

SCHOLASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

OCT. 18, 1990

Notre
Dame

vs.

Miami

NOTRE DAME FIGHTING IRISH NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

1924	10	0	0
1929	9	0	0
1930	10	0	0
1943	9	1	0
1946	8	0	1
1947	9	0	0
1949	10	0	0
1966	9	0	1
1973	11	0	0
1977	11	1	0
1988	12	0	0

PLAY LIKE
A CHAMPION
TODAY

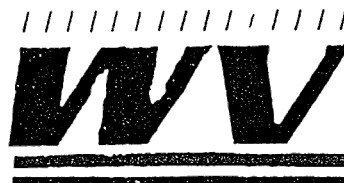


Spring Break in India

GoodFellas

The Cocteau Twins

Program Guide
Request Line:
239-6400



These are the Voices

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
7-9 a.m.	Jason Hoida "Rock Out With Your Rooster Out"	Mike Schwabe "Morning Stiffness"	Mike Bertin/ Kathy Hardiek "We're Breaking Parietals"
9-11a.m.	John Staunton "Sal & Carol's BBQ Paradise"	Mystery D.J. "If I Asked You To Spunk Me, Would You Say No?"	Kristen Baumler "Un Poco De Ska"
11-1p.m.	Rebecca Ciletti	Paul Broderick "Paul's Power Hour (or two)"	John Dugan "Nothing Short of Total War"
1-3p.m.	Chris Infante "Big Cheese Downer"	Brad Barnhorst "No Love Lost"	Neil Higgins
3-5 p.m.	Dan Langrill "Dan Langrill's Audio Mood Ring"	Jeff Sepeta "Voices On The Fringe"	Jeff Jotz "Orifice Party '90"
5-7 p.m.	Brian Geraghty "I'm Missing Dinner Bring Me Food"	Kathy Morrey	Alex Nunez "Of Black Poika Dots and Summer"
7-9 p.m.	Grateful Dead Soho Natural Sessions "Sour To Sweet" Classic Rock Hour"	"Maximum Rock-n-Roll" Broadcast WUFI Sports Talk	Jazz With John Austin "The Blue Wisp Jazz Show"
9-11 p.m.	Matt Murphy	Annemarie Benson	James O'Brien
11-1a.m.	Dave McMahon	Chris Walter/ Bob Kuskie "Whatever Creams Your Twinkie"	Kevin Flaherty "Stooge's Country Kitchen"



Paul Webb

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One Last Dance

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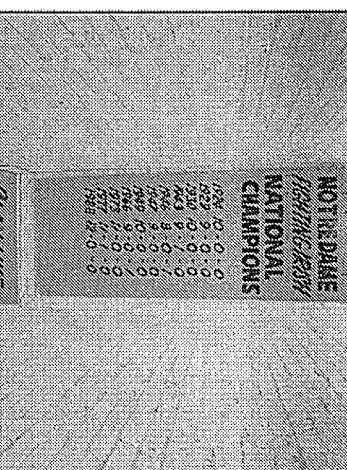
Matthew Hall tells of his experiences in Calcutta



Specialty Shows 7 - 9 pm Daily
Monday: Regressive
Tuesday: Rock-n-Roll/Sports
Wednesday: Jazz
Sunday: Metal
Thursday: Hip Hop
Friday: Reggae
Saturday: Hardcore/
Punk

of the Fighting Irish

Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Pat Ninneman "A Hint Of Anesthesia"	John Strieder "Hot Breakfast In No Time At All"		
Maria Sullivan "Maniacal Mudslinging Menagerie"	Kelly Boglarsky "Bogue Not Vogue"		
Paul Saiz "Midday Cramps"	Greg Murphy "Bloodshot Karma"	Jason Winslade "Jazun Jetson's Oscillating Audio Sculpture"	Mike Montroy "Death By Disco"
Kristen Harknett	John Furey	Karen Holderer "Underground"	Chris Scherzinger "Radio Schlep Goes Public"
Mike McMahon "Me And Your Mom"	Shawn Nowlerski "Songs O'Bjorn And Fjords"	Jennifer Reiland	Anne Seifert "Everyday Is Like Sunday"
Mark Bintinger "Aural Enema"	Alyson Naimoli "The Urban Scene"	Kevin McDonough "I Believe My Throat Hurts"	Tom Fellrath "Elvis Has Left The Building"
HIP-HOP "Funkin' Lesson" Warrick Muldrow/ Tara Payton	Reggae "Roots Music Karamu" Zik Chandler	Hardcore/ Punk "Out Of Step"	Metal Chris Ebert "Thrashing, Bashing, and Banging"
Debbie Wunder "Feminine Hygiene Today"	Dan Byrne "Rudie's Revenge"	Jim Maloney/ Pat Finn "Two Nuts Hanging Out"	Tim McAdam "Assorted Varieties And Colors"
Ted Leo "God City"	Iain Gould "Formica"	Jessica Hoida "Hits You Never Hoid-a"	John Lane



SCHOLASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

OCT. 18, 1990

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WEEKLY

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SCHOLASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

Vol. 132, No. 6
October 18, 1990

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Who Pays the Price?

When students go off campus, who protects them? Do Notre Dame Security's responsibilities end at the East Gate? Should the South Bend police force secure the local off-campus areas?

Clearly, the local police have been less than thrilled with our student body and the university as a whole. Reports of abuse and police brutality have tarnished their record for students from University Apartments to Marks Street. Their willingness to respond to underage drinking violations quickly shows what comes first in their opinion.

The situation has, in fact, gotten so bad that our university president Edward "Monk" Malloy has scheduled a meeting with Mayor Joe Kernan to discuss a recent incident in which a South Bend officer did not acknowledge a student's report of battery as legitimate. As of press time, the officers have been suspended without pay.

So, whether the administration likes it or not, the responsibility for student safety falls on Notre Dame Security. Scholastic recognizes their work but would like to point out several areas (in addition to the perennial parking lot question) in which

patrols could and should be increased.

First, given the number of reported attacks on "Rape Road" (the road between the Grotto and U.S. 31), a security officer should be stationed in a position so that he can observe the whole walk. If a car were stationed at the turn in the road—near the west end of the cemetery, where the road to Moreau turns off—not only would attackers be deterred, but security would have an opportunity to positively interact with students as they pass by.

A second place where security should conveniently place itself is at "The Five Points"—the intersection near Bridget's and The Commons. Although this is clearly South Bend jurisdiction, security could place a squad there simply to discourage crime and stop students from walking back to campus or to Club 23. The visible presence of a police officer (such as Notre Dame Security) has been shown to have a deterrent effect on crime.

The administration commonly argues that such measures are not cost-beneficial, but how can we put a monetary value on student safety?

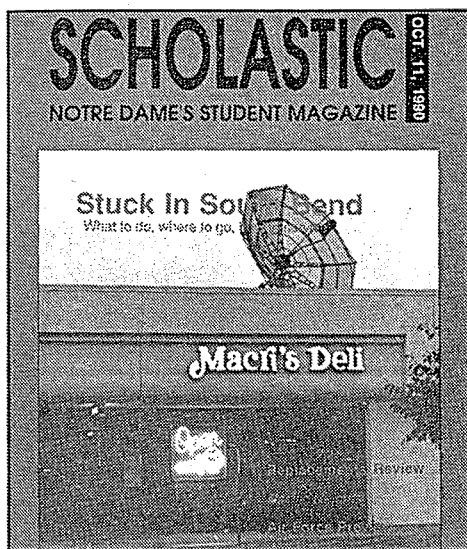
Letters to Scholastic must be typed and include the writer's name, address and phone number. University students should include their year in school and college. Faculty members should include their department. All letters must be signed. Names will be withheld upon request in certain instances.

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 Last Week's Editorial



Dear Editor:

The editorial in the October 11, 1990, issue of *Scholastic* is one of the worst pieces of journalism I have ever had the opportunity to read. This attack on the student body is as ridiculous as it is unwarranted.

To begin, the editorial isn't even written well. It has little or no continuity and the focus (if there is one) shifts several times. How did the sentence, "Come to think of it who is this they and why are they trying to take things away from the people?" makes it past the rough draft? A third grader could tell you that that sentence has no place in the editorial.

Second, the entire "message of the editorial is undermined by the style of the article. The editorial is against people who

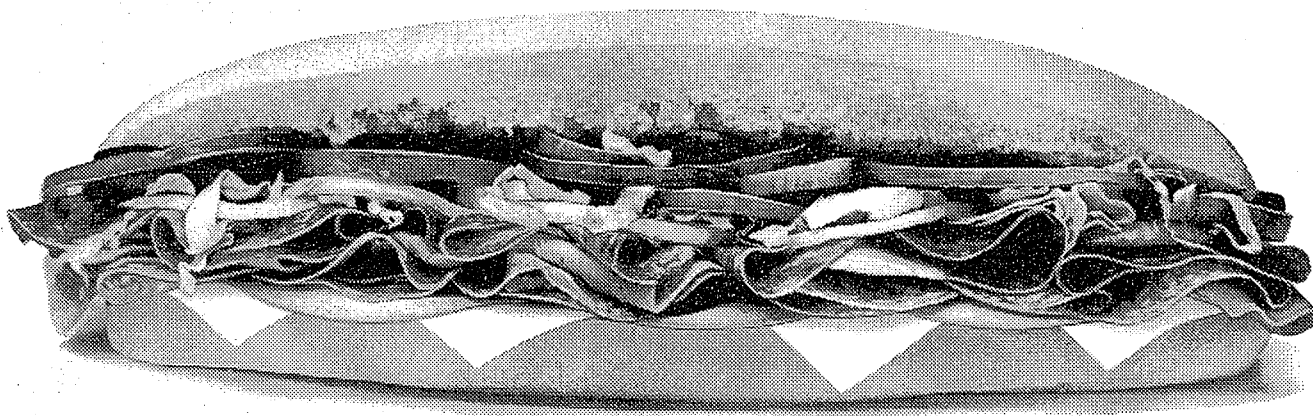
take football too seriously (one extreme) as well as people who say we are all Notre Dame (another extreme). The way you go about pointing out these insignificant faults is to attack them a barrage of unjustified anger, or, in other words, an extreme. And that is just is wrong.

I do agree with you on one point, however. It is "only football." Though it is interesting to note *Scholastic* thought it was important enough to be discussed in the weekly editorial.

It is truly a shame that a piece of journalism as ignorant and unprofessional as this editorial appears in *Scholastic*. You're better than that.

Ken A. Bugajski
Freshman
Cavanaugh Hall

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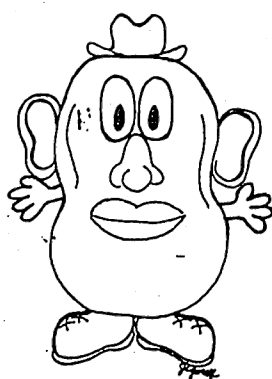
SUBWAY

State Road 23 and Ironwood

Potato Symposium

Noble Tuber

If you think the potato is just another dirty food with eyes, then maybe Florian I. Lauer can change your mind. *The Chronicle of Higher Education* reported that Lauer, president of the Potato Association of America, spoke at a potato symposium last week in Washington. The Smithsonian Institution and the International Potato Center sponsored the meeting. Agricultural scientists from around the world discussed cutting edge potato technology such as recent advances in the fight against the Colorado potato beetle and "blackleg," a bacterium that causes potato disease. Lauer said he saw a remarkable consensus among potato scientists about how they should be trying to improve potato production: "Reducing the chemical dependency of the potato." Looks like cold turkey for the hot potato.



That's Not A Toy

The *Kansan* keeps us abreast of our government's efforts to ensure the safety of our nation. A member of Kansas's Air Force ROTC asked the Student Senate finance committee for \$948 to fund the purchase of new, lighter rifles. Rollie Paquin asked the committee members how they expected members of the Air Force ROTC drill team to throw the old 25-pound M-1 rifles over their heads during

competition. "We need a new rifle for safety reasons," said Paquin. But aren't good rifles usually fairly dangerous? — deadly, even?

Toss Spuds McKenzie On The Heap

Bust out the marshmallows and Hershey bars. The *College Press Service* informs us that state health officials have approved the University of Iowa's plan to burn 1,000 radioactive dog carcasses. The pooches were used in medical research and may release 5 to 15 percent of the radioactive tracings they were injected with during the research. Hope you like your smores well done.

Thirsty Tree

Stanford might have gotten lucky and beaten us in football, but at least Notre Dame has plenty of water. According to *The Stanford Daily*, the University received a \$42,000 penalty last month for drawing more water than it was allotted. In a drought-stricken area of the country where folks take water conservation seriously, a report showed Stanford as the only community on the Peninsula to post a net increase in water use. The Irish may no longer be #1, but our players get to take showers as long as they please. So there.

Technicolor Yawn As Political Protest

Tired of being labelled an apathetic student body? The *Reed Quest* offers us a creative vehicle of social protest: vomit. A student group known as the Reverse Peristalsis Painters demonstrated in downtown Portland, Oregon by first eating color coordinated foods and then drinking syrup of Ipecac. You can guess what follows. The article was unclear as to the reason for the protest, but the Painters were successful in splattering the streets with red, white and blue food. Both spectators and police were present at the demonstration. The *Quest* reported that "The police were, of course, confused, and were heard to say 'gross' at least twice." Keep up the good work, guys. □

edited by Tim Rogers

SCHOLASTIC

A Short Guide To Test Formats

It is often said, innocently enough, that all of us at this university are part of the Notre Dame Family. I don't think very many of us realize the full implications of this statement. For example, does it mean that the know-it-all in your philosophy class, or that the S.Y.R. date who left you high and dry are your brother and sister? Let's hope not. But if we really are a family, what do we have in common besides a hatred of the Miami Hurricanes, which should come naturally to all right-thinking persons? Exams, that's what. Even we Arts and Leisure types have to take exams.

The first series of exams is rolling around now, which can be a fun time of the year if you enjoy taking target practice in the dark. Unless you have copies of old tests, the first exam for a new professor is usually a blind obstacle course. You don't know what kind of questions will be asked or what you should study for. The method of examination varies quite a bit from instructor to instructor, but I think most tests will fall into one of the following categories.

Trivia master. This popular exam technique quizzes students on the insignificant aspects of the course which have almost nothing to do with what the professor emphasized in class. Let's say you're taking an economics course and the professor devotes five weeks to discussing the capitalist model and only spends fifteen minutes on communism. If your professor opts for the trivia master method, you might see questions like this: "What was Marx's favorite color, and how did it trigger an embarrassing personal

crisis involving a chambermaid and several cans of tomato sauce?"

Death by hand cramp. On this type of exam, the questions are easy, but there's not enough time to answer them. Think of this exam as a speed-writing contest. If you're taking a class on the Civil War, your professor might give you fifty minutes to answer a dozen questions like this one: "Name all the major and minor factors which led to the Civil War, beginning with the discovery of fire. Do not neglect to mention the impact of social institutions, economic differences, the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Indiana Blunder, the fall of the Roman Empire, the invention of baseball, unexpected shifts in the jet stream, and sun spots."

You make the call. Most multiple choice tests are pretty easy in that the worst score you can get is usually twenty-five percent. However, some professors may be able to defy the law of averages by making all the potential responses look alike. Your government professor might ask you this question:

What is gerrymandering?

- A) the practice of drawing of electoral boundaries for partisan advantage
- B) the practice of seeking partisan advantage in the drawing of electoral boundaries
- C) Both A and B
- D) All of the above except C

The golden mean. Look for this testing technique in engineering or science courses. The instructor selects some absurdly low percentage as an appropriate mean score, and designs a test so difficult that the combined scores of Newton and Einstein would be about fifty percent. The instructor then sets up a generous curve after realizing that if the entire class flunks, he or she will eventually be out of a job as students switch to the College of Arts and Letters.

License to shovel. In many liberal arts disciplines, there are no right or wrong answers, only impressive opinions. There are several possible strategies for this type of exam: 1) try to come up with an impressive opinion of your own (not recommended); 2) try to parrot your professor's opinion back to him or her (a safe bet); 3) try to sufficiently confuse the issue so that your professor will think your analysis is much more profound than it really is (going for the shovel). The biggest advantage to these exams is that there is no point in studying for them. This is also the biggest disadvantage if you are interested in getting a good grade.

Lost in space. On this type of exam, perhaps the most deadly of all, it is impossible to make sense of the questions, let alone devise an intelligible answer. No one knows how instructors come up with these, but you can count on facing at least one per semester. I'm expecting several in the next few weeks. □

by Roger Hipp

Vocational Advice

Dear Dr. Head: I am an American Studies major and I fear that after graduation I'll have nothing to look forward to but flipping Big Macs™ and asking, "Would you like fries with that?" For this reason I keep watchful for possible alternative occupations. Last weekend I think I found my calling. I want to be the TV time out guy. I want upwards of 60,000 people to watch me while I just stand around with my arms crossed. My question is this: How do I get to be the TV time out guy? Is there a school that can teach me how to be one?

Ned Holder, sophomore, Flanner.

Ned, aim high.

Not just anybody can be the TV time out guy, technically known in broadcasting as "the man who calls television time outs for commer-



cials." It takes years of dedicated hard work and preparation. Mainly, you need to start now on developing the required portly figure of a TV time out guy. You may have noticed that he looks like an upside down Weeble Wobble™. The most prestigious time-out-guy school is Throckmorton in Spudsville, Idaho. Apply early. They have a rigorous 3-year program wherein they teach the finer points of standing with your arms crossed and untangling headset wires.

Dear Dr. Head: When I go out with a girl, I am very polite. I open her car door first, hold the door for her, let her walk ahead of me, allow her to order first in a restaurant, and dress respectably. In short, I act like a gentleman and treat her like a lady. The problem is, I'm short on dates. Women seem to prefer men who wear ragged clothes, ask them to pay for dinner, get into the car first, and occasionally tie them up and brand them with hot irons. My question is this: Why do females continue to date people who treat them like South Dining Hall food while ignoring the well-behaved gentlemen who treat them like queens?

John Hatcher, sophomore, Carroll.

John, why ask why? Get your branding irons hot and get to work.

Dear Dr. Head: In our brief time as freshmen, we have discovered what we feel is an oddity. Why do "they" turn off the lights at parietals? We're not complaining, because it's easier to sneak females in and out, but it does present a safety hazard. We have many contusions from bumping into walls in the dark. Would you consider a flashlight a prudent investment? Also, why do "they" call them parietals, anyway?

Joseph Adams, Iain Gould, Travis Reindl, freshmen, Stanford.

Boys, breaking parietals is against the rules. While I can't condone such flagrant disregard for authority, I will answer your questions, because that's my job.

The word "parietals" comes from the Greek *pariet* which means "to get busy" and *als* which means "not."

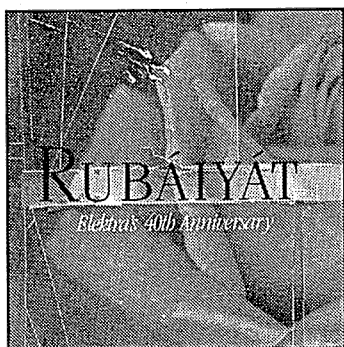
Don't get a flashlight. RA's are trained to look for that sort of thing. Try night vision goggles. Your guests will be impressed.

Finally, I thought the reason why "they" turn out the lights was obvious. It's more fun in the dark.

Pay attention to what goes on around you. Chances are, some of it will confuse you. That's where Dr. Head can help. Send your questions to Dr. Head, care of Scholastic, 303 LaFortune. Include your name, year, and address. If you don't want everybody to know you're perverted, or something, tell the Doc and he'll only use your initials. Dr. Head still reserves the right to do anything to your questions that he wants. □

Rubáiyát

Elektra Records celebrates its 40th anniversary in style



Rubáiyát Elektra Records

Cover versions are a risky business for an artist; they tend either to be blatant rip-offs of the original, or ridiculous attempts at applying a new sound to an established "artist's" song. *Rubáiyát*, Elektra Records 40th anniversary double-CD set is a 39-song celebration containing current Elektra artists' versions of songs made famous by their past and present label-mates. The 52-page accompanying booklet superbly outlines Elektra's rather intriguing history from its beginnings as a fledgling folk label operating in the back of a record shop in the 1950s, to its David Geffen-takeover in 1973, and finally, its

current status as a relatively small label releasing only about 25 recordings a year from a pool of incredibly talented and diversified artists.

Elektra's commitment to signing innovative, up-and-coming talents seems to have paid off. Judging from bands like the Cure, who achieved global stardom thanks to a knack for penning moody pop songs, Elektra is more than willing to take their chances with unique musicians. The Cure kick off the CD-set tearing through the Doors' classic "Hello, I Love You." Tracy Chapman follows with a light-rock/reggae version of "House of the Rising Sun." Iceland's Sugarcubes perform a hilarious version of Sailcat's "Motorcycle Mama," on which Bjork Gudmundsdottir and Einar Orn trade vocal lines like, "Tell your daddy and your mama too/you've got better things to do/...you'll be the queen of the highway/my motorcycle mama." A rather odd version of Paul Butterfield's "Born in Chicago" appears courtesy of the Pixies, complete with bluesy harmonica and muffled vocals

by singer Black Francis. The groove changes a bit as Phoebe Snow's funky soul highlights the excellent "Get Ourselves Together."

One of the best songs on this compilation is Carly Simon's "You're So Vain," shredded by metal darlings Faster Pussycat. Alleged singer Taime Downe's scratch-your-face-off vocals bring back fond memories of Carly's smooth delivery of this 1972 hit, but it makes for a great tongue-in-cheek addition to this CD. However, the surprise hit from *Rubáiyát* may turn out to be John Eddie's fabulous interpretation of the Cure's "In Between Days." Eddie's voice is mournful as he laments a lost love over a folksy rock-blended background. His vocals are reminiscent of Springsteen's on the *Tunnel of Love* LP, but make no mistake, John Eddie's rendition of the Cure's hit is truly a smash in its own right. British stars like Happy Mondays, the Beautiful South, Howard Jones, and Billy Bragg manage to handle their covers. Happy Monday's "Tokoloshe Man" particularly shines in part due to

ace house producers Paul Oak-enfeld and Steve Osborne.

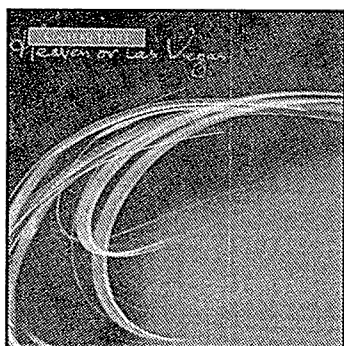
Rubáiyát does have its flaws. 10,000 Maniacs' version of Jackson Browne's "These Days" is a real disappointment. Vocalist Natalie Merchant and the band seem to be just going through the motions instead of making this the great song it potentially could be. *Rubáiyát's* real tragedy is the Gipsy Kings' horrid flamenco version of the Eagles' "Hotel California." A huge classic rock hit like this is better left untouched. Linda Ronstadt's a cappella "The Blacksmith" is the umpteenth song showcasing he already-acknowledged self-indulgently lovely voice and talent.

This anniversary set is a roller coaster ride you'll never want to get off. *Rubáiyát* proves that the wide variety of artists on the Elektra label — both veterans and newcomers alike — all have something to contribute to today's music scene. This set is definitely worth the time and money to listen to. Let's hope for 40 more years of Elektra Records....

by Karen Holderer

The Cocteau Twins

continue their journey into the ethereal on *Heaven or Las Vegas*



Cocteau Twins
Heaven or Las Vegas

After almost ten years as vanguards of 4AD's bizarre world of ethereal atmospherics, along with the likes of Modern English, Bauhaus, and Dead Can Dance, the Cocteau Twins are still producing works that are innovative and that float just a few feet off the ground. With Gothic distortion as a starting point in their debut album, *Garlands*, the Twins have developed their sound into such forms as blissful sigh on 1986's *Victorialand*, and new age in *The Moon and The Melodies*, their collaboration with psychedelic pianist Harold Budd. Many other works, like 1985's *Pink Opaque*, have established the Twins' style as sticky, yet ethe-

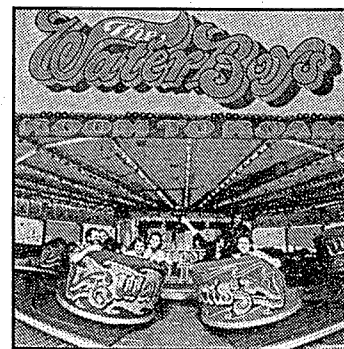
real pop. After their first domestic release, 1988's *Blue Bell Knoll*, the Twins have released another domestic, major label work entitled *Heaven or Las Vegas*. Certain elements are pretty much the same, such as Frasier's angelic yet powerful vocals, indistinguishable lyrics which weave a web of bizarre alliteration, otherworldly strummed or distorted guitars, and production which makes every Cocteau Twins song a journey into mood.

On *Heaven or Las Vegas*, however, Frasier makes much more use of her lower register, and a small amount of English is decipherable amongst the words, even though the lyrics are still basically written to flow off Frasier's tongue in spirals and filigrees, for aural and mood purposes rather than for any message. The phrase "chopped cherry coal to burn this whole madhouse down" in the disc's first single (not released on album) "Iceblink Luck," is typical of the Twins' rather bizarre lyrics and song titles. More conventional melodies are used in songs such as "Fotzepolitic," "Wolf in the Breast," and in

"Fifty-Fifty Clown," a piece utilizing an R&B-like melody, along with basic high/low harmonies and conventional keyboard sounds. The opening track, "Cherry Coloured Funk," offers a lower, more sultry and restrained voice for Frasier. "Pitch the Baby" is a more danceable piece with quicker vocals, flanged guitar and keyboards, and a funky bass and drum line. "Road, River, and Rail" and "Frou Frou Foxes in Midsummer Fires" offer a contrast with soulful, moody vocals and a darker tinge in the softer, yet more distorted guitar and piano. Like the older Cocteau Twins style, these songs build into a powerful sound that rises happily to heaven on a wave of convoluted guitar and voice. The Twins are at their strongest when this blend is perfected, using Frasier's voice as an instrument, in a scat-like jumble of sounds and feelings. Frasier's voice takes on a less-treated and earthier quality due to her wider use of her lower register, and less production. *Heaven or Las Vegas* surpasses the weaker, subdued works on *Blue Bell*

Knoll and re-establishes the Cocteau Twins at the forefront of the British ethereal pop movement, where the guitar work of Guthrie and Raymonde was considered some of the most influential. However, with a move towards more conventional sounds, the Cocteaus tread dangerous ground where their successful formula is quickly aging and threatening a rut. Hopefully, on their next album they will try something different.

by Jason L. Winslade



Waterboys
Room to Roam

I'd be the first one to admit that my intentions for this review were far from wholesome. I was really in the mood to chew up

The Waterboys

Room to Roam

and MUSIC NEWS

any album just to salve my tensions and frustrations from yet another week of classes. I know, I know — it's an evil attitude, searching out music just to bash something to make myself feel good. But you try nervously roaming the campus to find something to review at the last minute before a deadline. It's not fun. I found a record which I thought was worthy of my wicked scheme in the new Waterboys' release, *Room to Roam*. To my pleasant surprise, though, I found that I would rather laud the band's work on this magnificent display of musicianship.

Even though the band's latest effort comes on the heels of their acclaimed but somewhat disappointing *Fisherman's Blues*, The Waterboys have continued to strive in the same direction that made them college-radio favorites. Through the band's history, their music has always been a fascinating synthesis of the lilting sounds of Celtic folk music, and the rudiments of good, old-fashioned rock and roll. The new album, however, emphasizes the folk

aspect of their music more than the rock. The seven man outfit from the Emerald Isle stomp and jig their way through seventeen tracks, with lyrical topics ranging from love to epic heroes. The spirit of Ireland is embodied in every one of these songs. Mike Scott's infectious vocals entrance the listener as they weave their mystical stories to the backdrop of the band's musically tight performances.

After listening to *Room to Roam* a couple of times, several tracks stand out substantially above the rest. In particular, the tune "Islandman," although only two minutes long, creates a vivid image of the British Isles as a man. Another song, "A Life of Sundays," demonstrates the band's ability to lay down a rock tune when they feel the urge.

So, as my change in attitude shows, even the worst of intentions can turn to naught in the face of something as good and as powerful as the Waterboys' *Room to Roam*. It might take a while for some listeners to truly enjoy this album, but if you're into the unique blend of rock and Celtic folk which The Water-

boys deliver better than any of their Irish compatriots in the music world, this album is a must buy.

by Randy Christopher

MUSIC NEWS

Industrial Update: Expect a new album from horror-noise masters **Skinny Puppy** in time for Halloween (tentatively titled "Too Dark Park") and a visit to Chicago on November 2, an event not to be missed. **Skinny Puppy's** Cevin Key and Dwayne Gottel, along with Nettwerk producer David Ogilvie had previously been busy on a side project known as **Hilt**, and their album *Call The Ambulance Before I Hurt Myself*, is currently in the top spot on the import independent charts. Fresh from his successes with the **Revoluting Cocks's** latest album *Beers, Steers, and Queens*, and **Ministry's** live EP, Chicago's own techno-psycho **AI Jourgansen's** latest project is a reunion with the **Dead Kennedys' Jello Biafra**,

in a new album by **Lard**, entitled *The Last Temptation of Reid*. **Front Line Assembly**, following their summer and fall singles and the re-release of their hard-to-find second album *State of Mind*, is expected to release a new album. A **Split Second** are going strong on their new album, *Kiss of Fury*, and the single "Firewalker." **KMFDM** have a new album, *Native*.

In other news: after all the rumors of breakups and solo albums, the **Cure** are back with a new single, "Never Enough," and an upcoming album entitled *Mixed Up*. They also have a cover of the **Doors' "Hello, I Love You"** on the Elektra compilation *Rubáiyát*. The **Jesus and Mary Chain** are already back with a new album on the import charts entitled *RollerCoaster*. **Hex**, the project of Steve Kilbey of the **Church** and Donette Thayer of **Game Theory**, has a new album, and **Morrissey**, the crooner everyone either worships or hates, should have an actual album out in November, and may even (gasp!) tour.

by Jason L. Winslade

GoodFellas

Martin Scorsese directs a fascinating portrait of the Mafia

"As far back as I could remember, I always wanted to be a gangster," says Henry Hill, the protagonist of *GoodFellas*, in the movie's gruesome opening scene. Although this scene may make you lose your lunch and want to leave the theater, stick around. This is one flick well worth sitting through.

GoodFellas, the mafia saga based on Jonathan Lethbridge's non-fiction best-seller *Wiseguy*, is a two-and-a-half-hour long look into every aspect of mafia life. The story traces the criminal career of Henry Hill (Ray Liotta), a half-Irish, half-Sicilian kid from Brooklyn who first enters the mafia at about age 13. Within a few years, Henry drops school entirely and begins his plunge into the supposedly glamorous life of a mobster.

The really striking part of this movie is that it's based on a non-fiction account, provided by an informant who is still living under the Witness Protection Plan. The tales of hits, heists, scams, and drug deals all become terrifyingly fascinating when you consider that all of this stuff really happened. From the glimpses of family life (narrated by Hill's spunky Jewish wife, Karen, played by Lorraine Bracco) to the gruesome, seemingly senseless slayings of comrades, this movie keeps the viewer enthralled.

Striking visual and audio effects by master director Martin Scorsese also fuel the intensity of *GoodFellas*. From his use of still shots, voice-over narration, and bizarre

camera angles to the disembodied rock music that often lingers in the background, Scorsese makes this picture a truly sensual experience. The thread of narration by Liotta which links this picture together is another interesting effect that makes *GoodFellas* more like a diary than an autobiography. Scorsese even uses still shots, like snapshots, to focus attention on Liotta's narration at key points during the film. This lifelike realism is especially evident during the "downfall" scene, which details from start to finish the day that Hill was nabbed by the F.B.I. for dealing cocaine. The viewer is put inside the mind of the coked-out Henry by means of intense visual effects as he careens from gun drop-offs to picking up cocaine from his deranged, addicted girlfriend to returning home to cook a family dinner and arranging for the babysitter to smuggle cocaine onto a commercial airliner. The overall effect of the scene makes the viewer a first-hand witness to the downfall of a mafia member from all of the excesses of a life of crime. Scorsese's direction beautifully illustrates the paranoia and drugged-out stupor of Henry.

The cast of *GoodFellas* is stellar. Robert De Niro turns in a top-rate performance as Jimmy Conway, Hill's mentor and fellow Irishman in the mob. The character of Hill's wife, Karen, is one of the key players in the story, and actress Lorraine Bracco does a great job of portraying the naive Jewish

girl's nearly fatal attraction to Henry. Joe Pesci, as Henry's cohort Tommy, comes off as a cross between comedian Buddy Hackett and Rambo, constantly wisecracking while displaying a dangerous disregard for life and mafia honor. Paul Sorvino, who plays the mafia boss Paulie Cicero, does an outstanding job of brooding, grumbling, and making the audience believe that he is the truly fearful character that one would expect the head of a mafia family to be.

GoodFellas, for all of its amazing characterization, morbid fascination, and visual imagery, is lacking in one major element: plot. The story rambles from incident to incident, tracing the character of Henry Hill all along. Although the film is somewhat autobiographical, you might not realize it right off the bat, and the lack of continuity in the story line does become annoying at times. Not until the story of the Lufthansa heist and the apocalyptic "bust" scene at the end is there any particular event which consumes more than fifteen minutes of screen time.

Nonetheless, *GoodFellas* should be taken more as a cinematic portrait than a crime story. The combination of directing and acting is a truly potent one. *GoodFellas* will be talked about for quite some time as yet another credit to director Scorsese. □

by Dave Holsinger

Engineering Seminar Works for Better World

A seminar on creative partnerships between local businesses and Notre Dame, entitled "Engineering for a Better World," will be hosted by the College of Engineering on Monday, October 22.



The seminar will explore the opportunities for businesses to use the diverse capabilities, unique research facilities and resources available at Notre Dame, while developing both technology and future engineers. The goal of the program is establishing and developing mutually beneficial partnerships.

For more information, contact Julie Parsons at the College of Engineering at 239-7768.

Economists Tackle War and Peace Issues, Discuss Disarmament

A group of internationally prominent economists will gather November 30 through December 1 at Notre Dame to discuss the economics of war and peace.

The "Economic Issues of Disarmament" conference will be the first time such a prestigious group has met to examine the subject. The event is being organized by the Institute for International Peace Studies, and Economists Against the Arms Race.



The conference will include sessions on: the economics of the military sector and its conversion; mutual disarmament in NATO and WTO countries; effects of disarmament on international trade flows; disarmament and Third World development; the macroeconomics of disarmament; the historical dynamics of the U.S. military budget; and the environmental impact of disarmament.

The conference is co-sponsored by the Center for the Study of Contemporary Society, the Helen Kellogg Institute for International Studies, the College of Business Administration, and the Department of Economics.

Shakespearean Actors Display Talents at ND

Actors from the London Stage will perform a five-actor, full-length version of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" November 1 and 2 at 8 p.m. in Washington Hall.

Each member of the touring ensemble will perform several roles in the course of the play, emphasizing the versatility of classically trained actors. The actors, Miranda Foster, David Howey, Alison

Skilbeck, Geoffrey Church and Stephen Jenn, are from the Royal Shakespeare Company, the National Theatre of Great Britain, and the BBC Shakespeare Series.

The performances are a culmination of a week's residency at the University. The actors will arrive in South Bend on Monday October 29 and meet with faculty members of the English, sociology and Communication and Theatre departments. Throughout the week they will make guest appearances in a number of classes to discuss their work.

Two actors will also present free recitals. Geoffrey Church will perform "Yeats: A Passionate Life" on October 30 at 4 p.m. in the Hesburgh Library auditorium, and David Howey will perform "This England" October 31 at 7:30 p.m., same place.

The actors will also present a modern program, "Kathleen ni Houlihan's Son and Daughters" (scenes from 20th century Irish Theatre) by Sam Dale, on November 3 at 8 p.m. The performance will feature dramatic readings from the works of Stewart Parker,

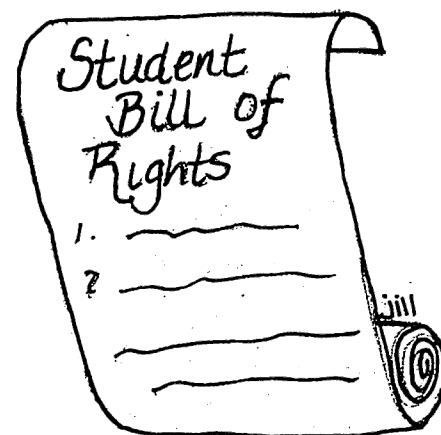
J.M. Synge, Sean O'Casey and Brian Friel, with amusing and revealing remarks by critics and scholars.

Bill of Rights Dies; Student Government Proposes Changes to Du Lac

Student Government will be proposing some changes to DuLac in the upcoming weeks.

Specifically, the issues of Judicial Board review, freedom of the press, and collective punishment will be addressed. This action grows out of last year's attempt at a student Bill of Rights.

The Bill of Rights was shot down because of its vagueness and because it was



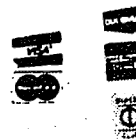
said to be "unusable in that form." In order to effect some permanent change, Student Government decided to go straight to DuLac. Watch this space after break for a detailed report.

compiled by Traci Taghon



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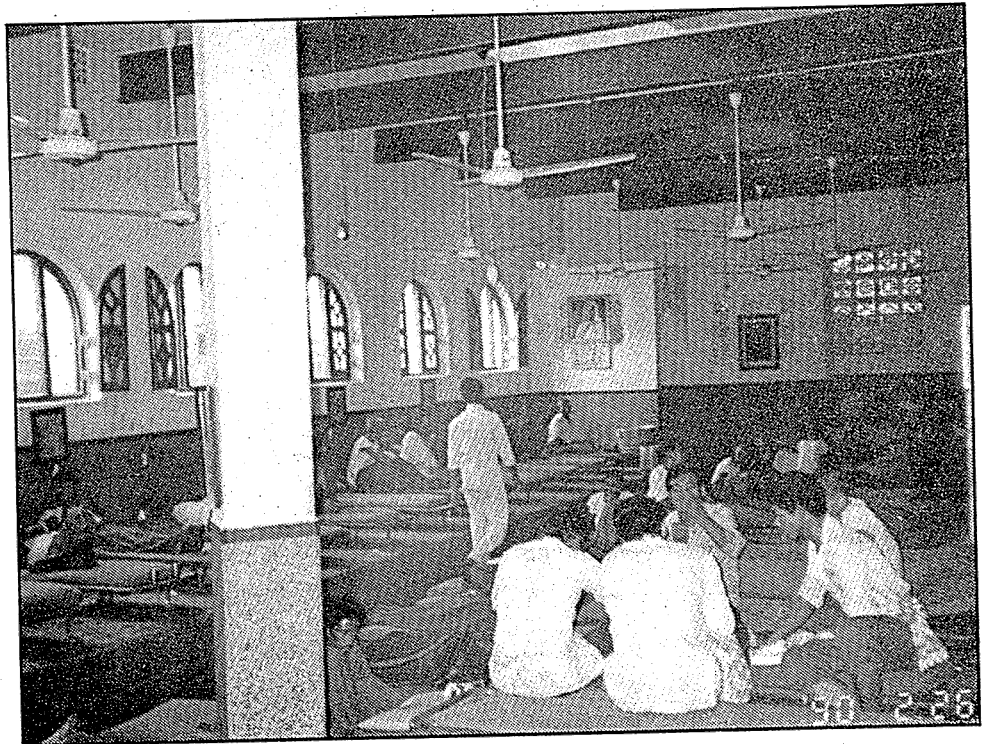
The Secret

*Matthew Hall tells
of his experiences
in Calcutta*

I held a dead baby in my arms today. This baby had died along with its mother and father when a sudden gas leak surprised the sleeping inhabitants of the slum. Noxious fumes had managed to turn the baby's soft, brown eyes into silver, lifeless orbs. The small mouth, open as if in a last gasp for air, was now covered by a tiny coating of dust and filth. This fragile body I wrapped in a cloth and gingerly carried toward the ambulance. The body seemed too light for something that had only scant hours before possessed so much life and spirit. Death had come in the blink of an eye, but such is the way of life for the people of Calcutta. What in the world was I doing here? I tried to recall the reason, but all I could think of were the baby's eyes.

Faced with a two-month spring break away from Tokyo's Sophia University, where I was continuing my sophomore year in Japan studies, I decided to take advantage of a professor's advice and travel to Calcutta, India. My only inspiration at the time came from a *Time* magazine interview of Mother Theresa. When I read about this fantastic woman, the degree to which she let go and let God guide her life, I resolved to go to Calcutta and get a taste of this life among the poorest of the poor.

Through connections in Tokyo, I was lucky enough to receive accommodations with the Missionary Brothers of Charity in the Khidderpore district of Calcutta. The



The Dying House, where Matt spent a great deal of his time in India.

Brothers, who live their lives dedicated to a "joyous life of poverty and service to the poor," are loosely the male equivalent to Mother Theresa and her Sisters of Charity. They took me in and introduced me to the "City of Joy."

The soft tinkling of a bell arouses me out of a light sleep. I glance at my watch and try to come to terms with the fact that it is only 4:15 AM. Outside my room, which is situated on the roof of the Brothers' three story home, dark forms begin to rise and stretch under the gray, pre-dawn sky. Groggily, I get up and move towards the spigot where the Brothers are busy washing, brushing, and scrubbing. The cold water wakes me up and prepares me for the morning prayer.

The second floor hall where the Brothers pray has no furniture, but the pale blue walls

are adorned with framed ink sketches of the Way of the Cross. For the next hour and a half, the sound of men praying together to their God echoes throughout the little building. Each Brother asks for the love and compassion to meet the challenges of the day. I too am looking for the strength; Christ's strength and peace are what I need in order to deal with this lifestyle so different from anything I have ever known.

After morning prayer, the Brothers walk three and a half blocks to St. Ignatius church. Along the way I try not to stare at the people bathing at the sidewalk water pumps; the brown-skinned children defecating in the gutters; the mangy, half-starved dogs foraging among the refuse; and the already bustling mothers who are lighting the small, dung-fueled cooking fires that will give the slums a distinct, pungent odor.

St. Ignatius church is old, run-down, and perfect. The sun, bright and orange, has begun to rise by now and I can see more of my surroundings. The first thing I notice is the small grotto to the right of the church. Unlike another Grotto, it has no candles, nor is it clean and encircled with beautiful foliage. The grounds are composed of dirt and surrounded by a cracked, soot-blackened wall. Nevertheless, here is where I sit and meditate on the days when the service is given in Hindi. On the days when the Mass is held in English, I join the Brothers and receive the Eucharist from an aging Indian priest. He is so old that he must be helped to and from the altar. As I approach this wrinkled, stooped old man, I wonder to myself, "What is it that keeps him going?" "Body of Christ," he whispers. "Amen."

After a breakfast of curry rice, bananas, bread, and hot tea, I leave for Kalighat with five other Brothers. After a fifteen minute ride on a stuffed tram, we disembark and walk up an alley teeming with activity. At the end of the alley lies a four-way intersection and on the main corner of this intersection sits a faded, two-story building.

Mother Theresa's House for the Dying Destitutes does not appear to be anything special; that is, until I take a step inside and meet Jesus in the guise of the poor.

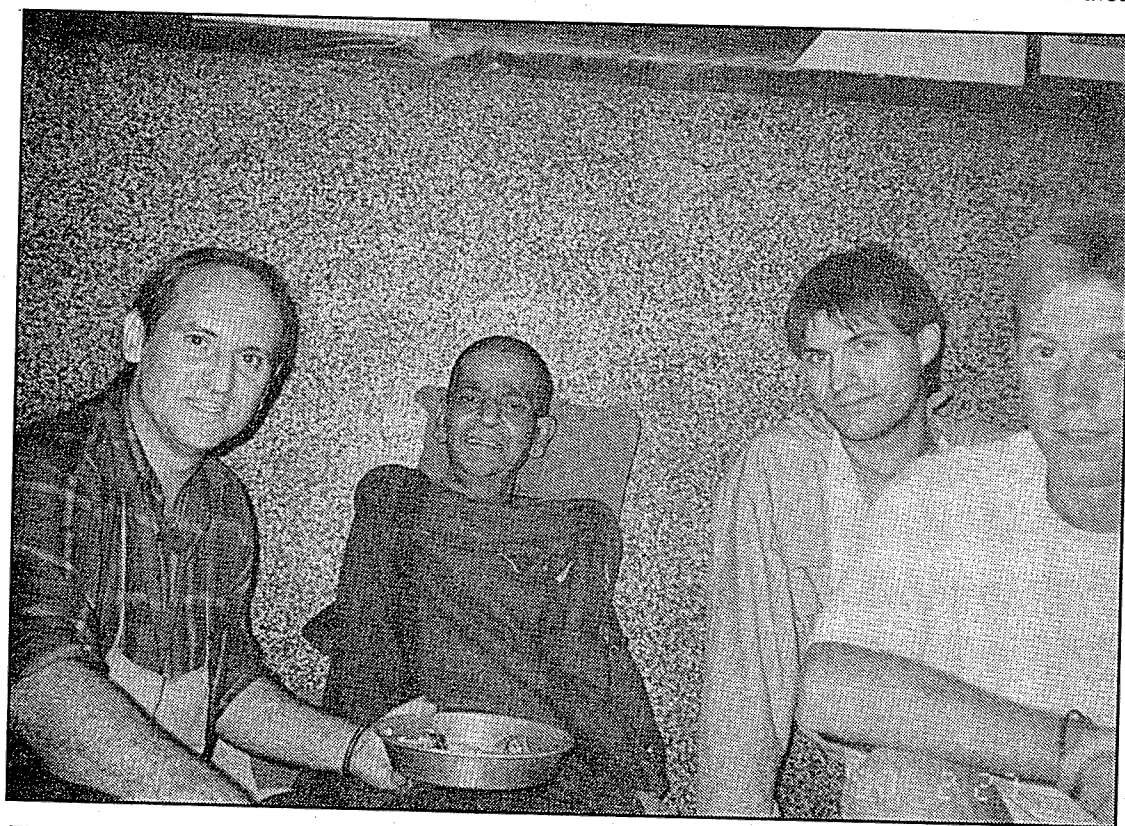
For the first forty-five minutes, I am in shock—totally and utterly unnerved. Helpless husks of men stare up at me. They have been ravaged by hunger and disease, yet I have no answers to give them. Then one of the other volunteers, by coincidence a man from Japan named Yuki, comes up to me and gets me going. I help him take the garbage out to a huge pile of leavings across the street. The overpowering stench is not strong enough to drive away the foraging children and their mothers. Once we get back, Yuki and I join the other volunteers in giving each of the patients a bath and a change of clothing. We must be careful while dressing them because limbs swollen with infection do not easily go into the light cotton garments.

Breakfast, consisting of two pieces of bread, a banana, an egg and water, lasts for the next twenty minutes or so. Most of the men sit up in bed to eat their meal, but those who lack even the strength to do this are fed with tender patience.

The rest of the day is spent washing the large quantities of linen and dishes that must be washed every day. Yuki, who is by now my mentor, takes me through both processes with the skill born of experience. Threadbare blankets must first be soaked in a large stone basin filled with water and some primitive detergent (the ingredients of which I will never know). The blankets are then stirred with a bamboo pole. It takes two people to lift one blanket from the brown, soggy mass and inspect it for the stains of urine or excrement, which then must be scrubbed off. All the linen must be brought up to the roof where it can be hung out to dry in the midday heat. The dishes can be dispatched rather quickly with the aid of a few volunteers, some good conversation, and a combination of coconut fibers and ash. The last two components make for a constant blackening underneath the fingernails, but it is a small price to pay for a bit of protection against the myriad of diseases present in the slum.

I take a little break from hanging the blankets out to look at some of the framed posters that cover various portions of the walls around the dying house. Near the entrance is a quote from Mother Theresa, "The greatest aim of human life is to die in peace with God." As if to test my digestion of the statement, one of the Sisters hurries up to me and asks me to come and move a body for her.

My first experience with death comes in the form of a white-haired emaciated old man who looks as if he has fallen asleep with his eyes open. His skin, dry and alien, resembles that of a paper sack. He is heavy, very heavy despite the marks malnutrition and tuberculosis have left on him. Steve, a twenty-year-old volunteer from England, helps me carry the body into a small, cool anteroom right next to the basin where we had washed the blankets. Walking in, I cannot help but



The Dying House earns its tragic name.

notice the sign on the far wall. It reads, "I AM ON MY WAY TO HEAVEN." I look at our burden again and start to get angry with God. This man, who probably lived in hell on earth, had better be on his way to heaven. Steve notices me praying in a somewhat desperate voice and asks me what is on my mind. When I explain, Steve looks at me questioningly, grins, and then replies, "He's already there."

Lunch is served at 11:30, right after the patients have received their medicine. I wait for lunch to end and then we gather the dishes once again for another scrubbing session. I receive a nice little perk before I leave. One of the patients who has managed to get better is waiting to leave by the door. As I walk by, he grabs my hand, touches it to his forehead, bows, and bestows upon me a smile of such radiance that I begin to realize just where the City of Joy found its name. His happiness is uplifting in its purity, and I leave the Dying House tired, but refreshed.

Back at the Brother's house, I flop down on my mat and catch a quick nap before a lunch of curry rice, bananas, bread, and water. Despite the comparatively bountiful meals I am privileged to have, I have still lost twenty or so pounds in a little more than three weeks. Writing letters to my friends in Japan and America allows my mind to float above the daily toils at Kalighat like a balloon. I tell everyone that I am safe and ask for their prayers. Reading and listening to tapes on my Walkman occupy my thoughts until it is time to leave for Mother Theresa's house.

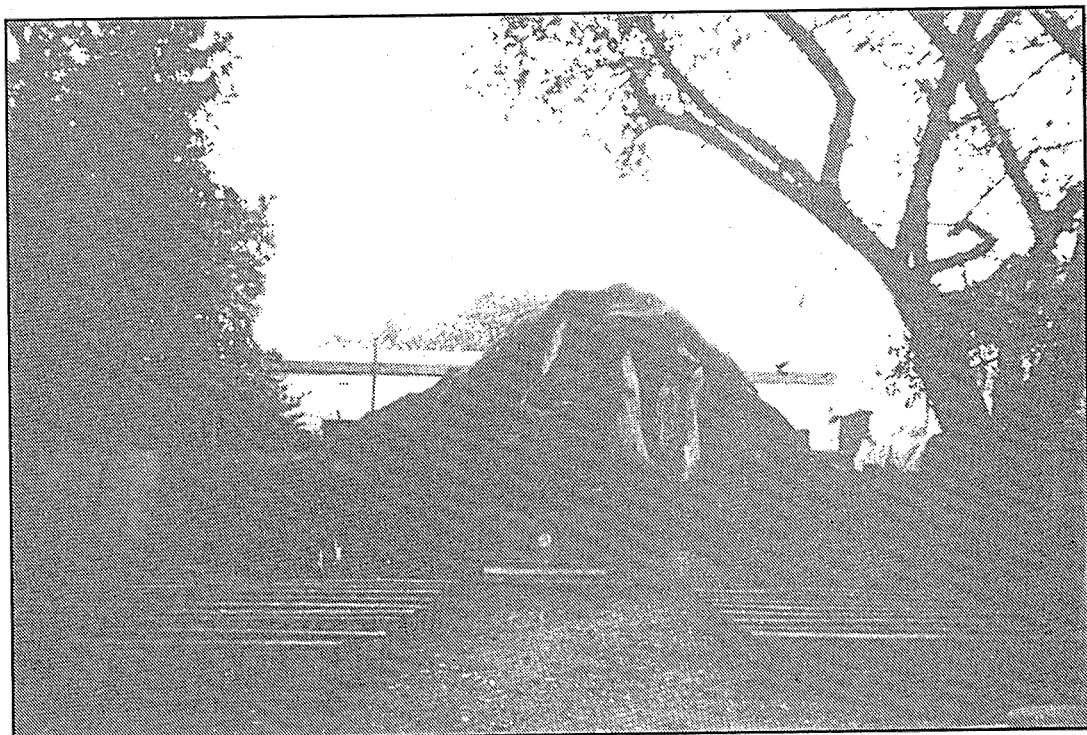
I reach Mother Theresa's House by six o'clock and hurry inside for Adoration services. Inside the long, white-washed room are seated approximately seventy Sisters and twenty foreigners. The Sisters repeat a litany of Hail Marys and sing together in one, clear voice. Amid this simple spectacle, I let my thoughts wander back to the poster back on the wall of the Brothers' home. The quote, once again one of Mother Theresa's, reads,

"THOUGHTFULNESS is the beginning of great sanctity. If you learn this art of being thoughtful, you will become more Christ-like, for His heart was meek and He always thought of others. Our vocation, to be beautiful, must be full of thought for others."

It is with this thought that I look up and see Mother Theresa for the first time. At the end of the ceremony she comes forward to put the sacred items away. She is very small, verging on tiny. Her back is bent, no doubt

down on my mat; I toss and turn like a dog trying to find a comfortable position on the hard, marble floor. The sounds of the streets below float up to me. I hear dogs barking in the distance, and in the near vicinity, I can hear the muffled coughs and cries of the children who live in the building next door. I swat at the ever-present, ever-voracious mosquitoes that hover about my head and try to rest. Before I sleep, I thank God for the gifts the day has brought, the many tests, and for life.

Now I am back for my junior year at Notre Dame. I consider my year in Japan the best year of my life so far, one of the reasons for this being the time I spent outside of Japan, in Calcutta. I think about the people I met



The Grotto, where Matt joins the Brothers for Eucharist.

from the years of service to Calcutta's poor. She moves slowly, deliberately, and gracefully. She is wearing a small blue sweater over the uniform of her order—a snow white sari with blue trim. Mother Theresa's face, with its wrinkled skin and large soft, blue eyes, appears very calm and peaceful.

I finally arrive back at the Brothers' house at nine o'clock and go back up to my room on the roof to write in my diary before I turn in. The sky is dark again, and the night breeze bring a slight chill to my bared arms. I lay

there: John from New Zealand; Stephen, William, and Steve from Britain; Christee from Nepal; Christopher from France; and Yuki from Japan. I think about the Indian Brothers and their infinite kindness to me and thousands more amid the slums. I think about different people from all over the world coming to one city in one country to meet Jesus in the guise of the poor, coming to be like the small bit of salt that flavors the whole. I think about perspective, and why things seem different now. Most of all, I think about my last day in Calcutta, the day

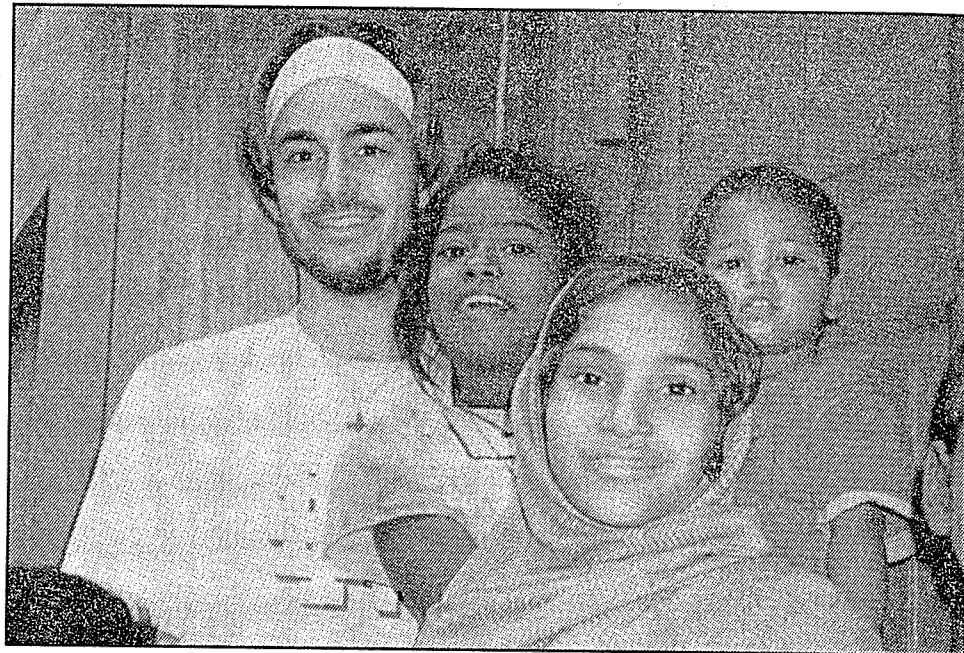
I met Mother Theresa.

I had seen her previously, but I had yet to meet this living saint. I had entertained the idea in my head that I would not meet her until I had spent a small bit of time doing the work she had been doing all her life. I felt that I needed to spend some time among the poorest of the poor before I would be worthy of her words. After morning Mass she walked up to me where I was waiting for her. I haltingly tried to tell her why I had come, and I asked her if she should please sign my diary. In truth, I did most of the talking in our exchange. She was every bit the kind, gentle listener I needed. When she did speak, I listened in hopes that she would in some way tell me her secret, the key to peace in life. However, her conversation was light and casual, and after she signed my diary she blessed me and moved to other people who were also waiting. The cover of my diary now reads,

"Love others as God loves you.
God bless you
Mother Theresa 27-2-90"

She did not tell me her secret. She wrote it in my diary instead. □

by Matthew Hall



Matt works with Mother Theresa's "adopted" children.

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Peace and War

The Notre Dame-Miami rivalry started quietly but grew into the nation's fiercest. Now it's over

By Brian McMahon

The Notre Dame-Miami rivalry that will be celebrated for the last time on Saturday at Notre Dame Stadium has grown into the most heated in college football after rather humble beginnings.

Inaugurated in 1955, it took almost 25 years before it fully matured. Before the '80's, Miami was little more than a breather on Notre Dame's schedule.

That began to change when Howard Schellenberger arrived at Miami before the 1979 season. He quickly turned around a flailing Hurricane program that had a dismal .385 winning percentage in the late seventies and built a national power.

But first, the early days.

Back in 1955, in front of 75,685 fans at the Orange Bowl in Miami, the fifth-ranked Irish won the first meeting

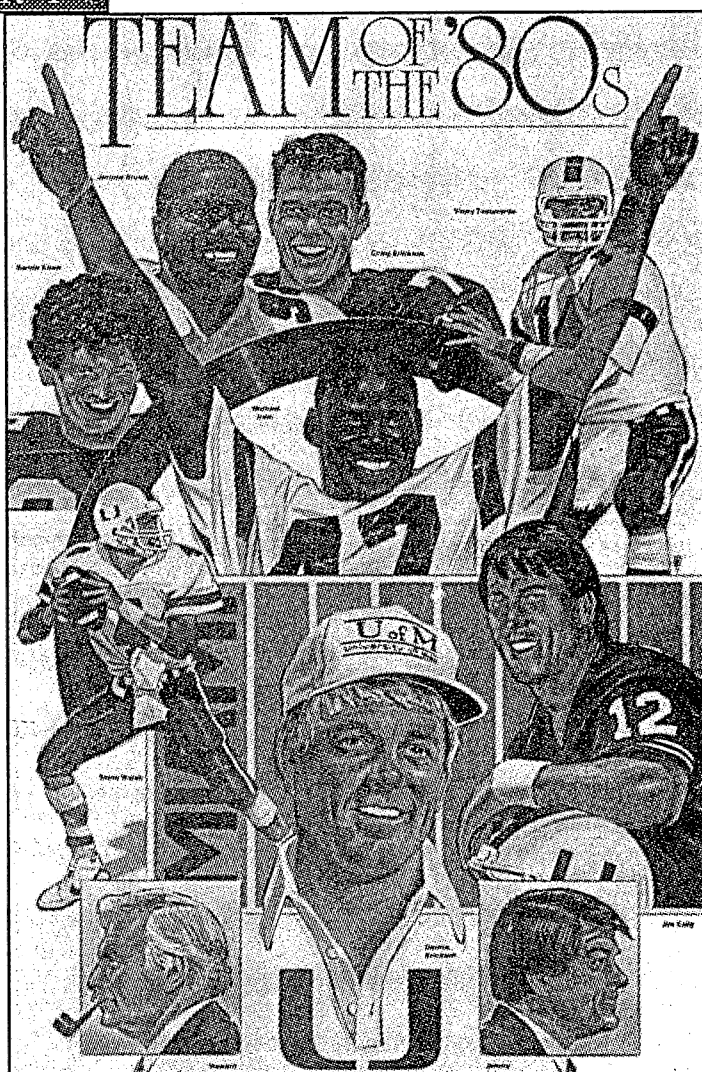
between the two schools, 14-0, behind two fourth-down touchdown passes by Paul Hornung. The first was a 15-yard strike to Gene Kapish in the second quarter, the next, a 30-yard toss to Aubrey Lewis in the third stanza. Curiously, Miami's offense 35 years ago was pass-oriented. The Hurricanes attempted 13 passes that night, completing 12.

The next two meetings were in '60 and '65, both in the Sunshine State. In '60, a weak Notre Dame squad lost its seventh straight game, 28-21. In '65, the Irish, who had been in national championship contention just one week earlier, struggled to a 0-0 tie to finish 7-2-1 in Ara Parseghian's second season as coach. This was the Canes' last taste of success for some time, as the Irish went undefeated against Miami for the remainder of the

Parseghian years and all of Dan Devine's tenure.

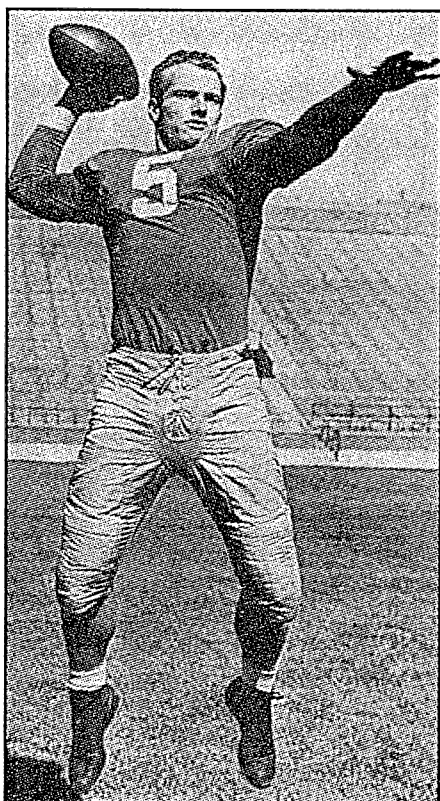
Miami came close in '67 and '72, losing 24-22 and 20-17, respectively, as unranked challengers to Irish squads rated sixth and tenth nationally. The next few meetings were not nearly as close with Notre Dame winning by scores like 44-0, 38-7, 32-9, 48-10, and 40-15. In Devine's last season the Irish defeated Miami 32-14 for their 11th victory in a row over the 'Canes, bringing the series tally to 12-1-1 for the Irish. Things were changing in Miami, however, and Devine's departure marked the beginning of a new era in South Bend as well. The face of the rivalry was about to change drastically.

Schellenberger instilled a pro style pass offense and his decision to tap the talent-rich Florida high schools for



Miami Sports Information

The Hurricanes: A colorful cast of characters.



Notre Dame Sports Information

Horning was golden in '55, firing two touchdown passes in a 14-0 Irish win.

players resulted in a marked turnaround in Miami, where in the late 70's the administration had considered eliminating football as a varsity sport. In five seasons, Schellenberger took the school from a 5-6 record to a national championship in 1983.

Notre Dame won in '79 and '80 before the Hurricanes crushed the Irish 37-15 in Miami in '81 and again in '83 by a 20-0 margin. In between, the 10th-ranked Irish squeaked by 17th-rated Miami at home, 16-14. That would be the last Notre Dame victory in the series until 1988.

It was in 1984 in South Bend that things began to get hot. After pre-game warm-ups, Miami was returning to their locker room when they met the Notre Dame band in what quickly became a cramped tunnel. Not wanting to be rude hosts, the band serenaded the 'Canes with an earsplitting version of Notre Dame's victory march.

On the way out to the field for the game, Jimmy Johnson, in his first season as Miami's coach, was compelled to request security to insure safe passage for his team through the tunnel which was now clut-

tered with fans. Once on the field, Johnson had to ask security three times to clear the area immediately behind his bench. The fans were seated almost close enough to touch the Hurricanes and were verbally lashing out at Johnson's charges.

The leprechaun ran up and down in front of Miami's bench, pointing and screamin. Alonzo Highsmith, a running back now playing for the National Football League's Houston Oilers, watched the leprechaun and made an offering which reveals where most of the "hatred" on both sides of the rivalry lies.

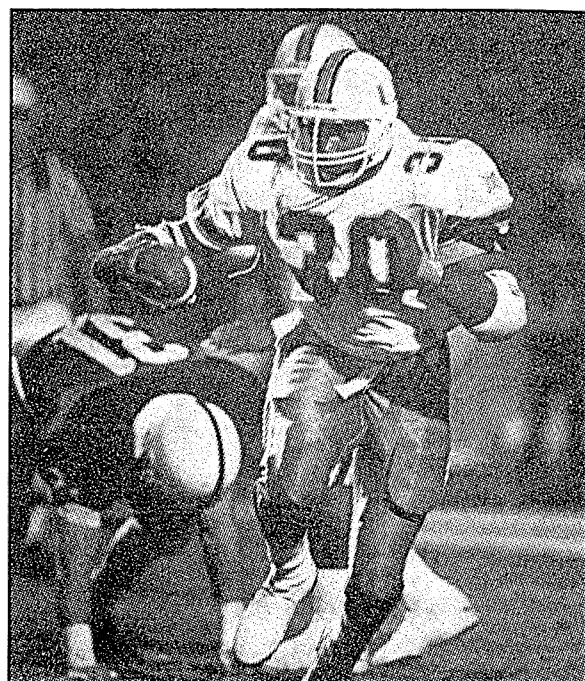
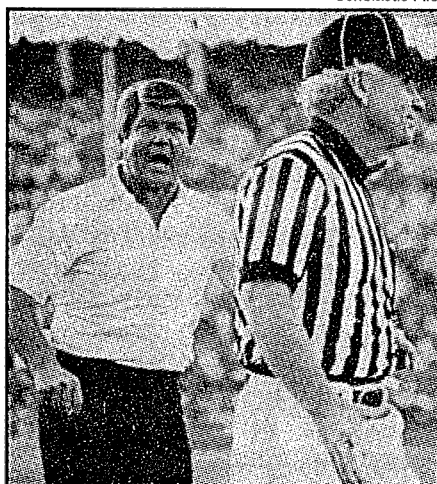
"I hate Notre Dame," he said. "Not the players. I know a lot of them and respect them. I mean the whole hype that Notre Dame is God's gift to football. But I hate the leprechaun most. I was always hoping they'd run me on a sweep so I could go out of bounds and run that guy over."

Bernard Clark, a Hurricane line-backer from 1986 to '89, concurred. "The thing with Notre Dame is more between fans."

After the '84 game, a 31-13 Miami walk, players from both schools shoved and taunted each other, setting the stage for the next year in Miami, where the Hurricanes sent the rivalry to a boil beyond the football

Johnson's tenure at Mami was the most bitter period of the rivalry.

Scholastic File



Miami Sports Information

Highsmith: "I hate the leprechaun most."

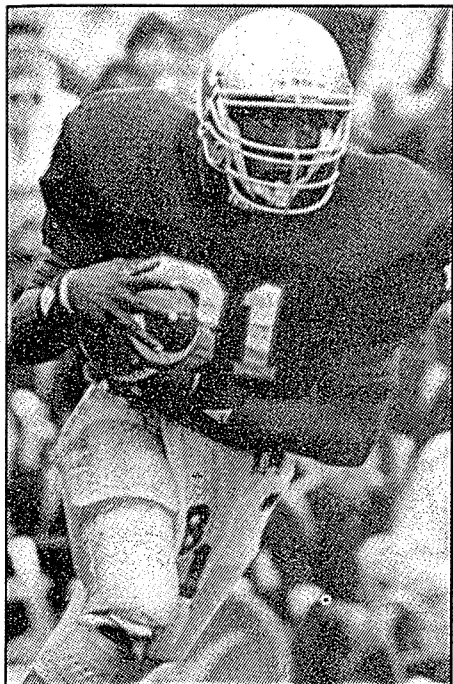
field.

On the Tuesday before the game, a weary Gerry Faust announced that he would resign as Irish coach effective at the end of the season. Meanwhile, the 10-1 Hurricanes wanted to prove to the nation that they deserved a higher ranking than the fourth spot they occupied before the game. What better way to do so than on national television against a team like Notre Dame, of whom they were less than enamored anyway?

The Hurricanes' 58-7 demolition of Faust's Irish on CBS was taken as a personal affront by Irish fans everywhere. The rivalry, which had grown heated on the field the previous year in South Bend, had been extended to the Notre Dame constituency. Johnson was vilified for what was labelled a complete lack of class in running up the score against the helpless Faust.

In his own defense, Johnson said, "You stay in the offense you run. We're a passing team. Everybody knows that. We school our quarterbacks to take advantage of what defenses the opponents run, not to be governed by the scoreboard."

Johnson's claims fell on deaf ears, however, as fans failed to find logic in Jeff Torretta's 17-yard touchdown pass with six minutes to play to make the score



Scholastic File

Heisman winner Tim Brown was ineffective in 1987 at Miami.

51-7. A blocked punt resulted in the final Miami tally.

The "evil" Hurricanes beating up on America's team only perpetuated the respective images of the two schools. "The media make them out to be nicer guys than they are and we're projected worse than we are so it gives it that good/evil aspect," said Miami defensive end Greg Mark last year. "We'll live with that."

Less than 24 hours after Faust had resigned, Notre Dame announced that University of Minnesota Head Coach Lou Holtz would be the next Irish coach. Holtz was the man to return Notre Dame to glory.

The two schools didn't play each other in 1986, so in '87 Holtz took his 8-2 Irish team, which boasted eventual Heisman Trophy winner Tim Brown, to Miami in what was inappropriately dubbed a "grudge match." The 'Canes talked trash and showboated, rendered Brown ineffective, and dominated an Irish squad that as recently as two weeks before had fancied itself as a contender for the national championship. The 24-0 shellacking silenced talk of revenge.

This time, Johnson handled the game's waning moments a little differently. Back-up quarterback Craig Erickson was instructed not to pass as he moved the 'Canes into position for a score.

"Don't want any trouble," said the embattled coach.

The 1988 season was a memorable for the Irish and their fans, and nothing made it more satisfying than the events which transpired on October 15, at Notre Dame Stadium. Miami rolled into town as defending national champions and ranked first in the country. The Irish, undefeated and ranked fourth, were anxious to meet their enemy on home turf, a luxury not enjoyed since 1984.

Emotions had been stewing in South Bend for months before the game. The prospect of a national championship, combined with the revenge factor, brought emotions to a fevered pitch. As early as August, students were buying T-shirts on campus hyping the confrontation. "Catholics versus Convicts" became the rallying cry for the student body. That, in addition to a few unprintable offerings for Johnson.

Notre Dame led 21-7 in the second quarter before Miami quarterback Steve Walsh led the 'Canes to two late touchdowns to tie the score at 21 at the break. Ten Notre Dame points in the third quarter put the Irish ahead going into the last stanza. The 'Canes were down by seven when a controversial call went Notre Dame's way.

On fourth and seven from the Irish 11 yard-line, Walsh hit running back Cleveland Gary with a pass that Gary took toward the end zone. As Gary was tackled, he reached for the end zone with the ball and fumbled. Notre Dame recovered. Miami contended that the ground had caused the fumble. "We had first and goal at the one and the ball was turned the other way," said a disappointed Johnson afterwards. "That's something I don't understand."

Miami had another chance in the game's final moments. The masterful Walsh, with 31 completions of 50 attempts for 424 yards—the best day ever against the Irish by an opposing quarterback—hit Andre Brown on fourth and seven from the 11 for a touchdown with 45 seconds to play. Trailing by one with the national title on the line, Miami went for the two point conversion. "We always play the game to win," said Johnson afterward. "There was no question what we would do."

Walsh dropped back and looked

right. He threw to Leonard Conley, but Irish defensive back Pat Terrell knocked the ball to the ground, sending Notre Dame Stadium into bedlam. The Irish had exacted revenge and robbed Miami of its bid to repeat as national champs, a prize the Irish would claim for themselves in January.

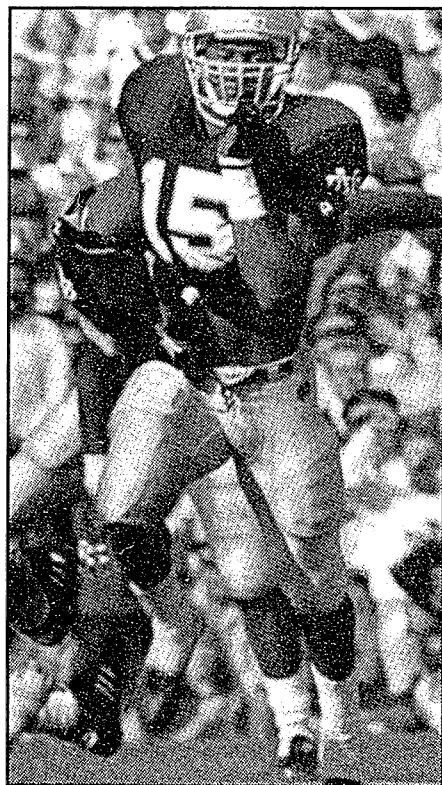
Last year, under new coach Dennis Erickson, it was Miami's turn, as Notre Dame's woes in the Orange Bowl against the Hurricanes stretched to five games, dating back to 1977, when Devine was coach and Ted Hesburgh and Jimmy Carter were Presidents.

Saturday marks the end of this terrific saga and one can't help but wonder if it isn't dying before its time. An early 12-1-1 Irish advantage has been cut to 14-7-1 by the Hurricanes. Just when both teams are at the top at the same time—the winner of this game won the national championship the past three seasons—it has to end. Miami's schedule is booked through 1998 and Notre Dame's is full until 2004, so, barring a meeting in a bowl, it appears we'll have to wait a while before these giants meet again.

Saturday, unfortunately, will be the final chapter of a story we don't want to put down. Whether the ending is a happy or sad one, fans can't help but feel cheated. □

Terrell was one of many Irish heroes in '88.

Scholastic File



One Last Dance

By Kevin T. Kerns

The last time the Miami Hurricanes lost a season opener on the road, a 28-3 loss at Florida in 1983, they rebounded by going undefeated the rest of the way for an 11-1 mark and the school's first National Championship.

The Hurricanes opened the 1990 campaign at Brigham Young, where they were humbled by quarterback Ty Detmer and the Cougars, 28-21. Since then, they have dominated California, Iowa, Florida State, and Kansas in succession, putting Miami in a position to defend its national title. Notre Dame (4-1) is the next obstacle in their path this Saturday at Notre Dame Stadium.

The two schools will be playing their twenty-third and final regular season game in what has become college football's most intense rivalry. Last year, Miami up-ended the Irish's national title hopes at home in the Orange Bowl, where they have won thirty-five consecutive times.

However, the Irish enjoy the home field advantage this time around, and are just as tough at home as Miami. The Irish have

to be a boxing promoter involved somewhere. The rivalry has been an entrepreneur's dream, with t-shirt sales ris-

Cutting through the hoopla and the talk, Miami, like Notre Dame, brings serious defensive question marks into the contest.

The last three seasons, the winner of the Notre Dame-Miami game has gone on to win the National Championship

lost at home only once in the last four seasons, that setback coming at the unlikely hands of Stanford two weeks ago.

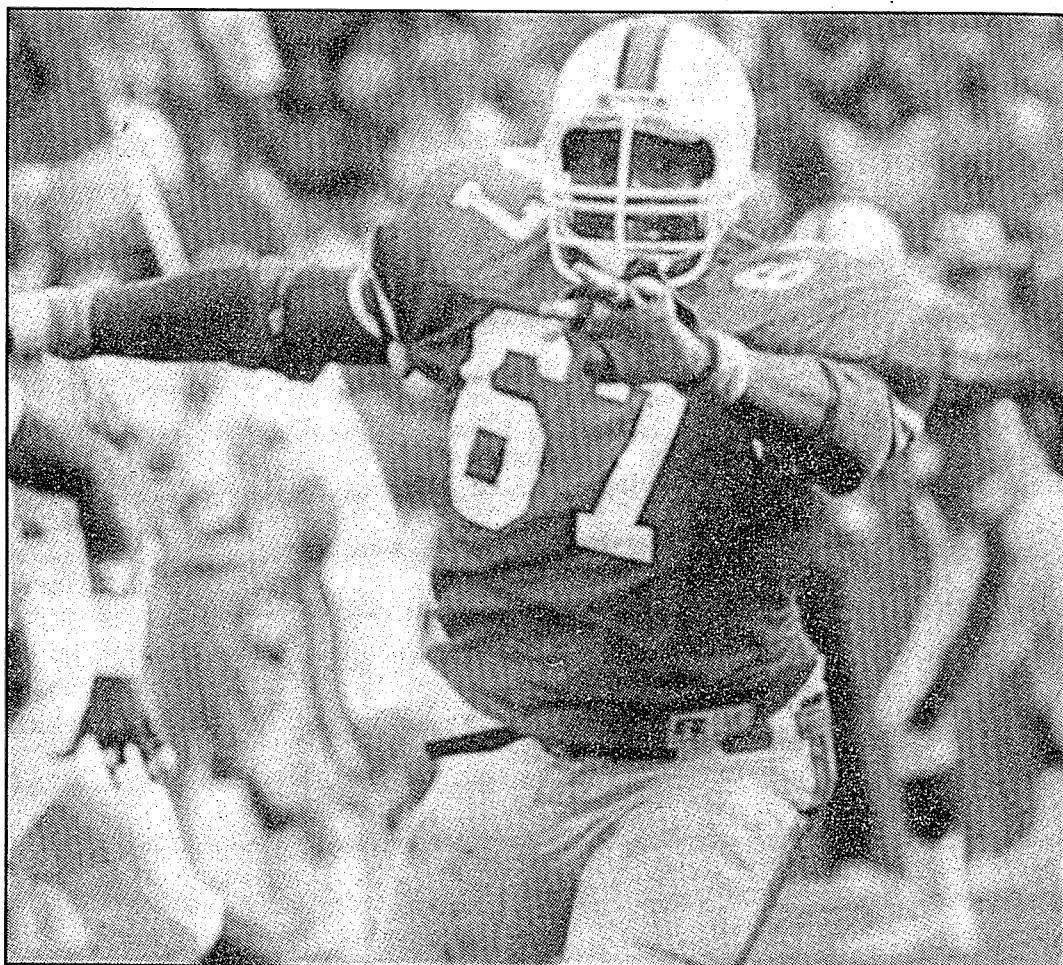
Notre Dame versus Miami. Catholics versus Convicts III. The Final War. This game is being hyped so much there has

ing as high as Don King's hair on fight night.

But all of the hype surrounding this affair means nothing once the game starts. As Notre Dame coach Lou Holtz says, "If what you did yesterday seems big, you haven't done anything today."

Most of the uncertainty surrounding the Hurricanes is related to their pass defense.

Through their first five games, Miami surrendered more than 300 yards per game through the air, a bit of a surprise since the 'Canes lost only one starter off of last



Miami Sports Information

year's excellent secondary. Junior Charles Pharms returns for his third year as starting strong safety to anchor the Miami pass defense.

Miami opponents, particularly BYU and Florida State, have moved the ball utilizing a short- to medium-range passing attack. Detmer victimized the Hurricane defense for 406 yards on 38 completions—each for less than 29 yards. The problem may not be with the 'Canes defensive backs, however. Miami's pass rush produced just seven sacks through its first four games, less than its usual output.

Running the ball against Miami is a different story. The 'Canes have surrendered only 56.3 yards per game on the ground, due primarily to one of the fastest and most talented linebacking corps in the nation. Butkus Award candidate Maurice Crum leads the way at outside linebacker, having led the Miami defense in tackles the past two seasons. The other three spots, filled by Michael Barrow (4.6 in the 40-

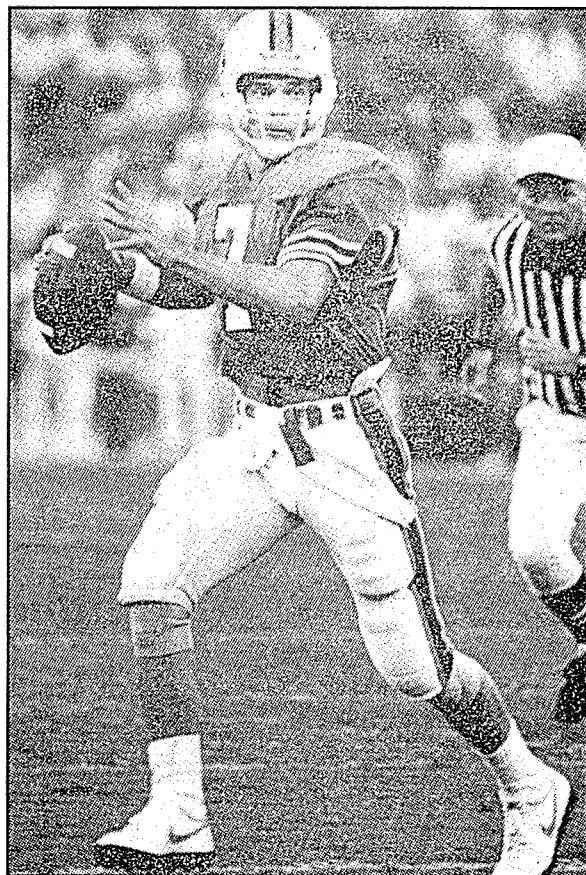
Erickson wants to do his predecessor, Steve Walsh, one better with a victory in Notre Dame Stadium.

yard dash), Darrin Smith (4.42) and Jesse Armstead (4.47) are speedy linebackers whom the Irish will have to contend with on Saturday.

Up front, the Miami defense is led by Russell Maryland, a 273 lb. senior who was a Lombardi Award and Outland Trophy finalist last year. Maryland has lost about fifty pounds since his freshmen year and has worked himself into a potential first round NFL draft pick. "Having Russell Maryland come back (for 1990) is better than getting the top five recruits in the country," says second-year Miami coach Dennis Erickson, whose compliment might be a reference to the fact that Notre Dame gets the top five high school players in the country every year.

If the Hurricanes have been somewhat shaky on defense, their offense has more than made up for it. Senior quarterback Craig Erickson has done nothing to hurt his Heisman candidacy, throwing for over 1500 yards in just five outings. His favorite targets, seniors Wesley Carroll and Randal Hill, are both All-America candidates. Through the first four games, Carroll had 25 receptions for 413 yards and three touchdowns. Hill, who runs a 4.3 forty, will test the inexperienced Irish cornerbacks with his blazing speed. Hill, you'll recall, was on the receiving end of last year's third and 44 back-breaking pass which went for a first down, demoralized the Irish, and sent the 'Canes on their way to a 27-10 victory.

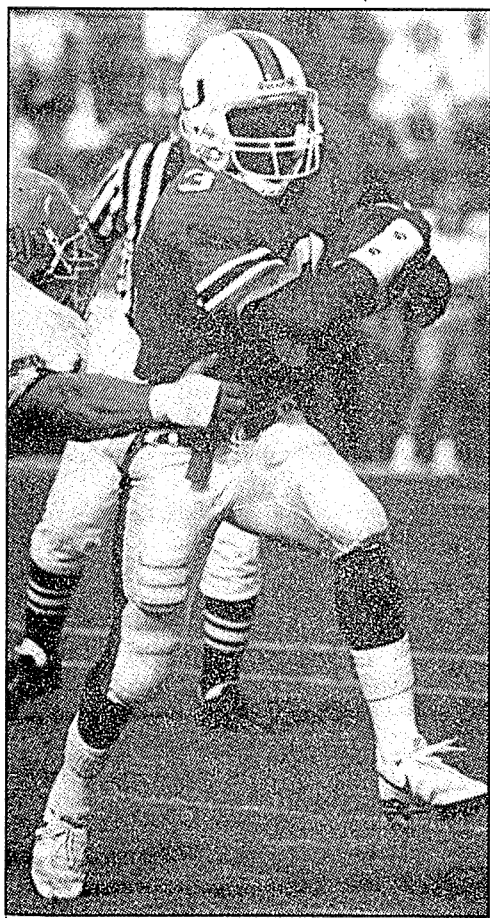
Miami's running attack has kept pace with the passing game. Running back Leonard Conley, a senior, and Steve McGuire, a sophomore, led the attack as Miami rolled up 334 yards on the ground in a 31-22 victory over Florida State on October 6th. "We wanted to establish the running game," commented



Miami Sports Information

Randal "Thrill" Hill's 4.3 speed could make for a long day for the Irish defense.

Miami Sports Information



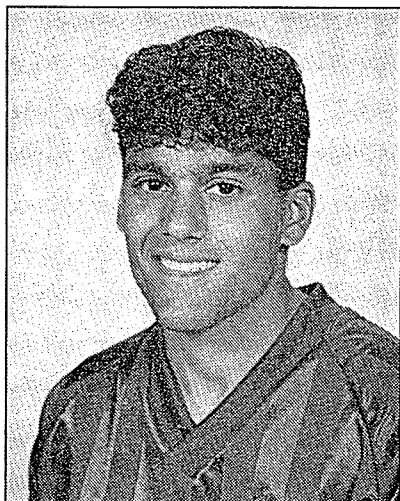
McGuire. "I just didn't think we'd establish that much." It would be a big surprise, however, if Miami had anything other than marginal success running the ball against the Irish.

Those who are looking for a "three yards and a cloud of dust" type battle would be better served by tuning into the Big Ten Game of the Week. The air in Notre Dame Stadium will be filled with footballs this Saturday, with Erickson and Irish quarterback Rick Mirer providing the fireworks. The team which has the ball last might come out on top in this game.

The Catholics versus Convicts billing for this game just doesn't fit anymore, if it ever did. Notre Dame engages in just as much, if not more, showboating and fingerpointing as does Miami. Furthermore, all five fifth-year senior Hurricanes who started their careers at Miami have already earned their undergraduate degrees.

The winner of the Notre Dame-Miami matchup has gone on to win the national title in each of the last three years. And this time, for the loser, there is no next year. □

MALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



Peter Gulli: Gulli, the junior goalie from Southington, CT, had not allowed a goal in regulation time for four games until he was scored upon by Butler in overtime in a 2-0 Irish loss. For the season, Gulli has allowed only 1.14 goals/game.

FEMALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



Tracy Barton: Barton, a junior from Cincinnati, won the top singles' flight at the Brown Invitational this past weekend. Barton has a 5-3 record for the season and is ranked 34th nationally.

It's here!

SENIOR CLASS

HALLOWEEN
PARTY



Best Costume Contest

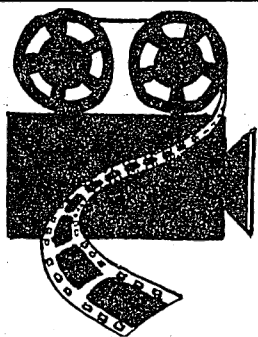
1st prize--35mm camera

OCTOBER 31

BENEFITTING SENIOR FORMAL



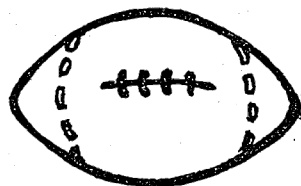
Coming Distractions



MOVIES

...AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT: A collection of Monty Python's best skits compiled for film. Shows at the Montgomery Theatre in La Fortune on Thursday, October 18. Sponsored by S.U.B.

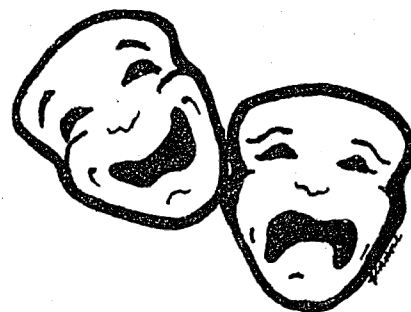
AT THE SNITE: After break, on Tuesday, October 30, will be *From Russia With Love* at 7 p.m. and *Rear Window* at 9:15 p.m. On Wednesday, October 31, will be *Rebel Without a Cause* at 6:30 p.m. and *Godfather II* at 8:45 p.m.



SPORTS

FOOTBALL vs. MIAMI: This is it, this is the big one, this is the ticket you can get big bucks for if you're going home early. Be sure to catch the Irish against arch-rival Miami at Notre Dame Stadium on Saturday, October 20. Kickoff is at 2:30 p.m. Buy the t-shirt for "The Cause" and wear it as the Irish play the Hurricanes one last time.

SOCCER: The men's soccer team will play MCC foe Xavier on Friday, October 19, at 7:30 p.m. at Krause Stadium. The women's team will take on Calvin College on Saturday, October 20, at 10 a.m. at Almini Field. The women's MCC championships will begin on Saturday, October 27 at Krause Stadium.



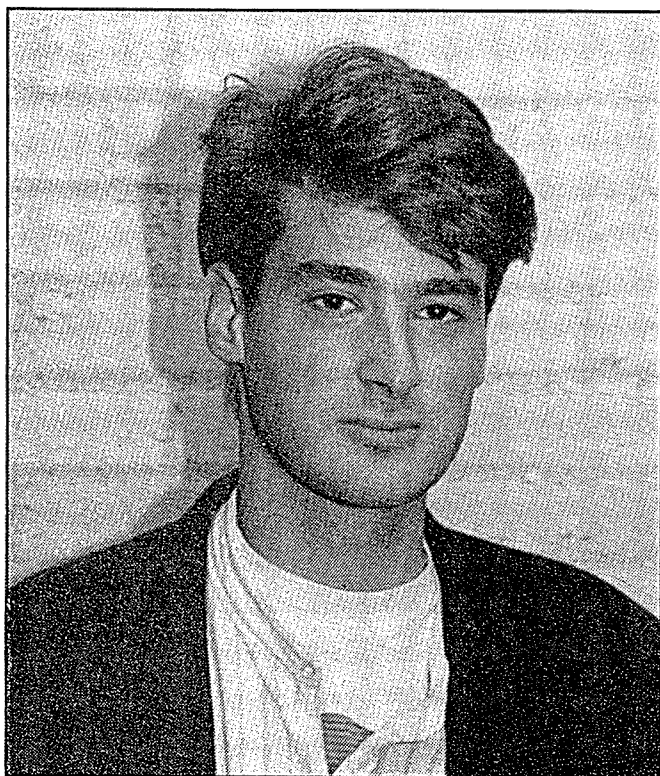
HOCKEY: The Irish hockey team will play University of Michigan-Dearborn at 7:30 p.m. on Friday, October 19 at the J.A.C.C.

CROSS COUNTRY: The men's and women's teams will take on William and Mary starting at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 20 at Burke Memorial Golf Course.

CONCERTS

IGGY POP: will be at the Riviera Theatre in Chicago on Friday, October 19 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$15. Call 312-559-1212 for ticket information.

SONIC YOUTH: will be at the Vic Theatre in Chicago on Saturday, October 20 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$15. Call 312-559-1212 for ticket information.



The Weight Of Reflection

My background as an American Studies major caused me to spend a few more minutes in one particular park. I spent last summer working in Dublin, Ireland, in an attempt to catch a further glimpse of a country that I fell in love with on the St. Mary's Ireland program my sophomore year. And as I was roaming Dublin's streets looking for a job, I stumbled upon a place in the middle of the city called Remembrance Park. An American Studies major tends to become quite pensive in situations like this, so I once again began a familiar thought process on what I feel is the most apparent difference between Ireland and America.

When I, as an American, find myself in a place like Remembrance Park, I stand not knowing what to remember. But a somberness exists in that park that compels even the non-Irish person to reflect. And as I stood there, mesmerized by the clear, stagnant pool and the large sculpture at the far end of it, I thought that whatever the Irish are supposed to remember here, it has a certain weight to it — a certain burden to it. The Irish, I thought, live with the weight of a long history.

In America, this feeling is not known. Comparatively, our history, or at least our sense of it, is almost nill. We live day to day with only generalizations about our past,

and the lasting impressions from those generalizations produce no "weight." Our history, as we subconsciously perceive it, is simply one of "victories."

As a result, America is a light place — a place where no burden of history exists. We tend not to hold deep-rooted grudges against other countries for past occurrences. Our grudges are merely fads. They come and go like fashion. In a place like Ireland, however, one never forgets, nor forgives, a deed of the past. If it is done to the Irish, or by the Irish, it is forever written into their collective history book.

And it is precisely this difference which gives Irish and Americans a bit of an affinity for one another. A trip to America serves to free the Irish person—to lift him or her from the bounds of a long and tormented past. It is not simply some sort of wonderment when looking at a sky-scraper; it is a very real attitude that pervades every aspect of American life. It is what *built* the sky-scraper. Our image abroad is that of John Wayne and individualism. Perhaps we really are a bunch of modern cowboys. I have heard Irish friends say that they really do feel a sense of freedom in America which they cannot find in Ireland, and upon their return to Ireland, they develop a serious case of cultural claustrophobia.

Ireland, on the other hand, can quickly

bring an American back down to earth. The lightness and the pace of America tend over a long period of time to spin one out of control. Our obsession with "the new" and "the more advanced" builds up a certain insecurity in us, because it persistently tears away all foundations that are necessary for any human's psychological peace. Ireland is filled with what can only be described as pure *age*. There are many foundations there.

When an American, like myself discovers a place like Remembrance Park, the missing weight of history takes hold deep inside. When I stand alone in such a place, or when I walk along an Irish country road and run my hand along a stone fence that outdates the entire history of my country, a true discovery of culture takes place. This, one must think, is *time*. This is what existed before me, and long before my country. This is what Americans do not know, and find very hard to understand.

The study of America is a two-fold process. America must be seen both within and without. One must analyze it by living in it, and also by journeying from it and looking from the outside back in. This very important latter process is what I experienced in a very small and empty place simply called Remembrance Park, Dublin City, Ireland. □

by Marc Conklin

UNCLE CHMENKELBIEN'S fun page

#1 SYR SURVIVAL GUIDE

BY: OEDIPOS + ELECTRA

① CHOOSING THE DATE: "LIKELY/USABLE EXCUSES"



- "SECOND COUSIN LEROY IS COMING IN."
- "SOZZY, BEEN IN BED ALL WEEK WITH DYSENTERY."
- "NO, I HAVE A BIG POTTERTY ASSIGNMENT DUE NEXT WEEK."
- "HELL NO! I'VE SEEN YOUR DOGBOOK PICTURE!"
- "I DON'T KNOW YOU, AND I DON'T CARE TO."

② ATTIRE:

GILLS' NIGHTMARE

- BLUE SPOT COAT
- KHAKI PANTS
- RED TIE
(GET THE PICTURE!)

GUYS' FANTASY

- FORM-FITTING DRESS,
LOW CUT, NO BACK
(ANIMAL SKIN PREFERRED)
- BLACK, FISHNET STOCKINGS
- BIG HAIR

④ NIGHT MOVES:

- CARPE DIEM, BUT...
- NO MEANS NO!
- "SECURE YOUR VITALS BEFORE PARIETALS"
- LAY BREAD TRAIL ON WAY OVER SO DISORIENTED
DATE WILL BE ABLE TO FIND WAY HOME.
- BUDGETEER: \$26.00, RITE: \$60.00, HOTEL G: \$10.00
(WITH MONEY SAVING COUPONS!)

WALDO'S PLAY PEN

- MASSEUSE
 - TOWELS
- \$10.00 OFF**

③ SONG 'n DANCE:

DOs:

- APPEASE FROSH.
DATE BY PLAYING
"NEW KIDS".
- SIDE 2 LED
ZEP III.
- SEDUCE DATE
WITH EROTIC
LAMBADA ACT.

DONTs:

- LET THEM SEE
YOU SWEAT.
- AC/DC
- SING ALONG WITH
2 LIVE CREW IN
DATE'S FACE.



⑤ "CURTAIN CALLS", OR LINES YOU DREAD HEARING:

- "SOBE HAD A NICE TIME SUSAN", WHEN
YOUR NAME IS JILL.
- "I HOPE THAT VOMIT COMES OUT OF YOUR DRESS."
- "SURE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS THE SHUTTLE!"
- "YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM MY LAWYER IN
THE MORNING."
- "I LOVE YOU."

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SEE THE TINY LIGHTS!

