

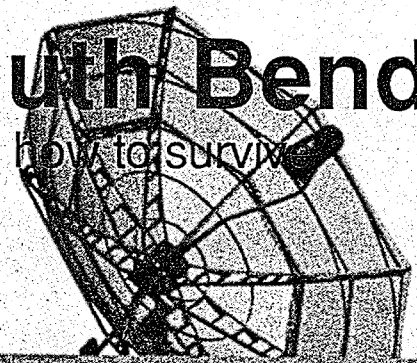
SCHOLASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

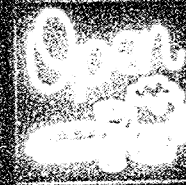
OCT. 11, 1990

Stuck In South Bend

What to do, where to go, how to survive



Macri's Deli



Replacements Review

Pacific Heights

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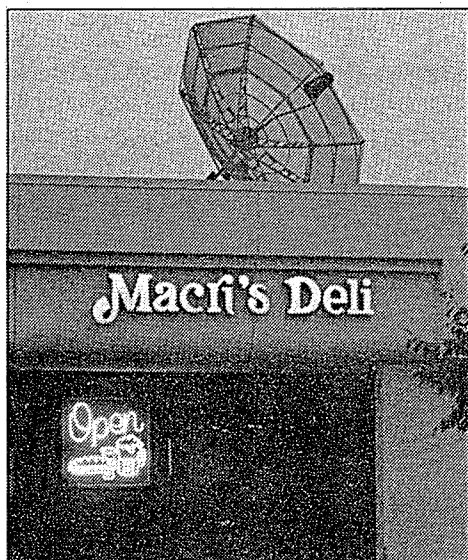
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SCHOLASTIC

OCT. 11, 1990

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE



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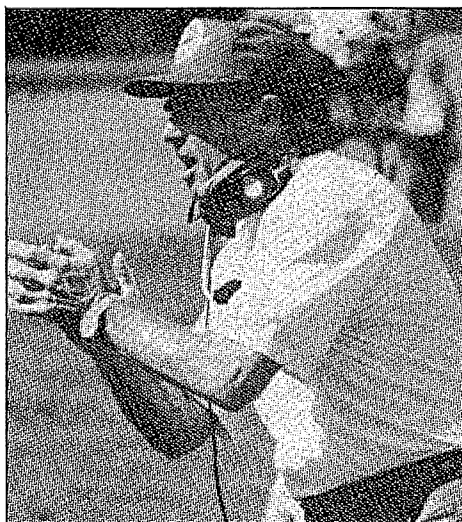
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SCHOLASTIC
NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

Vol. 132, No. 5
October 11, 1990

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It's Only Football

Now that the Irish have finally lost a game, particularly a home one, despair and frustration surfaced all over campus at our lady's university.

While we all hate standing next to some jerk at the football games who thinks he can coach better than Lou Holtz, there is another beast lurking in our midst who makes the dreaded expert that stands in your ear at the Stadium seem remarkably bearable.

This latest annoyance is anyone that gets angry at someone who decides to complain about the Irish's performance. Undoubtedly, we would all like to see Notre Dame win every game. A national championship is something special that they can never take away from the players or the students. (Come to think of it, who is this *they* and why are they trying to take things away from people all the time?)

But, blind faith and hero worship is probably the most despicable trait embodied by much of the student body here. **WAKE UP, YOU TWITS!!!** The team doesn't like any of you as much as you think and couldn't

care less if you get punched in the mouth by your roommate after you tell him to quit bitching about fumbled punts by saying to him, "Hey, we're all N.D."

This is not in any way to be read as an endorsement for getting that worked up over an Irish defeat. The guy who gets really upset at the game is just as bad as someone who says not to be negative. One is a sycophantic ninny while the other takes a simple game far too seriously.

A student was once heard saying that if the Irish lost a game, then no one would go out that night. It was intimated that everyone would be too depressed to go out.

Well, anyone that will let the outcome of a contest they have absolutely no control over or impact on affect their life needs to get out of the "Teddy 'Brar" more often. Or Theodore's or wherever you people go.

If football is the greatest thing that has happened to you in your time here, you have really missed the ride.

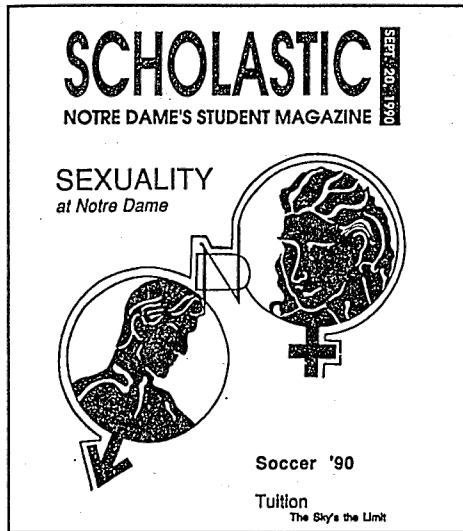
Letters to Scholastic must be typed and include the writer's name, address and phone number. University students should include their year in school and college. Faculty members should include their department. All letters must be signed. Names will be withheld upon request in certain instances.

Scholastic reserves the right to reject letters that are libelous or obscene by the laws of the United States. Scholastic also will edit for copyfitting, grammatical or spelling errors and Scholastic style. Because of space, Scholastic cannot print all letters received.

Address all correspondence to :

The Editor
Scholastic
LaFortune Center
Notre Dame, IN 46556

A Response to The Article on Sexuality



Dear Editor:

I am writing to clarify a statement made in a recent issue of Scholastic (September 20, 1990). In Traci Taghon's article, "Sexuality, A Report on the Report," the following statement is made. "Officials of the University Counseling Services had told the committee that victims (of rape and sexual assault) may have to go through the investigation by Notre Dame Security and the Office of Student Life before being referred to counseling" (page 11).

This statement is not true and the staff is confused about when this information was communicated and who was responsible for this portion of the Student Government Report. We would like to stress the following: 1) No one has to be referred before they receive counseling services, 2) Immediate

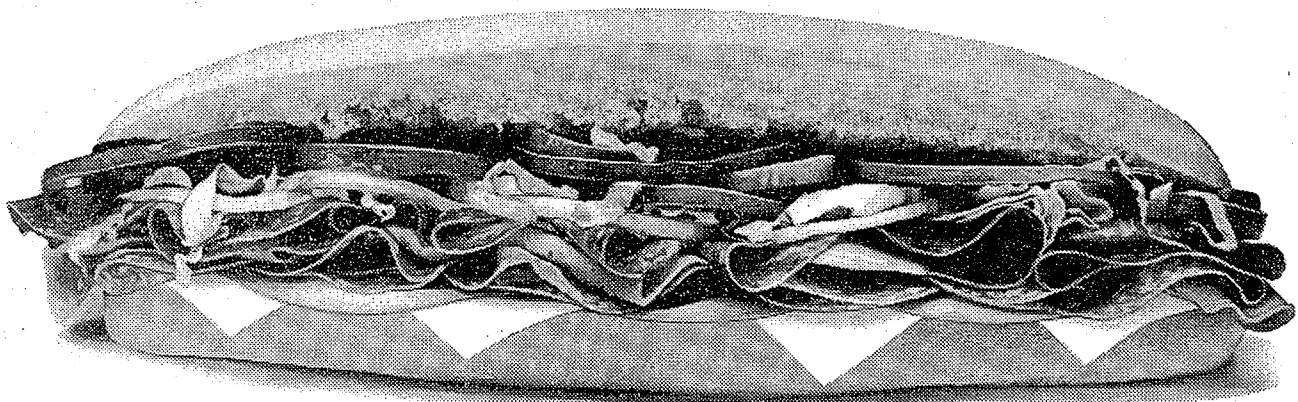
assistance is available, 3) Reporting a rape to Security or Student Life is not a prerequisite or requirement of counseling, 4) The victim/survivor would be encouraged to seek medical attention and decide whether she wants to press charges, but these would be her choices, 5) Victims/survivors can seek assistance immediately after an assault or at some future time based on their needs and preferences.

Thank you for your assistance with this matter.

Rita Donley, Ph.D.
Assistant Director
Coordinator of Clinical Services

Scholastic will be printing a follow up story on this topic in a future issue.

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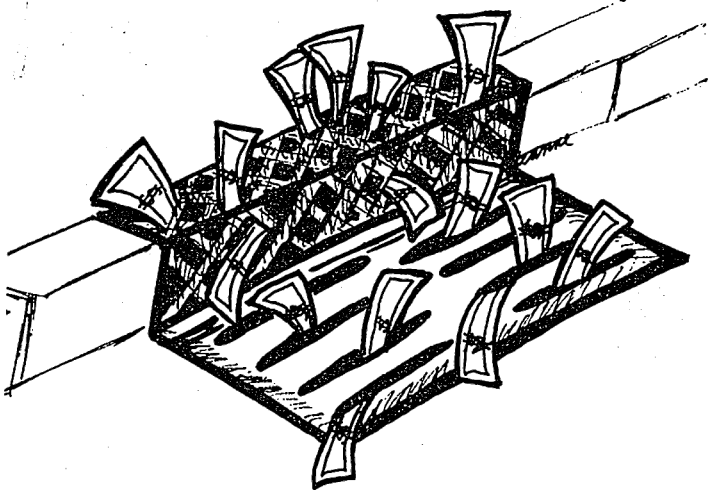
SUBWAY

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Swearing is Good

Fecal Dough

Got a few extra bucks that you're thinking about investing? Why not stash them in a sewer? Everyone would know which bills belonged to you when you spent them. According to the *College Press Service*, campus plumbers found an estimated \$1 million in counterfeit bills in a sewer line underneath the California State University-Long Beach Campus. The Secret Service caught wind of the find (pun intended) and decided to investigate. The University has sophisticated printing equipment that theoretically could produce bogus bills, but not without help. Idle hands are the devil's printing press and the Secret Service knows this. "Let the state cut our budget all they want," joked Engineering Dept. secretary Alicia Franz, "we'll just make our own money." Uncle Sam, reportedly, was not amused.



Fun With Numbers

The wary folks at *The Brown Daily Herald* shall not be duped. Some trickster submitted to their calendar of events a notice of a discussion entitled "Erotic Themes in Differential Equations" given by Prof. N. Kaganito. Apparently, some math geeks were looking to pull the quadratic wool over their eyes. Thank goodness math majors aren't allowed to reproduce.

Tabloid Professor

The Chronicle of Higher Education reported that David M. Olster, a University of Kentucky history professor, recently appeared in the *National Enquirer*. Olster bore a healthy, twelve pound baby alien. The good professor has three heads. He also eats dinner with Elvis every Wednesday. No. Actually, Olster uses the supermarket tabloid as a tool in his class. The *Enquirer* learned about it and did a story on him. Olster said he uses the newspaper to teach students to think about the biases that influence reporters and to read analytically.

\$54,500 Penis

Looking for new and unique gift ideas? How about a three-foot penis for dear old Mom? The *College Press Service* ran a story about Tim Allen, a columnist for the *Iowa State Daily*, who "paid" \$54,000 for a sculpture of big penis in a mock auction set up as a media event for the paper. Allen had written a column protesting the amount of money spent by the state on art. Of his new penis, Allen said, "I'd like to make it a monument to free speech, but people don't seem to like it, so I'm going to take it home." Lucky guy.

Sin On The Rise

The *Kansan* reported that John Burnham, an Ohio State University history professor, spoke on "Sin in American History: Drinking, Swearing, Gambling, Drug Abuse and Sexual Misbehavior." About 12 people listened. At the beginning of the century, smoking, drinking and swearing were considered bad, said Burnham. Good thing we've all come around and changed our minds since then.

We Still Can't Do It

The people at Reed College who put together the *Quest* did it again. Their latest issue is chock full o' articles about the University's drug policy. Not alcohol — drug policy. □

by Tim Rogers

SCHOLASTIC

The Perils of SleepChair™

I guess now I can look back at my study habits so far this year and laugh, since as Salvador Dali would say, "The fish never crawls backwards because its eyes are linguini." Despite such optimism, though, I've gotta think things can only get better (nothin' like some Howard Jones lyrics to spice up an article, eh?).

The really important thing I realized, of course, had nothing to do with education or actually learning anything. It was something I discovered on my sojourn to that Palace o' Pedagogy, that Ediface o' Erudition, the 'Brare. I found myself a nice secluded little spot on the second floor, and proceeded to be attacked by the dreaded SleepChair™. You know what I'm talking about. SleepChair™ is marketed and sold to the University by some vicious, evil terrorist organization such as Islamic Jihad or La-Z-Boy, under the pretense that these are the only chairs they sell that will match the Library's decor (known to interior designers as "Puke Provincial Plus Marble Things"). Ha. SleepChair™ is CLEARLY a very devious and dangerous plot to undermine the study habits of the fine, upstanding youth of this University by gradually sucking out all the wide-awake, fact-absorbing cells in our bodies and replacing them with dead-tired, study-resistant cells. Oh, you Biology ma-

jors may scoff. Go ahead. You don't know my phone number. [ed. note: ext. 3695.]

Anyway, I was sitting there in the 'Brare, memorizing facts and figures which of course were FAR more obscure than what I



actually had to know for the test (but do YOU know the names of the streets in Qatar? I thought not), when the SleepChair™ began to work its wicked ways upon me. You see,

they thrive especially on students who are — and I will use the definitive clinical psychological term here — "screwed." Once a SleepChair™ senses that your brain cells have that feeling of ultimate futility, they

neutralize those puppies like Meister Brau never could. (They're like girls that way.) And once THAT happens, well, you're deader than an all-campus SYR. When the SleepChair™ I was in (tailored, of course, to my exact dimensions for the finest in comfort) struck its mortal blow, my eyelids drooped like Deadheads on a bad trip, and I found myself having the most HORRIBLE nightmare. I dreamt that people here were talking seriously about changing the Victory March, and the dating scene here was STILL terrible! Whoosh — glad that was just a dream.

The point is (don't be snotty, there is too a point) if you want to get anything done at the 'Brare, send all your friends there first as bait for the SleepChairs™. I myself accomplished nothing constructive thanks to SleepChair™, but I actually can tell you something positive about the whole ordeal. SleepChairs™ may be the ultimate enemy of students when they're studying, but they sure are a big help when you're trying to get an article finisszzzz

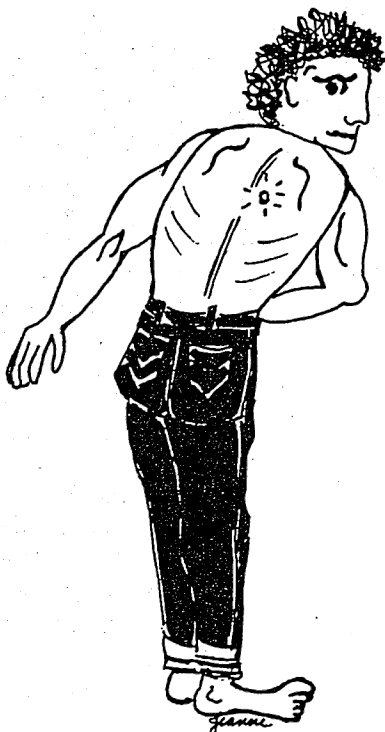
by Jim Dopke

Term Paper Blemishes

Dear Dr. Head: I have a question. Every time I have to write a paper, something happens to me. I put on some relaxing classical music, plop myself in front of my Macintosh, get ready to type, and "Bang!" It happens. Suddenly I'll realize that I have a tremendously ripe zit square in the middle of my back. Then I'll spend the next seven hours trying to find a way to get at it. In the end, I'll wind up with nothing but a sore red bump and a late paper. Dr. Head, why does this always happen?

Ben Zoyl, senior, Flanner.

Ben, join me in stamping out procrastination across our fair land. Your question is an interesting one. Scientists have only recently begun to understand the phenomenon of "dorsal zit syndrome." It



was once thought that spinal acne occurred regularly and was only discovered when students had to write papers. Subconsciously, it was thought, students knew they had zits on their backs, but they suppressed this knowledge because they had egos, which was something Freud invented. Scientists now know that Freud was full of it. His mom pampered him and part of his mouth was missing because he had jaw cancer from smoking too many cigars. Now scientists know the truth. Students actually have zit-free backs most of their lives. Not until students have to write papers do zits begin forming. Time lapse photography has shown this. In one study, Sturnheim, et al documented a pimple that swelled to the size of a pomegranate after an unfortunate student learned that he had to write a paper on the economic implications of Nietzschean transcendentalism vis à vis Machiavellian relativism. It was ugly. Scientists aren't optimistic about finding a cure. The only hope seems to be choosing a major that requires less paper writing. Try physics.

Dear Dr. Head: I think you're one big rip-off from Dr. Science, of public radio fame. How do you answer this charge? What are you hiding?

Racer X, sophomore, The Steam Tunnels.

I have three things to say:

- 1) Dr. Science doesn't know his head from a spectator ion.
- 2) Only geeks listen to public radio.
- 3) Next time, don't be such a chicken. Include your real name and address, punk.

Dr. Head is getting testy. Bogus mail pisses him off. His job is tough enough without wisecracks giving him a hard time. The rest of you need to get off your duffs and write him some good questions. Send your queries to Dr. Head, care of Scholastic, 303 LaFortune. Everyone who forgets to include a name, year, and address will get mocked.

Dr. Head reserves the right to reject questions that are libelous or obscene (still can't define "obscene"). He also reserves the right to call anybody a "geek," "chicken," and/or "punk." □

PACIFIC HEIGHTS

Ladies and gentlemen, meet Carter Hayes, The Tenant From Hell. He's got everything it takes to drive you crazy — late hours, strange friends, and an unusual talent for breeding cockroaches. It is enough to make you shudder with empathy for Drake Goodman and Patty Parker... almost. John Schlesinger's new movie, *Pacific Heights*, relates the conflict between Hayes (Michael Keaton) and his landlords, Goodman and Parker (Mathew Modine and Melanie Griffith). The tension begins when Hayes moves into his apartment without having paid his rent. He proceeds to engage in activities that would upset any landlord, including late night construction work, changing the locks on his door, and refusing to answer his door. Unfortunately for Goodman and Parker, they discover that there is nothing they can do to evict him without first going through a lengthy (and expensive) legal process. They initiate this process, but in the meantime have to share their living space with this goofball. Unfortunately for the audience, we have to watch it.

Twentieth Century Fox's latest release has been plugged as a suspense thriller... too bad they forgot both the suspense and the thrills. The only thing that really surprised me about this movie was the complete lack of a believable plot. For the first half hour of the film, the audience keeps asking itself "Why? Why does he (Hayes) act like this? I mean, he seemed like a nice guy." Then his true motivations are revealed, and for the next hour and fifteen minutes the audience keeps asking itself "Why? Why did I come to see this movie? I mean, I could have done something constructive, like clean out my navel." Believe me, compared to watching this

movie, cleaning out my navel would have been thrilling.

Fortunately, for those of us who had to watch, there was some talent exhibited in the production of this film. John Schlesinger's direction is excellent, showing an abundance of personal style and an understanding of what will enhance the audience's enjoyment of the film. His use of slow pans across the city and his interesting employment of camera angles really helps the film to hold what little suspense was written into the plot. It makes me wonder what Schlesinger could have done if he had had a truly scary movie to direct. Unfortunately, not even his outstanding directing skills were able to get *Pacific Heights* off the ground.



Michael Keaton in *Pacific Heights*

Likewise, the performances turned in by Keaton, Modine, and Griffith were, as expected, superb. In an unusual role for the usually comical Keaton, he portrays the pathological Hayes with skill and imagination, making the character seem almost real. This glimpse into the psyche of a man who seems to be completely irrational, but is justified in his own mind, is indeed interesting and intriguing. Watching the character develop from an apparently nice, quiet gentleman into what in the end is revealed as a complete

madman provides some entertainment in an otherwise ho-hum film. Hayes is the only potentially interesting character in the movie, and Keaton does a fine job of bringing out that potential, but it just isn't enough to keep you on the edge of your seat.

Modine and Griffith both do more than competent acting jobs in trying to bring their characters to life. It would have been much better for them (and the audience) if the script had given them a way of developing their characters into something more substantial, but the way the script was written leaves them lacking depth and personality. Little things like that tend to hamper even the most talented of actors, and in this case the little things overwhelm them. The most I can say for these two is that they do the best job of being scared airheads that I've seen in a long time.

From the opening scene, *Pacific Heights* is set up to resemble a spy-thriller or a twisted revenge movie, and I wish it had been. The whole film starts to go downhill when, less than a third of the way into the film, it is revealed to the audience that the big mystery behind Carter Hayes is that he is pulling a real estate scam. So much for suspense and intrigue. The only other mystery is why he would go to such ridiculous lengths to pick up a plot of land with a house on it.

The obvious talent displayed in the making of this film makes the lack of substance in the plot even more lamentable. Given a script with something to it, I think that the actors and director could have created a movie that in later years would be referred to as a classic, but without said script, their creation comes out flat and dull. □

by Chris Kozoll

INXS... abandon hope



INXS
X

X. That's the most creative title INXS could come up with for their latest album. Just one character, one lousy letter was all they felt this album needed for a title. Well, all that I can say is that the title is quite apt for the worthless commercialized slag that's on their newest release.

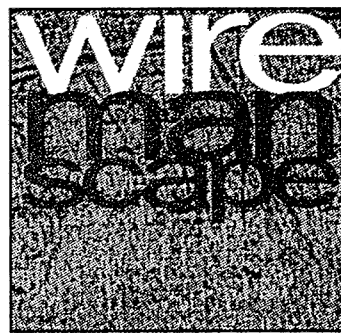
Although at times it seems like Michael Hutchence and Andrew Farriss might possibly have found a new groove, all of the tracks on *X* are just rehash of old material. Bastardized riffs from *Kick* and *Listen Like Thieves* abound, and the rhythm sections reek of plagiarism. Producer Chris Thomas (who also produced *Kick* and *Listen Like Thieves*) keeps the INXS trademarks present all through the new effort, but good production never makes up for a lack of creativity — at least, not unless

you're one of the mindless millions who buys the stuff made for commercial radio. Sadly, INXS have fallen prey to the commercial trap. Although this album is self-funded by the band (supposedly to allow for more creative freedom — whatever you say, guys), there is no attempt to get back to the energy and vitality of prior efforts like *Listen Like Thieves* and *The Swing*. The album is deceptive: Hutchence and Farriss have at least tried to camouflage their lack of creativity with an abundance of strange instrumentation. Surely you've heard the harmonica at the beginning of "Suicide Blonde?" If you haven't, just turn on the radio. I'm sure you'll be able to hear the results of INXS' "experimentation."

X is not only awash in musical unoriginality, but the quality of Michael Hutchence's lyrics has even fallen off. Thematically, most of *X* deals with the monotony of life or isolation within relationships. Yawn. What ever happened to "Watch the world argue?" Where's the thinly veiled sexual innuendo of "Need You Tonight" or "The One Thing?" Hutchence does come up with a few cool lines here and there on *X*, but in general, his attempts to tackle subjects which he has previously done quite astutely fall far short of their marks.

Wire's Manscape more inspired wierdness

What I'm really hoping is that INXS will lose big bucks on this album and be forced to get back into touch with the Australian club scene that made them become the gritty, funky, live-performance oriented band that they used to be. They've become far too big for their own good, and a gig in an Australian pub might put these sissified video stars back into their places. We can only hope...



Wire
Manscape

It's back to the synthesizers again for Wire. They've played around on their last couple albums trying to find just the right blend of guitars and synths, and they haven't quite yet found it. That's not to say that their new album, *Manscape*, isn't thoroughly enjoyable, though. Quite the contrary. *Manscape* is somewhat of a return to the more

synth-based sound of *The Ideal Copy* rather than the minimalist, atmospheric guitar feel of *A Bell is A Cup Until It Is Struck*.

Manscape opens with the up-tempo "Life in the Manscape," a dance track in the tradition of "In Vivo," with lyrics reminiscent of "Ahead" from *Ideal Copy*. A surreal look into modern society, "Manscape" comes up with some gems of lyrics. Lines like, "The pope of pop/drives a church of steel" and "Free speech/and more T.V./Distribute liberally/I'd like mine to be/A true facsimile" are Wire at their absolute lyrical best. The "Manscape" (from both the song title and the album title) is their world — it's a surreal landscape of people rather than land. They deliver, like they always have, social commentary from a bizarre point of view. Rather than being preachy, they make you think about what they have to say by making you wondering what it is they're actually saying. Another track, "Stampede," gets a little closer to the obvious in its refrain "Find security in Western arms," but this is much better political music than the usual whining by black-clad neo-beatniks with guitars and too many problems.

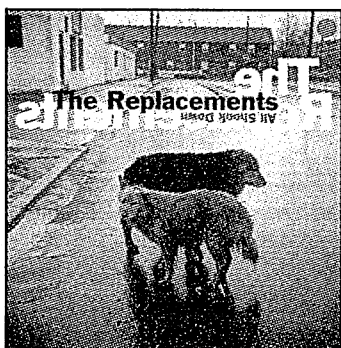
Wire haven't entirely abandoned their punk roots, either. Singer Colin Newman occasionally recalls Wire's humble punk

The Replacements

All Shook Down showcases Paul Westerberg's songwriting... but where's the rest of the band?

beginnings with a gritty screech, like that on, "Torch It!" The guitars of their early days are not entirely gone, either. Although most of the aural airspace on this album is filled by synthesizers and drum machines, the occasional guitar does find its way out of the acoustic melee. The preservation of the guitar in their sound may just be another way of warding off categorization by rock critics, but they couldn't possibly abandon the jangly, piercing guitar that was the most integral part of their sound until the advent of the synthesizer. Wire have definitely made the most of their fast friendship with the synthesizer, but they likewise seems reluctant to drop the texture of the guitar from their sonic palette.

Manscape has proved once again that Wire can continue to progress in new directions without sounding too weird or getting too boring. Really, what other groups do you know who can have song titles like, "Small Black Reptile," "Children of Groceries," and "You Hung Your Lights" without sounding completely *avant garde* and unlistenable? Wire are truly masters of the bizarre, but they're down to earth just enough that they can be appreciated. Check out *Manscape* and make your life a little bit surreal.



Replacements
All Shook Down

Is Minneapolis still a Mecca for loud, fast rock and roll? Not really, but the guys who started the whole gritty Minneapolis thing are trying once again to make themselves heard in the music world. Bob Mould, Soul Asylum, and the Replacements have all released new albums within the last month or so. The only problem is that they've all grown up now, and the music just isn't as fun as it used to be. Soul Asylum are still loud and fast, but they're not as random—they know what they're doing now. Bob Mould is still loud and gritty, but he's just way too old and bitter these days.

The Replacements, though, are the prime example of a band which has grown up too fast. When they first hit the scene, they were loud, obnoxious, and just a little bit naive, but to listen

to them now, you'd never know.

I'm not entirely sure that I like what they've become, either. The rumors of breakup after their last tour seem to be turning into more of a reality than a rumor. Their new album, *All Shook Down*, is a finely crafted bunch of tunes originally intended to be Paul Westerberg's solo album. It's kind of unfortunate that the entire band only plays on one song (each song does feature at least one 'Mat besides Westerberg), but since the band's sound is chiefly a reflection of Westerberg's songwriting anyway, their absence doesn't affect the sound much. Producer Scott Litt (R.E.M., That Petrol Emotion) puts a little too much acoustic jangle in the sound (surprise, surprise), but there are enough horns, electric guitars, and piano to balance the acoustic guitars nicely. His production manages more often than not to hit the perfect balance of guitar textures to bring out Westerberg's melodies.

Paul Westerberg's songwriting has evolved to the point where he can sound like himself all the time without being boring. Like any great songwriter, his songs are recognizable at first listen, but the fact that you can tell they're his doesn't detract from them at all. He keeps the arrangements simple most of the

time, and he doesn't try to outdo himself lyrically, like so many writers are prone to do.

When listening to this album on a lazy Friday afternoon, I realized that this was probably the perfect setting to listen to this album. It's always just a little bit groggy and tired, but it's still on the bright side. The song "All Shook Down" was particularly exemplary of this feel — Westerberg's groaned vocals and a whispering recorder solo in the background give the sensation of just waking up from an afternoon nap. Other tunes, especially "When It Began," a song in the style of "Can't Hardly Wait" from *Pleased to Meet Me*, are more typical of the earlier Replacements' style, but still fit the feel of the new album. "My Little Problem," featuring Concrete Blonde vocalist Jolene Napolitano, even ventures into the band's grungier past without deviating too far from *All Shook Down*'s texture.

All Shook Down is probably the best glimpse of the Replacements of the future...that is, if they stay together. Westerberg's style has fully matured, and he makes no pretensions of trying to write songs to sound like the band used to. Age will only make the Replacements sound better now. □

by Dave Holsinger

SERVICE PROJECT VOLUNTEERS GATHER FOR ANNUAL REUNION

American higher education's first scholarship program for students involved in summer social service celebrates its 10th anniversary this month at the University of Notre Dame.

Andrews Scholars will gather for dinner October 18, as they have done each fall for ten years. They will speak about their work, which could be with retarded children in Buffalo, N.Y., with abused women in Marquette, MI, or with lonely elderly people in San Francisco.

The endowed program is named after James F. Andrews, a Notre Dame alumnus and co-founder of Universal Press Syndicate (UPS). It was set up at Notre Dame after his death in October 1980 by his wife Kathy and business partner John McMeel, both Notre Dame graduates. Among early donors were UPS columnists Abigail Van Buren ("Dear Abby") and Mary McGrory, as well as "Doonesbury" cartoonist Garry Trudeau.

One hundred and eighty-four students, 70 men and 114 women, have been Andrews Scholars, working with 80 Notre Dame clubs in 81 cities and one foreign country (Ecuador). The bulk of the students have come from the Collge of Arts and Letters. The Andrews Scholars program has been a model for similar efforts, such as those announced recently at Yale and Stanford Universities.

In a brochure published to mark the anniversary, Andrews Scholars from past years reflected on their experiences. Brigitte Goulet, 1982 Andrews Scholar, advised, "Take the risk to work someplace you would never work. Learn to see your country, your inner city as it really is, not how you believe it to be. Don't be afraid to experience poverty, degradation and inhumanity; thousands of people live it daily and serve it to their children for lunch."

PASQUERILLA RECEIVES DOD AWARD

Frank J. Pasquerilla, of dormitory and ROTC building fame, has received the second-highest civilian award from the Department of Defense.

The award for outstanding public service recognizes Pasquerilla's \$5 million gift to build the nation's largest privately financed Reserve Officer's Training Corps building - our own Pasquerilla Center. The silver medal and rosette were presented at the dedication dinner Friday, October 5 by Army Lt. General Thomas W. Kelly, director of operations for the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"Mr. Pasquerilla's patriotic support, coupled with the University's extensive involvement, underscores the highest level of commitment to educating value oriented men and women as future leaders in the armed services," the citation stated. (Scholastic's *Newsbriefs* welcomes any response to that statement by the groups who protested the dedication.)

PERESTROIKA MEETS THEOLOGY IN LECTURE BY RUSSIAN CHURCH LEADER

Grab your Russian hats and head over to the Hesburgh Library auditorium tonight to hear about "Religion in a Changing Soviet Union: A Russian Orthodox View."

Mikhail Jaroslovovich Scherbachev, deputy head of the publishing department of the Patriarchate of the Russian Orthodox Church in Moscow, will present the lecture, sponsored by the Department of Theology. Scherbachev graduated in 1983 from Moscow State University, where he studied the history of Russian religious philosophy. Following his graduation, he worked as a researcher in the sociological laboratory of

the Institute of Gas and Oil. For two years before assuming his present position in the Moscow Patriarchate he was a director of the library of the Committee for Professional Schools. He speaks fluent English, so leave the pocket translators at home.

MORRIS' LECTURE AIRS ON CABLE

Thomas V. Morris, associate professor of philosophy here at Notre Dame and 1990 Professor of the Year in Indiana, is the featured lecturer for October in the "University Lecture" series produced by the national cable network, The Learning Channel.

Go visit an off-campus friend with cable so you can see Morris' lecture, "The Ethics of Everyday Life." Oh, you say even they can't get The Learning Channel? Never fear. The lecture will be shown on public access sometime in November. Specific times and dates to be announced later.

The undergraduate lecture was taped September 12 on campus. Father Malloy will open the program, which also features an interview with Morris concerning his feelings about philosophy and the teaching profession.

Morris received the state Professor of the Year award in September from the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education. Since joining the faculty in 1980, he has taught as many as 1200 undergraduates a year, been awarded N.E.H. and Howard Foundation research

fellowships, and published nine books, including "The Logic of God Incarnate," "Philosophy and the Christian Faith," and "The Bluffer's Guide to Philosophy."

DISTINGUISHED LECTURERS BEGIN VISITS TO NOTRE DAME

"Christianity and Culture" is the first topic in the Paul and Barbara Henkels Distinguished Lecture Series, scheduled to begin at 4 p.m. October 15 in the auditorium of the Center for Continuing Education.

Dr. Nicholas Lobkowitz will present the inaugural lecture. Lobkowitz is a former professor in the Notre Dame philosophy department who went on to become rector, then president, of the University of Munich before assuming his current position as president of the Catholic University of Eichstatt in Germany. (It sure is nice not to have to write West or East Germany.) His scholarly publications include more the 130 monographs in six languages. He was awarded an honorary doctor of laws by Notre Dame in 1981.

The lecture series in the College of Arts and Letters has been endowed by the chairman and chief executive officer of Henkels and McCoy, Inc., an engineering and contracting firm in Blue Bell, PA, and his wife. Paul Henkels has been a member of the College of Arts and Letters Advisory Council since 1964.

DRUG CZAR HAILS PUBLIC NEXT WEDNESDAY

William J. Bennett, director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy and former U.S. Secretary of Education, will speak on "Modernity and the Care of Our Children" next Wednesday, October 17 in the Hesburgh Library Auditorium.

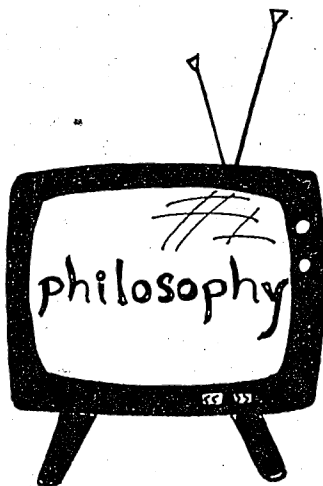
Bennett is in control of the \$10.6 billion budget that the Bush administration has



allotted to the "War On Drugs." In September 1989 he prepared the report on the National Drug Control Strategy, a result of six months of discussion with government leaders, treatment professionals, educators, drug policy experts, law enforcement officials, and hundreds of American citizens involved in fighting drugs.

Since the Bush administration took office, the federal government has increased spending to fight drugs some 70 percent — the largest percentage increase of any major program in the federal government. □

compiled by Traci Taghon



Life in the Big City

The Windy City it's not, but with a little creativity, South Bend can be an exciting place to live

So, you think there's not much to do in South Bend? It's a jungle out there, so come on a journey with us, Kristine and Kirsten, as we take you away from the shelter of the Golden Dome into the untrod lands of South Bend, Indiana.

We really want to do something fun this weekend. But what? Something new and different...

As we sat to ponder this we realized that everyone else was probably thinking the same thing. We almost gave up the effort as futile, but reconsidered. It became a mission, an obsession. We took this quest into our own hands to discover, on behalf of the Notre Dame student body, what really goes on on Saturday night in the bustling metropolis of South Bend. We tried to come up with ideas for every budget, need, and occasion. We found restaurants, parks, theaters, and

shops. Hopefully, these suggestions will add diversity and interest to your weekend.

Restaurants

Although not a culinary capital, South Bend does offer a wide variety of restaurants in various price ranges and tastes. Most of these are pretty close by and along with providing a diversion from cafeteria food, serve as a nice study break.

Whenever we've had it with cereal three times a day, we head over to Macri's or to Pattie's. Macri's is located directly across from the UP mall and offers a million different sandwiches with yummy appetizers, mammoth-sized imported beers, and cheese cake. The French onion soup, nachos and garlic cheese bread are our favorite beginnings however, a healthy appetite is essential if you plan to consume both an appetizer and an entire sandwich. Although the BRT

(bacon, roast beef and turkey) is the long-standing favorite, all of the sandwiches are delicious and we can never decide which to order. For vegetarians and weight-watchers, there is the veggie pita. For those of us less concerned with our health and physique, there are quite a few more to choose from, including Italian sausage subs and grilled chicken sandwiches. Another great thing about Macri's is that they make delicious birthday cakes that can be delivered. They are most famous for their spumoni cake, but they also have more conventional types.

Alas, alack, you can only go to Macri's so many times, hence, we've found an alternative. Pattie's an all-American 50's juke box joint (recently, however, the juke box has been defunct. Either that, or it didn't like our choice of songs) with a create-your-own hamburger bar and an endless and sometimes odd selection of toppings. They also serve generous quantities of side orders like beer



batter mushrooms and seasoned fries. (We love these!!) Perhaps the best part, although we rarely have room for it, is the never-ending menu of fountain creations. They boast Mishawaka's smallest sundae for only \$.35 along with monster-size shakes and malts. We recommend the Mint chocolate chip cookie shake. Pattie's also has a big screen TV in the back to watch sports events.

OK— that's great for a break from NDH, but what do you do when the P's come to town? Someplace with REAL food that we couldn't normally go unless someone else was paying. We found quite a few restaurants that your parents will love (also suitable for SYR's or special dates). One such place is the Emporium, our personal fave. Offering a homey atmosphere over looking the river, the Emporium's menu includes everything from fresh fish to pasta, ranging in price from about ten dollars. We find the French onion soup, loaded with cheese, and a chicken entree served with wine sauce and topped with cheese most delectable. (The salads are also

very good, served with a myriad of salad dressings including honey-mustard, and avocado garlic. A wide range of fixings also accompany the salad.) As if this isn't enough, for birthdays, a singing waitress brings a mini-cake to the table.

For a more casual atmosphere, the Sunny Italy Cafe is a delightful, family oriented Italian restaurant with good wine and checkered table cloths. Their pasta dishes come in small and king size helpings, both of which are more than enough. The chef is ready and able to create a dish just to your taste. The highlight here is again, the dessert. The cannoli is out of this world.

If seafood is what you're looking for, The Wharf is the place to go. We suggest staying away from the cheese bread, but the seafood is fresh, the steaks are good and they have a nice salad bar. The best is (surprise!) the dessert. They have a selection of fresh fruit in season (raspberries and cream are wonderful) and the Chocolate Suicide is heavenly.

If dinner with your parents infringes upon your demanding social schedule, try brunch. Tippecanoe Place serves one of the best we've ever seen, and we've seen many, as I'm sure you've guessed. They have rooms of food and tables piled high with goodies. Belgian waffles smothered with fruit and whipped cream, omelettes made-to-order, prime rib, and a dazzling display of breads, muffins, and salads are sure to please even the most finicky eater (even a ten-year-old brother). However, you might want to bring a wheelbarrow in which to cart yourself home, as it is generally found that fitting everyone in the car after this meal is next to impossible. An added perk: your mother will love the fact that Tippecanoe Place is a historical site. It is formerly the Studebaker mansion and tables are set up in the bed rooms and other private quarters. All of the decor found in the house is exactly as it was originally.

Alright, your parents are gone and you're looking for that special someplace to take that special someone. For your wining and dining pleasure, we have several suggestions. Our first is Francesco's. Dimly lit, with soft music playing in provincial setting, this cozy atmosphere lends itself to intimate conversation and hand holding across the table. (The blossoming romance could be cut short however, as you daintily splash both you and your date with red sauce spraying from uncooperative noodles. Don't despair, it's worth it. The fresh pasta is so good, as is the veal, your date will hardly notice the stains on his new, freshly starched shirt.) To finish the evening on good note, try the espresso or capuccino. It's delicious and it warms your insides on a cold winter's night.

Our next choice is not as elegant as Francesco's, but it is as fun. At Fondue Parlor, the setting is somewhat disappointing but cooking your own meal with your date has a lot of charm. Oddly enough, there is something very intimate about stabbing pieces of chicken with a skewer and boiling them in oil. They offer meat, cheese, and chocolate fondues. We really liked the chocolate, (now there's a shock!) and proceeded to dip our forks in it even after the fruit was gone.

After having dined our way through South Bend and surrounding areas, we asked

ourselves, "Is there anything to do here besides eat?" Our second favorite thing to do is shop, so we started from there.

Shopping

By this time, we're sure even the freshman have been to UP mall. Handy for your basic needs, this mall includes L.S. Ayres, The Limited, American Eagle Outfitters, and The Gap. Even though this mall is not hip to the latest from Paris, it aids in quelling our need to spend money. It also provides some of the best people watching in South Bend. Friday night distinguishes itself as the clear highlight revealing some particularly interesting specimens. Last year, we purchased skull rings in a feeble attempt to fit in.

Although quite a hike from South Bend, the Light-house Mall is a great place to go especially for starving college students. It is the home of many designer outlet stores including Bass, Ralph Lauren, Anne Klein, and Harve Bernard. There are tons of great buys, but timing is of the essence. If you go on a delivery day, you will come home with wonderfully cheap and stylish attire. If not, you will probably come home depressed and empty handed.

When shopping for that special and unique gift, try East Bank Emporium, right outside the restaurant, the Emporium. Crabtree and Evelyn and The Mole's Hole are two cute places to go for scents and trinkets.

Entertainment

We had a hard time coming up with new and different things to do at night. There is of course,

the usual hangouts. Bridget's, the Commons, CJ's, Coaches, etc. where masses of sweating college kids cram into a small space to get rip roaring drunk. For those of you who don't enjoy this type of evening, there are some other options, however few. For example Beacon Bowling, where people aren't allowed on the lanes, so it's not as crowded. Here, scores soar in the 50 to 70 range and the most common occurrence is the gutter ball, but it is fun. These gutter balls are sometimes

really exciting and not even in your own lane! Bowling across the lanes, rather than down them, does add an air of adventure to the bowling experience.

If you're a rotten bowler even when you're sober, try the South Bend or Elkhart symphony. All right, so its not Vienna, but for an evening of culture, they are very professional and perform a wide array of classical music and tickets are relatively inexpen-

Other Good Bets...

Restaurants

Wharf
Ice House
Looking-Glass
Vittorio's
Polo Club
Vic's
Frank's-
RedHots

Dancing
The Polo-
Club
Gipper's

Night Clubs

Coach's
The Linebacker
Lounge
The Commons
Senior-Alumni-
Club
Club 23
McCormick's
CJ's
Sneakers

Music
Jerry's Coffee-
House
WMRD

Museums

Japanese
Garden-
Shojiri Niwa
South Bend
Art Center

Theater
SMC-Carroll
Auditorium
Morris Civic
Auditorium

sive. Performance schedules can be obtained from the South Bend Tribune.

For concert and music aficionados, the Holiday Star Plaza in Merriville, Indiana hosts popular groups such as Bob Dylan and most recently, Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn. All the seats are great because its a very small theater and it saves a trip all the way to Chicago to see some big names. Another good place to hear bands is Center Street Cafe, right next door in Mishawaka. They have live entertainment Thursday through Saturday. (A real bonus for us is that they serve dinner.) Warning: this is the new Center Street, not the fun, rowdy place we all knew and loved two years ago. It is much more sedate and under control.

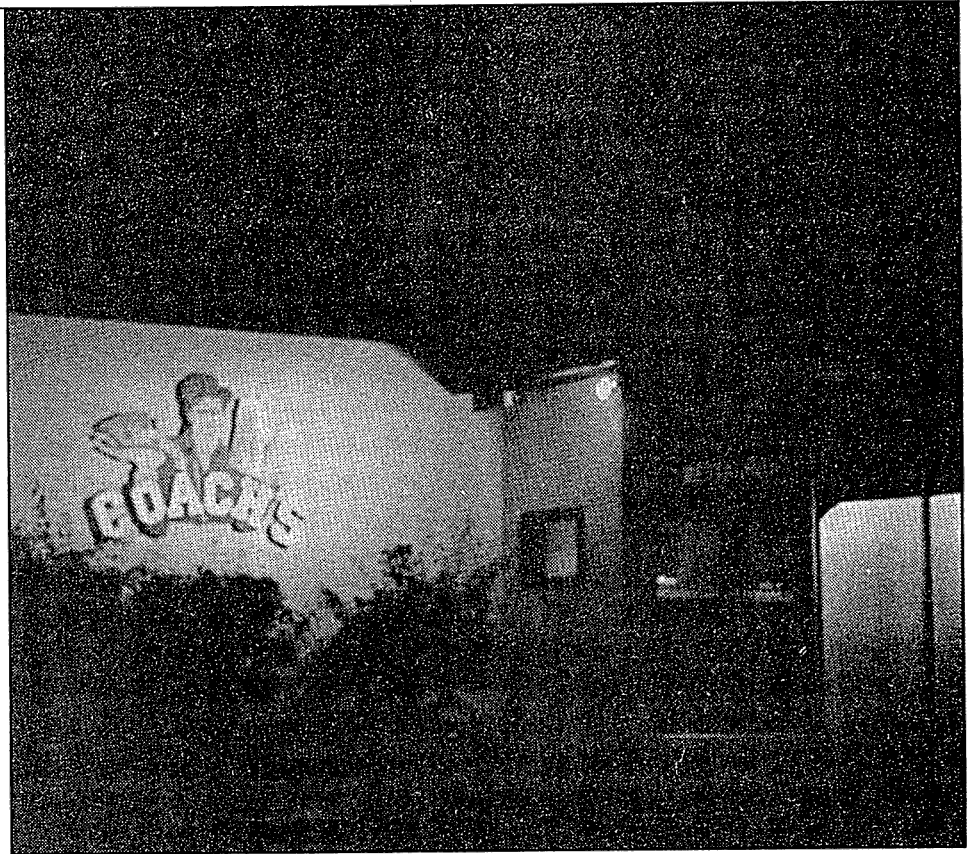
If your dream date is John Travolta or a disco queen, we've found some places for you. Howdy Doody's, in Niles Michigan plays top forty dance tunes and has ladies' night on Wednesdays. If oldies are what you're after, try Kirby's in South Bend. If you like oldies, but need a bit more encouragement to dace, they offer quarter drafts on Thursday nights. Kirby's is open Wednesday through Sunday.

Theater

There are many community theater groups in the South Bend area. For a fun and different evening, or a new date idea, try impressing your friends with culture. The South Bend Civic Theater is currently presenting the Tony Award winning "I'm not Rappaport" on Thursday through Saturday until October 20. Michiana Actor's Theater Productions is another local troupe who just finished their production of Aristophane's "The Frog." Look for another performance soon. The Osceola Community Players is presenting "Bull in a China Shop," the last day of this performance scheduled for next Saturday. Amish Acres is presenting the former Broadway hit "Plain and Fancy." Finally, the Valparaiso University Players will present a season of theater focused on war and rumors of war. Information about this can be obtained through the University.

Parks and Museums

The South Bend and northern Indi-



anaarea is filled with parks and recreation centers. Several of these are in close proximity. Bendix Woods, St. Patrick's Park, and Potato Creek all offer cross country skiing in the winter, along with many summer activities such as horse back riding, swimming, fishing, hiking, and biking. Perhaps the best park is the Potowatomi Park which is home to the Potowatomi Zoo and Botanic Gardens. Their nature trails do not just take you through South Bend wilderness, but through the wilds of Africa, the plains of West, and the jungles of South America. They also feature special events such as the Zoo Boo, from October 27- 30, and Zooltide '90 from November 30 to December 10.

If you aren't the outdoorsy type, the Northern Indiana Historical Society maintains an outstanding collections of over 200,000 objects, some dating back to prehistoric Indians. Another to try is the Hannah Lidahl Children's Museum which provides hours of fun for little brothers and sisters. They can examine nature and artifacts from the area along with viewing a parlor and kitchen from the 1920's, and a sitting room in a Japanese home. For car buffs, there is the Studebaker National Museum. Here you can

see the entire line of Studebaker cars, trucks and carriages. They even display the carriage that Abraham Lincoln took to the Ford Theater on that fateful night in 1865.

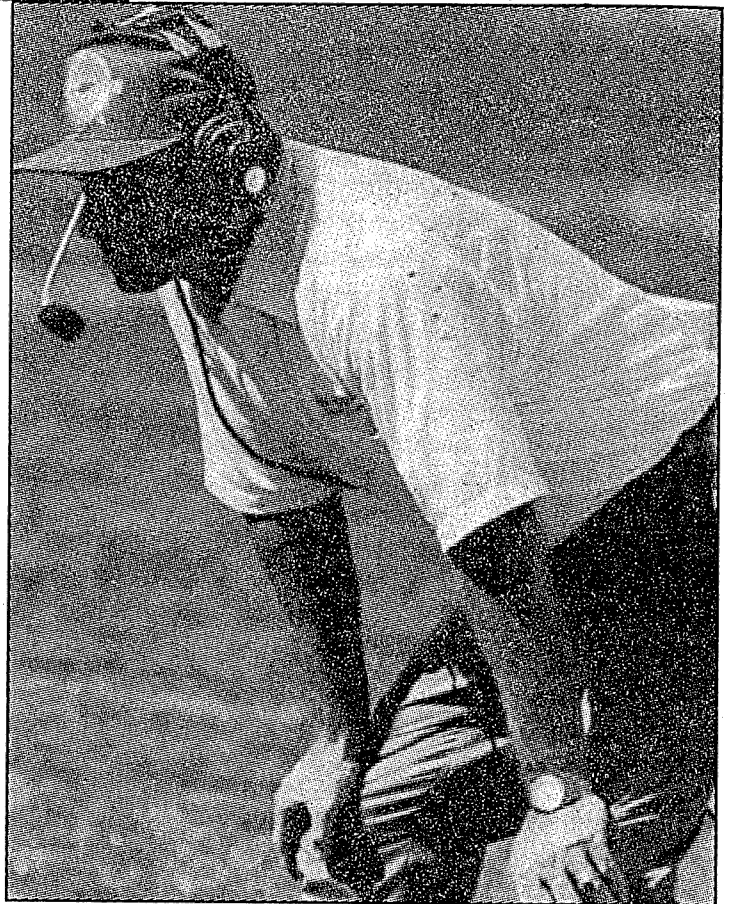
Miscellaneous

In season, the apple orchards in Michigan furnish an afternoon of good, wholesome fun, spicy apple cider and delicious cinnamon doughnuts and apple turnovers. Keep an eye out for events at the Morris Civic Auditorium, and don't forget about the South Bend White Sox. If all else fails, you can spend an evening calling all the numbers in the Info pages in the South Bend phone book. You can find out your horoscope, what you've been missing on the soaps, the weather, fishing predictions, and the Wall Street update. Way cool.

If none these suggestions floats your boat, one of the greatest things that South Bend does have is a cheap train ride to Chicago. We hope this has helped, have a great weekend!!! □

By Kristine DeGange and Kirsten Lebsack

Kick 'em While They're Down



Air Force Sports Information

Fisher DeBerry was AP and UPI Coach of the Year in 1985.

One week after the Stanford debacle, Air Force comes to town looking to accelerate Notre Dame's fall from grace

BY KEVIN T. KERNS

At the United States Air Force Academy, they recruit football players that can fit into F-16's as well as they fit into a game plan. "Challenges," says seventh-year head coach Fisher DeBerry, "that's what makes college coaching fun."

If challenges are what make his job fun, DeBerry should be laughing with delight when his Falcons take on the Fighting Irish this Saturday at Notre Dame Stadium.

One of the three service academies which competes in Division 1-A collegiate football, Air Force has recruiting

restrictions placed upon its football team which would give any coach nightmares.

Despite the handicap, DeBerry has amassed a 51-28-1 record in his tenure as Falcon coach. In 1985, his team capped a 12-1 season with a victory over Texas in the Bluebonnet Bowl and finished the year ranked fifth nationally. For his efforts, DeBerry was named Coach of the Year by both the Associated Press and United Press International. However, the 1990 Falcons seem to be a team in transition.

Winners of three of their first six games, Air Force is undoubtedly feeling the effects of the loss of fifteen starters off of last

year's team which went 8-4-1 and earned a trip to the Liberty Bowl. The most prominent of these losses is quarterback Dee Dowis, the Western Athletic Conference's Player of the Year, who burned the Irish for more than 300 yards passing last year, only to see his team fall at home, 41-27.

Dowis' replacement, junior Ron Gray, had been ineffective until injuring himself prior to the Falcons' game against Wyoming on September 22. He had completed only 7 out of 27 pass attempts. His replacements, sophomore Jarvis Baker and junior Rob Perez, have not done any better. It is undetermined which of the three will start

this week.

Ironically, the Air Force attack seems confined to the ground, having completed only 22% of its pass attempts. This is not the ideal situation for an undersized offense trying to move against an Irish defensive unit which is at its best against the run.

The Falcons run the wishbone offense, a system which depends on flawless execution and timing. Whoever the signal caller, he will have a capable corps of running backs to employ. Halfback Jason Jones, a junior out of Grand Prairie, Texas, leads the Falcon rushing attack with 263 yards before last week's victory over Navy. Fullback Rodney Lewis is second with 244 yards, including a 94-yard effort on September 8 in a 27-3 victory against Hawaii. Lewis is looked on to lead the Falcon ground attack after gaining over 1,000 yards last season, good for second team All-WAC.

DeShawn Durham, Daniel Zdroik, and Chris Howard have all seen considerable playing time and will be used against the Irish. Howard was a second team All-America last season.

Some of Air Force's shortcomings on the ground this season have been self-inflicted. Air Force must avoid the costly fumbles which have plagued them all season. Wishbone teams characteristically fumble more than conventional offenses, but the Falcons lost an average of three fumbles per game in their first four outings.

Up front, the Falcons face major physical disadvantages in matching up with the Irish. As a unit they average under 240 pounds, which is significantly lighter than Notre Dame's front three of Chris Zorich, George Williams, and Bob Dahl. The only returning starter on the offensive line is senior center Paul Walski, who earned second team All-WAC honors for the 1989 campaign.

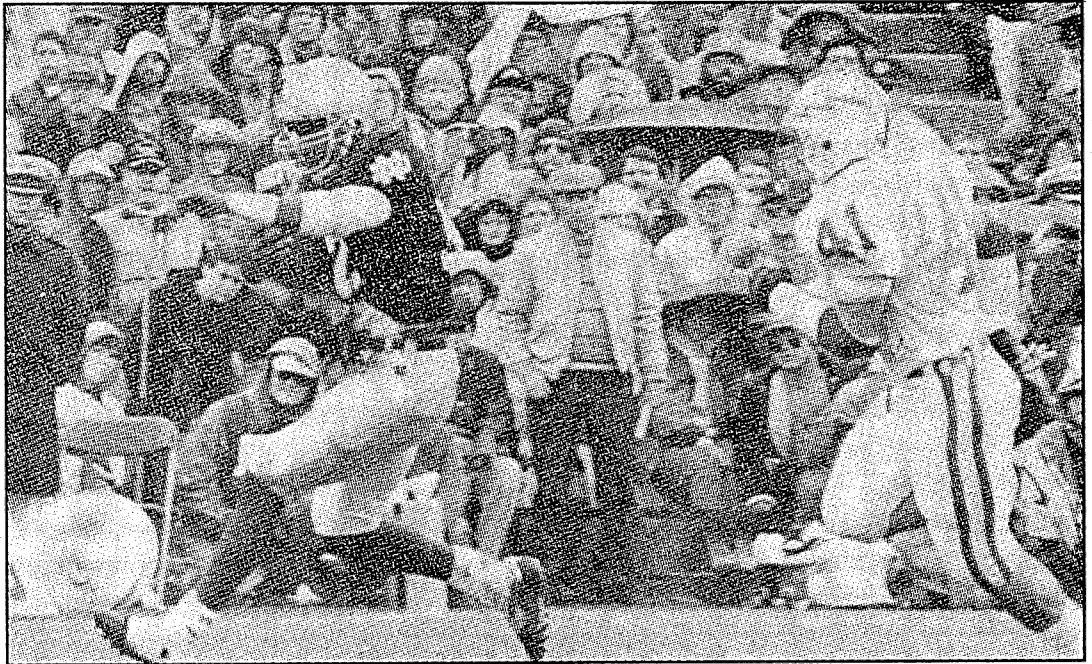
Defensively, Air Force is looking to move to a more aggressive style of attacking the football, much like Notre Dame's new scheme under Gary Darnell. And like the

Irish unit, the Falcon defense has played to some poor reviews, the most negative of which came after a September 29 loss at San Diego State, 48-18. The Falcon defense has performed well on occasion, however, including last week's win over Navy.

The Falcon rushing defense, led by 6'3", 231 lb. senior J.T. Tokish, has yielded just 123.6 yards per game. The other linebackers will be Brian Hill and

yards. The question is whether the offense can move enough to get Wood into range.

Last week, the Stanford Cardinal converted three Irish special teams turnovers into two touchdowns in sending the Irish to a humbling defeat. Air Force must create such opportunities this week in order to stay in the game. Stanford moved the ball consistently through the air against Notre Dame, looking especially to pick on inexperienced



Scholastic File Photo

Watters hopes to put the Falcon defense, and last week, behind him.

Clifton Lovelace, both returnees. Hill has led the Falcons in total tackles the last two seasons.

The defensive line will be anchored by two seniors, nose guard Steve Brennan and tackle Lane Beene. The key matchup in this game lies in the Irish ground game versus the Falcon rushing defense. If the Air Force cannot make Notre Dame pass early, the Irish will roll.

Perhaps the greatest weakness in this Falcon team is its lack of experience. "Talentwise, we are as good as we were last year," claims DeBerry. "We have an excellent sophomore class and there is good overall strength and speed. But there is absolutely no substitute for game experience."

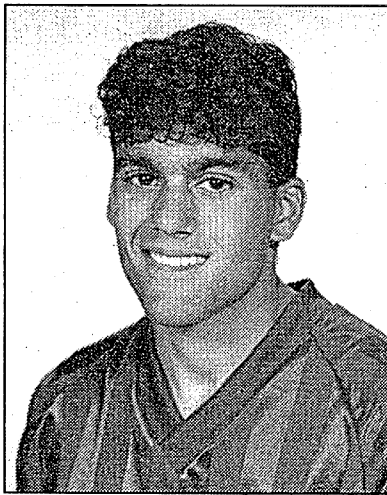
A definite bright spot for the Falcons is junior placekicker Joe Wood, who has made seven of eight field goals this season and is virtually automatic within 50

cornerback Reggie Brooks. Air Force, however, does not seem to have the weapons for success via the pass against the Irish, although they will throw more than is their custom.

Notre Dame leads this series 15-4, with the only Air Force victories coming in the years 1982 thru 1985. During that period, the Irish, under coach Gerry Faust, seemed confused by the Air Force wishbone attack. Two of the Irish losses came in Notre Dame Stadium, which gives the visitors a ray of hope.

Lou Holtz, however, has assembled a team which is much deeper in talent than the limited Falcons. Air Force's slim chances rest on the unlikely scenario of a second straight Irish letdown. Fisher DeBerry and his club will face many challenges on Saturday and maybe he'll even have a little fun, but the Falcons will not have enough to stay with Notre Dame. □

MALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

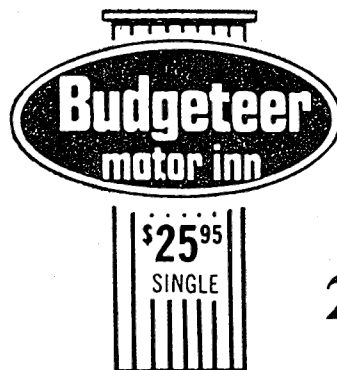


Peter Gulli: Gulli, a junior goalie on the men's soccer team from Southington, CT, recorded three shutouts last week against previously undefeated Creighton, Wisconsin, and Ohio State. Against Creighton, Gulli made 14 saves -- three short of the school record.

FEMALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

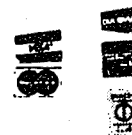


Tanya Williams: Williams, a sophomore swimmer from Boca Raton, FL, won two races against college swimming powerhouse Stanford. She won the 400 I.M., and set a Rolfs Aquatic Center record in winning the 200-yard butterfly in 2:05.08.



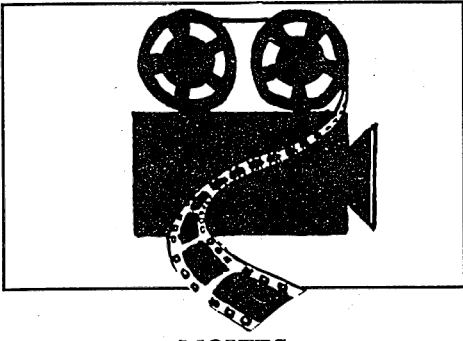
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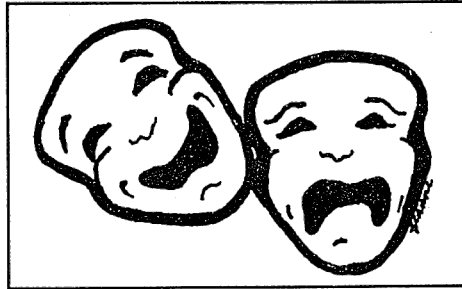


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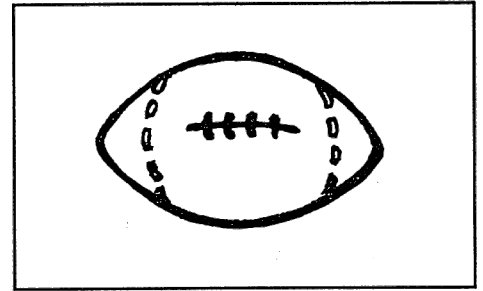
Coming Distractions



MOVIES



THEATRE



SPORTS

GOLDFINGER: Bond, James Bond in one of the classic Bond movies. Check it out at LaFortune's Montgomery Theatre on Thursday, October 11. Sponsored by S.U.B.

THE LITTLE MERMAID: c'mon, kiddies, this animated flick will be showing at Cushing Auditorium on Friday, October 12 and Saturday, October 13 at 8 and 10:15 p.m. Sponsored by S.U.B.

THE STORY OF WOMEN: The real story of the last woman to be guillotined in France for her role as an abortionist during the Occupation. Shows at the Snite, Friday, October 12 and Saturday, October 13 at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.

KNUTE ROCKNE, ALL AMERICAN: don't miss it at the Snite on Tuesday, October 16 at 7 p.m.

AT THE SNITE: *Strangers on a Train*, the inspiration for the "criss-cross" murder plot in *Throw Momma From the Train*, will be showing on Tuesday, October 16 at 9 p.m. On Wednesday, October 17 will be *Bonnie and Clyde* at 7 p.m. and *Boudu Saved From Drowning* at 9:15 p.m.

THE TROJAN WOMEN: will continue its run at the Washington Hall Laboratory Theater until Sunday, October 14. Tickets are available at the LaFortune Information Desk.

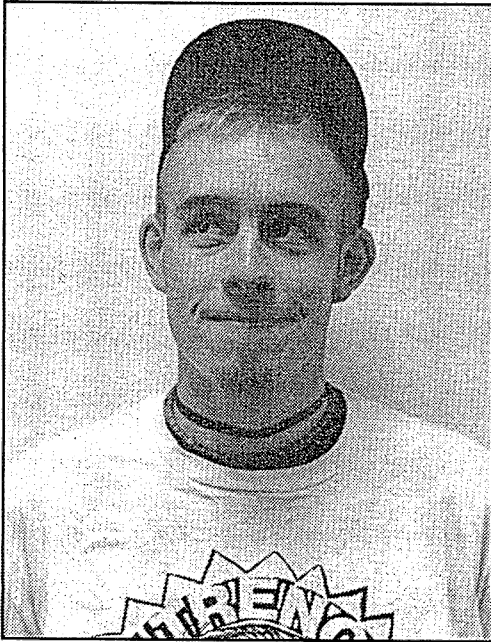
DO BLACK PATENT LEATHER SHOES REALLY REFLECT UP?: The Notre Dame Student Players production runs from Thursday, October 11 until Saturday, October 13 at Washington Hall. Tickets available at the LaFortune Information Desk.

FOOTBALL vs. AIR FORCE: Yup, it's Parent's Weekend again, so let Mommy and Daddy take you out to dinner after you watch the Irish take on Air Force starting at 12:10 p.m.

VOLLEYBALL: will take on Indiana at 7:30 on Friday, October 12 and Ohio State at 2 p.m. on Sunday, October 14 at the J.A.C.C.

MISCELLANEOUS

BUS TRIP TO ART INSTITUTE: The Snite Museum will be sponsoring this trip on Wednesday, October 17. Call 239-5566 to make a reservation if you're interested in going.



Grateful to the Dead

(Why You Should Listen to WVFI)

Have you heard of the band named "ALL?" How about "The Blisters" or "The Flaming Lips?" Or "Seizure," "Urge Overkill," or "Snuff?" Surely you must have heard of the mighty "Coffin Break!" No? Come on! All of these bands were in WVFI's top 10 this past week — and none of them ring a bell, huh? That's a shame. Or is it?

It's tough running a college radio station. Not that I run WVFI alone, but as Program Supervisor, I have a large hand in it. As with anything, not everyone is going to be pleased with everything everyone does, and I've taken a lot of heat in recent weeks from everyone. This past Wednesday, I was accused by a student of making the station so "alternative" that it is inaccessible to most students at ND, as evidenced by the obscurity of the top 10. This was a real bummer since I was still recovering from the insane amount of flak I had been receiving for not being "alternative" enough, as evidenced by my decision to allow a "Grateful Dead" show on WVFI this semester.

This has gotta bring up the crucial question: what is college radio for? Now, the dude who called the station too alternative actually felt that WVFI is a waste of a valuable media source because no one wants to listen to what we play or say, and I was accused by one of the many anti-Dead dudes of surrendering "our station and our souls to the record magnates, nostalgic yuppies, and scores of white, affluent, misled youth who have bought another generation's counter-culture." Well here's the deal fellas: I see no "record magnates" sending us their generic pop fodder. I see no "nostalgic yuppies"

jumping to buy out our fine station. I do see a lot of "white, affluent, misled youth who have bought another generation's counter-culture," but I also see a lot of sincere, idealistic young people who want a forum for the music that they genuinely like and identify with; and while I don't share their taste in music or abusive substances, I sympathize with their cause.

So where's the middle ground, or should there even be one? In my opinion, yes. I would not deign to say that I know what college radio is for, because I know that it means a lot of different things to a lot of different people. I will, however, tell you what I think. I think that college radio is not to "break" new bands. I think it is not to play "what you want to hear," (we have U93 for that). I think the purpose of college radio is to challenge its audience. I have always believed that the alternative that I would be providing is an alternative attitude, expressed through the vehicle of music.

Modern society tells people (esp. youth) not to think. It says, "Hey, we're America! We're number one! We're secure! No need to feel down about the problems of the world! Don't worry about your mind! Don't worry about the homeless right down the street from your plush college dorm! Don't worry about the dangers of meat eating, apartheid, racism, sexism, vivisection, alcoholism, etc... Just make sure your complexion is clear for the dance this Friday night." Well damn it,

THAT is what I am providing an alternative to.

College radio has, by and large become a business in itself. Bands that care whether or not they're on top of the "alternative" sales charts are, in my opinion, no more alternative than Donny Osmond or Tiffany (I mean JEEZE, how "alternative" is an "Alternative Retail Chart"). However, just because they are on top of the charts and selling out stadiums doesn't mean that they're not "alternative." It's the attitude and philosophy, man. That's what's alternative - the music and sales are just vehicles.

So WVFI remains "alternative" and the "Grateful Dead" have their own specialty show. Yes, it's a compromise, but that's not necessarily a bad thing, and if WVFI is made a little more accessible, and is able to challenge a few more people, and get 'em to think a little bit more, then I say thank you to the "Grateful Dead."

So to those who feel the station has sold out, think again. And to those who feel that it's too "alternative," I may be underestimating the average ND student, but I would think that an obscure top 10 might prompt one to explore and broaden his or her horizons. I mean that's what college in general is for, isn't it? So if you're at all curious about the top 10, let the rest of the world watch MTV. Turn on WVFI. □

by Ted Leo

SCHOLASTIC

BAD HABITS

by Norman Dog



AT ED'S CAFE, IF THEY CAN'T GET
IT TO YOUR TABLE IN 10 TRIES,
YOUR MEAL IS FREE!

non-profit organization
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Notre Dame, IN
Permit No. 10

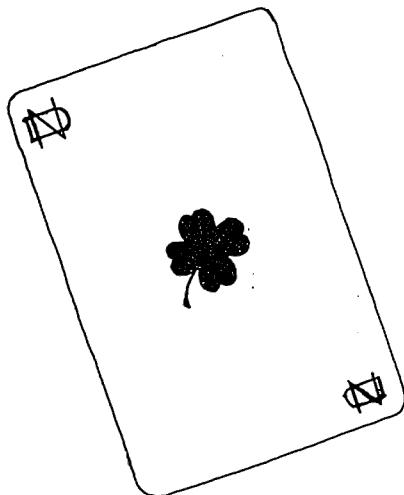


Casino Night

Friday, October 12

7:30 to 10:30 PM

Stepan Center



PARENT'S
F  **T** **B** **A** **L** **L**
WEEKEND
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

