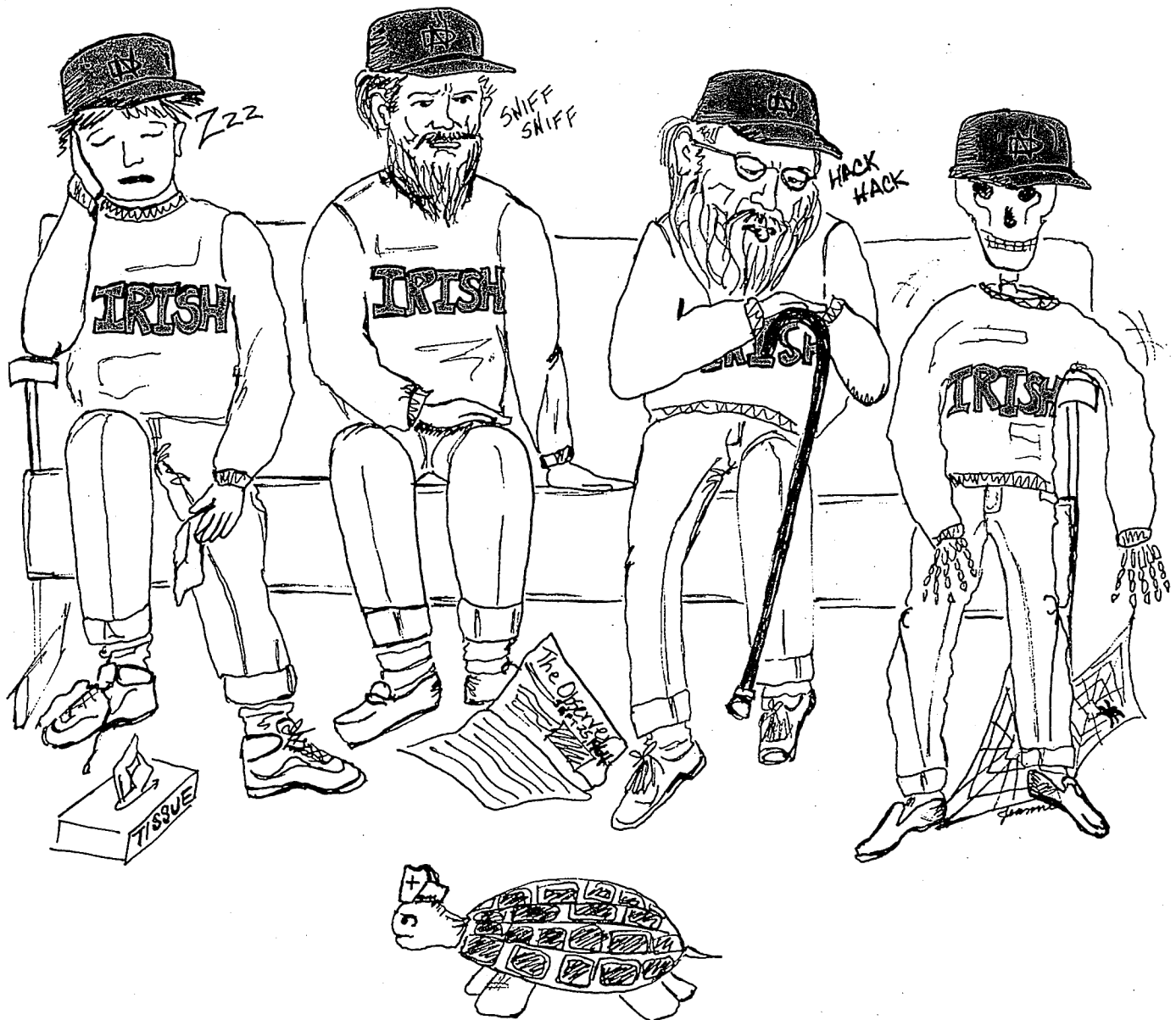


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NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

OCT. 4, 1990



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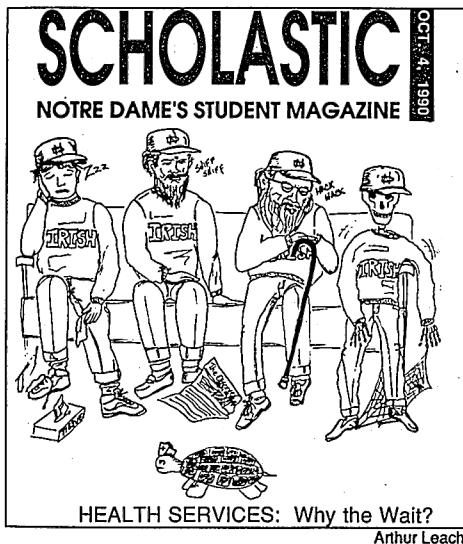
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OCT. 4, 1990

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Vol. 132, No.4
October 4, 1990

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Sobering Words

Close to campus and dead drunk on the morning of the Michigan game, a driver smashed into the car of Donald David, an assistant principal and counselor at Adams High School here in town. Mr. David had recently retired and was looking forward to his new state of life when the drunk murderously cut short David's current life. His family is left to speculate on what their current and future lives together might have been.

Walking home from the stadium after the Purdue game several weeks later, I experienced these images: looming, oversized Bud and Miller bottles atop RVs—belonging to apparent adults, supposedly mature, actually oblivious; memories of too many drunk students at the Michigan game; snatches of current conversations between people bragging about getting drunk, glorifying beer, claiming—or pretending—that drinking is a test of adulthood, a badge of honor, a wonderful experience, a virtue.

That part of our culture wasted by alcohol attests that getting drunk is neither honorable nor wonderful nor virtuous. Those others wasted by alcoholics—by abuse, neglect, indifference, carelessness, or lethal driving—bear further witness. As a test, drinking evaluates only our physical ability to swallow—hardly a moral virtue, and a biological necessity hardly limited to human beings.

To me and my colleagues and your parents, you students are valuable and precious and irreplaceable. You are souls. Value yourselves.

In so doing, resist the propaganda that alcohol is indispensable to life and realize that it is often central to death—literal and psychological. Abandoned families, abused spouses and children, and massive self-destruction, not prudishness, gave birth to the moral outrage triggering Prohibition. Some

countries still feel such outrage. In them, to drive drunk is to lose one's driving privileges for life after sobering up for a long time in prison.

Our capacity for outrage is dulled. Mr. David is one more digit in a statistical count. Yet he was a good man. He gave of himself, of his time and energy and compassion, to others, and especially to young people.

Like yourselves.

He did not deserve to be killed as he was. The cruelty of his death, a death fueled by a lethally romantic escapist illusion, is stark.

Remember that my children and I, to whom Mr. David had been a real friend, will remember his death. Value yourselves. Recognize the immense cans of Bud and Miller, the beer ads, the glorification of booze, the bragging about the ability to swallow for what they are: the pathetic, immature languages and images of the weak and insecure.

Don't take your cue from this language and imagery, or bet on its reality, or risk killing others by riding on its phony promises.

Value yourselves. You are souls. It is fantasy.

Now and after graduation and in old age, value yourselves.

A guarantee: Alcohol and its peddlers to the young never will.

Prof. Thomas Werge
Dept. of English

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Address all correspondence to:

The Editor
Scholastic
LaFortune Center
Notre Dame, IN 46556

Scholastic is published weekly throughout the school year except during examination and vacation periods at the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, IN, 46556 and printed at The Papers, Inc., Milford, IN 46542. The subscription rate is \$25.00/year and back issues are available at \$1.25/copy. The opinions expressed in Scholastic are those of the authors and editors and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the entire editorial board of Scholastic or of the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or students. Editorials signed Scholastic represent the opinion of the majority of the executive editorial board. Manuscripts are welcome. All unsolicited materials become the property of Scholastic.

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Professor Smith Looks Suspiciously Like Beelzebub

(let's take his class)

No Double Standards Here

Clarkson University, an institution bent on using computers to make our lives better, now claims to be the first to use high-tech computer graphics to identify students. According to the *College Press Service*, the university is compiling a list of computerized visages so that professors can learn the students' names faster. When some wiseacre suggested that the university also do the same with the professors' faces, they said "Hold up." Faculty Senate Secretary Jan Wojcik said that professors were worried students might counter with their own high-tech tomfoolery and alter professors' looks—a Hitler mustache here, a bald head there. Apparently vanity and a Ph.D. can go hand in hand.



Literary Giants

Has Nietzsche got your brain befuddled? Want to read something a little less taxing? Then the folks at Delta Psi have the answer to your problems. According to *The Brown Daily Herald*, the fraternity is holding a literary festival featuring the likes of Dr. Seuss. How come kids get all the best stuff?

OCTOBER 4, 1990

Worlds Away

Once again, the good folks at Reed College printed another *Quest* chock-full o' stuff that we can't print in *Scholastic*. And we're jealous.

And It Tastes Good, Too

What does a guy named Yu-Yan Yeh, breast cancer, and garlic have in common? Penn State's *Collegian* tells us that one is an associate professor of nutrition who studies the affects of consumption of the other on the last. Clear? Yeh represented the university last month at the First International Garlic Conference in Washington. Yeh has shown that rats given a diet of 20 percent garlic extract for four weeks showed a 30 percent drop in their plasma triglycerides. Never mind that they were unable to reproduce because prospective mates found their breath offensive.

Bananas Practice Safe Sex

The *College Press Service* reports several crafty ways that universities across the nation are promoting condom awareness. A guy in a gorilla suit, calling himself "King Condom" has toured the University of Texas at Austin showing students how to put a condom on a banana. The State University of New York at Albany held a "Sexuality Week" wherein students participated in a condom dance. At Miami of Ohio, Professor Fennell's students handed out 1,000 coupons for novelty "Kiss of Mint" and "Gold Coin" condoms designed by a Columbus grandmother. Fennell, who teaches a health class at Miami University, has also held contests to see who can put a condom on a banana the fastest. Reports were unclear as to whether contestants used the new Trojan™ Magnum size. □

edited by Tim Rogers

Administrative Boners

Lately, with all the talk about Notre Dame's policies concerning sexuality, I am reminded of my year in seventh grade. Seventh grade is a tough time to be alive. Everywhere you turn someone tells you about the mysterious new feelings and urges that are surfacing from deep within your psyche. Your gym teacher shows movies about the "birds and the bees" and lectures on the dynamics of body hair. People tell you that you are "blossoming" into adulthood through the natural process of puberty, and they try their best to prepare you for the upcoming years of sexual discovery. That is unless you go to a parochial school. In essence, Catholic schools just deny that puberty ever occurs and hand out rosaries for any mention of the subject.

I went to a Catholic grade school, and during seventh grade I had the privilege of being instructed by Sister Mary Medusa, a thin, middle aged, ghostly white woman with dark deep set eyes that were always wide open and a few black hairs sprouting from her chin. She dressed in the traditional nun's black habit and taught class from on top a bar stool, though she often lamented that she could not bring a boulder into the classroom because "Jesus always sat on a rock when he taught." Despite her twenty some odd years served in the convent, Sr. Medusa told us seventh graders that she had a firm grasp on the intricacies of early adulthood. She placed a coffee can by the pencil sharpener to allow her students to ask her "those kinds of questions that one does not ask, or even ponder, in front of a group" by writing the questions down on a piece of paper and then putting the paper in the can. Usually "those kinds of questions..." turned out to be "How old are you?" or "How long is your hair?" But, every so often a serious question on the subject of sexuality would find its way into the can, to which Sr. Medusa would give the

standard answer, "No, that's against the rules and you will go to Hell if you ever do that."

One afternoon, we seventh graders sat quietly at our desks awaiting the beginning of science class. This was a special afternoon because Sr. Medusa was going to return our monthly science reports. What suspense. I could barely keep my clip-on tie from leaping from my collar with excitement when I saw Sister trudge into class with a manila folder in her hand. She led us in our after-lunch prayer and then mounted her bar stool. "Children," she began in her divinely snarling voice, "children, over all I must say that I am pleased with your written scientific efforts this month. You show some remarkable progress compared to last month. Congratulations." She paused to bestow a smile upon us. "However, I cannot say that for everybody. Some of these reports were real...real..." She gazed upward at that spot in the heavens where everyone looks for lingering words to fill a blank in a sentence.

Then she looked at us again. "Yes, some of these reports were real boners."

Perhaps around the nunnery, "boner" is the correct term for a misguided science report, but in front of a group of seventh graders it takes on an entirely different meaning. Sr. Medusa had essentially told the seventh grade that the folder in her hand contained some commendable science reports and a few excited male sex organs. I had never really laughed so hard in my life. The entire class was in tears. All around me kids pounded their heads on their desks and shook violently in the chairs. And there sat Sr. Medusa with a look of complete shock on her face and her arms waving in the air asking, "What did I say? What's a boner?" Every time she opened her mouth, I laughed harder. Periodically the class would calm down, and then Sr. Medusa would say with a severe look on her face and in a stern, annoyed tone of voice, "All right folks knock it off. And once and for all, what's a boner?" Then the hysterics would start up again. We went through this several times until finally Sister just left the room.

Imagine what would have happened if someone had dropped that little question into Sr. Medusa's coffee can. Sister would have read the question to the class and then answered, "Why that's just another way of saying 'lousy science report.'" All the seventh graders would have come away more confused than they already were, the reason being that Sr. Medusa did not have such a firm grasp on what she was preaching. Now imagine that some folks just like Sr. Medusa were in charge of a major American university and instead of a coffee can, they had a little booklet in which they wrote down all the rules governing male-female relationships on campus. Where would we be then? □

by Patrick Cummings

see SCHOLASTIC



Evolutionary Advantage of Armpit Hair

Dear Dr. Head: I have an interest in body hair that goes way beyond a healthy curiosity. I have spent many a blissful hour sculpting my armpit hair with the help of nonallergenic mousse. While I enjoy my hair sculpting and look forward to a rewarding career in cosmology, I have one question. Why do we have pubic hair and armpit hair? I mean, it doesn't really serve any purpose, right?

Steve Kilbey, freshman, Zahm

First, beware of hair dryers while sculpting. Steve, excess heat can damage hair, causing split ends and leaving it dry and listless. Second, wrong. Armpit hair does too serve a purpose. Pubic hair, however, is completely useless. It's just another developmental thing that worries kids senseless during that grief-ridden time of puberty. Armpit hair is different, though. Without it, life as we know it today would be impossible. Shortly after Chuck Darwin's famous journey to the Galapagos Archipelagos, he wrote a treatise on the role of armpit hair in evolutionary development. He called it *On Pit Hair*. Only he wrote it in a dead language to show off how much stuff he knew, so you'll have to take my word for what it says. Darwin argued that armpit hair plays a key role in natural selection. Back when humans had protruding foreheads and names like "Lucy," competition was fierce and every little evolutionary advantage helped. The man who could get to the keg the fastest in a crowded party had the upper hand. He could spread more of his seed, thereby ensuring the survival of his genes. Back then, there were guys who had armpit hair and there were guys who didn't. Now the ones with hair had the advantage. When their roll-on deodorant ran out, their armpit hairs would get caught in the applicator and get yanked out. This made them squint and say "Man, that smarts." Then they'd realize they had run out and go get some more. Of course, the guys without armpit hair didn't have this natural warning system so they would use a deodorant for weeks before realizing it was empty. During those weeks, they lost all chance of spreading their seed. Hence, their "hairless" genes died out. Obviously, this explanation doesn't account for female armpit hair. Darwin was a sexist pig. But

he also had a wife. In a perfunctory appendix, Darwin added, "Oh, ya. Women have armpit hair so we can tell them peace lovin' hippies apart from normal ladies who shave." Only he wrote it in Latin.



C'mon people. If it's true that the unexamined life isn't worth living, then judging by the lack of mail Dr. Head gets, your lives are worthless. Wake up. Look around. Ask yourself "why?" Then write it down (or type it if your penmanship is lousy) and send it to Dr. Head care of Scholastic, 303 LaFortune. Also, don't be a bonehead and omit either your name, year or place of residence. Okay?

Dr. Head reserves the right to reject questions that are libelous or obscene (even though he couldn't define "obscene" when we asked him). Scholastic also will edit for copyfitting, grammatical or spelling errors, and Scholastic style (he couldn't define "Scholastic style," either).

For Freedom is just left to

*"The international ideal
Unites the human race:*

Against racism...

Against Naziism...

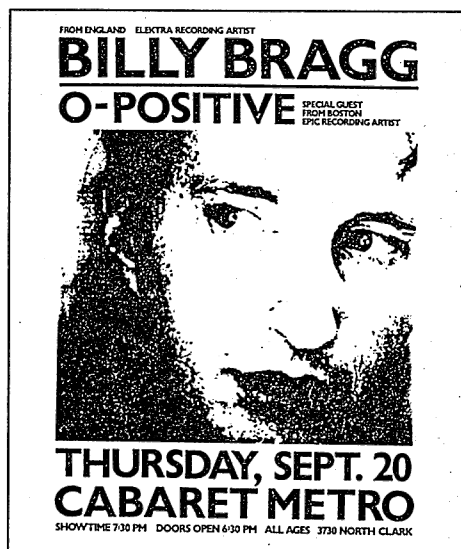
Against Facism and all its manifeststions...

Keep the Faith!"

— Billy Bragg, September 20, 1990

Billy Bragg. In Chicago. Free. What more could I possibly want from a Thursday? Thinking that I saved myself \$40 on overpriced tickets because I have a neat job title at WVFI, I left on my quest for the Cabaret Metro, only to be nailed by some over-friendly Chicago cop for doing 66 m.p.h. on Lake Shore Drive. Undaunted, I entered Chicago's hottest spot for alternative music.

Bragg's opening act, O-Positive, is a quintet that hails from Boston. Their latest release and major label debut, *Toy Boat, Toy Boat, Toy Boat*, consists of jangly guitar rock reminiscent of a bunch of socially conscious dudes from Athens, Georgia. Keeping that trademark "Jotz open mind," I gave the band's live performance a fair shot. Vocalist Dave Herliehy's snarling and acid-tinged vocals were too much like Michael Stipe's to be his own, though. The band pounded through their set, with only one song really standing out. The song "Toy Boat, Toy Boat," which was oddly left off their new album, proved to be the most memorable of the set. Weaving intricate harmonies with the driving force of the drums and accordion, the song made me hope for its release as a



Billy Bragg brought his unique blend of music and politics to Chicago's Cabaret Metro

non-LP b-side. Other than that one high point, however, O-Positive served no purpose other than to make me wait longer for Billy Bragg to come on.

The following review of Billy Bragg represents everything that we proud and patriotic Domers stand for: economic and racial justice for all, the abolition of military force, the respect for sovereign nations, and the end of exploitation of weaker nations by stronger ones. Yes, folks, Billy Bragg is one of those dreaded S-Words: yup, he's a socialist. His songs about the Evil Empires of Godless Communism should cause all of you to rush to the Grotto to keep praying for the conver-

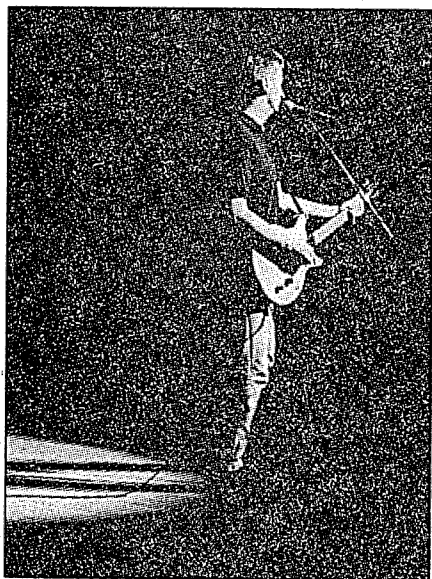
sion of Russia.

Seriously, Billy Bragg's performance was a clever and fun-filled night of political satire, love songs, great electric guitar, and a crowd filled with so many subversives that it would give William Webster fits. Armed only with an electric guitar and joined on occasion by just one other guitar, Bragg utilizes simplicity like it has never been utilized before. Roughly half of the show was a spoken-word mix that consisted of poking fun at Western and Eastern Bloc governments, tales of folk singers, and even commentary on such Domer-orientated topics like sports, fast food, and beer. Added Bragg, "you have to have a sense of humor, folks, particularly if you're on the left."

The show began with "The Milkman of Human Kindness," the lead track from 1987's *Talking with the Taxman About Poetry*. Bragg concentrated the first third of his show on his tunes about love and relationships, jangling through such classics as "St. Swithin's Day" and "Levi Stubbs Tears."

Bragg, however, is more known for his political songs and pro-union anthems than for his love songs. Drawing much of his set from these themes, Bragg shined in such songs as "There is Power in A Union," "The World Turned Upside Down," "I Dreamed I Saw Phil Ochs Last Night", and a fantastic version of "Help Save the Youth of America," slightly altered to fit the current crisis in the Persian Gulf. He concluded his show with a majestic and very moving a capella version of "The Internationale," a modern-

another word for nothing sell...



Onstage, Bragg makes the most out of just a guitar and his voice

ized anthem of the French Socialist Workers' Party. This is also the song that the Beijing protesters sang in Tiananmen Square last spring. By the end of the song, Bragg had many members of the the audience singing along with him, several with their fists raised as a sign of unity.

As mentioned above, one of the strong points of Bragg's show was the friendly conversations he had with audience hecklers. Most of his talks between songs grew out of shouts by members of the crowd, but unlike other performers (Mr. Stipe, are you listening?), Billy Bragg replied congenially and welcomed comments shouted at him. One of

the most enjoyable parts of his set directly involved the audience in singing a pseudo-national anthem off *The Internationale*. Bragg relied on the crowd to sing the chorus in drinking song fashion while providing the biting anti-imperialistic verses himself.

Although this was a tour in support of his new EP, *The Internationale*, Bragg also mixed several new songs from his upcoming and unfinished album into the show. Most memorable were the three songs, "Tank Park Salute," "Trust," and "Everywhere." "Tank Park Salute" was a beautiful and tender tale of a child's wondering why his father hasn't returned home from the war. "Trust" dealt with a homosexual's questioning of himself and was dedicated to the Act-Up protesters present at the show. "Everywhere" was probably the most well-crafted song of the new three, written by Greg Trooper and Long Ryders legend Sid Griffin. It dealt with two kids growing up in pre-WWII California, one white and one Japanese-American. The two become separated when the Japanese-American kid is shipped off to relocation camps after Pearl Harbor, and the white kid goes off to the Pacific to fight.

Bragg is definitely known for his stinging one-liners, both in the spoken word and in song. In the altered version of "Help Save the Youth of America," Bragg sang in his trademark Cockney accent, "They'll soon be shipping the body bags/home from desert sand/ but you can fight for democracy at home/and not in some foreign land." In his version of "The Internationale," Bragg stated, "Free-

dom is merely privelege extended/ unless enjoyed by one and all." In the jolly and rousing "American National Anthem," Bragg provides one of the best one-liners ever in the history of politics or song: "Here we come with our our candy and our guns/ and our corporate muscle-marchers in behind us/for freedom is just another word for nothing left to sell..." Tie that one on, all you "Just Cause" apologists.

Now just because Billy Bragg writes socially conscious material does *not* mean that the boy can't rock and roll. Along with fellow guitarist "Wiggy," Bragg dug a masterful melody in "Accident Waiting to Happen," a dark, moody Euro-piece along the lines of the Velvet Underground's "All Tomorrow's Parties." Bragg and Wiggy also blasted through a grating and frantic jam of "Route 66," slightly modified to fit British towns and highways.

In conclusion, Billy Bragg is an unabashed Socialist, dedicated in his ideals, but always sporting a smile on his face. His establishment of a warm rapport with the crowd and an education through humor and song makes for a unique and entertaining show. Besides, has anybody ever heard of any capitalist folk singers around? □

by Jeff Jotz

Jeff Jotz is the music director at WVFI and a regular music columnist for *Scholastic*.

POSTCARDS

FROM THE EDGE

This time it's not the Empire that's striking back, it is Carrie "Princess Leia" Fisher. The movie *Postcards From the Edge*, based on her novel of the same name, was recently released at a theater near you, but don't bother to go see it. *Postcards* is the story of an actress who, in the first scene of the movie, is discovered in bed unconscious from a drug overdose and subsequently dumped at the hospital by the man with whom she had spent the night (who refuses to leave his name.) The remainder of the movie chronicles her rise back to stardom and self-respect from a drug-induced downward spiral (If that sounds like a mouthful to you, you are not alone). Although Fisher claims that the story is fiction, friends and relatives assert that certain scenes bear a pretty strong resemblance to actual occurrences in her life. Examples are her turbulent relationship with her mother, and her stay in a drug rehab center, amongst other aired dirty laundry.

Meryl Streep, in an interesting casting choice, competently plays the Fisher character, Suzanne Vale. She was only "dropping acid for fun," but after her overdose is forced to go through rehab by her doctor and her mother (a ditzy Shirley MacLaine). Arriving at the center after completing detox, Suzanne is greeted by a huge bouquet of flowers, and soon gushes, "They're from the man who pumped my stomach!" (I wonder if this is his standard pickup procedure?) Her stay there is entirely glossed over, and we next see Suzanne in her agent's office, accompanied for some unknown reason by her mother. Her agent gives her the implausible news that no insurance company will insure her for future movies (because of her overdose and probable instability), unless she moves back in with her mother for the duration of the film. Yeah, right. So, the prodigal (middle-aged) daughter is back home again, unwilling and



Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine star in *Postcards from the Edge*

unthankful (and it's a mystery to me why she was allowed back home after the fights between her and her mother.) While working on her new movie, that mysterious stranger whom she was with when she OD'd happens to drop by the set, and Suzanne obviously feels a bit uneasy. She's feeling alone and confused, and he tells her he loves her, so they jump into the sack. Later, when she discovers that he had made love to another woman earlier that day, she throws those words back at him, and his callous response is, "I lied." Harsh. Corny.

Verbal mud-slinging between MacLaine and Streep comprises much of this movie. MacLaine plays the Debbie Reynolds role, and the physical resemblance is startling, as well as the similarity in acting ability. Both MacLaine's character and Reynolds were divorced with small children, and their ex-husbands played no role whatever in their children's lives. The movie concentrates on the relationship between mother and daughter, unlike the book, and the two go from flinging insults at each other to flinging their arms around each other. Streep's character blames her addiction problems on her mother, for always pushing her to succeed in show business, without exceeding her in popularity. Suzanne has felt inferior to her mother all her life, from the time when she

was seventeen and her mother upstaged her at her own birthday party (her skirt flies up and she happens to be pantieless), until the present, when her mother tries to charm all of her friends ("Why won't you let me have my own friends?" "I just want them to like me, darling,") and still tries to run her life. Suzanne's mother is an alcoholic, pouring a half bottle of vodka into her breakfast shake, while claiming that she only drinks socially. I can see that. She is a faded movie star, married to a rich couch potato, and she spends her days meddling in her daughter's affairs, drinking, and remembering the good old days, disappointed that she cannot relive them except through her only child.

The trite plot (or lack thereof) is somewhat relieved by the appealing cameo appearances of Richard Dreyfus, Gene Hackman, Rob Reiner, Dennis Quaid, *et al.* The amusing appearances of these actors manages to break up the monotony of the verbal sparring between mother and daughter. Quaid in particular shines as the sleazy pick-up artist who seduces Suzanne, and almost seduces her mother. The movie ends on as sappy a note as possible, with Suzanne shooting a country music video (!) decked out in fringe and big hair and her mother beaming from the sidelines with an "I told you so" look on her face. I told you so, as well — don't see this movie. Suzanne, in an extremely lucid moment, babbles, "I seem to take the right things in the wrong way;" it seems to me that though the potential of *Postcards* was great as a story of relationships and personal triumphs, it falls short of this potential and "takes the right things the wrong way."

by Erin Mullen

Erin Mullen is a freshman who lives in Siegfried Hall.

NEWSbriefs

Massage School Begins Soon

If you didn't get a chance to take advantage of Memorial Hospital's back school yesterday, never fear: now you can attend a massage clinic.

"Touch of Massage ... an Introduction to Massage Therapy" will be offered from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. on Monday, October 24. The program will be held at the Health Resource Center.

Certified massage therapists Patty Longnecker and Patsi Gately will demonstrate mini-massage and show participants how to increase their ability to relax and cope with everyday tension.

Massage is more than just a way to pamper yourself. It is recognized as an effective way to relieve sore or tense muscles, and has become part of the wellness movement in which people are taking responsibility for physical fitness, nutrition, weight control, and stress management. Not to mention a great way to get an SYR date.

The fee is \$10 per person, or bring a friend and pay only \$15 for two. Call 874-8621 to register.

Career Fair Offers Info to A&L Students

The annual Liberal Arts Career Fair, sponsored by Career and Placement Services, will take place at the CCE from noon to 4 p.m. on Thursday, October 11.

Representatives from about 30 career areas will attend to answer students' questions and to provide literature. Get out and meet with your future employers - believe it or not, Career and Placement can help non-business majors get jobs too.

ROTC/Pasquerilla Center Dedicated

The new ROTC center, deceptively named Pasquerilla Center, will be dedicated

tomorrow and Saturday.

Lt. General Thomas Q. Kelly, director of operations for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, will be the ranking representative of the armed services at the dedication ceremonies, which will include a 5:15 Mass in Sacred Heart Church October 5, followed by a reception and dinner. The blessing of new building and tours will be at 9 a.m. October 6.

The building is so named because of the \$5 million gift of Mr. Frank Pasquerilla which made its construction possible. Pasquerilla is a trustee of the University in addition to his duties as chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Crown American Corporation, one of the country's largest mall developers. Two women's dorms, P.E. and P.W. obviously, have also been underwritten by Pasquerilla. Or should that be *Mr. Pasquerilla*?

Fuller Presents Rheology Lecture

Anyone interested in optical rheometry should be sure to attend a lecture on that very topic given by Gerald G. Fuller on Tuesday, October 9.

Rheology, for the uninitiated, is the study of the deformation and flow of matter. And Gerald G. Fuller's research concentrates on modeling the rheology of polymer liquids, liquid crystals and colloidal suspensions and on the measurements of their rheological properties. Whew.

Fuller has an impressive list of accomplishments and credentials. In 1985 he won the National Science Foundation Presidential Young Investigator Award, was an invited lecturer in the tenth International Congress on Rheology in 1988, and sits on the editorial board of *Rheologica Acta*. He joined the faculty at Stanford in 1980 after spending half a year at the Centre de Recherches sur les Macromolécules in Strasbourg, France, and spent another six months as a visiting scientist at AT&T Bell Laboratories at Murray Hill.

compiled by Traci Taghon

Feeling Bad?

Come on down to University Health Services and spend some *T I M E*

Mondays are slow days for barber shops, theaters, and restaurants, but at the University Health Center, it is standing room only. Students cram the waiting room and line the hallway, sometimes waiting several hours before they can see a doctor. Conversely, on Friday afternoon, the place is virtually empty.

"I had to wait two hours once because the specialist-nurse I needed was out at lunch," said junior, Kara Duncan. "I only met with her for five minutes while she gave me my pills."

University Health Center officials are not oblivious to the long waits that students encounter, they said. However, they have tried various methods to alleviate the problem which they said don't always work.

"I think people figure that we don't see the long waits, but we do," said Carol Seager, Director of Health Services. "One nurse said to me: 'Do they realize we are dancing as fast as we can?'"

The Health Center serves as both an emergency room and a general practice. Seager cites this as a reason that an appointment system is difficult to implement. It is hard to make appointments that would anticipate the patients' needs, she said.

"We tried it [an appointment system] in several ways for awhile," said Seager. "We found a very high no-show rate for students with appointments."

Students who need allergy injections are able to make appointments. Because they are on a regular schedule of receiving their shots, Seager said they have more motivation to keep their appointments.

"One thing you have to accept with an appointment system is you lose the immediacy," said Seager. "Maybe a student

calls for an appointment on Sunday for an appointment on Wednesday, but by then he feels better."

Researching the policies of other university health centers is one effort Seager has made to find a solution to the problem. Western Michigan has a system of both appointments and walk-ins, she said. However, they still experience long waits, as the walk-in clinic is used more by the students.

"At any doctors office there is a wait," said junior Michelle Cano. "I had an appointment with a doctor in town and I still had to wait two hours."

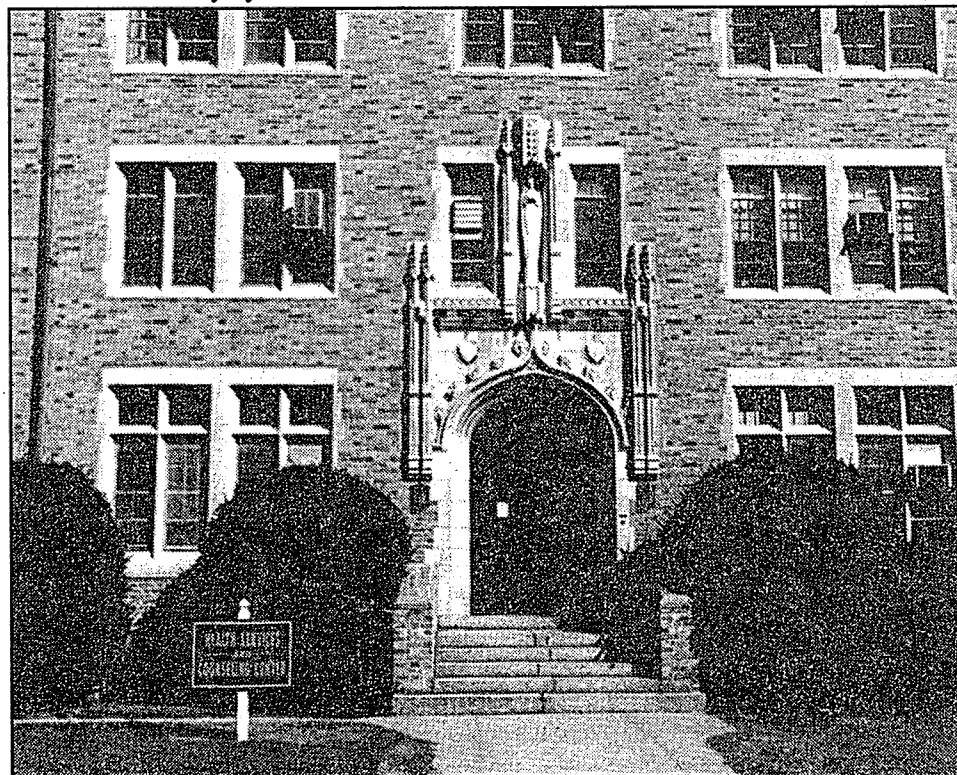
Fifty-percent of the students at Notre Dame are seen only by nurses. At schools

that have appointment systems, 100% of the students see a doctor. Seager said that this is another difficulty with the appointment system.

"Not every student who calls in with a sore throat needs to see a doctor," she said. Students, however, often complain about not being able to see a doctor.

"I'd hurt my knee and was really in pain. I could see that it was swollen and the nurse couldn't tell me anything I didn't already know," sophomore Jen Kadlec said. "She gave me an Ace bandage and I felt like she just gave me something so that she would feel like she had done something. She told me to come back Monday when the doctor was in."

Doctors are not in the clinic on weekends,



The forbidding facade of University Health Services.

Arthur Leach

although they are on call. Seager said that she tried having a doctor available at the clinic on weekends for two years, but that students did not use the service.

"We publicized it in the dorms and all over campus," she said. "I don't know if students want to sleep late or what..."

Nurses are given "standing orders" by the physicians. That is, they can give some of the same type of care that the doctor can give. If they have questions, or feel that a doctor is needed personally, there is always one on call, Seager said.

This doesn't reassure all students. "I haven't been back since," said Kadlec. "I feel that my over the counter medicine will do the same job, and I wouldn't have the wait."

Although some students complain about the care they received from the nurses, others applaud it.

"I lived in the infirmary for four weeks last year with the chicken pox," said junior Kristin Mole. "The nurses were awesome!"

Other students find the fact that they must see a nurse before they can see a doctor a waste of time. Seager said that this is actually a time-saver, as the nurses can often give the student whatever help he needs. This is especially true in the case of follow-up examinations, she said, when students are oftentimes well enough to not need to see the doctor again.

Nurses have standing orders from the doctors so that they know what to do with common ailments, said Seager. "If you see A,B,C, the nurses have written instructions to do X,Y,Z."

There is no pharmacy in the Health Center. They are authorized only as a "Medication Room, which means that they can only fill the orders of their own physicians.

"If a student needs a specialist and needs to get into town, we offer non-emergency transportation," Seager said. "Of course, if it is an emergency, and security feels we cannot handle the situation here, they will take you wherever you need to go, or call and ambulance."

The Health Center is equipped with an x-ray facility on campus. They can also handle twenty-five inpatients.

"In the past, communication between the students and the Health Center was better," Seager said. "We used to have representatives from each dorm who brought questions and suggestions from the

students."

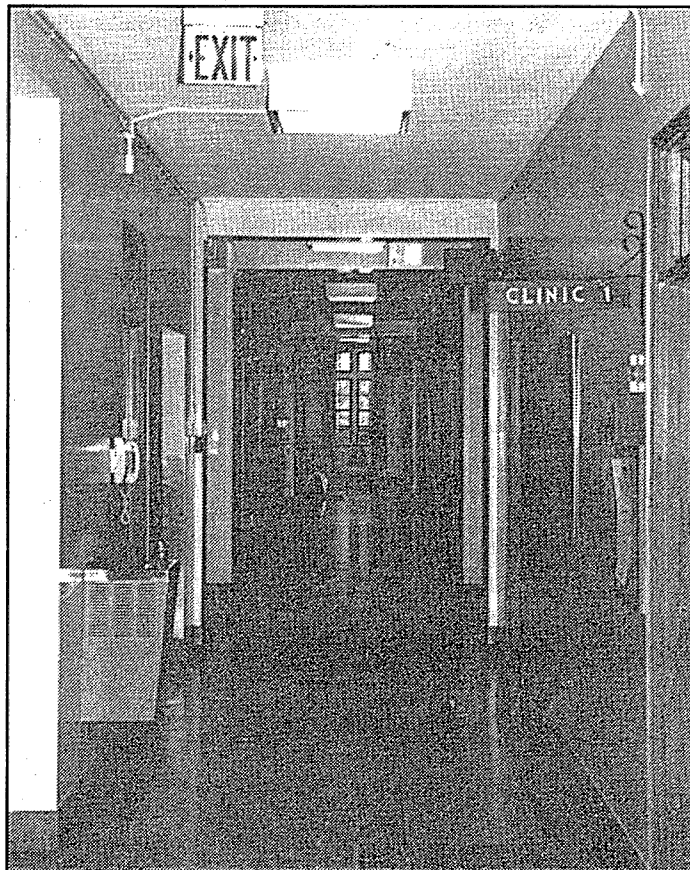
Any suggestions from students on programs at the Health Center are welcomed, Seager said. The problem of long waits is not one she has been able to completely solve.

"Nothing is cast in concrete," said Seager. "Perhaps someone can think of something I haven't been able to come up with." □

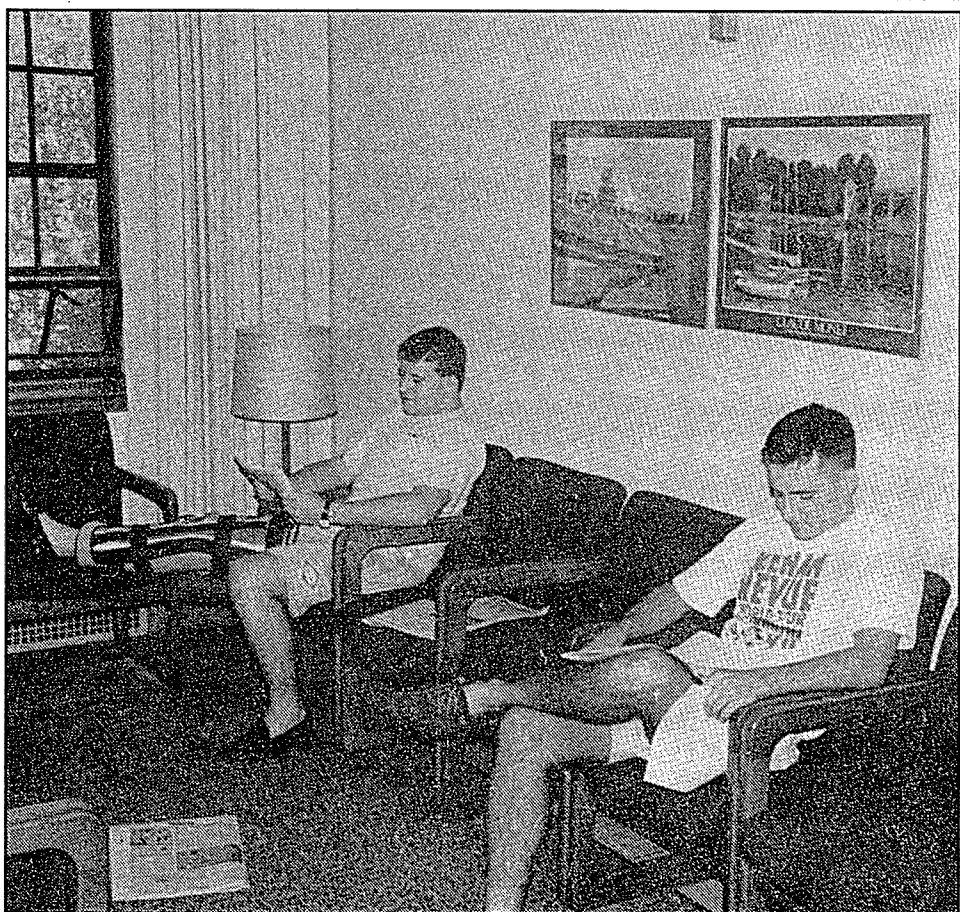
by Cathy Flynn

Long empty hallways stretch down both sides of the health center.

For students, however, the waits are often long and crowded.



Arthur Leach



Arthur Leach

H. T. H.

Home Town Honies

Home town relationships provide companionship and security, but are they really worth the limitations they impose?

All of you who read the Welcome to Notre Dame book that you received in the mail the summer before your freshman year knew upon arrival that the loved one you just left was to be called called your Home Town Honey — your H.T.H. Just who thought of this disease-like acronym is a mystery, but it has certainly affected (or infected) the students of Notre Dame.

Even during life B.C. (before college) it was not an unfamiliar concept. In high school there were those few people who had boyfriends or girlfriends in college. I could not understand how my close friend could continue a relationship with her Yale boyfriend while living in Virginia. My mystification increased when his family was transferred to Hawaii, and they continued the relationship. The two of them have almost reached their

two-year mark. The rest of my friends and I have already begun to look for bridesmaid dresses for their as-yet-unannounced wedding.

Then I migrated to the Midwest. In the self-contained world of the Golden Dome, there are definitely many (we're talking in the thousands) new and appealing possibilities on the scoping scene. Yet these possibilities are not as limitless as they first appear: any of these innocent-looking perspectives have the H.T.H. syndrome.

Obviously the freshmen, only a month or so away from their loved ones, have remained (reasonably) faithful. Since most freshmen have not returned to re-evaluate their home town dating status, it is not uncommon to encounter several with H.T.H.'s. Still growing into the college mind frame,

these freshmen hang on to that special someone from their high school years.

Maintaining such a relationship involves running up that dreaded CTI bill, since phone conversations allow us to "reach out and touch someone," which is always preferable to just seeing their handwriting. During the first two weeks CTI was in operation, Colin (I'm using an alias here to insure the safety of my informants), a freshman from Massachusetts, ran up a \$116 tab talking to his H.T.H., a junior in high school. Colin's mother begged his roommate to keep him off the phone. Whatever methods his roommate employed apparently worked: the next two weeks' bill was a mere \$25.

The biggest phone addict was Kerry, a sophomore, who talked \$226 worth the month she and her H.T.H. broke up (it took

her two months to pay it off). There is a definite trend toward higher phone bills during the final stages of these long-distance relationships, though most do not reach such an extreme as Kerry. (Those suffering from phone dependency should call 1-900-2HANG-UP. The call is \$100 for the first minute and \$50 for each minute thereafter. This hotline has proven to be 100% effective; once billed you'll never call again).

But really. If the only communication you have with your H.T.H. is through the phone and correspondence, your relationship is bound to experience withdrawal and it will require adaptation. "At school all you have is personality — letters, phone conversations — there's nothing physical. You find out a lot more about [your H.T.H.] People really open up in letters," sophomore Erin commented. Her quad-mate Tera agreed, "There has to be something more than the physical if it's going to last."

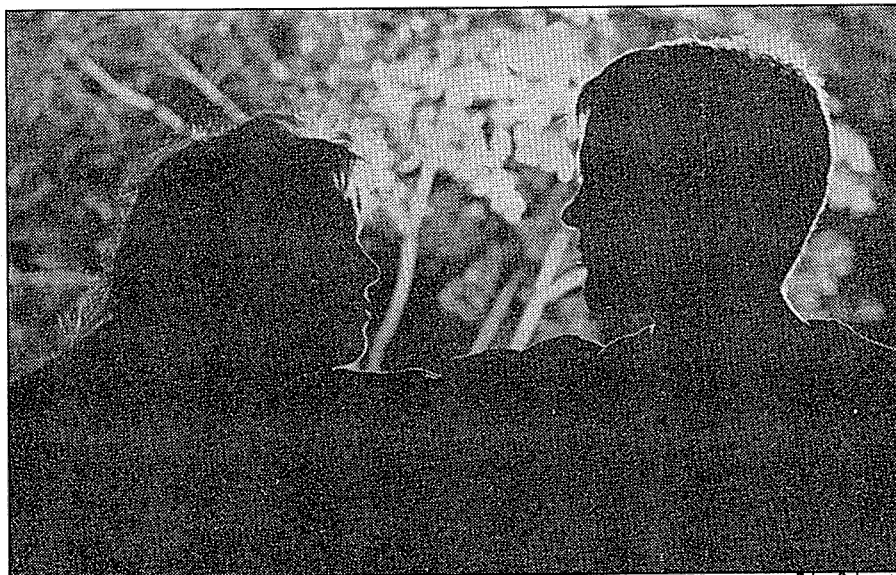
Still clueless as to how a relationship could persevere over miles and months of separation, I went to the upperclassmen to see how many of these relationships had survived past freshman year. Not many had. The most common experience had something to do with agreeing not to see people at school, then going ahead and dating around anyway. "You can't lock yourself up in a room on Friday nights," Greg, a sophomore, pointed out.

Those who tried to keep their scopes at school concealed from their H.T.H. ran into problems. One sophomore, Amanda, would get in fights with her boyfriend on the phone whenever she liked a boy at school so she wouldn't feel as guilty. Anytime Kerry would like a guy here, she would mention her H.T.H. Eventually, she realized that her deceitful relationship would never succeed, and started seeing a boy Notre Dame. Kerry finished saying, "If you eventually go back to that guy at home, fine. But you have to try new things, too."

Greg once again had the realistic and workable view on dating at school, "You can't play games. You have to be open with each other." He and his girlfriend of two

years, both sophomores at different colleges, date other people yet they are closer than ever. "You learn a lot about yourself from relationships. Why not see other people? That way you know there is no one you like as well as that person at home. I've known her four years, and I seriously doubt that I would get to know anyone here as well as that. I'd have to know them the whole time I'm here." Greg and his H.T.H. have the one relationship that I found that is still working and looks like it could endure the stresses of separation.

I still had some naive ideal that there had to be some relationship that had already lasted through several years of college.



Brian Schwartz

Some of my friends gave me a hot tip about a junior down the hall who has had an H.T.H. all three years of her ND life.

"Hi, I'm Michelle, and I'm doing an article for *Scholastic* about boyfriends and girlfriends at home, and I was sent to you." Jenell laughed from the central room of the quad. "I'll take that as my cue to leave," I heard a guy's voice say from one of the bedrooms. So much for the H.T.H. Realizing that I might have just killed her chances here, I said, "Did I come at a bad time?" "Yeah" she said. "I'm in 328 if you can come by later. Sorry!" I ran out of there and down the hall. Journalistic mishap #1.

So apparently this H.T.H. stuff does not work too well in most cases. I asked if anyone knew someone, however remotely, who still had an H.T.H. beyond sophomore year. No one did. "I think most people got smart and cut it off after freshman year," said Ed, a sophomore who had an H.T.H. his freshman year. The problem in Ed's relationship was

that his girlfriend couldn't accept his absence "She had no identity except when she was with me. She would hang out with my friends. When I was gone...I pushed her to see other guys, and when she did she clung to them in the same way she clung to me. She told me, 'If I didn't have him (her new boyfriend) around I wouldn't be going out on weekends.' I told her that she has to be secure in herself before she can have a good relationship with a guy."

Greg, whose relationship is such a success, promoted the idea that almost any girl would love to hear: "The key to a successful relationship is to be total equals in every sense — equally independent." In reaction to

Ed's experience, Greg continued, "You have to have an identity outside of the relationship and an identity when you're together. One person can't dominate for it to work."

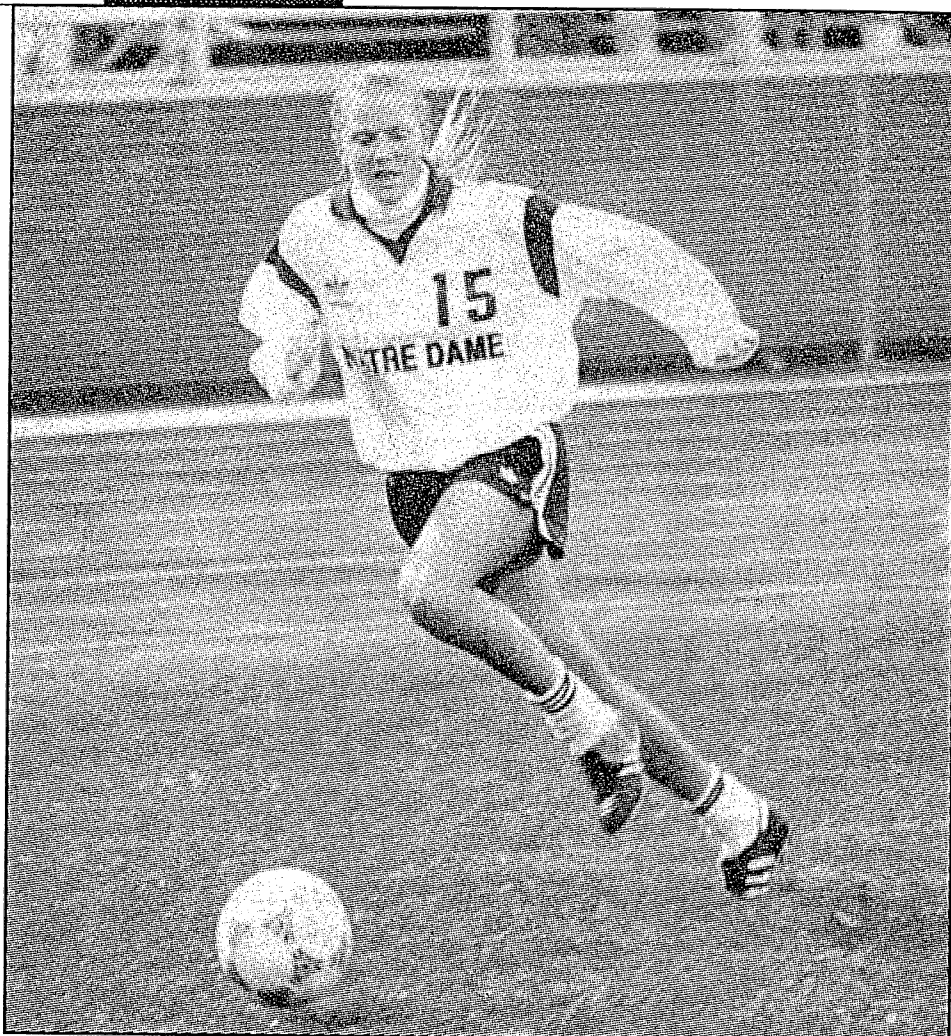
O.K., all you freshmen who left your H.T.H. declaring your eternal love for one another, don't let me discourage you through this article, but let me encourage you to be open with your H.T.H. This year will make or break you. The biggest obstacle to overcome is the distance between

loved ones who stay at home for college or who are still in high school. "You change so much. It's a different world here, one that my boyfriend never knew," Kerry remarked. "We continued having a high school relationship even though we were in college."

There is still hope. If the relationship is right it will work, but it also requires honesty and effort. Colin expressed his devotion to his H.T.H. through his fall break plans. "I'm missing the Miami game to spend three extra days with my girlfriend. I wouldn't have been able to go home from the game until Monday. And how could I pass up \$150 for my ticket?" (Now do you understand why I'm inventing names here? A guy — guys supposedly live for sports — missing a Notre Dame football game, THE football game, for a girl. Would he ever hear the end of it? Would he be ostracized by his peers? Most certainly. It must be love.) □

by Michelle Seiler

Junior soccer star Susie Zilvitis is the..



Notre Dame Sports Information

...SHOOTIST

BY AMANDA CLINTON

While most eight year-olds were climbing trees and riding bikes, Susie Zilvitis was playing soccer. A junior forward on the Notre Dame women's varsity soccer team, she began her soccer career on a boys' team where she was one of two girls.

She and her family moved seven times while she was growing up, and at

every stop Susie continued to improve her soccer skills. A major reason for her improvement throughout her high school years had to do with the fact that she attended three different high schools. "Each coach taught me something new," Zilvitis recollects.

Playing with her older sister, who went on to play four years at Dartmouth,

also helped her to mature as a player. "My sister is two years older and influenced me the most as a player. She plays defense so we would play one on one against each other for practice," recalls Zilvitis.

Her athletic accomplishments are not limited to soccer. In order to stay in shape in the off-season during high school, Suzie played both lacrosse and ran track. In

high school, she was a member of the 1988 Massachusetts high school state championship soccer team, she earned all-state honors in cross country her junior year, and was a member of the championship two-mile relay team in the 1985 Junior Olympics. Clearly, Zilvitis' varied background in athletics has made a significant impact on the soccer player that she is today.

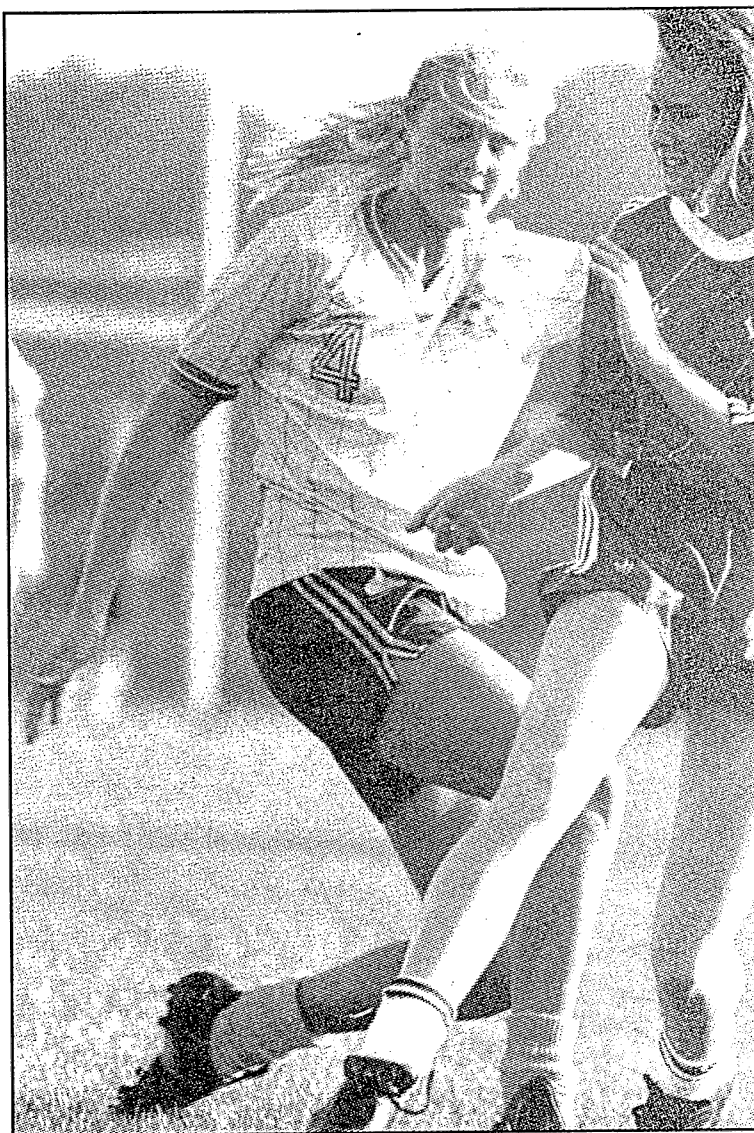
Though she is most often noted for her large contribution in scoring goals, she brings more to the field than just offense. "The team gives her the ball and rallies around her," says Head Coach Chris Petrucelli. "Most of the goals scored, she is involved with, whether actually scoring or assisting or creating space. When she gets the ball, the opposing team knows they have to deal with her."

Incredible speed makes her a constant threat to the opposition. The records she holds at Notre Dame reflect her talent. She set a number of records in 1988, including: most goals in a season (14), most attempted shots (70), and most points (35). She also holds the record for consecutive games scored in (6) in 1989.

As for career statistics (1988-1989), she holds the records for most goals (26), most attempted shots (135), and most points (65). Beyond these amazing numbers, however, remains her willingness to improve, the encouragement she provides, and the effect her positive attitude has on her teammates.

She also possesses a strong desire for success and achievement. Petrucelli recognizes this when he makes suggestions for improvement. "She has a willingness to learn and listen and react," he says. "Anything I ask her to do, she does it well. Others see that it works and do it. She leads by example." She thereby not only improves her own performance, but also helps her teammates to improve with the leadership of a good example.

Zilvitis is a team player. She provides leadership for the team and tries to encourage everyone to work together. She finds one of the benefits of playing on the team to be the opportunity to meet people. "Soccer gives me the opportunity to become close with my teammates both on and off the field," expresses Zilvitis. Adds Petrucelli, "Her teammates look up to her



Notre Dame Sports Information

Zilvitis holds Irish records for goals in a season and a career.

and respect her. They see her ability on the field and the way she deals with people off the field."

The Irish women's soccer team is unique in that it has a large number of freshmen. One of Suzie's goals is to attempt to make the freshmen feel more comfortable with the team. Freshman and teammate Michelle Hurst says, "Suzie is the most genuinely nice person I know. She does her best to make the freshmen feel especially comfortable with the team. And she also helps us by telling us, in a nice way, how to improve."

Suzie Zilvitis has a number of goals in mind for the 1990 season. On the

team level, she hopes that she and her teammates will pull together and win the rest of their games. And on a personal level, she hopes both to build her confidence and to become a smarter player.

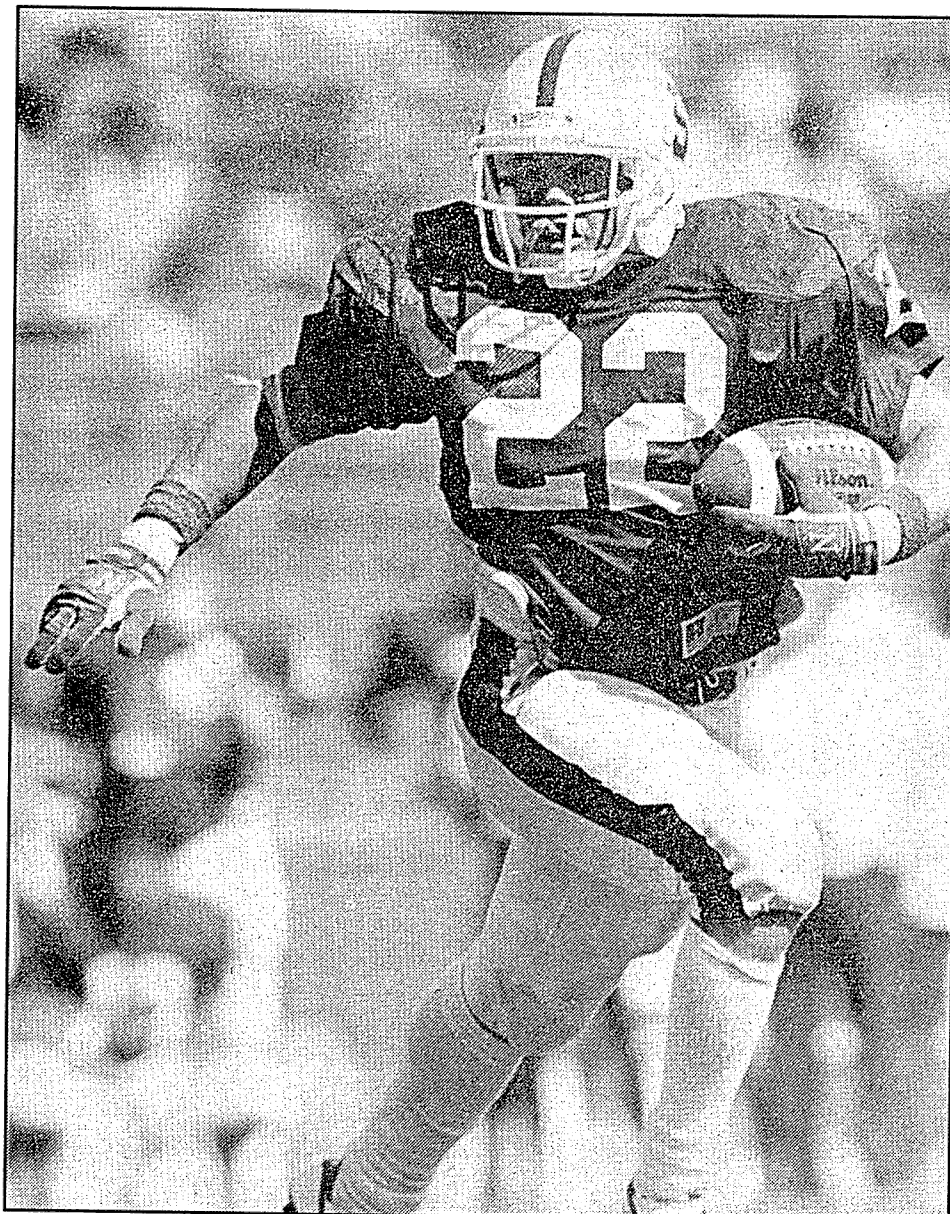
While striving to achieve these goals, Suzie keeps a specific philosophy in mind to keep her going, "The harder I work, the better the results."

Suzie Zilvitis began to dedicate her life to soccer at

a young age and soccer has provided her with a stable base throughout her childhood. Although she may have a little less time on her hands than the average college student because of the time she spends striving to do her best, the benefits, for Suzie, outweigh the drawbacks.

Petrucelli sees benefits, too. "I would hate to think of the team not having Suzie on it," he says. "We would be a lot less dangerous and a lot less mature." □

This is Amanda Clinton's first story for Scholastic.



Stanford Sports Information

Volpe was First Team All-PAC 10 in 1988.

The Cardinal Has Landed

Last year, Stanford nearly upset the Irish. Is an upset in the Cards?

BY JIM KUSER

Before last year's Stanford-Notre Dame game, the question was, could the Cardinal, a perennial cellar-dweller of the competitive PAC 10, give the Fighting Irish a run for their money? After all, Stanford was unranked with a record of 1-3, while Notre Dame was unbeaten and ranked number one. The answer was yes.

After nearly short-changing themselves, the Irish quietly left Stanford Stadium with a 27-17 win. An easy victory on paper turned out to be a hard

victory on the field, and although some Irish fans complained that they had to change their pace maker batteries during the game, others realized the brilliance of the Cardinal game plan.

Stanford Head Coach Dennis Green employed an efficient aerial attack against a highly touted Irish defense that made the Irish linebackers fall back in their coverage, thereby easing the Irish rush on the Cardinal quarterback. Green's game plan was tight and controlled, featuring

quick dump passes to Cardinal running backs, screen passes to the Cardinal tight end, and occasional deep passes to Cardinal receivers to keep the Irish secondary honest.

The evidence of the success of Green's game plan lies in the formidable numbers accumulated by Cardinal quarterback Steve Smith. He completed 39 of 68 passing attempts for 282 yards. The 68 pass attempts were a PAC 10 record.

With a little luck, the Cardinal



Stanford Sports Information

Palumbis looks to light-up a young Irish secondary.

could have pulled off a major upset. Remember, the game was tied 14-14 late in the third quarter when Notre Dame game-breaker Raghib "Rocket" Ismail returned a kickoff 66 yards to set up the go-ahead touchdown for the Irish.

This year's Cardinal team is better than last year's. Much better. Playing the country's third most difficult schedule, Stanford collides with five pre-season Associated Press Top Twenty teams on the gridiron this year (Colorado, Notre Dame, and traditional PAC 10 foes Arizona, Southern California, and Washington).

The Cardinal's 1-3 start is deceiving. Stanford opened the year with a heart-breaking 21-17 loss to then fourth-ranked Colorado at Buffalo Stadium—a game many feel the Cardinal should have won. The following Saturday, the Cardinal dropped a 32-31 decision at UCLA. A 37-3 home win over Oregon State was followed by a 29-23 loss to San Jose State.

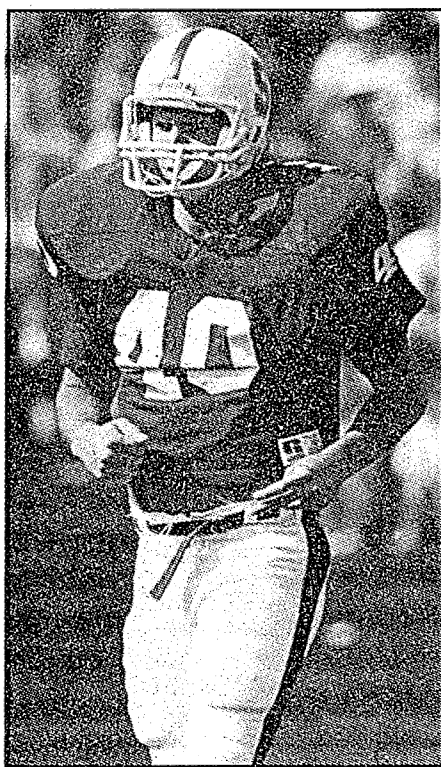
Although Irish fans tend to disregard coach Lou Holtz's concerns with his opponents as mere posturing, his concerns with Stanford are valid. Stanford put a scare in the Irish a year ago and they hope to do it one better this year. The Cardinal does not have Notre Dame's traditional status as a

college football powerhouse, but it is becoming a team to be reckoned with.

Holtz's primary concern rests with the ability of an inexperienced Irish secondary to negate an experienced Cardinal passing attack. After all, last year's aerial attack exploited four returning Irish defensive backs—three who now play in the National Football League and one, consensus All-American Todd Lyght, who is sidelined with an injury. The Irish secondary will include no returning starters in a game in which the ability to defend against the pass will be of the highest importance.

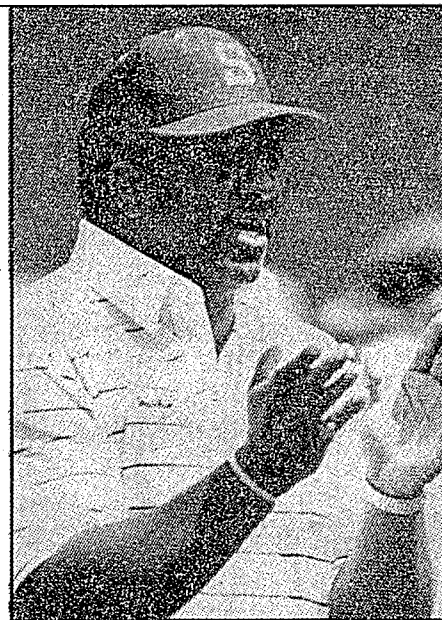
Despite what he did against the Irish last season, Smith has been benched in favor of 1988 seven-game starter Jason Palumbis. Ed McCaffrey, the 6'5", 215 lb. pre-season All-American receiver, will be Palumbis' primary target. McCaffrey pulled in five passes against the Irish for 82 yards.

The Irish will try to snuff Stanford's aerial attack by relentlessly pressuring Palumbis to flush him out of the pocket and force him to throw on the run. Notre Dame's fearsome front seven have shown an ability to apply the necessary pressure (ask last



Stanford Sports Information

McCaffrey is Palumbis' primary target. He caught five against the Irish last year.



Stanford Sports Information

Green has put Stanford football back on the map.

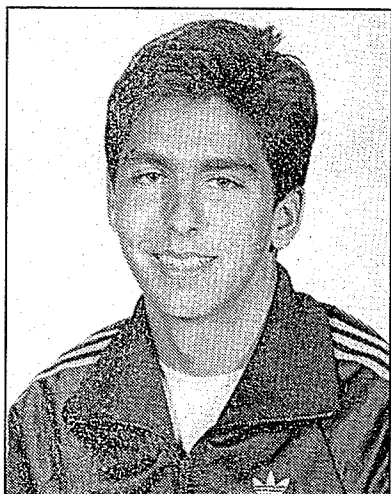
week's victim, quarterback Eric Hunter of Purdue), but Palumbis will be receiving pass protection from 6-7, 300 pound pre-season All-American offensive tackle Bob Whitfield and 6-4, 275 lb. offensive guard Chuck Gillingham.

In addition to its capable passing attack, the Cardinal can run the ball. Stanford features a two-back attack that could prove fatal to its opponents. Running and blocking services will be rendered from by the devastating duo of 5-7, 195 pound Jon Volpe, a 1000-yard rusher, and First Team All-Pac 10 in 1988 who missed most of last year with a variety of injuries, and 5-9, 175 pound Glyn Milburn, Oklahoma's projected starting tailback in 1989 until he transferred to Stanford. Miami transfer Ellery Roberts also adds depth to the Cardinal running game.

The Cardinal defense is not as tough. Having lost three defensive players to the NFL, the Cardinal defense is inexperienced and features no marquee players with pre-season accolades.

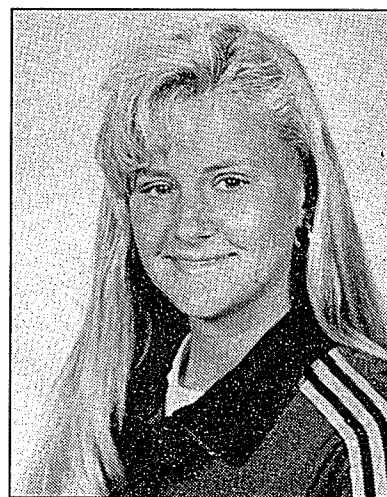
Last year's Stanford squad (3-8 overall; 3-5 and tied for seventh in the PAC 10), can be deceiving at first glance. The Cardinal played the country's third toughest schedule and lost a couple of nail-biters that went unnoticed. Look for the Irish to win, but it may not be easy. If Notre Dame sends the Cardinal flying, look at it not as an Irish victory over a fledgling Stanford team, but as a victory over a team that is arriving on the scene. □

MALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



Mike O'Connor: O'Connor, a senior from Brightwater, NY, led the tenth-ranked Irish to victory at the National Catholic Invitational with a winning time of 24:59.7. The captain has led Notre Dame in it's last eight races, dating to Sept. 16, 1990.

FEMALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



Alison Lester: Lester, a freshman from Schaumburg, IL, led a six-goal attack as the women's soccer team demolished IUSB, 6-0. Lester assisted on Notre Dame's first goal, and added another assist and a goal for the eighth-ranked Irish.

FOOTBALL * SEASON SCHEDULE



WEDNESDAY

Grab your
passport
and cross
the border
tonight!

THURSDAY

**YOUR Alumni
Senior Club
Cup--
Don't leave
home without
it tonight!**

FRIDAY

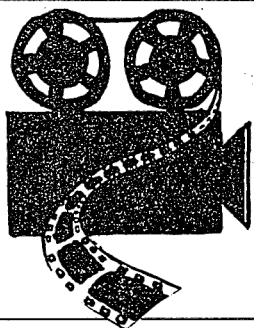
**NO
LUNCH**

**NO
GRAD
NIGHT**

SATURDAY

We open 1/2 hour
after the end of the
game until 2:00 a.m.
Evening games we're
open 3 hours before
the game, too!

Coming Distractions



MOVIES

AIRPLANE: If you need to see it again for the ten thousandth time, it'll be in the Montgomery Theater of LaFortune on Thursday, October 4.

S.U.B. MOVIE OF THE WEEK: *Black Rain* will be showing at Cushing Auditorium on Friday, Oct. 5 and Saturday, Oct. 6.

HENRY V: Kenneth Branagh's directing debut, the Shakespearean classic originally put on film by Sir Laurence Olivier, will be showing Friday, Oct. 5 and Saturday, Oct. 6 at 7:15 and 9:45 p.m.

AT THE SNITE: On Tuesday, October 9 will be *Henry V*, the original Laurence Olivier version, at 7 p.m. and *Notorious*, an Alfred Hitchcock flick, at 9:30 p.m. On Wednesday, October 10 will be *Written on the Wind* at 7 p.m. and *October* at 9 p.m.



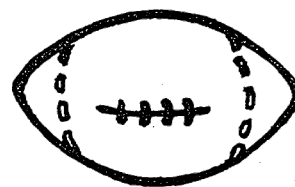
THEATRE

THE TROJAN WOMEN: The play by Euripides will be presented from Thursday, October 4 until Sunday, October 14 in the Laboratory Theater in Washington Hall. Tickets are available at the LaFortune Information Desk (\$4 for students, \$5 for the general public.) Sponsored by the Department of Communication and Theatre.

DO BLACK PATENT LEATHER SHOES REALLY REFLECT UP?: The Broadway musical will be presented by the Notre Dame Student Players in Washington Hall from October 11 - 13. Tickets are \$3 for students, \$5 for the general public, available at the LaFortune Information Desk.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL vs. STANFORD: The home stand continues this Saturday as the Irish take on Stanford at 12:10 p.m. Be sure to catch the Stanford Tree, one of the goofiest mascots you'll see anywhere.



SOCCER: The men will take on Ohio State at 8 p.m. on Friday, October 5, and Creighton at 3 p.m. on Sunday, October 7. The women face Lewis at 5:30 p.m. on Friday, Oct. 5, Creighton at 8 p.m. on Saturday, October 6, and Wisconsin-Milwaukee at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, October 10.

VOLLEYBALL: The Golden Dome Classic, featuring matches against LSU, Oklahoma, and Hofstra, will take place Friday, Oct. 5 and Saturday, Oct. 6 in the J.A.C.C.

TENNIS: The men's and women's teams will take on Lewis University at the Eck Tennis Pavilion, beginning at 6 p.m. on Friday, October 5.

BASEBALL: The Irish will play Wichita State at Covalevski Stadium at 8:30 p.m. on Friday, October 5.



Multi- cultur- alism: More Than Just A Mouthful

As this week of the Multicultural Fall Festival comes to a close, one begins to wonder what exactly Fall Festival and multiculturalism mean to the Notre Dame community.

Is it just a week of lectures and music? Just a bunch of colored flyers in dorms and free food on a Saturday night at Stepan? The answer is that Fall Festival carries with it a message and a passion that is much greater than it may at first appear.

Notre Dame prides itself in the fact that it is a university which has students not only from all over this country, but from all over the world. How many times do you find people from Maine living with people from Hawaii or American students studying with people from Panama, Puerto Rico, and Kuwait? Notre Dame does in fact have an element of diversity- the question is do we really take advantage of it.

Multiculturalism is the key to becoming a true "family" and a true community. It is the realization that we all have differences. It is the curiosity to go out and meet different people, find out about their culture, experience their culture, and accept those differences. It is a passion to become a better person- to open up your eyes and ears to others, while at the same time learning a great deal about yourself. In short,

multiculturalism is a call to reach out and see all the colors of God's rainbow.

Saturday night is the official concluding event of the Multicultural Fall Festival- the Taste of Nations at Stepan Center. I, on behalf of the Multicultural Executive Council, encourage you to attend. There will be food, music, and a lot of fun. But beyond Saturday night, I encourage all of you to attend multicultural events throughout

the year. Come to a discussion on what it is like to be from the Middle East and get the Middle Eastern perspective on the Gulf Crisis. Attend a fireside chat on African philosophy. Go to a Pow Wow. Reaching out and learning is not only why we are at Notre Dame, but why we truly are people.

by Nicole Farmer

If you are interested in learning more about multiculturalism, then give one of these folks a call. It is their job.

Zaida Pericas.....	3435	Calvin Allen.....	3804
Gailius Draugelis.....	1762	Clarissa Arvayo.....	284-5470
Brooke Campbell.....	1825	Nicole Farmer.....	2877
Andy Hilger.....	289-9654	Rich Saldana.....	4797
Eric Griggs.....	4009	Angie McRae.....	3194
Kate Mapother.....	1365		

TASTE OF NATIONS



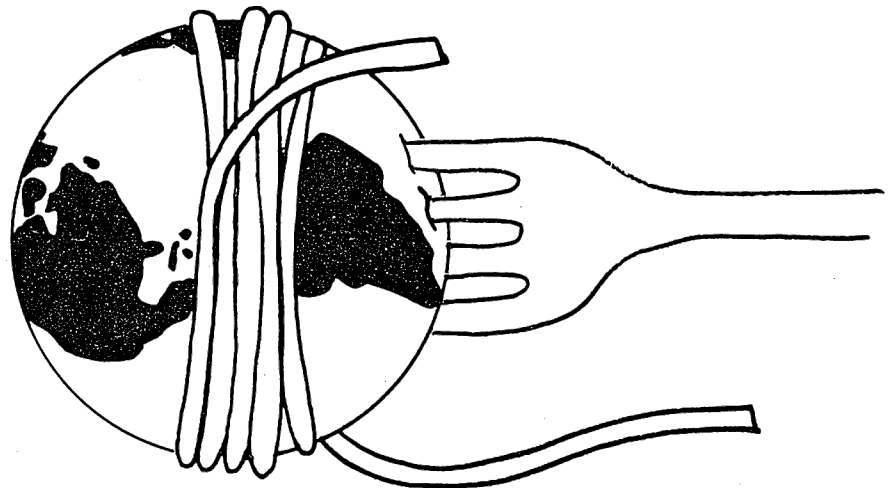
Saturday
October 6, 1990
9:00 P.M. - 1:00 A.M.
Stepan Center

Food and desserts from every imaginable geographic location waiting to tantalize and satisfy the appetites of thousands.

FREE FOOD AND ADMISSION!!

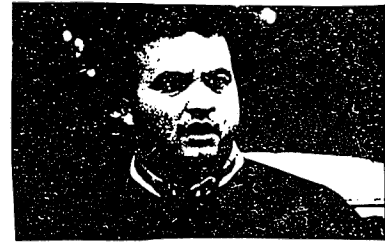
Bring a friend or bring a date to share this special atmosphere. Dress is casual elegance so everyone will fit in.

Don't miss the culmination of the fifth annual Multicultural Fall Festival. It promises to be a fantastic extravaganza of epic proportions.



sponsored by THE MULTICULTURAL EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

If you loved **JOHN BELUSHI**
in *Animal House* ...



If you loved **BILL MURRAY**
in *Ghostbusters* ...



... then you won't want to miss

THE SECOND CITY

national touring company

— the comedy troupe where these
two stars **got their start !**

Tickets: \$5 (at LaFortune Info Desk)

Thursday, Oct. 4 at 8 PM

Washington Hall

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