bar sold *cappuccino* and its own special delectable pastries which made for

a great breakfast or snack any time of the day. Three a.m. visits to the *pizzeria* in the narrow alley behind the hotel were commonplace. We soon became accustomed to the Roman pizza with its thin, crispy crust which had to be eaten with a knife and fork (it took a little longer to get used to eating pizza with hard-boiled eggs and peas on top). No

of McDonald's which were easily accessible to students studying in Angers and Innsbruck. Students in Angers, suffering from a "Big Mac attack," could hop on a train and be in Paris within a few hours to feast at McDonald's. To them the trip was well worth it. Innsbruck students could enjoy a mug of beer with their Big Mac.



period of adjustment, however, was necessary for the ice cream. Italian ice cream is the *crème de la crème*, much richer and more flavorful than its American counterpart.

With food such as this, one would wonder how we could ever be homesick for American food, but we were. No country in Europe consumes meat in the quantities that Americans do. Italians don't heap meat sauce on top of their spaghetti, but prefer to mix it with egg or tomato sauces. Consequently, most of us were dying for a simple sirloin steak or a basic hamburger.

In Rome these basic American staples could not be found. McDonald's had not yet found its way to Italy. France and Germany were more fortunate. They had been blessed with their own local chapters

Cravings for certain foods did not always manifest themselves in the form of "Big Mac attacks." Two students in Innsbruck took a train to a small town in Austria looking for the Suchard factory which produces chocolate, but the guard there would not grant them admittance because they were not with a group. They had to settle for a free sample. When the craving for chocolate-chip cookies set in in Innsbruck, students would chop up chocolate bars to use as chips since the Austrians had never heard of chocolate chips before.

As scrumptious and unusual as the food was in Europe, we still craved the food of the American "junk food junkie." The first thing I bought when I landed in Kennedy Airport was a bag of M & M's.

High In The Hills

by Clare Leary

There is something frightening in the challenge of trying again what one has not done for a long time. After not driving for six months during my sophomore year in Innsbruck, I was afraid the pedals of my visiting family's Ford van would run away with me. I, too, was afraid to ski the Austrian mountains, though I had regularly hit the slopes of northern Wisconsin in my high school days.

A winter in a warmer climate kept me from my favorite sport freshman year, so the prospect of skiing in the shadow of the Matterhorn made me wonder if I wouldn't be more sane sitting on a Gasthaus porch sipping Glühwein than slipping off the side of an alp. But there are certain reflexes, like driving a car, that our bodies learn and do not soon forget. A slope is a slope, snow is snow. Skiing at my hometown Hardscrabble couldn't be much different from hurtling down the Kitzbühler Horn, right? "*Jawohl!*" my reflexes told me. My confidence still questioned as I waited in a crowded station house for a bright red gondola heading slowly down the track.

With a group of Notre Dame students in the Innsbruck and Angers programs, I had travelled to St. Anton for a week of winter fun. We had a hostel to ourselves at the foot of an imposing chain of mountains, a few fields away from the gondola station. That morning, I'd slowly stomped across those fields, my bright green Atomic skis teetering on my shoulder. A low ridge formed a natural fence for the field, also serving as a practice slope for groups of beginners from all over Europe, queuing up to imitate their instructors and maybe improve their styles. Where was the Austrian ski instructor we girls had planned to meet all

fall? We'd decided on a needy Franz Klammer over a Hapsburger prince. All I heard that morning was a lovely English accent explaining, "Well, actually," instead of the expected, "*Achtung!*"

I decided I was beyond the snowplow stage, so I joined the colorful crowd of snowsuits checking out each other's Rossignol and Kästle, Menari and Tyrolia equipment. I had yet to test my "Made in Austria" gear that I'd bought in good faith from an Innsbruck Sport Atelier which offered Notre Dame students a 10% discount.

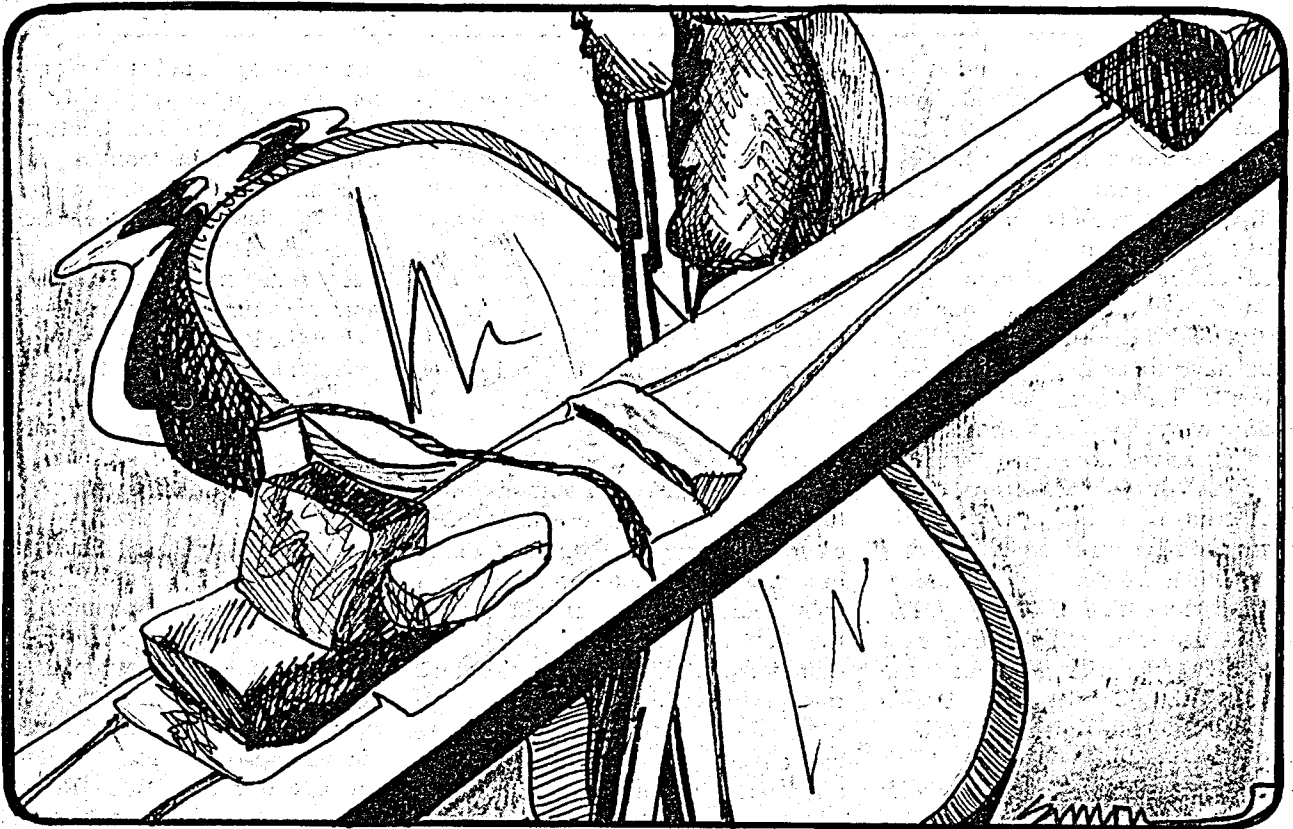
The gondola jerked to a halt, and as I jammed in with the other *schifahren* enthusiasts, I noticed a sign proclaiming St. Anton to be the sister city of a small Michigan town. At once the slope seemed smoother, the incline less treacherous, the pine-lined trails more inviting. These people huddled next to me, despite their form-fitting, flashy ski fashions, and their foreign language, even the schussers slaloming and falling on either side of the moving gondola, were no better or worse than I.

I had only to push off and feel the snow-covered ground quickly slip away from me to know that I was ready to take on any hairpin turn

or monumental mogul. "Climb every mountain!" Maria sang in my heart. I took a deep breath and swallowed the magnificent view of many tiny villages charming the countryside.

Each run was long and glorious, full of surprising spills and exciting accomplishments. I was at last free of the painful wait after a ten-second run that was so often the case on the shorter Wisconsin slopes. Now I could ski on and on, interrupted by short lessons for my Notre Dame friends, experiencing thrills that New Jersey and Kentucky never offered them. "Ya gotta roll with the punches," I could hear my dad's advice. My muscles grew more elastic with every bounce. My confidence soared. Each time I rode farther up the mountain, hopping on one gondola, then another, until I swung away in a cable car for the last and highest stretch.

What a jolt! Not from the cable car, but from the condition of the only slope down. How could they open this run? It seemed to be a 90-degree angle, relieved only by rocks and stumps and patches of ice blemishing its sheer drop. I must have stayed ten minutes at the peak, considering my situation. Could my new equipment handle this? Could I? Were my edges really as sharp



as Walter the salesman said they were? He was safe in his ski shop, and the agile Austrians were already meters below, when I paused to face a fear and fascination dilemma alone.

It was only when I stood victoriously at the bottom, some 2500 meters lower, exhilarated yet considerably calmer, that I realized I'd overlooked an alternative: I could have escaped my mountaintop terror by boarding the cable car for a ride back down.

Success in my boots, I hopped from hill to hill in the following months, racing down Olympic runs on every face in the Tyrol. I settled into chair lifts as easily as if seated on a Ferris wheel back home. Some of us Domers left caution to the wind, practicing jumps and jet turns through blizzards or in blistering sunshine, with two skis or one. A few beginners remained beginners, and enjoyed it, too. They frequented the gentler slopes and reenergized with *gemütlichkeit* from an outdoor bar. (Actually, we all enjoyed that: devouring brats and "absorbing the culture"—*ein viertel weiss* wine, *ein halb liter* beer, *ein schluck* schnapps—as we leaned on cowhide-draped benches and tried to catch the drift

of multilingual conversations.)

We skied from one side of the mountain to the other, in snow up to our waists, and on skinny trails. There were no grooming machines to be found at that height, but we were looking for a challenge. And there were always little red flags to mark the sudden drops if we didn't happen to notice treetops peeking conspicuously out from beneath fifteen feet of snow. One wrong turn and we'd be buried. It was a scary thought, but thrilling.

Just as thrilling was suddenly seeing a small army of Austrian soldiers filing by, each in khakis and on government-issue skis. They attacked the slope, not as a sport, but as a job, drilling to effectively protect their country in one of the few ways they could.

There were other soldiers on the mountains, too—those on vacation from American Army bases in Kaiserslautern or Saarbrücken. They talked of German crystal they had bought cheaply and sent home as Christmas presents. In the village, they wore letter jackets reading "Mannheim High School," commanded ungainly station wagons through the narrow streets, and argued in loud drawls.

As quickly as I accustomed myself to Austrian skiing, I also became used to the idea of skipping class to catch the nearest cogwheel trolley up the mountain. I comfortably jiggled in my seat as the car zigzagged higher. After cutting the fresh powder in what I felt sure was a Timex commercial cut, or after an afternoon of being hassled by Rudi, a veteran who was determined to make every Domer take lessons after shaming them with his perfect form, I was ready for a bowl of Gulaschsuppe (or a quick-energy Suchard chocolate bar!).

Skiing became a way of life for many of us, as easy as jumping on a bike for an American, or climbing a mountain for an Austrian. We had a bit of both in us, so we were foolish enough to ski unprotected on a glacier in June. Some ended up in the hospital suffering burns, but we all caught a fever—the fever that compels us even now to go back and try again. We're a little more sophisticated, a little smarter—not only on skis, but inside, too. I might pause again in fear and fascination, rocking at the top of one of those beloved peaks, but next time I'll know already that the challenge is worth the risk.

We had been hoping for and working toward being able to spend a year in Rome with the Saint Mary's College Rome Program, but when we received the official announcement indicating that we could go we began to have second thoughts. We had realized before that our home here would have to be rented, our car would have to be sold, arrangements would have to be made about some payments scheduled, and a loan would have to be obtained. Soon we found ourselves no longer considering these things; we were doing them. And, of course, we were arranging to have a rented car waiting for us when we deplaned from Icelandic Airlines in Luxembourg. The Renault dealer in Oceola took care of that. It never ceased to amaze me that we had to go out to Oceola in order to make a deal in Paris.

Our family has four members. Aida is an ABD (all but dissertation) in Biochemistry who enjoys spending time in museums and shopping for antiques as much or more than any hour she ever spent in a metabolic laboratory. Heroldito, at that time 6, was discovering geography, while Carlitos, then 3, only sensed that something big was going on in the household. My own interests were directed toward classical and early Christian Rome.

None of us had ever been to Europe before, but both my wife and I are Latin Americans, and we have kept Spanish as the language of our home. Having grown up in other Latin countries and being bilingual had much to do with our easy adjustment to Italian life. The charm of Rome conquered us at once. We fell in love with the city and its inhabitants from the start. True, urban crime and urban discontent are found everywhere in the world and Rome suffers from an extra-heavy rate of unemployment, particularly noticeable among those between the ages of 18 and 25. Although we got to know several victims of purse snatchings and similar situations, we never felt uncomfortable.

Most of the time when we explored the city we went together as a family. I think that the fact we had children with us was a plus. Among

Italians, children enjoy a privileged position. Wherever we went, the children were the natural way by which Italians could open up to us. We did not quite realize this at the time, but looking back upon our many walks to every corner of the city, as well as our travels through much of Italy (including most of Sicily), I think that as a family with small children we somehow blended better into the social structure of Italy.

Both the St. Mary's Rome Program and the Notre Dame architectural program are excellently located. One could not think of many better places in Rome than one at a point more or less equidistant from the Pantheon, Piazza Navona, the Campidoglio, and the Campo di fiori. It is in this vicinity that some of the most famous Renaissance palaces are located. No more than four blocks away one finds the Palazzo di Montecitorio (which since 1871 serves to house the Chamber of Deputies), the Palazzo Doria Pamphili (built in the 15th century, which now houses a marvelous art collection open to the public), the Palazzo Venezia (begun in 1455 for the later Pope Paul II), the Palazzo Spada (housing Bramante's little joke on perspective), and the Palazzo Farnese (begun in the 15th century, and now the French embassy). Exploring these houses of great families was our way of getting to know the neighborhood of the Rome campus.

If one's interests were in more ancient history, one had only to go to

the corner to be able to look over five temples from the time of the Roman Republic in the 2nd century B.C. During the eight months we spent in Rome, I never managed merely to pass by Piazza Argentina. Each time I had to make sure that I had noticed some new detail in the five ancient remains, lying exposed well below the level of the present streets, in the middle of one of the most congested traffic centers of the city.

We had thought that Italians would be open and extroverted. We found them, on the contrary, rather self-conscious and reserved. They were very correct and carried themselves in the street with style. Only in Sicily did we find them *molto gentile*. Because of this aloofness it can be a bit difficult to establish a relationship with them. But if they do open up, friendships are forever. Just the other day we received a long-distance call from Ostia. Friends at whose home we had eaten the best homemade ravioli *primo piatto* followed by a glorious *secondo con contorno*, and all the other delicacies that make up an Italian meal, simply wanted to know how we were getting along and to say hello.

Teaching Saint Mary's and Notre Dame students in Rome proved to be a most rewarding experience. Library facilities were minimal, but the culturally charged atmosphere of the city somehow filled the gap for students still satisfying core requirements. Living together as a closely knit community in a faraway land while eager to absorb what that land had to offer helped us to support each other and become friends in a way we seem not to achieve in Notre Dame, Indiana. The fact that we were away from home drew us together, but more so did the fact that we were experiencing Rome together. The city had embraced us with its ancient, weary arms, and the charm of knowing ourselves bound together made teaching and learning a common experience.

Dr. Herold Weiss is a professor of Religious Studies at St. Mary's who taught history and philosophy in Rome.



The Unmaking of a Freshman

by Marcy McBrien

When I volunteered to do this article, I was more or less certain that I knew everything there was to know about being a freshman. Therefore, it was with a certain amount of overconfidence that I approached a *Scholastic* editor and offered to write something about the first semester of freshman year. Nothing big, you understand; a four-page spread with color photos was about what I had in mind. It never got any further than my mind, though, because the editor in question smiled brightly and said, "Sure, a freshman article would be great. You're going to do something on academics, right? How long do you think it'll run?"

I managed to croak something out about trying for one page, and crawled back to Lewis, there to lick my psychological wounds. Freshman academics. Now there's one topic I really didn't feel equipped to discuss: It sounds like somebody's term paper; a topic for someone double-majoring in education and psychology. As my next-door neighbor (a junior) pointed out, "Only a freshman would be dumb enough to write about freshmen." So here I sit, "gnawing my truant pen" (have you ever tried chewing on a Bic Banana?) trying to make something out of my first brush with academia.

In general, the first semester seems to follow a fairly set pattern: overconfidence, panic, despair, and readjustment (or resignation, as the case may be). Probably the one concept that comes closest to embodying the freshman experience is culture shock. It's inevitable that a group which, to quote a parents' newsletter, "is the brightest in the University's history," will be at least slightly annoyed when their expecta-

tations of success are not as easily fulfilled as they were back in high school. Despite warnings from various friends and elders ("No, Virginia, there is no 13th grade.") the typical freshman plunges headlong into the first semester, confident that the same level of effort will result in the same high level of achievement. If you are a typical freshman, you sign up for some half-dozen clubs and activities, each of which meets at least four times a week. You party from Friday afternoon to Sunday night and as often as possible all the rest of the week. And then, one fine day somewhere between the USC game and the end of October break, "It" (usually in the form of your mid-semester grades) hits you, and you are suddenly aware that your percentile averages are beginning to resemble basement apartment numbers. Panic sets in; this is where Phase I ends and Phase II begins.

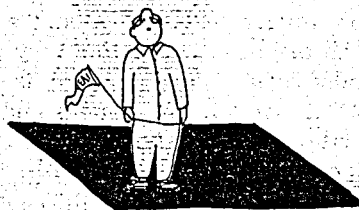
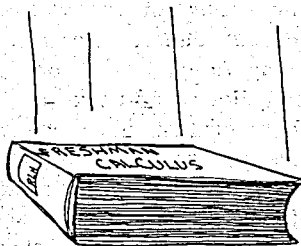
Phase II is characterized by complete and total withdrawal from every activity not directly concerned with academic and/or physical survival. It is sometimes necessary to set aside frivolities like eating and sleeping in order to spend the maximum amount of time possible doing more important things, like memorizing proofs, conjugating verbs, and generally cramming knowledge into one's head.

When the family arrives to see the Georgia Tech game (and, of course, you) during Parents' Open House weekend, they are sure to find you in a state of less than physical perfection. Even if they miss the dark hollows under your eyes, and are too nearsighted or too

kind to tell you that your face has broken out, they can't help but notice that something is amiss when you fall asleep face down in your salad when they take you out for "a good dinner for once." Some weeks later, you, and your whole section with you, will succumb to some disease which has no name, many symptoms, and comes across as being slightly worse than malaria. Parents are seldom, if ever, fooled by the various excuses given to explain why you are hacking into the phone like a terminal soap-opera invalid. ("Um, no, Mom, I wasn't coughing; I must've got some yogurt caught in my throat.") Worn out, both physically and mentally, you sink into Phase III.

At this point, you have given up altogether on whatever visions of success you once cherished. ("Now I'll never get to be president of GM!") You consider transferring to some other school ("I wonder if Acme Janitorial Institute is still taking applications.") or dropping out entirely ("I think I'll go to Italy and become a grape-stomper"). Your roommate is already sending out invitations to your wake, in anticipation of exam week. Your more pessimistic friends have begun to plan for gala wrist-slashing parties, to be held immediately after Emil T.'s big final. Somehow you get through, and your roommate doesn't have to wear black after all; and when your grades come home to roost (a couple of weeks after you do) you are pleasantly surprised to learn that you haven't quite blasted your academic career in its infancy. You still have a shot at becoming President, or at least Secretary of State; even Dean Hofman has gone so far as to state that these are probably the worst set of grades you'll get during these four years. Enter Phase IV, otherwise known as R&R (recovering and readjusting). You realize that there's always second semester, and that you're a wiser (if a sadder) student for having made it through the first one.

And so we leave the typical freshman, sitting somewhere in Phase IV, which may explain why I (a typical freshman) have time to write this article. Now, if I can just work dinner in there somewhere. . . .



A TOUCH OF THE DIRECTOR

by Maureen Kelly

On February 24 the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Theatre will present Eugene O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet*, its third major production this year. Dr. Julie Jensen, a newcomer to the ND-SMC community, will be its director.

Though Dr. Jensen has both directed and acted in plays and is fascinated with every aspect of the theater, her preference is for directing. "I wouldn't trade directing for anything. That is the nicest experience in the world. You get to see what you do, work on it very hard, then you are done, and you get to appreciate it. It's marvelous."

As an assistant professor in the drama department, Jensen teaches as well as directs, and she finds that directing helps her in the classroom. "You are a better teacher if you are also a worker at your craft. There's a point at which teaching becomes very seductive. You think

that it's a good enough life and you say, 'I know how to do this, and I can go on doing this forever,' but you are not as good a teacher if you're not working at it all the time. I like teaching, but I wouldn't want it to be my whole life."

With her devotion to directing, it is almost surprising that Dr. Jensen can find time to teach. She does that, however, and more. She is currently teaching three classes in the drama department, directing *A Touch of the Poet*, and writing a play in her spare time.

Dr. Jensen's preferences are for contemporary drama. After earning her master's in dramatic literature, she acquired a doctorate in theater, doing her thesis on the works of Harold Pinter. Jensen cites Pinter's one-act play *Landscape* as one that had tremendous influence on her approach to drama. She performed in *Landscape* while teaching at Wayne State University. "It affected me profoundly. There was something annoying to me about theater at that point. It was too large and too exaggerated, phony, and stagy as an art form except for very rare productions. When theatre is like that it overwhelms people and inundates them. It should invite them someplace."

Jensen believes that Pinter's work

offers such an invitation. "*Landscape* is absolutely stark, empty, quiet, and written in an extraordinarily beautiful way. When I worked in it I thought, 'My lord, if someone is doing that, there's a new place in the theater.' As a performer it left you naked. You couldn't resort to tricks of style, but were forced to use a layer beneath that."

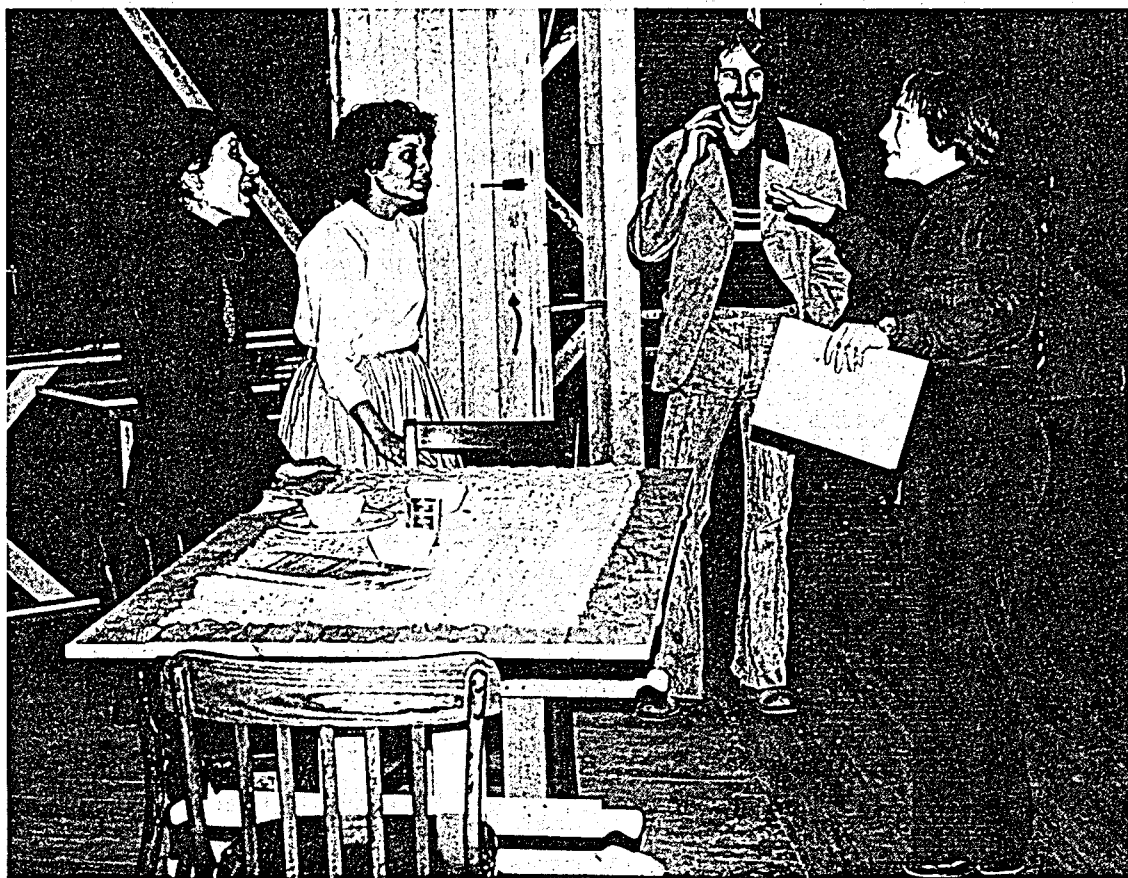
Besides acting, Dr. Jensen's experience in drama before coming to South Bend also included working in an artist's colony in Georgia, teaching drama at other colleges, and helping to start a small theater in Detroit. She has written many plays, and to date has seen 18 of the shorter works produced by semi-professional groups.

Though Jensen has directed several of her own plays, she finds that it is a difficult job for both cast and director. "Actors ask you for advice instead of searching out things for themselves. Besides, it's more pleasing to watch someone else direct your play. That's exciting."

Dr. Jensen admits that she worries and becomes tense while working on a production. She relaxes by running every day at the ACC. "I do it so that I'm a human being before I get to rehearsal. I'm exhausted so I can't fly off the handle." The director and cast also exercise before each rehearsal. With each production and cast, Jensen notices that superstitions develop. Certain exercises and procedures are done before each performance.

Since arriving in South Bend, Jensen has been generally impressed with the drama department here. "There are extraordinary people in this department. The school doesn't have an incredible reputation in theater, but it's coming. People hired in the last few years are solid and as fine as I've seen."

The drama facilities do not earn quite as much praise. Dr. Jensen believes there is a definite need for a new theater at Notre Dame. "Washington Hall is condemned



Dr. Julie Jensen (far right) directs her cast

and should be. It's a beautiful place, and should be renovated and made usable." However, Jensen does not think that Washington Hall, even if renovated, is the answer for the drama department, nor is O'Laughlin Auditorium.

She describes the more modern O'Laughlin as a barn and says it is a 1950's notion of a theater. "It's just immense. It has a stage that doesn't stop and dwarfs the human body." She would prefer a smaller theater that seats two to three hundred, rather than the fourteen hundred that is O'Laughlin's capacity.

As a director working with a student cast, Dr. Jensen has more contact with students than the average teacher. She praises the students she has met, but misses the diversity that she experienced before coming here. "I spent eight years in Detroit at an urban university. I would walk into a classroom and

at least fifty percent of the people would be older than me and would have had unbelievable experiences. . . ."

Jensen adds that "fascinating life experiences" do something to people. "Students here have had such experiences but don't use them. If students are different they don't allow that to color them. They have a monochromatic sense of things. They are a strong people — bright, intelligent, and gifted — but I wish there were things for them to bounce off . . . in order to test their beliefs and be challenged."

Dr. Jensen plans to continue directing, writing, and teaching. She has taught theater history, speech communications, and acting styles, and is planning a course in playwriting for the fall semester. Plans for future productions are not definite. Her preferences are for the playwrights Brecht, Beckett, Pirandello, and Pinter, and she would

like to direct the work of one of these artists.

Jensen would also like to do more for women interested in drama. "Theater is dominated by male characters, male actors, male playwrights, and male stories." She points out that almost three-fourths of the drama majors at Notre Dame and Saint Mary's are women. "The field is opening up a bit for women. I want to get them as well-trained as the men and give them as many chances."

Right now Jensen's main concern is putting the final touches on Eugene O'Neill's play. "The best thing about this play is that when you read it you think 'My God, this is a bad play.' At first I thought, 'How are we ever going to get people to sit through it?' Then you start to work on it and you discover it's very fascinating and interesting to work on. It's an incredible character study. I've really loved it."

Coming Up the Ranks

by Bob Hennekes



If a school were looking for the ingredients of a winning Notre Dame basketball team, what would it look for? A team in its first year of varsity status playing a tough college schedule? A team with no players over six feet tall? A team without scholarship players? A team with a first-year coach who introduces new organization and style into an already new varsity program? A team with only six returning players? The answers: No, No, No, No, No, and No. Any school would feel quite hesitant to form a team with these characteristics. Instead, it would want a team which had an established winning tradition, an experienced and well-known college coach, tall and experienced players, availability of scholarships, and an almost unlimited budget. However, the women's basketball team at Notre Dame has proven that these requirements are not a necessity as this year's Irish women have mixed the above-mentioned ingredients to produce a highly successful basketball team.

The recent upswing in women's involvement in intercollegiate athletics is especially evident at Notre Dame. Notre Dame became a co-educational institution only six years ago. In that short time span, the women of du Lac have managed to organize three varsity teams one of them being basketball.

Three years ago, women's basketball was established as a club sport on campus. Through many petitions, submission of reasons seeking varsity status and of budgetary plans, and the diligent work of several coeds, the attainment of varsity status was finally realized this past

fall. From there, the success of the first varsity women's basketball team at Notre Dame became an inspiring story.

The privileges that are extended to this new varsity team entitle them to several benefits from Notre Dame's athletic department. Use of the ACC arena, services of a trainer and a team physician, washing of practice and game uniforms, a paid coach, and a larger budget have given women's basketball at Notre Dame a new look. In commenting on the change from last year to this year, junior co-captain Carol Lally noted that "the respect we've had this year is just amazing compared to what we've had before. We'll go to the ACC and, no questions asked, we'll get the arena, if the men's varsity isn't on the arena floor."

Do a limited budget and lack of scholarships hinder the Notre Dame team? Sharon Petro, head coach of the Irish, doesn't feel "disheartened with the lack of money and scholarships." In fact, the first-year coach does not even advocate jumping right into a full scholarship program. "There're problems with it, and because we are in a growing situation, it would be best if we took a look at the total picture and grew slowly with the program."

Because of the newness of the program and the enrollment size of women at Notre Dame, the women's team usually plays small college basketball. The team is governed by an organization called the AIAW (Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women), comparable to the NCAA for men. At a recent meeting in Atlanta, the AIAW decided to separate women's sports into three divisions. Notre Dame, since it does not give scholarships to women athletes will fall into Division III which is comprised mostly of small colleges and junior colleges. Until scholarships are made available, Notre Dame's women will remain in Division III. As coach Petro said, "I'm not disheartened because we don't have money. We just have to get out and play some good basketball. We are going to have to show people that we deserve respect. We can't go and beg for it. We are going to go out and put in a good performance. The teams that perform better will get the crowds, and then the money."

Indeed, ND women have performed exceptionally well. In their first year of varsity status and with the pressure of the Notre Dame tradition, they have thus far carried an impressive record of nine wins and two losses, with remaining games at Marion College and Saint Mary's. With play like this Notre Dame stands a good chance of making it to the Indiana small college state finals and a chance to go to regional and national championship tournaments. To receive more attention and support, Notre Dame's women must get close to the state championship. After they prove that they can beat colleges in the area, many

this year.

The 1977-78 version of the Fighting Irish reveals a well-coordinated unit of individuals who complement each other on the court. Playing one of the wings on a point-guard offense is junior co-captain Carol Lally (5'6"). Lally provides many open shots for herself with quick ball-handling maneuvers. The other co-captain, senior Marge Meagher (5'9") is another solid performer. The team relies on Meagher's height for blocking out and rebounding. Molly Cashman (5'4"), a sophomore transfer student from Drake University, is known for her hustle and ability to lead the fast break. Sopho-

the basketball. Another "big woman" for the Irish is Kelly Hicks (5'10"), who has been a strong performer late in the season. One of the shortest (5'0") but quickest guards in women's basketball is freshman Maggie Lally. Her quick and instinctive ball-handling enables the Irish to pick apart the zone defenses that most of their opponents play. These stalwarts plus an active bench have enabled Notre Dame to overcome the majority of the opposition.

Probably the biggest key to the success of the Irish has been the enthusiastic coaching of first-year coach Sharon Petro. A native of Detroit, Michigan, Petro is the first paid coach of women's basketball at Notre Dame. Starting with a newly formed team and young players, Petro has successfully guided Notre Dame to a winning season, and hopes to continue this winning tradition in the years ahead. Assisting coach Petro is a first-year law student, Bob Scott. Scott generously volunteers his time in extending his basketball knowledge to the Notre Dame women.

At the beginning of the women's basketball season many people were unsure how well the ND women could do in their first year as a varsity sport. The team had young players. The team had a new coach. But, the team also had enthusiasm. This enthusiasm, coupled with their quickly-learned ability to play together, made for a successful season. As the season progressed they played better and better basketball. In the words of Coach Petro, "They're getting used to playing with each other. In the beginning of the season, they didn't know each other and they didn't know me and I didn't know them." From the looks of their record it appears that now everyone knows everyone very well.

Women's basketball at Notre Dame—the start of a new tradition? The women have put together an impressive group who intend to show Notre Dame and Indiana that they, too, can play good basketball. As Coach Petro put it, "Next year—hold on Indiana, 'cause Notre Dame's going to be ready!" Indiana had better also be ready this year, because on March 5 Notre Dame could very well be in the finals of the Indiana State Championship.



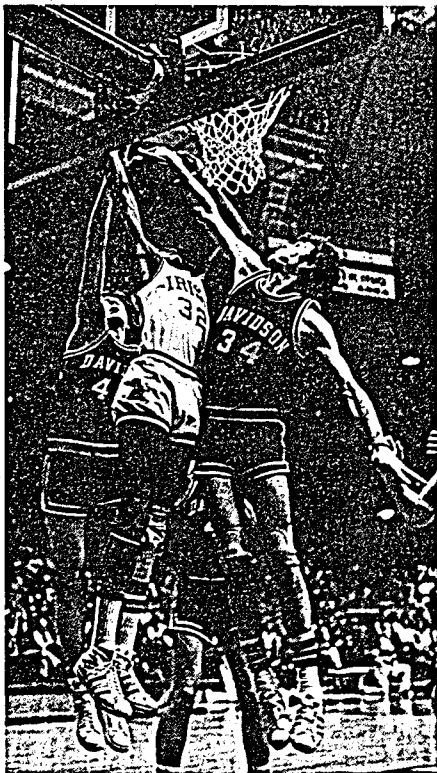
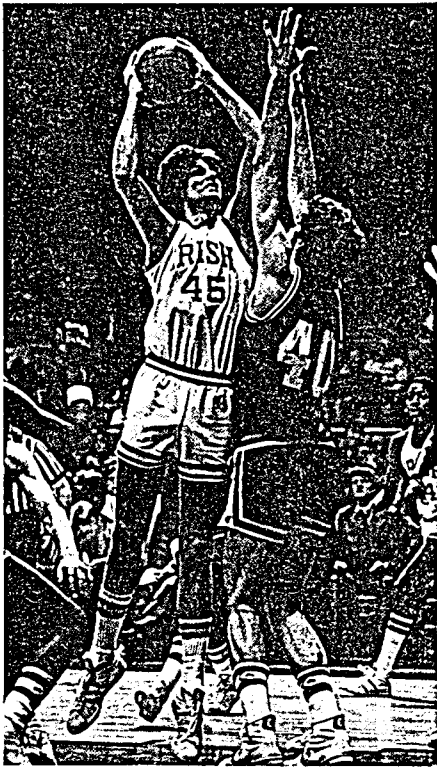
paths to higher roads of success could become available. It is only a matter of time before the women establish their own Notre Dame tradition.

Because of their lack of height, the Irish women depend upon speed and quickness to defeat their opponents. Using simple offensive patterns and a solid man-to-man defense, the Irish have been able to employ a solid fundamental basketball style. What the Irish lack in height they make up for in hustle, enthusiasm, and scrappy ball-playing. It is this type of play which has won many games for Notre Dame

more Carola Cummings (5'4") is called on for her ability to move well with the basketball. Hampered by a knee injury, Cummings has seen little action this year. Her availability could be a key factor if the Irish are to do well in post-season tournaments. Another tall girl on the team is forward Jane Politiski (5'11"). Politiski is an aid in the rebounding department, but has also been a pleasant surprise late in the season as she has taken on strong scoring responsibilities. Pat Meyer, at 5'9", has good "court sense" according to Petro. She has an excellent sense of what to do with

The Court's Verdict

by Ray O'Brien



Those who doubt the ageless adage that says history repeats itself need only look at the pattern of the Notre Dame basketball team over the last four seasons. In these four years, Fighting Irish coach Digger Phelps has directed his teams to four NCAA tournament berths. In three of those campaigns Notre Dame racked up 20 or more victories (19 in 1974-75), setting a precedent for a Phelps preseason goal of achieving 20 wins which would undoubtedly secure any ND squad a chance for a National Championship bid. This of course was the second goal that was never contemplated until that final regular season game was completed.

In these four previous seasons there has been a definite breakdown of the schedule into four parts, focusing on certain "key" games. The first quarter of the season has culminated in the UCLA or Kentucky game which is played after fall semester's final exams. This has been followed by a series of games, bringing the team to the second UCLA encounter. The third leg of the season, containing no "must" games, has seen most of these tilts played within the confines of the Athletic and Convocation Center. This has left Phelps' stalwarts with about six games in which to go over the 20-win goal. The "momentum" game included in this final stretch has been the final test before the NCAA playoffs. The ND cagers have won five of their final six encounters in all of the last four years, entering postseason play with a hot hand.

The 1977-78 version of the hoop team has not broken the trend so far. Now in the home stretch of a four-month season, the Fighting Irish have held closely to the past four-year pattern. There is another tradition of losing the second game in postseason play, thus never getting

past the regionals. Hopefully Phelps can get his team to learn from past mistakes and make this season one to remember.

Phelps will be looking to bring the team to a peak by the time Marquette rolls into South Bend. With college basketball becoming so competitive and evenly balanced, no team can cruise through the regular season winning every game and then enter the playoffs on a physical and emotional high point. No team is capable of performing at top efficiency for four months. The object of the postseason game is to come in with the right frame of mind. Last year Marquette lost seven games including their regular season finale against Michigan but managed to capture the National Championship with near perfect play in the five games of the playoffs. An intangible, such as "winning the big one" for a retiring legendary coach, proved to be the needed incentive. Certainly a modicum of talent is needed to be called the "best," but when eight teams are evenly matched, one has to look for the extra push that will put them over the top. Last year's emotional upset of undefeated San Francisco was not enough to take the Irish all the way, although it seemed to put an end to the Dons' National Championship drive.

A look at the Notre Dame season shows a peak at the first UCLA contest followed by a letdown against Indiana that characterized Kentucky and San Francisco. The second peak arrived when the Bruins came to South Bend and continued through the Maryland game. Unfortunately, a week lay-off due to the postponement of the Holy Cross game left the Domers stale against DePaul. The upcoming encounter with the McGuire-less Warriors of Marquette is a crucial test in determining whether Phelps'

team is as good as any other team in the nation. The Irish mentor has made it clear that he thinks Marquette is presently at the top of the college basketball totem pole.

While the team plays hot and cold throughout the season, so does each player. The object is to have everyone playing his best come mid-March. Irish players have certainly taken their turns playing through slumps. The statistics bear this out. In the first 10 games of the season Duck Williams finished as one of the top two scorers for ND eight times. He earned this honor only four times in the next 10 contests and was moved to an enigmatic sixth-man role (although his playing time did not decrease). Bill Laimbeer finished as the top rebounder in seven of those first 10 games but dominated the boards in only one of the next 10 games (missing two games due to an injury).

If anyone truly understands the meaning of the word "slump," it is Bruce Flowers. The junior forward, who led the team in field goal accuracy during the 1976-77 campaign, posted a dismal 38 per cent from the floor in the first eight games. However, since that time he has connected at an excellent 68 per cent clip. Kelly Tripucka made up for Flowers' rough start by connecting on an unheard-of 75 per cent of his field goal attempts. Then the freshman phenomenon stopped getting the ball. The other two starters, Branning and Batton, have been the consistent hands in the lineup. Batton presently leads the team in scoring, notching better than 14 points per tilt, and is the top rebounder, pulling down seven caroms per contest.

One of the requirements in building a top caliber team is to have depth in player personnel. Phelps has been blessed with a strong bench in the past few years and has gone to it often. Some critics feel he has gone too often—the team seems to lack a flowing continuity in some games as faces in the lineup continually change. The 1973-74 "Coach of the Year" feels that continuous substitution keeps fresh players on the court and wears down the opposition. Early in the season the freshmen saw a good deal of action. By midseason only Tripucka

and Orlando Woolridge continued to catch a substantial amount of action. Tracy Jackson's MVP performance in the Maryland match-up earned him more minutes on the court. Stan Wilcox has spelled Rich Branning but for the most part he has taken a backup role to senior Jeff Carpenter. Hanzlik has only appeared at any length in defensive situations. Playing time has been spread more thinly than most years. This either indicates that the upperclassmen are not performing up to par or that the freshmen are just playing like seasoned performers.

The other question mark the Irish will have to face as they grab a post position in the National Championship race concerns their play on the road. In those past four years and through this season, Notre Dame has compiled an impressive 83-13 record at home while managing only a 48-44 mark in away contests. Perhaps the team is spoiled by the Notre Dame student body, the infamous sixth man that paralyzes the opposition. Phelps will have to do some manipulating to make sure that a Fighting Irish contingent is noticeable in tournament games. Neutral courts have not been too hospitable to the Notre Dame team and this is something that will have to be overcome if this year's team is going to make it out of their own backyard.

After a National Championship football season, Digger Phelps must be feeling some of that (infamous) Notre Dame pressure to win. It is certainly a hard act to follow, and if the cagers are to equal the football team's accomplishments several things must change. Williams will have to regain his scoring ability, as any team in the clutch relies on its "bread and butter." Flowers is going to have to continue his play of late as he switches back to the more uncomfortable forward position, making room for the return of ailing Laimbeer. Tripucka must take the open shot and cut down on turnovers. Woolridge will have to learn to cope with a zone that takes away his dunking arsenal. Carpenter must regain his shooting touch in order to pose some type of offensive threat.

While these contingencies seem like a tall order, a victory against a top-ranked Marquette team could

work wonders in curing many of the problems. Notre Dame undergraduates have not seen an ND victory over Marquette. A win over the Warriors would be a nice complement to the football shellacking of USC. It may possibly have the same effect in the way of motivation. Now if Digger can only get 15,000 "neutral" fans motivated to support his team, then two National Championships in one year may become more than a dream.



The Last Word

by Kathleen McElroy

Once upon a time there was an institution of higher learning situated on an island off the coast of a far-away land. Now everyone wanted to come to this place because they had heard of its marvelous traditions and its propensity for good, wholesome fun. They brought with them vague memories of the mainland and all remarked that there was no place like it in all the world.

One day there was a strange happening on the island which left the inhabitants in quite a quandary. An ominous cloud descended on the land releasing a subtle mist which was said to have had the distinct aroma of Irish Spring soap. Only those with under-the-dome protection were able to escape its spray.

A committee was formed to investigate the effects of what was affectionately named "the Irish mist." Some feared that it was the end of the world. Others remarked that it caused them to feel a profound sense of relief and they were certain that it was a sampling of sweet ambrosia. There were curious symptoms — at first they took no notice of the way



in which their memory of the mainland seemed to fade more and more. After all, they were feeling no pain, and they did seem to remember certain things — mothers' birthdays, the winner of the World Series and such matters of importance.

Those who knew best decided that it was in the interest of all involved to continue business as usual. The place was admirably self-sufficient and it seemed unlikely that the news of this strange case of amnesia would reach the public. So the university grew in its own right. There were custom-made laws and all felt safe and sound. Some talked of worldly matters in passing, but it was as if their curiosity and their consciousness of any other way of life had disappeared. They had the comforting assurance, of course, that delegates were being sent all over the world and the good name of their school was well represented.

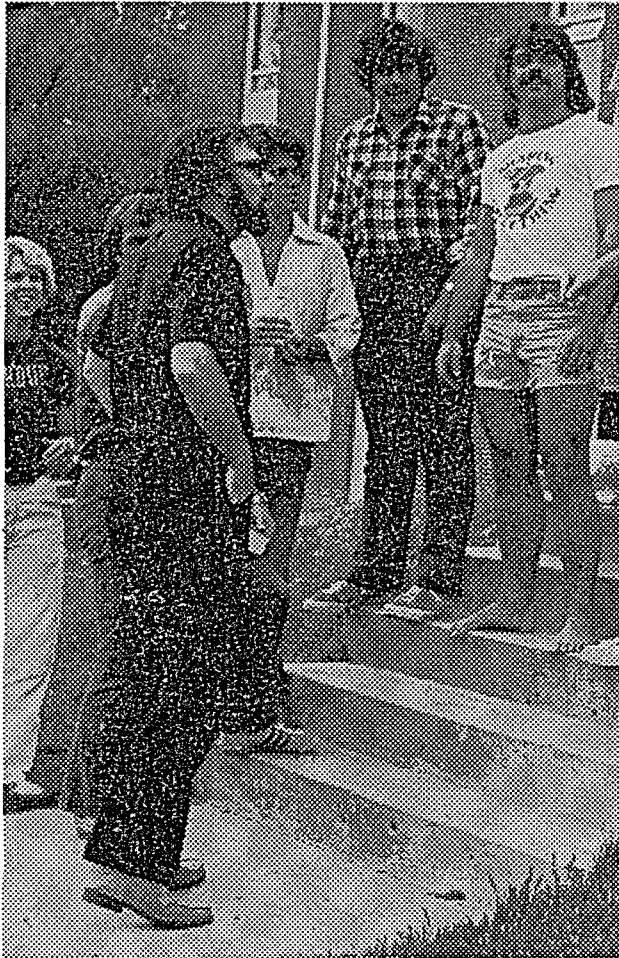
There was really very little reason to complain. There were places to go, people to see, things to do. And there was much to boast about. Centers were set up for important research in every area of intellectual interest. Some said that there were even representatives from a famous center of Intelligence, though no one was certain of when they came or how they got there. But after all, they were all one big happy family and there was really nothing unusual about a few family secrets.

For most of the inhabitants life was a series of delights and even the most threatening disasters left them untouched. At one time the waters of the surrounding ocean surged with fury, covering the ports with mammoth waves. It was decided that some diversion would be necessary to protect the students from certain panic. So they called for a miracle which would permit entertainers from a neighboring island to make an appearance. Those who witnessed it said they had not seen anything like it since the parting of the Red Sea.

Perhaps the only reason for concern seemed to emerge around graduation time. That was the most curious tradition of all. After four years they were expected to find their way back to the outside world. They pulled out the maps provided for them on their arrival, but its borders ended mysteriously at the edge of the island. One unfortunate soul developed a strange disease which drove him to read the newspaper sheets lining his trash can. He withdrew into a disturbing depression even after his closest friends assured him that "It's garbage, simply garbage." It was said that those who did make it back suffered from nightmares in which they woke up to echoes and imagined that thunder was falling from the sky.

After many days and nights a powerful wind swept across the island. It seemed to signify the passing of an age — an age which kept them from the knowledge of tragedy and taught them to be selfish with their compassion. They became afraid of what their lapse of memory had meant. It was as if they were suddenly overcome by the shame of it all, and knew that they couldn't regain the shelter of their paradise. What had once been ignored now seemed devastating and dishonest, and they wondered how they could have gone so long without asking the right questions.

But this is just a fairy tale, and fairy tales don't come true, do they?



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