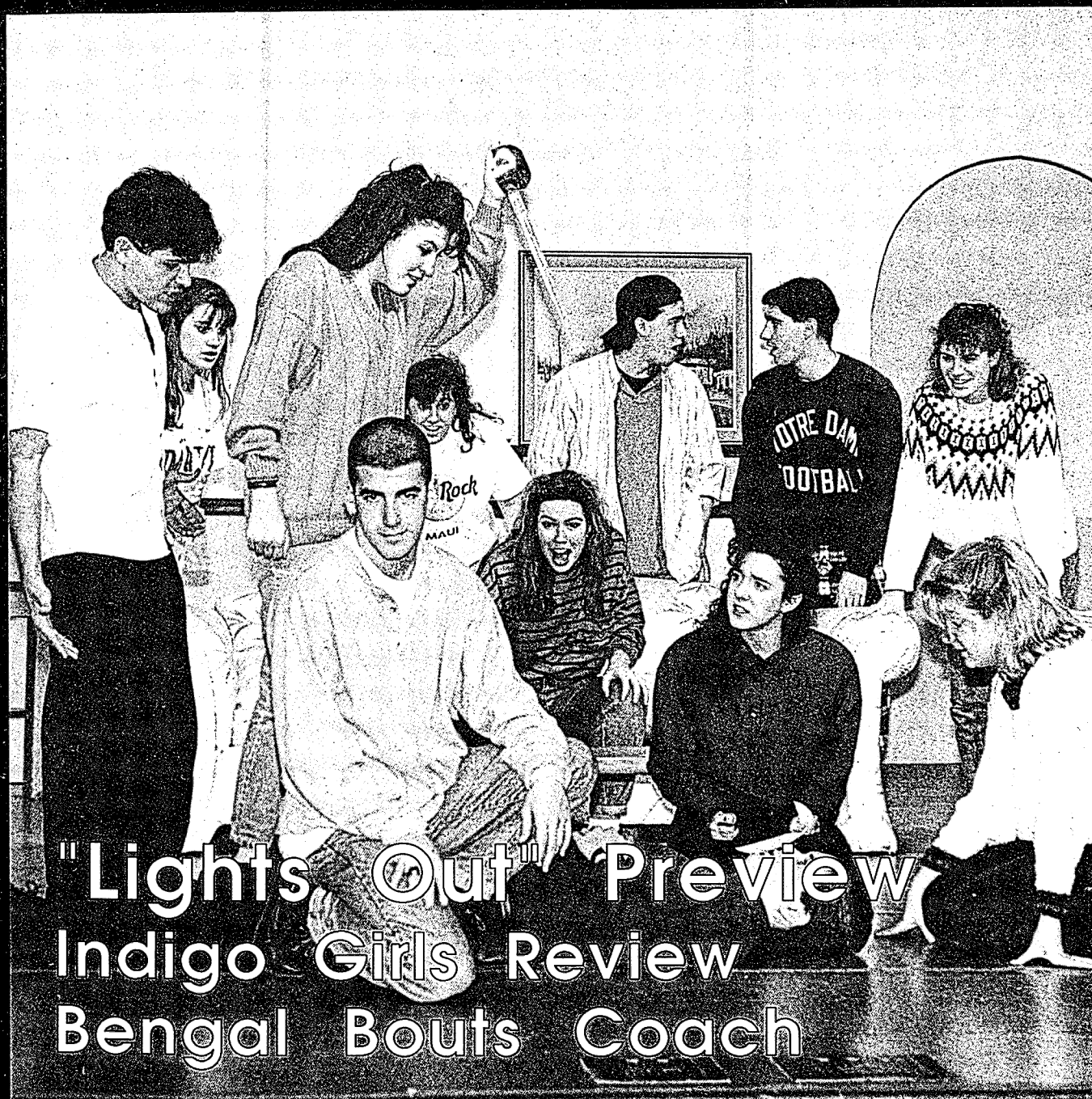


# SCHOLASTIC

FEB. 21, 1991

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE



"Lights Out" Preview

Indigo Girls Review

Bengal Bouts Coach

**Have you picked up a  
Scholastic job application?**

**APPLICATIONS ARE  
DUE TOMORROW.**

**It's not too late to apply for  
any of the following positions:**

Managing Editor	Copy Editor
News Editor	Layout Manager
Sports Editor	Graphic Arts Manager
Campus Life Editor	Advertising Manager
Departments Editor	Systems Manager
Entertainment Editor	Business Manager
Photography Editor	

**No experience is necessary.**

**All majors and years are encouraged to apply.**

**Even if you have applied in the past, we encourage you to apply again.**

**Gain writing experience and see your words in print!**

Interested? Applications for all of the above paid positions may be picked up at the Scholastic Office, 303 LaFortune. When the office is closed, applications may also be obtained at the Student Activities Office right next door on the third floor of LaFortune.

The deadline for applications is

**Friday, February 22 (tomorrow) at 5:00 p.m.**

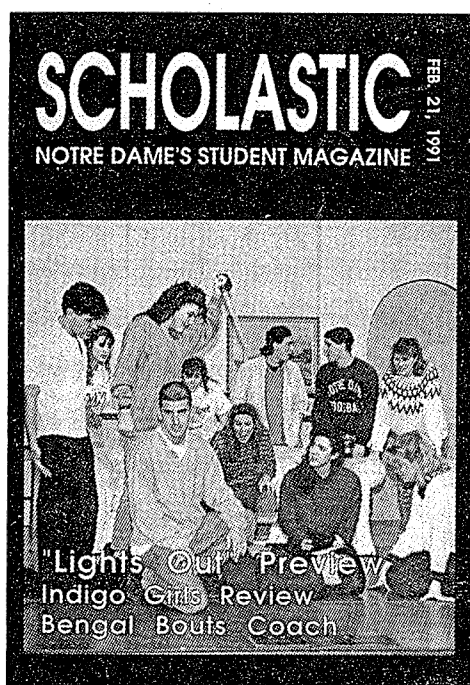
Scholastic is always seeking more writers, photographers and artists.

**Questions? Call 239-7569.**

# SCHOLASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

FEB. 21, 1991



Paul Webb

## COVER

11

### What Happened "While the Lights Were Out?"

Cavanaugh Hall Players establish themselves as a reputable theatre group with their thriller-comedy

## ENTERTAINMENT

6

### Music

The Indigo Girls,  
Or, how a jaded music critic was pleasantly surprised by a group he doesn't even pretend to like

8

### Movies

*Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*

## CAMPUS LIFE

9

### From Notre Dame to Innsbruck

Junior Pat Watkins learns from the classroom of Europe

## SPORTS

15

### The Bengal Tiger

Jack Mooney, Bengal Bouts coach, shares fond memories of the boxing game and Knute Rockne

## WEEKLY DEPARTMENTS

2

### Letters

3

### On Other Campuses

4

### Week In Distortion

5

### Behavior Modification

23

### Coming Distractions

24

### Final Word

# SCHOLASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

Vol. 132, No. 15  
February 21, 1990

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus  
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

## EDITOR IN CHIEF

Michael C. Wieber

## MANAGING EDITOR

Derik T. Weldon

## EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Ian Mitchell

## NEWS EDITOR

Traci Taghon

## SPORTS EDITOR

Jon Paul Potts

## CAMPUS LIFE EDITOR

Kristine DeGange

## ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR/ DEPARTMENTS EDITOR

Dave Holsinger

## PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

Mari Okuda

## PHOTOGRAPHY ASSISTANT

Paul Webb

## COPY EDITOR

Dave Raedy

## LAYOUT/SYSTEMS MANAGER

Patricia Doyle

## ADVERTISING MANAGER

Tony Porcelli

## BUSINESS MANAGER

Scott Ecker

## GRAPHIC ARTS MANAGER

Jeanne Naylor

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

*Copyright 1990 Scholastic Magazine. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.*

# Student responds to Pro-Life reference in last week's letter to the students

## Dear Editor:

In a recent letter to the readers of Scholastic, Michael C. Wieber, editor in chief referred to the decision regarding the funding of the Right-To-Life March in Washington made by Rob Pasin and Fred Tombar as "the pro-life funding scandal."

"Scandal?" I'll tell you what the real "scandal" is. It's a scandal that people even questioned the fact that student funds were used to support this life and death issue at a University named in honor of Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Jesus. Backing of any other position but pro-life would be the scandal, indeed a desecration to the name of Notre Dame.

Abortion is an abomination against God, a complete rejection of His greatest gift-the gift of life. It is one of the few "crimes" said to cry out to Heaven for vengeance. Do we forget that Jesus was first recognized as our Savior while He was still in His mother's womb by yet another pre-born Baby, St. John the Baptist, who leaped for joy in his mother Elizabeth's womb upon Mary's arrival at her cousin's home? Or do we insist that, at that point, both Jesus and John were still just "products of conception," "blobs of

tissue," "blood clots," and "potential life?" No, Jesus was not just a "potential life" at this point, but rather a life with the potential of opening the Gates of Heaven to each and every one of us for all eternity, if we choose to follow Him. And that is exactly what He did with His death on the cross, but He never could have done this greatest act of love if Mary had had an abortion.

What makes this university Catholic is its adherence to Church teaching, and Church teaching unquestionably sanctions the support of the pro-life position and completely rejects the support of the pro-abortion stance. For student government not have financially backed participation in the January March for Life in Washington, D.C., or to in any way support the pro-abortion agenda, would make it no better than any secular university's student government. I commend Rob Pasin and Fred Tombar for their courage and integrity in their stance for life. They realized the great responsibility that is attached to the privilege and honor of being a part of a university dedicated to the Mother of the Church and the Mother of God.

Bill Keen  
Carroll Hall

*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 copyfilling, 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

# CLAP... for Dixie and the Duke

## Penicillin Can't Cure This CLAP

A proposal to add "at Pasadena" to name of the University of Houston-Clear Lake has angered many people associated with the university.

Clear Lake is not a city, and the university is located partly within the Pasadena city limits. But students and teachers say people simply don't associate Pasadena with higher education.

The school would be known as UH-CLAP, which further irritates some students and faculty members.

## Witch Hunt in Paradise

And you thought you went to an academically muzzled school. Officials at Chaminade University of Hawaii conducted an academic review of Associate Professor Clitha R. Unni, who was accused by students of making "anti-administration remarks" during a class last summer.

The remarks were made during a class called "Critical Thinking." Think any of the students passed?

## That Great Dixie Curiosity

"Roots" author Alex Haley told a group of students at Columbus College in Georgia that Southern students are the least curious collegians in America.

That's quite a statement to make at a Southern school, so we telephoned Billy Ray Lee, editor and pick-up truck driver for their student newspaper, the Columbus Confederate.

We had a hard time understanding him through his thick drawl, but we did hear something about a stock car race and a squirrel hunt. He did not seem overly concerned about being among the least curious collegians in America. We hope the squirrel was yummy.

## These Boys Need Real Role Models

Fifteen friends at the University of Illinois have pooled their resources, bought a house, and applied for official recognition as the coed fraternity Iota Iota Iota.

The group's treasurer explained that interested students "just have to show that they want to be involved, do something that would get noticed by the local media and reenact whatever it is with a puppet show."

Events such as an "ice polo contest" and a "croquet-on-the-quad" match have been sponsored by the group so far. If they do receive official recognition, the group hopes to adorn their house with a giant, tacky letter "I" which glows in the dark. We've overheard their treasurer saying, "Golly, all our heroes and idols live in Fisher Hall at Notre Dame."

## Terror on the Tollway

The Colgate University Hockey team ran into a bind on the way to a recent game at the University of Lowell when an attendant for the New York State Thruway thought he saw someone holding the team hostage at Gunpoint.

Massachusetts state troopers chased down the team bus, drew their weapons, and demanded that the hostage-taker surrender.

Explanation? Well, it seems that a team member holding a microphone was the culprit. A Colgate hockey tradition on road trips is for freshman members of the team to entertain the rest of the bus with jokes.

The Massachusetts police came up empty, but they claim to still be hot on the trail of the state's credit rating, lost since the good-sense economics days of the Dukakis governorship. Perhaps someone on the state's inmate furlough program stole it! Perish the thought. □

*edited by Derik Weldon*

# THE SOPHOMORE SLUMP

They told you all along that this was going to happen...

I've been told ever since I came back to school at the beginning of the year to "beware the sophomore slump." Now I know why people tell me that. The sophomore slump is one of the most incapacitating afflictions known to humanity: worse than freshman anxiety, worse than senior freak-out, and even worse than junior apathy. The only people who don't know what this is all about are the freshmen, and believe me, they'll know soon enough. Anyway, now that I'm caught in the middle of my slump, I've decided to look at some of the symptoms and the background of this horrible affliction in the hopes that I might find a way out of it before I drown in it.

What is this slump, you say? Why is it so bad? Why are you taking up valuable space in a campus publication talking about it? Good questions, all of them, and they deserve good answers. Unfortunately, as a sophomore, I am only capable of producing infantile drivel that won't even come close to answering your questions.

It seems that the main symptom of the sophomore slump is a deeply rooted apathy, coupled with a severe lack of motivation. There isn't any real problem with that except that sophomores, in their wisdom (hence the "sopho-"), think that they can get away with "resting on their laurels," something that Dr. Emil Hofman told us we should never do. Well, that's why ol' Dr. Hoffman only got to deal with the freshmen. Freshmen are too paranoid to rest on their laurels. Sophomores aren't. They make us take classes like Orgo and Core so that we won't slack off, but

to no avail. Freshmen, on the other hand, are boundless founts of energy that make the rest of us sick. For example, I looked in the newspaper today and realized that there are more freshmen running for class office than there are sophomores who even know who their class officers are or what they do.

So if freshmen have all of this energy, why do they lose it? (I'm just full of rhetorical questions today, aren't I?) This seems to stem from some kind of massive disillusionment. I think I know what it is. It's coming back after summer vacation and realizing that you have to do this college thing for three more years. There's just no motivator that can get the mass of sophomores off their butts once they figure that one out. Sophomores are stuck in a state of limbo that's darn close to inescapable. Look at our social lives — most of us aren't old enough to go to the bars (well, besides Bridget's), and we've all broken up with our HTH's by now, so there's a huge void where our social lives should be.

In an attempt to break through these profound mysteries and improve my lifestyle, I decided that my parents might be the best source of information on this so-called slump, since they're the ones who seem so worried about it. Besides, they're both former sophomores anyway, so maybe they would have some kind of practical advice. Alas, my inquiry was in vain. All they said was, "Get your butt in gear before you blow your grades!" Yeah, I know I can't get my butt in gear. That's the whole problem.

My frustration at their failure to provide a

practical solution led me to do some exhaustive research on the topic. I picked up my dictionary (hey — don't laugh, that's exhaustive research for a sophomore!), and I found a hint of why this disease exists. Apparently there's something inherent in being a sophomore that leads to slumps, because the word comes from the Greek "sophos" meaning wise and "moros" meaning foolish. Ooh, big revelation, right? Directly below that definition was the one for "sophomoric," which read "characteristic of sophomores, who are often regarded as self-assured and opinionated though immature." Boy, the insights never cease, do they? I guess this means that I was meant to slump. Now I don't feel as bad about it, but I do need to figure out how long I'm going to be like this and whether or not it's possible to stop it somehow.

Cartoonist Matt Groening says that the sophomore slump begins in October of your freshman year and lasts anywhere from six months until death. Not very reassuring, is it? I guess there is no solution. All I can do is act sophomorically until some by some miracle my sophomoric behavior is no longer considered immature. Oh well. Duty calls. There's goofing off to be done in this world and I'm going to do it while I still can... □

by Dave Holsinger

**ATTENTION ALL WEISENHEIMERS!**  
Have anything funny to say? Any good satires, spoofs, or venomous lambastings? We need them! Send submissions to Scholastic at 303 LaFortune.



# AT THE MOVIES

Mr. Manners tells you the proper way to eat your Lemonheads, and get a seat while you're at it

Dear Mr. Manners:

I need an answer to this before I go nuts. Every time I go to the movies or to the theater, I end up having to walk in front of people who are already seated in order to get to my seats. My question to you is this: when I do this, should I face the people whom I am inconveniencing, or should I let them look at my posterior as I try to get to my seat?

Bill, sophomore, Alumni.

Bill, I can understand how troubling this question is for you. There is a real dilemma here: if you face those people on the way to your seats, then you risk them finding out who you are and coming after you later when they realize that you're the one who stepped on their jackets. If you decide to pass them with your posterior in their faces, then people may begin to think that you have a George Michael-ish "Lookit my butt" complex. I have two solutions to this problem, Bill.

- (1) Climb over them. If you walk on the armrests instead of on the floor, you avoid the whole problem.
- (2) Yell, "Fire!" and the whole theater will clear out. You may be trampled in the rush, but you won't have to worry about walking past other people to get to your seats.



Dear Mr. Manners:

I like to eat candy at the movies, but people always seem to get irritated when I open the candy wrappers because it makes way too much noise. I also have a problem when I eat Lemonheads®, because they sometimes fall out of the box and make a tremendous racket as the roll to the front of the movie theater. What should I do about my candy-related problems?

Mike, freshman, Morrissey.

Mike, I hope you're smart enough to bring your own candy to the movies with you — when moviegoers are forced to pay \$9.95 for a box of Goobers, even I say, "To hell with the rules! I'm bringing my own candy!"

Your problem is a mindbender for us etiquette types, because there doesn't seem to be any polite way to open your candy without disturbing people. You can either open it very loudly and very rapidly, which makes you look like a complete boor, or you can try to open your candy quietly and drag out the agony for several minutes and manage to annoy everyone around you. My solution: pretend to be a wimp, and have someone else open your candy for you so that you don't look like an idiot.

The answer to your other question just requires a little bit of common sense: when eating Lemonheads®, be sure to leave them in your pocket for a while before eating them. That way they'll be warm enough that they will stick to the inside of the box and not fall out.

Kind Readers: Mr. Manners would like to take a moment to clear up, as best he can, an etiquette problem that is now plaguing the lovely Notre Dame campus; namely, how should one politely navigate our soggy sidewalks in the midst of a crowd? Many's the time when Mr. Manners has seen a passing maneuver aborted when the passee sped up enough to prevent passage, leaving the passer on the banks of the sixth Great Lake. Such actions, Mr. Manners must purport, are passé. The passee will certainly object that one should not attempt passage in the midst of the herd, ahem, crowd. Mr. Manners does not agree. When one takes into account the incredibly slow rate at which most students travel the University waterways, it is inevitable that one must sometimes pass another to reach one's class on time. Mr. Manners offers the following advice to one and all: Buy some cool plastic boots and charge past the suckers, splashing everyone, especially the silly vain girls wearing white hose and the fools of both sexes wearing shorts.

Remember, if you have a question for Mr. Manners, he can be reached at the following address:

Mr. Manners, c/o Scholastic, 303 LaFortune, Campus Mail. Letters should be written in any color ink except red (I don't like red because it reminds me of childhood test traumas) or laser-printed (dot matrix will be reluctantly accepted). Be sure to use gender-inclusive language and don't swear. Enclose your letter in a standard, business-sized envelope, and make sure that you leave a little space unglued at the top of the flap so that I can more easily use my letter opener. And no, I am not anal retentive.

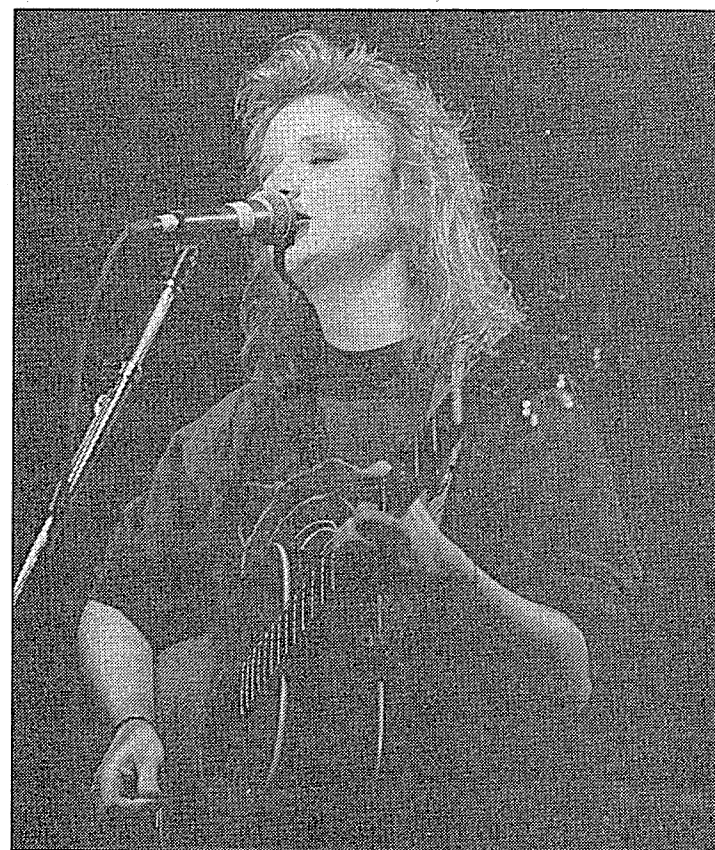
# The Indigo Girls

Or, how a jaded music critic was pleasantly surprised by a group he doesn't even pretend to like

Okay, I'm not going to rail on the Indigo Girls. Well, not as much as I was planning to. Just had to clear that up. I am tempted to start off this article with a snide remark, though. Since I'm a cynical and jaded brat, I just can't help tearing on Notre Dame every chance I get, so here goes: I couldn't believe that this concert sold out, because I have always maintained that Notre Dame would never see a sold-out show since Billy Joel isn't allowed to play here anymore. (I'm sure concerts have sold out here, but IT'S A JOKE!) Anyway, the choice of Stepan Center as a venue for a large draw like the Indigo Girls seemed a little odd to me at first,

but after seeing them perform there, I was convinced that Stepan was indeed the right place for them to perform. It's regrettable that Stepan is the only venue of that size, because as a friend said, "the acoustics suck."

I also have to admit that I went into the show with a bad attitude. I am not the world's biggest fan of acoustic music, and I knew most of the Indigo Girls's stuff the same way that I know most of Billy Joel's: involuntarily, because people around here listen to it too dang much. Anyway, I once again appreciated the value of my job if for nothing else than free tickets [Ed. note:



Emily Sallers of the Indigo Girls during last Thursday's performance at Stepan Center

this job is open for next year. Get an application and find out what a great scam it really is.]

The opening band, the Ellen James Society, was fronted by two women singer-guitarists, like the Indigo Girls. The Ellen James Society also has more than a slight connection to the Indigo Girls — they were the first band signed to Amy Ray's new record label, Daemon Records. Anyway, their live show was somewhat of a contrast to what I would expect as the opening act for an acoustic duo like the Indigo Girls. Probably with a little bit more time and exposure they will capitalize on their promise for success as a musical

entity.

When the time came around for the Indigo Girls to take the set, I groaned inwardly, expecting to fall asleep or be bored to tears, but color me impressed! I was expecting anything but a good live show from the Indigo Girls, and although I had come into the show with a bad attitude, my skepticism was converted to admiration. It's a rare occasion that my attitude towards a band can be changed so fast, and for it to be changed to a positive one is rarer still.

Before seeing this Georgia duo live, I had maintained a view of them best expressed by

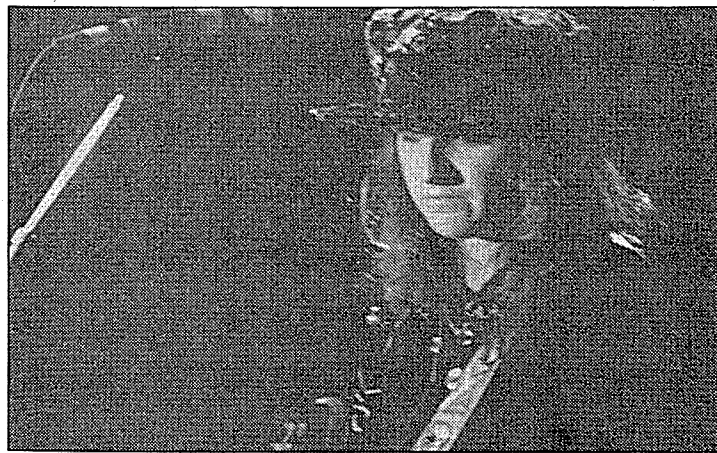


an anonymous critic in *Musician* magazine, who said that their debut album is "for white girls who have considered suicide." I still maintain that this is how their albums sound (I know this won't exactly endear me to most of Notre Dame's population). However, I would now suggest that the reason their albums sound vapid and soulless is because they fail to capture the warmth, energy and focus of their live performances.

These two women, Amy Ray and Emily Saliers, must have some kind of psychic link to have achieved the kind of musical (especially vocal) interplay that their live performances require. Their songs (contrary to my earlier belief) are fairly musically complex and do require considerable talent to be done right. Unfortunately, I would have to suggest that this can only be done in a live situation. This show presented their

The Indigo Girls brought a sense of unity and warmth to the crowd, and as they promised, pulled the crowd of 2000 "a little bit closer."

Their set was equally balanced between old and new material. Songs as early as "Left Me A Fool" were mixed right in with material from *Nomads Indians Saints*. The new single from that album, "Watershed," became visible as the well written song that it is. To be expected in this performance were "Kid Fears," "Secure Yourself" and "Closer to Fine," which reflected the dramatic change between their recordings and their live performances. Many of these songs set the crowd a-swayin', and for once I felt like a group's attempts at audience participation were actually heartfelt, which made them all the more effective. It should probably be noted that this live performance was all the more



Amy Ray is the founder of Daemon Records, as well as half of the Indigo Girls

songs exactly as they should be: straightforward, and emotional without being overwrought.

effective since it took place on Valentine's Day, making their bittersweet lyrics and intimate



The Indigo Girls gave a musically striking performance as well as a warm, friendly show

performance all the more relevant. I did have a problem understanding why some couples chose to display their affection during the bitter "Left Me A Fool."

The finale, a cover of "Get Together," was impressive, and even timely when one considers the present state of disharmony in the world because of the war in the Gulf region. The fact that they changed the lyric "smile on your brother" to "smile on your sister" elicited a few cheers from the audience, and rightly so. It's strange to think that last year their big peace symbol and their cover of a worn-out hippie anthem would have seemed silly and inappropriately retro, but now their plea for love among fellow human beings seemed not only justified but desirable.

All in all, the Indigo Girls proved themselves to be adept

live performers and remarkably cohesive as a musical duo. My opinion is still that the Indigo Girls are a band that belongs on stage and not in a studio. When taken out of the live context their music doesn't work. I don't like their whiny, plastic sound when it's played through a cold, lifeless stereo. Without the warmth and friendliness of their live performance, their songs lost most (if not all) of their impact. This is music that needs to be heard in the presence of other human beings, and it needs to come from its real source. Anything else is just plain wrong. □

by Dave Holsinger

Hey, Kids! Do You like free tickets to shows like the Indigo Girls? Do you need a supplement to your income? Well, don't delay, apply now for Entertainment Editor at Scholastic Applicationss can be picked up at 303 LaFortune or the Student Activites Office.

# Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!

Scholastic goes artsy as critic Noah Cooper makes a foray into foreign film and reviews the latest from director Pedro Almodovar

Critics from all over the world have hailed Pedro Almodovar as one of the most innovative and exciting directors working today, but his latest effort, *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* (now available on VHS), does nothing to justify their praise. Almodovar does not use his trademark gimmicks of controversy, eroticism, and hilarity to establish any rhythm to keep the film flowing as he did in his earlier masterpiece, *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*...

The film starts out very fast and promising, but soon fades. The film opens with Ricky (Antonio Banderas), a handsome young mental patient, getting released from an institution. The director of the institution (Lola Cardona) sends him into the world with a hilarious mix of advice and sadness. She hands him 50,000 pesetas, saying, "For your drawings and the moments of mad pleasure you gave me." Ricky then pulls the shades in her office and thanks her with some more mad pleasure. Whoa! Checkmark for eroticism.

Ricky takes to a movie set after his release in search of his obsession, porno and B-movie star/junkie Marina (Victoria Abril). We meet Marina in the dressing room where, afraid a panty line will show beneath her short dress, she whisks the dress off and trots to the set. Yikes! More skin.

Marina then talks with her director, Maximo Espejo (Francisco Rabal), a dirty old man who lusts after Marina in his motorized

wheelchair. Almodovar shows us Maximo directing the climax of his horror movie, *Midnight Phantom*, that has Marina throwing a lasso around the neck of the monster and while holding the roop, jumping off a balcony, thereby strangling the monster against the balcony railing. In the next comical shot, Marina is shown dangling haplessly from the balcony as the crew forgets to bring her down.

Shortly after that episode, Almodovar treats us to a graphic dirty joke. We see Marina relaxing alone in her bathtub at home with a mechanized frogman toy whose kicking legs take him straight to Marina's genital area. Holy Smokes! Maybe the critics were right!

Unfortunately, the critics were wrong. When the frogman stops, so does the movie. Ricky bursts into Marina's home, slaps her, and then calmly pledges his eternal love for her. The rest of the movie deals with Ricky trying to win Marina's love. Various sequences have Ricky going out to buy drugs for Marina's toothache, preceded by the necessary tying down of Marina to keep her from escaping, hence the kinky title. Don't worry, Mom, there is no bondage sex scene.

Marina finally falls for Ricky after he gets beaten up by street thugs and her maternal instincts cause her to care for him. You never really believe the love between them, however, because of Banderas's flat, detached emotions, and the fact that only a few

minuytes ago Marina was burning off her ropes struggling to be free.

Almodovar also hurts this film by repeatedly and for no reason at all cutting back to Maximo talking about Marina. This subplot goes nowhere and slows the film to a crawl by cutting into the odd couple's already stagnant scenes.

Almodovar does provide more controversy than the frogman scene, as you would expect from him. In this case, it is his trademark sex scene (make no mistake, this is not a love scene) between Ricky and Marina that would leave Mickey Rourke exhausted and embarrassed. For this scene, Almodovar was slapped with an X rating and eventually had to release the film unrated. Granted, the scene is shocking and funny, but one good opening and a controversial sex scene do not a masterpiece make. A too neat, too cutesy ending does not help Almodovar's case, either.

*Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* never finds a smooth rhythm for Ricky and Marina's strange dance of love. Almodovar has a decent premise but lacks the continuity from gimmick to gimmick for another smash hit. Controversial? Yes. Erotic? Yes. Funny? At times. Sporadic? Definitely. Disappointing? BINGO! The only people left satisfied at the end of this movie are, for obvious reasons, Ricky and Marina. □

by Noah Cooper

# From Notre Dame To Innsbruck

*Junior Pat Watkins learns from the classroom of Europe*

**Y**ou know you're in trouble when you take ten hours of a foreign language in two semesters in anticipation of going abroad, and when you get there, you can't understand a word the people say. Sound frustrating? Welcome to Innsbruck!

As a member of the Notre Dame Innsbruck Program, I am able to say that this year is definitely different than it would have been had I stayed at Notre Dame. This is a gross understatement. I had no idea, when I first thought of going on the program at the end of my freshman year, just how different things would be.

I heard about the Innsbruck Program at the Arts and Letters meeting in the Spring of freshman year, and I thought, "Hmm ... sounds interesting. I'm sick of South Bend, and I like a good beer. Why not?" That was the start of an odyssey that eventually landed me in Austria, a world away from everything I had known. Sophomore year was the preparation year, with ten hours of German packed neatly into two semesters. I saw the people who would be making the trip with me every day for an entire school year. By the end of second semester, I knew *plenty* of German. Ha! Plenty, that is, if I was going to Hamburg, Germany, where they actually speak the proper German that I had been learning for so long. However, Innsbruck is quite a ways south from Hamburg, across a few Alps and a few more dialects. Located in Tirol, Innsbruck has its own language, a German dialect known simply as Tirolerish. Goodbye confidence, hello headaches.

Before Innsbruck, though, was our four weeks in Salzburg for intensive German-speaking training. We may have known our grammar (if we hadn't forgotten

it over the summer, which we had) but speaking the language was a different animal altogether. Salzburg was, in a word, incredible. We spent six days a week in class, learning and speaking German, going into the city to speak with the "natives," and, for me, discovering a new culture from within. Not realizing how weak the dollar really was (and is), I spent far too much money in Salzburg, going out every night to the bars along the river, but I met more people and spoke more German than I was prepared for, and my German improved by leaps and bounds and hops and jumps and cartwheels. At the end of four weeks, it was time to leave, and no one wanted to go. Salzburg actually felt like home.

We had two weeks until university classes began in Innsbruck, so we were free to go wherever we chose, however we chose. I opted to backpack from Salzburg to

Munich, showing up in time for Oktoberfest and meeting up with some of the group. Pipe dream. After three days on foot, seeing more of the lonely Bavarian countryside than any one person should ever be subjected to, I broke down and bought a train pass, which turned out wonderfully. Between seeing the immense and breathtaking Gothic Cathedral in Cologne and spending five days in Berlin, my two weeks were more than full (who can resist sleeping in train stations or finding out at 8 a.m. that the youth hostel in the city you're in is already booked?).

October 1 was the first day of classes in Innsbruck, and we all had to start over getting to know our home. Somehow, the process is made easier by the most beautiful mountains you've ever seen which surround the city. I'm not a great skier, but I may be close to one by the end of the season: you can have class at 9 a.m. and still



A castle overlooking the historic city of Salzburg, where Notre Dame students spend four weeks in intensive language training.

Pat Watkins



get a nice half-day of skiing in, no problem, so I've resolved that I *must* become a decent skier by year's end (but I'm also from Kansas, so I have a built-in excuse if I'm not). I went suddenly from having to drive 12 hours to Colorado to ski, to having to walk 20 minutes down the street to hop on the gondola. Not a bad set-up, except for the fact that the particular slope which is reachable by foot is also the one on which five or so Americans have died in the last few years (I even have my very own scar, compliments of the edge of the girl's ski which I encountered on the way down the run ... on my back). Having the slopes so close and accessible is a skier's dream; you can see Germany from the top of more than one of the peaks.

Back to the language, the many dialects of German are as numerous as the rules in du Lac, and they really are like a different language in themselves. This is, of course, less of a problem as time goes by, but it can be more frustrating than getting a seat at the Keenan Revue. I came to Austria thinking I knew German — after all, I passed the course, had a decent grade, knew how to form constructions like, "I would have liked to have had..." You are abruptly slapped in the face with the fact that you can *not* speak the language, and even when you try, you are so obviously American that you might as well wear blinking lights and a sign that says, "Yes, I am an idiot, thank you." This was one of the hard parts of being there, and it does get much easier after a while (which is not to say that you won't still get a response in English to a question you posed in what you thought was good German).

Since the "workload" of the classes in Innsbruck is not too burdensome (read: "cakewalk"), and Austria is very centrally located in Europe, there is plenty of opportunity for travel. A few of my own weekends have been spent in Budapest and Prague, and other members of the group have seen Rome, Barcelona, and countless other places. Prague is truly the most beautiful city I have ever seen, and I can't even imagine how it could have been, had Communism never had its clutches on such a gem for 45 years. It helps if one of the

members of your group has a Eurail pass that he can't use for a weekend and you get to travel round-trip with it for \$6, but this can be dangerous if one of the nice Czechoslovakian passport controllers on the train with his friendly pistol asks to see your ticket and your passport together, and for some reason the two names are different. But that's part of the adventure, right?

The Innsbruck experience is something that must be lived to be understood, so if you have a chance, I'd seriously give it some thought (this would be for you freshpeople who aren't engineers and who want to experience something

completely different, although I do realize that the ethanol may be hard to part with). I had no idea the program even existed until the end of my freshman year, so it's not too late. You'll learn to cook for yourself to stay alive, whether you want to or not; you can learn to ski, or if you already can, you can tackle the 70° slope of the Hafelekar (maybe some of my blood will still be there); and you can become the seasoned traveller you've always wanted to be. At the very least, you'll learn to speak German, and maybe then you'll be able to get a job after Germany takes over the world again! □

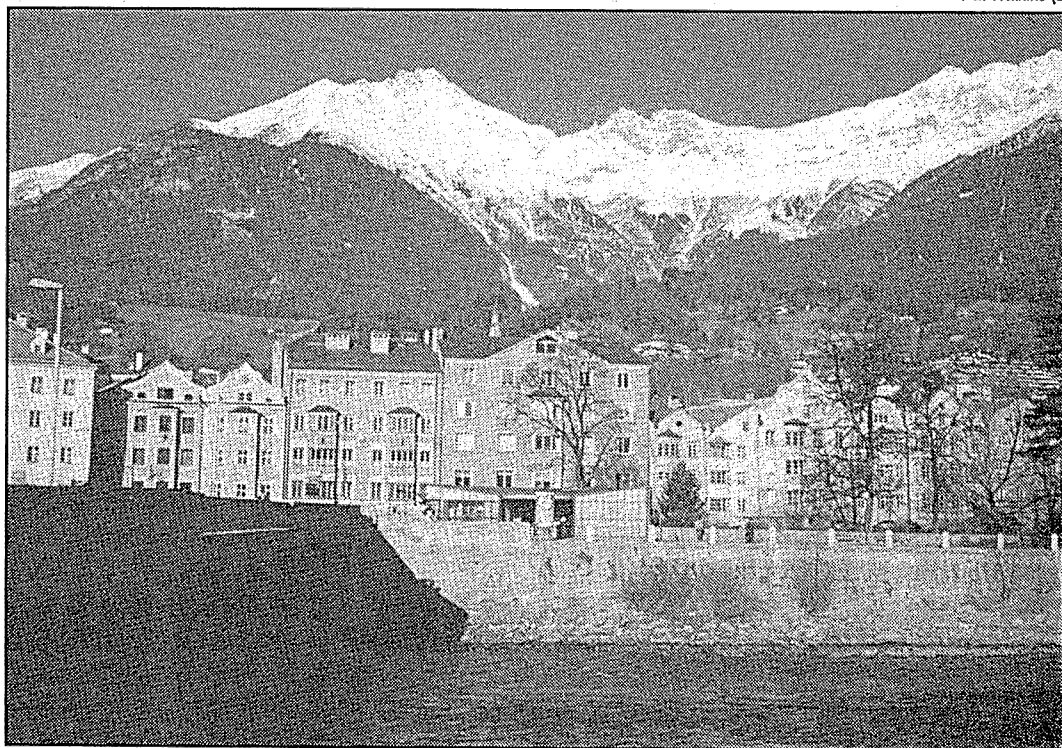
*by Pat Watkins*

**A view of Innsbruck from atop one of the many ski slopes in the area. (right)**

**Picturesque downtown Innsbruck provides a variety of activities to students from Notre Dame. (below)**



Pat Watkins (2)



# What Happened "While the Lights Were Out?"

Cavanaugh Hall Players establish themselves as a reputable theatre group with their thriller-comedy

All is dark, then out of the blackness, a pistol shot is heard...a shriek of terror...

As the lights come on to reveal an elegantly and expensively decorated living room, Clive Wickenham, a wealthy and renowned neurosurgeon lies dead on the floor while a sexy but unknown brunette scantily clad in a negligee stands over him holding a bloody dagger in her hand. Written in blood on a chart that is standing by a desk, is the muddled sentence, "MY BRED RUM FOR AIP, MAX EMIT CIVIL WAR PSI WON."

*Monica: (the elegant Mrs. Wickenham, Clive's wife) Clive, Clive!*

*Fredonia: (Monica's sister) Look! Behind the desk, a message written in blood!*

*Algy: (Wickenham's son) Who is this brunette lady?*

*Pierre: (a playboy) Who is this beautiful brunette lady?*

*Jasmine: (a houseguest from Alabama) Holding a bloody dagger!*

*Remley: (the butler) A dagger, then what was the pistol shot?*

*Bibi: (a famous fashion designer) Is he— Is he—?*

*Ben: (the bumbling inspector) Yes, I'm afraid he is.*

*Chloe: (Fredonia's nubile daughter) Is what?*

*Ben: Dead.*

*Alma: (the brainy assistant detective) Dead of what?*

*Marg: (the maid) Was he shot?*

*Nancy: (the housekeeper) ...or stabbed?*

*Ben: (Takes a breath, then says, in utter bewilderment) Actually, he's been strangled!*

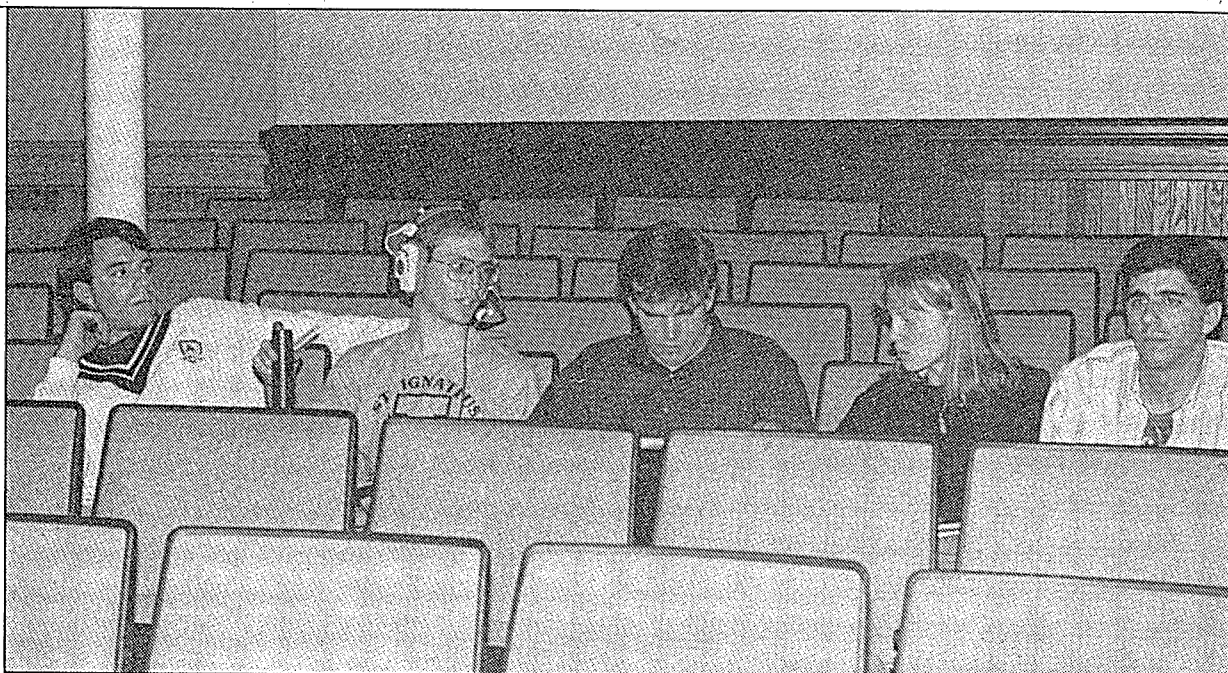
*from "While the Lights Were Out" by Jack Sharkey*

**T**hus opens the comedy thriller, "While the Lights Were Out" the Cavanaugh Hall Players' upcoming performance. The murder mystery farse written by Jack Sharkey will be shown in Washington Hall at 8:00 p.m., on February 21, 22, and 23. Admission is free, however donations are being collected for the Andy Sowder Memorial Scholarship fund.

This three-act comedy staged in front of an elegant stage-set representing a posh and proper household of a British family living in Poplital Beach, Bermuda, during the balmy month of May. With the help of a bumbling detective, a detestable aristocrat, a sexy, mysterious brunette, and a nerdy but brilliant assistant detective, this thrilling murder is transformed into a hilarious comedy.

"The story opens in the Wickenham's house as the police come to the door. They have been prompted to look over the house by a note that was sent to them by an anonymous author," explained Chad Kerlin, the director of the play. "Not long after the police leave, Clive Wikenham is found murdered in his own living room and that's when the story really begins. It is a three-act murder mystery with twists and turns, and conversations that progress like this: 'Obviously because of this, and obviously because of that, so-and-so must be the murderer.' The funny part is that none of it makes any sense, and everyone is confused. It is a really funny play."

Kerlin, although not an actor in the play, is an integral part of the production. He directs the cast and oversees



Paul Webb

The crew of directors and managers oversees a Monday-night rehearsal at Washington Hall. From left to right: Rob Wulf, Assistant Technical Director; Eric Gorman, Technical Director; Chad Kerlin, Director; Mary Rodgers, Stage Manager; Tom Norton, Assistant Stage Manager.



Paul Webb

As the performance dates approached, the crew practiced for long hours in Washington Hall. Chad Kerlin, the director experienced difficulty securing the rehearsal facilities after a performance of questionable success last year.





Paul Webb

At the end of Act I, the climax of the play, a sexy brunette (Beth Duane) is found with a bloody knife in her hand as she stands over a dead body. Although the unidentified woman's innocence is questionable, every man in the play insists upon her guiltlessness.

everything from how the stage looks to how the lines sound. "Being the director is just like acting. This is the biggest acting job I've ever had! I have to pretend I'm the audience and describe to the cast how to come across in the most natural way possible. At the same time, they have to be dramatic which is pretty tough. I have to get mad at the cast for not knowing their lines, I have to tell them how to move, and how they can change the lines that are already written to make them funnier. The other thing that is tough is that while one actor is speaking, we have to pay attention to what the non-speaking actors and actresses are doing behind them. That's what makes the stage interesting." Kerlin furthered by stating that the goal of all of his stage direction was to find a common ground between the actors and the audience and to relate the play in a way that is entertaining.

Although "While the Light Were Out" is expected by the cast and crew to be a funny and exciting play, they have had their share

of problems. Because of the questionable success of last year's production, they have not had an easy time securing the facilities in Washington Hall. In fact, they were not able to set up their props or adjust the lighting until Monday night of this week. (The production is scheduled for Friday.) "If there are any weaknesses in the play," Kerwin said, "it is the pessimistic attitude of the people that we (the cast and crew) are working with. I really want to prove to them that Cavanaugh Hall Players is a legitimate play company. Hopefully we can develop a reputation like the Keenan Review or the St. Ed's Players. I look at this production as a challenge to prove those things."

One of the most positive aspects of the production is the comoraderie between the cast members. The main cast of characters includes Mike Scarsella as Inspector Benjamin Braddock. His character is a bumbling yet well-meaning detective who is on the case of Clive Wickenham's murder. Unfortunately, because of his absent

mindedness, he never cracks the case. Clive Wickenham is played by Tim Mooney. "Clive is a very rich, very uptight man who is rude and nobody likes him," Mooney described. "He is tight fisted and he is so mean, he almost tries to get himself murdered." Mooney's character is only on stage for a short period of time therefore it is important for him to maintain a powerful presence. To do this, Mooney tries to give the audience every reason to believe that people want to kill him.

Beth Duane plays the most provocative character in the performance. She is the unidentified sexy brunette who appears after Clive's death with a bloody dagger in her hand. She appears on stage in nothing but a black negligee. "I had to play a character in high school that appeared in nothing by lingerie," Duane said. "This is a little more nerve racking, though because there are so many more people in the audience. I only hope that I don't have to wear full-body make-up," she added. The sexy brunette is

accused of murder. She is obviously suspect after appearing at the scene of the crime with a bloody dagger. Even though her innocence is highly suspect (in more ways than one!) she is defended by every male character in the play.

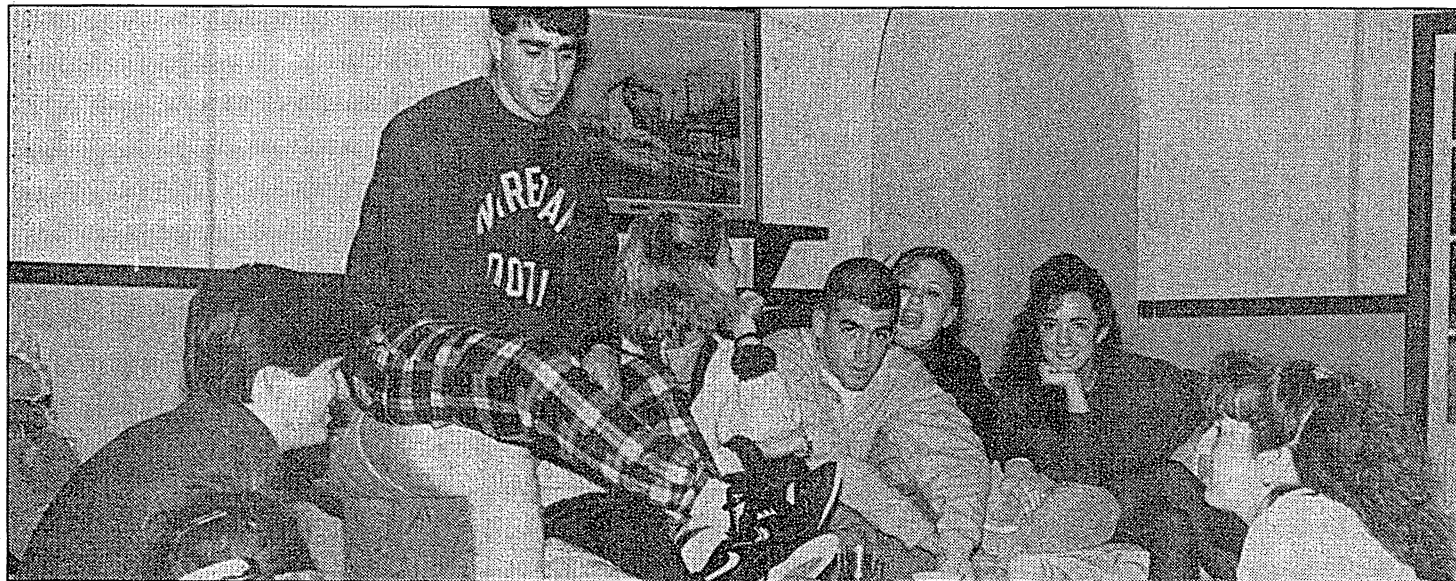
Cathy Campbell is in a way, the heroine of the play. She is the one who solves the murder case. "I'm kind of the brains of the

inspector team," Campbell said. "We are proper English characters and we get to speak with an accent, which is fun and it makes my character sound intelligent and distinguished. The lines in the play are very quick, some of them are hard to catch if you aren't paying attention, but that's what makes it really funny."

The play's success hinges on quick wit and

precise actions. Although the Cavanaugh Players face the challenge of making or breaking their reputation as a legitimate play company, with the team spirit among the cast members and the clever script, their success is almost assured. □

by Kristine DeGange



Paul Webb

The cast of "While the Lights Were Out" takes time out to discuss blocking and line delivery during a break in rehearsal. Under the direction of Chad Kerlin, the cast's ideal is to reach a common ground of communication with the audience.

THE  
ALUMNI  
SENIOR  
BUT  
CO  
EHL

You Said You Wanted to hear Your  
Friends Play....

**CAMPUS BANDS**

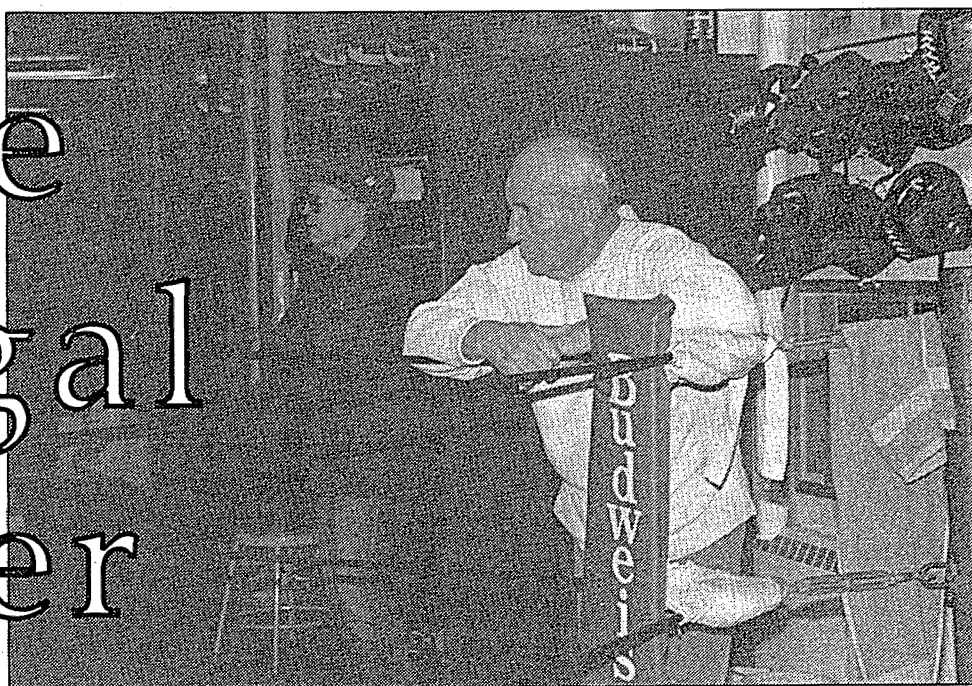
Playing at *The Club*

Starting next Week!

Plus...  
Low Drink Prices!



# The Bengal Tiger



Arthur Leach

*Jack Mooney, Bengal Bouts coach, shares fond memories of the boxing game and Knute Rockne*

*By Jim Kuser*

**M**emories of a simpler time gone by, before million dollar contracts, or Mike Tyson:

"When I was a newspaper boy, selling in front of the Station, I used to sell newspapers to Knute Rockne and his players as they returned from road games or went on the road. A newspaper cost three cents but Rockne gave me fifty cents each time. He was a beautiful man. Having gotten to know Rockne, I wanted to go to Notre Dame but was not able to. I did not have the money, and I had quit school in the ninth grade. Rockne knew about my affection for Notre Dame and used to ask me to come to the old Field House before home games. I went to the Field House and sat outside the locker room while the players dressed. When the players ran from the locker room to Cartier Field, Rockne pushed me into the middle of the pack. In this way, I snuck into Cartier Field free of charge and watched the home games."

Reminiscences of a day when the hallowed grounds under the Dome bore the

footprints of legends of old:

"I got so much joy out of knowing Rockne and watching those home games that I swore to help Notre Dame in any way that I was able to. Rockne told Dominick Napolitano, the founder of the Bengal Bouts, about me, and old Nappy came down to the gym one day to find me. He asked me if I would referee the Bengal Bouts. I said I would. I have been working with the boys of the Bengal Bouts ever since. I loved Nappy, but I really loved Rockne. He was a father to me. I worked on the side as an undertaker for a while, and every time that I went to the Highland cemetery where Rockne was buried, I put flowers by his grave. I put flowers by his grave every week to this day."

Jack "Tiger" Mooney grew up on the West Side of South Bend. Born on September 7, 1912, Mooney's childhood was a rocky road.

"Growing up on the West Side was not easy," recalls Mooney. "Times were tough, and Westsiders had it tougher than most. We

did not have anything - no money, no leisure. If I wanted to ride a bicycle as a kid, I had to go down to the junkyard and pick out a frame, two wheels, and a pair of handlebars. I then had to put them suckers together in order to make my own bicycle."

Mooney's mother died when he was 15. Because she worked, her death left the family in dire financial straits. An additional source of income was needed, so Mooney quit school in the ninth grade and went to work on the assembly line at Studebaker, a thriving automobile factory downtown. The pay was not substantial, so Mooney made extra money as a newspaper boy in front of the Union Train Station.

There was much competition among the local boys about who would control which part of the sidewalk in front of the Station. "Standing atop a soapbox selling newspapers was big business for us," says Mooney. "We would make a lot of money in tips, but the tips were bigger depending on where we were selling. To sell newspapers in front of the Station's main door was ideal.

That was a gold mine."

Sometimes the competition among the newspaper boys became so heated that fights would break out. "It seemed that the biggest bully would always win out," reflects Mooney. "One day, when I was selling, this guy came along and pushed me off of my soapbox. I got mad. That was my territory, and I was not about to give it up. What else was I to do? I hit him in the face. He hit me back. I hit him again and again and again. Before I knew it, he backed off. I established my territory and was damn proud of it. Remember, although he was bigger than I was, I was tougher.

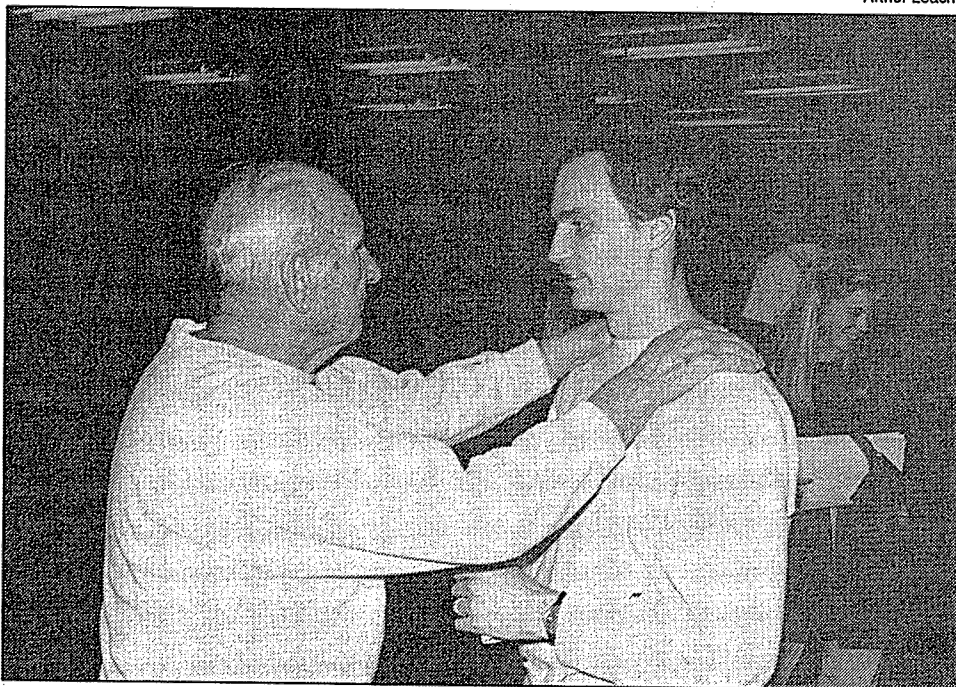
From this fight, a boxer was born.

A few days after Mooney's fight in front of the Station, a promotional representative from Studebaker approached him and asked him if he had considered boxing.

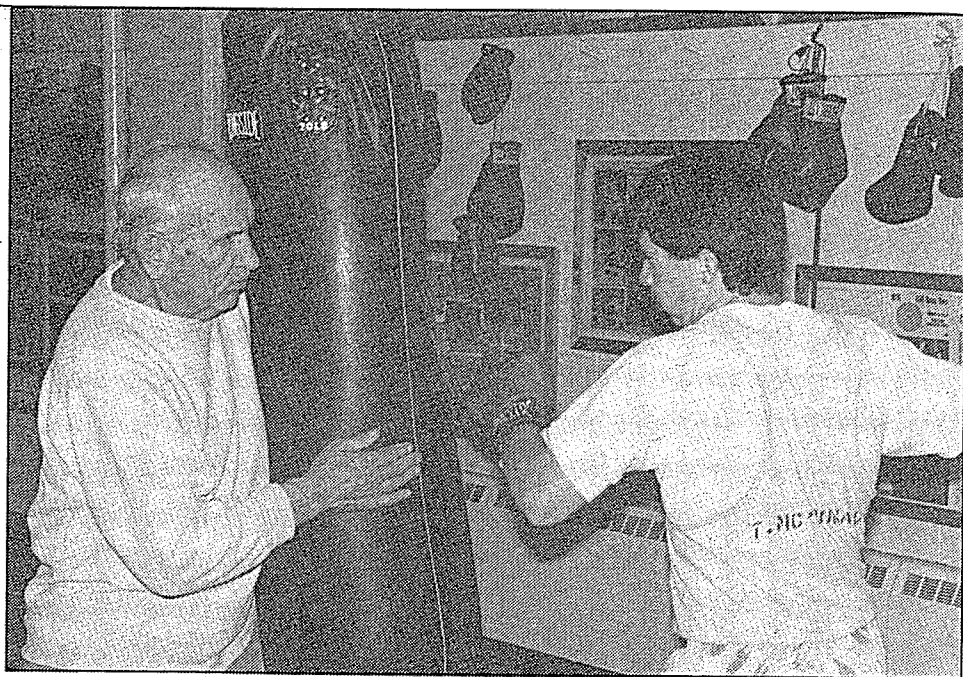
"I always loved athletics, but boxing? What did I know about boxing? I played sandlot football and back-alley stickball, but boxing -- that sport was for the pros," says Mooney. "Everybody knew who the boxers were. They were the greatest. I was not the greatest. I was not a boxer."

The promotional representative had seen Mooney's fight a few days earlier. He saw potential in Mooney and signed him to fight for Studebaker in the boxing tournaments sponsored by the company. In those days, company-sponsored boxing tournaments were a common business venture. They

**"The Tiger" and Bengals coach Walt Rogers discuss the fight game.**



Arthur Leach



Arthur Leach

**Mooney helps out a Bengal Bouts hopeful at the heavy bag.**

were used for company entertainment and recruitment. And so, at the tender age of 15, Mooney's boxing career began.

"I had to train and fight a lot, but it was worth it," remembers Mooney. "I went to work from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon. Then I ate dinner, took a nap, and went to the gym at seven in the evening. I trained and fought from seven until closing, usually about nine. Call me crazy, but I looked forward to getting in the ring

and beating the hell out of my sparring partner. Maybe it was the Irish temper in me. Maybe it was the fact that I was used to scrapping for every nickel and dime. Maybe it was the loss of my mother. Whatever it was, I liked to fight. It got my aggressions out. I fought clean, but boy I fought hard."

The death of Mooney's father two years later, when he was 17, coincided with the onset of the Great Depression. This unfortunate combination of circumstance fueled a fire burning hot inside of Mooney, "When I won a fight, I won it for my parents."

Training and fighting in those days was simpler than today. A typical gym had a single sandbag, and because there were so many boxers who wished to use the bag, the boxers fought in the ring for their spot in line.

"Boxers spent more time hitting one another than they did hitting the sandbag," laughs Mooney. "We really hit hard. All we wore was a jock, a cup, and a pair of trunks. We did not have headgears and mouthguards. That is why so many of us knocked ourselves silly. Our gloves were made of thin, hard leather. There was no padding on them suckers. When you were hit, you were hit by a fist, not a puffy pillow. Yeah, those were the days of bloody knuckles all right."

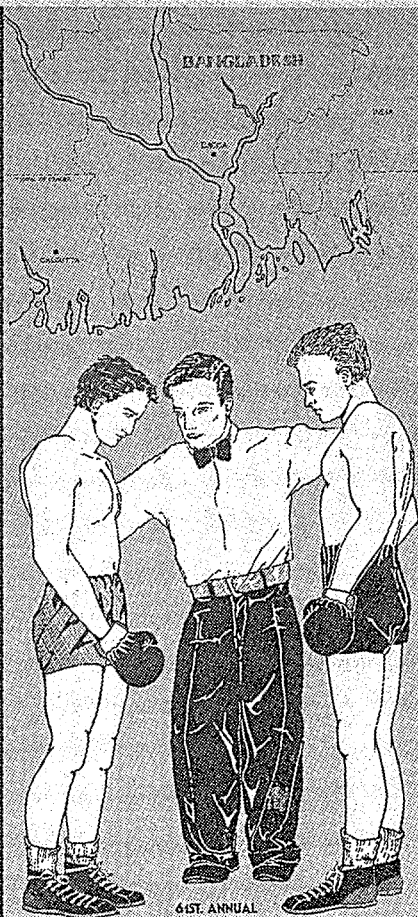
The bag was not the only piece of equipment worth fighting for either—

"Speed was the key. Fly like a butterfly and sting like a bee. It was true. Speed, speed, speed. A slow fighter did not stand a chance in the ring," says Mooney, who himself was fleet of foot. "I was a jab artist, dancing around the ring. Left, right, left, right. I did not have a big knockout punch. Hell, how could I? At 5'9", I only weighed between 145 pounds as a welter-weight and 160 pounds as a middle-weight."

Mooney's success at the tournament over that three-year period gained him recognition and respect. He was invited to the Junior Olympics when he was seventeen, placing third. At the relatively young age of 19, he turned pro.

Given his size and style, it is amazing that Mooney never suffered a serious injury while achieving a 27-5 career record as a professional boxer between 1931 and 1941.

STRONG BODIES FIGHT THAT WEAK BODIES MIGHT BE NOURISHED • DOMINICK J. NAPOLITANO



# BENGAL MISSION BOUNTS

ADULT ABILITY + EDUCATION CENTER, 6033 RAMEY DRIVE + EAST + DETROIT, MI 48202

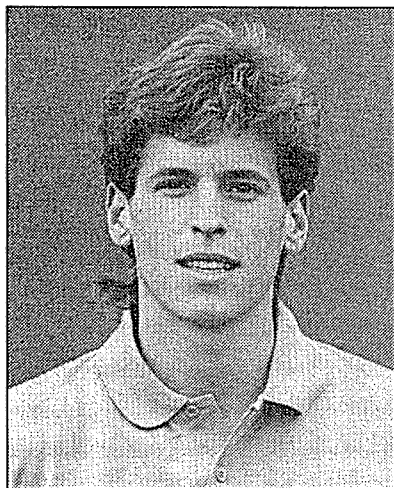
"I had the highest respect for Ralph Carnegie," continues Mooney. "The sad thing is that he was not allowed to stay in the same hotel as I did because he was black. He had to stay downtown at the YMCA. That was very

This mentor for so many young men at Notre Dame sits back with his arms crossed and watches a pair of Bengal hopefuls hitting the bag. As long as "the Tiger" is around, the legends of Nappy and Rockne will linger in the

"The Good Lord has been good to me. If old Rockne were to wake up today, he would wonder if old Jack Mooney were still around. I sure am. Nappy, Rockne and I shared the same sentiments. We were proud of the Bengal Bouts-- of the money they raised for the missions, of the lessons they taught the boys. They are a part of me like Nappy and Rockne are parts of me. If we all help one another, like Nappy and Rockne helped me, the world would be a happier place." □



## MALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



**Dave DiLucia:** DiLucia, a junior from Norristown, PA, improved his record to 26-4 this past week with victories against Illinois and North Carolina. DiLucia, who is ranked sixth nationally, defeated the 1990 NAIA champion, Rolan Thornqvist, in his triumph over North Carolina.

## FEMALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



**Karen Robinson:** Robinson, a senior from Turnersville, NJ, was named Midwestern Collegiate Conference women's basketball Player of the Week. The team captain netted 42 total points in two Irish victories last week over Butler and Detroit.




**Budgeteer  
motor inn**

**\$25<sup>95</sup>**  
SINGLE



1-80 at Exit 77  
52825 US 33 N.  
South Bend, IN  
**272-9000**

- \*FREE CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST
- \*PRIVATE IN ROOM JACUZZI SPAS
- \*FREE HBO, CNN, ESPN
- \*IN ROOM MOVIES/VCR (over 50 titles)
- \*FREE LOCAL CALLS
- \*KITCHENETTES
- \*LAUNDRY





**PRIVATE IN ROOM SPAS**

**"THE BURGER TOO GOOD TO BE A PATTY"**



**TWO CONVENIENT MISHAWAKA LOCATIONS**



OUR SANDWICHES ARE 100% BEEF, LOW CHOLESTEROL AND STEAMED WITH THE UNIQUE MAID-RITE SEASONING IN A SPECIAL COOKER.

**SERVING BREAKFAST AT BOTH LOCATIONS**

**MAID-RITE**  
LOGAN & JEFFERSON  
MISHAWAKA  
**257-8000**

**HOURS:**  
MONDAY - SATURDAY  
6:30 A.M. TO 3:00 P.M.

**ALSO SERVING BONNIE DOON ICE CREAM**

**MAID-RITE**  
4615 GRAPE RD.  
(NEXT TO RYAN'S)  
**271-0066**

**HOURS:**  
MONDAY - SATURDAY  
7:00 A.M. TO 7:00 P.M.

**FREE MAID-RITE BURGER**

WITH PURCHASE OF  
LARGE FRIES &  
LARGE DRINK AT  
REGULAR PRICE

EXPIRES 3-7-91



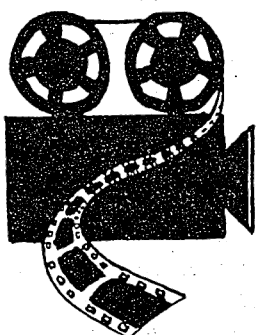
**PORK TENDERLOIN**

**\$2.09**  
REG. \$2.49

NOT VALID WITH  
ANY OTHER OFFERS  
EXPIRES 3-7-91



# Coming Distractions



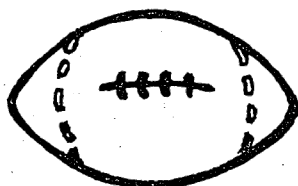
## MOVIES

**GHOST:** I've always wanted to say this: "The feel good hit of the summer will be showing at Cushing Auditorium" on Friday, February 22 and Saturday, February 23 at 8 p.m. and 10 p.m.

**BETTER OFF DEAD:** This comedy starring John Cusack will be showing at Cushing on Thursday, February 21 at 8 and 10 p.m.

**MO' BETTER BLUES:** Spike Lee's latest opus, starring Denzel Washington as a jazz musician, will be showing at the Snite Museum on Friday, February 22 and Saturday, February 23 at 7:15 and 9:45 p.m.

**AT THE SNITE:** *Jules and Jim* will be showing at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, February 26, and it will be followed by *The Big Sleep* at 9 p.m. On Wednesday will be *Citizen Kane* at 7 p.m. and *Hunger in America* at 9:15 p.m.



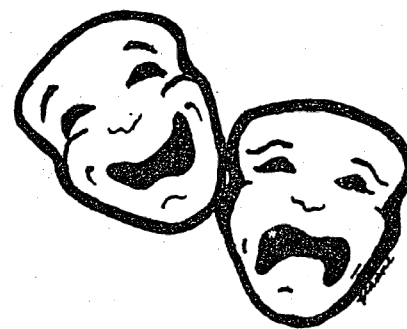
## SPORTS

**HOCKEY:** the Irish will face Air Force on Friday, February 22 and Saturday, February 23 at the JACC.

**MEN'S BASKETBALL** will take on Old Dominion at the JACC on Saturday, February 23, and Dayton on Tuesday, February 26.

**WOMEN'S BASKETBALL** will face Old Dominion at the JACC on Saturday, February 23.

**WOMEN'S TENNIS:** has a busy weekend ahead as they face Iowa at 4 p.m. on Friday, February 22, Minnesota at 2 p.m. on Saturday, February 23, and LSU at 3 p.m. on Monday, February 25.



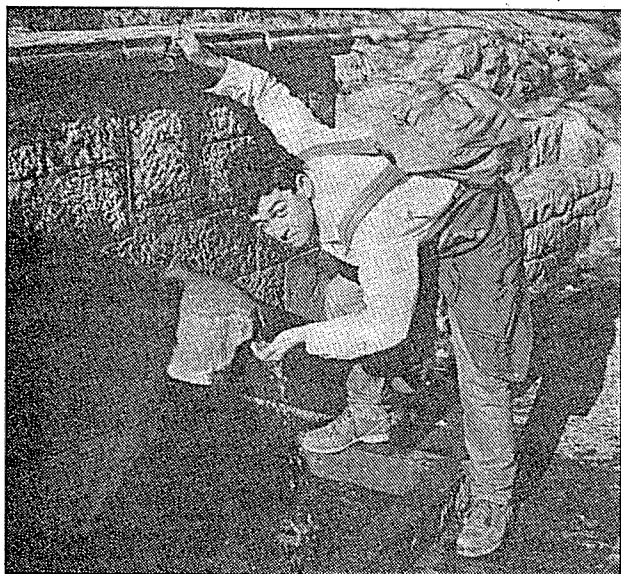
## THEATRE

**THE CAVANAUGH HALL PLAYERS** will present *When the Lights Were Out* at Washington Hall from Thursday, February 21 - Saturday, February 23 at 8 p.m. Admission is free, but donations will be taken for charity.

**THEATRE GROTTESCO** will be performing *Fortune* at Washington Hall from Wednesday, February 27 to Sunday, March 3 at 8:10 p.m.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**THE WINDY CITY SHUTTLE** will be making a run to Chicago on Saturday, February 23 at 9:30 a.m.



Mark Kromkowski drinks from the waters of Delphi. Sam Nigro

# The Philosopher Kings Become Philosophical Analysts

We, Mark A. Kromkowski and Sam A. Nigro, recently participated in the 1991-1992 student government elections. We ran as Philosopher Kings. Luckily, we lost. The philosopher king, as many of you know, does not wish to be elected, but he is most needed to rule because he is the *aristoi*, Greek for the "best." However, we want to help the Notre Dame community become the most virtuous community that it can be.

**Elenchus.** Elenchus is Greek for the classical Socratic method of dialogue. Maybe that word is not common to our vocabulary today; but tomorrow, we must use *elenchus* to discover who we are, why we are the way that we are, and where are we going. These three questions must be at the heart of the students, the faculty and the administration of the University of Notre Dame, or all is lost.

Our Philosopher King ticket challenged the Notre Dame community to become virtuous. We did not win, but we will not waft away into oblivion. Rather, we want to challenge this community to ascend to the Highest Good. Because we were not chosen to rule, we have the leisure to pursue our philosophical habits. (This is what philosophers want to do anyway — not rule.) However, we plan to help this community in three ways: written forum, governmental debate, and individual contact. (more specifics to come....)

The promotion of virtuous thinkers and

eager learners must be the aim of this educational community. To fulfil Notre Dame's potential, each individual and the community as a whole must answer the ancient charge of: "Know thyself."

One way to know oneself is to express oneself through voting. Did you know that over 18% of Notre Dame's undergraduate students live off-campus? And that only 1.04% of 1157 off-campus students voted in the student government election? Why? Apathy? Maybe just a little. But the bigger problem is the alienation and separation of the off-campus students from the community. In practice, they have become disenfranchised by the foolish notion that they have nothing to offer the mystical aura of campus life. A partial realization of the Good is the full inclusion of off-campus students into the common inquiry of Knowledge.

Since it was not in our destiny to be rulers, we find that the best we can do for this community is to advise the newly elected on the philosophical commitment to the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. We will be philosophical analysts, if you will. *Elenchus*, Greek for dialogue, is the most essential element in liberating us from opinion and guiding us to the Truth. Being philosophical analysts, we can help our leaders begin the process of *elenchus* in order to be more thoughtfull and introspective.

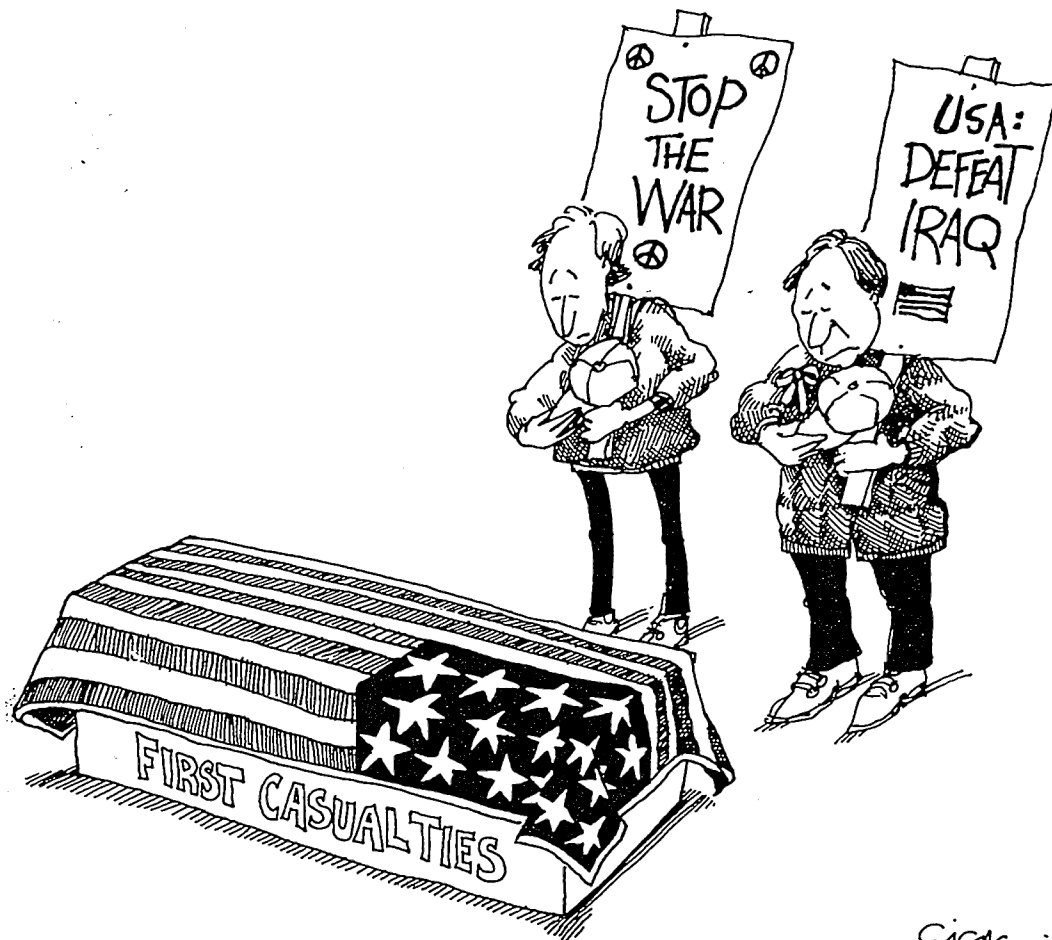
Cardinal John Henry Newman's idea of the "gentleman" embodies what a person ought to be in any community if Truth is their goal. We want this to be Notre Dame's common goal. Although we have talked about this quote many times, we will print it here in its entirety (Something that was never granted to us as we pursued the position of Philosopher Kings).

Newman writes that :

"He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect.

"He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm."

Let us all strive to be this "gentleman." Let the *elenchus* begin. □



CPS

Sigal Wilkinson 1/31/91

SURE I SUPPORT  
YOU-AND THE  
ADMINISTRATION  
THAT PUT YOU HERE  
AND SUPPLIED SADDAM  
WITH THE  
WEAPONS  
YOU'RE NOW  
FACING.....

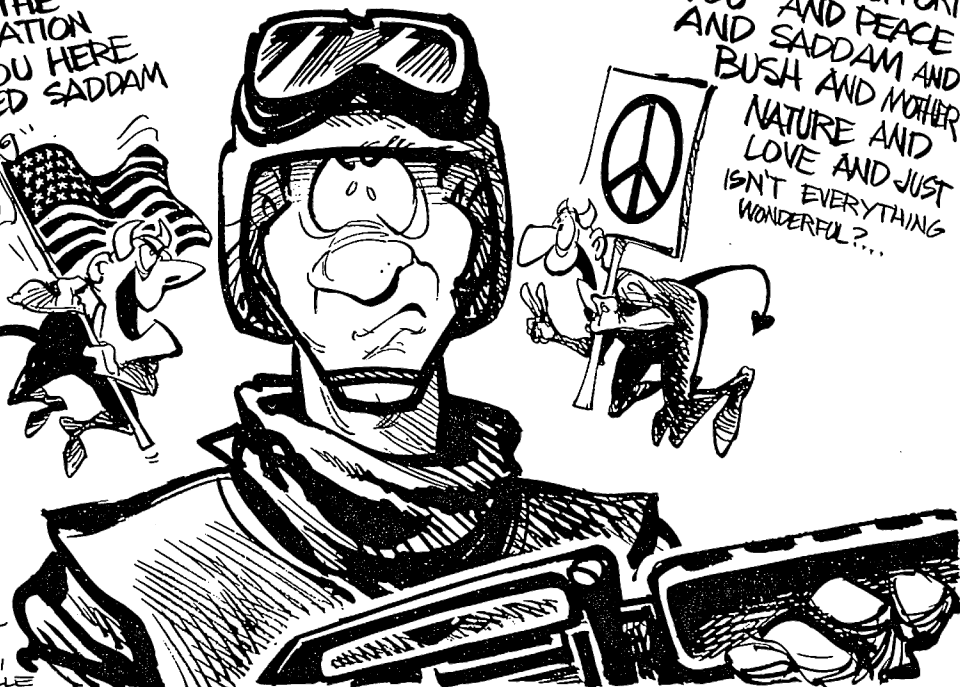


SURE I SUPPORT  
YOU-AND PEACE  
AND SADDAM AND  
BUSH AND MOTHER  
NATURE AND  
LOVE AND JUST  
ISN'T EVERYTHING  
WONDERFUL?...

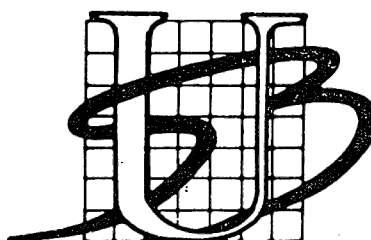


CPS

RIGGS  
©2/91  
THE  
SPOKESMAN REVIEW  
SPOKANE CHRONICLE



non-profit organization  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
Notre Dame, IN  
Permit No. 10



STUDENT UNION BOARD