

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME • FEB. 27, 1997

SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE

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Lying Low

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is a quiet but growing
aspect of the social life*

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COVER STORY



Dope Under the Dome

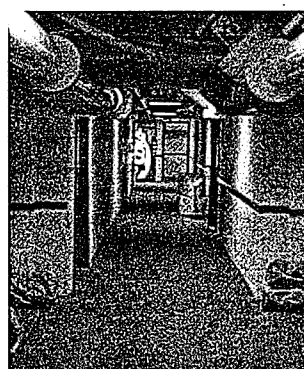
by R. Thomas Coyne

Marijuana has been around for ages. But at Notre Dame, it has not been an accepted part of the typical social life of students. Lately, use of marijuana and other drugs has increased. The subject is still taboo, but for many students, it has become a common part of a typical week.

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by Kate Jacques



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26 Years Ago: Because it's Fun

When I entered Notre Dame, my conception of drug users consisted of the losers in my high school who got caught smoking pot in the woods behind the school. They were the pathetic ones who never wanted to go to college and didn't seem to be heading anywhere.

In 1971, *Scholastic Magazine* ran a cover story entitled "Better Living Through Chemistry," in which the author explored the various reasons Notre Dame students smoked pot — for an escape, for a feeling of transcendence and ritual, to relieve stress, to fill the hours of boredom. But above all, for fun. "Fun is simply those activities done without any immediate purpose, and spoiled by purpose; it springs from the joy of doing and being other than we do or are normally," the article says. "And when people have fun stoned, the *feeling* in fun is enhanced. ... These pot users simply experience the release in ecstasy — which is fun — more intensely. Sunday morning, however, is 3 p.m."

The pictures painted in 1971 have grown familiar to me. Drug users are no longer the losers of my high school days. They are the guy sitting next to me in my 11 a.m. class, the girl living in the apartment below me, the straight A student and my friend who just landed a job for next year. They aren't pathetic and they aren't going nowhere. They are typical Notre Dame students. And they do drugs because they're bored, because they're stressed, because they've become comfortable with the ritual and the feeling of transcendence. Because it's fun.

Tom Coyne looks at drug use by Notre Dame students on page 6. He found that the average drug user resembles the average student — bright, high achievers from fairly conservative backgrounds who enjoy drugs while still maintaining control of their lives. But this is not to glorify drug use at Notre Dame. In the outside world, the drug abusers of my high school days still exist. They don't do drugs because it's fun, but because they are addicted to crack, heroin or even pot. But at Notre Dame this type of drug user seems to be a rarity, an exception to the rule of the recreational user. We rarely hear of students who drop out — or fail out — because of drug use. But then again, we can't know for sure to what degree drugs are abused at Notre Dame if the Office of Student Affairs won't release the results of any drug surveys.

Bridget Bradburn
Managing Editor

To Infinity and Beyond

I'll spare you tales of racing against deadlines, late-night craziness and drunken staff parties. Joining *Scholastic* was one of the best decisions I've made at Notre Dame (besides deciding not to steal that cruiser parked outside LaFortune one night). I hope the magazine has improved since my days of flipping through the issues in SDH, looking for the latest dirt from the Gipp.

But any improvement deserves due credit. Last spring, we started out with a young, enthusiastic staff. These same students are now enthusiastic, experienced and invaluable. From Pat Downes's copy editing with his AP Stylebook at his hip to Chris Myers's lawsuit-inducing columns, I've been helped along the way. Brian Christ has improved the design of the magazine much more than I did in his position, culminating in our best Football Review ever — judging from the creative excuses I heard from people who wanted more copies. His creative layouts showcased the editorial leadership of Jeremy Dixon and Brian Hiro. And as I have taught some of the editors how to use Pagemaker or deal with an uncooperative Mac (smack it), I've learned plenty from them. I never knew the underlying genius of the Muppets, for example.

As far as support goes, Bridget wins the award for Managing Editor of the Year, always offering to help out and devoting as much time as necessary to get the job done. She never said no, even when I expected her to.

I'm sure next year's staff will continue publishing quality writing that looks as good as it reads. Good luck, campers. Tell the LaFortune building manager I said hi.

There will be no issue next week. But Kristin Alworth and the new staff will make their debut in the March 27 issue.

Steve Myers
Editor in Chief

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*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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Words offered at the end of the day to an unknown friend living in fear

Dear Anonymous:

I need to say this quietly in deference to your eloquent anguish. But I need to say it nonetheless. And I am angry, and it will be hard to keep my voice down; angry not *at* you but *for* you. And if I misread the last lines of your poem and you already know all this, that's okay. I'm sure someone else needs to hear it.

You say, "God knows, but God loves me anyway." Wait. Let me say it gently but firmly — unequivocally. God does *not* love you "anyway" — *despite* your being gay. God does not need to overlook the way you are to smile at the beauty of your humanity, at the earthly reflection of divine love as you are gaily — and I don't mean just "happily" — *imago Dei*.

Do you hear me, my friend? I will be downright strident about this because I see now that if God keeps silent in the face of your anguish, it is only because I wouldn't lend God the use of my words. Well, here they are.

When Hosea spoke of a day when God would have pity on "Not-pitied" and would say to "Not-my-people," you *are* my people — Hosea meant *you*, and I hope that day is *now*. When Isaiah welcomed foreigners and eunuchs (ever before outcast from the presence of God) into the Temple — well, Isaiah meant to welcome *you* as well, and to name your praise, like their praise, as *more* dear to God than even that of the faithful Jews (or Christians), perhaps because your praise is brought over the objections and insults of so many of us — and yet still finds its way to God. And when Peter, our first pope (no less stubborn than the rest) was treated to that heavenly picnic of assorted forbidden foods it was to remind him of Isaiah's self-same insight, that the church dare not exclude those who come at God's own call.

When Jesus stopped to speak and sip with the Samaritan woman at the well, perhaps she, too, thought that his fellowship came to her "anyway," *despite* her ethnic outcast baggage. But I tell you, my friend — and I am not scared to be flamboyant if need be — Jesus offered her living words and living water *because* of who she was. He relished her Samaritan beauty; he chose her for the Kingdom, and when he did, he meant for *you* to feel chosen, too, not *despite*, but *because* of your gayness. So, remember when you walk past the silent, subversive statue of her and him at the well in front of O'Shaughnessy, that while the administration might prefer you didn't exist, or at least didn't tell us who you are, Jesus is stopping to chat because you caught his eye not "anyway" — but *just the way* you are.

Can you hear me yet, my friend? I am not afraid to be audacious if I have to. When Jesus sent his disciples out two by two, he said if any town refused to welcome them in his name on Judgment Day those towns would fare far worse than Sodom and Gomorrah. Okay, it isn't in the text — I admit it — but I will say it anyway because it's true: Jesus meant to say as much to all you same-sex couples who, not unlike those disciples, come two by two, hoping for a bit of hospitality from the Church. What irony that we who have so long burdened you with the guilt of Sodom and Gomorrah find that the fire and brimstone are finally aimed *our* way.

And when Jesus said that foxes have holes and birds have nests but the Son of Man has no place to lay his head he knew that if ever a day came when churches with their gilded gold and schools with their omnipresent crosses in every classroom thought that now Christ surely had a place to lay his head, he knew that you, my friend, would know better. For with your anguish every night you bear a fearful witness to us all. Until *your* head rests fully welcome within these walls — until then Christ keeps his weary watch *outside* with you, still after all these years aching and envious of foxes and birds.

I hope that you *have* heard, my friend. I tremble for the silent "no" that closes out — and closets in — each day, the quiet daily unmaking of yourself by fears all too well founded. Against all this that you know so well I can offer only words — but maybe this is precisely what I have not done often enough or loud enough or long enough. So, I hope, my unknown friend, that at the end of *this* day, and the next, and on and on, that when you crawl beneath your covers of so much more than linen you remember these words I offer in gentle but firm — unequivocal, strident, flamboyant, audacious witness: *You are loved by God already now, not "anyway," but fully because of who and how you are.*

And I wait with you for the day when "no" becomes "yes" and you place yourself truthful in our midst. I wait patiently, because who am I to tell you when to step beyond the fears that we have heaped up in your way? And because who am I to think your fear is not in part indebted to the comfort of my own silence? And I wait impatiently, because I know at least this much that *God is anxious for you to share the joy God takes in the very beauty of who and how you are.*

David R. Weiss
Ph.D. candidate in Theology

We've probably ~~pissed you off~~ somehow.
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Environmentally Sound

Robert F. Kennedy Jr. has the name, the power and the money to fight for what he truly believes in: the environment

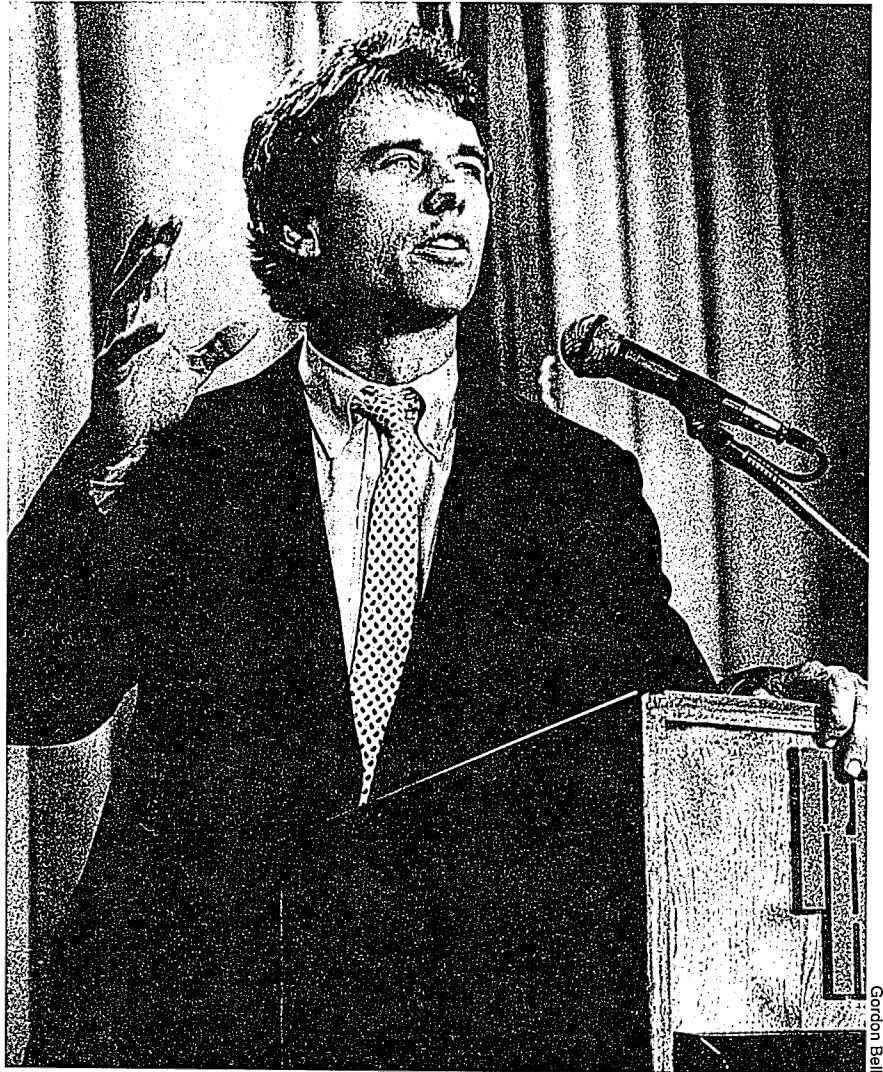
BY MATTHEW DULL

Speaking before a rain-drenched Stepan Center crowd Friday night, Robert F. Kennedy Jr. treated his audience to a characteristically firm call for environmental protection. The New York attorney has, in his 15 years of environmental activism, developed a reputation as a passionate, intelligent, even relentless defender of New York's waterways.

Kennedy, who was brought to Notre Dame with money from a variety of student groups and who was hosted by the National Association of Students at Catholic Colleges and Universities (NASCCU), works on a variety of New York state environmental issues. He serves as an attorney for the Hudson Riverkeeper Fund and is an instructor with Pace University's environmental law program.

Kennedy is, of course, better known for his strong resemblance to his father and namesake, former senator and 1968 presidential candidate Robert Kennedy, his uncle President John F. Kennedy, and the assortment of congressmen, senators and beautiful people who populate the Kennedy family. During his short (and expensive) visit to Notre Dame, that Kennedy presence was apparent. After his speech and at the small reception that followed, a group of admirers (mostly female) huddled around him, waiting to pose for a picture or, in some cases, just gape. One flustered admirer subjected me to a lengthy confession—in short, her date to a dance that night just couldn't compare to Kennedy.

RFK Jr. seems to accept that burden (if it can be characterized that way) and appears resigned to use it on behalf of the issues about which he cares most. Kennedy uses the power of his name to travel and speak on environmental causes all over the country. His dedication to environmental protection, he says, is a reflection of his lifelong love of nature. As an example, Kennedy refers to his longtime interest in falconry, a sport that uses trained hawks to hunt small game. He even recently served as president of the New York State Falconers Association. "It's an important part of my life," he



MAKING HIS POINT. Robert F. Kennedy Jr. delivers speeches nationwide to advocate environmental protection.

says. "I fly basically every morning." Kennedy traces his interest in hawks to T. H. White's book *The Sword and the Stone*, a book about Camelot that he read as a child when his uncle was in the White House. "There was a chapter in the book on falconry, and I knew at that point that was what I wanted to do," he recalls.

Proud of his outdoor adventures, Kennedy has hiked and boated all over the world. Sometimes, nature has been less than hospitable. In 1980, while rafting in Venezuela, he and several others were stranded in the Venezuelan wilderness after an accident. Waiting for four days to be rescued, Kennedy remembers being reduced to eating caterpillars. "We had lost all of our cooking utensils and all of our food so we strung them like beads on twigs and cooked them. ... They tasted like pecans."

Regardless, the outdoors now forms the foundation of Kennedy's activism. "We preserve nature because it enriches us," Kennedy argues. "It enriches us economically, culturally, aesthetically, but also spiritually." Environmental protection should be a priority, Kennedy contends, primarily for the sake of humanity. He adds,

"I'm not fighting to preserve the Hudson to save the striped bass, but because I believe that my life will be enriched and my children's lives will be enriched and my community will be enriched if we live in a world where there are striped bass."

Kennedy also draws upon concepts of stewardship, which tie environmentalism to Christian beliefs. "Ultimately, nature is the

"I think God talks to us through many vectors, but nowhere with the kind of clarity, texture, and richness as through creation."

way that God communicates to us most forcefully and most clearly," he remarks. "I think God talks to us through many vectors: through each other, through organized religion, through great books, but nowhere with the kind of clarity, texture and richness as through creation. That's why I think we have a moral obligation to preserve it." He likens destruction of the environment to tearing pages out of the last existing Bible. "It's a cost that is probably imprudent for us to impose upon ourselves and we don't have the moral right to impose on our children."

This deep belief gives RFK Jr. a firm, unmistakable voice in his activism. That voice, at times, has been criticized as too confrontational. He was once publicly berated as a "rich kid from New York" by the premier of British Columbia during a trip there. "I was chased out of the country," Kennedy says with a smile. As for his being too confrontational, he rejects the criticism. "I don't think that I'm actually a contentious person, but I do view this as a struggle for power and I think that you do have to stand up to that,"

he says. "This is a social justice issue; it's a civil rights issue. ... We have at our disposal laws that say it's illegal to pollute, but the laws aren't enforced because the people who pollute also sometimes control government officials who are charged with enforcing those laws." Leaning forward in a vaguely intimidating way, he asserts, "You have to confront power with power."

One thing the Kennedy family is known for is political power. Kennedy's siblings continue the family's record of public service. His brother Joseph Kennedy is a congressman from Massachusetts and sister Kathleen Kennedy-Townsend is lieutenant governor of Maryland. Inevitably, RFK Jr. faces questions about his own interest in political office. His name has been mentioned for almost every elective office in New York as well as a Clinton administration appointment. "People ask me to run virtually every day," Kennedy says. "But I'm not going to run just because somebody asks me to run. I'll run if I think it's right for me and my family."

Asked if he would rule out seeking office, Kennedy responds, "I try to live my life one day at a time and at this point, I'm doing what I think is the right thing to do." He continues, "You sacrifice a lot. You sacrifice your independence. Your whole family sacrifices." Pausing, he recalls, "My father made the ultimate sacrifice in politics, but ... I think he was a good example for me in that he lived his life to its fullest." □

SPECIAL

Alworth elected Editor in Chief

Kristin M. Alworth has been elected editor in chief of *Scholastic Magazine* for the 1997-98 school year. Although she is spending this semester in London, she will assume her duties following spring break. While she is abroad, she will communicate with her staff via e-mail.

Hailing from Lincolnshire, Ill., Alworth is a junior English and history major. She began working for *Scholastic* as a freshman, when she was on the writing staff. As a sophomore, she served as assistant campus life editor, and was then promoted to campus life editor in the spring of 1996. Last semester, Alworth served as editor of both the Campus Life and News departments. "By running two sections of the magazine, I have seen a broader segment of the magazine," she says. "I spent about 25-30 hours a week working on *Scholastic*, which required a certain amount of sacrifice on my part. I developed a strong sense of responsibility towards the magazine."

As editor in chief, Alworth will spend 40 or more hours every week working on the magazine. It is a time commitment that does not intimidate her. "I invested a lot of myself in the magazine [as news and campus life editor] and I am not willing to let the

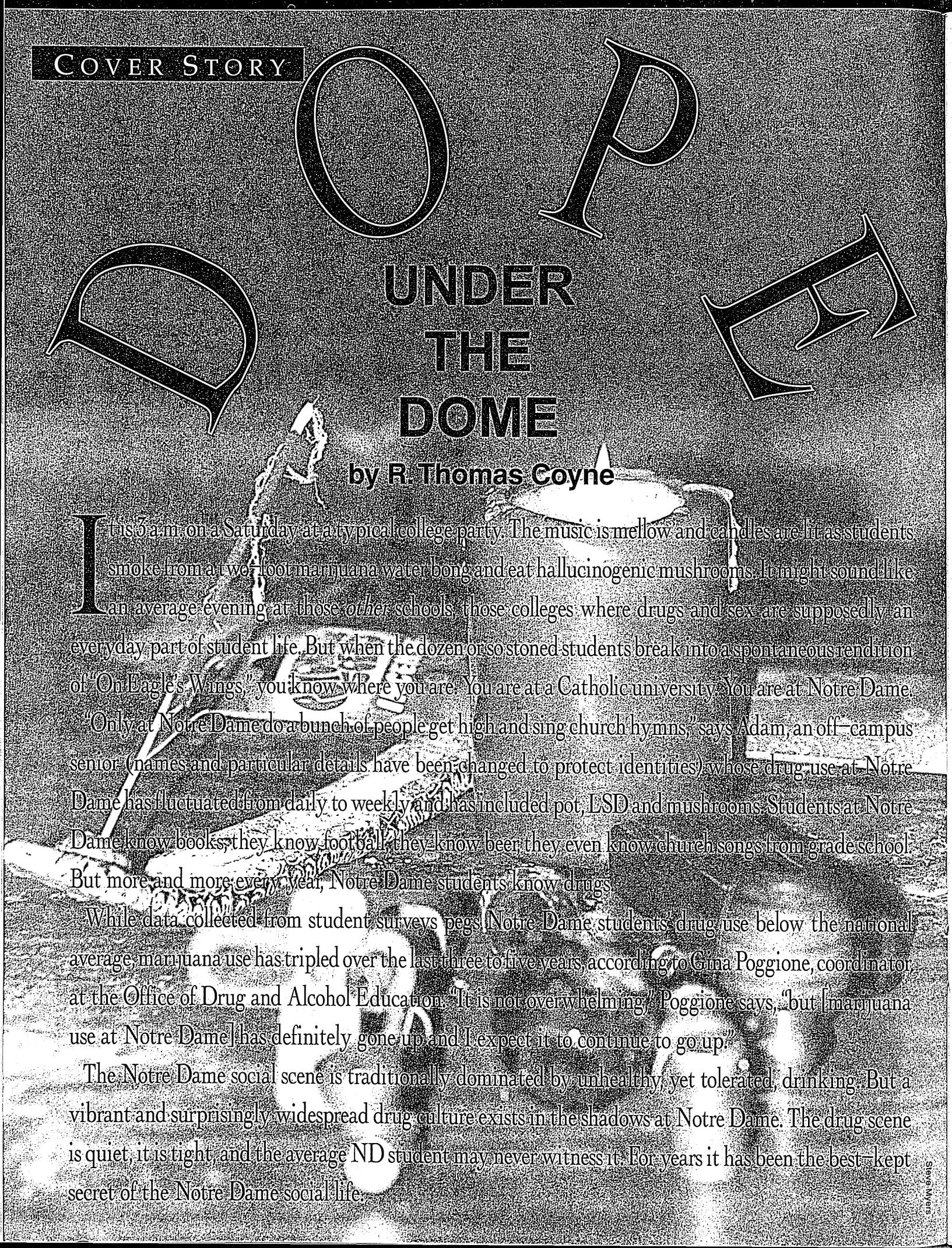
magazine go downhill," she says. "I am determined not only to maintain, but improve the quality of work seen in *Scholastic*."

Alworth hopes to improve the quality of the magazine by working on staff recruiting and training. She would like to hold writing workshops with a focus on interviewing skills, and layout workshops with a focus on innovative design techniques. She also hopes to develop *Scholastic*'s homepage over the next year.

After working in the human resources department of S&C Electric Company in Chicago for the past three summers, Alworth brings additional research and writing experience to *Scholastic*. She wrote for both the company newsletter and magazine and conducted research for an EEOC case. She also worked on her high school yearbook, editing text and laying out pages.

Alworth will be taking over for current Editor in Chief Steve Myers, a senior PLS major from Pickerington, Ohio. □





UNDER THE DOME

by R. Thomas Coyne

It is 3 a.m. on a Saturday at a typical college party. The music is mellow and candles are lit as students smoke from a two-foot marijuana water bong and eat hallucinogenic mushrooms. It might sound like an average evening at those *other* schools, those colleges where drugs and sex are supposedly an everyday part of student life. But when the dozen or so stoned students break into a spontaneous rendition of "On Eagle's Wings," you know where you are. You are at a Catholic university. You are at Notre Dame.

"Only at Notre Dame do a bunch of people get high and sing church hymns," says Adam, an off-campus senior (names and particular details have been changed to protect identities) whose drug use at Notre Dame has fluctuated from daily to weekly and has included pot, LSD and mushrooms. Students at Notre Dame know books, they know football, they know beer, they even know church songs from grade school. But more and more every year, Notre Dame students know drugs.

While data collected from student surveys pegs Notre Dame students' drug use below the national average, marijuana use has tripled over the last three to five years, according to Gina Poggione, coordinator at the Office of Drug and Alcohol Education. "It is not overwhelming," Poggione says, "but [marijuana use at Notre Dame] has definitely gone up and I expect it to continue to go up."

The Notre Dame social scene is traditionally dominated by unhealthy, yet tolerated, drinking. But a vibrant and surprisingly widespread drug culture exists in the shadows at Notre Dame. The drug scene is quiet, it is tight, and the average ND student may never witness it. For years it has been the best-kept secret of the Notre Dame social life.

JPW Mass on acid was, well, it was crazy. I thought for sure they were going to sacrifice somebody," says Dave, an off-campus senior. "There was incense being burned and music and bongos and 5,000 people there — it was too much. It was pretty much a pagan festival to me at that point."

Dave and his roommate Adam are Dean's List students who have regularly used marijuana and mushrooms and have experimented with LSD and nitrous oxide over their four years at Notre Dame. "I smoke up about once a week now," Adam says. "But that has fluctuated. It depends on how old you are, at what point you are in your life."

A typical party at their off-campus residence includes 30 to 40 non drug-using Notre Dame students. As the night wears on, the music changes, candles are lit, marijuana is smoked and most of these "mainstream" students leave. "They don't want to be in the situation where they have to say no," Adam explains. "Most of our parties are pretty average; they are mostly drinking and drugs fill the empty spaces."

"The Notre Dame drug scene is an interesting one," Adam says. "It is unbelievably intellectual. That's why the most prevalent drugs here are psychoactive — pot, LSD, mushrooms. They are cerebral, they don't dull you, they let you go outside yourself."

While Dave and Adam agree that marijuana is the most common drug at Notre Dame, they have heard of cocaine use and have seen LSD and a fair amount of mushrooms. "The drug market is really easy to read. Everyone has it, or no one has it," Dave says. "If there is a shipment, pretty much everyone will know. If mushrooms are in, everyone out will be tripping; if good grass is in, everyone will be high."

Both Adam and Dave find that using drugs is a way to explore new perspectives and viewpoints. "They let you tap into a different wavelength," Adam says.

"They give you a new view of things," Dave adds. "They make you reexamine ideas and institutions you once had faith in."

While drug use is more prevalent off-

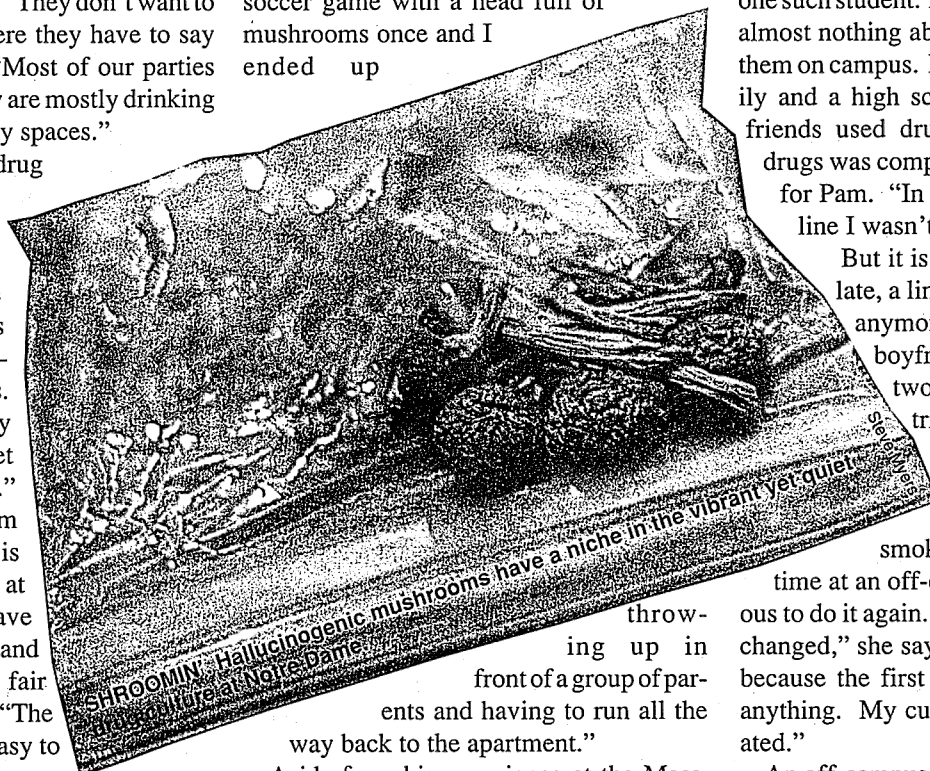
campus beyond the reach of rectors and Notre Dame security, Dave and Adam attest that there is no shortage of drug use on campus.

"Getting high in your dorm room is like an art," Adam says. "You learn the tricks; you learn how to exhale into paper towel contraptions or smoke good stuff to take less hits. And a fan is definitely your friend in the dorm."

"One of the most fun things to do is roll a joint and just walk across campus. No one bothers you or ever suspects what you are doing," Adam says. "You just take a walk, get high, and enjoy the great architecture."

But not all Adam and Dave's experiences with drugs at Notre Dame have been enlightening and educational. Some have been alarming and overwhelming.

"Psychoactive drugs can give you a fear of crowds," Adam says. "I tried to go to a soccer game with a head full of mushrooms once and I ended up



throwing up in front of a group of parents and having to run all the way back to the apartment."

Aside from his experience at the Mass, Dave explains that the entire Junior Parents Weekend was out of control after dropping acid early Saturday morning. "My friend and I dropped acid around 5 a.m. and I was out of my head. Before I knew it, it was noon and I had to meet my parents. We went for a tour at the Snite — that was too much, I had to leave. We went to some reception from there and I was absolutely sure that two profs there knew I was tripping. I thought they were winking at me. I was going crazy."

Neither Dave nor Adam is surprised by how taboo drugs are at Notre Dame. At a

conservative, Catholic, family-oriented institution, drugs are frowned upon not only by the administration, but by peers as well.

"It's Notre Dame. We've got parietals. We've got the mother Notre Dame looking down on us, looking over us like God looked down on Eden and saw all they did," Adam says.

"We've got a student body made up of the three smartest kids from every high school in the Midwest," Dave adds. "If they don't do drugs, they don't talk about them and they don't respect those who do them."

While drugs at Notre Dame are most prevalent and accessible to off-campus upperclassmen living farther from the reach of *du Lac* and its harsh penalties for drug use, younger students living in the residence halls are also tasting the Domer drug culture.

Pam, a sophomore living on campus, is one such student. As a freshman, Pam knew almost nothing about drugs and never saw them on campus. From a conservative family and a high school where none of her friends used drugs, experimenting with drugs was completely out of the question for Pam. "In high school, drugs was a line I wasn't going to cross."

But it is a line she has crossed of late, a line she feels is not so clear anymore. With an off-campus boyfriend who smokes pot and two best friends who have tried it, Pam has a new outlook on drugs and new opportunities to try them. She recently smoked marijuana for the first

time at an off-campus party and is curious to do it again. "Things around me have changed," she says. "I want to do it again because the first time I didn't really feel anything. My curiosity has not been satisfied."

An off-campus connection is a large element of a student's exposure to drugs at Notre Dame, but aside from where one lives, there seems to be few conspicuous markers of the drug culture at Notre Dame. Pam finds the drug culture she has witnessed at Notre Dame to be distinct from the one she saw in high school. "In high school, you had druggies and everyone else. It was a definite counter-culture," Pam says. "At Notre Dame it is a lot more casual, a lot more quiet. It doesn't seem to be 'us versus them,' but more everyone together with some casual users."

Drug use at Notre Dame seems to know no demographic group. White, black, alumni kids, rebels, mainstream, student leaders, discipline problems, Deadheads, accountants, Dean's List, dunces — the Notre Dame drug user cannot be pegged to a particular look or attitude.

Karen, a sophomore transfer student living on campus who has tried marijuana twice at Notre Dame, explains that upstanding, ambitious students are at the center of the drug scene because they are also not afraid to let their hair down. "There is definitely a rebellion element to it," she says. "Going to Notre Dame is like living under Mom and Dad in a lot of ways, so people definitely rebel against that by drinking a lot and doing drugs."

Drug use at Notre Dame is probably somewhat undetectable because most students don't let their drug use change their outlook or their appearance. Many drug users at Notre Dame hail from backgrounds where drug use was nonexistent. They are over-achievers who come to Notre Dame with mainstream attitudes but acquire a non-mainstream habit.

Jon is one such student. He cringes at the Grateful Dead, he tries on three outfits before going out and he pulls the Republican lever. Yet Jon smokes dope every day.

When I'm high, I'm not hung over the next

"My parents know I smoke pot and they're still proud as hell," Jon says, another off-campus senior on the Dean's List, but from a different social crowd than Adam and Dave. Jon began smoking marijuana regularly his sophomore year. He now smokes pot or opium on a daily basis and from time to time smokes hash and takes the designer drug ecstasy.

"Don't get me wrong, my parents don't love the fact that I do drugs," Jon says. "They would prefer if I didn't, but they know I am responsible. I have gotten into one of the best universities, I am on the Dean's List, I'm graduating in four years, and I have a clear picture for the future."

Jon plans to become a teacher and — save

getting arrested or testing positive in a urine test — he doesn't see his drug habit interfering with his future. "If I get busted, I'm screwed. That would make it almost impossible to be a teacher."

As he looks at a half-smoked bowl of marijuana on his desk, Jon explains, "Drugs for me are not something I need. They are something I enjoy. If I have the money I'll buy a hit of ex [ecstasy] or a quarter [ounce of marijuana]. If I don't have the money it's not like I'll go scraping for it."

Jon maintains that drugs are a form of entertainment for him. "People say they use drugs to escape," he says. "What am I escaping from? Drugs are like a treat, like an added bonus. Dope makes TV and video games a lot more interesting. And going to school in South Bend, that's pretty much all you have."

While living on campus, Jon smoked marijuana regularly from a water bong he dubbed "Sham-bong." It was a blue glass bottle with a gold shamrock and interlocking ND painted across it. "That's my kind of school spirit," he says.

Jon started using ecstasy over the last year and finds it to be "the ultimate, total-body high. Ex is like an endless orgasm.

With the right music, the beat flows through you, you feel, you taste the music. You love everyone and everything."

While his roommates only smoke marijuana occasionally, they are completely tolerant of Jon's drug use. "To each his own," says Jon's roommate Russell. "It doesn't bother us; we all do our own thing."

But not everyone is as tolerant of drug use at Notre Dame as Jon's roommates. "There are people here who have no idea what it is about, people who look down on it, people with attitudes straight from high school health class," Jon says. "But I couldn't really care less about them. ... People with such closed minds are not interesting to me at all."

"Everyone here drinks and thinks that is

alright, but in terms of what has screwed my academics up the most, it is the drinking and not the drugs. I get drunk, hung over, miss class, my grade drops, etc. When I'm high, I am not hung over the next day and can get done what I need to," Jon says.

While Jon occasionally goes to class high on marijuana, he finds that it can be an arduous affair. "Going to class high is one thing, but going [too] stoned is no fun at all. You are helpless, totally out of it and paranoid you're going to get called on."

While his experiences with drugs at Notre Dame have been relatively tame, an evening over last spring break pushed Jon's body and mind to the limit. "After a night of smoking pot and drinking beer, my friends and I went out to a club and dropped ex. We danced for a while, went home, drank some more beer, took three or four bong hits, and I started hallucinating. I was still on ex, I was high, drunk, I wanted to die. I was violently, violently ill and I seriously wondered if I was going to be alright. It was

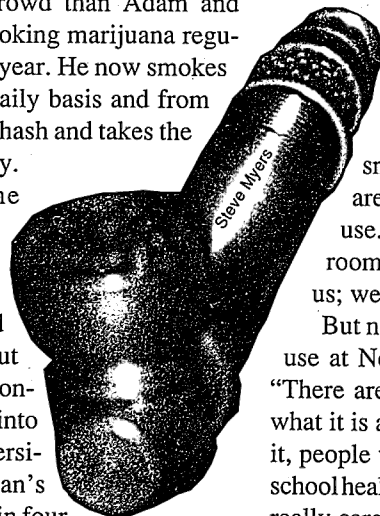
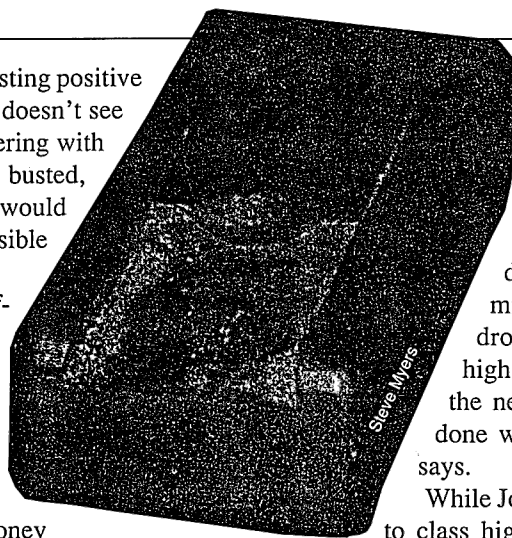
scary."

"Drugs are not for everyone," Jon says. "The key for me is moderation. There is no doubt that drugs in excess will screw up your life like nobody's business. ... You have to find the happy medium. And if I haven't found it yet, I'm pretty close."

While Jon is not concerned by others' opinions regarding his drug use, some students are sensitive to the stigma attached to using drugs. "For Notre Dame families, drinking is a tradition, drugs are out of the question," Karen says.

"There is a certain attitude that goes along with smoking pot," she explains. "If you're black at Notre Dame, people expect you to be an athlete. If you look grubby and have long hair, you're a pot smoker. I don't want to have that stigma attached to me; I don't want to be thought of as something I'm not."

Such an analogy represents the false assumptions made about the drug-using popu-



lation at Notre Dame. Dave, Adam and Jon are examples of how lax appearance and laziness are not a corollary for drug use at Notre Dame.

Nor is being a male a requisite for drug use. Julie is an off-campus junior with a bubbly personality, a solid academic record and a \$100-a-month marijuana habit.

"I do drugs for the experience, because I'm curious and it's eye-opening," Julie explains. "I smoke pot regularly, I can get it whenever I want it. I've done ecstasy at Notre Dame about five times, mushrooms three or so times. But I really like pot. There's something about it, the communal aspect, the sharing, the passing of a bowl. I like everything about it, the smell of it, the taste of it. It's great to help you relax, like after a test or something. There's nothing like a joint to help take the edge off."

While she lives off-campus, Julie has used drugs on campus as well. She has strolled around campus on a spring afternoon while under the influence of mushrooms, and her friend Bridget finds that getting high in the dorms presents no significant problem. "My RA smelled me smoking [pot] all the time and I never knew," Bridget explains.

As Julie takes a pull on her pinch hit (a pipe for smoking marijuana that holds one

university administrators are well aware that Notre Dame students are using drugs on a regular basis. "We know it's out there," Poggione says. "In terms of drug abuse, in this office we deal primarily with marijuana-related problems. I don't deal with other drugs on a first-hand basis, but I assume they're out there. There is a subculture, existing mostly off-campus, but not entirely. We know people are smoking pot in the dorms."

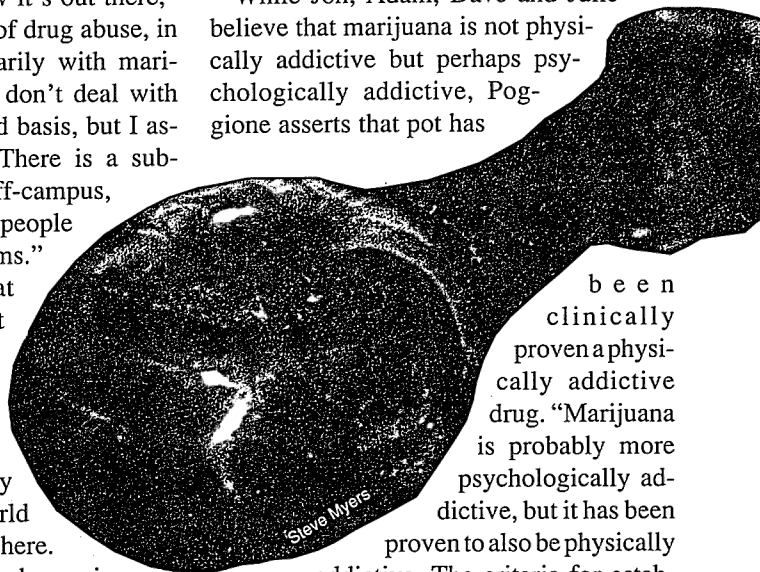
Poggione explains that drinking is at the forefront of the Notre Dame social scene and drugs are in the background because of what society accepts. "Drugs are not as socially acceptable in the real world as they are in the age group here.

They are extremely frowned upon in the professional world, and testing positive could ruin a career. ... Using drugs thus seems to be put in that quiet, don't-tell environment."

Poggione realizes that most users at Notre Dame are accomplished and involved students but asserts that daily drug use will eventually catch up with them. "There is a phenomenon that we have come across in dealing with abusive substances in that everyone is different. There are highly func-

With or without the drugs, I wouldn't do that."

While Jon, Adam, Dave and Julie believe that marijuana is not physically addictive but perhaps psychologically addictive, Poggione asserts that pot has



been clinically proven a physically addictive drug. "Marijuana is probably more psychologically addictive, but it has been proven to also be physically

addictive. The criteria for establishing that is if it has withdrawal symptoms. And, yes, it does."

Poggione hopes that anyone with a drug problem or a question about alcohol or drug abuse would come into the Office of Drug and Alcohol Education and talk with her and her staff. Anonymity is guaranteed by federal mandate to anyone who comes for counseling of their own will. She also asks students who think they don't have a problem to be aware that every addict started

xt day and I can get done what I need to.

hit of pot), she explains that while drinking is widely regarded at Notre Dame as an acceptable form of drug abuse, drugs are largely looked down upon by the student body. "Alcohol is as illegal as pot for most students at Notre Dame. ... Alcohol is just as destructive, perhaps more so, than pot. I would take pot over beer any day. High people don't fight, they just hang out and get along.

"A lot of people here seem to care so much about what the Joneses think and they don't want to be labeled a drug user or be seen around drugs. Personally, I couldn't care less if people look at me differently because I smoke. My friends accept me. I'm doing well; drugs are not a problem for me. If anything, pot has helped me. It has helped me break out of a narrow point of view, the straight, sheltered life of home and high school."

While the drug culture at Notre Dame has existed largely underground, the

tioning alcoholics and drug users. That functioning will only last so long. There is a crash-and-burn point that will hit because you are dealing with a substance that is changing the way your mind thinks and changing your body's composition."

Most students are not so anxious about the repercussions of regular drug use, particularly regular pot smoking. "A lot of people could be 4.0 or 3.9 [GPA] students, but because they use drugs, maybe they are a 3.6," Adam says. "If you have a 2.0, you have bigger problems. It's not just about drugs."

Jon agrees and believes that the risks or limitations inherent in drug use are worth the enjoyment he gets from smoking pot and opium. "You hear people say you're not living up to your potential, you're not being all you can be — that seems to be a big concern at Notre Dame. Personally, I couldn't care less. What's the fun in chasing something around called 'your potential?'

somewhere. "No one ever started off smoking every day. No one ever started off wanting to or needing to have it," she explains.

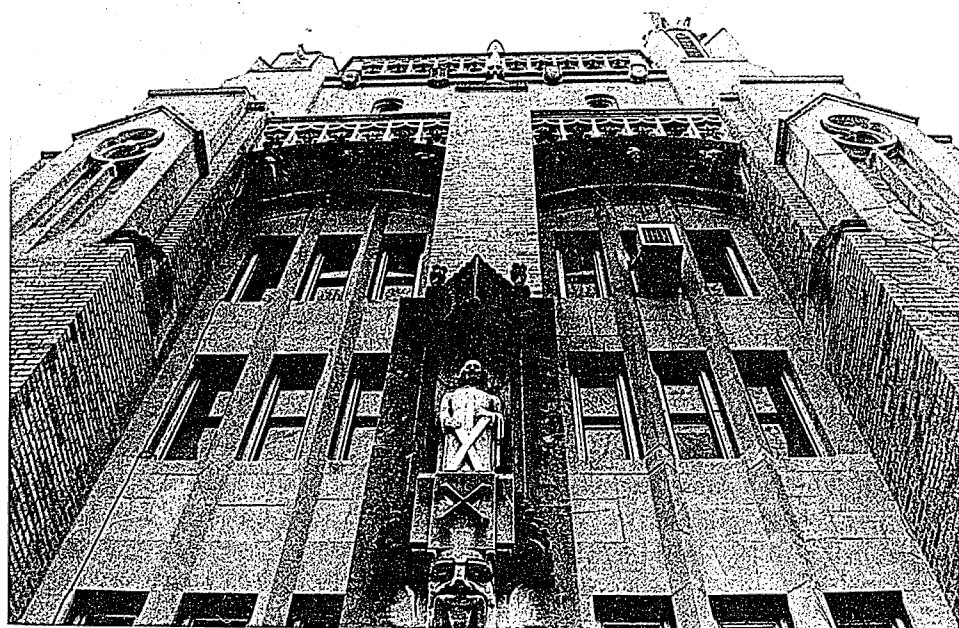
A recent drug and alcohol survey issued by Poggione's office is an attempt to keep a finger on the pulse of student drug use at Notre Dame. Prof. Patricia O'Hara at Student Affairs, of which the OADE is a part, says, "The results of the surveys are used for internal purposes and not released. ... Giving out such information is problematic because it can be easily misinterpreted."

But the above students are not easily misinterpreted. Whatever the survey happens to reveal about drug use, the fact is that alcohol is not the only drug being abused at the University of Notre Dame. Marijuana use is up 143 percent among high school students nationally. As these students bring their drug habits to their college campuses, the escalation of drug use at Notre Dame seems inevitable. The Domer drug culture may not be in the shadows much longer. □

Changing the Manor

Morrissey residents plan to renovate their home, but not their spirit

"Morrissey is
a classic, old,
gothic dorm.
If you stand
in the middle
of the quad
and look
towards it,
it scares you.
It's awesome."



Gordon Bell

BY KATE JACQUES

The gothic structure of Morrissey Manor is an intimidating presence on South Quad, but it's the dorm's interior that is actually scary. An issue of *Link* magazine recently named Morrissey the worst dorm in the nation in terms of living conditions. Miniature rooms and an intriguing smell have always been a source of pride, spirit and humor for the Manor's 320 residents. But the Manor is finally about to undergo a series of structural and aesthetic renovations that just might alter its image.

A committee of students, led by junior Matt Szabo and sophomore Mark Low, is currently working with their rector, Fr. Joe Ross, and the Office of Student Residences to improve the living conditions in Morrissey.

Morrissey's residents occupy some of the smallest rooms on campus. This includes a section of the basement known as the Dirty Thirty (DT). Senior Pat Perri explains how that nickname was derived decades ago.

"DT used to have only two showers for the section, and people said the guys who lived down there were dirty," Perri says. This area will no longer house students, as Morrissey plans to eliminate 43 resident spaces following the renovations.

The cramped living conditions are a source of amusement for Perri. Residing in the smallest double on campus as a freshman is his claim to fame. "The dimensions of the room I lived in were 12 feet deep and six and a half feet wide; it's a double," Perri says. "The real catch is that it doesn't have four corners; one of them is completely cut off, making the room even smaller," he explains. Perri was able to make the best of the situation, though, convincing a girl to visit his room for the first time by bragging about the room's extremely small size. He has been dating her ever since.

How do most incoming freshmen react upon receiving a closet-sized room? Freshman Jim Geffre says he was horrified. Geffre's roommate, freshman Mike Lewis, agrees that it took some time to get over the initial shock. Ross suggests that it's often a

good idea to have a former resident of the more infamous rooms calm newcomers and help them arrange the rooms.

Despite these inconveniences, Morrissey residents take great pride in their dorm, citing its exceptional spirit and participation in service. "The spirit is probably the opposite of what you'd expect. Because we have closer [quarters], it's almost like we're all in this together," Szabo says. "The spirit of Morrissey is outstanding." Low and Perri add that the doors of Morrissey's rooms are always open, adding to the camaraderie and welcoming atmosphere.

Even the *Link* article did little to dampen the spirit of the Manor. Ross explains that it was "strangely an uplifting thing," which added to that evening's rendition of Morrissey Unplugged, a music concert the Manor's residents perform. "It's kind of something to joke [about]. I don't think people really take it that seriously after all," Low adds.

Junior Bryce Emo moved from Keenan into one of Morrissey's worst rooms last semester. "Physically, Keenan is in better shape right now, but I think the only thing missing from Morrissey involves a few structural changes," he says. Emo lives with falling paint and an extreme space shortage, but he still insists that his dorm is the best on campus. While impressed with the proposed renovations, he doesn't foresee a related change in dorm spirit. "[The alterations] might encourage upperclassmen to live on campus longer, but our spirit will always be great," Emo says.

The renovation process will begin this summer and take two more summers to complete. The men of Morrissey submitted a list of requests for dorm improvements to Housing Director Kevin Cannon, most of which have been approved. Some students made requests to preserve certain aspects of the dorm, such as the chapel and the lobby, demonstrating a sense of respect for the traditions of the Manor.

The majority of changes will occur in the DT section of the dorm. "That's all going to become laundry space, food sales, a dining area, men's and women's bathrooms and study space," Szabo explains. This will actually make Morrissey one of the few male dorms with the convenience of laundry service.

Ross is particularly committed to increasing the 24-hour space. The walls between the rooms in the DT section will be removed to create an area extending throughout the

T-wings of the dorm. Two new study lounges will provide residents with the opportunity to study privately in carrels or in a social setting. Each floor will have its own social lounge as well. Problematic rooms such as Perri's freshman year home will also be transformed. The doubles freshmen have been forced to squeeze into throughout the dorm's history will become part of three-room triples. Szabo, Low, Perri and Ross are confident that these additions will add to the "open-door" policy of the Manor.

So why isn't Morrissey going to modernize the dorm in the style of Keough and O'Neill? Ross answers, "I would hate to make all the rooms so big and fancy that no one would come out of [them]."

Some other interior structural changes include a new stairwell. Ross cites the fact that one collapsed a few years ago as a good incentive to repair it. The exterior of Morrissey will also receive a complete overhaul. The mortar between the bricks of the facade will be repaired and a new roof will be added.

Despite the many awaited changes, the committee does not anticipate a significant change in spirit among Manor residents. "The middle living rooms should draw people out to interact with their fellow

Manorites," Szabo says. "If anything, the spirit will [increase] because we're making [so many improvements]." Perri believes that Morrissey's hall spirit and pride is based on more than their reputation. This pride is evident in Ross's Masses and his popular sermons.

Surprisingly, Morrissey does not have as poor a reputation on campus as it does in the national magazine. The only aspect of Manor life that residents consistently hear jokes about are the small rooms and the distinguishable odor. Most Manorites claim immunity to the smell.

Ross has also heard comments about the dorm's old age, but he takes these comments as compliments. "Morrissey is a classic, old, gothic dorm. If you stand in the middle of the quad and look towards it, it scares you. ... It's awesome," he says.

Ross optimistically concludes, "I don't believe Morrissey Hall is the worst in the United States. In fact, I'm quite sure it's not." Still, the scheduled changes for a more comfortable living environment will be welcomed with open arms. As for hall unity, the men of Morrissey are confident that their spirit will continue to flourish in larger rooms. □

Major Changes to the Manor

- Basement rooms will be eliminated and replaced with 24-hour space
- Increased laundry, food service and men's and women's restroom facilities
- Two new study lounges
- A social lounge on each floor
- Small doubles will become part of three-room triples
- New roof
- Repair of facade
- Elimination of 43 resident spaces

Springing into Action

As Notre Dame's spring sports get under way, Scholastic previews the teams and profiles the key players

MEN'S LACROSSE

Midwestern lacrosse has been, for many years, an oxymoron. The sport has been dominated by such Eastern powers as Johns Hopkins, Syracuse and Princeton since a national championship was introduced 27 years ago. In fact, only seven programs have won that title and all are in states that border the Atlantic Ocean. This season, however, Notre Dame hopes to change history.

The Irish have advanced to the NCAA Tournament five straight seasons and have an excellent shot at making it again this year. They return seven starters from a team that ended last year ranked 11th but aims to join the elite this spring.

"If we work hard every day and continue to get better, there's not a team in the country we can't beat," Irish coach Kevin Corrigan says. "Our goal every year has been to win a national championship, and

it's no different this year."

The difference this season is that Notre Dame's starting lineup will be the most talented in school history. Ranked 13th entering the season, the team boasts four preseason All-Americans, one at each position. Junior goalie Alex Cade earned first-team honors after leading the country in goals-against average the past two seasons. Jimmy Keenan, a junior midfielder, was the team's leading scorer last year with 15 goals and 19 assists and was named preseason honorable mention. Keenan and Cade are also two of the team's captains.

The other two All-Americans are sophomore attackman Chris Dusseau and junior defenseman Todd Rassas, both honorable-mention candidates. Dusseau set a Notre Dame freshman record last season with 29 goals while Rassas was a third-team All-American.

Besides Keenan and Cade, the two other Irish captains are Will DeRiso and Dave

Cashen, the team's lone three-year players.

"Our captains are not a tremendously vocal group this year," Corrigan says. "They

BRICK WALL. Junior All-American Alex Cade is the nation's best returning goalie statistically.

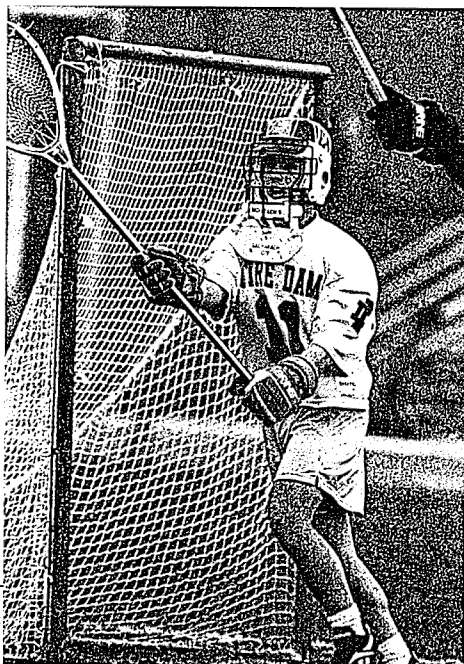


photo courtesy of Sports Information

Headliner

Jimmy Keenan

Midfielders in lacrosse are much like guards in basketball. They are their team's primary ball handlers, and the good ones set their teammates up with easy shots. Just as

great basketball teams usually have outstanding point guards, the best lacrosse teams have solid field generals. For Notre Dame, All-American Jimmy Keenan fills that role.

That's not surprising, considering the junior's background. Besides being an all-league lacrosse player, Keenan, a native of Floral Park, N.Y., was an all-state basketball selection as a senior. He led Chaminade High School to the New York State Catholic High School basketball championship that year. Last year he was a walk-on guard for the Notre Dame bas-

ketball team. This training has carried over onto the lacrosse field.

"I play mainly the same role," Keenan says. "I'm more of a feeder than a scorer. It's pretty much the same type of game."

He displayed his prowess as a feeder last year as Keenan led the Irish in assists with 19, which, combined with his 15 goals, made him the team's point leader. Those numbers earned him honorable-mention All-America accolades last year, an honor he also received in the preseason this year.

Though he paced the team in scoring, Coach Kevin Corrigan would like to see Keenan add another weapon to his game.

"One of the ways Jimmy can improve is by becoming more of a goal-scoring threat," Corrigan says. "If he could bury the 12-yard shot, he could be one of the best midfielders in the country."

A point guard who can score, find the open man and play solid defense is rare in college basketball. Finding a midfielder with this combination of skills is just as uncommon in lacrosse. Knowing that, it is probably safe to say that in Jimmy Keenan, Notre Dame has one of the best point guards in college lacrosse.

□

—BL



lead by example and that makes them tremendously effective. If a situation arises, they'll handle it, but they mostly keep a low profile."

Like last year, the Irish face a formidable schedule this season. They must play perennial powers Loyola, Harvard, Hofstra and Massachusetts. The Irish open the 1997 campaign tomorrow when they take on top-20 foe Penn State in State College. But with their sights set on a national title, it's just the first step on their journey.

— by Brian Lucas

WOMEN'S LACROSSE

1997 marks the beginning of a new era in the arena of women's sports at Notre Dame. A new sport — women's lacrosse — has been added to the athletic family, and its members hope to duplicate the success enjoyed by the school's other women's athletic teams.

Leading the group into its first season is Head Coach Tracy Coyne, a 1983 graduate of Ohio University who guided Roanoke College for the past seven seasons. While there, she led the school to five post-season tournament appearances and was named the 1990 Division III Coach of the Year.

"It was time for me to advance in my career and Notre Dame was a great opportunity for both athletics and academics," she says.

Accompanying her to Notre Dame as assistants are Liz Downing, a recent selection to the World Cup team and Kirsten Wagner, whom Coyne coached at Roanoke. Notre Dame junior Ben Harries also volunteers his time to the team.

Being a first-year program presents a unique situation for the team. Most of the players were not recruited specifically to play lacrosse, but come from the university club team. Just because they are in their first season, however, don't assume that expectations are not high.

"We want to establish a winning tradition," Coyne says. "It's important to go out and represent Notre Dame to the best of our abilities and always put forth a good effort. It's difficult to define well. We're still trying to find an acceptable achievement level because we have nothing to compare it to."

The team should achieve some success this year because of the club experience and the schedule. The competition on the 10-game schedule is comparable in talent and experience to the Irish. The team will also participate in two exhibitions, the first this weekend at Duke.

Catherine Simmons and Beth Murray are the team's goalies. Heading up the defense will be junior Debbie Prinszano, who Coyne says has been playing well lately. The squad's leaders are its three captains — midfielders Cara Buchanan and Eileen Regan and attacker Tara Pierce. It is not just one player who will make the difference, however.

"We really need a team effort to be successful," Coyne says. "Everyone wants to win, but there's a lot to do."

— by Jeremy Dixon

BASEBALL

The story for the 1997 edition of Notre Dame baseball is familiar faces at new positions. The question is this: will the team's new look translate into continued success for a program that has posted eight straight seasons of at least 40 wins and advanced to four of the last five NCAA Tournaments?

Although the Irish return only one starter at the same position as last year — sopho-

Headliner

About one year ago, women's club lacrosse captain Tara Pierce faced one of the biggest meetings of her life. Along with some other members of the team, she spoke to Athletic Director Mike Wadsworth and others in the athletic department about the feasibility of becoming a varsity sport. The meeting was a success, and now Pierce is the captain of the varsity women's lacrosse team.

"It was a very difficult process, and it took a lot of organization," she says of last year's effort. "I knew we had the talent and the seriousness to become a varsity sport, so we



more shortstop Paul Turco — the preseason prediction of a first-place Big East finish indicates that the cupboard is not bare. 1996 starters who will have to adjust to new positions are seniors Randall Brooks, who switches from second base to centerfield in the absence of Scott Sollman, Mike Amrhein, who shifts from first to catcher, and J.J. Brock, who moves from third to fill Brooks's vacancy. Brock's move was prompted by the need to create a lineup spot for talented freshman Brant Ust, who was drafted by the New York Yankees in the 10th round of last spring's draft.

The Irish must compensate for the loss of seven players from last year's 44-18 squad, but third-year Head Coach Paul Mainieri refuses to lower expectations. "We'll certainly have a different personality this season," Mainieri says. "But I feel that we are still an experienced team that is full of players who are eager for their chance and who are ready to play — wherever that may be."

This year's mound corps is headed by

Tara Pierce

sent a proposal to the athletic director."

The senior from New Canaan, Conn., has been involved in competitive lacrosse since high school. Playing for St. Luke's School, she captained her team, winning the MVP her senior year after leading the league in goals.

Once at Notre Dame, Pierce wanted to be involved, but there was no lacrosse club for women. Two years ago, a club started up, and over 50 women tried out for the team last year. "I saw the talent and the energy the girls were showing and it motivated me to work for [varsity status]," Pierce says.

"Tara was very instrumental in the whole process," Head Coach Tracy Coyne says. "Mr. Wadsworth was very impressed with her presentation."

Now that Pierce is captain of the varsity squad, she looks forward to the challenge of starting with a clean slate.

"No one really knows what to expect," she says. "We're positive we can do well. We've learned a lot in the past few months. The team's been lucky to have a coaching staff that can take this program all the way someday."

And if future team members look at Pierce's example, you can be sure that day will not be far away. □

— JD



LAYING ONE DOWN. Co-captain Katie Marten puts down a bunt. The two-time All-American owns the highest career batting average in Notre Dame history.

senior right-hander Darin Schmalz, who ranked 10th in the nation last season with a 2.23 ERA. Joining him at the top of the rotation are senior southpaw Gregg Henebrey and junior righty Dan Stavisky, who between them own a 25-6 career record.

When the Irish step up to the plate, the opposition better watch out. Notre Dame returns its leading batter in Brooks, who hit .425 in conference play, and its two leading home run hitters, Amrhein and sophomore Jeff Wagner, who smacked 13 and 10, respectively. Wagner's debut earned him Big East Rookie of the Year honors. The power-hitting duo began the year in mid-season form, both batting over .500 to pace the Irish last weekend at the Beach Baseball Classic.

Mainieri's squad opened 1997 in rough fashion, losing to Long Beach State, second-ranked USC and Mississippi at Long Beach. But once the players at new positions and the freshmen settle in around the beginning of conference play, look for the Irish to fulfill the lofty pre-season expectations.

—by Fred LaBrecque

SOFTBALL

Most softball programs would mourn the loss of a difference-maker like Terri Kobata, who graduated a two-time All-American with nearly every Notre Dame pitching record bearing her name. But for Notre Dame, coming off a season in which it set a school record with 48 wins, including 19 straight at one point, the return of perhaps the strongest senior class in program history could usher in an even higher level of success.

It is this senior experience that Head Coach Liz Miller is counting on to help Notre Dame softball jump to the next level. Last year's campaign saw the Irish win their division, only to fall to Connecticut in the Big East Championship. Despite the loss, Notre Dame advanced to its third straight NCAA regional.

"There is no question that the experience of knowing how to win game after game is going to be a valuable asset to our team this year," Miller says.

With the loss of Kobata, the pitching workload will be shared this season by senior Joy Battersby and sophomore Angela Bessolo, who combined for a 28-13 record last year. Bessolo will look to improve on a

■ Headliner

Randall Brooks

Randall Brooks has a dream, a dream like so many other young baseball players have. That dream is to one day lace up the cleats and play in the big leagues, to make his mark on a game that has endured for more than a century. And if the last two seasons are any indication, that dream is possible.

Brooks has been Notre Dame's fixture at second base for the past two seasons and he has thrived there, making first team all-Midwestern Collegiate Conference as a sophomore and first team all-Big East last year. But with the early departure of Scott Sollmann to the Detroit Tigers, Brooks will make the shift to centerfield for his final season in an Irish uniform.

"We needed a centerfielder, and it really was Coach Mainieri's decision," he says. "It bothered me at first, but as long as I'm starting every day, I don't really mind. I just have to look at it as an opportunity."

"It was a priority for us to get a quality replacement for Sollmann in centerfield, and Brooks is one of our best athletes in terms of filling that role," Mainieri says. "Nobody expects him to do the things Scott did, but Randall has the physical qualities to do a great job for us."

Hopefully the defensive change will not have any effect on Brooks's plate production. Last year he led the Irish with a .396 batting average and a .451 on-base percentage while manning the

leadoff position. Brooks began this season in the same lineup spot, giving him plenty of opportunities to fulfill one of his main goals for the year.

"I want to be there in the tough situations," he says. "I want to be a leader on the field through my actions and help the younger players get through the first couple of weeks."

Brooks hopes that these leadership skills, along with his natural baseball talent, will be noticed in his final season, allowing him to achieve his lifelong goal.

"It's always been a dream of mine to someday play professional baseball," he says. "I think I might open some scouts' eyes with the success I've had here and get a chance to fulfill that dream." □

—FL



debut that saw her earn Big East Co-Rookie of the Year honors and lead the team in innings pitched.

The Irish return their entire infield, led by senior shortstop and 1996 Big East Player of the Year Meghan Murray and senior third baseman Kara McMahon, who was a first team all-Big East selection. Notre Dame's outfield will also resemble last season's corps with senior Elizabeth Perkins returning in left field and junior Jennifer Giampaolo in center. Perkins powers into her final season with a .370 career slugging percentage and 33 career doubles, the second most in school history.

Senior Katie Marten will serve mainly as the team's designated hitter, which should give her an opportunity to display her speed as Notre Dame's all-time stolen-base leader. "Katie is a player every coach loves to have," Miller says. "She is very coachable and a great team leader."

The same characteristics can be attributed to all of the team's seniors. This talented group is Notre Dame's key to replacing last season's cries of "So close" with cheers of "How sweet" and a Big East championship.

—by Jim Blaum

Headliner

Meghan Murray

As its season gets under way, the Notre Dame softball team is fortunate enough to claim the return of the Big East Player of the Year, shortstop Meghan Murray. In the team's first year in the conference, Murray led the league with a .507 conference batting average (.402 overall), 34 hits, .529 on-base percentage and 1.70 hits per game.

"It was a surprise," she says. "I don't focus on the numbers that much because they can be misleading."

As a senior co-captain of the Irish, Murray provides experience and leadership at shortstop and second base. Murray has started every game in each of the last two seasons. "I don't feel extra pressure because of what I did last year," she says. "I put more pressure on myself than anyone else could."

The Minnetonka, Minn., native is not simply a one-dimensional player, however. In addition to her explosive and consistent bat, Murray posted a .940 fielding percentage last season and led the team with seven double plays.

"I always want to improve my defense and fielding percentage," she says. "I work

hard on fundamentals."

The finance major earned second-team GTE/CoSIDA Academic All-America honors last year, reflecting her Dean's List 3.4 cumulative GPA and demonstrating that she is a true student-athlete. "Meghan loves to play the game and this enthusiasm, in addition to her offensive and defensive output, is a strength to our entire team," Head Coach Liz Miller says.

—JB



LIFE IN HELL

LIFE IN
HELL

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GREENING



Splinters from the Press Box

A roundup of the week in sports

February 19 to February 25

edited by Brian Hiro

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Feb. 22 Providence W 86-74
Feb. 25 Miami W 69-60

Key Player: Senior Matt Gotsch scored a career-high 18 points and added 10 rebounds in the win over Providence.

Key Stat: The 22 overtime points Notre Dame posted against the Friars marked the second-highest total by one team in Big East history.

Up Next: The Irish wrap up the regular season Saturday at Boston College before the Big East Tournament.

HOCKEY

Feb. 21 Western Michigan W 5-4
Feb. 22 at Western Michigan L 6-1

Key Player: Sophomore Neal Johnson scored in overtime to beat Western Michigan and temporarily keep Notre Dame's playoff hopes alive.

Key Stat: Of 24 players to see ice time this year, 17 are freshmen or sophomores.

Up Next: Michigan State at home Friday to conclude the Irish season.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Feb. 19 Villanova W 68-51
Feb. 22 Seton Hall W 75-61
Feb. 25 at West Virginia W 80-67

Key Player: Guard Mollie Peirick scored 17 points and grabbed 11 rebounds for her first career double-double against Villanova.

Key Stat: The win over the Mountaineers was the team's 25th of the season, a new program best.

Up Next: The Irish will be the second seed at the Big East Tournament starting Saturday.

SWIMMING

Men's

Feb. 19-22 Big East Championships 7th

Women's

Feb. 19-22 Big East Championships 1st

Key Player: Sophomore Steele Howell turned in the best men's performance by finishing second in the 100 breaststroke.

Key Stat: The women's swimmers posted season-best times in all but two events.

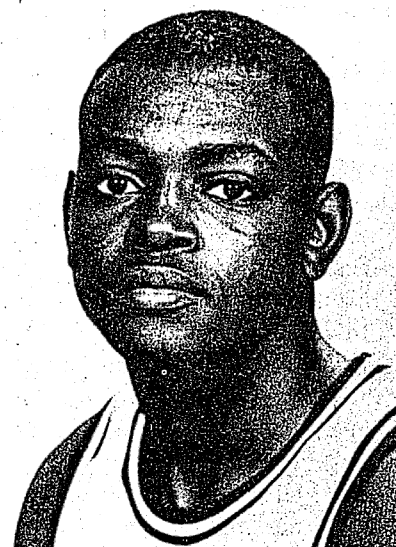
Up Next: A week off before a trip to Northwestern on February 22.

What They Said: "I'm really looking forward to it. It will be something different." — Lou Holtz on his new part-time job as a consultant to U.S. Filter Corp.

What We Read: "Men relate to women athletes because they are not fantasies. They are women men might take to a sports bar on a Sunday afternoon. They might drink beer and watch games, banter and elbow and cut up." — Steve Marantz, *The Sporting News*.

Dix's Pick: Well, last week I was right for the first time this semester. This week I plan to hit two in a row. Notre Dame goes out to Chestnut Hill to take on the despised Boston College Eagles. With an NIT bid to secure, the Irish come out on all cylinders. The boys won't need a last-second shot this time, but it's a tight one as Garrity pumps in 21 and the Irish win 75-69.

Hiro's Hunch: There seems to be a pattern to Notre Dame's last 10 Big East games. Six home contests, six wins. Four road trips, four losses. Look for the trend to continue as the Irish travel to Boston to take on BC in their final tuneup for the conference tournament. In a battle of star power forwards, Garrity outduels BC's Danya Abrams, but the other Eagles are too much as the good guys fall 79-71.



Admore White

The senior point guard nailed one of the most important shots of Notre Dame's season, canning a buzzer-beating three-pointer to send the Providence game into overtime. He added 10 rebounds and eight assists to his 13 points, narrowly missing his first ever triple-double.

Athletes of the Week

Erin Brooks

The senior swimmer set two meet records to lead the women's swimming team to its first Big East Championship. Her 200 backstroke time of 1:57.56 automatically qualified her for the NCAA Championships and broke the school record set in 1993.



Goodbye (and Good Riddance)

Dear Editor:

So this is Chris Myers's final "Out of Bounds" column. Well, in my humble opinion, good riddance to bad rubbish. For me, there will be no greater anticipation of returning from Spring Break than to read an "Out of Bounds" page sans Myers's byline. Over the past two years, his insufferable attempts at "humor" have not only degraded the reputation of your magazine, but the reputation of the university as a whole.

Case in point: Myers's insulting, so-called satirical "Dependents Undergarment" advertisement in last year's *Sarcastic*, in which, among other regrettable comments, he claimed that during Notre Dame basketball games, "there's more excitement in John MacLeod's pants than on the court." How did *Scholastic*'s editors allow such a reprehensible comment into print? Has Myers ever been to a Notre Dame basketball game? Better yet, has he ever been in John MacLeod's pants? Extremely doubtful. Kudos to Coach MacLeod's wife Carol for writing a letter chastising Myers. After all, if anyone would know what goes on in Coach MacLeod's pants, it would be his wife, not some two-bit, caustic "journalist."

There are numerous other examples of Myers's brutal, unfunny sarcasm, highlighted by his repeated jabs at athletic director Mike Wadsworth in a December issue. Apparently angered by Notre Dame's refusal to appear in a "second tier" bowl game, Myers insinuated that Wadsworth would "auction off his mother." Did Myers interview Mr. Wadsworth on this point? Highly doubtful. Mike Wadsworth has done nothing but good for this university by unceremoniously shunning Lou Holtz from its walls. To hint that such a man would sell

his mother to the highest bidder is completely uncalled for. A second cousin, once-removed, maybe, but certainly not his own mother.

What is most disturbing is Myers's negative attitude toward his peers. How smug Myers sounded when criticizing Seth Miller and Megan Murray for not getting a Mod Quad ATM, as if they could have just waved some magic wand. Too bad Myers ignored the incredible feats that these two student leaders accomplished. While examples of those feats escape me right now, it still wasn't right for Myers to be so snide about such a trivial issue. And Myers should be even more embarrassed for criticizing this year's presidential nominees, daring to call president and vice-president-elect Matt Griffin and Erek Nass "J. Crew rejects." I've seen Matt and Erek, and not only could they be J. Crew cover hunks, but also appear in the Gap Kids catalog or JCPenney Wrinkle-Free Dockers commercials.

Maybe the best example of Myers's abhorrent negativity stems from his piece on female film majors at Notre Dame that ran this past October. The three female production majors who responded angrily to the article were more than justified. Shame on Myers for exploring female attitudes towards Hollywood. It was obvious — even to this pop-cultured filmgoer — that Myers should have limited the piece to only independent films or, better still, Notre Dame student films. If Myers would have gone to this year's Student Film Festival, he would have seen what geniuses are hidden beneath the Dome. Though he would probably pass off many of the films as "transparent moral messages" or "pretentious student film crap," this year's festival was incredibly artistic, insightful and cultured. In fact, this year's festival was so artistic and cultural, one film

even showed a gratuitous penis shot. Myers is so blind to the brilliance of Notre Dame film majors that he even failed to mention the successful graduates of Our Lady's film program — men and women who have gone on to do assistant lighting work for small documentaries and become gaffers for NYU film grads. Myers didn't even mention one graduate who did Foley work for *Sense and Sensibility* and another who, I believe, was key grip for *Leonard Part 6*.

Unfortunately, it is clear that Myers has not learned from such poignant correspondence in the past, as evidenced by his previous "Out of Bounds" column on Tom Clancy. As freshman Anthony Fernando succinctly noted, it is "extremely doubtful" that Myers found Clancy's itinerary in his hotel room. To even suggest a man of Tom Clancy's stature would "play with toy soldiers" (again, another unfounded rumor) is downright disgusting. Shame on Myers for stooping so low and three cheers to Mr. Fernando for calling him on such bastardization of journalistic ethics.

I don't know how Myers will react to this letter, nor do I care. If he hasn't changed by now, he never will, but I thought someone should speak up against his actions so that the new *Scholastic* staff will be more cautious of what they print in the future. As I come to a close, I can only wonder what Myers's reaction to this letter is. I'm sure as he is reading it, he's smirking away, wishing he could make a sarcastic retort to all of those people who wrote him letters in the past.

Sincerely,
Miguel Sanchez

OUT OF BOUNDS

Fiction Special

Every time stories are gathered together, there's always this guy or girl who feels the need to ramble along with some sort of introduction that accomplishes little more than delaying you, the reader, from enjoying the stories. I don't want to do that. I do want to thank everyone who submitted their work. It's always difficult to judge a creative work, and the stories we have chosen we hope are solid examples of student fiction. Each of the stories deals with, in one way or another, expanding awareness in a changing world. Whether it's the voice of an IRA zealot or a group of students, each author explores what it means to be young and on the verge of understanding ... what? Well, in light of this selection from Peter Vitale, I'll leave that up to you.

—Tom Lopez

Fiction Special Organizer

P H F A T O S F R E E P H Y

Penelope's the kind of person who sits on the pigeon poop-splattered roof of her apartment building in the rain contemplating what is in her opinion a sorrowful heaven (why else would it be crying?), waiting for some sort of revelation, some bedazzling flash of insight, which she is *sure* will arrive any day now if she just remains faithful to her enlightened landlord's detailed instructions concerning the attainment of nirvana.

She believed him when he said spirituality had a back door and obediently did all the prostrating, ego-deflating, contemplative meditating, but was still waiting. She dutifully burned all the right incense and applied only the choicest of oils to the choicest portions of her 22-year-old body. She maxed out her credit card at Barnes & Noble picking up the latest New Age literature on inner peace and tranquility — books that now lay in casino chip piles all around her apartment. When can I cash them in, she asked her many koans.

She'd unplugged her TV (after programming her VCR, of course), canceled Vogue and Cosmo, and even started smiling at the smelly street people. Am I there yet, she begged the laughing Buddha. She'd even given up sex (except with her landlord). Monogamy is part of the eight-fold path, she groaned through clenched teeth. Penelope's the kind of girl who can't see the Buddha for the books.

Then one day, after she had lit the sticks, dabbed the oil, skimmed the Bhagavad-Gita, nibbled her sprouts, swallowed her bee-pollen and ginseng and repeated her mantra just 11 (11!) times, Penelope was overtaken by a quiet understanding of nothingness that exists in the all and the all that exists in each of us. A booming voice dripping with wisdom and as rich as eternity contained in one finite box shattered the air around her tremulous head and through the empty space it had created whispered Penelope's ticket to satori: "Your landlord is full of s—."

From Our Fathers

by R. Thomas Coyne

I remember the night my da didn't come home. I was eight years old. I waited up, leaning my face against a cold window, looking for him in the darkness, listening to my mother sob softly downstairs. In the morning she found me asleep on the floor beneath the window. I awoke shivering in my night clothes and saw my mother standing over me. Leaning against the bare wall, she seemed miles above me, her legs like crumbling columns, her body empty, her face fallen. I remember that night, and I remember that morning when my mother told me that he wasn't coming home.

He kissed me good-bye that evening. I remember because that wasn't like my father — we didn't hug, we didn't kiss, we didn't cry. At the age of eight I already knew. We were Fitzpatrick men. That meant something. Maybe too many things.

We sat together in our small front room that night, me and my mother and father and my younger brother packed in front of the telly. Derry burned on the screen, the blood and bombs on every channel, trouble on both sides of the wall. I sat on my father's lap in his big chair. I remember him holding me tight that evening, the way my mother sometimes did. My mother stared blankly at the screen, her glass of whiskey, ice already melted, dangling from her fingertips.

I can still see my father standing in the doorway, his jacket over his arm and his grey cap crooked on his head. His feet seemed as if they were stuck to the floor, like he couldn't move into or out of our flat.

I was nearly asleep but no one sent me to bed that night. I sat curled in his chair and looked at him in the doorway. His skin was pale. His eyes cold. My mother didn't look at him. She sank into her chair, looking numb, powerless, the way she did the next morning, the way she did for the rest of her life. My da leaned over and kissed my brother and me and walked through the doorway. The glass

slipped from my mother's hand and shattered and the whiskey spilled onto our carpet. The stain is still there today.

I didn't know where he was going, but he didn't come back and people told me that made my da a hero. The glory of it, they said. A man who did what he had to do. They told me his legacy would make all Fitzpatricks proud, a fine example for my brother and me to live up to. A model patriot, they said.

Sometimes I dream of my father at night. I can still hear his stories in my sleep, the bedtime stories he would tell my brother and me by the light coming from the hallway, my tiny body tucked under the covers. Stories of history, stories of family, stories of country. His words thrilled me. I would watch them fall from his mouth until my eyes gave up and closed. Those words live in me like legends.

My days in Derry are distant and London makes that tiny city seem like a mere village. My life there is a fading memory, but it is with me, always with me. I stand alone in an empty room, a table in front of me covered in wire and metal, a phone nearby waiting to ring. I think of my father and how he felt on that night. Sweat thick as blood pours down my face and into my eyes. I see a legacy before me, my place in his story.

The phone rings. A voice on the other end. I take my things and walk to the doorway, reach for the knob, and it turns. I stand in front of the door. I lean my body against it and listen to the world outside. I hear nothing except the thud of a heartbeat ringing in my ears.

Standing against the door, I remember leaning against that cold window pane when I was eight years old. The door opens, I step through it and into the cold air outside. The wind whips down the back streets and I feel it pass through me. I walk on, putting one foot in front of the other. □

Cois Fharraige

or "By the Sea"

by Matt Apple

All told, it took them two hours to decide how much alcohol to buy for their Connemara beach party. Tom had sat at the wooden table outside the local pub downing pints of Irish heaven while the others from his summer language school debated how best to divvy up their much-depleted funds. The American male contingent had decided that they ought to get some whiskey but couldn't seem to decide how to proceed from there, as Ray had already bought himself a little bottle, and Nathan himself had been enjoying a pint or two. The two Norwegian women, Suzanne and Sara, and Annie, the woman from Chicago, had already bought some wine, but Annie agreed with her fellow Americans that whiskey seemed a good idea as well. Andy, a native of Seattle with the habit of dressing in black leather and of spouting well-worn Black Adder and Monty Python phrases, stood somewhat apart from the group, silently smoking and watching the world through unnecessary sunglasses while Marin, her arms crossed, talked quietly to him, occasionally pausing to tap her thin glasses into place with a delicate hand. Stefan, the towering bearded Bavarian, didn't care what kind of alcohol they all brought to the beach, so long as the women were there.

In the end, Nathan headed off to the liquor store, and the others began to consider walking. They delayed sufficiently until Andy decided it would be a good idea to return to his house for a torch. The group, now numbering about a half dozen, tossed back their pints, pulled their jackets tighter and finally set off to the beach. As he lifted the plastic bag containing the four cans of draft Guinness worth 10 pound, Tom looked after the slender figure of Marin in her pink turtleneck shirt. He thought he saw her up the road to Andy's house, but whether going or coming, he couldn't tell. Reluctantly Tom left her behind and quickened his pace to catch up to the group ahead on the darkening horizon.

Twilight had come to Connemara. The sea breeze into the village of An Cheathru Rua had begun to pick up a bit, but it was still relatively warm for July in the west of Ireland. The group attracted a few more random students from the Irish program, here one from Michigan, there another from Australia, as the narrow road was winding them past small modern houses, surrounded by stone walls on all sides. They passed two high schools, one on each side, and large chaotic groups of young teenagers swept by around them, heading the opposite direction, singing the chorus of the Cranberries' song "Salvation." They stopped, each pupil calling out to the older students in high-pitched sharp Dublin accents, practicing his sumstood, hands in his pockets, and began to dig a trench with his boots. Tom took another swig from his canned stout, watching the lights across the bay flicker on one at a time. The sea breeze seemed to pick up, the night growing visibly darker. The group seemed no more than dim silhouettes along the shore, red tips of cigarettes dancing in the air. At last someone said, "Maybe we should make that fire now."

Annie's cigarette bobbed. "Yeah, it's getting colder."

Diligently Stefan continued his work. Tom pulled out a newspaper from his bag and tossed it in Stefan's direction. "I'd be willing to go look for some wood," he said, "except for the fact that I can't see a damn thing."

"Here," said Annie. She tossed him a small torch. "Don't lose it."

"Yeah, okay." Tom turned towards the car park. A bouncing beam of light announced Andy's appearance, as he strode down the road bellowing in his stage voice, "Here I come to save the day!" Marin quietly followed, slowly curling wispy blond hair around a finger and smiling. Carrying a brown grocery bag close behind was Nathan. "Hey, everybody, anybody want some chips?"

"Hey, Andy," Tom called out, walking towards the newcomers.

"You mean crisps?" Marin asked with a smile, darting a look at Andy before heading toward the main group.

"It's Underdog! TA da dum ta da DUM! Hey, what's up Tom?" Andy asked, swinging his torch around and pointing it at random objects, holding one hand against his waist and puffing his chest out comically.

"Uh, yeah, right," Nathan replied. "Here, would you like to open a bag?"

"We need wood for the fire, so I thought we could look over here near the rocks for driftwood," Tom said, flicking on the mini-torch with his thumb.

Andy paused and cocked an eyebrow. "Why, that's a good idea, a very good idea indeed. You take this side and I'll go over there."

"Hey, be careful, guys," Nathan called back as Andy and Tom started clambering around the mossy rocks. "You might twist an ankle or something."

Andy turned his torso and shined the light directly upon Nathan's face. "Don't worry, citizen," he said, with a tight-lipped confidence

nod. "We're experts at this sort of thing." Nathan and Marin disappeared into the dark, where Tom assumed from tiny red lights and slowly rising conversation the group still to be.

The two picked among the debris for a few minutes, finding not much of anything worth burning. Tom eventually shook his head. "Andy, this is all I could find," he called out, holding up a handful of twigs in that direction. A beam of light struck him in the eyes as Andy replied from a short distance, "Okay, I think I'm going to go a bit further."

"Andy," Tom said, trying to block out the light, "I can't see anything."

"Oh," came the reply, moving away. "Sorry about that."

Tom headed back to the beach and ran into Stefan, who was returning from the road and dragging a small tree branch behind him. "Hey," said Tom, "I didn't know you had gone looking for wood."

"I didn't," Stefan chuckled, his laugh sounding a bit like a hyena and a bit high-pitched for a two-metre tall man. "I went up the road to relieve myself behind a wall and I tripped on this." He shook the branch. "There are too many leaves, but..." He shrugged.

Tom nodded. "Well, I didn't find much," he said, "so I guess we'll take what we can get." Stefan dropped the branch next to one of the Norwegian women, Suzanne, who was rolling up the newspaper into balls and tossing them into the makeshift fire pit. She got up briefly to grab a lighter from one of the smokers, and Tom tried arranging his bundle of twigs in a tee-pee shape. "This is going to be the world's smallest campfire if we can't find any more wood," he said as Suzanne silently lit the newspaper in two or three places. Andy arrived and added some fuel to the fire. He stood back a couple of steps and lit a cigarette, staring into the young flames.

Tom remembered he still had a Guinness in one hand and tilted it again. He sniffed the air to his right. "Hey, Andy," he asked, "are you still smoking those cloves?"

"Hmm?" said Andy, taking the cigarette out of his mouth. "Oh, yeah, of course." He replaced it, grinning. "I love 'em. And nobody asks you for a cigarette unless they're really desperate." He turned back to the fire and continued smoking.

Tom finished his can and walked around the fire to rest his back against the ledge. An unopened bag of potato crisps lay in the sand at Marin's feet. Hands folded in her lap, she looked up as Tom sat down heavily. "Cé'n chaoi a bhfuil tú?" she greeted him.

"Réasúnta...go maith," he said, dropping the empty can into his bag. "And how have you been?"

She smiled and nodded. "Tá mé go maith freisin." She looked at the fire, then back. "Cé'n chaoi a rinné tú ar do scrúdu?"

Tom paused. "How did I do on my test? I dunno, I screwed it up, I think." He lowered his head, unsure what next to say, then looked up to see Andy towering over him. "I'm going up to check out some of the gravestones," he said, motioning with his torch, "so if you need to, you know, do your duty and whatnot, I'll be up there with this."

"Oh, and before I forget," he added, "if you spot my lighter, would you grab it for me? I don't want somebody walking off with it." He straightened and grinned. "You know ... sentimental value."

Marin watched him go and bit her lip, returning her gaze to the fire. The gathering had increased in volume with the addition of at least a half dozen more people. Walking back and forth in front of the fire, Annie sang the chorus from "Killing Me Softly" a few times but failed to move any of her listeners into joining her. She stopped to refresh her voice.

"Hey, how about an Irish song?" Nathan asked from his prone position further down the ledge.

Annie lowered her bottle and looked startled. "What, me?"

"No," Nathan said, "I mean anybody. What about those songs Míchéal taught us yesterday in class?"

"Hey," Tom said suddenly. "Where's that whiskey at?"

"Over here," Nathan said, waving the bottle.

Tom lurched to his feet and grabbed it. "Already half empty? Jesus." He took a few swigs from the bottle and gave it back. Nathan and Annie debated for a few minutes who was to sing, before Annie wandered into another conversation and Nathan hit the bottle again. Feeling slightly hazy, Tom ambled across the sand to the boulder boundary, maybe 10 or 15 metres from the fire but still within earshot. The conversations' pitch assumed a curious rhythmic mixture of relaxed murmuring and riotous laughing. "Andy?" Tom called, peering up the brick wall. "Hey, Andy, you here?"

"Yo." Andy thrust his torch light over the wall and down at

Tom. "Hey, c'mon up here and check out some of these gravestones."

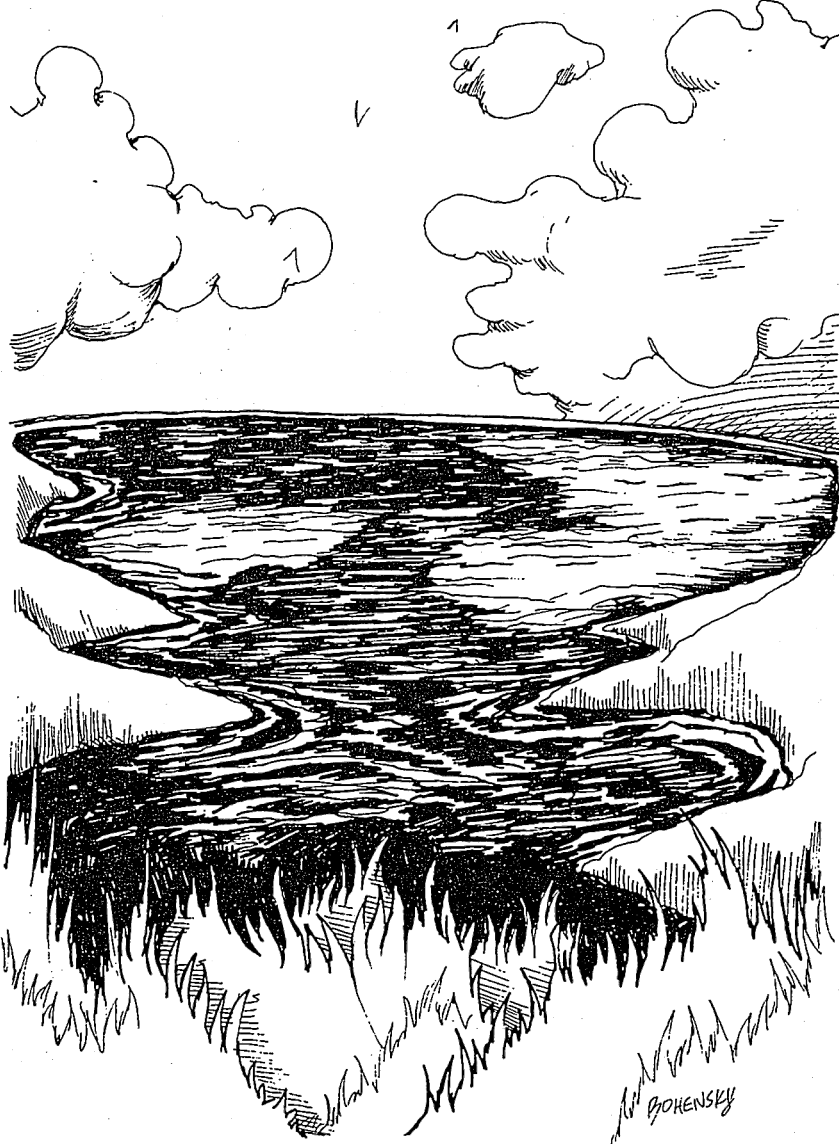
"Hang on, I gotta take a leak."

"Sure." The beam of light wavered as Andy switched his grip and angled the torch to Tom's left. "You might want to go over there behind the rocks somewhat, I mean, if you like your privacy and all."

"I can't see where I'm going."

"There you go."

"Okay, thanks." Tom unzipped his fly and the light was withdrawn. Sensing the pints he had earlier in the pub were finally hitting home, Tom concentrated on a patch of moss at the bottom of a rectangular rock at least as tall as himself. He finished and looking up spied a set of large white steps five or six metres to his left. Carefully maneuvering between the rocks, he ascended the steps and, turning to his right, found himself



on top of a grave. The waist-high weeds parted as he tried to find a path between the graves. Ahead he saw Andy's light and made his way towards it. Andy was crouched on another weed-covered grave, shining his torch at a weathered stone and mouthing the barely legible words.

"Oh, hey, Tom," he said, not turning his head. "Check this out."

Tom bent and squinted. "What's it say?"

"Looks like Mary O'... something ... uh, born 1880-something, died 1906."

"So it's in English?"

"Yeah, most of the ones I've looked at are. Kinda disappointing, but, y'know, if I found any in Irish I wouldn't be able to read them anyway." He moved to the next stone and scraped away some of the moss.

Tom hesitated, then moved himself to a neighboring site. "I don't know," he said, "what if this is, like, a family grave plot or something?"

Andy shook his head. "I doubt it. Families would keep their graves cleared. I don't think anybody's been back here in years."

Tom looked down. "There's flowers on this one."

"Really? Cool." The light shone on a square stone set flush in the ground. A bundle of decaying flowers lay beside the stone. "Well," ventured Tom, "I guess the flowers have been here awhile, but somebody must have been here pretty recently."

"Huh. What's the stone say?"

Tom read: "Máiréad Ní Fhlaharta, 1925."

"That's it," he said, straightening. "No age or anything. Must have been just a baby."

"Yeah, that's kinda sad." Andy let the light rest on the stone for a moment.

"Hey, Andy," Tom said, "this is changing the subject, but you know Marin?" He put his arms parallel in front of him, hands bent at the wrist, and made a panting noise.

Andy grinned. "Sorry. I don't get your meaning."

"Puppy dog. She's following you around like a puppy dog, man."

"Really? I hadn't noticed." Andy arched an eyebrow. "Gee, I'm sorry, man. I mean, if you have designs on her ..."

"No, nothing. Sure, I guess I'm jealous, but, I mean, how long are we going to be here? Another week?" Tom put his hands in his jeans pockets and glanced back to the campfire crowd. "What could happen?"

"Yeah, you're right." Andy stood and turned off the light, speaking in a conspiratorial tone. "She told me she's already got a boyfriend back in England, you know."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Like, they've been living together four years or something. So I don't know what's going on. It's weird."

"I get the feeling everyone here is just out for kicks, you know, some of them are married. It's like they just don't care."

"Yeah, well, I dunno." Andy clicked on the torch again. "You going back?"

"Yeah, I'm starting to feel thirsty again."

Andy nodded and grinned. "Okay, think I'm going to stick around here for a while."

"OK. See you." Andy plunged farther into the underbrush, and Tom took a few awkward steps before stumbling onto another set of steps, these ones leading back to the concrete ledge. He stepped over outstretched legs in front of the fire and picked up a warm can of Guinness from his bag before plunking himself down next to

Marin. She made no response, simply gazing blankly into the fire and holding her hands in front of her. Tom stared into the purple-blue flames along the sand.

Three bricks of peat fell on top of the fire from Sara's outstretched arms, sending a few sparks into the air. She stooped and stacked a few random twigs and leaves on top of the bricks, her short auburn hair dancing in the sudden flickering illumination.

"Where did you get the peat?" someone said.

Sara looked around with a blank expression. "I found them along the side of the road." She continued putting twigs on the fire.

Tom set down his can. "You mean you just took them from some guy's back yard?"

"There were plenty of them there," she said. "They won't miss a few." She added the remainder of the small quarrel on top of the peat and walked toward Stefan, who was standing, hands still in pockets, talking to the drinking men down the ledge.

At Tom's right, Marin stirred. "I don't think she should have done that." Her lips made a slight noise as she spoke, a moistened sound at the beginning and close of the sentence.

"No," Tom said quietly.

She spoke again, "I don't like that."

"Neither do I," Tom said. They both fell silent as the conversations around the fire rose and fell in pitch like waves, occasional ripples of laughter rising to the top and rapidly descending. A few people left. The flames became dark orange again as the bricks finally caught, the leaves sending puffs of smoke skyward. The peat would burn, Tom knew, but it would not radiate much heat. Tom stretched his toes out; even from a distance of a foot, he could not feel warmth. He dropped the empty can and opened a third.

Holiday, a holiday, first one of the year
Lord Donald's wife come to the church
the gospel for to hear...

Tom stood at the sound to his right. Stefan was standing, swinging the whiskey bottle to a phantom beat. Sara and Suzanne were sitting in front of him on the ledge next to the almost still forms of Nathan and Ray. The two women urged Stefan to continue. Awkwardly, he stopped, and held out his left hand with fingers curled and twitching. "I should have brought my guitar," he giggled. "It sounds much better with guitar."

"Go on," mumbled Nathan from his prone position on the ledge. He waved a limp arm in no particular direction. "Don't need guitar."

Stefan sang haltingly.

She cast her eyes about
there she saw little Matty Groves
a-standing in the crowd...

"No," he said, shaking his head. "Ní cuimhin liom...I don't remember all of the words."

Tom rose from the sand. "Come home with me ..." he supplied, taking a drink from his Guinness,

Come home with me, little Matty Groves,
come home with me this night
come home with me little Matty Groves
and stay with me till light.

"Ah," said Stefan, taking over:

Oh I can't come home, I won't come home,
I can't come home this night,
By the rings on your fingers I can see
you are Lord Donald's wife.

And what if I am Lord Donald's wife,
Lord Donald is not home,
he's out in the far away fields
bringing the yearlings home.

Tom extended a hand for the whiskey bottle, but let it drop when he saw it was empty.

But a servant standing by heard the news,
took to his heels and ran
I may be my Lady's servant,
but I am Lord Donald's man.

Stefan's voice quavered as if he were uncertain of the lines. Tom opened his mouth, but decided not to tell Stefan that he had dropped a verse, instead covering his momentary pause with a drink from the can. Quickly Stefan's hands jumped into a guitar pose and he mumbled, "Da Da, da da dum da dum, something like that." He continued, his voice gaining strength:

So then she took little Matty home
and it was there they fell asleep.
And when he awoke the very next day
there Lord Donald was at his feet, saying,

And how do you like my featherbed,
and how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like my lady fair
who lies in your arms asleep?

And it's well that I like your featherbed,
and it's well that I like your sheets,
but it's best that I like your lady fair
who lies in my arms asleep.

The words disappeared into the night like a whisper. Stefan stopped, and began to mumble again, "Scheiße, was ist das nächste...Ah!"

Get up, get up, little Matty Groves,
get up quick as you can,
for never it be said in fair England
I slew a naked man.

"Fair Scotland," Tom said.

"Ireland, Scotland, it all depends on where you are," Stefan said, shrugging.

I can't get up, I won't get up
I can't get up for my life,
for you have got two beaten swords
and I have got a knife.

It's true I have got two beaten swords,
they cost me dear in the purse,
but you shall have the best of them
and I shall have the worst.

Tom joined in briefly at that point. Stefan didn't seem to mind, the two singing not quite in harmony:

And you shall strike the very first blow
and strike it like a man,
and I shall the very next blow,
and I'll kill you if I can.

And Matty struck the very first blow,
hurt Lord Donald sore.
Lord Donald struck the very next blow
and Matty struck no more.

Tom dropped out again. Stefan continued in an almost monotone, rocking back onto his heels and chanting the words as fast as possible:

And up he caught his own dear wife,
and he set her on his knee, saying,
Who do you like the better now,
little Matty Groves or me?

And up spoke his own dear wife
never heard to speak so free,
Better a kiss from dead Matty's lips
than all of this finery.

And up Lord Donald did jump,
loudly he did bawl,
pierced his wife right through the heart,
pinned her against the wall.

And a grave, a grave, Lord Donald cried,
put these lovers in.
But bury my lady at the top,
she was of noble kin.

Again Stefan's hands came to life and he attempted to mimic the closing riff, concluding with a "dum DUM!" A few people clapped and he took a short bow before depositing himself to the sand. Stefan sighed. "I know of two versions of that," he muttered, "maybe three, but I can never remember all the words." Tom remained standing alone before fire. Already it seemed on the verge of extinction again.

By the time he returned to his original seat, the group had lessened its number by half. Annie had finally convinced a few people to sing '80s refrains with her. They still stood down near the water, smoking in a circle, shivering and singing out of harmony to "Roxanne." Ray was gone, having needed three to carry him up the road.

Tom sat rooted in the sand, back to the ledge, staring into the flames. A few more minutes and they would all be dead and gone. The peat was crumbled into ashes, unrecognizable. He thought he had seen Stefan and Sara a short while ago. Sara, sitting on the ledge, and Stefan standing in front of her. Tom picked up the last can.

"Later, Tom." Andy. Leaning forward, shaking hands, confidentially. "I've got an appointment to break. Tell you tomorrow." Wink, nudge. Marin left with him.

"Oíche mhaith. Ee-uh wah. Good night, ladies. Goodnight, ladies. Good night. Goodnight."

Tom held the can in his right hand. The left slowly plucked the tab forward and back. A hiss, and the brown foam gurgled out. The breeze was picking up again, blowing the smoke up from the firepit. All over his hand. Smoke swirling in silvery strands upwards into the dark. Twirling down his wrist. Tom closed his eyes and felt tiny ashes touch his face, his palms. Dripping onto the sand. □

Fiction Special

Every time linens came out of the dryer, Mother used to hunt us down in the house. Once she found us, she'd plop the pile down next to us, knowing we understood our folding duties, and then she'd wrap a baked blanket around each of us tightly, giving us a quick, strong hug. That was home, she always said, before she dashed back into the kitchen and resumed clanking dishes.

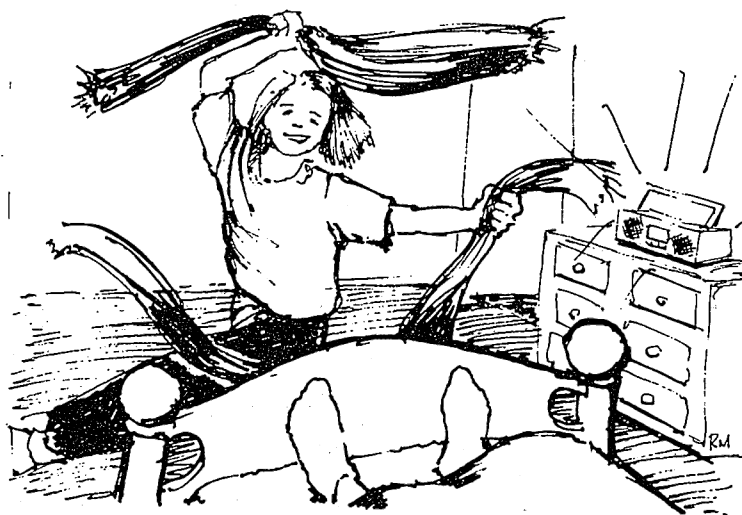
Once, I was the only one who got the warm blanket treatment — I think I was in fifth grade, so you were in sixth. You had a fever, so Mother figured more heat would do you no good. Instead, she brought some more orange juice to our bedroom, and her knocking interrupted "The Show." I had made up a little dance to lift your spirits. *Katelyn, Celine is sick again, will you ...* Mother didn't need to ask. I loved the spotlight, and because you were stuck in bed, you couldn't yell at your little sister to leave you alone. So I took full advantage of the stage.

I quickly grabbed a couple of Mother's chiffon scarves and turned on the radio. I did a couple of my old ballet moves while tossing my props into the air, twisting, turning, kicking — and then catching the scarves again. First, I was a *Solid Gold* Dancer, then after a very brief intermission (the warm blanket and orange juice), I was a contestant on *Star Search*. Lying listlessly with your head cemented to the pillow, your glassy eyes followed the slowly flowing colors of the falling chiffon, red, purple, green, gently descending. The scarves swayed back and forth, stopping slightly, it seemed, to wait for me. They were in no rush. It was I who was in a hurry — to complete my famous cartwheel-arabesque-plié-kick for the judges. I stuck my landing — the butt bounce, also a new technique in Olympic gymnastics — and earned a 10.0. A stoic victor, I dropped the scarves, picked up the cooled-off blanket, patted my "sweaty" forehead with my "towel," and proceeded, flinging my "magician's cape" over my shoulders. Moving on to the next segment of my off-the-cuff program, I glanced at my audience. I knew I had done my job because you managed to let a laugh escape through your pale lips.

*

*

*



"I don't know," you told me. "It's different. It's like I just want him there all the time."

"All the time?"

"Yes. All the time. I mean, I can enjoy myself when he's not there, but I start to think about how much happier I would be if he were there."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"And how did you know?"

"I guess because I was really comfortable with him. He made me laugh, and I just wanted to hug him all the time. And then after we kissed the first time — that time last summer when I walked him out to his car — I felt really weak. Scared, because I knew he ... I knew I ... I just knew."

"Wow." I paused to imagine a feeling like that.

It had been a while since my scarf-dancing days, but I still treasured our talks at bedtime. You were most attentive right before you went to sleep, when I would sit on your floor and talk your ear off. It was probably because you were too tired to tell me to quit bugging you, to calm down, to get out of your room and go to bed. But there were times when I did most of the listening and you explained things to me.

"So, you never get sick of him?"

"No, not really."

"Not even like you get sick of your friends sometimes or even me?"

"No."

"But he's your friend, right?"

"Yes."

"So, why don't you ever get sick of him?"

"I don't know. I just get a good feeling when we're together."

"Like what kind of *good feeling*?" I was curious about what was going on in your head — underneath those long, blond locks that I was not genetically blessed with. I had to know about this other person in your life who was stealing you away from me. He was your boyfriend, and he made you happy, and that made me happy, but ...

"But other people who care about you give you a good feeling,

L I N E N S

by Gwendolyn Norgle

too.”

“Yes, but it’s different.” Although we were seriously discussing the science of love, you half-smiled through everything you said, blushing to match the pink roses on your sheets.

“How? How is it different?” I asked.

“He likes me, and he doesn’t have to.”

We both laughed at your simple definition of a boyfriend — someone who could love you without knowing everything about you — that you used to fear department store Santa Clauses, that you broke the high jump record in high school and that you were the person who always made me feel like I had a big, fuzzy blanket warming me from the inside out. It scared me that this guy was loving you gradually and that you trusted him. That meant he could hurt you, and I would not let that happen. Things could hurt me — I could be hurt, but you? *You* could not be hurt.

Seeing that your eyelids had conceded to your fatigue, I got up to leave. Pulling your comforter up over your shoulders, I gently tucked it beneath your chin, and turned off the light.

* * *

“That guy” ended up being pretty fun, like you said. Though we did have our rough times in the beginning — I was a smartass younger sister, and I can’t imagine why in the world he had a dream that I was a devil shortly after he met me. He made you laugh and bought you gifts and held your hand in front of the family and deep down, it gave me a good feeling to see you glow like you did.

But that wasn’t the problem.

* * *

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Nothing.”

“Nothing? Then why did you cry yourself to sleep last night?”

“What — what are you talking about?”

“There’s mascara all over your pillowcase.” I pointed to the black spots clouding those tiny roses, and you started to tear. I ran to you.

“He ... he ...” You tried to explain, something about something that had happened the night before, but I stopped you with a hug. As you cried into my shoulder, I thought of all the ways I would hurt him. I would bust his chops, wring his neck, scratch his face, pull his hair and I’d give him a swift kick in the ...

The phone rang and Mother picked it up. It was for you. It was him. You pulled away to answer it, and I let you go.

* * *

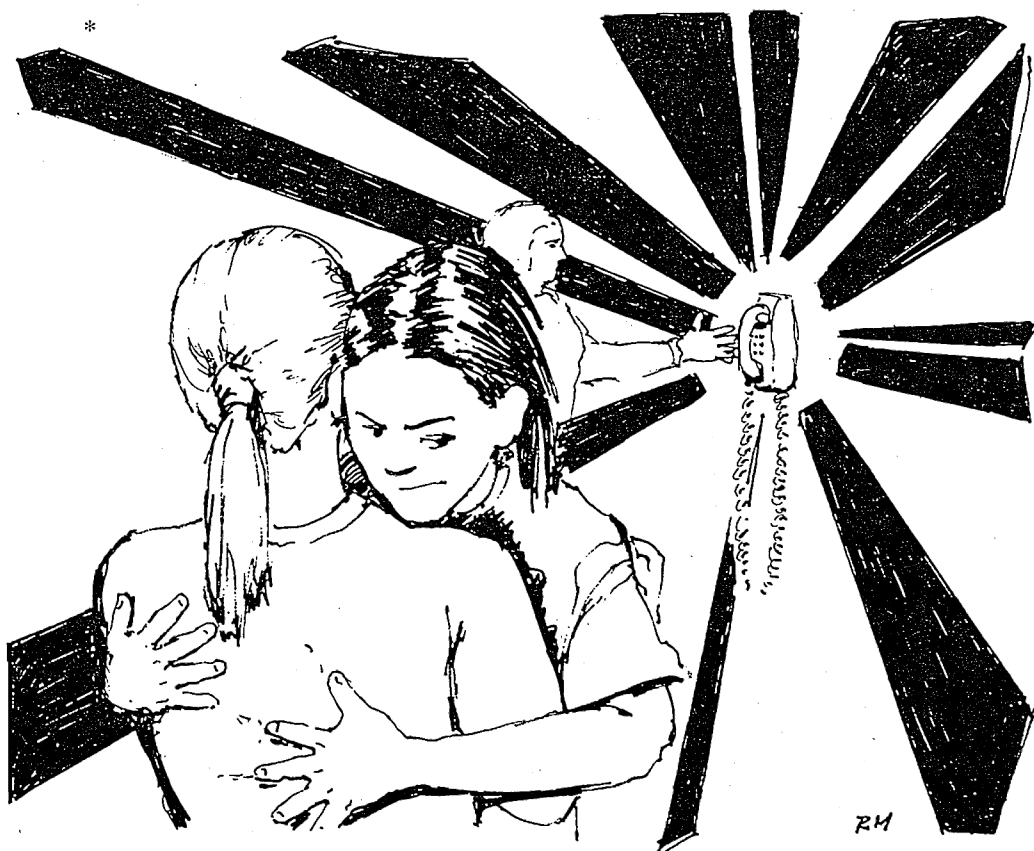
Washing was never really one of my greatest strengths. I guess I never really questioned how the laundry got from the hamper back into the closet, all crisp and sweetly scented. I guess I should have asked somebody. Lights with lights, darks with darks, cold if you don’t want it to shrink — you told me when I finally did ask. I had to call you once I got to school, when I was forced to do the wash by myself.

It was on your three-year anniversary, and he had given you a necklace and an autographed picture of Michael Jordan, who he said would be with the Bulls forever. You said you weren’t expecting any sports paraphernalia but you thought it was cute that he would give you a picture of his favorite athlete.

After we hung up, I tossed another load into the machine. Before I closed the lid, I watched the colors swirling around each other in the basin. The materials blended together in the water like soft chiffon gliding in air, and I thought of you smiling with your new gifts, the promises he had given you, and I smiled, too.

It would be a while before we would talk again. A while to me, anyway. You wouldn’t notice how long “a while” really was. Darks with darks. Lights with lights. Rinse. Spin. Dry. I got it.

The sheets were twisted in a bundle, clinging to each other. Pulling them apart, I folded one neatly into a cotton rectangle and wrapped the other around myself. I stood for a moment with it encasing me like a toasty shroud, drying the tear that had streamed down my cheek with one of its corners, and eventually, I would fold it, too. □



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF PETE AND RON

**BASED EVER SO LOOSELY ON WHAT COULD BE A TRUE STORY
BY JEREMIAH CONWAY**

Our first attempt met in failure. Pete strapped a small black mask to his face. It covered only the area around his eyes. I looked at him for a second, and he looked at me.

"If you get to dress up like Robin, can I be Batman?" I asked, making two pointy ears with my fingers like the Dark Knight.

Pete kicked me in the shin.

The closest I could come to a decent mask was the old pillowcase I had worn on the Alumni Bun Run during finals week, so I put the old rag on one more time.

Right then, two of our friends walked into our room, looked at us and promptly left.

We continued our preparations. Pete took in his arms his wire cutter, and I brought with me a length of rope that my father had insisted I bring to college and my softball bat. You could never tell if the Green Wave would have sentries posted.

We set out upon our quest in the dark of night. Well, it was as dark as it gets on the Notre Dame campus, what with the unearthly orange glow of South Bend illuminating everything almost to the point of being able to read a book in the middle of the quad. Our RA saw us on the way out, wearing our masks, and began to say something to Pete, but then recognized me in the pillowcase and decided that any words of wisdom he tried to impart would go unheeded. Resigning himself to that fact, the second semester senior went back to not working.

Pete led the way, having obviously thought about our attack vector a bit more than I had. We hugged the back wall of rival Dillon and did a quick run and dive between the home of the Big Red and the home of the Big Sickness. Luckily, there were no residents of either Keough or O'Neill who saw us sprinting behind South Dining Hall. After another sprint, during which I tripped and did what Pete would later dub a "gruesome" faceplant on hard concrete, we disappeared into the shadow of our target: Fisher Hall.

My prior assumption as to the degree of planning Pete had put into this plan was quickly proven wrong. He hadn't thought how we were going to reach the F. Luckily, a lifetime of watching *MacGyver* and a summer of playing *Myst* paid off, and I realized we could climb the tree out front. So we did, and found ourselves on the mid-level roof of Fisher, right above their lobby.

Our elusive game was now only 10 feet in front of us. The F

was even greener at this close distance. Perhaps this was one of its defense mechanisms. Instead of getting bigger when threatened, like a blowfish, it got greener. Pete and I were not intimidated.

"You stay here, Ron," Pete said, taking those first tentative steps toward the F.

"Pete," I called out in one of those volumes that people consider a whisper, but that anyone this side of the MiracleEar factory can hear perfectly. My roomie turned. "The penitent man is humble in the face of God."

Pete, still a little ahead of me in the mental health department, shook his head in disbelief and continued walking toward the F.

I began to wonder exactly how far ahead of me he was when he began to climb on the F to reach the wires holding it in place. I said nothing as he clipped through the first wire, sending the F into a violent fall that threw him to the roof with a loud thump and left the mighty letter listing to the right.

The sound of Pete's body hitting the roof caused such a clatter that the lights went on in Fisher and the men of the Green Wave flew to their windows to see what was the matter. At least, I wish that was all that happened. Much to my dismay, I heard someone inside the bunker-like building scream "release the dogs!"

Immediately, I grabbed Pete by the arm, dragged him along and jumped off the roof. A distant barking sound began as we sprinted like spooked deer from the scene of the crime.

It was a whole week before Pete and I had the courage to make another try at the object of our desire. Actually, we were so nervous about being caught by the Fisher police that, when walking to the Rock, we would actually cross the quad and use Morrissey's sidewalk.

Thursday night, though, when half the campus was busy table-dancing at Bridget's and the other half was obsessing about chemistry homework, Pete and I made our second attack run. Call it an odd benefit of not having even a rudimentary ID and being in the College of Arts and Letters, but Thursday nights are usually free.

We again reached Fisher with no problem — the enemy was oblivious to the fact that we were about to take their most prized symbol. This time, Pete didn't climb the F when severing the

second wire — we brought a chair from home and used it as a step ladder.

Pete, again clad in his Boy Wonder mask, clipped the second and only remaining wire, and I fought the pull of gravity to gently lower the F to the surface of the roof. The green monstrosity made a slight thump when it landed, but that was the most of it.

Using the rope my father had bestowed upon me (some kids get cars for graduation — I got rope), we made a sort of pulley contraption and lowered the F to the ground. The enemy remained quiet inside their Fortress of Ugliness.

Again, our lack of planning reared its ugly head. That F is damn heavy. And we had no clue where to take it.

"Ron, I just figured out that there's no way this thing's gonna fit in our room," Pete said to me as he heaved his half onto his shoulder. "We need somewhere to take it where no one will see it."

"To the Snite!" I declared with some enthusiasm.

We started moving as quickly as possible, making a beeline toward the museum. Unfortunately, we passed a group of, uh, Green Waves or something, and they stopped us. Luckily, they were very drunk.

"Where are you going with that F?" their leader asked us.

"We're taking it to the Snite for, uh, repairs," I said.

"Who are you? Let's see some identification."

"You don't need to see his identification," I murmured pointedly.

"We don't need to see his identification."

"You're free to go on your way," I was shocked that this was succeeding, but I wasn't going to abandon a working plan.

"You're free to go on your way," the drunken man nodded.

"Carry on."

"Carry on," he said, waving absently.

As we started walking away at a decent clip, Pete looked at me with a shocked expression on his face. "How did we get past those guys? I thought we were done for!"

"The Insanity has a strong effect on the weak-minded," I answered cryptically, since I didn't have a decent response. Luckily, we made it most of the rest of the way without incident.

I said "most of the way." About 20 feet from the entrance to the Snite, our lives got a little more complicated.

In our haste, we got a little too close to the red and blue sculpture, perhaps the only uglier object on campus than what we were now carrying.

"D'oh!" Pete screamed as a metal CLANK echoed throughout the quad.

"I don't even want to know what that sound was," I said. I turned around to look back at my roommate. Pete was holding the arrow in his hands with a very frightened look on his face. "Oh, Lord," I said, "please be with us, because we're now officially on the highway to Hell."

"Now what do we do? Dammit, Ron, why did I ever go along with this insane plan of yours?"

"What?" I demanded. "Pete, this was your idea!" For the next five minutes, we argued like a married couple in the middle of the quad while holding the Fisher F and the arrow. Finally, it was decided that we should try and force the F into our room.

Somehow, this worked. The mighty letter was propped against the back wall of our cell, and the arrow was hung proudly from the ceiling. The guys in the section were all phenomenally impressed with our daring deeds of dumbness, and declared the

need for a party in our honor. Our room was volunteered for the event, but by neither Pete nor myself.

That next night, a Friday, since the night we stole the F was a Thursday (yes, I am an Arts and Letters major, why do you ask?), we cleared everything out of our room except for the F and the arrow. Fred and Jim, our next-door neighbors, began bringing refreshments into the room when Father George, as he so often does, appeared like a phantom out of nowhere.

"Hello, boys," he said, right before he noticed the unusual decor of our room. "Oh, my ... Ron, Peter, I think I need to have a talk with you two ..."

That talk, not our first with the rector of our dorm, led us to the outside of Patty O'Hara's office. I blinked again and wiped sweat from my brow. Pete began unconsciously chewing on his fingernails.

The office door flew open and flames poured into the room. Intimidating organ music came forth, and my eyes focused on the

black silhouette that beckoned to us from within the flames. I quickly crossed myself and began praying to God for deliverance. We may catch all hell for our unintentional aesthetic improvements to campus, but we set wheels into motion. Szabo was currently running for president with the destruction of Stepan Center weighing heavy on his mind, and it won't take long before the Math Building joins Stepan in the public's angry mind ...

Pete looked at me this time and gulped. We stood up together and strode forth into the Cave of Death. Behind us, the door slammed shut like a trap in an Indiana Jones movie, and I knew that our fates were forever sealed, like a jar of mayonnaise from Hell. □



gipper.1@nd.edu

Campus Watch

BY THE GIPPER

Attitude, Allegations and Innuendo

A hoy, sailors! Come sail away with Captain Gipp, the only person on campus who makes more enemies than emergency trips to the bathroom after a Fiesta Grande feast. For all of you who wrote hate mail, the Gipp thanks you and reminds you that, just like *Right Reason*, the Gipp is working hard to keep accurate media alive at Notre Dame.

OVERZEALOUS RENTAL COPS, PART ONE

On Friday night at Corby's an underage student responded to a violent act of aggression (someone spilled beer on him) with an equally hostile and outlandish act (he knocked the beer out of his suspected aggressor's hand). The bouncer responded to the crisis by spraying pepper spray in the student's face — enough to clear out the whole bar. No one in the entire bar spilled another beer on anyone else; they were too busy holding their faces and screaming in agony.

Who knows how much trouble could be avoided at Notre Dame this way. The Gipp's all for it. Let's mace everyone when they arrive on campus! Yeah! Weekly macing at Mass! More mace for those who skip! And lock out the boys and girls from each others' dorms too! Oh — guess they're ahead of the game on that one. Better tell the guys in that band Fat Guy and the Big Raiders.

OVERZEALOUS RENTAL COPS, PART DEUX

If they had been at Club 23 the next night, though, they would have been treated to a belly-dance by one of the intoxicated patrons. Apparently, this student traditionally shows his excitement by taking off his clothes, which he had done earlier in the night at Finnigan's. The Club bouncer wasn't

impressed (in more ways than one) and tackled the pants-less patron. He also started hitting him with his flashlight — you know how dangerous those naked guys are. When a friend tried to defend his shameless friend, he was thrown down, too. All were kicked out and no more fights ensued. Apparently Bad Larry and the Panty Raiders really know how to get a crowd going. Moe, if trouble like this continues, you may have to burn down the place and start over again.

UNNECESSARY DETAILS

The Gipp wants to go on the senior class trip to the Blackhawks game in Chicago. You've probably seen the signs — the game starts at 7:30, tickets are \$20 including transportation, buses leave at 5:45 from Stepan, tickets at the LaFun Info Desk, call 1-5117 with questions. The Gipp has one: What day is the game? Maybe Big Dude and the Darth Vaders know.

It's OK. The Gipp overlooked a similar detail on his application to Notre Dame, forgetting to mention that his AP credit class was actually Advanced Exhaust Systems. Details, details ...

SLAP ON THE WRIST — HOLD THE SLAP

The folks in Student Affairs must have had a little too much cough medicine the other day. One student had a conference for drinking alcohol in North Dining Hall and then demanding his money back for the meal after being asked to leave. The Student Affairs representative laughed and joked with him as she gave him a 20-hour community service punishment (or \$100) and banned him from NDH, though she knew that the off-campus student does not have a meal plan anyway. She must be in cahoots with Fat Albert and the Bad Band.

REASON NUMBER ONE THE GIPP LOVES ROBERT KENNEDY JR.: Kennedy dirt! Not only did RFK Jr.'s eyes lock on to every young female that walked by last week, one student from the University of Dayton says he was checking her lower back for moles. If not that, he was looking for something up her shirt as they posed for a photo. Another student from ND reports that he came to the door of his hotel room in an unbuttoned shirt, inviting her in to make a phone call.

Where to begin ... reference to Ted Kennedy, William Kennedy Smith or Marilyn Monroe? The Gipp declines. At least Kennedy sticks to Catholic girls.

Way to hit him where it hurts — that nauseated feeling in the pit of his stomach. The Gipp can't remember the last time he left North Dining Hall without being dragged kicking and screaming from the comfy chairs. Maybe it had something to do with eating the brown acid.

IT'S NOT LIQUID LUNCH

For those of you who remember I. Ruined it for everyone else, Senior Bar no longer has Liquid Lunch, that drunkfest sponsored in part by your local liver transplant doctor. And though to the untrained eye (read: average student) there was a Liquid Lunch last week, to the trained eye (read: administrators and lawyers) it was a "senior-faculty lunch." Yes, alcoholic drinks were served, and yes, there were only as many faculty members in the building as there are of-age students at Bridget's, but no, it wasn't Liquid Lunch. The Gipp has always had trouble with such subtleties. Where are Fatty and the Land Rovers when you need them?

That's it, kids. Good news for all you Gipp lovers — Student Affairs extended the Gipp's parole through the end of the year. That means you can enjoy more of his classy wit and childlike good nature.

And for those of you who were unhappy with the names mentioned in the column last week, keep in mind that as far as Notre Dame is concerned, they're public figures. It's not like the Gipp was ridiculing Jennifer Klump, a freshman in Lewis. Or Christina Fitch, a freshman in Cavanaugh who mysteriously elected to not print her home address in the phone book. How about Patrick Mousaw, a sophomore engineer. Or Beth Scully, who doesn't even go to Notre Dame. The conspiracy deepens ... □

COMING S

February 27 - March 5

DISTRACTION S

THURSDAY — February 27

- Forum, "The Relationship Forum: AIDS Awareness and Sexual Promiscuity," 8 p.m. LaFortune Ballroom.
- Performance, *The Challenge*, 7:30 p.m., Washington Hall.

FRIDAY — February 28

- Folk Dancing, 7:15 p.m., Clubhouse, SMC.
- Hockey, ND vs. Michigan State, 7 p.m., Joyce Center.
- Performance, *The Challenge*, 7:30 p.m., Washington Hall.

SATURDAY — March 1

- Midwest Team Championships, Men's and Women's Fencing, Joyce Center.
- Shamrock Classic, Men's & Women's Swimming, Rolfs Aquatic Center.
- Tennis, ND Women vs. Duke, 11a.m., Eck Pavilion.
- Performance, *The Challenge*, 7:30 p.m., Washington Hall.

SUNDAY — March 2

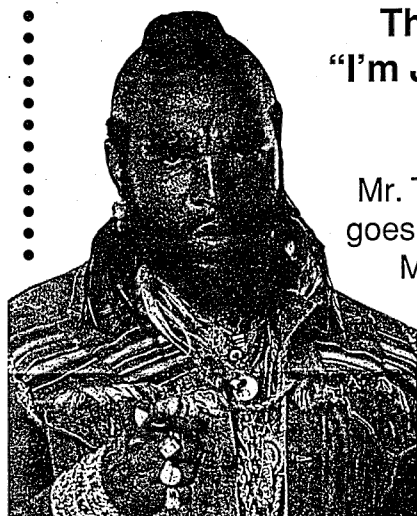
- Midwest Team Championships, Men's and Women's Fencing, Joyce Center.
- Shamrock Classic, Men's & Women's Swimming, Rolfs Aquatic Center.
- Faculty recital, featuring William Cerny, pianist, 2 p.m., Annenberg Auditorium, Snite.

MONDAY — March 3

- *Letter From an Unknown Woman*, 7 p.m. & *Citizen Kane*, 9 p.m., Snite.

TUESDAY — March 4

- *I Am Cuba*, 7 p.m. & *Devil in a Blue Dress*, 9:30 p.m., Snite.



This week's secret
"I'm Jealous of the Gipp"
tip:

Mr. T says, "I pity the fool that goes to Folk Dancing at St. Mary's on Friday. Instead, come on down to the Keenan Commons at 8 p.m. You won't be let down."

— ZWK

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Cushing Auditorium:

- *Ransom*, Thursday, 10:30; Friday and Saturday, 8 & 10:30, \$2.

Snite Museum:

- *Mars Attacks!*, Friday and Saturday, 8 & 10 p.m., \$2.

Movies 10:

☎ 254-9685.

- *Donnie Brasco**, R, 1:20, 3:50, 7:00, 9:30.
- *Marvin's Room*, PG-13, 12:00, 2:20, 4:40, 7:25, 9:50.
- *Star Wars: A New Hope*, PG, 11:30, 2:15, 5:00, 7:45, 10:30.
- *The Empire Strikes Back**, PG, 11:00, 1:45, 2:30, 4:30, 5:15, 7:15, 8:00, 10:00, 10:45.
- *Dangerous Ground*, R, 2:30, 4:45, 7:00, 9:15.
- *Rosewood*, R, 12:15, 3:15, 6:45, 9:45.
- *Metro*, R, 11:40, 4:50, 10:10.
- *Prefontaine*, PG-13, 2:20, 7:30.
- *The English Patient*, R, 1:00, 4:30, 8:00.
- *Shine*, PG-13, 1:10, 3:35, 5:50, 8:10, 10:25.

University Park West:

☎ 277-7336.

- *Booby Call*, R, 2:00, 4:30, 7:00, 9:10.
- *That Darn Cat*, PG, 2:15, 4:45, 6:45.
- *Secrets & Lies*, R, 2:30, 5:30, 8:30.
- *Evita*, PG, 9:00.

University Park East:

☎ 277-7336.

- *Lost Highway*, R, 1:15, 4:10, 7:10, 10:00.
- *Jerry Maguire*, R, 1:00, 3:50, 6:45, 9:35.
- *Fools Rush In*, PG-13, 1:45, 4:15, 7:00, 9:25, 11:45.
- *Scream*, R, 2:00, 4:45, 7:40, 10:10.
- *Vegas Vacation*, PG, 2:15, 4:50, 7:30, 9:40, 12:00.
- *Dante's Peak*, PG-13, 1:30, 4:30, 7:20, 9:50, 12:15.

- Late Shows on Friday and Saturday only
- * No Passes

Hey, Put on Your Shoes

CLASS CANCELED

And have another drink, it's on me



BY ZAC KULSRUD

◆ *We Speak for the Trees*

We have a lot of pretty trees on campus. They come in all shapes and sizes. Some are big and some are small. Some are young and some are old. At George Washington University, however, some trees have shoes in them. For one fraternity in the nation's capital, shoes are more than protection for the feet, they are also symbols of manhood and coincidence. Outside the Delta Tau Delta house, men throw a pair of shoes in a tree every time they find out that two of them have had sex with the same woman. We have a similar tradition at Notre Dame in which we throw a pair of shoes in the trees anytime *anyone* has sex.

◆ *Don't Try this at Home*

Last week seven students and a recent graduate from Frostburg State University were charged with manslaughter in the death of a freshman last fall. The incident involved an unofficial, off-campus fraternity where the freshman drank six to eight cups of beer and 12 to 14 shots of vodka in two hours. The 20-year-old freshman was found dead in his dorm room the next morning. Those charged with the crime allegedly granted the freshman admission to the party and provided him with alcohol. This, indeed, is a tragic event.

The strange part, however, is the reaction

of Lawrence V. Kelly, the state's prosecuting attorney. Kelly said the charges show the state will pursue those who provide alcohol to minors "at a profit." We understand that adults should not be providing booze to minors, but what do you mean by "at a profit?" I'll have to check with the College of Business Administration, but I don't think these guys were trying to secure a better financial position by watching their friend drink himself to death.

◆ *Prayers of the Faithful*

Oral Roberts University in Tulsa, Okla., recently issued an apology to the local Muslim community. The university made the announcement after an incident in which a group of students, Bibles and crosses in hand, surrounded a local mosque and prayed that those inside would be converted to Christianity. Although the students dispersed when police arrived, Mujeeb Cheema, chairman of the Islamic Society, called the incident an act of "aggression."

I think you Christian zealots are a bit confused. Next time you want to convert Muslims, don't use mob tactics. The only change you'll see will be on your criminal records.

◆ *Another Weather Update*

When the weather is bad outside, we here at Notre Dame know that classes are guaranteed to remain in session. However, after

a recent blizzard in Nebraska, students from Creighton University were left wondering why their classes were not canceled. The campus newspaper, *The Creightonian*, ran a story addressing this serious issue. Students were asked, "Should Creighton cancel school in bad weather?"

Junior Aaron Ford responded, "Yes, because when you park so far away, you might as well be walking to school."

Sorry, but we Domers know that being parked miles away in D2000 does not justify a complaint. Come on, Aaron, you have to be prepared with your cross-country skis.

Marne Vanyo said, "Yes and no; classes should be closed [at] the discretion of the professor."

That's a good idea, but it does not help if the professor fails to tell the class that he or she will not be showing up. It's actually a cyclical phenomenon, Marne. You go to class, wait around for 15 minutes, realize the professor is not attending, then walk 10 minutes back to the dorm and leave five minutes later to go to your next class.

Finally, freshman Laura Tokarz said, "Definitely for the off-campus students and professors; it's dangerous to drive and walk in subzero weather."

We will assume that you mean all the students on-campus should attend classes without the professors and off-campus students. Spoken like a true first-year student, Laura. □

Don't Call Us...

No, really — we'll get back to you

BY CHRISTIAN DALLAVIS

As a second-semester senior, I have recently embarked upon the dreaded Quest for Something To Do Next Year. Everyone seems to want to know where I will live. Whether I'm engaged. How big the ring is. From aunts and cousins to roommates and teachers, everyone is asking me, "What are you going to do next year?"

So I set out in search of something to do. The starting point for this journey was the Career and Placement Office, which is conveniently located in the basement of the library. All I had to do was purchase an \$18 Résumé Expert Plus disk and pay a \$20 "processing fee" and my name and résumé were entered into Career and Placement's database. Being on the database grants one the privilege of coming to the office every Monday and Tuesday to sign up for interviews, and, in my case, hoping that some company would be dumb enough to grant interviews to "All Majors." Such is the life of an English major. Fortunately, three such companies visited in one week, and all three wasted 20 minutes of their time with me.

My interviews, however, were not your run-of-the-mill, business-major, big-six-office-visit deals. Instead, I took a slightly different approach to the process. Knowing full well that an investment banking firm would never, ever, ever hire an English major who wasn't also a CAPP major (no matter how much they claim they hire "lots of Arts and Letters students"), I decided to have a little fun in my interview. Here is a brief transcript of my experience:

Interviewer: So, tell us what you know about investment banking.

Me: Nothing. Why, is that a problem?

Interviewer: No, we have a training program. Why are you interested in investment banking?

Me: I don't know. The investment banker at the bank I go to always seems to be having fun, so I thought, "Hey, he's having fun. Maybe I want to have fun too."

Interviewer: Do you have any questions for us?

Me: What's your drug test policy?

Interviewer: We'll be getting back to you.

The lobby of Career and Placement, which is like a doctor's lobby with extremely well-dressed patients, is the breeding place of many interview myths and legends. All the business majors seem to know how many McDonald's there are in America and how many footballs are produced each year, just in case someone asks.

Apparently, investment banking firms get off on asking bizarre questions like, "Say your watch stops at 3:15. What are you thinking?" The correct answer, of course, is something like "seven and a half degrees," because all investment bankers immediately calculate the angle between the hour and minute hands when their watches stop.

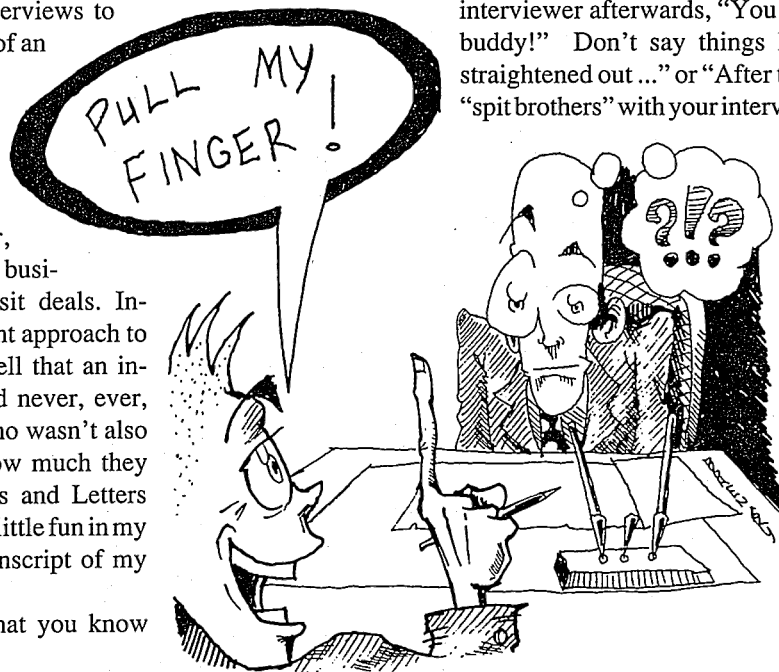
In the course of my interviewing experience I uncovered a few bad interview techniques. When interviewing for a sales position, don't claim as a personal weakness, "I don't work well with people." Don't wink at the guy at the end of an interview and ask, "So, come on. Did I get it? Huh?" Don't hug your interviewer and definitely don't kiss him, especially if you're interviewing at the Japanese Embassy. When asked what sort of activity you would come up with for American Culture Day in your Japanese grade school class, don't say, "Make them memorize the presidents, in order." Don't ever use the phrase, "Pull my finger." Don't yell to the interviewer afterwards, "You better not screw me on this one, buddy!" Don't say things like, "Well, after I got myself straightened out..." or "After the acquittal..." Don't offer to be "spit brothers" with your interviewer. Don't claim "Mr. Cuervo"

or "Mr. Beam" as character references. Don't fart. If you do, don't accuse the interviewer of "letting one go" or ask him to "go check his shorts." If you just had your wisdom teeth pulled and your face is puffy, don't claim you have a "face infection." Don't make the mistake my roommate made and ask a question about Federal Express when you're interviewing with American Express.

I actually got a second interview with one company, but of course I didn't get a job.

Concepts like "callback" and "office visit" are foreign to me, and I'm through sifting through the weekly Career and Placement bulletins. Fortunately, I don't really want a job. I still have no answer to questions about my future, but I'm getting more and more comfortable with that, much to my parents' dismay. I will spend these last 80 or so days of college ignoring the fact that my student loan payments will kick in around November and that I will be back in Nowhere, Mo., in June. I refuse to become desperate. For now I just answer the questions with "I don't know what I'll be doing. I don't know where I'll live. No, I'm not engaged yet. Why, will you marry me?" Well, maybe a little desperate. □

This is a humor column. The views expressed are not necessarily those of the editorial staff at Scholastic Magazine.



www.drugs.com

by Peter C. Vitale

God blessed them, saying: "Be fertile and multiply; fill the earth and subdue it. Have dominion over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and all the living things that move on earth." God also said: "See, I give you every seed-bearing plant all over the earth and every tree that has seed-bearing fruit on it to be your food ..." — Genesis 1: 29-30

So man strolled around the garden, eating and drinking whatever looked good — a pomegranate here, a juicy mango there. Life was pretty good, all things considered. Well, God decided that things were just a bit too cushy for Adam, so with a smirk he informed him that the tree of knowledge was off-limits. "Whatever you do, don't push that button! That big, red, glowing one, right there. See it? You'd like to push it, wouldn't you? I bet you're curious. Don't ever touch it, OK?" Right.

Here we are in 1997, crawling around on our bellies, eating dirt, toiling over land choked with thorns and thistles. Delivery rooms are filled with screams; man and woman just can't understand each other. And none of it will end until we return to the ground from which we were taken, because after all, we're dirt and to dirt we shall return. Pleasant thought, isn't it?

Humankind has spent its life trying to figure out why we're here, what we're supposed to do, and most importantly, how we're gonna get back into that womb, where everything was so easy. Since reentry has proven logistically impossible (not to mention illegal in most countries) we've had to learn to deal with the trials and tribulations of life.

Prayer, contemplation, meditation, whatever you want to call it, became quite trendy. It was simply the thing to do. No one really knew how it worked, just that it made you feel real quiet inside, kinda peaceful-like. A language developed around the practice, full of words like "transcendence," "grace," "unity," "evaporation of the self," "nirvana" and "supernatural." As William Wordsworth put it, people were trying to experience "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, whose dwelling is the light of the setting sun ... and in the mind of man."

Strange things were afoot in the mountains, churches, teepees, monasteries. People fasted and prayed until they saw god. Others scarfed down mushrooms and peyote and commingled with the infinite. A man in Des Moines took four hits of acid and wrote out the Koran in hieroglyphics. Alcohol, mushrooms, peyote, cannabis, soma and hashish trickled into churches all over the land, and were used to

facilitate communion with the supernatural. Dionysus was thrilled.

Through it all, though, practitioners managed to keep drugs in perspective. Peyote once or twice a year, and only for important ceremonies. Just a little sip of wine after communion. Mushrooms only if the moon said yes. There was the proper respect for drugs powerful enough to disintegrate time and space and leave you crawling around in god's armpit looking for answers.

But with the invention of the wheel, the printing press, automobiles and the World Wide Web (www.drugs.com), we got cocky. Splitting the atom and wiping out a civilization can do that to a species. Spirituality has been torn down to make room for the information superhighway; there's no time to pray or meditate. Rent to pay, mouths to feed, credit card bills ... just take a Valium, smoke a bowl, have a stiff drink and everything will be OK. "When, for whatever reason, men and women fail to transcend themselves by means of worship, good works and spiritual exercise, they are apt to resort to religion's chemical surrogates." Notre Dame's Office of Alcohol and Drug Education no doubt agrees with Aldous Huxley on this one.

We were hatched in a Styrofoam Big Mac box — it's no wonder we look to the lab coats for spiritual guidance. We grew up on the heels of an atomic blast, civil unrest, napalm and disco, and we're looking for answers — fast. Where will we find the answers? Notre Dame students are too smart to believe the answers will come from a simple "PUSH DOWN AND TURN." They are curious enough to experiment with altered states of consciousness, but too intelligent to remain there. Notre Dame students owe themselves more than a \$50 eighth of kind bud, a fat bag of mushrooms, a hit of ex and penny pitchers.

"Although a good deal of personal insight can be gained through the intelligent use of drugs, being high all the time leads nowhere because it lacks intellect, will and compassion; and a personal drug habit is of no use to anyone else in the world." Gary Snyder, beat poet. □

Peter C. Vitale graduated with a degree in psychology in January. He works at the Madison Center and Mishawaka Brewing Company.

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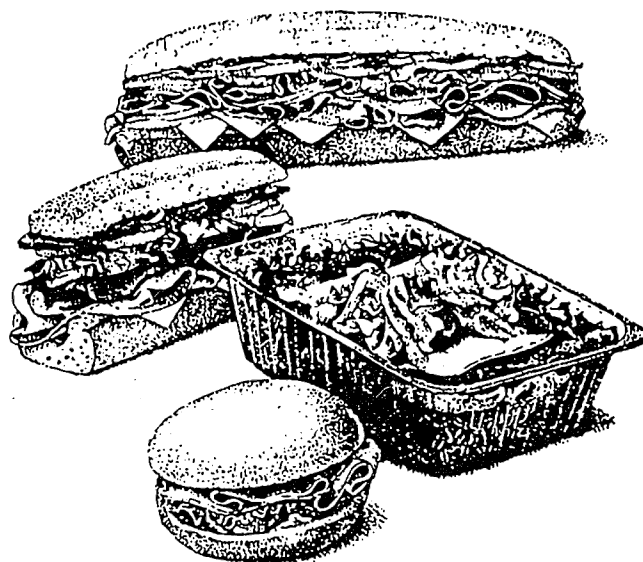
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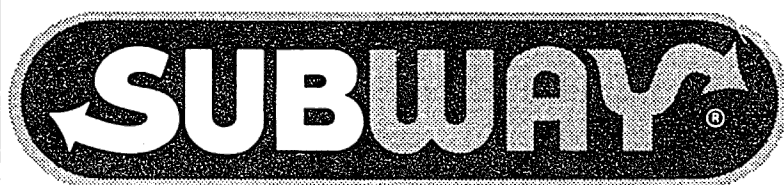


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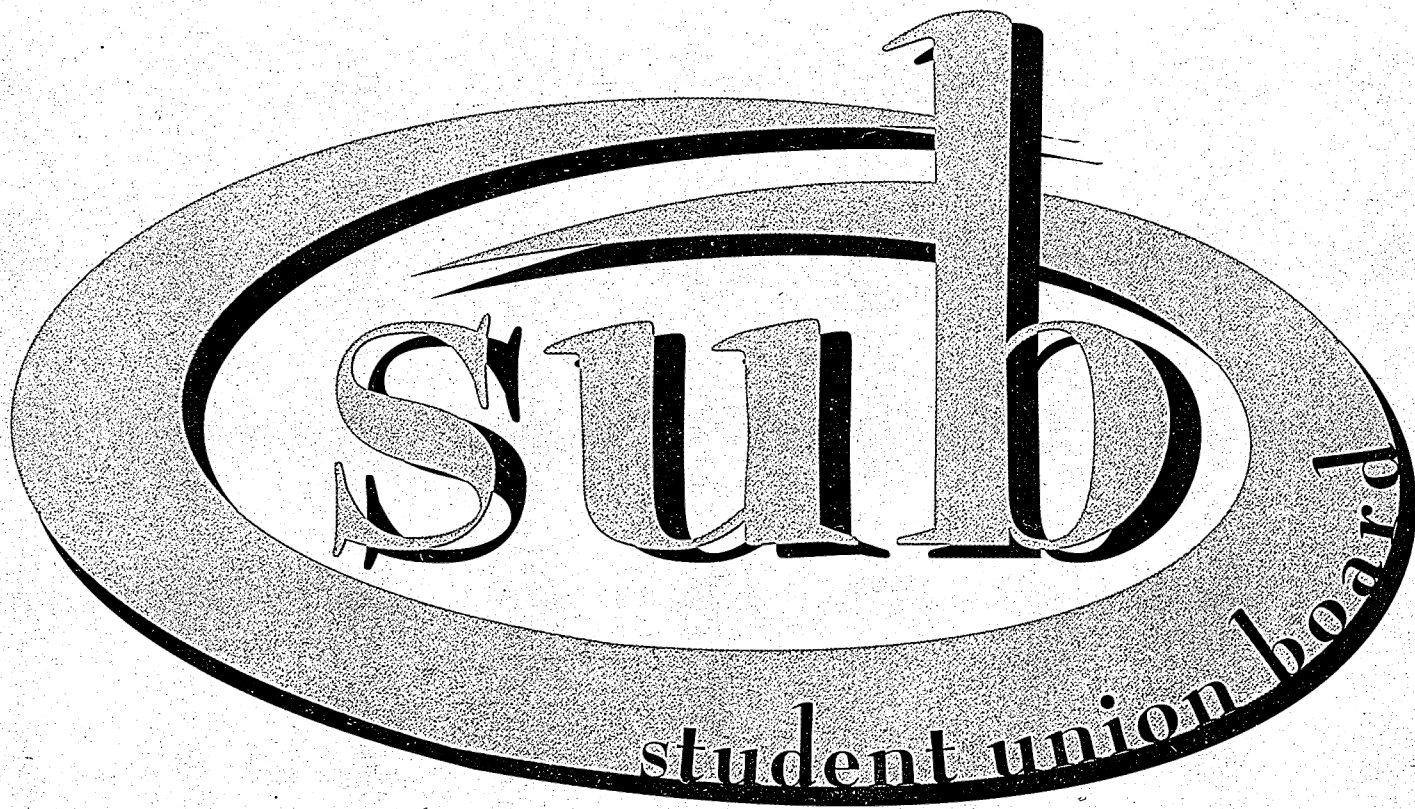
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