

SCHOLASTIC

OCT. 17, 1991

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

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Cover photo by Paul Webb.

OCTOBER 17, 1991

EDITOR'S NOTES

SCHOLASTIC

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Vol. 133, No. 8
October 17, 1991

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

Founded 1867

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An Explanation of "An Explanation"

In this space two weeks ago I tried to explain why *Scholastic* (on Sept. 26) ran the same article *The Observer* had printed a day earlier. Simply put, by the time we saw Wednesday's *Observer* it was too late for us to change Thursday's magazine. I wrote that the reason *Scholastic* and *The Observer* don't clear what we're printing with each other is because we're in a competition which serves the student body. I didn't know that would be a controversial statement, but I think some folks at the paper across the hall have misunderstood what I wrote, hence this second explanation.

Now, if *Scholastic* learned that some professor is stealing from the university, we wouldn't go dancing across the hall and tell the newspaper about our story; we'd follow it up and write it ourselves. If we spent several days chasing down a story, only to see it printed in *The Observer* the day before we published, we'd be ticked, the same way (I assume) they'd be less than pleased if we printed a news story that they planned on breaking in Friday's paper. The competition between the two publications in the news department gives writers and editors an extra incentive to get news as soon as it happens, and that benefits the students.

On the other hand, there are clearly areas where cooperation, not competition, is most beneficial. A weekly magazine and a daily paper have different strengths, and sometimes the two publications can and should work together. The Accent section at *The Observer* borrowed some *Scholastic* back issues for a World War II story, the Sports section at *Scholastic* borrows the talents of some *Observer* writers to compile the football review issue, and better publications result.

So yes, we are in competition (in print and, sometimes, on the football field), but no, we don't tack the faces of *Observer* staffers to *Scholastic* dartboards. Sometimes cooperation is the best way for both publications to serve the campus community.

Missing in Action

You may notice one of our usual columns is absent from this issue. Mr. Manners reports that he is having an identity crisis this week and will be at Graceland trying to find himself during break. As always, he invites your delicate etiquette questions. "Coming Distractions," *Scholastic's* guide to campus events will also return following that welcome weeklong distraction we call fall break.

In This Issue

This week's cover story is a lengthy interview with one of Notre Dame's most popular profs. Dr. Thomas Morris is the famed philo teacher who appeared in a commercial touting Winnie-the-Pooh's philosophy of life. Assistant News Editor Denisse Marion-Landais spoke with Morris to learn about teaching, acting and "Bears of Very Little Brain."

Some undergraduate students have a bit longer trip home than most — like off the continent. In Campus Life, writer Meg Sweeney and editor Elizabeth Baytion teamed up to present a look at residents of France, Panama and American Samoa who can also call themselves Fighting Irish. And speaking of the Fighting Irish (how's that for a transition?), Sports Editor Jon Paul Potts presents a preview of next week's Irish matchup with USC's Trojans. Over in Entertainment, two new releases and last week's campus production of *The Crucible* are reviewed, while "Glancing Back" looks at ND's favorite son, Knute Rockne. All that, plus the usual columns (minus Mr. Manners) and comics.

I hope midterms have gone/are going well for everyone. Have a great (and safe) break. *Scholastic* will return on October 31.

Ian Mitchell
Editor in Chief

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Create Coresidential Housing

Men and women at Notre Dame argue over many issues, but almost everyone agrees that the state of relations between the sexes is poor. A "we vs. they" mentality exists as men are pitted against women in a very real battle of the sexes.

One part of the solution to this problem is simple — coresidential housing.

Notre Dame is one of the few schools in the country that doesn't offer coresidential housing as an option for its students, and it's time this school joined the twentieth century.

Numerous committees, task forces, reports and referendums have been held on the issue since undergraduate women were first admitted to the university in 1972.

In the last few years, the call for coresidential housing has grown stronger. In March 1988 the report of the task force on residentiality supported optional coresidential housing for upperclassmen.

In November of that year, the student government report to the board of trustees on coresidentiality also endorsed coresidential housing. The surveys of the students were most revealing; 90 percent of the responding students felt a need for improved male-female relations at Notre Dame, and 60 percent believed that coresidential housing would improve matters. The report ended with a recommendation for experimental coresidential housing in four to six dorms.

In March 1990 a campus-wide referendum again demonstrated strong student support for some form of coresidentiality. Over 80 percent of the students supported optional coed housing, almost 70 percent said they would live in such housing if it were available, and over 60 percent supported the conversion of their present dormitory to coed housing.

The source of the tension between the sexes is no mystery. Many of the students coming to the university graduated from single-sex

high schools only to live on campus in single-sex dorms. Women dorm residents are protected from the outside world through locked doors, magnetic cards and security guards. The university, in correctly responding to safety concerns, has created a fortress mentality.

Some argue against coresidential housing because they fear a loss of dorm camaraderie. But such an objection shows the very reason mixed-sex housing must be offered as an option. Camaraderie can and should develop not only *among* men or women but also *between* men and women.

Incoming freshmen should be offered a choice between coresidential and single-sex housing. No student should be placed in a mixed-sex dorm involuntarily. The six mod quad dorms, because of their wing architecture, would be ideal for conversion to coresidential housing.

It is important that the housing be offered to freshmen as well as senior, because the patterns of relations with the opposite sex are set in the first year. Coresidential housing offered only to seniors would defeat the purpose: those students who already saw the opposite sex as friends and equals would choose the housing, while those who could benefit most from it would opt to stay in a single-sex dorm.

The idea isn't new, and it shouldn't be shocking. It's time for the administration to stop debating coresidentiality and to start creating it.

-Scholastic

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.

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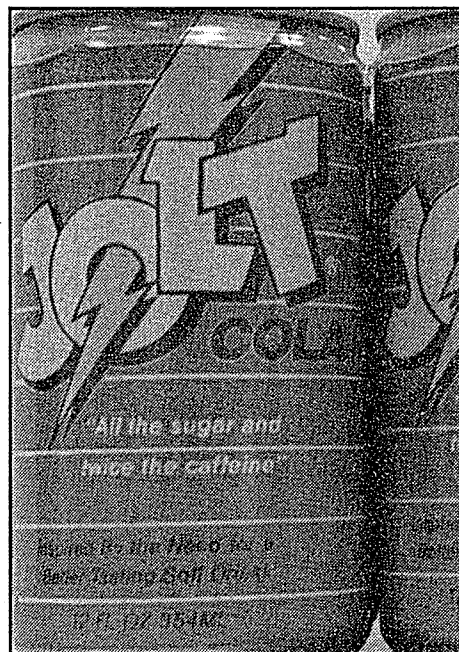
Campus Watch

BY THE GIPPER

Information, opinion, attitude and outright innuendo

Here's Something to Lose Sleep Over

As promised last week, the Gipper has discovered the caffeine content of Jolt Cola, the all-nighter's friend. The can advertises "all the sugar and twice the caffeine," and it's not exaggerating by much. Sugar-Free Mr. PiBB topped last week's list at 58.0 milligrams for caffeine per 12 oz. can, while Mountain Dew clocked in at 54.0 mg and Mellow Yello at 52.0 mg. Further down the list, all varieties of Coke had 46.0 mg per 12 oz., while Pepsi contained 38.4 mg of the insomniac's companion. But Jolt Cola tops them all with — are you ready for this? — 71.5 mg of caffeine. That's as much caffeine as in 5 oz. of some varieties of coffee, and while it's not quite twice Coke's total, it is about twice Diet Pepsi's mere 36.0 mg per serving. Three cans of Jolt have more caffeine than a Vivarin tablet, so this is serious stuff, here.



Fear it.

Phun Phone Phacts

Tired of letting your fingers do the walking through the *preliminary* phone directory? One alert CampusWatcher tipped the Gipp that some faculty members already have the final version of ND's phone book. The Gipper promptly contacted the Registrar's office, where the lady who answers the phone reassured him that everybody should be getting the permanent directory "right after break."

To Be Continued ...

The Gipper's efforts to penetrate the fourteenth floor of the Hesburgh Library con-

tinue, and he's still taking a close look at the Huddle's Deli. If any CampusWatchers out there have more information on either subject, the Gipper awaits their insights (See "CampusWatch Never Stops."). The Gipp will admit that he's toying with the idea of doing a little comparison shopping and publishing the results in November.

The Gipper Asks "Have You Seen Me?"

As Halloween approaches, the Gipper is always interested to hear of the best true Notre Dame ghost stories. If you've had a campus close encounter of the spooky kind,

the Gipp would like to hear about it. Haunted dorm? Ghost sighted on Washington Hall steps? Strange creature seen in the Dining Hall? (Well, perhaps the Noodles Kügel has escaped again.) Anyway, the Gipper does want to know about it, so drop him a line at 303 LaFortune.

Why, oh God, Why?

One staff CampusWatcher has told the Gipper an important fact which may help thousands of students out of a difficult jam. In case you're about to board the plane for the flight home and suddenly realize that you've forgotten to buy gifts for the folks back home, the South Bend Airport has thoughtfully provided a gift shop in the airport lobby. In addition to standard Irish and Hoosier paraphernalia, the store also carries (get this) "Michiana Regional Airport" T-Shirts in a wide variety of sizes and colors. Why not collect them all? What better way to give a gift that says "Gee, I forgot to buy you anything until I got to the airport?"

CampusWatch Never Stops

The Gipper may be on vacation next week, but news and innuendo is a 365 days-a-year business. Rest is for the weak. Be a Junior CampusWatcher and tip the Gipp with interesting inside info, great gobs of gossip or really rich rumors! (Actually, apologies for intrusive alliteration.) Anyway, alert the Gipper by sending a message via campus mail (303 LaFortune), by phone (239-7569) or just drop off a note at the office (third floor LaFortune) between 2-5 p.m. Monday-Friday. Join the CampusWatch Team! □

Barton Fink :

The folks who brought us *Raising Arizona* return with more weirdness

by Noah Cooper

The Coen brothers are back and stranger than ever. The guys who brought us *Blood Simple* and *Raising Arizona* return with *Barton Fink*, this year's Best Picture winner at the Cannes Film Festival. It is definitely not the best film of the year but does some things very well. Labeled a black comedy, this film is heavy on the black but light on the comedy.

Directed by Joel Coen, produced by Ethan Coen and written by both, *Barton Fink* is the story of a young Broadway playwright in the late 1930s whose one hit on the stage propels Hollywood to sign him to a wrestling picture. Fink (John Turturro) lives for writing plays about the common man and his struggles. Naturally, he has trouble adapting to his new boss, Jack Litnick (Michael Lerner), the stereotypical cigar-chomping movie mogul who wants the "Barton Fink feeling" in his new movie. Fink also feels uncomfortable in his new home in a sleazy hotel in Los Angeles, and his only friend is the loud-mouth traveling insurance salesman next door, Charlie Meadows (John Goodman).

Feeling closed in by his new surroundings and responsibilities, Fink looks for another writer to help him. He befriends W.P. Mayhew (Jon Polito), a very successful novelist turned screenwriter. It turns out that Mayhew is a roaring drunk, and all of his screenplays are written by his "secretary," Audrey Taylor (Judy Davis).

The film is loosely based on William Faulkner, noted American writer who made the switch to writing scripts for Hollywood like the 1946 film *The Big Sleep*. While Faulkner certainly did a lot of his best work while sucking on a bottle, the Mayhew character is overdone a bit, though intentionally and hilariously so.

Most of the film centers around Fink's

emotional state and the inner pain he feels in writing about the common man while selling out to Hollywood. Fink has a classic example of the common-man-next-door in Meadows, who is always cut off by Fink just as he is about to "tell him some stories." Fink fails to take advantage of Meadows and fades further and further from the common man he idealizes.

This sinking feeling reflects the thinking of the late 1930s as fascism swept the world.



Courtesy Circle Films Incorporated

In a jumble of deadlines, meetings and a romantic tryst with Taylor, Fink does not see fascism as the easy solution to the common man's stagnation while the rest of the characters around him accept it. The rest of the movie is whirl of Naziism combined with the rising action as World War II begins. Fink gets lost in the rush, and the film suddenly becomes a window of endless symbols of the state of the world that are, at best, very difficult to comprehend.

Aesthetically, the film expertly conveys the dead-end world faced by the common man. Joel Coen fills the camera with long, endless corridors, bottomless swimming pools, wallpaper that refuses to stick, dark yellows and browns and deep shadows in almost every background. Coen uses every possible angle to make Fink look small, weak and sometimes like part of the furniture in his room.

Turturro and Goodman fit perfectly into the Coens' script. Turturro is fantastic whether he is staring at a blank page, suffering silently or rambling frantically to Meadows about the role of the common man in society. He is the perfect strange-looking lead character the Coen brothers love (remember Nicholas Cage in *Raising Arizona*?). In fact, Turturro always looks like someone is holding a small stool sample under his huge nose. Goodman (one of the ex-cons in *Raising Arizona*) turns in another superb and complex performance. His facial expressions coupled with his flapping jowls are second to none. Look for a Best Supporting Actor nomination for him and a Best Actor nomination for Turturro.

The rest of the cast is excellent, with Michael Lerner providing most of the humor as the fast-talking mogul. John Mahoney as Fink's producer sucks everything possible out of his weaselly role. Davis and Polito are solid and do their best not to get in the way of Joel Coen's superb direction.

Barton Fink gets very heavy-handed and loaded down with excess symbolism as the film goes on. At times, it seems the Coens are trying too hard to get their point across and the film grates on the viewer. I was expecting something more along the lines of *Raising Arizona*, but found deep symbolism and horrid images. *Barton Fink* is strange, but that's for what the Coen brothers are known. *Barton Fink* is a tough film to "enjoy" but one that will keep you thinking long afterwards. □

Noah Cooper denies rumors that he and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (Robin Hood) are romantically involved, but confirms that both of them, in addition to Julia Roberts, will be appearing in the sequel to 9½ Weeks, more appropriately titled 30.5 Sweaty Minutes.

Billy Bragg's *Don't Try This at Home* (Try this at home)

by Elizabeth Graner

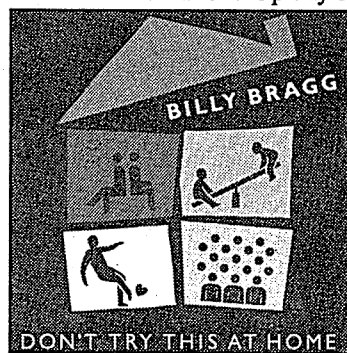
Three years, two tours, some activism and two EPs later, Billy Bragg, champion of sun, surf and socialism, returns to the charts with what is his fullest-sounding collection to date, *Don't Try This at Home*. "Raging Bill," with the help of his veteran pals Cara Tivey on keyboards, Dave Woodhead on horns and Wiggy on just about everything else, has pulled off a work which leaves the listener, new or old, feeling satisfied and moved. Bill has not really graced us with his presence in such a while that it was, indeed, very difficult to know what to expect. However, in the long run it is suggested by this Braggite that anyone who has an interest in beauty, opinion and wit try *Don't Try This at Home* at home.

The release begins with "Accident Waiting to Happen," which rings familiar to the cult classic "A New England." The song focuses on political bandwagonism and its evils, arguing, "There you are standing at the bar/And you're giving me grief about the DDR/And that chip on your shoulder gets bigger as you get older ..."

Other highlights on the album include "Everywhere," a song (which features the infamous Peter Buck of R.E.M. on mandolin) about World War II and the wrongdoings of the United States government through the Japanese-American internment. "North Sea Bubble," which begins, "I went out drinking with Thomas Paine/He said that all revolutions are not the same ..." proves to be an intelligent statement on Western wastefulness and greed.

"Sexuality," the catchy single (those who have heard it know why the use of so kitsch a word as "catchy" is necessary here), has the release's saving jangly Bragg guitars, along with Smiths veteran Johnny Marr on

electric guitar and Irish songstress Kirsty MacColl on backing vocals, and addresses the issues such as (guess what?) politics, the acceptance of homosexuality into the allegedly enlightened society in which we live, physical inadequacies and safe sex. Bill's ever-present political preachings mix with a new twist: the blatant sexual overtones throughout the release. His sense of melancholy nostalgia in such songs as "St. Swithin's Day" demonstrate his acerbic sense of humor. Remember: "Safe sex doesn't mean no sex/It just means use your imagination." The other single thus far on the release is "You Woke Up My Neigh-



bourhood," a song about the joys of being in a relationship in which all you do is fight, featuring Michael Stipe, also of R.E.M., on backing vocals.

Songs on *Don't Try This at Home* which are new to the Billy Bragg genre are "Cindy of a Thousand Lives" and "Wish You Were Her." "Cindy," which features Kirsty MacColl on backing vocals, has flowing strings and is hip-deep in dark, autumnal imagery. Those who would wish to inform me of the real meaning of the song are more than welcome to do so; I'm stumped. "Wish You Were Her" is about the sadness faced by rejected loves, even when they get some play. The slow tempo, double bass and

backing vocals are everything that traditional Bragg is not, and the song, although an impressive display of musicianship and composition, is not the release's high point.

Although slow tempo may not be the loyal Braggite's cup of tea, no album of Billy's is complete without the tear-jerkers. The ones on *Don't Try This at Home* include "Moving the Goalposts," "Trust" and "Tank Park Salute." "Moving the Goalposts" muddles through the "saddest song ever" (Doppke, 1991) with the beautiful cello and flugelhorn more or less introduced on 1988's *Worker's Playtime*. "Trust" is about the fear of AIDS from unprotected sex as experienced by a terrified and lonely homosexual. "Tank Park Salute" is narrated by a young boy who has lost his father to war, and is about how he foresees the empty childhood ahead of him: "I closed my eyes and when I looked/Your name was in the memorial book/And what had become of all the things we planned ..." Once again, Bill gets to our sensitive, "boo hoo" sides with his powerful voice, whimsical imagery and affecting lyrics.

Don't Try This at Home is a meaningful, melodic work which highlights Billy Bragg's progression toward becoming a major recording star. Those who have loved him since the days of *Back to Basics* will not be disappointed, and others who have grown to admire this urbane folk hero along the way will be impressed. You hip "120 Minutes"-heads have undoubtedly seen the video for "Sexuality" on heavy rotation, so why not appease your curiosity and check this one out? Thumbs up for the Billster; in an age of using illusions, it's nice to know that all major recording stars aren't misogynists. □

Lizzie Graner still thinks that LaFortune means "The Fortunate Tuna."

Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" Comes to Stage at Notre Dame

by Jeffrey Jotz

The year is 1692; the place is Salem, Massachusetts. You find yourself on trial, accused of dealing with Satan and facing a vengeful group of "learned" men. If you give in to their demands and confess your alleged "guilt," you will be lauded as a model Christian by the village. If you stick to your convictions, you will be hanged at dawn. As the warming glow of the autumn sun creeps over the New England horizon, how do you plead? Which is more important, one's life or some vague entity known as "truth?"

In Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," such are the dilemmas faced by John Proctor and a handful of villagers accused of consorting with the devil. Set in an era that may seem long past, "The Crucible" speaks uneasily to Miller's Cold War contemporaries, mirroring the McCarthyist paranoia of the 1950s. Even today, the urgency of Miller's message rings loud and clear.

Father Arthur S. Harvey's production of "The Crucible" translates quite well to the Notre Dame stage. It is not only supported by the topicality of the issues brought up in the play but also by the superbly strong emotion generated by the colorful parade of characters. It is this strong use of the cast that makes "The Crucible" the most powerful drama to grace Washington Hall in a long time.

Harvey takes the 21-member cast and rids them of the inaccessibility usually found in drama dealing with colonial America. Characters such as Reverend

Parris (Thomas Williams), Giles Corey (Pete Dillard), Rebecca Nurse (Rachel Zutell) and Deputy-Governor Danforth (George Sebastian-Coleman) become more than impersonal history pages or fantasized images of Puritans and Hester Prynnes. In some of them, we can see the bombastic times of today, cajoling their way through public interest with self-righteous delusions of what is right and who is wrong. In others, it becomes evident that even three centuries ago, people would still sacrifice their lives to falsehood and injustice.

However it is Notre Dame senior and stage veteran Tim Deenihan who, cast in the starring role as John Proctor, takes the play and brings the art of tragedy to dizzying new heights. The growth in his acting over the past three years at Notre Dame has been remarkable, and it looks like Deenihan is destined to command more than Washington Hall with his powerful pathos and incredibly natural stage presence. From his opening scene, Deenihan seems very comfortable onstage; every step he takes, every word he speaks, and every expression he makes all relay a certain realm of easiness. As the old saying goes, the man takes to acting as a fish to water.

Rather suave at times while very intense at others, Deenihan shines in his role as Proctor, who is torn between a sincere concern for what is right while battling deep personal troubles that he knows he must confront. The highlight of "The Crucible" comes in the last two acts, as Proctor confronts Deputy-Governor Danforth, beautifully played by Notre Dame professor George Sebastian-Coleman. The powerful persistence of Sebastian-Coleman as the Governor makes a delightful contrast with the cool reasoning of Deenihan. The mighty emotion is

channelled in the final act, as Proctor confronts his two main nemeses face to face.

Other cast members also add to the moving nature of the performance. Williams is perfectly cast as the Reverend Parris, whose snobby spite and spineless character embody the hypocrisy and demagoguery of overly-moralistic religious figures. Dillard's role as the loquacious Giles Corey adds touches of humor and likability to the play, sort of a "colonial Cliff" (from "Cheers") who contains within himself a doggedly individualistic sense of self-pride and insightfulness. Zutell transforms herself into the elderly Rebecca Nurse, who sees through all the lies and holds steadfast in her beliefs. While virtually all of the female characters in "The Crucible" are presented as weak-willed, indecisive and vindictive, Zutell is able to make Nurse's influential convictions believable and essential to the overall flow of the play.

Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" was well-chosen by Father Harvey due to the primacy of its message. However, the play would not have been as compelling if it were not for the finely-cast group of actors and actresses who all played their part with delightful zeal and energy. Deenihan's role as Proctor acts a shining contrast with the motley crew of moral hot-heads and accusatory vixens around him. He takes us on a journey of a man who is struggling with both the common good and with his own sense of self. In this day of P.C.-purges and the (Jesse) Helmsian inquisition of free speech, "The Crucible" shows that America still has a lot to learn from a bunch of pioneers in a bygone era. □

Professor Morris

Crossing the Barrier Between Academics and Entertainment

Philosophy professor tries his hand at acting with Winnie-the-Pooh

by Denise Marion-Landais

Born in Durham, N.C., philosophy professor Thomas V. Morris had his first exposure to the inner workings of the media at a young age — at six weeks his screams could be heard over the airwaves on his father's radio station. So when Disney approached Professor Morris to do a commercial for their Winnie-the-Pooh video series, there was no question that this Notre Dame philosopher was heading for Hollywood.

Morris, a graduate of University of North Carolina and Yale University, has taught at Notre Dame since 1981. He received the Thomas P. Madden Teaching Award in 1987, and in 1990 he was named Indiana Professor of the Year by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education. He is the author of ten books and numerous articles, including *The Bluffer's Guide to Philosophy*.

Question: Let's start with the question everyone is asking: How did the Winnie-the-Pooh video come about?

Answer: I got a call one day, a Friday, and there was a message on my answering machine. I never know who is going to be on my machine. This one particular Friday

there was a call from a lady from D.D.B. Needham Worldwide Advertising Agency. She said, "I'd like to talk to you about doing some commercials for Disney." This was out of the blue; this was just a normal Friday!

So I call this person, and she says: "Let me explain to you what we have done. We have been involved in a national search for a philosophy professor, to be the spokesman for the Winnie-the Pooh series of Disney home videos." She said, "We've been all over the country, down the East coast, through Texas, up the West coast. We've gone to the University of Chicago; we've gone all over. We were about ready to give up — we couldn't find a philosopher who had any kind of personality!" I said, "We're all at Notre Dame!"

She had a beach weekend up at Lake Michigan with her father, and she was telling him she was about to give up, that she couldn't find a philosopher who had any kind of personality for doing a TV commercial. He said, "Well, have you been to Notre Dame yet?" She said, "Well, no, it's down far on the list; we haven't been yet. We might not even get there, though, because we might just give up on this whole idea." He said, "No, no, before you just give up, call Notre Dame and see if they have some-

body." He was a graduate many decades ago, and he had a warm place in his heart [for Notre Dame]. She thought, "Why not?" So she went ahead and called; then someone in the administration told her that I had done TV for the Learning Channel, and that I had a lively philosophy class.

So they called me and asked me if they could come to campus and get me on film. Well, then I told her about the Learning Channel video, and I said, "You can if you want to, but I'm already on film with the Learning Channel," and they did an interview at the beginning of the show and an interview at the end and then a class that I had taught here.

I told her they had great cameras and lots of light, and she said they'd only have a hand-held camera, so how could they get hold of this video? I said, "They've got it in Virginia at the Learning Channel. So they put a person on a plane and flew him to Virginia that afternoon to get the video, flew him back to Chicago; the writer saw the video, and he decided on the spot I was the person he wanted to have do the commercials he had written. So he excerpted clips from my Learning Channel video and got on the plane and flew out to Los Angeles to meet with the Disney people that weekend.

By Monday morning the Disney people had said, "Yes, this is the guy we want to have do the commercial." So, by lunchtime Monday they were calling me back saying, "We'd like to have you do it; you're the person we've chosen." The Disney people had said, "What about his Southern accent?" And the writer, fortunately, was from North Carolina, and he said, "What accent?" So they said, "fine, let's go with this guy."

Morris tells about the production and post-production work ...

They said they'd fly me and the family up to Beverly Hills and put us up in a suite for three days, all expenses paid. We decided we had never been to California, so we would go ahead and stay a week. It was during spring break so I could get away for a week. So, on Thursday we decided we'd pay to go to Disneyland while we were there. As soon as the Disney people found out we wanted to go to Disneyland, they said, "Oh no, we'll give you free passes!" They gave us spending money so we [also] went to Malibu, stayed in Santa Monica ... it was a lot of fun for the whole family.

Our driver picked us up in a limousine stocked with the kids' favorite snacks, gave us a tour on the way to the studio; we did wardrobe stuff at the studio there. The following day we made the commercial which was six hours of real hard work with a crew of as many as 75-100 people at the

sound stage. The week before the commercial they had me stand in the office here and take pictures all around the office, of everything. They built me an office out there on the soundstage as much like this office as they could. They had junk on the shelves ... I said, "It's taken me ten years to make that big a mess and you guys did it in a day and a half!" ... They even had an electric guitar. They took care of absolutely everything!

Everybody was so nice out there. They were so much fun to work with. One of the assistant producers told me that he had a lot of music videos for MTV, and the Disney budget just for incidentals was greater than his whole budget for a music video. It was such a big operation they were doing. They flew in the best director from New York City, the best makeup person from Aspen, the best cameras, the lighting, the best everything.

It was a real treat to have my first experience making a commercial to have the opportunity to work with all the best people. I just love to learn, and I was just constantly asking questions, talking to all the props people ... It was a tremendous amount of fun, the six hours in the studio. My favorite time was actually the six hours of work. It was a new kind of challenge, and to be able to do it successfully was real satisfying.

Post-production takes a long time. They integrated into the commercial — Pooh — because they went from me to Pooh and back again. It took a long time to get the anima-

tion put together. They filmed my part April 3 ... the end of June it started showing.

Scheduled showings of the Pooh video ...

The first scheduled series of showings was for five weeks, and the accounting they gave to me was that they showed it on the three networks, CBS, NBC and ABC, 159 times in that five week period.

They've also been showing it on cable, but they don't give me a detailed accounting of cable, so I don't know how many times it's been shown on the other cable stations. They have rights to it for two years. They told me they'll keep using it, but they show it in cycles, and we're between cycles now. Probably, they'll start showing it again in the next month or so.

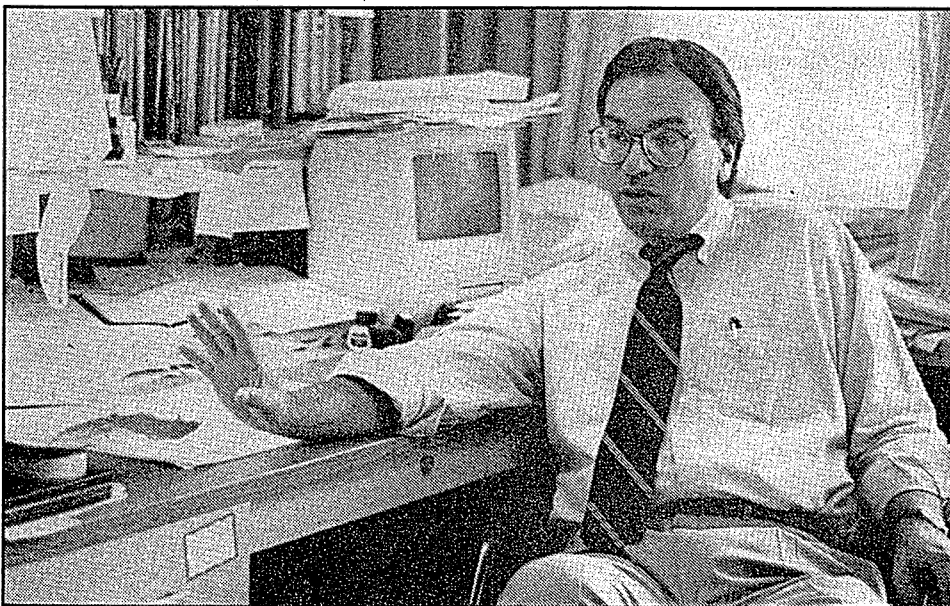
It was so much fun. The people I met doing it were fascinating ... It was real first-class treatment. Since the commercial has been showing, I've gotten letters and telephone calls from people I haven't heard from in the last 10-15 years.

Now Notre Dame is using clips from a panel discussion I was in back in March to show during some of the televising of the football games. I got a call from a guy I haven't heard from in more than 15 years, who said, "I saw you on TV," and I thought he was talking about the Disney commercial, but he had seen the [N.D. clip] televised during the I.U. game.

QUESTION: Do you have any future acting plans?

ANSWER: [Norman Lear and I] have been talking all summer, getting to know each other over the phone, and he invited me to come to his vacation house in Vermont and spend the day with him. Sent me plane tickets and everything. I was thrilled to go. It was a house owned by Robert Frost, and owned by one of my favorite 20th century artists, Kenneth Nolan. We had a wonderful day together. He told me while we were there that he wants me to cohost a TV show with him. We're not going to talk about it again until November because he's in a very intense period of preparing a series for NBC right now.

QUESTION: Would it be a series?



Morris was amazed by the soundstage recreation of his office. "It's taken me ten years to make that big a mess, and you guys did it in a day and a half!" he said.

ANSWER: It would either be once a week or five days a week, a weekly type thing. Maybe even nightly. I don't know; that's what he has in mind. He wants to try it out on a PBS station ... and then according to whether it works, go take it to one of the networks as a late night show or national PBS — but his preference, I think, is network because that's what he has always done in the past.

That was independent of the Disney stuff. Then he saw the commercial, and that generated a different kind of interest because he knew I had done on-camera stuff. You never know what's going to happen from one day to the next! I grew up watching "All in the Family" ... so to actually be talking to someone who I had grown up so influenced by what he was doing on television! I had to call my mother right away!

Typically these roles in our society never cross: The entertainment world and the academic world. They're totally different spheres of life. To be able to work with one of the most prominent people ever in the world of mass communications ... it's a great opportunity.

He's interested in doing a show together where we would talk about philosophical, ethical and spiritual issues with well-known people, for example, Barbara Streisand. This is in the early possibility, early discussion stages. I don't know how committed he is to it. It's been kind of an unusual year so far!

QUESTION: How many times have you seen the commercial?

ANSWER: I'd say probably a dozen times ... not all 150! When it first started showing, I sat glued to the TV set to try and see it. I was especially trying to see both commercials. There is a 30-second and a 15-second; there's different scripts and different commercials. I was trying to see how they looked because I hadn't seen them. After I saw it about a half a dozen times, that was enough to sort of critique everything I had done. Then they finally sent me some taped copies of it on videocassette. That was nice to have for friends and family who had not been able to see it on TV.

Feedback from Disney and the commercial world ...

I got this really nice letter from the writer of the commercials, in which he told me I should make more commercials, cold medicines maybe ...

This guy, Mr. Campbell, said that they won't all be as interesting as Disney; this had a tie-in with philosophy, and on the screen they identify me, "Tom Morris, Philosopher." Typically, actors in commercials don't get identified in commercials unless they're well-known sports celebrities ... you don't have a tie-in with your personal interests, like I did with Pooh.

Another guy, the vice president of the second largest ad agency in the world, saw my commercials and he [said] if [I] wanted to move to California and be a character actor [I] could. I thought it was too bad he didn't say leading man! I'm not interested in moving to California and becoming a character actor. But it was nice to get the positive feedback from people who do this as a living, from [people] whose business this is.

QUESTION: Just exactly what element of the Winnie-the-Pooh series relates to philosophy?

ANSWER: In the Pooh stories there are an awful lot of philosophical themes. First of all the spirit of the Pooh stories. There is a kindness, a gentleness. It's a very loving environment in the Three-Acre Wood. Children learn lessons about the importance of friendship and honesty, the nature of commitment; they learn things about the consequences of their actions.

Pooh himself is a Socratic figure. Socrates' form of wisdom consisted in knowing how much he didn't know and realizing his own ignorance. Pooh is always referring to himself as "Bear of Very Little Brain;" he has this self-deprecating wisdom that is so much like Socratic wisdom. Pooh presents the absurdities of human behavior. [The themes] help children become more attuned to all of the fascination in the their world.

QUESTION: With so many interests, such as writing and now acting, what do you like

best about teaching?

ANSWER: Teaching is a lot of fun. I think teaching is the spring that feeds the lake. It's the source of a lot of my own enthusiasm and inspiration for what I do. I really enjoy the interaction with the students both in the large classroom and more individually as well. Because that's what it's all about, developing harmonious and satisfying relationships with other people. I really enjoy it. I learn a lot from teaching.

QUESTION: What is your most memorable moment teaching?

ANSWER: It's hard to choose ... I guess the most memorable moment is the first time I ever surprised the students with some live music in class. The utter astonishment on the faces of the students! I remember those looks real vividly. So that was the most memorable moment in the classroom. There have been lots of memorable moments because I do such unusual things in a lot of the classes, [for example] lectures with frisbees. I've always tried to be creative and give the student something to imaginatively focus the topic we're talking about.

QUESTION: What do you consider to be your greatest accomplishment?



Nick Spangler

Professor Morris in action.

ANSWER: That I'm managing to do an awful lot in a public way to help people think more deeply about their lives without, in the least, sacrificing the importance of my family life to do so. My most important accomplishment to date has been linking together a lively family life and a very active public life so that neither has suffered because of the other.

People make unnecessary choices. They think to make an impact on the world, they have to ignore those closest to them. You don't have to make choices like that. I went [recently] to Kentucky to give a series of lectures ... when the people asked me if I could come, I said on the condition that I could bring my family. We did the lectures at the end of the week so the children wouldn't have to miss too much school. I try to turn trips into family experiences as often as I can. We enjoy this.

QUESTION: Were you always drawn to philosophy?

ANSWER: I think so. My mother told me when I was a little boy I always irritated her with questions, but in later years she could see that was my quest to understand. I always wanted to know what was going on. I love to debate issues. I thought that was going to take me into law, so I went to Carolina as a business major, planning on going to law school. I had no idea that would lead me into something like philosophy. But the qualities of philosophy — the wonderment, the desire to test ideas, the enjoyment of persuasive argument — all that I had since I was real little.

QUESTION: Who is your favorite philosopher?

ANSWER: My favorite philosopher would be either Plato or Blaise Pascal. Plato because he wrote in such a lively way ... with so many interesting ideas. Pascal because he was a scientist; he was a mathematician; he was a philosopher; and he was a profound religious thinker all in one. He manifests the multi-dimensional approach to life that I value so much. He was a great communicator, just as Plato was.

QUESTION: Do you have a personal philosophy you could share?

ANSWER: Well, actually I got a call from the editor from *Life Magazine* last week who told me they're putting together a book on the meaning of life, and he said this is volume two ... this one is going to come out in the spring. What they do is for each book they've contacted 300 people and asked them in 250 words or less to answer one or the other of two questions. Either "What is the meaning of life?" or "Why are we here?" The perennial human question in 250 words or less in just a few days!



Nick Spangler

**Morris sees Pooh as
"a Socratic figure."**

One person from Notre Dame has been involved in the first book, Fr. Hesburgh. I said, "I'm in pretty good company then!" He said, "You're in excellent company! You want to hear the names of the other people who are in the volume you'll be in?" I agreed to do it right away, though, because it sounded like a fun thing to do. He started reading this list of names — political leaders like Menachem Begin, Corazon Aquino, just this list — it kept going! Then he went into entertainment people, Ray Charles, Michael Jackson, Ice-T?! ... He read me about 30 names. I spent a lot of

time; I came up with a 179 word essay. I'll be really interested in what all these people think the meaning of life is. [The following is an excerpt from the yet unpublished essay] "Why are we here? We are here to attempt to give more to life than we take from it, a task which, if undertaken properly, is impossible. The more we give, the more we get. But that's the point."

QUESTION: Since you have already accomplished so much, do you have any future goals?

ANSWER: I just want to follow all the leads that come my way. Any way I can be a philosopher; any way I can help other people in this world. For example, Notre Dame is now cohosting with NBC, for every home football game, roughly 100 NBC sponsors, executives who advertise for NBC. I'm the after-dinner speaker for each of these groups. That way I get to reach a lot of the most prominent business people in America.

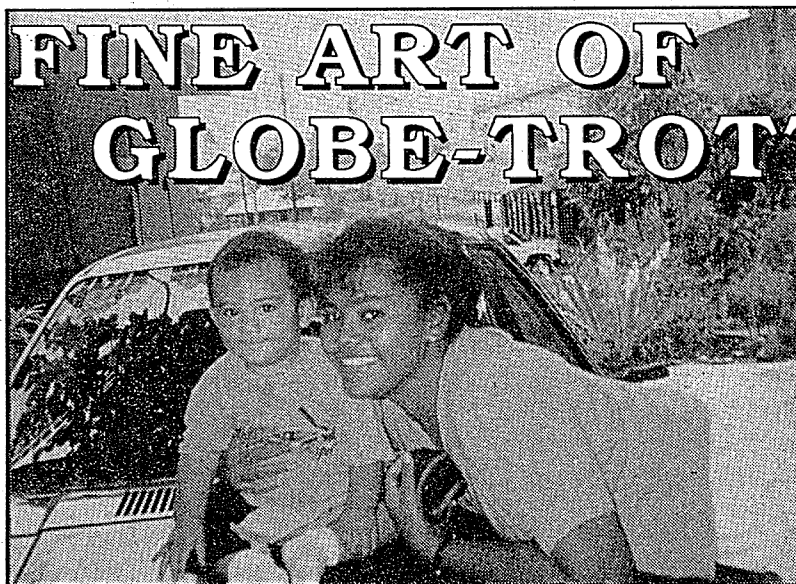
The more I can serve in a civic role as a philosopher, the more I can help others reflect more carefully on their own lives and goals and their personal endeavors. Any opportunity to be of help to others as a philosopher; I'd like to take advantage of it.

The more ways I can help people think about their lives, the better. You can never think, "Well, you've accomplished a certain amount so that's enough to qualify as success, so now I can take it easy." Well, I find ways to take it easy all the time anyway. I think of myself as a basically lazy person. When I'm inspired by ideas I can work tirelessly, but between bouts of inspiration I take it

easy. I try to integrate it all together so I'm not burning myself out.

I think the more you enjoy what you do, the more you can do. I try to encourage my students: find something you love, not what pays the most or what's prestigious, but what you love doing. That's something you'll be able to flourish in doing and then you can never tell how many doors will be open to you or how that success will be multiplied into other kinds of success. It's always going to start with a genuine love for what you are doing. □

THE FINE ART OF GLOBE-TROTTING



Courtesy of Elena Maene

Elena Maene with her nephew in Pago Pago, American Samoa

If you lived in American Samoa, France or Panama, why would you choose to spend four years of your life in South Bend, Indiana? Three international undergraduates share their stories

by Meg Sweeney and Elizabeth Baytion

Although the international students at Notre Dame make up only two percent of the student body, they greatly add to the richness of campus life. Elena Maene from Pago Pago, American Samoa; Thuy Vu from Paris, France; and Ignacio Arias of Panama, Panama are among the 90 undergraduates of the 594 international students at the university.

For these brave souls, freshman year of college marked not only the beginning of their Notre Dame experience, but of their American experience as well. In these interviews, discover how these international students decided to attend school in the heart of the U.S., their first impressions about the campus and their personal reflections on their experiences here.

Even though Notre Dame is about 6,000 miles away from freshman Elena Maene's home in Pago Pago, American Samoa, she says that attending Notre Dame has been a long-time dream. She first learned about the university in the sixth grade when she saw a documentary about Notre Dame on *60 Minutes*. The place made

such an impression on Maene that she watched all the football games and learned everything she could about the school.

After all her dreaming, she was really excited when she was accepted. "But then I thought about how far away I would be." However, now that Maene is on campus, the thought of being the first female from American Samoa to attend and graduate from Notre Dame helps her fight the homesickness.

Since Maene's been learning English since she was a child, language hasn't been a problem, and she's already found the Notre Dame community to be friendly.

However, the South Bend weather is definitely a hard adjustment for Maene. "I thought Indiana was a place like California because of the way in which Notre Dame was portrayed in the documentary by *60 Minutes*," Maene says. Indiana weather is a far cry from that in American Samoa, where the temperature ranges from the low 70's to the upper 80's all year. Already swearing she "hates the cold," Maene is homesick for the familiar ocean and mountains of her home. Nevertheless, Elena is now experi-

encing her first change of the seasons and is excited that the first snowfall may not be so far away.

Besides having learnt about life in the U.S., is there anything that her American friends have learned about Samoa?

Maene's roommate Lisa Schmitt says, "I'm starting to learn a lot of Samoan words," though a friend adds, "Yeah, and they're all swear words!" Schmitt and Maene also take advantage of the fact that "people will believe anything about Samoa." "We'll be together and people will be really nosy about Samoa because nobody knows what it is or where it is, so she'll go along with it," says her roommate. Maene even tells people that the islanders on Samoa always go topless. Schmitt gleefully adds, "We can tell anybody anything, and they'll be like 'Oh, that's cool!'"

Lots of people even ask Maene if there are televisions in Samoa. When asked how her roommate reacts to such questions, Schmitt says, "She's used to it. She thinks it's kind of funny, because people think that in Samoa it's so backwards." Schmitt says that somebody actually believed Maene when she told

him that she went topless on the airplane to the U.S., not knowing that the custom was any different from that in Samoa.

People even believe Maene when she tells them that Samoans have witch doctors who do "really weird stuff." "She'd say, 'Yeah, when I was in the sixth grade they turned me into a dog for a week or two. So now I'm still half dog,'" says Schmitt. The two friends couldn't believe that people were actually gullible enough to believe their wild stories.

With antics such as these, it's hard to believe that Maene is "quiet and shy," says her roommate, "and still is." But the two freshmen are both learning a lot from each other, and Schmitt counts herself lucky for having Maene as a roommate: "It's really, really fun living with her."

When people ask junior Thuy Vu where she's from, they don't know what they're getting themselves into. Although Vu is Vietnamese, she was born in Laos, spent the first eight years of her life in France and grew up in Nigeria, Malaysia and Singapore because of her father's international job. Because of all her travels, Vu has had the opportunity to learn French, Vietnamese, Spanish, and English.

Although Vu began her education with a French curriculum, she attended an American school in Malaysia. Not wanting to be held back a year by switching back to the French system, she decided to attend the

American high school in Singapore, and follow that with a university education in the U.S.

When asked how she ended up at Notre Dame, Vu gives a new twist to the usual reasons students give for making their decision. First of all, though Vu is Buddhist, her father was raised a Catholic and liked the idea of his daughter attending a Catholic school. Also, the university's French, not Irish, tradition was a positive factor for her. Furthermore, although her father didn't graduate from Notre Dame, a friend of his is an alumni and highly recommended the school.

Vu admits that she knew "nothing about the campus" before she came. "I hadn't even gone to the States before coming to Notre Dame." She says that she based her decision mainly on the school's reputation. When she came here she admits that she "was scared to death," and felt like a little kid on the "first day in kindergarten ... I really didn't know what to expect."

However, Vu admits that the view of Americans she'd already formed before coming to campus "wasn't a very good one" on account of the "snobbish" students in the American schools in Malaysia and Singapore. She says that that image changed when she got here since she found the people at Notre Dame to be a lot nicer than the students in her high school.

In contrast to



Elizabeth Baylon

Thuy Vu with friends during her sophomore year in Spain

Maene, Vu claims that she's always "loved cold weather and snow." It doesn't really bother her since "France was cold, too."

Since she'd already attended an American school for five years before coming to Notre Dame, the language wasn't a hard adjustment either. "I wouldn't say that having come to Notre Dame really was a culture shock for me ... but I think the biggest impact that it made in my life is that I was on my own for the first time.

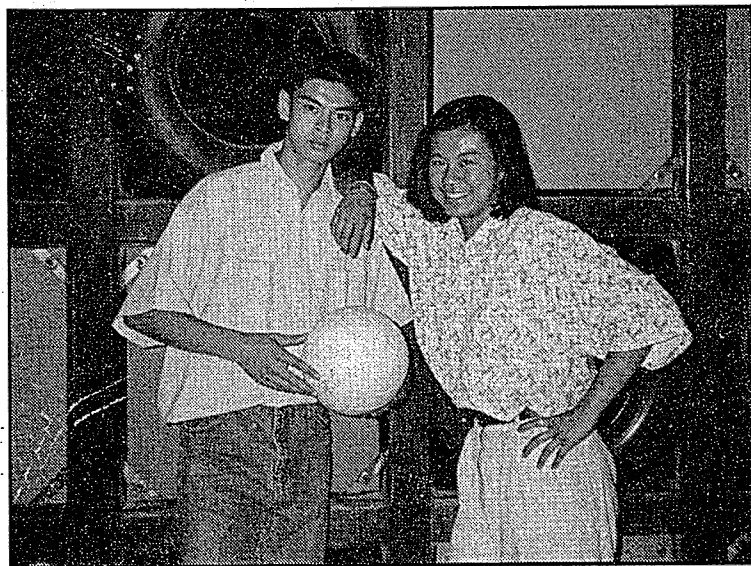
"I think it made me stronger and more independent," says Vu. Although she's travelled all over the world, "the whole family always went where my Dad went. But coming to Notre Dame was something totally different for me, and I had to do everything on my own." In fact, she doesn't see her family more than twice a year.

How does she cope living so far away from her family?

"Sometimes some people wonder how I can make it without seeing my family for such a long time," Vu says. "People think that I get *used* to it, like I don't miss my parents as much. But that's not true. I'll always miss them, just as much as anyone else." She admits that going to college at Notre Dame has made her closer than ever to her parents and her two younger brothers and little sister. "When I see them again I really appreciate the time we spend together."

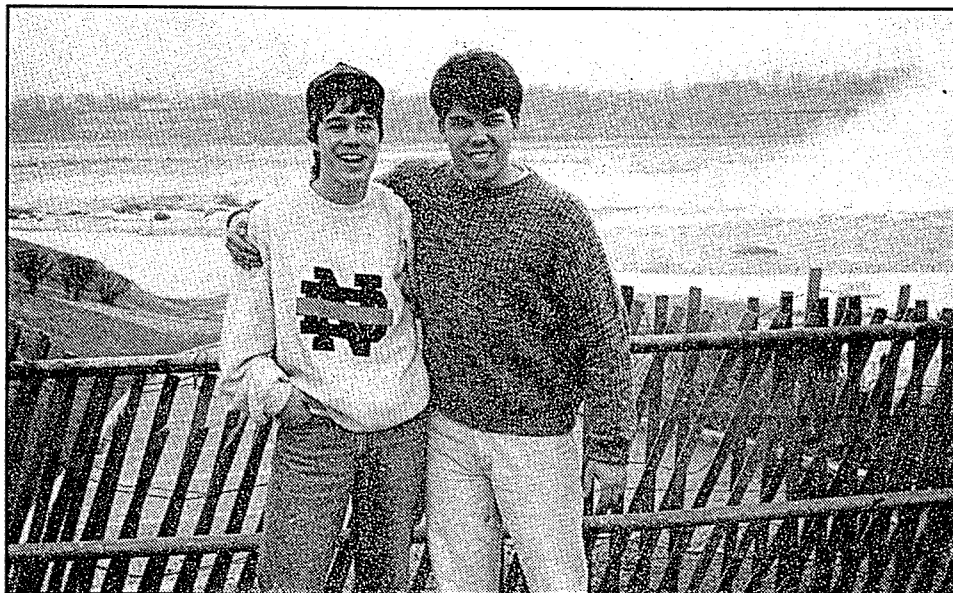
Would she ever feel completely at home in the U.S.?

"I don't think so," Vu says, after a thoughtful pause, "especially after spending the year in Spain" during her sophomore



Courtesy of Thuy Vu

Thuy Vu with her brother, an undergraduate at U. C. Davis



Courtesy of Joe Burke

Ignacio Arias at Niagara Falls on spring break with roommate Joe Burke

year. "I've been living overseas [from France] for so long that I've never really had the chance to live for a whole year in Europe," apart from her early childhood. "When I was little I didn't really pay attention to the environment and the different cultures, but just last year being abroad in Europe really opened my eyes and made me realize that Europe was definitely my home." Vu assures that she's "not saying anything bad" about the U.S.; it's just that "the cultures are so different that I don't think I could spend the rest of my life here. I wouldn't feel at home."

Even though she misses Europe, Vu says she wants to send her kids here — especially her daughter. "I think Notre Dame is more a university for girls; I don't know why!" She says that maybe it's because it has a beautiful campus and is simply a nice place.

Ignacio Arias, a junior engineering student from Panama City, Panama agrees that being away from home is tough. For Arias however, the hardest adjustment was speaking English instead of Spanish. Born in Miami, Florida, when his father was working as a philosophy professor at Florida International University, Ignacio moved to Panama while he was in the first grade. Since then, he's spoken nothing but Spanish, so his classes at Notre Dame have been doubly difficult because of the language factor. But the problems did not end with his studies; Arias remembers the social implications, too. Afraid of saying the wrong thing,

Ignacio admits, "At first I limited myself and would talk mostly to my roommates because it did not matter if they laughed at me."

It wasn't only the language difference that demanded adjustment. "When I go out in Panama, it is very different. Everyone I see, I either know or can relate to someone else that I know. Here, I can go out with ten of my friends, but there may be over a hundred other people there that I do not know and have never seen before. That was shocking."

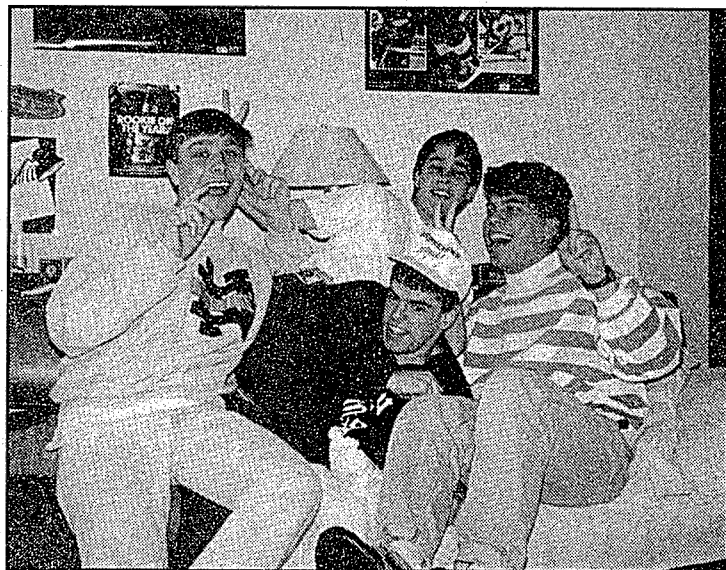
While this situation sometimes made Arias feel "shy", attending school in another country also holds its advantages. As the son of a prominent political figure in Panama, Arias is frequently recognized and often feels as though people are constantly looking over his shoulder when he visits home. "Here I am just 'Ignacio.' It does not matter who my father is. I can be my own person. That's one of the best parts about going away to school."

Because the quality of education in Pan-

ama doesn't compare to that found in American schools, Arias never really considered attending a university in his native country. Just like Maene and Vu, Arias didn't know exactly where Indiana was or what to expect. Trusting his father's advice completely, Arias came to Notre Dame without much knowledge of the school. "I did not even know that Notre Dame had the number one football team when I came," Arias recalls.

Looking back he feels, "The thing that helped me out was that instead of dwelling on the fact that I was so far away, I did what a normal American would do." He tried to be "a Notre Dame student" as opposed to "Ignacio from Panama". He advises freshmen to do the same and take advantage of their time here "instead of missing parents and wondering what friends [from home] are doing."

Arias now finds that when he does think of home, he doesn't miss it as much because he's having so much fun. Contradicting the popular opinion that Notre Dame's student body is too homogenous, Arias considers the variety of students at the university to be one of its most valuable assets. His enthusiasm for the friends he's made and his expe-



Courtesy of Joe Burke

Arias hanging out in Flanner with friends Joe Burke, Mike O'Brien, and Kevin Malloy

rience here leads Arias to conclude, "If I were to make the decision again, I would definitely come back to Notre Dame." □

SPORTS

Of Trojans, National Titles and Green Jerseys

Notre Dame renews a storied rivalry with the University of Southern California on the last Saturday of October break

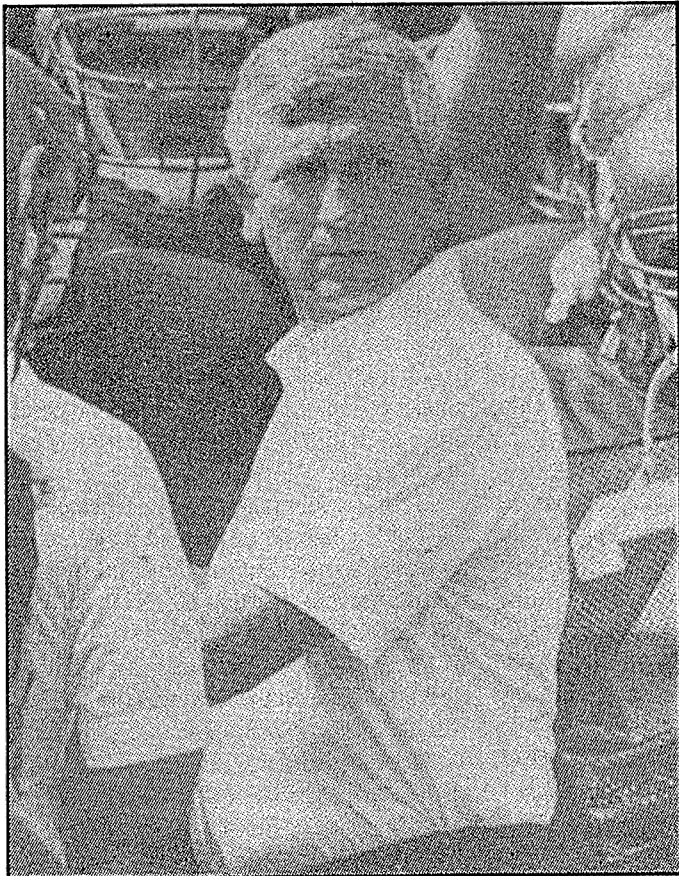
By Jon Paul Potts

As Notre Dame students scatter to the four winds for October break, the football team is probably the last thing on anyone's mind. Friends and family at home

and catching up with a half-semester's worth of sleep and relaxation weigh on everyone's mind. On Saturday, the Fighting Irish are playing Air Force — away. Air

Larry Smith, in his fifth year as Trojan coach, has guided USC to a 38-14-2 mark and three Rose Bowl appearances.

Courtesy of the University of Southern Cal Sports Information



Force has been tough this year, rolling up a 6-1 mark thus far, but this is a team that Notre Dame manhandled in 1990, 57-27.

However, looming on the schedule is the University of Southern California, a historic rival who always plays the Irish tough. In 1989, the Trojans and redshirt freshman quarterback Todd Marinovich took Notre Dame to the limit in Notre Dame Stadium, losing a nail-biter 28-24 when the Irish stuffed the Trojans on the seven-yard line to squelch a last-ditch drive.

Many students are coming back for this year's installment of ND-USC, and with good reason: This is a rivalry that has had many more thrilling

moments than just 1989. Notre Dame holds the all-time series edge 35-23-4, but it has been a pitched battle since its inception in 1926.

Nine times there have been possible national titles hanging in the balance, including 1988 when the top-ranked Irish, bound for a national championship, defeated the Trojans 27-10 in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

And both teams have had their heroes. In 1972, USC's Anthony Davis rushed for six touchdowns as top-ranked Southern Cal crushed Notre Dame 45-23 en route to its second national title. For the Irish, Eric Penick's star shone brightest in 1973 as he broke free for a late 85-yard touchdown that would snap the Trojan's winning streak at 23 games to propel Notre Dame on to the national crown.

But perhaps the single most memorable moment of this great rivalry came in 1977. The Irish came into the game ranked eleventh while USC was fifth. In warmups, Notre Dame coach Dan Devine had his team wear the traditional blue and gold home uniforms. But just prior to kickoff, the Irish donned kelly green jerseys and stormed the field. The Trojans were so taken aback that Notre Dame pulled off a huge 49-19 victory that shot it straight up the polls. Devine stuck with the green for the remainder of the season and the Irish finished at 10-1-0 to capture their sixth consensus national crown.

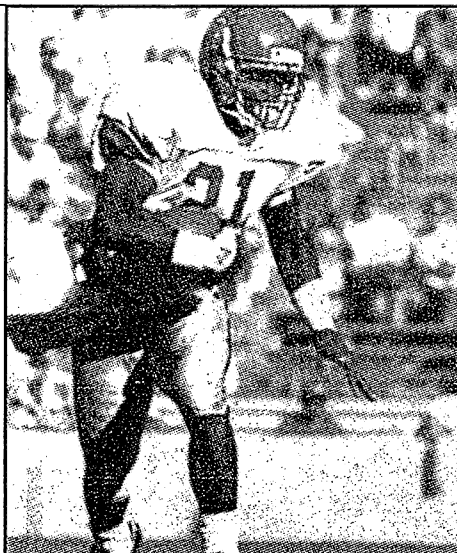
The green jerseys were used two more

times by Gerry Faust — once in a 27-6 Notre Dame victory over Southern Cal and again in 1985 when the Irish romped 37-3. In 1985, Faust had his team change at halftime, confounding the Trojans completely and going on to a big victory.

But enough history, what about the 1991 model of the University of Southern California Trojans?

This team is utterly unpredictable. The first game of the season, it lost to Memphis State, a totally random team that has traditionally been a basketball school. The second week of the season, the Trojans surprised a very strong Penn State team that had been thinking national championship. But the following week, USC went into a funk and lost a Pac 10 game to Arizona State. With victories over Pac 10 rivals Oregon and Washington State, the Trojans stood at 3-2 as of this writing. As the Irish battle Air Force Saturday, USC will be playing the Stanford Cardinal. How the Trojans perform against Stanford could be a good yardstick, since it will be Notre Dame and USC's only common opponent thus far.

This is a young team. The Trojans return



Courtesy of the University of Southern Cal Sports Information

USC running back Mazio Royster has averaged 107 yards/game in 1991.

only five senior starters, having lost a host of players to graduation, or in the case of their troubled 1990 quarterback Todd Marinovich, early eligibility in the National Football League. Only eleven starters came back for fifth-year coach Larry Smith — six on offense and five on defense.

"Our rally cry in 1991 is, 'Get It Back,'" said Smith in the USC media guide. 'It' being the Pac 10 title and a coveted trip to the Rose Bowl. "We're a bit more experienced than last year, but we're still young. We'll be a contender for the Pac 10 championship."

To compete this year, Smith is leaning heavily on All-America candidate Mazio Royster to carry the inexperienced offense. Royster and Smith have had their moments — Royster almost quit school in 1990 and Smith has blasted the running back's lackadaisical attitude this year in Los Angeles newspapers

— but Royster entered his junior season as the leading returning rusher in the Pac 10 with 1,168 yards in 1990.

"Mazio could emerge as one of the top running backs in the nation," said Smith. "He had a great year in 1990 for starting only nine times. He's a very hard-nosed, slashing runner and he has great speed to get outside. He is obviously one of the key elements of our run game."

So far in 1991, Royster has suffered with injuries, sat out one game and missed the second half of two others, but he has still racked up 421 yards good for a 107 yards/game average in which he has played. He will be a player to watch on October 26.

Royster will have to perform because when Marinovich opted for the NFL, he left a huge hole at quarterback that sophomore Reggie Perry has struggled to fill. Thus far, Perry has completed only 50.6 percent of his passes for one touchdown and a problematic five interceptions. He is a good running quarterback, but he is nowhere near the passer that Marinovich was. If the Notre Dame pass rush can continue to improve against the Falcons of Air Force, USC fans could be in for a long, frustrating day.

On defense, watch out for outside linebacker Kurt Barber. He was Southern Cal's leading tackler a year ago with 84, eleven for losses. Heading into 1991, this senior was an All-Pac 10 candidate and was considered one of the better outside 'backers in the nation.

"Kurt is our best defensive player," said Smith. "Not only is he one of best outside linebackers in the Pac 10, but I think that he's one of the best in America. He's a big playmaker and as he continues to improve, he'll become a truly dominant player."

While the rest of the Trojan defense is young, it will be up for this game and could prove to be tough competitor for Rick Mirer & Company.

So enjoy your break, everyone. Watch the Air Force game on ESPN and brag to your friends at home about a national title as they beat the Falcons. But don't forget to get back for the USC game at the tailend of break. It will be a "Notre Dame Saturday," Amhad Rashad will be on the field and the stadium will be buzzing with excitement. But the Trojans will be up for this game and another chapter will be added to the storied annals of this great college football rivalry.


Don't miss it!

□

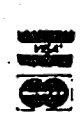


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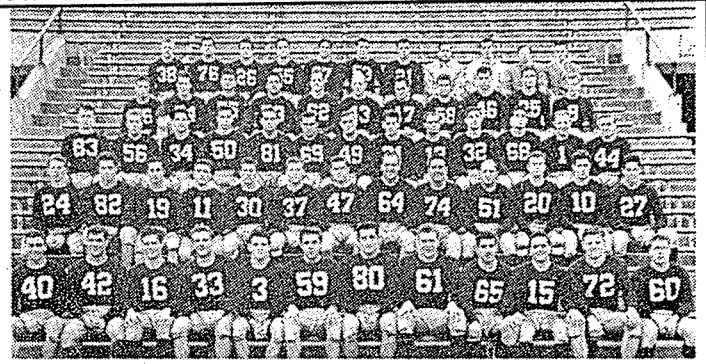
SPORTS

A Tradition of Excellence: 1946 National Champions

Coach: Frank Leahy.

Captain: Game Captains.

Notes: With a record of 8-0-1, the 1946 Notre Dame Fighting Irish football team was the second of coach Frank Leahy's four unanimous national championship squads. Led by All-American QB John Lujack (who would win the Heisman Trophy in 1947), T George Connor, G John Mastrangelo, and C George Strohmyer, this team's offense exploded for 271 points while limiting its opponents to a mere 24 points. The highlight of the season was a 0-0 stalemate with Navy ... Also in 1946, 106 babies were born to "Vetville" residents during the school year, and a young Holy Cross priest named Theodore Hesburgh was made the chaplain of "Vetville"... Rev. John J. Cavanaugh became the 14th president of the University of Notre Dame in 1946.



1946 National Championship Team

Front Row: Livingston, Ryan, Skolrud, Fackowski, Brown, Zupewski, Cifelli, Russell, Mills, Agnew, Fricker, Strohmyer. Second Row: Conroy, Hart, McGee, J. Brennan, Gumpers, T. Brennan, McBrat, Lirion, Mattingly, Scott Smith, Heywood, Egerman. Third Row: Wiggins, Zilly, Linscott, Walsh, Connor, Choi, Marer, McGee, Ashburn, Lujack, Fallon, Bailey, J. C. Guss. Fourth Row: Zaleski, Sullivan, Mastrangelo, Bratz, Simpson, Pitzer, Tolan, Wendell, Walsh, O'Connor, Rafterman. Back Row: Martin, Czudecki, McGee, Swastowski, Pinaliti, Coughlin, Statton, Boss, Flaherty, Emt, Kelly.

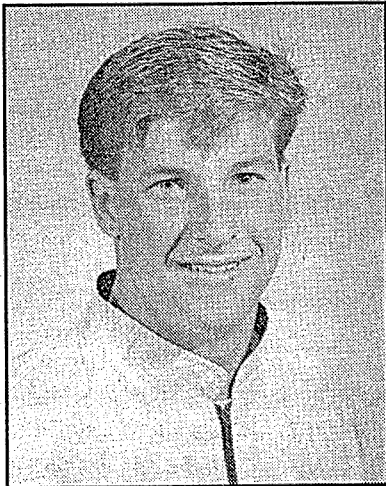
Courtesy of Notre Dame Sports Information

September 28	W	Illinois	26-6	A	75,199
October 5	W	Pittsburgh	33-0	H	50,350
October 12	W	Purdue	49-6	H	55,452
October 26	W	Iowa	41-6	A	52,311
November 2	W	Navy	28-0	N	63,909
November 9	T	Army	0-0	A	74,121
November 16	W	Northwestern	27-0	H	56,000
November 23	W	Tulane	41-0	A	65,841
November 30	W	USC	26-6	H	55,298

(8-0-1)

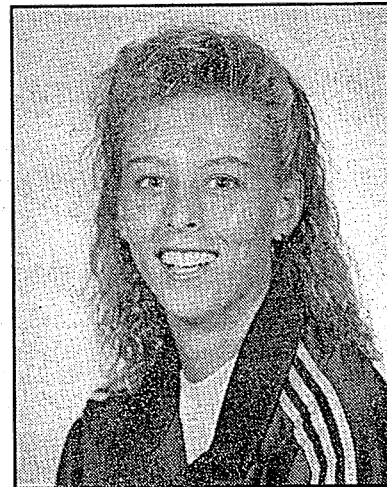
N-at Baltimore

MALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



Bert Bader: Bader, the freshman goalkeeper for the Notre Dame men's soccer team from Dallas, TX, has allowed only three goals in his last five games, including a shutout performance against Valparaiso and a one-goal-against performance against Butler last week. Starting in 11 out of 11 games for the Irish this season, Bader has only been scored upon 10 times for a goals-against-average of 0.86. He has 44 saves, 6 shutouts, and a 7-3-1 record.

FEMALE ATHLETE OF THE WEEK



Michelle Lodyga: Lodyga, the junior goalkeeper for the Notre Dame women's soccer team from Mission Viejo, CA, recorded eight saves in her last two games to give the 10-0-2 Irish a pair of 1-0 wins over national powerhouses William & Mary and Monmouth. Lodyga has 26 saves and 9 shutouts on the season, compared to 32 saves for her whole season last year.

Walters' ♥ Romance

A Woe By Any Other Name

by John Walters

Saturday evenings in the cabin-fever chilled dead of winter, and here are a sample of the comments you might have overheard had you walked by my dorm room:

"Waddaya wanna do to-night?"

"If he doesn't show up in three minutes, the pizza's free."

"I hear there's a party in Walsh."

"That Bea Arthur is a fox."

"We don't know anybody in Walsh."

"Oh, yeah."

"Rue McClanahan's not bad, either."

And so on. Actually, you could have heard the same comments in the autumn or spring, though we eventually tired of *Golden Girls* and switched to *Facts of Life* ("That Charlotte Rae ..."). In between our deserts of datelessness appeared the social oasis, the SYR. The SYR was but a mirage, however, a respite from the doldrums of a surfeit of male bonding.

What kept us going, the eternal truth in which we took solace, was that *nothing* could stunt your social development quite like four years in South Bend. Unleash us into the real world, we thought, and with our diplomas you had better provide us with a whip and a chair.

Foolish youth. No, Howard Jones, things

can't only get better. They can also get worse. What follows are not *Love Connection* outtakes but true stories from a reluctant primary source, best described as the antithesis of every Harlequin novel ever penned:

Not So Great Moments In Romance, Chapter One: Let's call her Kim (after all, that was her real name). I met her on a Friday, and, now that I think about it, she did say something about how her contact lenses had been bothering her. Here in Manhattan, the optimum first-date is dinner. You could

eat at a different restaurant every night for thirty years here (and marvel at just how many unemployed actors and actresses there are).

So, dinner? She agrees. Two days later, I call. Lunch sounds better, she says, having considered the condition she must have been in when we met. This, in the dating world, is known as downgrading. It's the same feeling you get when the food server at South Dining Hall says, "We're out of chicken patties but there's still plenty of baked scrod left."

Lunch sounds fine, I say. Tuesday? Sure, says Kim. Lunch on Tuesday, in the dating spectrum, falls somewhere between a real date and an appointment with your loan officer.

Tuesday, 11:45 a.m. The phone rings. It's Kim. "I'm really sorry, but ..." Hanging up the phone, I thought to myself, "You haven't really been blown off until someone *calls* you to say that they have laryngitis."

That was only the beginning. What about the gal who, when I asked her to the Bruce Hornsby concert, answered, "Thanks, but I have friends in town." At the moment, I thought that she meant that she had friends visiting, but as it turns out, her statement merited a quite literal interpretation.

Not So Great Moments in Romance,



Chapter Two: In my first six months as a New Yorker, the *Bright Lights! Big City!* lifestyle had found a way to elude me. In the confessional, the priest and I would talk about the weather. Then, standing in line at the post office one day, someone struck up a conversation with me. Before I knew it, I was being asked out to dinner. There was just one problem. My suitor was named Fred. "Thanks," I replied. "How about lunch on Tuesday instead?"

Men and women are curious beasts. At different periods in life we erect different standards of attractiveness, for ourselves as well as for the opposite sex. In high school I can remember cursing my parents for not being taller, or at least for not possessing the recessive gene that would improve my altitude. The girls I knew then were either bemoaning the fact that they were overweight or that they didn't drive a white VW Rabbit convertible. I lauded their eclectic mix of obsessions. At the time, I didn't care what they drove. What did concern me was that all of the pommies (basically, they were cheerleaders with more shapely legs) were dating basketball players.

College. Girls grow up. They begin to look for desirable personality traits in males: decisiveness, sensitivity, humor, idealism and the ability to build a loft. Guys? You can still post a "No Diving" sign on our brains: we're so shallow. Be it due to either a barrage of hormone-teasing flicks or the annual *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, we still are too concerned with the physical attraction. Nor are we purged of this condition upon graduation.

In fact, the problem for many of us bachelors, myself included, is a reluctance to surrender the fantasy that Mrs. Right comes straight out of George Michael's *Freedom '90* video. When we do meet a lady of such talents, the fantasy may close the minute her mouth opens:

Not So Great Moments in Romance, Chapter Three (the scene, a Greenwich Village bar; the players, a comely Lancôme representative and the author):

"What happened to your finger?"

"I broke it playing high school football and never had it repaired." (At this point in the dialogue, in case you are confused, I said that.)

"See this?" (She points to her wrist.)

"Yes."



"I broke it in high school. It hurt for a month before we realized it was broken. And you know what the silliest part is? My dad's a doctor."

"Your dad's a doctor and it took him a month to realize you broke your wrist?"

"Well, he's a dentist."

Of course, it's too simple as well as inaccurate to condemn all handsome women and—put down the blunt objects, please—men as vacuous. The smart ones, for example, we condemn for being aloof, even though for many females aloofness is a survival trait. I knew of a Lyons coed who, after her first two months as a "frosh," realized she had never seen her roommates on Saturday night. She had been doing the charity SYR circuit, and besides having had more than her share of *Mony! Mony!*, thank you, she was running out of vases in which to store the roses. Flustered, she called a moratorium on SYRs. Guys, unaware of her predicament, probably considered her stuck up. She considered herself "exhausted."

Not So Great Moments in Romance, Chapter Four: The girl at the party looked as if she had just returned home from the J. Crew Fall catalogue shoot. Tweed jacket, chambrais shirt, blonde locks. Destiny demanded that we exchange names: mine

real, hers ... probably not. I asked her what she did, the post-graduate equivalent of "What's your major?"

Delivered with a look that could freeze a lava flow, and had probably done so a thousand times before, she said, "I sell seashells at the seashore."

A man inexperienced with rejection might have been taken aback. But, as she must have realized, she had on her hands a cool, polished professional, a veteran of the brushed back pitch. "Oh, really?" I countered. "That's interesting. Me, I want to chuck wood but no one knows how much wood I would chuck if I could chuck wood." That earned me a blank stare. One more try. "Would you like to see my broken finger?"

Who died and left him as emcee of the Miss Ogyny Pageant, you may ask. Does this guy walk

around in a "Dice Rules" T-shirt? Not at all. The truth is, although I've been whiffing a lot recently (the term "recently" being relative to the last Ice Age), at least I'm taking my cuts at the plate. Sooner or later I'll connect.

At ND, like a lot of people I knew, I stood there for four years with the bat on my shoulders. You know what happens then? Senior week arrives and like salmon trying to jump up Niagara Falls, grads are overcome by the natural urge to introduce themselves to their clandestine crush. (If such a compulsion should overcome you, beat yourself silly with a stick until it stops.) To quote humorist A. Whitney Brown, "That's like closing your eyes throughout the movie and then demanding your money back."

If the weather doesn't supply the only frost you feel this winter, don't blame ND. Don't blame the spellbinding prime-time network lineup either. Take the bat off your shoulders and step into the ball. You may connect with the pitch. And if you don't ... well, college is supposed to prepare you for life, anyway. □

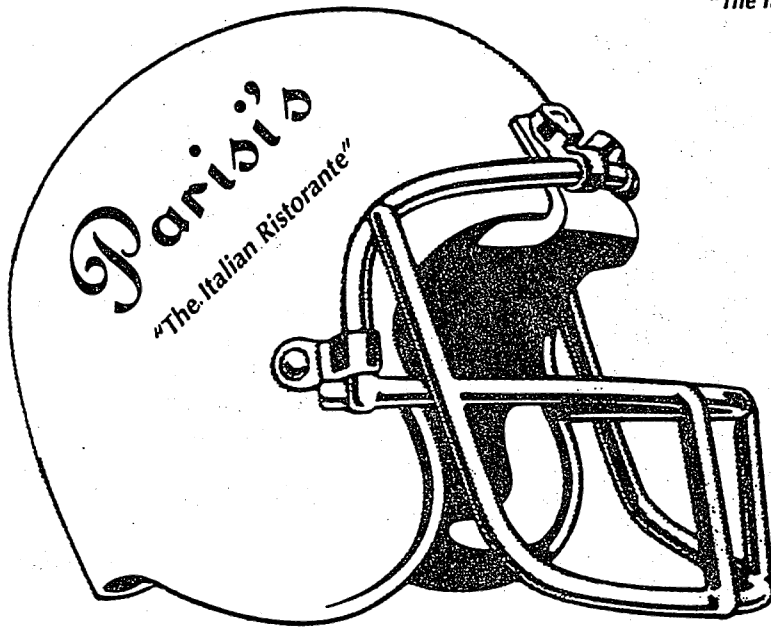
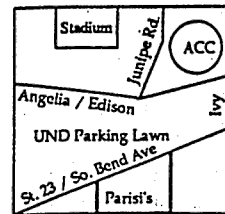
John Walters (Class of '88) has a cool job at Sports Illustrated and we don't. But he still can't get a date.

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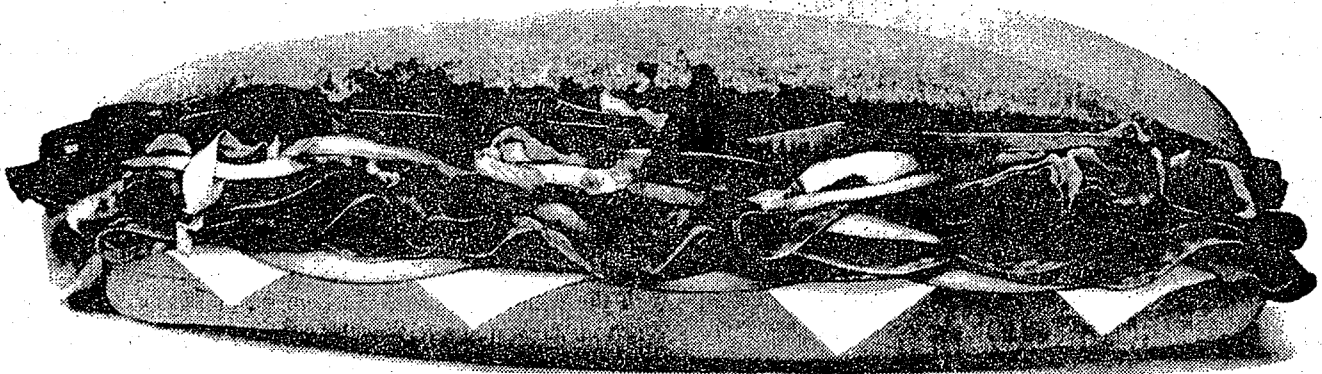
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Annoying Mime and Jerry Crunch Cereal

Mime is a Crime

A press release from Appalachian State University reported in *The Chronicle of Higher Education* pretty much sums up normal reactions to mime. The story describes TOUCH, a theater company based in Carrboro, North Carolina, consisting of a few musicians and three mimes. It reads, "Their commitment to reach non-traditional audiences has landed them in hospitals and prisons ... " This is probably due to the audiences' intense desire to strangle the mime rather than sit through such grueling torture.



Stanford Daily

Definitely Not A Stones Show

Notre Dame is not the only university marking a major anniversary this year in bloated style. Stanford University is currently celebrating its 100th year of existence, according to the *Stanford Daily*. "Stanford Centennial Stadium Spectacular" was held this past week in true Hollywood style. Host Ted Koppel humbly stated, "Stanford is today – by any measure – one of the world's great universities." The grand finale of the shindig came with the launching of fireworks as the Stanford Band played its trademark song, "All Right Now." Stanfordians are obviously not obsessed with such occasions for hype as only half of the football stadium was used for the event. Perhaps the most glaring distinction between our two schools is the choice of entertainment. Stanford attracted noted artists such as Whoopi Goldberg, Joan Baez and James Galway while we get twenty different opportunities to watch mimes.

Bowls of Crunchie

As if you didn't have enough environmental concerns, you might want to think again before digging into that cereal. According to the *Daily Kansan*, Grateful Dead guitarist Bob Weir wants breakfast to become "an environmentally responsible act." To achieve this goal, Weir is promoting two new cereals, Rainforest Crisp and Rainforest Granola. (Rainforest Orange Marmalade is reportedly on the way.) Each of them are made with, like, nuts and fruits from, you know, the actual Amazon jungle, man. You've got the adopted personality, the bootleg tapes, the doo-rag and the tie die; now all you need is the cereal. Jerry truly is God.

Smells Like A Real Important Issue

The University of Portland has got to be hard up for meaningful issues to talk about. A recent editorial in Portland's *Beacon* centers entirely on the fact that Portland's female students wear too much perfume. The editorial reads, "Just because you may think you have 'taste' and be fond of a particular *eau de Cologne*, doesn't mean you have the right to subject others to what might as well be 'bad taste.' Perfumes and fragrances should be subtle and suggestive, not explosive and intoxicating." Sounds like they need a committee to research the possibility of a campus-wide perfume ban. Do you think their illustrious president (the one and only Dave Tyson) will take away their dorm matching funds for such crimes? Hope they don't get too much snow in Portland this year. □

Edited by Michael Owen



SESQUICENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

Glancing Back

The legend of Knute Rockne

By Jonathan Jensen

Simply mentioning the name Knute Rockne conjures up thoughts of great National Champions, "The Gipper" and the famous "Four Horsemen." But Knute Rockne was more than just a football coach. He was an exceptional student, a father figure and an inspiration to millions of fans around the world.

Born the son of a carriage maker in 1888 at Voss, Norway, Rockne and his parents immigrated to Chicago when he was just 5 years old. After high school Rockne held several jobs, the steadiest of which was for the Chicago Post Office. He hoped to save up enough money for a college education.

Armed with \$1000 and visions of stardom on the gridiron, Rockne became one of Notre Dame's 400 students in 1910 and was assigned to Sorin Hall. For his first three years, Rockne was better known as an exceptional chemistry student than a Notre Dame football player. He was even hired as a chemistry professor before his graduation. However, it wasn't long before his talents on the field caught up with his excellence in the classroom.

Rockne's greatest moment as a Notre Dame player was captaining the 1913 team to an undefeated 7-0 record, highlighted by a stunning upset of a supposedly unbeatable Army team in West Point. During Notre Dame's 35-13 victory, Rockne caught a 40-yard pass, the longest ever completed at that time. By the time he finished Notre Dame, Rockne had been chosen as a Third-Team Walter Camp All-American and had established a Midwest pole-vaulting record of 12 feet, four inches.

In 1914, Rockne was graduated from Notre Dame magna cum laude with a 3.7

grade point average. He subsequently returned to his Alma Mater as a chemistry professor and assistant football coach.

The year 1918 marked the beginning of the Knute Rockne era at Notre Dame, as he was appointed as athletic director and head football coach.

And the rest, as they say, was history.

Rockne put Notre Dame Football on the map, leading the Fighting Irish through five undefeated seasons and three national championships in his 13 years as coach.

In 1919 and 1920, Rockne's teams were undefeated and Notre Dame's first undisputed national championship came in 1924. Led by Don Miller, Jimmy Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher and Elmer Layden, the 1924 team was considered to be the greatest football team of the era. Rockne's boys captivated the nation and inspired sportswriter Grantland Rice to dub the leaders "The Four Horsemen." In three years the legendary running backs won 28 out of 30 games.

Rockne did, however, have his share of hard times as Head Coach at Notre Dame. In 1928, Rockne's worst season, the team was a disappointing 0-2 coming into a match-up against a powerful Army squad.

Rockne knew he had to find a way to inspire his team to victory. He had to recall an incident from eight years earlier to find that inspiration.

In 1920, Notre Dame was blessed with a talented player who could run, kick and throw with anybody in the country. He was the first Notre Dame player to be selected for the First-Team Walter Camp All-American Team. His name was George Gipp.

Gipp developed a throat infection shortly after the final game of the 1920 season at Northwestern. As Rockne sat next to his



File Photo

Knute Rockne
(1888-1931)

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME DU LAC

death-bed, he listened to some of Gipp's last words. "Sometime, Rock," he said, "When the team is up against it, when things are wrong and the breaks are beating the boys, tell them to go in there with all they've got and win just one for Gipp."

Rockne's struggling 1928 team was the first to hear what Gipp had said. Rockne told the story to his troops at half-time of the Army game, and Notre Dame scored the biggest upset of the 1928 season with a 12-6 victory over the Cadets. The 1931 book *Knute Rockne's Career* reads, "Football experts who witnessed it said that the game was the greatest demonstration of inspired football ever played on any gridiron anywhere."

In 1929, Rockne was bed-ridden with a dangerous leg infection. He had to cancel many of his speaking engagements and appointments at the insistence of his doctor. Forced to coach from a stretcher on the sidelines, Rockne's team won ten straight games on their way to an undefeated season and another undisputed national championship.

Rockne designed Notre Dame Stadium, which his 1930 team played in during their second-straight undefeated national championship season. But this was to be his only season coaching in Notre Dame Stadium. At the height of his career and popularity, Knute Rockne was killed in a plane crash on March 31, 1931, on a farm near Bazaar, Kansas.

Thousands of telegrams poured into Notre Dame from all over the world, expressing their grief over the death of an American hero. Students and admirers gathered at Sacred Heart Church for the funeral, and his grave at South Bend's Highland Cemetery was frequented by thousands of visitors for many weeks after his death. A group immediately started making plans for a memorial to the great coach. The Knute Rockne Memorial was built in 1931 and still



Sports Information

In three years, the Four Horsemen helped Knute Rockne and his team win 28 out of 30 football games.

serves as an athletic facility for Notre Dame students and athletes.

President Herbert Hoover lamented, "Mr.

"American sport has lost a great and beloved leader. We share with Notre Dame the inspiration of his gallantry, his vigor and his skill. The army will cherish his memory."

Gen. Douglas MacArthur

Rockne so contributed to a cleanness and high purpose and sportsmanship in athletics that his passing is a national loss."

The April 17, 1931, edition of the *Scholastic* declared, "No figure in the field of sports has ever been so sincerely and so universally loved as this great man. His strength of character, his winning personality, his untiring devotion to his Alma Mater have made him a personage admired and respected by all who knew him."

Knute Rockne's memory has lived on today, as evidenced by a 1988 dedication of a U.S. postage stamp on the 100th anniversary of his birth. Rockne is the only football player or coach to ever be immortalized on a stamp. The ceremony was attended by President Reagan, who played George Gipp in the movie "Knute Rockne: All-American."

Knute Rockne was the founder of the Notre Dame mystique; he built Notre Dame football into what it is today. In the 150 years of the University of Notre Dame, no other University figure has captured the nation's attention the way he once did.

Knute Rockne is indubitably one of the most famous people to walk the hallowed Notre Dame campus. And the legend of Knute Rockne has lived on in names like Leahy, Hornung, Montana, and Holtz. □

Extremism: Monster of Our Own Creation

*Rich Delevan calls for substantive
discourse on important issues*



Thunderstruck is probably a good way to describe the way most of us feel when we see or read something grossly offensive. Once read, however, it is all too easy to lay it aside, turn on "Cheers," and "lose the name of action." Last Wednesday, most of us had this experience when *The Observer* published yet another piece of demagoguery by Paul Peralez. More importantly, the Peralez letter is a symptom of a larger problem, namely the lack of intelligent debate on campus issues.

The Peralez letter is a vile, putrid display of seething racial hatred masked by a veneer of seemingly otherwise intelligent argumentation about the issues of the Clarence Thomas nomination and of SUFR at Notre Dame. Statements like "blacks at Notre Dame like blacks in the old South cherish the pleasure of sleeping with whites" are painful reading. They lead us to ask, why is this garbage in print? Do student media like *The Observer* or *Scholastic* have an obligation to publish such tracts? Some may argue that to refuse to publish such diatribe constitutes a violation of free speech, but nothing prevents Peralez and his clones from peddling their hate-mongering elsewhere. The decision to publish is one based on compelling interest.

As an ex-journalist myself, I remember compelling interest in two forms: the need to fill space on the op-ed page, or more nobly to stimulate or reflect debate on important issues. Assuming the former is not the case in this instance, let us consider the latter. Did the letter draw attention to issues or the

author? Did it initiate a substantive debate? The fact is that the publication of the Peralez letters serve only to stifle real discourse.

Extremism doesn't prompt debate. It prompts only apathy or anger. Either we disgustedly throw out the newspaper, or fire off an angry letter — it is the rare case when actual thought takes place in our emotional response. The process is dangerously systemic, because each time Peralez and his clones get published, it marginalizes and trivializes the goal of real debate. Each time we read such trash, it makes us less willing to talk or write about pertinent issues for fear of being lumped in an undesirable category of loudmouths. It helps to perpetuate the stifling apathy on this campus which leads the typical student to hold up for ridicule those who offer ideas of substance which challenge our own cherished, narrow perspectives.

The Observer's actions are understandable considering the gray sea of indifference they generally confront. I fully understand and share their frustration because the prevailing climate of impassivity extends to student "leaders" at ND as well. An astonishing lack of willingness to address the issues of the day grips the hall president's council and student senate who shy away from issues that may stir controversy or (God forbid) simply lengthen the meeting. Witness last year's lack of active student government involvement in the SUFR debate or the recent "Safe Haven" issue. In each case, opportunities to frankly discuss civil and political rights within our commu-

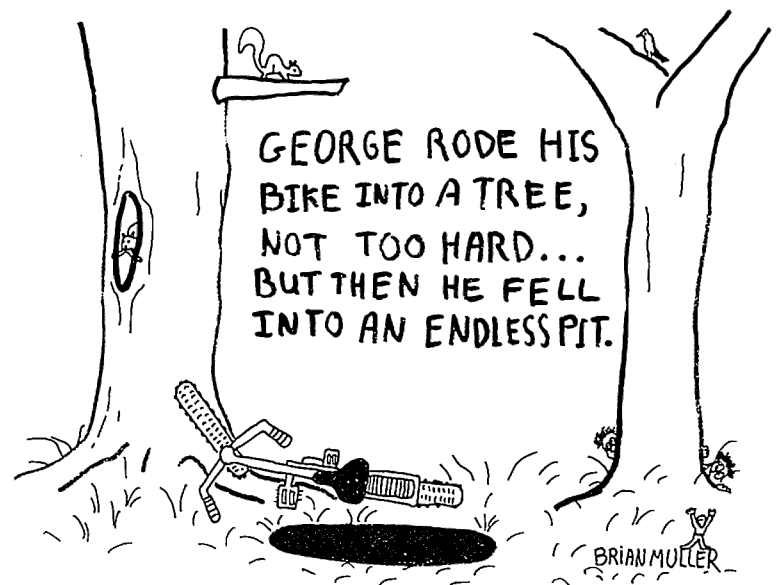
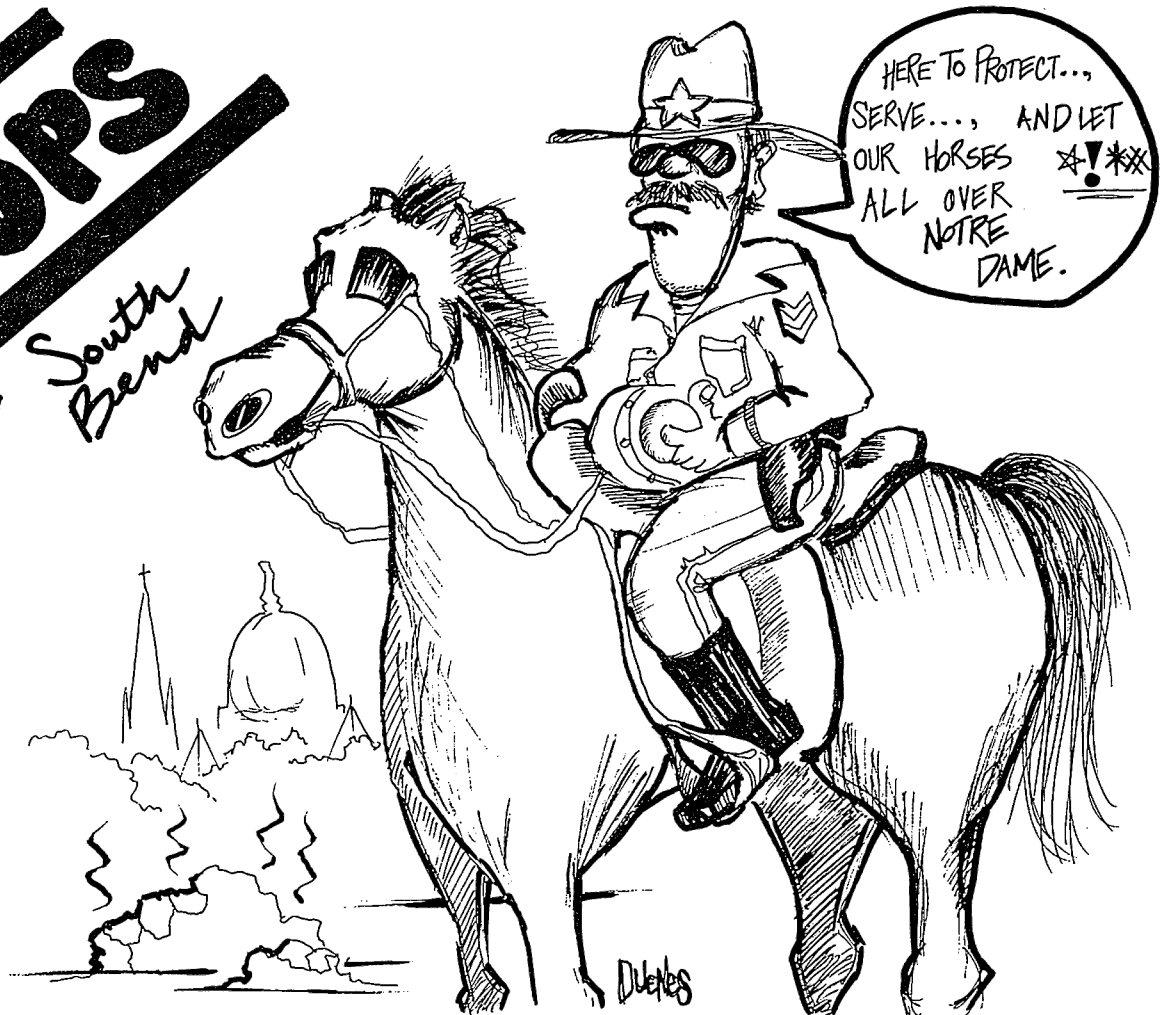
nity were wasted in favor of a series of less time-(and thought-) consuming "unanimous consent" resolutions on various issues without a lively debate.

Consequently, there is a vacuum of debate on campus. We lack leaders who are willing to vigorously articulate concerns and introduce an open, forceful debate. The result is an inversion of positions between the leaders and the media. Instead of initiating debate, leaders are forced to reluctantly respond. Instead of reporting and contributing to issues, the media is forced to almost invent issues. When these issues are left lying on the ground, it is only natural that *Scholastic* and *The Observer* feel pressure to pick them up.

Printed extremism like Peralez is symptomatic of a sickness in our community. Each of us needs to examine how well we students, our leaders and our media are fulfilling our obligations at a Catholic university to engage each other on these issues. We must shed our notion that the "real issues" are somehow "out there," outside of our normal experience. The only real issues of social justice and morality are the ones in our midst in which we participate. Take a hard look at Notre Dame, and see if we can't cure ourselves of debilitating apathy and the extremism that feeds on it. As for Paul Peralez, well, he just needs a clue. □

Rich Delevan is a junior government and philosophy major who currently serves as co-president of Flanner Tower. The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect those of Scholastic magazine.

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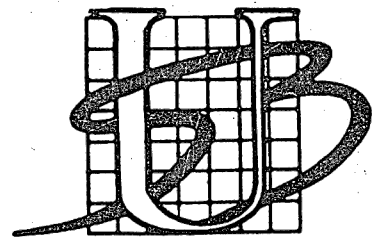
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