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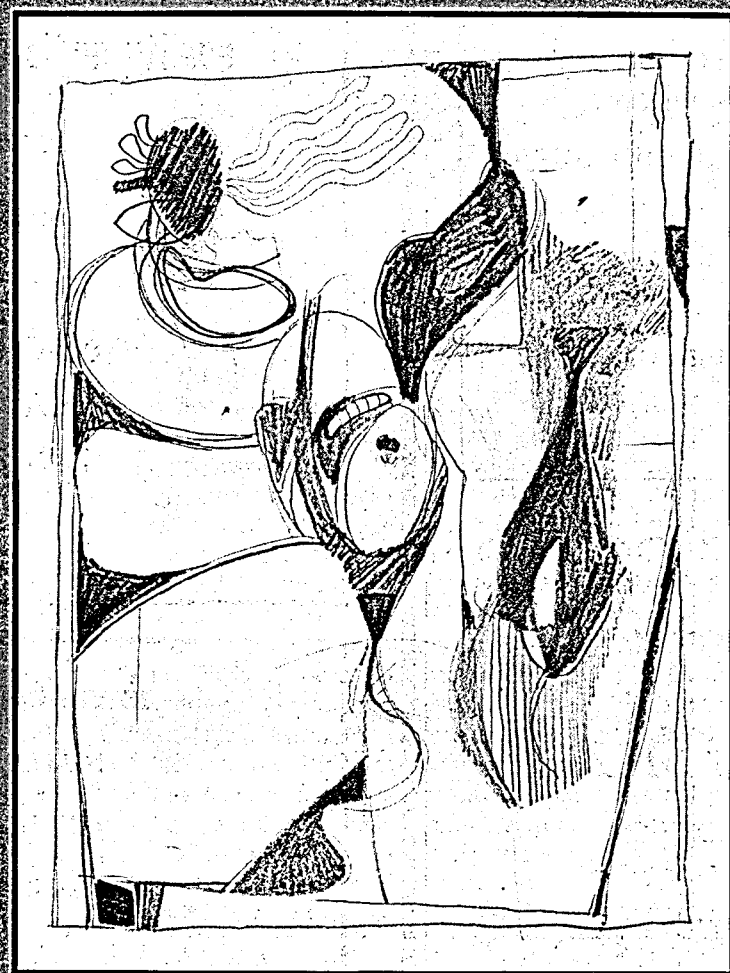
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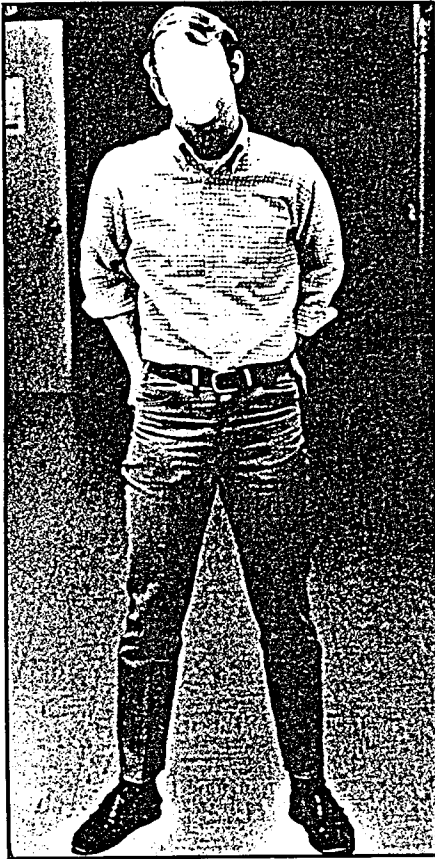
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Vol. 120, No. 3, October 6, 1978  
Notre Dame, Indiana



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Photographs: Anne Bennett, 22, 23; Phillip Johnson, 11, 19, 25, 28; Jeff Huhta, 24; Scholastic Archives, 3, 29.  
Front Cover: Patrick O'Brien.  
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The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, *Scholastic* is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year and back issues are available from *Scholastic*. Please address all manuscripts to *Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of *Scholastic*.  
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# Baseball, Hot Dogs, Apple Pie and Notre Dame

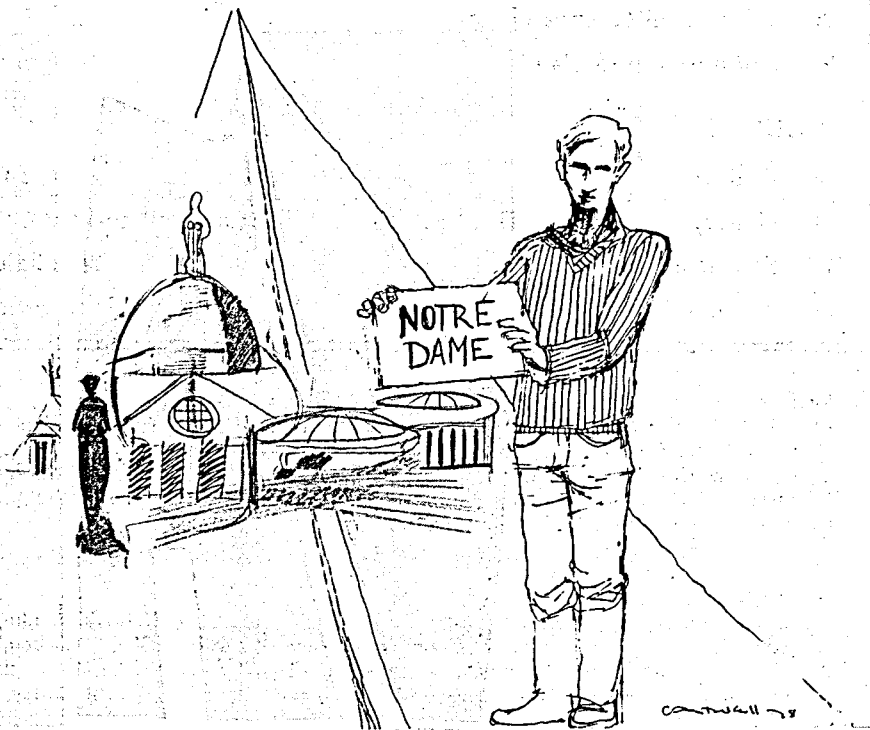
by Dave Satterfield

Imagine: A private, Catholic university situated in the worst weather zone in the United States, with the possible exception of Buffalo, New York. The campus of this university is stunningly beautiful, unlike the territory surrounding it; well-kept lawns and majestic trees accent the various styles of architecture of the campus' numerous buildings. Ivy climbs decorate and age the brick buildings, providing a perennial green freshness which is joyously welcomed following the unbearable annual onslaughts of Old Man Winter. The residents of this uni-

this university, academics, much like the ivy, flourishes amongst the buildings and appears to be yielding higher quality results annually. The university is far from Shangri-La or any type of Utopia; at times, it takes on the appearance of a summer camp where parents may send their children for nine months of the year to be educated and disciplined in a "true Christian" atmosphere. Despite any student disapproval or disgust with the administrative policies of the school, attendance is still maintained and the number of applicants grows yearly.

academic achievers in Notre Dame history, consists of 1643 students. As evidenced by these figures, Notre Dame is not a very large university. How, then, does this small Catholic university become Notre Dame, "the greatest Catholic university in the nation"?

John T. Goldrick, Notre Dame's Director of Admissions, cites several reasons why Notre Dame is *Notre Dame*. The first, most apparent and most expressed reason is the athletic prowess of the school. Notre Dame's football program has always been strong, from the days of Rockne to



versity are, for the most part, undergraduates, 18-22 years of age and assumed to be of above-average intelligence and fairly well-rounded persons. The sporting fervor of the university is unparalleled by any school in the country and that fervor often brings about many athletic awards, providing the university with one of, if not the most successful, sporting reputations in the country. This fervor extends further than the sporting field, though. At

Assuming that you have some knowledge of the United States and its institutions of higher learning and are somewhat literate, you would have known long ago that this university is the University of Notre Dame du Lac. According to preliminary statistics obtained through the Registrar's Office, there are 6836 undergraduate students in attendance this year of which 1585 are women and 5251 are men. This year's freshman class, the highest

the present. The name Notre Dame has become synonymous with college football in many parts of the country. The basketball program here has developed into a national power and it appears that it will maintain that status for quite some time. Goldrick stressed the fact that with the advent and popularity of television, Notre Dame's national exposure has skyrocketed; the name Notre Dame appears on national television weekly throughout the

entire fall and winter. And this is not to mention the press coverage that Notre Dame receives; coverage that is unparalleled by any other school.

Another major reason stated by Goldrick for the success and popularity of Notre Dame lies in the graduates of this institution. He says, "No other university in the United States has such a loyal alumni following as Notre Dame." By loyalty, Goldrick does not merely mean financial support or football fervor, but a loyalty that extends even to the recruitment of high-quality students to apply to and attend Notre Dame. Alumni associations are actively meeting throughout the United States and recently, under the direction and guidance of the Admissions Office, alumni schools committees have been organized; their function being that of representing Notre Dame at many of the nation's high schools that the admissions people could not possibly attend.

The best evidence of attitudes toward Notre Dame as a national university may be found on the applications of the incoming students each year. According to Goldrick, the second most cited reason for desiring to attend Notre Dame is that the reputation and prestige of the school are unlike anywhere else. The student believes that if he attends a prestigious university, he will be recognized as a prestigious person. Goldrick believes that the most-often cited reason is because of the academic quality of the university but he is quick to add that the first reason stated is seldom the real reason why students desire to attend Notre Dame. As he says, "Few will admit it, but there are other more obvious reasons." Those "reasons" being the fact that Notre Dame is *Notre Dame*.

The geographic representation of students at Notre Dame is in an almost direct proportion to the geographic populations of the United States. In other words, there are only a few students from lightly populated regions such as Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, while there are many students from the East and from urban centers such as Chicago, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. There are few schools in the country that can make this claim and Goldrick attributes much of this success in

representation to not only the "Notre Dame image" but also to the active force of the alumni groups. There is a definite advantage to this varied representation; the student is exposed to a variety of life-styles, thoughts and subcultures. Goldrick's personal belief is that "at least 50 per cent of the learning experience at a university occurs outside of the classroom." But he adds that the Admissions Office does not make the slightest effort to attain this national representation. It accepts only the most qualified of candidates; the representation is merely chance.

"Many people associate quality with size. if you're well known, they assume you are big."

As for applications, this past year 7678 students applied of which 2633 were accepted and 1643 enrolled, a confirmation rate of 62 per cent; 851 of the applicants were sons or daughters of alumni. Of these, 452 were accepted and 373 are now attending Notre Dame, a confirmation rate of 83 per cent which Goldrick terms "extraordinary" and probably due again to the loyalty of the alumni.

The only admissions quota existing at Notre Dame now is a self-imposed male-female quota. The Admissions Office would like to see more minorities apply each year, thus helping add to the diversity of the university. There were 25 foreign students, a number that Goldrick believes might be larger if other countries were made more aware of Notre Dame and if financial aid were more plentiful.

Notre Dame, along with a few Ivy League schools, and possibly

Stanford, is extraordinary in that its enrollment is small and yet its national prominence is unmatched. Goldrick states, "Many people associate quality with size. If you're well known, they assume you are big." Notre Dame and the other schools are existing proof that that belief is wrong.

Notre Dame is a national university, unmatched in national popularity. Each year the Admissions Office must turn away thousands of exceptional students and accept only those deemed qualified. Those that enroll become a part of this unique collection of students, here for aca-

ademic, athletic or leisure, who are a part of the loyalty, pride and prestige that makes this Midwestern oasis the University of Notre Dame du Lac.

*Dave Satterfield, Scholastic's Culture Editor, can trace his roots back to his family in Oregon, Illinois.*

*The following seven articles were written by seven students, intentionally chosen because of their home "roots." They were asked to write about Notre Dame from a perspective that only a person from their area could offer. Other than that, we allowed them total freedom. What they offered is printed here.*

# New York City

by Rosemary Mills

Seven years ago, after a family trip to Milwaukee, my father asked if we would like to stop at Notre Dame on the way home. My response was: "What's Notre Dame?" I was equally unexcited by my first steps in the shadow of the golden dome. While my mom exclaimed over the beauty of the ivy and my sister fell in love with her future alma mater, I exclaimed, "This place smells funny!"

An avowed, if adopted, New Yorker, I began my senior year of high school dreaming of going to some college in the East. The thought of journeying to the God-forsaken Midwest had never occurred to me. But, as time wore on and my guidance counselor pushed places such as Manhattan College, St. John's, Marymount and Mount Saint Vincent, I slowly realized how limited my horizons had become. Born within 17 miles of New York City, the majority of my life had been centered around the Big Apple. I decided that perhaps I should find out what the rest of America was like.

By that time, my sister was firmly established in the Notre Dame class of 1978. It was arranged that I should visit her. The results of my second visit were much more satisfactory, and my mind was made up. As a matter of fact, my mind was so firmly made up that the guidance department pleaded with me to apply to a second school. "Why waste the money?" I wanted to know. In my own mind, I was already enrolled.

Although I knew that Notre Dame was a school of some national recognition, I was still unaware of the sacred reputation it enjoyed with a majority of Easterners. When my friends' parents began to ask about my college plans, I was not prepared for the looks of respect which the mention of Notre Dame brought me. Queries such as: "When did they start letting girls in?" "Notre Dame in Maryland?" and "You mean Saint Mary's, don't you?" totally mystified me. After all, what was so great about Notre Dame?

Before I go any further, I must

explain my second visit to Notre Dame. To start with it was a football weekend—and we all know how much work gets done on football weekends. Secondly, it was not just any football game. Notre Dame was



playing USC. Thirdly, it was Homecoming. Looking back, I can honestly say that I had the most slanted view of Notre Dame life possible. "Rose," my sister kept telling me, "it's not like this all the time. We usually study a lot." Somehow her warning didn't sink in. My memories of Nickie's, Senior Bar, Huddleburgers, and football far outweigh any recollections of the Art Traditions and English classes which I attended.

Once I got here, however, it didn't take me long to discover what she had meant. And if the workload was not disappointing enough, my glorious vision of a social life with people from throughout the country was quickly destroyed.

First of all, I was appalled that people had the audacity to laugh at my "accent." (I still maintain that New Jersey residents have no accent. Whatever differences that exist in my speech are the result of having spent four years in New York City.) True, the Midwest does not have the East's urban problems, but in my opinion, its backwardness gives it

no right to say anything about my home.

Secondly, the difference in lifestyles amazed me. I never considered myself an Eastern radical; I was open-minded, but not exceptionally liberal. Yet the things I said and did, and many of the opinions I held, appeared to shock my fellow freshmen. Although I understood that people are brought up differently, I could not comprehend being judged by others. The very idea of my roommate voicing her worries about my study and social habits seemed outrageous.

In talking with women from the same background as myself, I discovered that they felt the same way. The others, we decided, were All-American girls; we were more practical and realistic. And I confess that we exhibited the one quality of Easterners which I had always refuted—we could not comprehend the concept that everyone did not view the East as the center of the earth.

Over the years, my views have changed. I now realize that while people at Notre Dame come from across the country, they do not represent a cross-section of American life. This is because they come from approximately the same Catholic upper- and upper-middle class homes. Although the attitudes and the experiences are not the same, most people hold highly similar values and beliefs. This represents a problem in that there is no challenge to these beliefs.

So, while the mention of Notre Dame still evokes the same amount of respect from friends and fans at home, I must smile at their naïvete. For me, Notre Dame has lived up to its academic reputation. Its athletic prowess, though of little concern to me, still continues to impress others. The reality of the Golden Dome, however, often has a great distance from its hallowed appearance. I have not found out what the rest of America is like, but I have learned that I should go on searching. I might even stay in the Midwest after school. But not in Indiana and certainly not in South Bend.

*Rosemary Mills, a junior American Studies major from Bergenfield, New Jersey is a frequent contributor to Scholastic.*



"I hate Notre Dame . . . because the school always wins," uttered a close friend of mine while watching the Texas Longhorns succumb to the Irish last January. Generally, this view of Notre Dame, the idea that Notre Dame is an institution of football supremacy, is the main view that most from the South I have encountered hold. Although most Southerners, and, in particular, New Orleanians, consider Notre Dame an important national university, few hold this belief as a result of a knowledge of the totality of Notre Dame. Indeed, as an university, Notre Dame's fame rests on its long history of football supremacy. Unfortunately, although most of my friends, acquaintances, and peers are well aware of Notre Dame the football school, few are aware that Notre Dame is mainly an institution dedi-

ever, deeper causes motivated their love for this university: a remembrance of the holistic atmosphere of Notre Dame that was instrumental in their becoming erudite, "well-balanced" men and the closeness at Notre Dame, evidenced by the unity of the New Orleanian alumni. A certain "craziness" that is Notre Dame unchangeably influenced the alumni. That "craziness" influenced me and influenced my decision to apply here.

The "craziness" greeted me immediately upon my first visit here. The campus gave me the impression that Notre Dame was an autonomous institution where one might study, enjoy "the more interesting aspects of life," and grow in a framework of both emotional support and understanding. And, two years later, I still hold this opinion; however, cer-

tension of life." Indeed, as I became fully aware of all that the "craziness" of Notre Dame offered me, I soon found ways of rechanneling these emotions into productive involvements.

These involvements included reading to blind students and cooking steaks with the Knights of Columbus on Saturdays of football weekends. The vibrance of Notre Dame prevented me from collapsing into myself. Certainly, one of the dangers a Notre Dame student must avoid is such a collapse. This collapse produces selfish and egocentric existence that makes one oblivious to the privilege we possess. I now view Notre Dame as a privilege more than anything else; Notre Dame offers me the opportunity to liberate myself from comfortable modes of thought and egocentrism. Surely, all of the anxieties we experience can serve to strengthen our wills if we participate in all of the vibrance of Notre Dame. This vibrance is the holism, a holism that integrates the academic with the social, cultural, and religious sides of Notre Dame. One possesses the ability to become a "Renaissance man" here—but only if he or she attempts to integrate the knowledge gained in the classroom with the vibrance of Notre Dame. Because all learning does not take place in the classroom or lab and because Notre Dame offers everyone opportunities to learn through involvement, all, whether engineering, liberal arts, business, or science students have the opportunity to become truly "liberally educated." One only needs to participate in that "craziness" that is Notre Dame—craziness because it is so different from what our true wishes urge us to do—center on ourselves.

Unfortunately, many who are not closely associated with Notre Dame do not perceive this holistic characteristic. Because New Orleans is distant from Notre Dame, most New Orleanians' contact with Notre Dame is through football. Hopefully, the day will come when all of our country will view Notre Dame as a productive whole consisting of strong academics, sports, etc., and not as a "football factory."

*Ken Scarbrough is a sophomore from New Orleans. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*

# New Orleans

by Ken Scarbrough

cated to both erudition and "craziness."

As I searched for colleges and universities to apply to during my senior year in high school, I kept the academic aspect of the prospective university as the main criterion for application. Of course, I mainly searched for a university that was holistic; that is, a university that possessed not only a strong academic side but also "healthy" cultural and social aspects. Not until my mother urged my consideration of Notre Dame as a possibility did I actually become interested in Notre Dame.

However, a true interest in attending Notre Dame did not flower in me until I came into contact with the New Orleanian alumni. They possessed a certain enthusiasm (or, should I say, "madness"?) for Notre Dame that forced me to seriously consider the school. Certainly, the alumni's "craze" was manifest in their love of the football team; how-

ever, deeper causes motivated their love for this university: a remembrance of the holistic atmosphere of Notre Dame that was instrumental in their becoming erudite, "well-balanced" men and the closeness at Notre Dame, evidenced by the unity of the New Orleanian alumni. A certain "craziness" that is Notre Dame unchangeably influenced the alumni. That "craziness" influenced me and influenced my decision to apply here.

These experiences, occurring during my freshman year, created new perceptions and emotions that altered my notions of Notre Dame. Among these emotions were senses of isolation, frustration, and disillusionment that I (and many freshmen) felt. The rigors of study and the complete rearrangement of my life created strong feelings of doubt, anxiety, and frustration. During the first semester, I often became dangerously disillusioned with both myself and my aspirations and, at times, I loathed Notre Dame. Fortunately, these emotions were only the product of change, always a difficult process. While all of us still share a certain tenseness and anxiety that exist with our constant state of pressure and, often, self-doubt, the maturing process at Notre Dame has reduced these anxieties to a "normal

# New England

by Jay Coleman

When I was a senior in high school, back East, people urged me to contact a lawyer, an alumnus of Notre Dame. I did, and he gave me an old edition of *Notre Dame* magazine, with a feature article on then-sophomore Adrian Dantley. Dantley, a "poor boy from D.C.," had rejected a lucrative professional contract to stay at Notre Dame. It seemed that money couldn't touch the inherent worth of the place. "Read it," said the lawyer, "it'll bring tears to your eyes." I read it, and a few months later I read that Dantley had forsaken his senior year at Notre Dame for a professional contract. I came to Notre Dame anyway.

Home on Christmas break freshman year, I went skiing five hours north in Vermont, bringing my skis but not my money. I asked to see the manager, and told him I would write a check as soon as I got home if he would give me some credit for the day. He said "fine" if he had some collateral, so I gave him my driver's license and my Notre Dame I.D. After looking at them, he handed them right back to me. I skied for free that day.

Notre Dame is alive and well back East. Puritan New England — and remnants of that tradition do survive — appreciates the conservative tradition that exists here. Since Notre Dame isn't in the East, the tradition is magnified into a mystique that manifests itself in incidents like those just described. The mood prevails that Notre Dame turns out the best type of American male — most don't know that Notre Dame is coed.

Middle-class Easterners — and, like everything else in this article, this is a generalization — tend to distrust Eastern schools, but love Notre Dame. There aren't any left-wing, ponytailed, SDS types at Notre Dame, just conservative, clean-cut Chamber of Commerce types. Ivy League kids smoke dope and revere nothing — they started that damned

*Lampoon* didn't they? — but Notre Dame kids have morals, respect everything — especially their elders — and only rarely do they have a beer, which is normal and American anyway. Rich kids go Ivy to become elite, distant, and snobby; middle-class kids go Dome to pursue life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The All-American kid next door goes Dome; the filthy rich preppe goes Ivy. Harvard kids are spacy intellectuals; Notre Dame kids are just plain smart, and practical too — they can fix that lawnmower in the back yard. The Notre Dame kid is athletic and well-rounded; the Princeton kid wears glasses and trips over his own shoelaces. Harvard turns out rich kids, in cahoots with one another, who use big words that nobody can understand anyway; Notre Dame turns out normal Americans. Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Golden Dome. "None of those Krishna types out there, Heshburgh wouldn't have 'em." Eastern schools graduate eggheads; Notre Dame graduates the Hardy Boys. With the probable exception of Dartmouth, "Eastern schools" are considered too elite, perhaps even effeminate, and regarded with suspicion. It all comes down to the question of who you want influencing your kids: Timothy Leary or Ara Parseghian?

Funny how many "snobby, elite, intellectual kids" come here. Either they were rejected by the Ivy League, or else we're an Ivy-type school.

Why this Eastern middle-class reverence towards duLac? First, people *want* to believe that such a place is out there in the northern Indiana woods. They *like* to believe the exalted reputation, and they can precisely because Notre Dame is out in the northern Indiana woods. Your average Easterner isn't all that familiar with the real Notre Dame because it's not in the East.

"Go there, son. Those Jesuits give a damn fine education." Notre Dame's isolation affords it the luxury of having a glorified reputation back East.

Surprisingly, the Eastern intellectual — the cultured Ivy League, New York type — likes Notre Dame, also. We're regarded as a fine school, perhaps a cut below Ivy, but nonetheless a spirited and frisky school that gives a good education, though of course not as fine as that any Eastern institution gives. Why? The Midwest again. Cultured Easterners consider the Midwest as, at best, archaic. They picture a vast intellectual wasteland, barren of any redeeming virtue and devoid of worth. Against such a contrast, such schools as Notre Dame and the University of Chicago seem, why, they seem almost . . . Eastern!

I'm from the East, and I hate the Midwest, but East, for its natural location than its lack of culture. My brother-in-law went to the University of Michigan, and said the one good thing about spending four years in the Midwest is that it makes you appreciate the Coasts. He went to Harvard Business School, settled in California, and never wants to see the Midwest again. I agree with him. The Midwest bites. But I also think that Notre Dame isn't a Midwestern school. **IT'S AN EASTERN SCHOOL, BUT NOBODY KNOWS IT. THAT'S OUR SECRET.** While many come from all fifty states and abroad, a large majority of the student body is from the Northeast, and an Eastern mentality predominates on campus. We're an Eastern school all right, **BUT WE DON'T FLAUNT IT.**

Yale has the sedate and exclusive Mory's; we have the rowdy Corby's. Harvard has Nobel prize winners and presidential advisors; we have NFL draftees. The Midwest shields us from damage to our reputation, providing us protection from real observers, thus leaving us free to

propagate our legend on ABC sports. Adrift in this "cultural wasteland," Notre Dame shines like a beacon on a dark sea to Eastern intellectuals. Isolated from Eastern sight, the University seems a middle-class American mecca. The intellectuals see Notre Dame as a good school, the middle class sees it as heaven. Like the Eastern schools, Notre

Dame turns out bright and articulate kids, but these kids are unpretentious and better: they're athletic, modest, clean-cut and American. They carry Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* around on campus because they want to read it, not as a status symbol to show off their intelligence with.

Intelligent but rounded. People

back East trust Notre Dame. In the land of Ivy, the "subway alumni" still thrive. Catholic, private, and a legend, Notre Dame is THE school back East.

*Jay Coleman, a junior philosophy major, hopes to still have friends when he returns to his home in Bethel, Connecticut.*

# California

by Sean Faircloth

When I was assigned to write an article about being from California and going to Notre Dame as a freshman, I thought, What a dull idea. I could just see myself writing, "Gee golly whiz, I was so scared about coming to this big school. It was so far away from Mom and Dad, and those Saturday nights we spent together having milk and cookies after watching Lawrence Welk. Would I be able to handle homesickness? Would I be frozen stiff in Indiana weather? But, heck, guys and gals, now that I'm here, I think it's so keen to be at N.D. The schoolwork's tough but, gosh, I think I can make it if I try my darndest. Besides, going to Notre Dame doesn't just mean schoolwork. A true Notre Dame student must have spirit, by golly! And now that I've been here awhile I'm sure that a California kid like me can even take a Notre Dame winter. Heck, with all the wonderful people I've met at Notre Dame, I have faith that I can do anything." But if not this approach, what approach should I use? I decided very calmly that the most *apropos* way to deal with this situation was to get deliriously drunk. In this state of mind thoughts as to what I should write ran much more freely (as, I may so crudely add, did other things). Anyway, this is what I came up with.

To describe what it's like to be a native Californian attending Notre Dame, it might be advisable to explain what it's like to live in California. This is impossible. The "Golden State" is too spaced out or, to put it another way, too diverse. I can tell you a little of my hometown, however. To understand Huntington Beach, California, you must truly

comprehend stucco. Stucco is the basis of all existence in the suburbs of southern California. Identical stucco-covered houses form identical housing tracts which are surrounded by cement walls. Truly scenic.

Perhaps I should tell you a little about my high school. Marina High School can only be described as resembling solidified slabs of mushroom soup. Built in 1963, I can only assume that its main purpose was to serve as a fallout shelter in preparation for an imminent Russki attack. In my alma mater's proud history she has produced two Notre Dame students. The illustrious Rich Branning (for the ignorant among you, R.B. is an eminent Varsity B-ball player) and the perpetually nasally congested Yours Truly (I mention this because it is my most outstanding characteristic). Rich Branning and I were, of course, very close. I came within 50 to 75 feet of him on several occasions (very close for a high school of 4000).

Now, what is the adjustment like coming from California to Notre Dame? Well, some of the major adjustments I had to make had nothing to do with being a Californian. To name one, I am not Catholic. The first Mass I ever attended was the freshman welcome Mass. I had no idea what to expect. I was in a constant state of fear that this strange ritual might result in some kind of bizarre sacrifice. I had a terrifying fantasy in which Emil T. Hofman, dressed in a black hood, pounced on me from the top of the ACC and tossed me into a pit of cobras.

There are other adjustments which are somewhat peculiar to Californians. The weather in California, which could only be de-

scribed as dull, is certainly different from that of South Bend. Our temperatures range between 65° and 85° almost invariably for years on end! Can you imagine such drudgery? I mean life in the big suburb is rough. The only way we can tell the change of seasons is by the surfers' skins which begin to fade back to white in patches around December, since many of them are too busy failing school to hit the beaches.

Another major adjustment is dress styles. Back home there are specific brands of disco slacks which must be worn three times a week according to state law, under penalty of death. At Notre Dame the situation is entirely different. High fashion is a pair of PE trunks that appear to at least have been washed in the not too distant past and have an "ND" emblazoned upon them.

One might notice that I dealt with the subject of this article in a rather lighthearted (if not light-headed) manner. There is a reason for this. The more I meet and talk to people from all over the country, the clearer it becomes to me that there are no deep-rooted differences between the cultures of various parts of the country. Therefore, an adjustment depends very little on where you come from and much more on you as a person. In the final analysis, I'm convinced that this is a great place to be and worth adjusting to, whether you be from the smoggy shores of southern California or wherever.

*Sean Faircloth is Huntington Beach's contribution to Scholastic this year.*

# West Virginia

by Cindy Dykhoff

My hometown is Parkersburg, West Virginia, a town of about 44,000 situated at the junction of the Little Kanawha and Ohio rivers. Contrary to the picture social workers and John-Boy Walton would paint of West Virginia and Appalachia, Parkersburg is not a coal-mining town, nor do all the inhabitants go barefoot and brew moonshine. But we *are* on the periphery of Appalachia's heartland — and there is (yes, Virginia) a Walton, West Virginia; Parkersburg Catholic plays them in basketball.

How do people from my home react to Notre Dame? The reaction is not at all homogenous, precisely because Parkersburg is neither flesh nor fowl as far as being part of Appalachia. Higher education is not a terribly common thing in the core of Appalachia. In Parkersburg, going out of state to college is the exception rather than the rule. There's both a definite reaction to Notre Dame specifically and a general reaction to a "good college education."

Mrs. Pitzer, the owner of the local bookstore, introduces me with, "... and she's the only GIRL I know who goes to Notre Dame." The reaction I get when I use my Notre Dame ID to cash checks is much the same: the ladies in Dils Department Store always look up and smile, properly impressed with the name, and murmur something about I-didn't-know-that-they-took-girls-there - and - my-mustn't-you-be-the-smart-one? Of course there are advantages to Notre Dame's big name: it has been known to be helpful in the more respectable of my summer job interviews, and has won me otherwise-unearned respect in some quarters.

But Notre Dame's reputation inspires more than awestruck excla-

mations. In many places and situations there is a genuine mistrust of a college education, especially a big-name college. I remember having this demonstrated to me when I was working as a waitress one summer: a bunch of kids sat down at one of my tables looking threatening and I, being new, turned to one of the veteran waitresses for advice. The seasoned waitress, 19 years old with two kids and a high school education, surveyed the situation and remarked disdainfully, "Don't worry, they just think they're hot



stuff"—and then, with the contempt of either great bitterness or great prejudice, "They're COLLEGE kids."

Indeed, this is a problem of great importance to me: this mistrust that my college education is creating—is it worth the satisfaction I get from the academic life? I wonder about the worth of something that is putting me in touch with a great number of ideas and people only at the expense of alienating me from a whole other body of people.

I've found that in my summer jobs at home when I'm dealing with people, and when I'm working in social work spheres, I have to curb

my vocabulary and redirect my interests, and all but assume the West Virginia accent to avoid the mistrust. The core-Appalachians respect my love of the land, or my craftwork, but they don't respect, or even like, my college education.

I'm not quite sure why there is such mistrust, but I copied down these lines once because they seemed to explain something:

I am Appalachia! In my veins  
Runs fierce mountain pride: the  
hill-fed streams  
Of passion; and, stranger, you  
don't know me!

—Muriel Miller Dressler

Maybe that's it, the mountains; they're an exclusive society. Anyone who's come from mountain country to the flatlands of Indiana can tell you that there's something almost violating about the process. When I stand in downtown South Bend I feel exposed, uneasy; I think of the landscape as being undefined and, therefore, unreal. The thought of being able to see for miles bothers and almost frightens me; a combination of the impossible monotony of no secrets for miles and the insecurity of having nowhere to hide. . . . The mountains are a security for those who dwell among them, and they create a community.

"If you ever hear I'm settling down in Indiana," I write my friends at home, "you know I'm being held against my will, so come and rescue me."

Notre Dame makes me a stranger, maybe?

*Cindy Dykhoff, an English major from Parkersburg, West Virginia, also draws for Scholastic.*

"Fargo? Really?"

"No."

"What?"

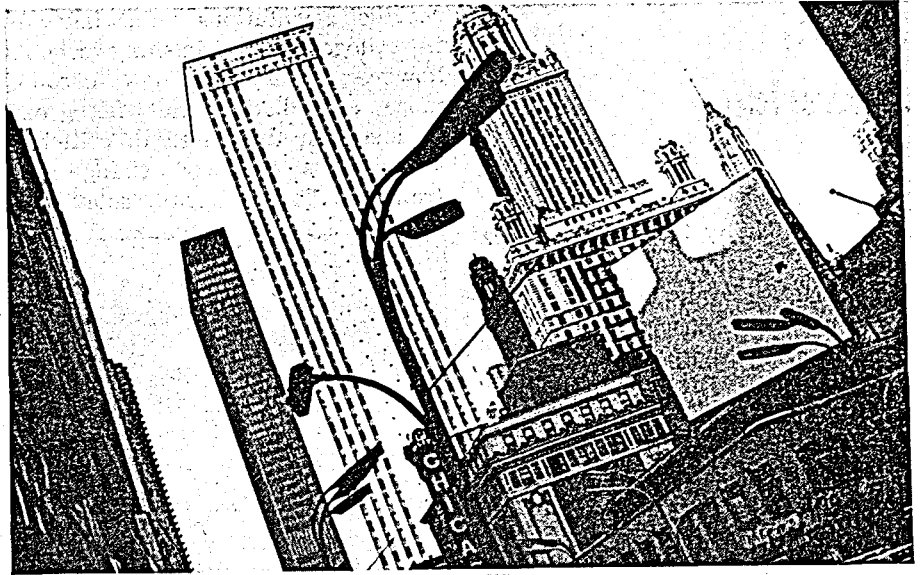
"No, Chicago, really."

"Oh."

"Well, outside of Chicago actually. . . ."

"Oh."

To be from Chicago has become somewhat *passé* at Notre Dame this year, so I have begun a search for more exotic roots . . . Lubbock, Texas, for example, or Garfield, Montana. With student discovery of Greyhound and South Shore Lines, Chicago, it seems, has become too common, too real and too close. When I first arrived at Notre Dame, however, Chicago was still consid-



# Chicago

ered big time (at least by the freshmen). They had all heard about the gangsters and call girls — why, it was almost New York with a little thrown in.

Despite my being from Chicago, my expectations of Notre Dame were no different than the thousand other innocents who applied here. I had always thought of Notre Dame as football games, blue skies and green, green grass. Admittedly, I had been on the campus before . . . twice to be exact; once for a typically "rah" football game and once for my admission interview, but I still thought of Notre Dame as a blue-and-gold fantasy land where retired leprechauns came to give point spreads on home football games. Notre Dame, after all, was God's country.

Once accepted, however, I began to panic. During the two-hour ride from Chicago, rows of residential frowns mysteriously turned to corn stalks. The sky grew bigger and the word "horizon" took on new meaning. "Where is South Bend?" I cried, "and what if I don't feel like going

to a football game?" "Do they hum the Fight Song on the way to class?" "What if I can't remember the words?" "My God," I whimpered, "what have I done?"

When I arrived, I was equally surprised to find that my origins had somehow qualified me for the position of informed host. Granted, I was accustomed to the "rolling plains" of the Midwest and what is commonly called "muggy" weather, but I was not ready to assume the air of authority concerning South Bend nor Notre Dame.

Nevertheless, no sooner had I put my foot in the door than I was accosted by a horde of Southerners from the Virginia-New York area. "Ya'll are from Shi-caa-go," they cooed, "so ya'll must be used to this weather. We've never been west before." I stared. West? But, as I was informing them of South Bend's geographical relation to the real West, they added insult to injury. "Ya'll have the strangest accent," they crooned in unison, "Say that again? Shi-caa-go?" I was dumbfounded. Surely everyone knew that

people from the Midwest do not have accents. It was common knowledge. Yet, try as I might, those Southerners would not listen to reason, and I soon gave up trying to educate them.

Classes, meanwhile, had begun, and school, being what it is in any part of the country, blunted our regional differences. Chicago became the focus of weekend excursions, and consequently lost its reputation as the last great gangster holdout. Water Tower Place and the Sears Tower have become topics for small talk while books, laundry and food have taken their place on priority lists.

I have yet to see a leprechaun, and the grass is not always green. I am still not sure exactly where South Bend is, but I do know the words to the Fight Song — at least, most of them. And, about those exotic roots, how does Wild Rose, Wisconsin, strike you?

*Mary Ryan, a junior American Studies major, resides in Kenilworth, a northern suburb of Chicago.*

# South America

by Patricia Martinez

Yes, Notre Dame is a long way from home! It does not have the Caribbean Sea, nor the Andes, nor the Magdalena River. Nor does it have the pre-Colombian treasures of our natives and the Colombian taste of folk music, nor the dances and coffee of my people. Naturally, I miss my people, the spicy food, the "rumbas" (parties) by the beach under the starry skies with "cumbia" (typical dance) and "3 Esquinas" rum. They are good memories enrooted in my heart, and they build up my pride of my country and people. But I just had to fly once over seas and mountains to acquire a new perspective of the world in which I lived.

The years spent at Notre Dame have been years in which reflection has been possible; years to relax and have the leisure time to analyze the different aspects of the life that I left behind. Here I have had time to reflect in a more mature way about my people and relationships with them. Mature reflections are difficult in our universities where school is an extension of a student's home life. Students continue living in their houses. We have no campus life.

Our universities simultaneously develop a student's social, familiar, intellectual, and sentimental life. Our society considers college students as active members of the community. People listen to what they have to say. Every intellectual, political, and cultural movement arises from our universities. The activity of our society can be measured in the universities. Students are passionately involved in politics and the media upon entering college. I think this is the cause of our political instability. Our students have not had the time to thoroughly reflect on their ideals and their political attitudes. The pressing issues of education, social justice, and equality of opportunities color their ideology. As a result, many of the students develop

socialist orientations while they are in college. Upon finishing school, however, most students become more capitalistic than the great businessmen they used to criticize. Their ideas of social change are transient. They all fall, sooner or

Notre Dame allows me to compare and select the best elements of each culture. With this experience, we Colombians are able to extract the best elements of the two cultures and carry on a new possibility of change and progress. The univer-



later, into the lazy tradition of enjoying the good things of our country and of criticizing the bad ones without any concrete action.

I believe in the necessity of a few years of reflection to acquire a more objective view of the real value of our native land. This is where Notre Dame enters my life. Thanks to my exposure to a different culture, I am learning a new language and new customs, as well as a new way of approaching the different aspects of life. Most importantly, I am gaining a new perspective on my own native values.

We cannot deny that Colombia is not a highly developed country, but there is no hope for it if one thinks the solution lies in the adoption of the "American style of life." The solution must rise from the Colombians themselves; the change must be in harmony with our spirit. Living at

Notre Dame is a place for reflection for later action. Colombians recognize the importance of the organization, discipline, self-control and reflective introspection taught at a place like Notre Dame. This is why it is considered one of the best universities in the United States.

Unfortunately, not many of our Colombian students can come to Notre Dame. If they could, we would surely find, through the exchange of culture, a way to progress without destroying our boisterous spirit, our effective communication and social intercourse, and our long tradition of family ties. Civilization and culture do not gain their characteristic seal by simple imitation, but by a deep reflective exchange.

*Patricia Martinez is a senior General Program major from Colombia. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*

He coughed twice as the door shut behind him. He hadn't wanted to come here, but that lousy Cole Porter tune had whistled his feet in from the cold to a snappy three-fourths beat. Cole Porter was constantly flirting in and out of the frame of his life, sweeping him melodically out of the present and carrying him bodily to the far abscesses of buildings and other dust-filled locker-room cubicles. He had once found himself showering in a girl's dorm to the tune of "I Get a Kick Out of You." On this occasion, many moons ago, he had come to his senses in the midst of four different creme rinses, two acne-scrub soaps, and one pair of rapidly dampening wing-tip shoes which he had mistakenly put on in the rush to get home after prayers in sixth grade. The shoes were tight, and the water had felt good, but there was an immediate ebb of masculinity and a rise in the throb of his pulse. He learned then that one should combining eroticism and embarrassment while surrounded by sleepy hordes of wet, naked females. He had also learned the dangers involved in whistling that particular Cole Porter tune, and he had suppressed it vigorously now for several years. From that incident onward, he had led a somewhat neurotic but stable life and liked to think of himself as one who "lurked in the fringes," the sort of thing that Lamont Cranston used to do as "The Shadow."

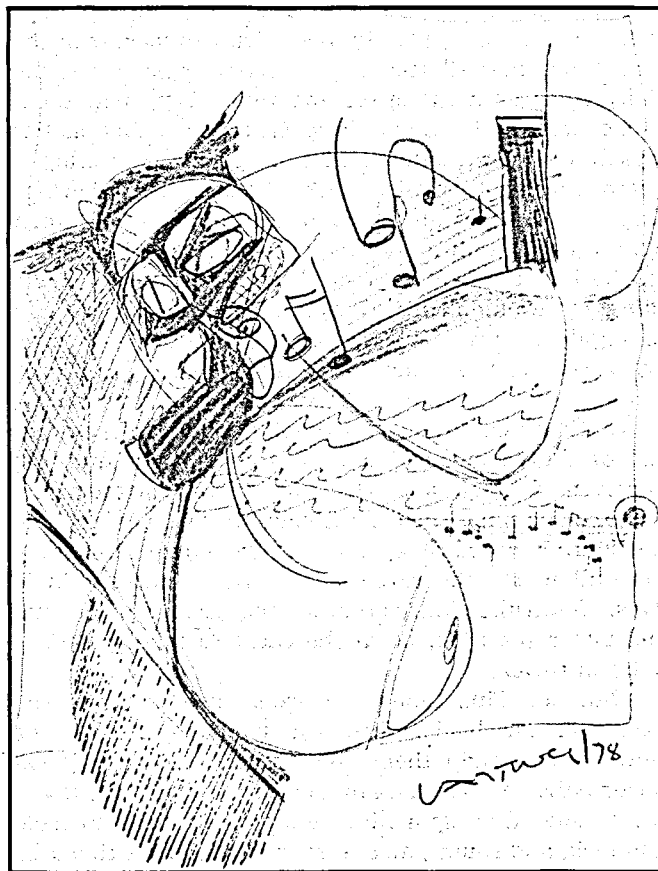
He definitely enjoyed music's frequent intrusions into his life and had decided that, aside from the near-fatal side effects of certain numbers, Cole Porter was the one man who could whistle him the furthest. Oh, sure, he often reflected, James Taylor or Steve Goodman were fine for the quick jaunt to the laboratory, and of course, "Rhapsody in Blue" could do wonders for the backswing on long doglegs of par fours, but they didn't hold a candle to the Porter magic. My God, they just didn't have anything on the man, nothing at all. Filth! That's what it is! Not a shred! Sons of bitches, what goddam nonsense do they have to print? he fumed. So they can fill up their black-chauffeured limousines with petroleum and get little kids fresh out of 6:30 Mass for Urchins to shine their golden hubcaps? Or so they can hump their secretaries in the meat freezers of their grocery store chains? or behind their padded accounts, chairs and suits? Just where did all this leave him off? Where the hell did it leave him? What could he whistle if they destroyed that musical God? Just take one more thing away! Just try, bastards. And this morning his toothpaste had run out and the friggin' yolk had splashed on his authentic silk Florentine tie,

and

Why is he chasing me, or am I chasing him?  
Do I stand a chance of catching him? He's  
dodging the people like an antelope full of  
buckshot in his behind. Run. Run. Duck under  
the awning. Dodge the old bag in a dirndl.  
God, I'm out of shape. How can he keep this  
pace in the dark? Images. Kaufhaus Tirol.  
Pullover Ermassigungen. Run. Run. Stride.  
I can see his coat. I can hear his breath. I can

## ¿ Pardon, Monsieur, Es Ocupado?

by Joe Carey



pass. I have no fault, no weakness, no shred of identity. I'm free of this goddam body. I'm floating high, soaring through Maria Theresa Strasse in the heart of downtown Innsbruck. I'm immortal. I have the power to fly at will, to pass him in a cloud of fragrant dust.

Heartbeat.

Throb.

Laughter. Why did you run you bastard? Fuck, I don't know. Does there have to be a why, or even a who-done-it? Give me my hat or thee shall die.

Calzone, schillings. Elation.

e x p a n s i o n

contraction (contraction) of the mind and soul

was important to him as the door blew open and shut again. He also delved into jazz whistling. He prided himself on the versatility of his tongue. Yes, in his younger days he could toodle some scales that would make a Zoot Sims blush. God couldn't a tune, or even a song, float one along on breezes of incredible ego, ballooning one to the point of no return and then back again? To the point of bursting a shoelace or an artery, or just plain popping out from beneath one's very fingernails in December and then letting the blood ooze out onto the snow. Does it crackle when it freezes? Does it matter when he sneezes? Does the wind blow in certain seizures or is the poet a man of leisures? Incredible questions he wondered. He also wondered how the others would feel.

I

couldn't answer him just as I couldn't answer myself. The task was entirely too difficult to master in the space and time allotted to my fictive existence, especially when even the space and time of my fictive existence were fictive themselves. God, I could fictionalize myself to death, couldn't I? Sort of like reflecting a mirror into another mirror, like the ones in the barber-shop. Maybe one of the multi-reflections would turn out a bit odd, a bit more developed and more borderline on the bizarre than the rest. That would really shake things up, wouldn't it? Ha. He. Hee, hee. I really had to giggle at precisely that moment because I knew exactly what the others were going through. Going through the barbershop. That was what was taking place. Going past the self-stropping blades to the other end of the room and back, pausing only to sniff the imported Goudas and cheddars placed strategically out of sync with their tastebuds, placed only to help the journey speed along its concave course. And they were all in for the razor ride of their innocent little lives. Down the skull and down the neck. Up the chin and under the nose, down the chest to take the pubic hairs in rows.

But, no. This time there would be no blade. Ha. Tee, hee. No blade. Just the language itself. The words would strip them down and remove every exterior hair, Denude the already naked aborigine, that's what. And then spin him before the mirror to look, and look, and squint, and stare, and then to look again.

And with that last look he would find nothing in front of him, nothing behind, only the fading words hanging in vacuums of almighty space. My God, what fun the entire process is! And initial shock! What fun the shock is, but it wears off quickly. One simply ignores the mirrors the rest of one's life and pays the man at the door his rightful dues. Of course, the man at the cash register only appears after the mirrors are rejected. He has to exist then, just as the clean-shaven man must thrive and squirm and shriek within the friendly confines of the world outside the shop, the world of lions, tigers, bears, and ulterior motives.

But then one can always whistle, can't one? I do at times. It helps with my Zen studies. Just face that wall and whistle the space and your mind into the same oblivion. It's like a whoosh of air, a gentle breeze of sweet sorrow which dampens my throbbing brow, and sweetens the moment of inexorable pleasure before the collapse. There is always the collapse. But why? Why collapse? Why contradiction? Why denial? Why conviction? What's the story? What's the line? Where's the courthouse? What's my fine? Why a verdict? Why a judge? Why neglect? Why the nudge back toward the door? I breathed heavily and wondered out loud, as one must do to be heard against the clamor of scraping thoughts, what does she think?

She

thought nothing of it amidst all this. She was concerned for the moment with her left breast, which protruded slightly from under her shirt. Her left breast often preoccupied her thoughts. She often wondered if it was larger than the right one, for she had read once in Ann Landers' column that it could be so. Would they notice? Would it matter here, or in a court of law? Does one's body matter at all? On the earthly scale, it mattered for her, but beyond the peak of sexual pleasure what else did it offer? Her body, as the others in motion at that time, was a constant mass of malfunctions, excretions, stresses and misplaced bulges. A mere blob with legs. Legs that spread and received. Legs that spread and conceived. Legs that crossed themselves and other bridges. Legs which protruded from under skirts, and which hid beneath pants, peeking out through ankles like hidden scars. Legs which the others could care less about. What was their game? What were their names, positions, ranks and files?



She knew they were there for the same reason. She heard the whistle and backed toward the window. What frightened her legs to shake so? Did she care so much? The loss couldn't hurt more than a minute or so, and then things would be better. They should get better, shouldn't they? Oh, God, she thought. It's got to be better! They wouldn't let her go through all this shit for nothing. She waited for a sign, for a thunderbolt, for a minor miracle, or for the cry of a bat releasing guano in his blind flight, blind to us yet seeing like twin beakers of knowledge.

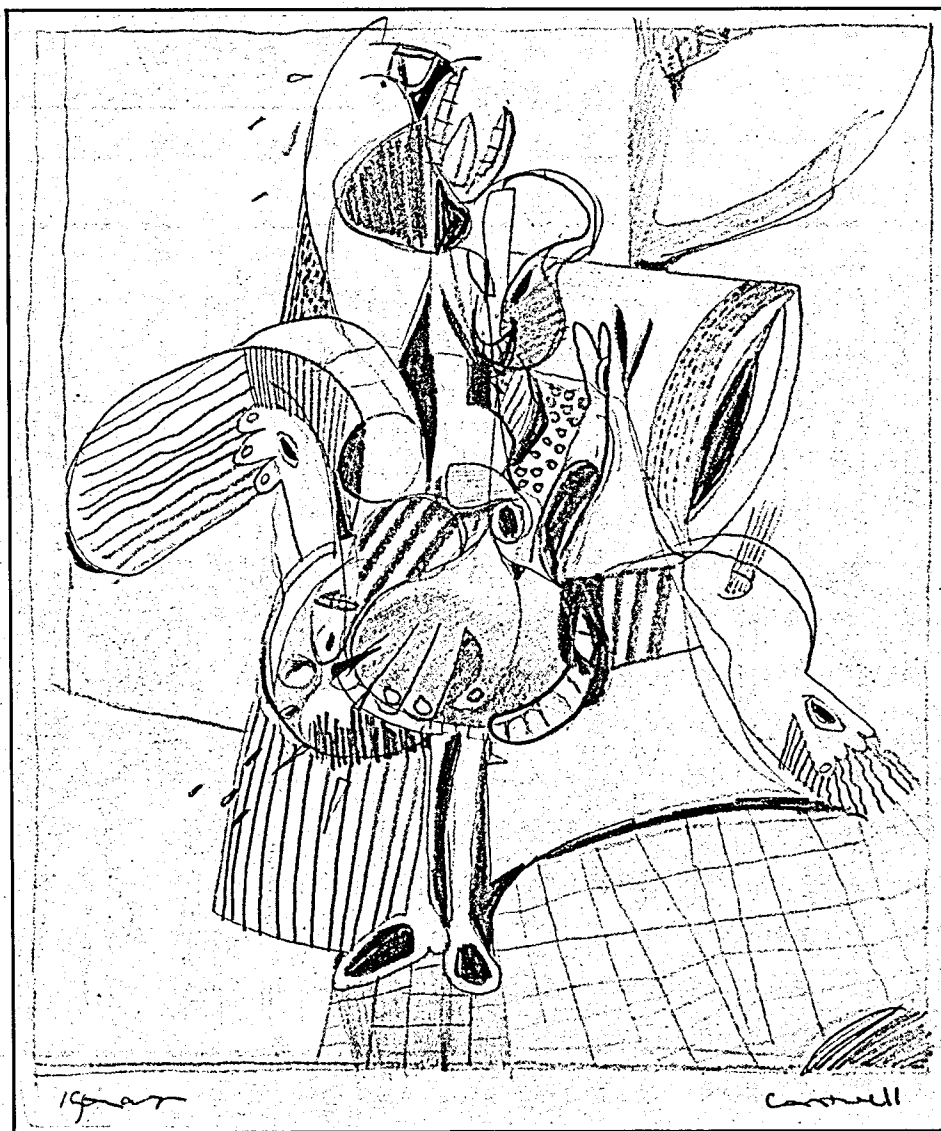
She got it.

I stepped into the light. He moved quietly toward the door to block it. There was no moon. In the darkness it seemed there was no door to block. I moved closer. He slid along the wall. She backed away. I reached out. He caught her leg. She kicked his face. I saw the blood. It trickled onto my shoe. She kicked my groin. I doubled over and grabbed her smaller breast. We fell together in a triangle of pain, yet fell pleasurably back toward the place we imagined the door to be. We

fell, we swooped, we flew, gliding through the air like the low notes of an oboe, and slipping gently into the gust of the prevailing West-lies.

There was little time left to think, or act, or stroke each other, but it did not matter. I let go of her breast. The blood on my shoe disappeared in a crackle of quickened light that I could sense, but not hear. Then there were no senses. The light faded and for an instant there was a moon over our left shoulder, but we were in, above, and with it simultaneously. Together we spun away with the moon like an unravelling string into the darkness, unwinding our lives, leaving the flow behind with our shaven pubic hairs, forgetting to pause to listen to the quiet drop of guano below us. Were we gone? Were we alone? In the night? Close to dawn? Was it blessing? Was it curse? It could be no better. It could be no worse?

—Joe Carey is a senior English major from Chicago, Illinois, who presently occupies a room in the fieldhouse. He is in complete control of his faculties.



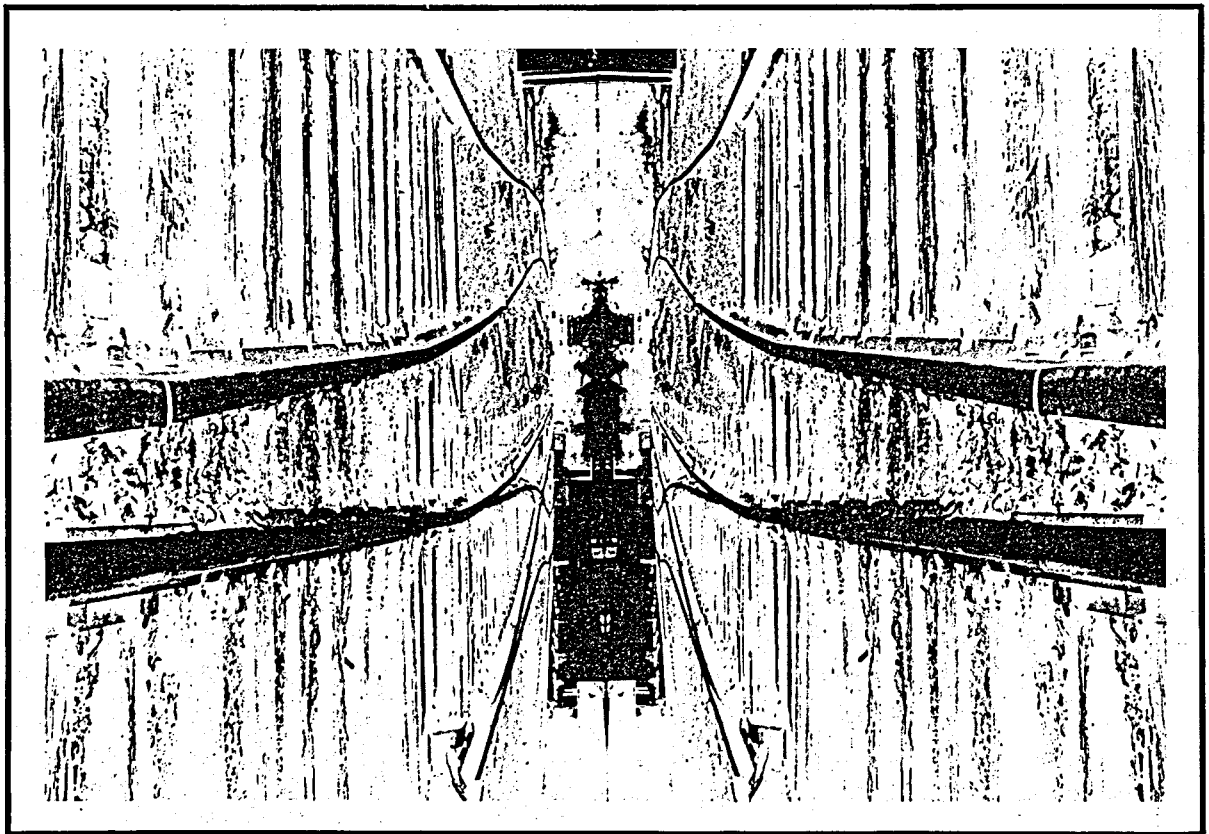


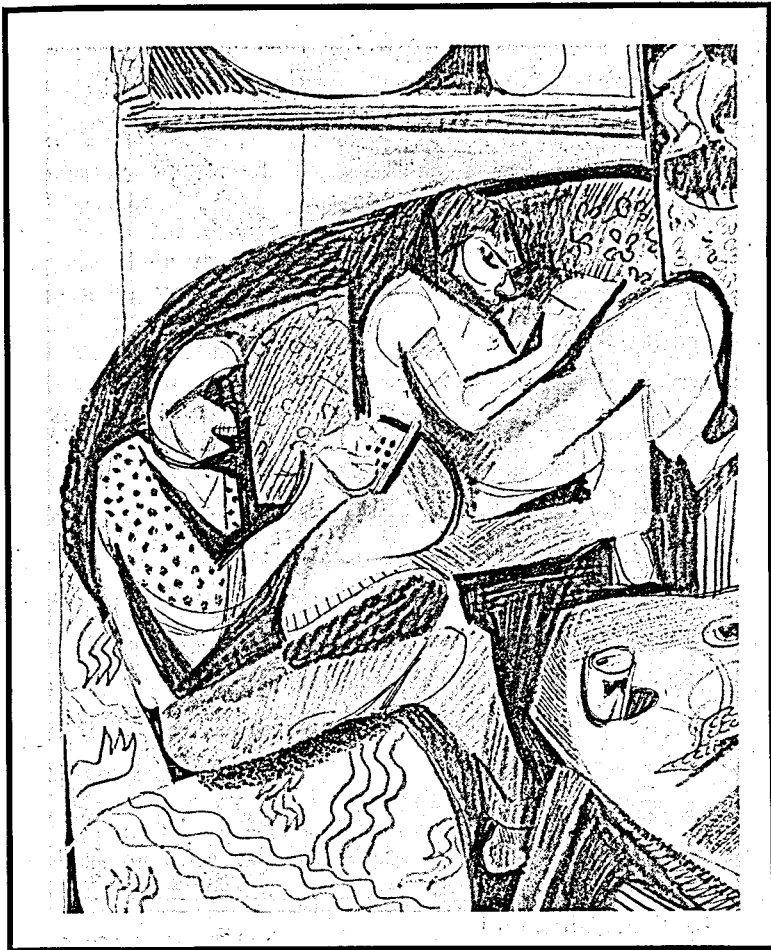
Dave  
Schiesher

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Gallery

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Mike  
Cantwell  
Moose's Den



Pat  
O'Brien  
Skeeboe's  
Resort II

# URBAN PLUNGE

## The Street Where

I had my first birthday on board a ship in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea. I turned twelve in northern Japan, sweet sixteen in Istanbul, and twenty-one in Leningrad. But I never saw so foreign a land as the south side of Chicago.

With that in mind and with all levity aside, I'd like to propose a Sophomore Year Abroad program in that very place. The Foreign Study Office might also consider the District of Columbia, the south Bronx and downtown Detroit as additional program sites. I'll venture to say that the difference in language and culture encountered in America's troubled urban areas would rival those met in Tokyo or Angers.

For most Notre Dame students, the inner city exists on newspaper pages and the six o'clock report. One might drive through it, around it, or by it—but always quickly. This alienation is easily accounted for. The unknown and the unfamiliar have always been a source of fear and, you see, ladies there don't wear monogrammed sweaters with golden stickpins. Men can't afford the price of bourbon and have no patience with beer. They down strained Sternos to lose consciousness quickly and cheaply. There are no Fords in young men's futures and no futures on their streetcorners.

Meanwhile, we live surrounded by the beauty of lakes and sycamores where faceless men dutifully pick up our abandoned beer cans and sweep up after us. After a few years, three-piece suits and job interviews come to us in autumn as naturally as the reddening of the leaves. We can

You

Don't

Live


by Gina Giovanini

read the classics, study the great philosophies of man, learn to write, analyze, criticize, and compute while our physical needs are catered to. We need not have any greater care than an 8-3 season.

For some reason though, amidst all the wealth there are traces of boredom. The perennially fortunate most often are the victims of this ennui. When you're twenty-one years old, gifted and bright and the world is your oyster, it's easy to take things for granted. After all, when you've never been on the bottom, it's hard to tell when you've reached the top.

Our student government, hall presidents, and rank and file alike mobilized in instant rage when someone tried to take our alcohol away. Only when some of that righteous indignation is channeled onto a new course will our education at Notre Dame begin to be complete. Next January, during semester break, in over forty of America's major cities, Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students will be part of an Urban Plunge—a brief encounter with life on the other side of the tracks. For forty-eight hours government majors

# UNGE

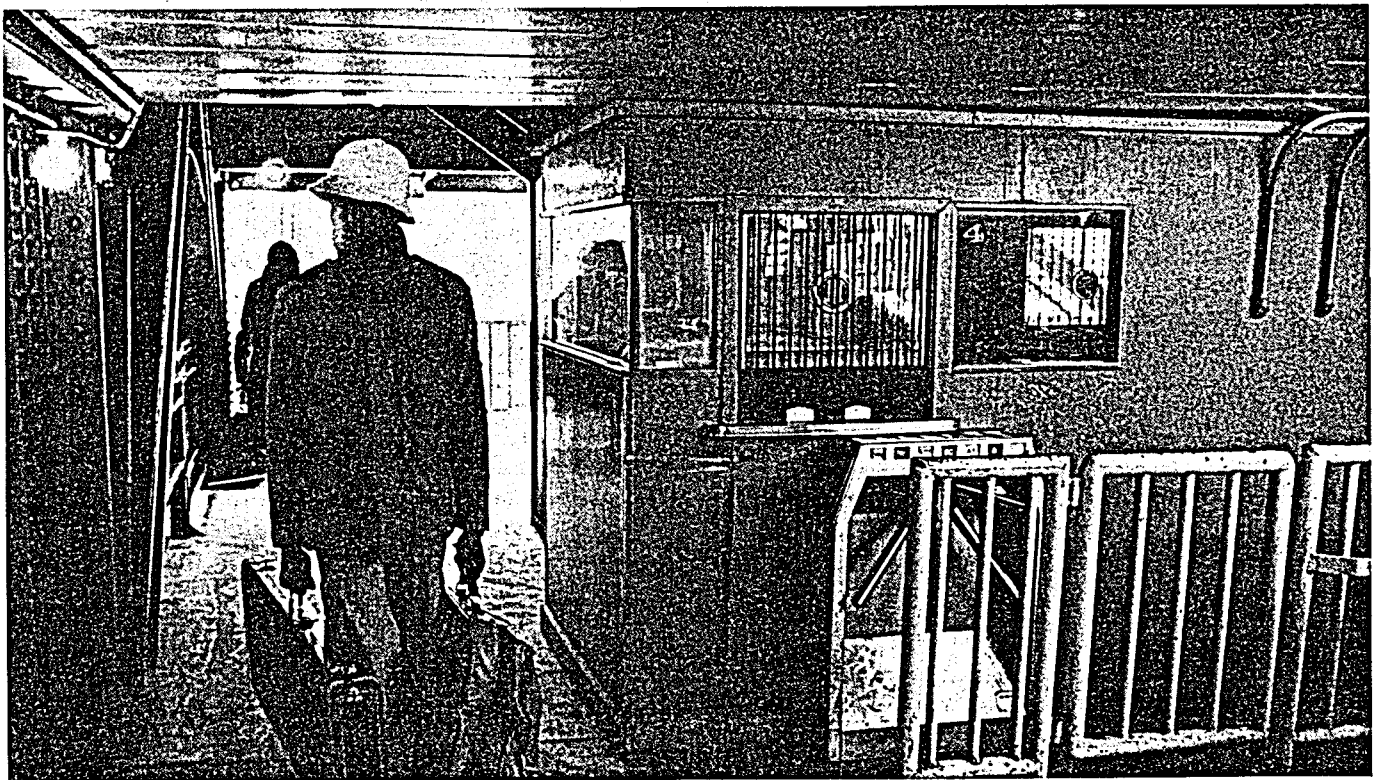
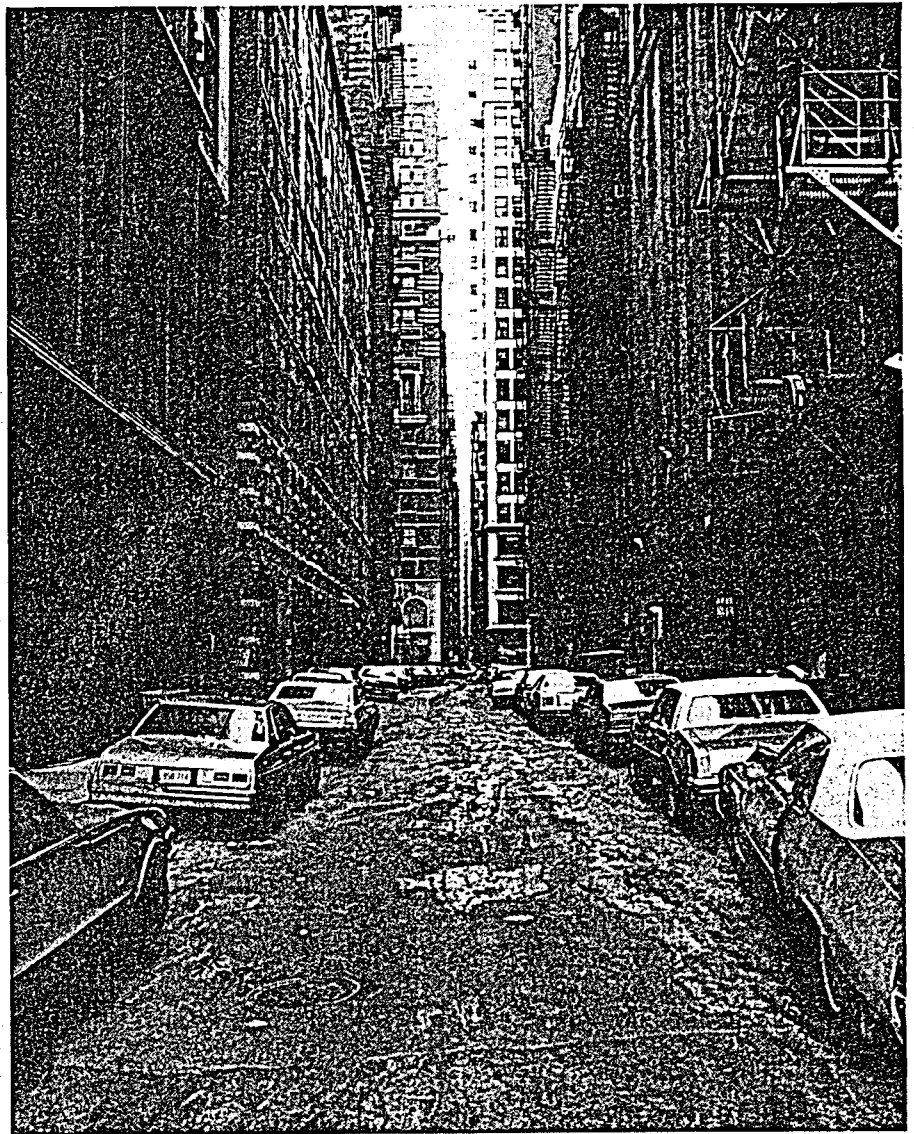


can see the invisible political class take form, pre-meds can begin to feel the physical suffering of hunger, cold and alcoholism, business majors can put faces on the statistics of the financially unfavored.

When those Urban Plunge students return to Notre Dame a few will change their majors. A few will simply be more appreciative of the wealth they possess. And perhaps, one may not return so soon—staying instead in the city to begin another kind of education. But everyone who has eyes to see and a mind to learn will be just a little bit angry and a little bit ashamed and a whole lot more aware of his position in society. Many here at Notre Dame have yet to realize that the only reason they are middle class is because someone else is lower class. I fear that if a Domer were asked to make a sketch of the average American, he would draw him with an alligator on his shirt.

We have been granted a reprieve—most of us through no virtue of our own. Law school, med school, and the Big Eight await. The road to suburbia is paved with good intentions. It's a comfortable way to travel but before you take your first step, you should know what you'll be missing.

*Gina Giovanini is the Education Co-ordinator for Urban Plunge.*



On

# The Fighting Irish

by Kathy Ryan

To begin, "It was a beautiful morning in Belfast" nourished a starved stylistic cliché; that much I knew before I realized that our first day in Belfast might construct for us a "view on the Irish thing." But it was an unseasonably warm morning the May Friday we trained from Dublin to Belfast and, bundled in our expectations, we were unprepared for the change of temperature and temperament in nearby Ulster.

Months later, I now wonder if our reasons for traveling to Belfast so late in our Irish year weren't as varied as the causes of Ulster's struggle, weren't perhaps at the root of all the confusions. We had been warned, by school administrators, by parents back home, by the Southern Irish, by the journalists and the skeptics. We knew (or hoped we did) what we were getting into, and we wanted every bit of it. We said that we wouldn't go to gape, but we did; we went to gape and stare and gaze and gasp, to see the barbed wire and dodge the bullets in the streets. Curiosity had peaked after long months of Southern Catholicism and political speculation. Belfast was too mysterious and too tragic to overlook. The realities of Northern Ireland had become clear in the political battles fought in the headlines, on the radio, at the dinner table, but we would accept none of them. One day in the streets of Belfast would tell the story. Certain that one day months later a neighbor or the friends of parents would ask the magic morbid question,

"What is the situation in Northern Ireland *really* like?", we risked our vivid imagery and our more vivid ignorance to answer the misplaced question.

Julianne had traveled a direct route; her trip began in the heart of Irish Queens generations before. She carried all that ancestry behind her, the pride of American Irishness, the initiators of long-standing hate and the founders of the IRA. That day, however, the full-fledged, green-every-St.-Patrick's-Day Irishman had to own up to the Catholic ghetto, to the barbed wire on Falls Road, to the lives leveled for the cause of Southern pride.

Doug headed for Belfast on a different note. Straight from the Yale English Department, he had all the ambivalence of the trained young writer. He was Presbyterian to the bone and carried the required backpack; in it, a volume of literary myth, ready to identify the metaphor, to capture the unspectacular spectacle.

We sat on the same train, though, connecting our varied starting points, and if I knew their curiosities, I also knew my own. The Irish background and the writer, poised, were a part of me, and no part of my motive at all. No social conscience, no moral obligations involved. We had come to Ireland to study something about literature, and the nagging poem was on my mind: the thoughtful, menacing refusal to respond by Seamus Heaney, "Whatever You Say, You Say Noth-

ing." He understood all the conclusions that could be drawn,

"The liberal papist note sounds hollow  
When amplified and mixed in with the bangs  
That shake all hearts and windows day and night."

or the embers that could be rekindled.

" I sit here with a pestering  
Drought for words at once both  
gaff and bait  
To lure the tribal shoals to epigram  
And order. I believe any of us  
Could draw the line through bigotry and sham  
Given the right line, *aere perennius.*"

I went to Belfast to test his view, to test the understanding against the answer he gave, responding with,

" The famous  
Northern reticence, the tight gag  
of place  
And times. . .  
Where to be saved you must only  
save face  
And whatever you say, you say  
nothing."

\* \* \* \*

The war in Northern Ireland, referred to as no more than "the troubles" in the South, does not take place on the streets of urban Belfast. The battles are not waged between armies of British Protestants and rebel Catholics. The "trouble" is everywhere but out in the open; it is ensconced in the Irish mind. The agitation and anxiety are not political questions, and there has never been such a thing as a religious war. The situation in Ulster is worlds away from Leon Uris' fairy tale and will never be captured succinctly in a Dell paperback. The war is less than a sectarian issue, less than the pictorial "war of children," less even

than the metaphoric feud of neighboring families. With tolls of tangible deaths daily, the source of "the troubles" is an abstraction.

The war in Northern Ireland is being fought over kinds of Irishness. Like all minority issues, it is reduced to a question of mathematics. There are 32 counties on a single tiny island whose history has narrated two separate stories. Over a period of 800 years, two distinct nations have evolved, as equally Irish as they are basically dissimilar. Yet history and republicanism have reasoned that proximity on this island implies unity; years of unreasonable brutality have aggravated the assumption.

\* \* \* \* \*

We didn't dodge bullets on the streets of Belfast. There was only a little barbed wire, though there were body searches on the streets, and the dilapidated buildings might

have been old or bombed, we couldn't tell. We also couldn't tell much more about the "situation" from the time spent there, though we navigated the city quite successfully. Belfast is a city where people live and work; occasionally there are warm days in early May. The guerrillas are hidden, as are the issues:

"O land of password, handgrip,  
wink and nod,  
Of minds as open as a trap,  
Where tongues lie coiled, as under  
flames lie wicks,  
Where half of us, as in a wooden  
horse  
Were cabin'd and confined like  
wily Greeks,  
Besieged within the siege, whispering morse."

I wish I had the answer to the Irish thing, but Heaney was right: there's still so little to say, and none

of it approaches the answer. The Southern politician-historian Connor Cruise O'Brien has several extremely calculated solutions to the "Irish Question"; so, I believe, does John Hume, the Provisional IRA and the Ulster Defense Association. While journalists debate the political effectiveness of terrorism, I wonder about the decibel level of outrage. I also wonder if the only certainty is the certain frustration of powerlessness and silence. I can't answer the magic question, and yet I still care about every backlash and gelignite. While "coherent miseries" make the headlines, I understand only why one Northern poet admits default:

"Yet for all this art and sedentary  
trade  
I am as capable as fungus  
Of breaking my soft grip on the  
sick place  
Or its on me."



after "the Jaunting Car" by William Conor RHA  
oil painting—Ulster Museum



# Women Take The Field

by Paul Mullaney

There was something special about this one game, something which made it seem like much more than just a 3-2 victory over Goshen College in the 1978 women's field hockey opener.

There was much more to celebrate than just a two-goal performance by Carrie Rooney or a key score for Mary Tollaksen.

There was more to celebrate because this one game began a completely new chapter in the annals of women's athletics at the University of Notre Dame. The contest was cause for celebration because it marked the first appearance of the female Irish on the varsity level.

The University Faculty Board in Control of Athletics, with Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., as its chairman, officially approved the move from a club sport status to varsity status this August, making field hockey the fourth varsity sport for women. Basketball was acknowledged as a varsity sport a year ago, while tennis and fencing took the giant leap two years ago.

Astrid Hotvedt, Coordinator of Women's Sports at Notre Dame as well as field hockey coach since the team's inception four years ago, sees the promotion to varsity as timely compared to the sport's growth nationally and internationally.

"The colleges seem to be the breeding places of many of our Olympians," she emphasized. "The inception of field hockey as a varsity sport for women at Notre Dame can be paralleled with the growth of field hockey on an international basis. It has recently been adopted as a women's Olympic sport beginning in 1980 in Moscow."

According to Hotvedt, a great deal of the interest generated by Notre Dame students for the sport can be attributed to the high number of Easterners attending the University.

"Philadelphia was, and still is, the hotbed of field hockey in the United States," said Hotvedt, beginning her fifth year at Notre Dame. "There the girls learn it from third grade all the way up to high school, and their skills are very good."

Hotvedt is hopeful that she can help to gradually develop into her team the skills that Connie Appleby brought to the U.S. from England at the turn of the century.

"The unique thing about field hockey is the endurance and the stamina," explained Hotvedt about the game which features fast-paced action and no time outs during two 35-minute halves. "Up until the last few years you couldn't even substitute unless there was an injury.

Now you're allowed two substitutions, but a person can't re-enter once taken out.

"It's an activity where the girls have to sustain themselves in running—it's a very healthy thing."

Although field hockey is played on a soccer-sized field and has many of the same fundamentals as soccer, Hotvedt finds similarities of many different sports in the growing game. One of the sports she draws an analogy to, oddly enough, is basketball.

"The field hockey offense is very similar to a basketball offense. In fact, this past summer I did quite a bit of reading and studying of basketball books, like how the offense starts once the ball comes down.

"In fact, I've got some different plays that we'll be using that I've taken from the kinds of things a basketball coach would use. I've become more interested in developing a more detailed offensive attack, so I used the comparisons of basketball rather than soccer, which I used previously."

Hotvedt is allowing herself a few years to develop the type of skilled team that would challenge some of the tougher schools in the East. "We're a couple of years away from challenging anyone from the Philadelphia area. I don't want to go there yet. I think I'd prefer somewhere like middle- or up-state New York, where the tradition isn't as powerful, but where the teams would be within reach." The move to varsity level should enable Hotvedt to



upgrade the schedule beginning a year from now.

Nevertheless, whatever occurs one, two, or a hundred years from now is of little concern to women athletic administrators around the United States, for the future of women's sports is now.

Women's athletics in the U.S. has been on the upswing since the passage of Final Title IX Regulation implementing the Education Amendments of 1972, which prohibits sex discrimination in education. Effective since July 21, 1975, Title IX stipulates that schools must indeed provide equal opportunity for both sexes to participate in intramural, interscholastic, and intercollegiate athletics.

"I feel that the discussions around the country about women in sports, the role of women athletes, especially the professional woman athlete—all these kinds of things are the real positive things that so far have come from Title IX," enthused Hotvedt.

"But the increase in funding around the country in elementary and high schools for women or girls is really where the need is for Title IX. The emphasis in the publicity seems to always hit the colleges. But where it really is going to take an effect and be a real positive asset to the total education of a woman is in junior high schools and high schools."

Title IX has a different effect on Notre Dame than it does on most state schools, since the University has been coeducational for only seven years. But Hotvedt doesn't think this really hurts the building of a women's athletic program at Du Lac.

"I try to use it as an asset," she clarified. "The fact that we have not had a past makes it possible for us to start fresh and move in certain directions. We don't have to tear down some old traditional lines. When something has been around for a long time, like a sports program, there're always the highs and lows. This way we don't have any highs, but we don't have any lows. We're starting from scratch."

One wouldn't be able to tell, however, that there hasn't been a head start at Notre Dame, for the students have been very cooperative, as have the University administrators.

"The cooperation on this campus has been very good," stressed Hotvedt. "It isn't like having someone come in and say, 'We want this.' There's been ongoing dialogue since I've been here. People here are aware that athletics has a role in education. This is where the dialogue comes in."

Hotvedt emphasizes that some of the reports that have been published recently haven't given the complete picture of what is happening with the women's athletic program.

"Some of the good things that have happened have not come out. One of the good things is that Betsy Shaver made the men's swimming team. And there are a number of women who are coming to swim practice to try to make this year's team."

Some of the better things that are happening, according to Hotvedt, are taking place in her negotiations with University athletic officials.

"There is no big obstacle in our discussions on women's athletics,"

she maintains. "It's just that solutions are still being sought.

"We still have some goals to set. For instance, there have been students doing fine work regarding the publicity of women's athletics, but it has all been volunteer work. Setting up salaried positions is being considered, but it's just a matter of working out solutions.

"We have a good relationship going. For instance, we requested that there be no football parking on our practice field behind Jake Kline field. The committee, headed by Mr. Joseph O'Brien (Notre Dame Business Manager) took actions so this wouldn't occur. It could have been a problem, but it wasn't. The communication was there, and a solution was found."

While the communication continues and constant solutions are being sought, women's athletics continues to become more and more vital in the Notre Dame framework of education.

*Paul Mullaney is a sophomore American Studies major from Highland, Indiana. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*



## (All American)<sup>2</sup>

by Greg Solman

There was to be a pep rally at St. Joseph's High School in half an hour, and Bob Golic was the featured speaker—and concerned about it.

He sat in his Flanner Hall room, drying his hair with one hand, while he pored over the words in the "Public Speaker's Treasure Chest" he had borrowed moments ago from down the hall.

"Let's try 'spirit,'" he mumbled to himself, turning to the index. He turned quickly to the page and his huge fingers sought out the reference.

"Better is a handful with quietness, than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit," he read aloud.

"That sounds like it should be used at Mass, not at a pep rally." He was probably right.

He tried another passage. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." He groaned, slammed the book closed and tossed it onto his bed.

"That isn't going to make it," he sighed, shaking his head, "Looks like I'll have to play it by ear."

It was quite evident that Bob Golic's life had changed.

In fact, it changed early last August when his mother, Katie, returned from work one day carrying a magazine wrapped in brown paper. The entire Golic family knew immediately that it was a long-awaited issue of *Playboy*.

Golic grabbed for the magazine with all of the finely honed quickness he could muster from his 6-3,



244-pound frame. But once again, motherly instinct won over brute strength, and the magazine was soon out of reach.

"I'll find it," Golic's mother said. And she did.

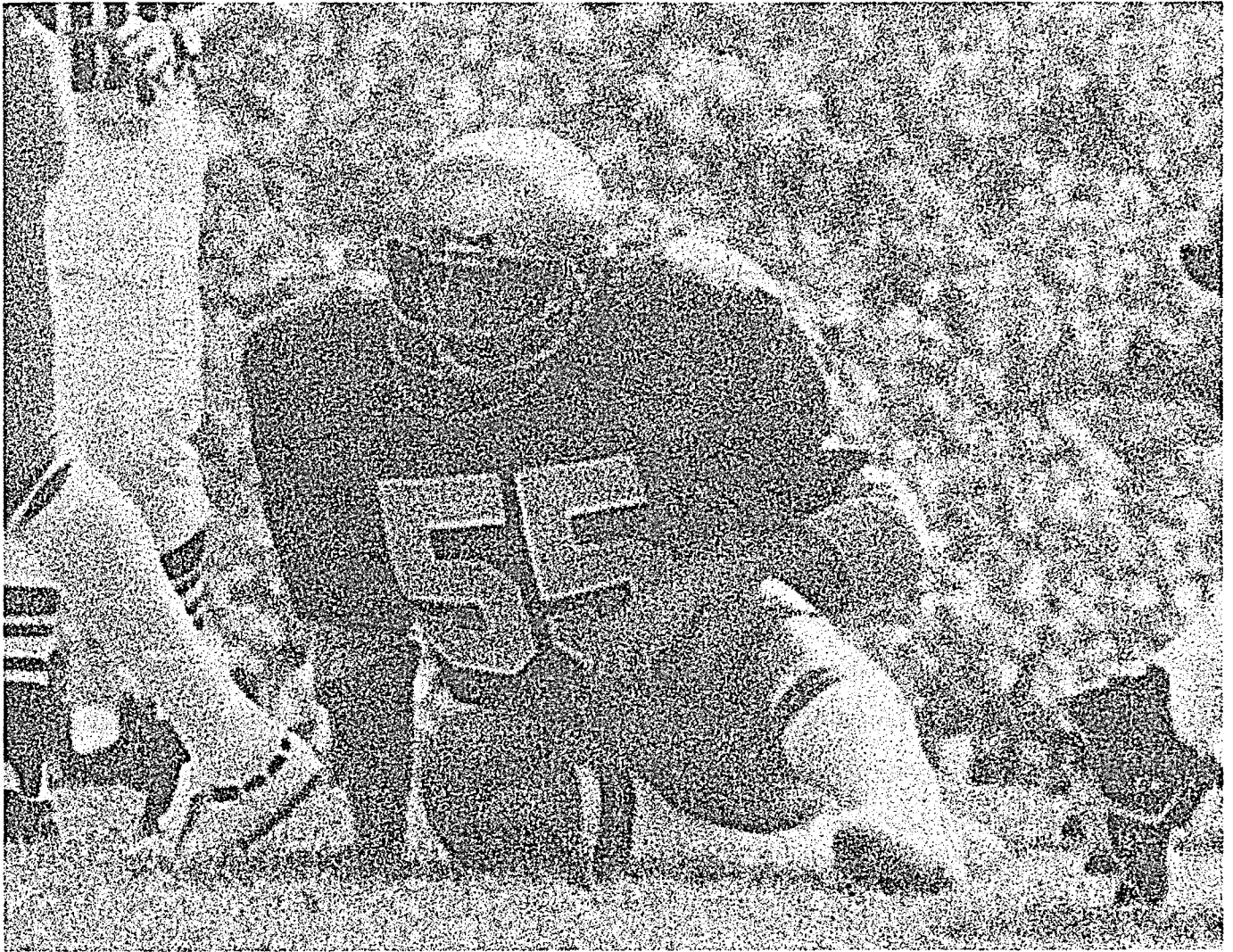
"She's still trying to protect my innocence," laughed *Playboy* All-American Bob Golic. "I guess she figured that I shouldn't be reading *Playboy* until I'm twenty-one."

"I mean," he continued, feigning innocence revealed by a mischievous grin, "Why else would I be interested in reading *Playboy*?"

One can hardly blame Bob Golic for his anxiousness, though. It's not every red-blooded American male that gets his picture in the country's most famous men's magazine—with clothes on, no less.

But for Golic, the *Playboy* All-American honor is all part of the "gravy." It is just one in his growing list of accomplishments. And if Golic's first three games are any indication of things to come, then *Playboy* may develop a reputation for knowing football as well as it claims to know beautiful women.

Statistics don't tell the Bob Golic story, but they certainly paint part of the picture. Golic, the most valuable defensive player in the 1978 National Championship Cotton Bowl, is the first two-time All American since the legendary "Moose" Krause. Last season, he surpassed Greg Collins' single-season tackle record with 146. Against Purdue he became the all-time tackle leader in Notre Dame history. Against Michigan this sea-



son, he docketed 26 tackles, a game high in modern-day Notre Dame history.

"It feels good to know that I am living up to my responsibilities as a member of the team," said Golic, "But all of the individual accomplishment loses a lot of its meaning when the team loses.

"You can afford to think more about individual accomplishments when you're playing on a team that's doing well."

And the team, Golic readily concedes, is not doing so well these days. Bob Golic doesn't know quite how to explain it. As a team captain, he feels that he is doing his duty as one of the leaders of the team. Following a National Championship, a 1-2 record was the last thing that Golic expected.

"In the situation that we are in now," he remarked, "there just seem to be breakdowns in various places. Individual breakdowns that are causing the team, as a whole, to

lose . . . and it's nothing you can put your finger on."

Golic remains, however, optimistic on the coming season. "We still have eight games left to show what we are made of," he'll tell you if you ask him. But, win or lose, it is a long season . . . and one that started for Bob early last summer.

And it would have started earlier had Robert Golic, Bob's father, anything to say about it. Bob listens to what he has to say, above all other voices.

A gregarious, rugged man, Robert Golic spent seven years playing tackle for the Hamilton Tigercats and the Saskatchewan Roughriders in the Canadian professional leagues, where the fields are wider, longer, and colder. And when he talks, his son listens.

Well, most of the time.

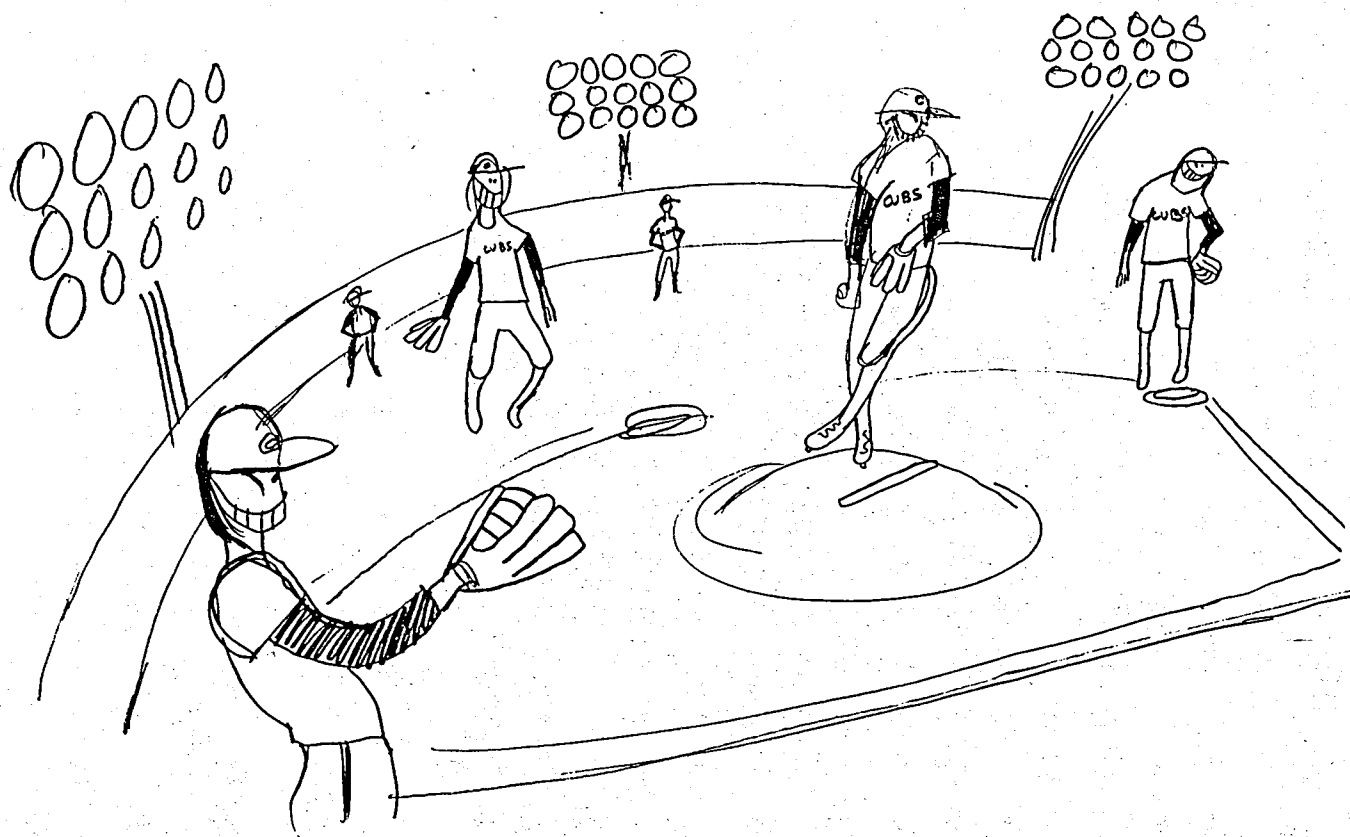
"It's only May, and he was already asking me if I had done my running yet," recalls Bob. "And I told him, 'Damn, Dad, it's only May. I haven't even finished last season, yet.'"

"But he keeps right on trying," laughs Golic. "Next time I turn around he's telling me about a deal he got on new tires for the car. 'I'm going to need them for all of those long trips this fall.' I just tease him and ask him where he's going."

The elder Golic defends himself. "Somebody has to motivate him," he laughs. "Just look at what happens when I'm not around . . . he's always the last person out of the locker room."

"I wish that I could just relax and take it easy during the summer," moans Bob Golic, "If I had my way I wouldn't start training until the week before I had to be back."

Despite the teasing he continually gets about his training methods (the wrestling team used to give him an ovation whenever he showed up for practice at the beginning of last year), Golic does take it seriously. And his hard work has not been without reward, either in football or in his other all-American sport, wrestling.



## When Hell Freezes Over

by Jim Trausch

The leaves turn gold and brown, the days grow shorter and the nights become nippy . . . summer is gone and autumn is here. This is the signal to baseball fans across the country that their long summer wait is over. The World Series is upon us.

The excitement and drama that are the fall classic grip the nation as champions from both leagues meet in battle to decide who is best. In the taverns, on commuter trains, even in the churches, idle conversation inevitably reaches one topic—the Series. The range of the discussions are endless. Did Steve Garvey and Don Sutton bleed "Dodger Blue" when they fought this summer, and will their feud stay subdued long enough for the Dodgers to cop the crown? Can the Phillies, on their third try, finally put it together? Will the Kansas City Royals choke to the New York Yankees again in the last game of the American League

Championship series? Just what does Reggie Jackson have in store for us this October? What percentage of fans, with Howard Cosell doing the games, will turn off the volume on their television sets? It is this sort of speculation that makes the Series a national event.

But in one small section of the country this is not so. Yes, the people there will watch the games but their hearts will not be in it. What strategic maneuvers the LaSordas, Lemons, and Ozarks perform on a particular night does not fascinate them. These people cannot associate with a World Series. It is as foreign to them as humility is to Muhammad Ali. To them, the World Series is the final reminder that once again a year of hopes and dreams and promises has faded with the summer. They can hardly remember a World Series, the last one coming so long ago. If ever there were fans that deserved

to see their team play in the fall classic it would be these fans. They come out in droves each year hoping that this might be THE YEAR and every year it is the same story—nothing.

Finally, one day, one of these frustrated fans can take it no longer. He is determined to see his team in the World Series one way or another. With pen in hand he sits down and writes an influential man with the power and money and imagination to make his dream come true. This is the content of that letter. . .

To: Roone Arledge, President of ABC

Re: Future plots for the TV show "Fantasy Island"

Dear Mr. Arledge,

I really enjoy this year's lineup of television fare offered by your net-

work. I especially like the show "Fantasy Island." As you probably know, the episodes deal with life's losers who fork over fifty thousand dollars to have their wildest desires fulfilled. No matter how bizarre or outrageous the request, no cost is spared by Ricardo Montalban and his little midget to complete the fantasy. Up until now the plots have been highly imaginative and the show considerably successful.

I have a fantasy, however, that will put all others to shame. This desire, this wish, is so inconceivable that I hardly dare mention it. It rocks the foundations that society is based on. I guarantee no other fantasy will ever approach it.

My fantasy, pure and simple, is to have the Chicago National League entry in the Eastern Division (also known as the Northside Boy Wonders, the Little Blue Machine, or Cubbies) win its division and play in the World Series. I realize that this would be in direct violation of paragraph 8b of the National League Rulebook which states: "the Chicago Cubs shall be excluded from post-season play," but the world is waiting for it. Think of it, if society could handle two major wars, the riots and assassinations of the '60's; the presidency of Richard Nixon, and Billy Carter, it can handle the Cubs in the Series. Just the thought of it boggles the mind. Think of the 45 to 50 thousand people packed like sardines into the friendly confines of Wrigley Field, fans lining the roof-

tops of the tenement flats on Waveland and Sheffield, and the real die-hards hanging from the "El" tracks hoping to catch just one glimpse of their heroes—it's scary. The entire city of Chicago, which usually gets pennant fever by the first of May, would go nutsy.

But I seem to be getting ahead of myself here. Granted, it is pure fantasy to expect to see the Cubs in the Series, but you probably want to know if it is possible to stage such an event and film it. The answer is "Yes!" The money will be easily obtained. I will ask the good people of the city for money and I am sure they will respond generously. Further, by doubling the price of bubble gum, it will be easy to raise \$25-30 million. As for the actual filming, you can film it in the ballpark in October—it is never in use then anyway. Do not be apprehensive about lighting problems; the fans will be instructed to bring flashlights.

The cast I have lined up is dynamite. Mr. Everything, Bill Buckner, will be played by, who else but, Warren Beatty. The rightfielder, ol' Bobby Murcer, can be portrayed by Lassie (no salary needed here, just dog biscuits). Jackie Gleason will have to portray the Cub's pilot, Hermann Franks. Chevy Chase is the best bet to portray sure-handed shortstop Ivan DeJesus. The rest of the Cubs should be portrayed by qualified stuntmen.

The ratings for this would be tremendous. Cub fans are insane, crazy,

nutty, but above all, they are loyal. They never have anything to watch on TV between the final game of the year and opening day anyway. They would watch this in great numbers.

This, in a nutshell, is my fantasy. I know it sounds bizarre but if read carefully, it is possible. Mind you, I am not asking that you have the Cubs *win* the damn thing, just play in it. Winning a Series is something no Cub fan can remember, the last victory coming in the 1908 series. If by any chance, however, the situation arises where the Cubs have a chance to win, the following ending will let you off the hook.

Say the Cubs have the bags loaded, no outs in the ninth inning of the final and decisive game, and they are down by a run. Up to the plate marches Marvelous Marv Throneberry. He simply lines the first pitch to the third baseman for an unassisted triple play. Have the camera pan in on Marv's face waiting for the final and definitive comment that will sum up the entire extravaganza. "I still don't know why they wanted me in this show," says Marv. But we'll all know.

Yours in fantasy,  
Joe Fan

*Jim Trausch, a senior government major from Arlington Heights, Ill., has spent the first 20 years of his life in the left-field bleachers at Wrigley Field waiting for such a fantasy to come true.*

Laughter is the best medicine they say, and at times in the dining hall, laughter is the *only* medicine. So as the *Observer* truck crosses the quad towards the cafeteria, and the chopped steak crosses the palate of the unsuspecting student, it is good to know that help is on the way. Michael Molinelli, a sophomore architecture student, is the energy behind the cartoon strip "Molarity" which appears daily in the *Observer*. He is responsible for helping us digest and we trust him, for he, too, has ventured into the land of chopped steak and onions.

For our entertainment and about \$2.00 per strip, Mr. Molinelli spends about 1½ hours a night drawing "Molarity," and countless hours experiencing it. "Most of what I do with the cartoon is a combination of reality and absurdity," states Molinelli. "And my main character is 'me' incarnate." The strip usually deals with the trials and tribulations of Jim Mole, Molinelli's alter ego, as he traverses the dynamic and sometimes silly road of the college student. He is the perfect foil for his counterparts, Chuck Mason (a machine-gun-brandishing Sixties throwback) and Mitch, who is simply "Mitch," a moustachioed beer

drinker. Despite his common sense, Jim Mole becomes the "schlemiel" as situations repeatedly overwhelm him. This hints at satire which Molinelli acknowledges but is also quick to deny.

"I don't consider myself a satirist," Molinelli states. "I'm not cynical or angry. If commentary or personal attitudes are expressed in my work, it's only natural because I am in my work. Basically, I see Molarity as entertainment and that is what I want to do. If I used the cartoon only to sound my pet peeves it would become bad and it wouldn't last very long."

However, with or without Jim Mole and his buddies, "Molarity" does delve into issues that concern Notre Dame with refreshingly good-natured statements that are, above all, funny.

Molinelli, who claims to have an inverted thought process, starts a list of comedians he admires, including Woody Allen, Tom Lehrer and Bob Newhart, but he never quite finishes it. "I like anything that's funny," he decides. Admittedly, Garry Trudeau's "Doonesbury" cartoon has had a great influence on his cartooning style. "I started reading it in fifth grade," he recalls. "I've

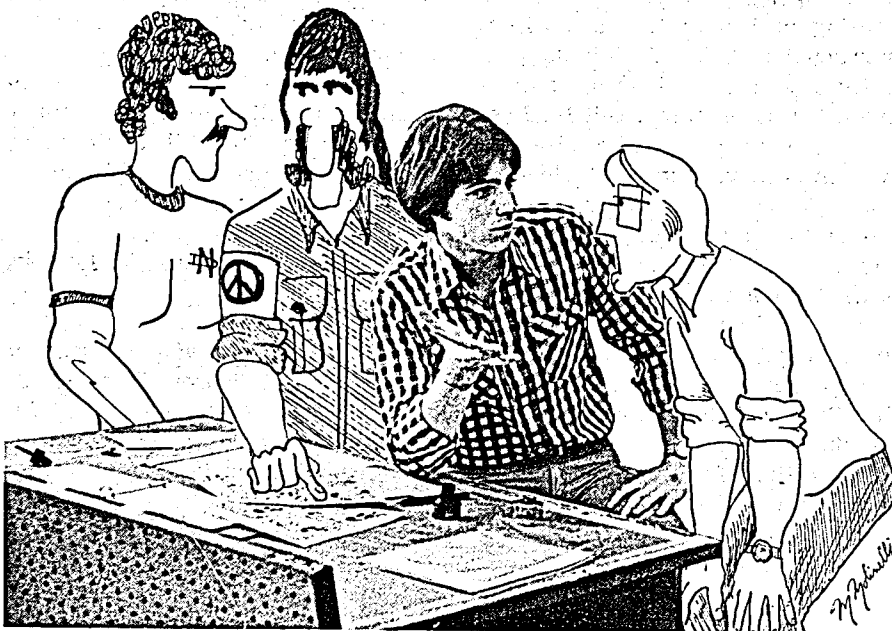


watched it evolve. It's interesting to see the characters fill out their potential as the years go by." Molinelli considers himself a situational cartoonist like Trudeau and cites other contemporary cartoons such as "Travels with Farley" and "Funky Winkerbean" as similar in style.

Michael Molinelli started drawing at an early age; "As soon as I was old enough to play with things without putting them in my mouth," he explains. His inspiration came from a desire to create stories, and the quickest and easiest way at such a young age was to relate them through a series of pictures and words. Hey, presto—the cartoon. In high school, however, he concentrated on one-frame editorial cartoons and it wasn't until "Molarity" that he got back to multiple-frame cartooning. "Molarity" was developed when I came to college," says Molinelli, "but Jim Mole has been with me all my life."

So now it seems that Notre Dame has a "cartoonist-in-residence"; she surely deserves it. And for those who are wondering, "molarity" simply means molar concentration. And so on. . . .

—Tom Balcerek



# Autumn Wonderland

by Joseph Evans



It's strange — isn't it — that of the four seasons winter seems to have a copyright (I won't say "stranglehold," or "bear hug") on the wonderful word "Wonderland." Why is this? *Je ne sais pas* — I do not know. I can't figure it out — it "beats me"! I was trying to figure it out the other day — as I sat beside Moses, on one of autumn's "very most finest" days. Moses seemed to be of precious little help. I guess he was thinking about the Law — and trying to figure out something about it. He seemed to be completely *impervious* to autumn. Lawyers are like that — sometimes.

You would have thought that Keats' ode *To Autumn* would have gotten through to all of us here on earth — and certainly to Moses in his celestial abode! Why, I remember memorizing this poem when I was scarcely more than a little urchin (or, if you prefer, *ragamuffin*) — and then *analyzing* it in school (you know how school *dissects* poems . . .); when I was scarcely more than a little bigger urchin (or: *ragamuffin*). 'Tis curious how this poem has stayed with me — and the *hold* it has on me! Yes, the best things in life are free. . . . Let us, then, *see & hear* part of this poem again:

I  
SEASON of mists and mellow fruit-  
fulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the matur-  
ing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load  
and bless  
With fruit the vines that round  
the thatch-eaves run . . . .

All right, I take it that even the most listless among us has (have) been awakened from his (or her — or their, or our) torpor. We are now tuned in to autumn — the Autumn Wonderland — thanks to John Keats' "To Autumn-ing" it. Allow me the gerund here. You see, their *being* was very much "To Autumn" — and they *radiated* this being to us. "*Being radiates . . .*"

I feel here a Jacques Maritain quote coming on — and I wouldn't call it an *interjection* (some of you might — but I wouldn't!). Here it is — *on* (on the scene, on the page before us): ". . . The substance of man is obscure to himself; it is only by receiving and suffering things, by awakening to the world, that our substance awakens to itself. The poet can only express his own substance in a work if things resound in him, and if, in him, at the same awakening, they and he emerge together from sleep. All that he discerns and divines in things is thus inseparable from himself and his emotion, and it is actually as a part of himself that he discerns and divines it, and in order to grasp obscurely his own being through a knowledge the end of which is to create." (*The Range of Reason*, p. 18.)

A contemporary "bird of a feather" is Robert Frost — why yes, he is a contemporary — he hasn't been dead all that long! Moreover, *all* great philosophers and poets and contemplatives are our "contemporaries." As Jacques Maritain has said (Jacques Maritain, again —

what an inexhaustible well of *in-sight*, of spiritual depth charges!), ("What happens," in the case of spiritual events, comes on the scene for an instance in temporal existence, but comes forever in the existence of souls and of thought").

Did you not know — did it never *dawn* (or *twilight*) on you — that autumn (as indeed everything in this world here) is *ambivalent* — i.e., "*glad/sad*"? If no — if not — then you had better get "with it" — I mean, *with the wondering*. . . . Your wondering leaves something to be desired. It needs a boost and I am not averse to giving it one. "Every progress in evolution is dearly paid for: miscarried attempts, merciless struggle everywhere. The more detailed our knowledge of nature becomes, the more we see, together with the element of generosity and progression which radiates from being, the law of degradation, the powers of destruction and death, the implacable voracity which are also inherent in the world of matter. And when it comes to man, surrounded and invaded as he is by a host of warping forces, psychology and anthropology are but an account of the fact that, while being essentially superior to all of them, he is the most unfortunate of animals. . ." (*On the Use of Philosophy*, pp. 70-71.)

Now, I complete the text: "So it is that when its vision of the world is enlightened by science, the intellect which religious faith perfects realizes still better that nature, however good in its own order, does not suffice, and that if the deepest hopes of mankind are not destined to turn to mockery, it is because a God-given energy better than nature is at work in us."

Have a good wonder — dear reader — at Autumn Wonderland. Maybe we can get Moses — and *all* lawyers — into the act, too.



# The Last Word

by Jake Morrissey

I'm sick.  
My nose is as stuffed as a rush-hour traffic jam on the Dan Ryan Expressway. My eyes are watering, my head aches and it's an accomplishment of superhuman proportions to drag my aching bones out of bed in the morning.

Having any sort of illness at Notre Dame is an unforgettable experience at best. Friends offer hot toddies and sympathy, but little else. After all, what can they really do? No one else knows how badly you are feeling, and a sick Domer must bear his illness with as much humor and magnanimity as he or she can muster, confident in the fact that, in a few days, his roommate will have it, unless of course he is the source.

The fun begins when you attempt to lead a normal existence with cold or flu germs wreaking havoc on your energy level. Going to class is a *real* treat. Imagine attempting to glean facts from an interesting lecture, let alone a boring one, while under the influence of aspirin (or your favorite aspirin substitute), cough drops or Vick's Vapo anything.

It is also suggested, by those in the know, that one develops better hearing during the cold season, since the odds are that at least 20 per cent of a lecture hall will be sniffing or coughing at any one time, making concentration extremely difficult.

Meals under the influence of a cold germ are other worlds. When

not in the pink of condition, dining hall food takes another step toward the absurd — everything tastes the same. This evening's main course could, for all your taste buds tell you, be today's, or even yesterday's, lunch. Gravy that once was soup is of little consequence when your tongue feels like the roof of a Mississippi shanty. And there is nothing quite as stunningly pointless as eating ice cream during "the season." Other than recognizing a cold, lumpy substance traveling down your esophagus, the aesthetic pleasure stemming from taste is minimal at best.

Doctors tell us (or at least commercials saying that doctors tell us) to "get plenty of sleep" when stricken with a cold. At Notre Dame, this is a pleasant theory with no real practical application. Show me a Notre Dame student who gets enough sleep and I'll show you someone who takes three classes. Even if there is enough time to sleep, there is always a stereo fanatic next door or Fifi, your roommate's high school sweetheart, who insists on calling at 2 a.m. because the rates are cheaper.

Fortunately, my condition is temporary. In a few days I will rejoin the ranks of the 80 per cent who are irritated by the constant sniffing and sneezing during a lecture. No matter how loud it becomes, however, I will always have some sympathy for the students who have to tolerate both Notre Dame and a cold — no small task.