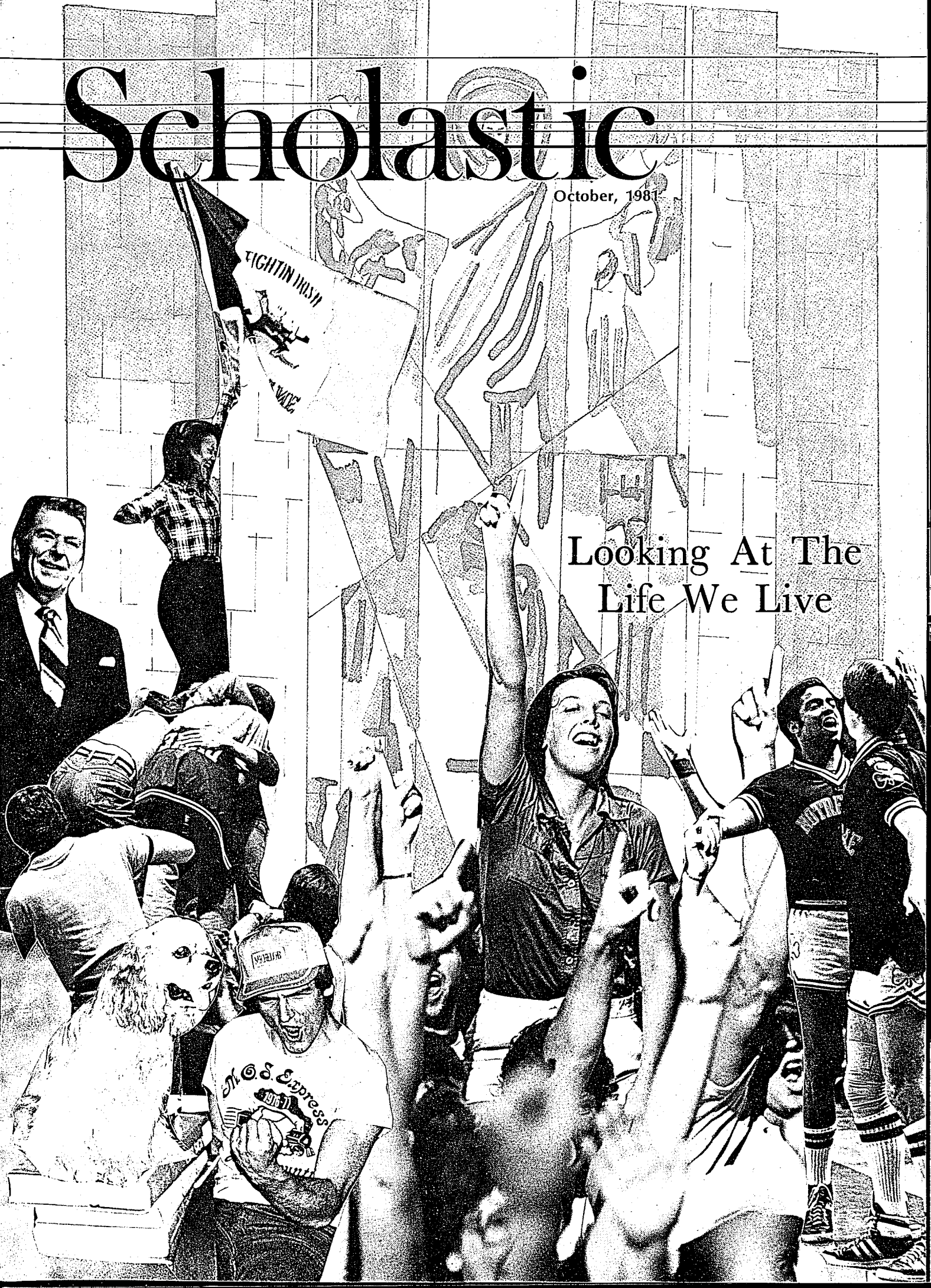


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SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 123, No. 2, October 1981
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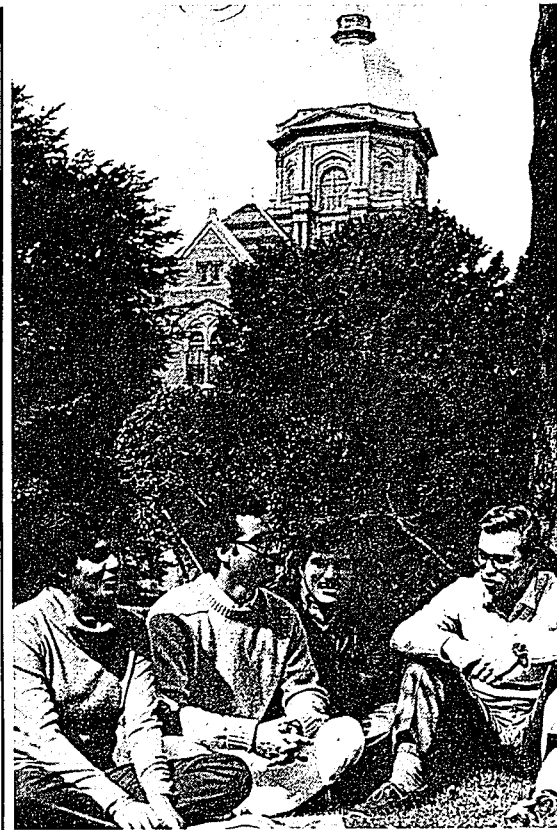
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OCTOBER, 1981



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Up Front

I have a confession to make: I love to criticize Notre Dame. Don't be shocked. Many people who see problems with our fair school want to make sure others see these problems, and would like to do something about them as well. Unfortunately, students generally have little to no input in immediate decisions made at our school. Fortunately, however, there are slow but real changes at Notre Dame, and often it is the student's voice that initiates the long chain of events leading to a meaningful change in Notre Dame life.

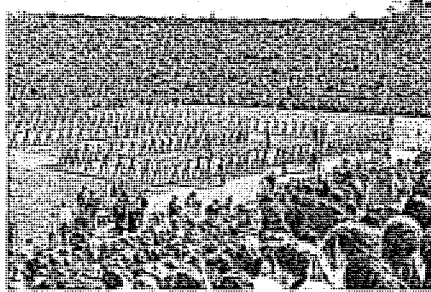
After three years of resident life here, one learns that most suggestions fall by the wayside. Any suggestion to be given serious attention must not only be logical and desirable in the students' eyes, but it must have enough of a compelling force behind it that it can move the time-honored and nearly inflexible wall of tradition that our administrators and Board of Trustees value so greatly. For better or for worse, profit often proves to be one such compelling force.

To continue, I have a proposal that I think qualifies on all three counts; a proposal that is desirable, logical, and in the long run profitable. I propose that the football stadium be enlarged.

Some fifty years ago, our present stadium was considered by many to be far larger than any projected attendance could justify. Many people blamed the men responsible for the decision for building the stadium as being overly optimistic about the future popularity and growth of Notre Dame football. As it turned out, fifty years later, the decision to build a stadium with a capacity of over 50,000 was not optimistic enough.

Notre Dame has been blessed by an ever-growing body of alumni and loyal fans. The only disadvantage associated with this blessing is that Notre Dame can no longer accommodate all who desire to view a football game in person at Notre Dame. There is simply not enough room in our stadium.

No-one will predict that the popularity of the football program will dwindle. Any reliable forecast indicates a steady growth in the number of fans. We could double the size of the stadium and never need to worry about sellout crowds.



Our humble stadium

How do we add on to our stadium without disrupting the present program? By adding a ring of seats around the stadium at a slightly steeper pitch, we could greatly enlarge the capacity with the minimum temporary discomfort. This would not be an extraordinarily difficult construction project, and it could be done without affecting the capacity in the year it would take to complete. Fifteen rows could be added on the north side of the stadium nearest the road, while up to thirty or more rows would be feasible on the other sides. This would increase the capacity by at least 30,000.

The additional seating would give the people who desire and deserve to see a Notre Dame football game a better chance. Students, it will not be too many years from now when you are competing for those football tickets that you take for granted now. Another advantage would be that some of the undesirable scalping of tickets that plague our games would be eliminated.

A cost-benefit analysis: The extra ticket receipts would soon repay the initial investment in expanding the structure of the stadium (for that matter, most of the funds would probably be donated willingly by our ever-faithful benefactors nationwide); the South Bend area business community would benefit from the added influx of fan dollars. Conclusion: It appears to be a wise investment.

Lastly, it would allow many more people to become exposed to all the traditions at Notre Dame, not just our tradition as a football power. A personal visit to our campus is reportedly somewhat of an uplifting event for most visitors. I will admit that I am looking forward to coming back for football weekends in the future.

I welcome any responses to this proposal, or anything else that *Scholastic* publishes. □

Clay Malaker

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Faces of Notre Dame

by Beth Healy

The average Notre Dame student carries between fifteen and eighteen credit hours per semester. Theoretically, a student spends two hours studying outside of class for every hour in. For 301 Notre Dame students, each hour of the day is study. These students face not only class homework, but culture homework. Every activity, every action, represents a study of America and its tradition, atmosphere, culture, and people. These students, from sixty different countries, join the N.D. community unfamiliar with its tradition, principles and atmosphere. Their educational experience does not end with closed books, but continues in every facet of American student life.

"For these people, education at Notre Dame goes beyond academics. They constantly learn from interaction in the halls and associations with American friends. Often, what comes from the gut is more valuable than what comes from the head," says Father Thomas Talarida, C.S.C., Faculty Advisor of the International Students Organization at Notre Dame.

Notre Dame foreign students offer a treasure chest of ideals, traditions, and histories. The wealth of information shared by these students is often foreign to the American college student. Discussions with members of Notre Dame's foreign student body display valuable lessons about the University, America and differences between the cultures.

The majority of Notre Dame's foreign students come from an academic tradition much different from the American system.

For many, individual class grades are irrelevant in comparison to the national exams given throughout their school years. Students take annual exams on the year's material as a requisite for advancement to the next year. Austrian Bernie Weninger explains, "In Europe the grades don't tell anything. The key is passing the Baccalaureate." The two grading systems do not reflect the same degree of intelligence or level of studies. The classification of foreign educational systems becomes difficult.

Most foreign countries require one secondary language, usually English. Language study begins at approximately age 12 and students often pick up a third language in high school. A number of foreign students at Notre Dame speak up to five languages. Much of this linguistic development stems from the proximity of countries and the regular interaction between these nations — in commerce, study, or vacations. America's territory serves as a hindrance to foreign language development, preventing practical language use for the majority of the nation.

Many foreign students arrive at Notre Dame better prepared for the curriculum than the American freshman. Often they find courses simple and compensate by picking up extra hours. Their "high school" is more competitive, and they narrow their studies, for example to Arts and Letters, or Commerce, or Sciences, around the age of 16. Though they may find the lectures and exams here easier, however, reading can take more time because of a lack of proficiency in English.

Many reasons surround a foreign student's decision to attend an American university. Often political situations have influenced the student's choice. Francois Boueri, a native of Jounieh, Lebanon, explains that his parents wanted him to attend school in the United States to safeguard him from the turmoil in their country. Francois left Lebanon for Panama where he spent six months with relatives. "I had no real interest to study in America and it was my father who wanted me to come. If there wasn't trouble at home, I wouldn't be here." Junior engineering student Francois also has a sophomore brother, Niam, at Notre Dame.

Beyond freedom from political tension, foreign students can benefit from an American diploma. Junior Tarique Ansari from Bombay, India, explains his business degree will be invaluable in the family business. Tarique chose Notre Dame at the recommendation of a school advisor who was familiar with the University and its undergraduate business program. He will use his studies in his father's fast-growing publishing company.

Likewise Leo Abrego, a fifth-year architecture student from El Salvador, came to Notre Dame because his family felt the education is superior. Colleges at home frequently closed because of political unrest. Leo spent four months studying English at the University of Michigan followed by one and a half years in a Pre-Architecture program at Eastern Michigan. Notre Dame was one of the six architecture schools he applied to. He felt his mother would be especially

pleased that "the people I studied with also go to Mass." Catholicism did play an important part in his decision. Now that Leo will graduate in May, he is unsure if he will return home. It has already been two and one half years since he has been home. "Notre Dame is the best thing that has happened to me."

Most foreign students arrive at Notre Dame unaware of the tradition and culture behind the University. Often their choice has been influenced by a friend or relative who studied in the States. However their freshman perspective differs from that of the American freshman. To foreign students, football histories and national reputations are of little consequence. They face not only new studies and culture, but also a tradition unique to Notre Dame. Francois claims MIT, Harvard, Notre Dame all mean the same at home, while in the U.S. each is special. "In the end," he observes, "I think the result at home will be the same; I could have gone anywhere really. I am glad I chose N.D. because it is not really big

and does offer many possibilities." Thus, these students from diversified backgrounds chose Notre Dame for various reasons and face a continual education once they are here.

"The greatest problem facing foreign students at Notre Dame is the socialization process. The exposure of talent between American and foreign students is meager," states Father Tallarida. He cites three major reasons for this lack of interaction: foreign students spend a lot of time studying (especially graduate students); the English language as a social tool is weak for many; and the associations on campus which provide valuable contacts for students from similar backgrounds, such as the Chinese and Indian associations, don't promote many activities outside that association.

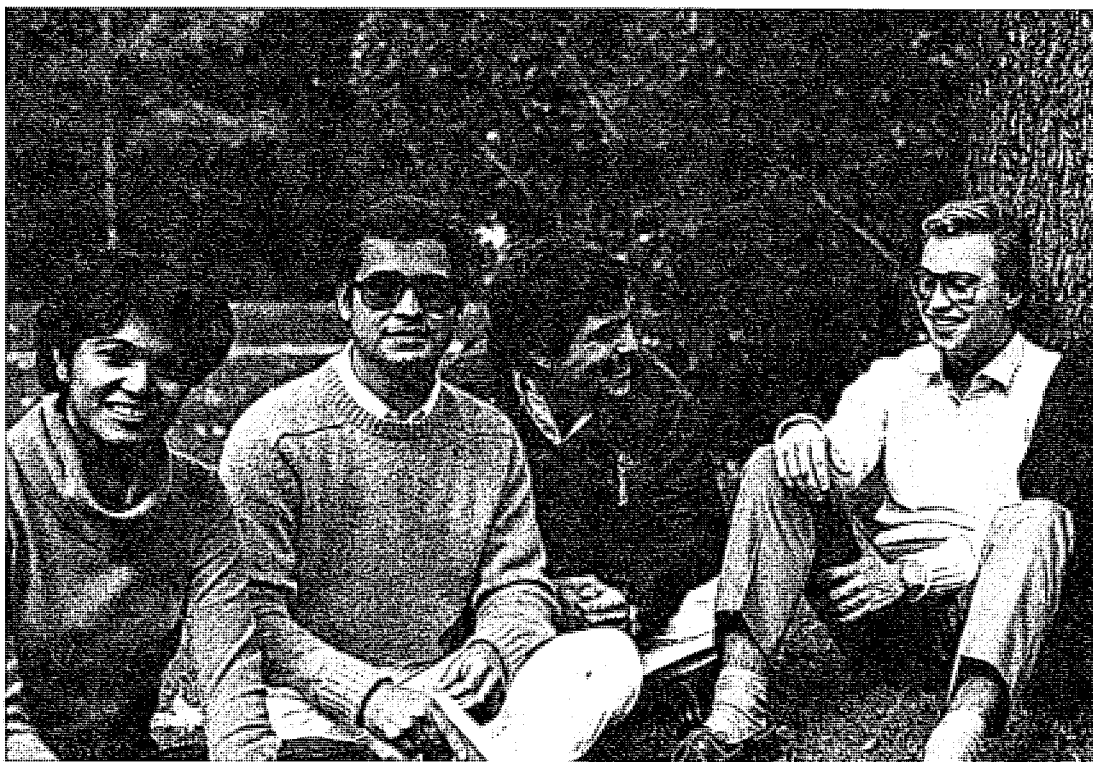
Often foreign students complain of a lack of communication with Americans. Parties are not genuine opportunities to meet other students. "Faces have no names, and you turn up the music as loud as you can to cover up for the fact that there is no basis for conversation," says Bernie. He adds, "The stranger you spoke with for an

hour at a party is still the same stranger the next day." Much of the foreign socialization emphasizes more intimate gatherings where a few friends dance and talk. They are not the "weekend explosions" that resound across the campus on Friday nights. Father Tallarida comments, "They like to sit around and chat, to try to understand what Americans think about religion, politics, familial situations. They are interested in the cultural differences and in penetrating the American character. They don't need props such as beer."

While friendships are easy to begin, often they do not progress and remain superficial. Bernie explains, "I am at ease socializing here because there is less formality in customs, such as bringing flowers to dinner. It is easier to interact." Yet he points out that American "friendships" are often what Europeans would consider "acquaintances."

"At first it is easy to get along, but after awhile you realize there is something missing."

Probably the strongest ties for foreign students with Americans are those made in the dorm. Tarique comments, "Holy Cross is especially nice because it is removed from the main campus. We tend to stick



L to R: Rachel Davis, Leo Abrego, Francois Boueri, Bernie Wenginger

together and eat at the same table. We are close to our hall mates which is especially nice for visiting each other and coming back to N.D. It is more like coming home."

Foreign students are attracted to students with a broader viewpoint of the world, those appreciating politics, literature and culture. Bernie frowns on students' lack of outside reading, rarely touching a newspaper or magazine. Extra-curricular activity tends to be completely physical, not mental.

"Many students here seem unaware of the world outside. It isn't that they don't care, but that they don't know. It's a pity because the States are involved in so many parts of the world," says Francois.

American students sometimes know less about their own country's actions than foreign students, who are often affected by American policies. "Very often students tend to be inwardly focused. It seems the American myth of Number 1 has gone too far," comments Tarique. Francois wishes Americans would be "more aware of foreign affairs and what's going on so that they have an opinion and realize the injustice that is going on." Tarique adds, "America is a leading nation in the world; students at Notre Dame are the future leaders. They must be informed."

Of all the new customs and values the students encounter, the football tradition initially has the least value; they understand neither the game, nor the fans. "At first I got mad when everyone cheered and then cheered while they got mad. I didn't understand," says Francois. However, friends quickly explained the positions and rules and he now enjoys the game much more.

Tarique sees American sports as an outlet for frustrations. He used to feel there was too much emphasis on sports, but now better understands their importance. Bernie, though, still chuckles that conversation frequently surrounds "how fast they can run and how far they can kick the ball."

Researcher Prabin Bhattacharya from Calcutta, India, believes most people think of Notre Dame as a football school because of the extensive involvement by students and the administration. He maintains "there is something else going on here and the University needs to do something to let everybody else know it."

Discussion of impressions of Notre Dame spills over to those about

America in general. Each foreign student has a viewpoint largely determined by his familial and national history. Compared to that personal foundation, American families, attitudes, and responsibilities differ.

Francois witnesses the effects of six years of war on his people. "Lebanese youth are very mature. They have had to grow up fast." Faced with the realities of war, the youth of Lebanon is faced with harsh realities. War is personal, too. "I have friends and professors who have died in the war." He has heard the bombing outside the classroom and his home. War has separated his family.

In comparison, the problems of American youth—picking a major, going away from home, job interviews — seem trivial. America's youth knows stability and security; they grow at the same pace, in the same school system, with the same schedule.

Tarique expounds on the American ideology in comparison to his home in India. "It is time for people in the world to realize that there is no Number 1. It is not important to be No. 1. Rather, it is important to be a citizen of the world; to be aware; to understand." He sees America as a land of plenty although India is "the finest place in the world." But the advantage of plenty entails a responsibility to those who have less. Tarique feels that the American myth has perhaps gone too far in that we forget to be humane. He views America's responsibility as a combination of sharing material and intellectual wealth.

American aid must focus on the needs of the people as they realize them from within. "You cannot tell a starving man about satellites. It means nothing to him," claims Tarique. "To give with no strings attached is an ideal, but we must work towards it." He points out that this ideal is also the principle behind this University and the whole Christian philosophy: to give to those who need without expecting return.

Adding to this idea, Rachael Davis, a doctoral student from Bangalore, India, expounds on her country's philosophy towards aid. "India wants to be self-sufficient as far as possible. Responsibility of other countries cannot be based on guilt but rather the desire to give. Most Americans are unaware of the type of aid given." She explains that aid is generally one of two kinds:

project tied, which requires that the money may be used as the donor desires; or source tied aid requiring that the receiving country buy all necessary components from the donor and use their transportation to get them to the country, often at raised prices.

Rachael's studies in economic development heighten her awareness of the situations in her country and the world. She will complete two years of study at Notre Dame and then return to India to write her thesis. She indicated that although she has been in America only one month, adjustment has been easy because it is "just as I expected it to be." She has had a fair amount of exposure to Americans in India and in her internationally focused studies.

Foreign students have much to offer to Notre Dame. In exchange, the American student body has a whole culture to share with them. As Father Tallarida puts it, "The University of Notre Dame, even though it has a small number of foreign students, can provide insights to Americans about foreign cultures as well as our own. If given the opportunity they are willing to come out of their cocoons and for the American students open to these individuals, the interaction will be highly beneficial for both." The International Students Organization on campus provides the medium for that interaction and welcomes any interested students. □

Timothy Judge provided valuable editorial assistance for this article.



Fr. Tallarida

Perspective

Editor's Note: We gave the substantially vague assignment of writing about "The Notre Dame Life" to a student from each undergraduate year. The following four perspectives are the results. The similarities and divergences among them present as much of a comment on campus life as does each story itself. C.W.

The Freshman "Sit Down Digger"

by Bob Vonderheide

I am not one of those guys who has wanted to go to Notre Dame since infancy. In fact, I come from central Kentucky where Notre Dame (ugh!) is hated through and through. Kelly Tripucka is considered on the same level as Frank Burns, and Faust still means a book, even when he wins.

So I really don't know how I ended up here. Even as late as last December, I felt more comfortable yelling "Sit down, Digger!" than "We are N.D.!" Somehow, though, Notre Dame ended up on my list of college possibilities, and after I untangled all the red tape of college applications, Notre Dame was on top.

My friends raised a few eyebrows at my choice; some of the non-Catholic breed even called me a traitor. All through the summer, everyone kept telling me what ND was like. It seems that everyone had something to say about Notre Dame.

To start, the Notre Dame alumni I talked to immediately equated the school to, say, Utopia. "Nowhere is the sky so blue." "Everyone knows everyone." "It's a family." "It's more beautiful than anything this side of the Ivory Coast."

I was really getting "psyched" by all this talk. I tried learning the words of the fight song, and I even read the *Notre Dame Magazine* filled with words like, community—spirit—dome. . . .

Then my bubble burst. Most people I talked with brushed off the "great ND" with a sigh, a roll of the eyes, and, possibly, a few selectively chosen insults.

"Listen," said an older guy at a place I worked this summer, "whatever you do, don't come back with your nose in the air and 'We are ND' plastered on everything from your socks to your toothbrush."

"C'mon, Notre Damers aren't that bad."

"The hell," came the answer, "I've met enough ND'ers to know that I don't want to meet any more." I had heard all this before, all too often.

And this guy wasn't just upset by Notre Dame's constant television exposure. He, like the others, resented that Notre Dame considers itself the only college — no, make that the only thing — that matters. To him, Notre Dame translated meant "Big Ego."

"We are ND! We are ND!" Notre Dame just loves to admire itself. You know, community—spirit—dome. . .

Rah. Rah.

I couldn't blame them either. To an outsider, Notre Dame seems to have captured the National Ego Championship. "Sit down, Digger!" just comes so naturally.

But I had to change. I had to become the defender of a school I previously couldn't stand. After all, ND is my school.

Dad, Mom, and I pulled in Notre Dame Avenue last August. I was ready. I knew who the football quarterbacks were. I went right to the bookstore and bought a jacket with ND plastered all over it. They were out of "We are ND" toothbrushes.

I'll spare you the blow-by-blow account of adjusting. Roommates, food, classes, laundry, *et al.* Being a freshman is just a state of mind anyway.

Now that the semester is half-finished, though, I stop and think about the words of those alumni.

Utopia? Well, I don't know about that. Notre Dame is a great place and all, but the football team still loses here, the food's not like Mom's, and calculus classes are about like any other.

Why then does the rest of the nation despise us so when we are really not that much different?

It rains here too. The Ivory Coast can say as much. And nobody hates the Ivory Coast for it either.

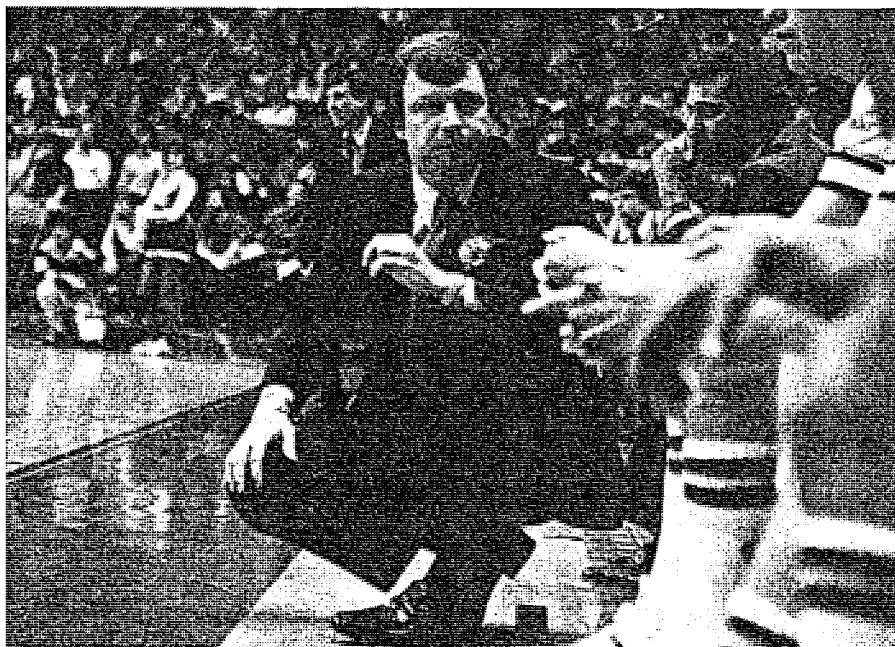
Well, all I know is that Notre Dame, the school, is something different from Notre Dame, the legend. We students live with Notre Dame, the school, every day. And we'll be the first to criticize this or that. But in the back of our minds is Notre Dame, the legend, constantly hovering over us like some dome in the sky.

Therein lies the paradox. We can love Notre Dame, and hate it too. The rest of the nation can only hate it. What that says about the alumni would be the subject of another story.

Maybe it's all a problem of undeserved jealousy. Maybe you have to live in the legend to love the legend. Father Sorin would be baffled. Notre Dame, Our Lady, was his legend—not the football team, not the food, not even the calculus classes.

I will be going home in a few days, leaving a place I never thought I'd go to, a place I never understood. But, you know, I think I'll wear my Notre Dame jacket for the ride home. □

Bob Vonderheide is a freshman from Lexington, Ky. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



Sometimes you wonder how much education actually takes place in the classroom, especially when you consider the daily activities which surround that inevitable phenomenon known as sleep. Though most students usually welcome the experience, some try their best to put it off until the wee hours roll around. Ever wonder what keeps the guy next door going at 3:30 a.m. during his Sex Pistols jam? Or what insanity drives the people across the hall to take up a theology discussion as the strains of "God Save the Queen" die away?

But enough of trying to get into a sleepy mood—how about when you finally get into bed? It seems your morning quickly catches up to you as linens lie strewn over the desk chair, and the blanket still seals the door sill cracks from when you tried to keep your boisterous neighbor's noise on his side of the hall. After realizing it's too late to worry about making your bed, you throw on the sheets just to protect your body from the indelible mark of those mattress buttons.

Remembering that the pillow case now serves as a spare laundry bag, you begin to wonder how many different persons have slept atop/per-spined upon that luscious lump of artificial feathers. Even while your nose senses that tantalizing aroma, you begin to itch (just a bit) thinking that for the last thirteen nights, you have slept on these same sheets, or at least near them. When people talk about the griminess of daily life, they must look at bed linens and pillows.

As you lie awake, you think of how this bitterly cold January morning seems rather warm. Thanks to a well-calibrated thermostat, you begin to bathe in enough body water to "save the whales." And remorsefully you think of the day you turned down your Stanford acceptance and opted for this place. But now you are stuck; more appropriately, the sheets are sticking to you, so you realize you had better forget your troubles and try to get some sleep.

And as sleep finally descends upon your salt-water laden eyes, you remember that your roommate has yet to go to bed. Four and one-half seconds before your unconscious takes hold, he announces his presence by slamming the door against the sink, your so-called doorstep. Without a moment's hesitation, he leaps to the window and rips open the sash, only to allow -25 degree air to gust into the room and freeze your sweaty

The Sophomore *The Meaning Of A Domer Bed*

by Paul McGinn

sheets to your grubby body. With feelings of the entombed Hans Solo, you attempt to unfreeze your lips to mutter, "Shut the damn window!" But your lips (more correctly, your middle-class morality) remain silent to this latest insult.

Ceremoniously, he begins to undress; that is, he undresses slowly and noisily, as if for every ache he utters, you should let out a sigh of heroic praise. Before hitting the sack, however, your buddy must make his mommy happy and brush his teeth. But no regular toothbrusher is this guy: for five minutes, he brushes with Close-Up until his gums begin to bleed, only to finish up by flossing for another five minutes, infernally clicking that waxed string against each tooth and even doubling up on the places where large pieces of gunk hide out. After depositing the floss near the trash can, he ends his procedure with a little mouthwash. But he cannot content himself with a few quick swishes—more like three gargles, five swishes and eight spits (which, of course, he fails to wash down the drain). But behold, that is not all, as he must examine and reexamine his complexion to see how many zits he can rid from his cherubic face. And seemingly, he is ready to go to bed.

Scampering to his upper bunk, he trips over the dangling phone cord and falls forward into the bunk post. Rung awake, you politely ask if he is all right, but you would really rather be asking, "Ever thought of suicide?" Adding insult to injury, he ascends the bed, detouring upon your shoulder.

But as a dog must first soften his grass bed, so too must your roommate somehow fluff up his resting place. Usually a dog takes less than a minute—he takes five. But as sleep

gradually overtakes him as well, he settles down for a winter's nap. Fifteen minutes later you notice that not only does he snore, he talks and even carries on conversations in his sleep as well.

Before you know it, or more appropriately, feel it, the alarm announces 6:00 a.m. Springing from his perch, he assumes his all-too-famous "I'm up, why aren't you?" attitude and proceeds to shave and brush his teeth (this time to rid himself of morning mouth). Without a second to lose, he bolts to the showers to drain an army's share of hot water.

Meanwhile, you hope he will slip on his soap as you attempt to gain a few extra moments of rest. But twenty minutes later, whistling some obnoxious tune, he enters the room and marches to the window, muttering something to the effect of how cool it is this morning.

Not fully awake, you roll over, hoping that somehow this nightmare will end. But as he turns his stereo volume knob to "5," for "Revolution Number Nine," you realize that the nightmare has just only begun. Crawling from beneath your comfy covers, you put on your clothes as slowly as a man awaiting the firing squad. Looking about you slowly, you attempt to picture the day ahead—four classes, 8:00, 9:05, 11:15, and 1:15. With a sigh of impending damnation, you glance at the warm folds of the half-made bed and muse on how easy it was in high school.

All this time, your roomie has kept tugging on your arm entreating you to go to breakfast. But as he sees his cause futile, he moves for the door. As the last echo of the slammed door resounds, you fall into your mattress paradise and summarily blow off the rest of the day.

Now not even the bells of Sacred Heart or the blare of dormitory stereos can wake you from your slumber. You have set your priorities and reached your exhaustion limit. Sleep conquers all. □



Perspective

The Junior

What I'll Remember

by Michael Welch

As I make my way up Notre Dame Avenue, I look for the Dome at the end of the street. It stands in golden brilliance, shining above the trees, and silently guiding me back to my second home. It serves as a symbol of Catholic education to me and the thousands of men and women who have lived and learned in this community since 1842. It watches each day as I mature both as a Christian and as a student.

I know that when I return in the years to come, the Dome will remind me of the special life I lived at Notre Dame. When I return I will remember the autumns that God took special care in arranging for us. On Sundays, beside the candles at the Grotto, I prayed for hope and peace. I will also recall that Monday morning marked the beginning of the school week, while the afternoon brought Frisbees and footballs onto the quad, where fallen leaves rested beneath the colorful trees of our campus. Wednesdays meant study time, as Jesus beckoned to me from His perch upon the face of the library. The end of the week brought loud, refreshing music from the windows of the dorms and happy-hours that always brought a smile to my face. On Saturdays, we watched last-second field goals mysteriously glide through the uprights; as we laughed and cheered, our visitors searched the heavens for the rest of our team. The newspapers said that Montana and Hornung couldn't have done better and that Knute would surely have been proud. The next day, I headed back to the Grotto to light another candle and to begin a new week.

The lakes soon froze and the skies became a mellow, healthy gray.

The trees were bare, yet they stood solid and confident in the wake of falling snowflakes. A clear night and full moon would create winter scenes that had previously been relegated to storybook fantasies. The cold of winter brought with it the season of formal dances and a chance to meet a person who could make you laugh and forget the pressures of growing up. Winter also signaled the coming of UCLA, as our team faithfully rallied to send the opponent home claiming our use of a sixth man in the sky.

The Christmas season had arrived, and Morrissey Manor shone brightly in the darkness, celebrating with strings of cheerful lights that reminded us of home. A midnight walk around St. Mary's lake gave me the inspiration to conquer my finals and the joy of finding peace and solitude. The calendar year would end with the celebration of the Eucharist as I sat on the floor of the Morrissey chapel amid close friends and neighbors. A hamburger at the Huddle and a game of pool at Goose's would precede my ride to the airport, as I began my journey home.

I looked forward to seeing my parents and telling of my experiences at Notre Dame. As I recounted the events of the fall and early winter, they sat, smiling and nodding because they realized that tradition had withstood the test of time. My mother (SMC '56) would ask if I had made the hopeful walk through the trees to St. Mary's, as my dad (ND '55) spoke of Father Hesburgh and the upcoming bowl game. The townspeople congratulated me for attending such a fine institution, as they instructed their

children to take note of this "fine, young man." They hoped that someday, their children would be able to follow in my footsteps. I looked forward to returning, though, for this stop at home had reassured me that I had made the right decision in coming to Notre Dame.

The cold and isolation of January and February tended to keep me within the hall, but spirits were always high as we anticipated a weekend semi-formal or a boisterous section party. For those who might have ventured into the cold, there were plenty of snowballs available and an equal number of innocent targets passing by. There was always a movie on campus that easily sufficed for a fun, inexpensive date. But when we weren't relaxing, studying came easily, for Emil and his distinguished colleagues had laid the framework for our academic careers. And all we had to do was give it "that old Notre Dame try."

I will remember the melting of the snow and the thawing of the ground. The ice would chip away from the base of the Dome, revealing the goldness in its entirety. The quad would once again be alive with picnics and music, and even more Frisbees and footballs. The basketballs would bounce behind the bookstore, and the Rock would be jammed with those proud Notre Dame athletes whose abilities went unnoticed by the media, yet admired by the rest of the students.

The spring meant new ducks on the lake and new leaves on the trees. It meant *An Tostal* and the chariot races, as well as the home-stretch for the seniors. But most of all, it meant that our lives had progressed and that we had matured through yet another Notre Dame year. I will remember that I had lived and loved in the closeness of God, and this enabled me to say good-bye to friends; some who would return in the fall and seniors who would return only in fond remembrance when I looked at my scrapbook.

I will remember these isolated, scattered events for, together, they will have formed the basis of my Notre Dame experience. But most of all, I will remember the Notre Dame that is nestled beneath the stars, and the Notre Dame that was a foundation of my life. □

Michael F. Welch is a junior, studying Finance and philosophy, from Churchville, Pennsylvania. This is his first essay for Scholastic.

Notre Dame is a dangerous place. Security personnel warn us constantly, "Don't let the beauty of the campus lull you into a false sense of security." Although they're mainly worried about crime, they should be more concerned about the hazards to life and limb that face the typical Notre Dame student every single day. Having made it to my senior year with all the bodily parts I came with, I feel obligated to alert others to Domer dangers. Freshmen, especially, should read this carefully, so that they too can live to contribute to the alumni fund.

Each season has its own perils. In the warm weather the athletic enthusiasts, armed with baseballs, footballs, soccer balls, and frisbees, take to the quads. The standard attire for spring and fall, therefore, is a helmet and padding—not to play football necessarily, but simply to survive a walk through campus. If a baseball doesn't crush your skull, there's usually a frisbee aimed at decapitating you. It's also easy to find yourself in the middle of a football game out on the quad. Ever wonder why the line of scrimmage is usually a sidewalk? It's because those football games are just legalized ambushes.

A warm and sunny South Bend day is rare enough to arouse the interest of campus wildlife. (Here I'm referring to the Sierra Club-type wildlife, not the Dillon Hall-type). Squirrels, rabbits, and chipmunks comb the campus like football-weekend tourists. Those "cuddly" creatures may seem innocent enough to some, but I don't trust them. They all have beady eyes, nervous paws, and *sharp teeth*.

If the jocks and animals don't get you, the South Bend cowboys, the people who ride those student-hungry lawnmowers, will. The Notre Dame ranch hands whiz around unpredictably, as if they were riding wild horses out on the range. Judging from their speed, I would guess that the University allows them only two minutes to mow both North and South Quads. (I'm sure they can do it, too.)

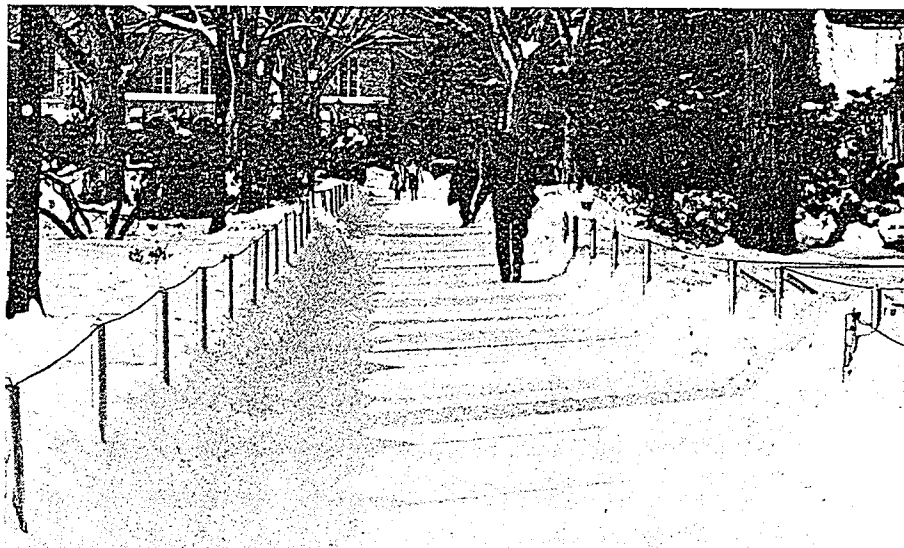
If you survive until the first snowfall, you're lucky (sort of). As those first snowflakes float gently to earth, you should prepare yourself for the trials ahead. Those who lack the grace of Peggy Fleming (as I do), fear more than anything that they will slip on the ice that covers the pathways for most of second semester.

The cinders and sand the maintenance workers sprinkle on the sidewalks don't do much to guarantee

The Senior

A Paranoid View

by Donna Teevan



"If you survive the first snowfall, you're lucky . . ."

safety. In fact, they only help advertise your wipeouts. Once you hit the ice, you certainly don't want anyone to find out about it, unless you need an ambulance. But when you walk into class late, covered with sand and cinders, it's pretty obvious what delayed you. "What a klutz!" or "Must be a Southerner," your classmates and ex-friends whisper to each other.

Perhaps it's better to do your backside slide on the ice before an appreciative audience. If you have style, you can redeem yourself by making it look deliberate (as long as you don't break any bones—that would make your story slightly less credible). You might nonchalantly remark, "*Everyone* in Grosse Pointe is doing it this year. It is *the* thing." Soon every prep on campus will be down there on the ice with you.

Even if getting around on ice poses no challenge to your agility, dodging snowplows must. The people who drive them act as if they're in the Fairbanks 500. They love speed as much as the lawnmower drivers do. (I bet the same people do both—they display the same sadistic inclinations.) Those Mario Andretti's of the Tundra always seem to approach from behind, so that

you can hear but not see how close you are to a snowy grave.

Winter or summer, be sure not to let your guard down if you've managed to arrive at your destination in one piece. There's danger inside as well as outside. The same person who cautiously tiptoes on the ice all the way to the dining hall may very well be a victim of the "slip on the melting ice cube routine," if he does not remain vigilant when he finally gets inside. The same person who escapes injury from a sky full of frisbees may have his nose driven into his face by one of the doors in O'Shaughnessy, which swing out into the hallways instead of into the classrooms. (It's a conspiracy.)

I don't mean to create an epidemic of paranoia or to exaggerate the dangers lurking all around us. After all, most people do make it to graduation. Just remember, though, to be ever on the lookout. Let's reminisce about our college days when we look at our scrapbooks, not our scars. □

Donna Teevan, an R.A. in Farley, is a hardened veteran of life in the shadow of the golden dome. She was copy editor for Scholastic last year.

Fostering Christian Encounters

by Barbara Stevens

In the past few years, the student religious attitude at Notre Dame has greatly improved. This improvement is due, in part, to Campus Ministry. Campus Ministry is an organization on campus charged with the responsibility of furthering student spirituality and coordinating ministry on campus.

"Ministry at Notre Dame," commented Father John Fitzgerald recently, "used to be more or less like a spiritual McDonald's." Ministry meant that there was a priest readily available for Communion and Confession, and people attended Mass and received the sacraments with as much haste and as little serious reflection as possible. However, three members of the Notre Dame Campus Ministry staff, Father Fitzgerald, Father David Schlaver, and Sister Jane Pitz, agree that this spiritual attitude has greatly improved over the years. Father Schlaver and Father Fitzgerald can clearly see this change because they were away from Notre Dame for several years. Father Schlaver finds that there now exists a better awareness of God's peace and a better community life. "That's

very encouraging to me," he remarked. Father Schlaver believes that these changes in Notre Dame spiritual life can be attributed to several influences: student initiative, faculty interest, a community effort, and Campus Ministry.

A Campus Ministry organization can be found on most college campuses, responsible for furthering student spirituality. State universities developed the concept of Campus Ministry many years ago in the form



Sr. Jane Pitz



Fr. David Schlaver

areas such as student/faculty relations and world and community problems. The staff uses a variety of methods in their work. They sponsor retreats, visit Notre Dame students in the hospital, offer counseling services for young men who have registered for the draft. They also help prepare students for Baptism, Confirmation, and "full Communion," aid couples in preparing for marriage, train hall staff and coordinate liturgical functions in Sacred Heart Church, the dorms, and the Grotto. The Campus Ministry staff spends a great deal of time working one-on-one with students as well. One-on-one counseling is not a primary function of Campus Ministry, according to Sister Pitz, because it is far too time-consuming. "However," she added enthusiastically, "I do it, and I like doing it."

Although exceptions obviously exist, Father Fitzgerald, Father Schlaver, and Sister Pitz agree that the student body at Notre Dame now has a very favorable spiritual attitude. Students consistently fill the majority of dorm chapels every Sunday to participate in the Eucharistic liturgy. They pray on their own during the week, and some attend daily Mass. Students voluntarily serve others by acting as big brothers and big sisters, tutoring children, working at Logan Center, and participating in world hunger projects. Most

(cont'd on page 24)

of Newman Centers. The Newman Center served as a place where Roman Catholic students could pursue their knowledge of Catholicism and, at the same time, socialize with other Catholics. During this time period, Catholics didn't usually marry people of other religious faiths, so they needed a place on campus in which to meet other Catholic students. However, Catholic colleges did not adopt Newman Centers until years later because they already offered religious courses and had a predominantly Catholic student population, so that they did not feel they needed them.

The Campus Ministry staff at Notre Dame tries to serve as a catalyst for the students. Their basic task is to coordinate pastoral care, but they also try to address other



Fr. John Fitzgerald

In Retrospect . . .

Excerpts from the Notre Dame Student Manual 1958-59

Each student must make morning check fully dressed three times a week.

No student may travel out of South Bend at any time day or night, without permission of the Rector.

No off-campus student may be in a residence hall, and no resident student may be in any hall other than his own after the warning bell for room check (9:55).

When a card game is being played in a student's room . . . the door of the room must be left open.

A student may drive a car when one of his parents is in the car with him.

Coats, ties, and dress shirts are required dress for all evening meals and all meals on Sunday.

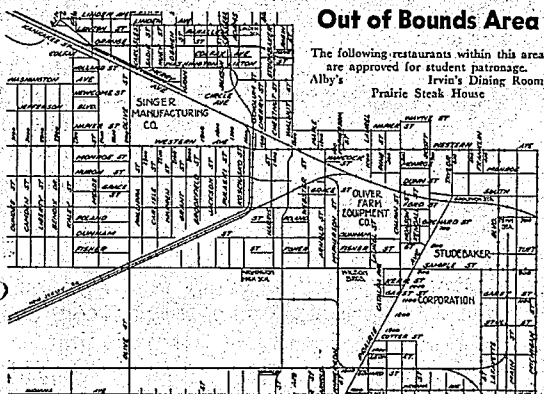
Students must secure permission of the Rector of the hall to entertain women guests in their rooms, but in no instance later than 6:00 p.m. Girls visitors are forbidden to be on campus after 9:00 p.m. unless they are going to or from the Student Center. . .

Students are expected to be in their rooms after lights are out and are not to congregate in corridors or other students' rooms.

The University reserves the right to transfer an off-campus student into a residence hall at any time.

Off-campus students are never allowed to entertain women visitors, except their mothers, in their rooms.

All off-campus students must be in their place of residence by 12:00 p.m. every night except Saturday when they may be absent until 12:30 a.m.



The out-of-bounds area includes Western Ave., from the 200 block West and S. Main Street from the 300 block South. It also includes the streets forming the boundaries as shown on this map. Any student found within this area is liable to a grave penalty.

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A Profile of Past Presidents

by Fr. Leo R. Ward, C.S.C.

The earliest among them was an Irishman; the rest were Midwestern Americans of Irish origin. All had at least minor football aches and pains, had abundant financial difficulties, and all were priests. Though separated from one another by time and temperament, all were dedicated as if in concert to the assumption that Notre Dame should always foster its Catholic identity as primary and as an overall guiding force. None of the many present thought twice when, at a 1935 Notre Dame celebration, Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago said that, "Notre Dame's mission is to the world." They are the eight presidents of Notre Dame who held that office from 1893, around the time of Fr. Sorin's death to Fr. Hesburgh's ascendancy in 1952.

Father Andrew Morrissey was the successor of University president Thomas Walsh, who died three months before Fr. Sorin passed away. As president, Morrissey led the school through a not over-academic twelve years. Limerick-born Morrissey, scarcely a schoolman at all, was a plodding character who in effect swore that Notre Dame would be safe and sound. In effect, it would become a five-hundred-man replica of himself: plain people keeping their heads above water. His *bête noire* was a fellow Holy Cross priest, John A. Zahm, who for years struggled to boost Notre Dame's academic ideals and levels, especially among the priests.

Morrissey was forceful, a sharp political pacesetter, but he lacked high academic aims. Father Arthur Hope was Morrissey's secretary, and in his book, *Notre Dame—One Hundred Years*, Hope writes:

Father Sorin's ideas had so impregnated those in authority that Father Morrissey, president from 1893 to 1905, said: "What we need here is a compact, tidy little boarding school. We can't compete with these other institutions that have all the money."

Notre Dame got a new president in 1905, Father John W. Cavanaugh, handsome, graciously charming, and "the finest gentleman in America."

Local priests were trying to emulate him thirty and forty years later. Cavanaugh regretted that his own—and his priests'—education was, in his view, somewhat truncated. Yet he himself, a great inspirer of youth and a notable friend of Jews, was a classic example of how enriching a liberal education can be. Professors, priests, and students saw him as an eminently humane administrator and friend, and during his term as president, 1905-1919, he was just the man that Notre Dame needed.

James A. Burns, the next incumbent, was pedestrian, but strong for the Zahm academic model. A quiet, patient, unheroic type, he was the first Notre Dame president to have clear unwavering ideas of what Catholic higher education must be about. He had made pioneer studies of Catholic education in America and had a sense of university organization.

He looked like Mr. Academic, and so he was. Above all, he showed throughout his three-year term from 1919 to 1922 foresight and insight to discern possibilities and promise in individuals, communities and institutions; Notre Dame and Catholic higher education in America owe much to him. I visited him when he was fatally sick, and his words summarized his character: "We must be patient, but we must fight."

Matthew Walsh was the next man up front, a South-Side Chicagoan who kept cool and at least gave the impression that he could wow people and command armies . . . if he had wanted to. What he did want was a peaceful, nonflamboyant Notre Dame, staying out of debt and out of adverse publicity. Play a safe game, no faux pas, keep your head on your shoulders. Put up buildings that will pay for themselves and make a profit. His presidency, 1922-1928, covered most of the Rockne heyday, and it is unfortunate that we don't have the stories from Father Walsh, a great raconteur, of how day by day he encountered Rockne, a man fit to spar with Walsh himself. The Walsh years were an era of good feeling and homely good fun, much of it generated by the president himself.

Charles L. O'Donnell (1928-1934), a gifted poet, a great teacher, a mightily impressive pulpit orator—this man was far more taut than his predecessor. The philosopher Santayana said that, given its head, his own temperament would be for going with pilgrims to weep at the foot of the cross in Jerusalem. So, too, for Charles O'Donnell who was more a monk and a contemplative soul than a man designed for action. He was unlucky in his choice of assistants and touchy under criticism of Notre Dame and its Irish and football complexion. Even so, the Depression notwithstanding, Notre Dame thrived under this semisevere ruler, who went on building as if the Thirties were prosperous and cut no professors or their salaries; this is a record far better than compiled by some state-supported neighbors.

The next president was eventually "the informal Cardinal" of Philadelphia. John F. O'Hara (1934-1940) was a great churchman whose unabashed primary ideals were not poetry, science or research, but apologetics and Christian moral discipline. It would scarcely occur to him that liberal education, to which Notre Dame was committed, could be a self-sufficient end. He wanted and effectively promoted education for the good of the Catholic Church. For example, he conceived and carried out the idea of a small, highly select body of Catholic graduate students working for M.A. degrees; this simple plan, geared to apologetics, threw those students together. They generated their own power and picked up happy fellow travelers.

Churchman O'Hara could always be counted on to back the academic if this was seen to elevate the good name of the Catholic Church. Money was scarce, and yet with little feeling for research, but steered by a few priests and some native and some D.P. professors, O'Hara succeeded in getting graduate work under way.

Instead of its being a trial by fire, war was a break for the next president. Well over 4,000 Navy recruits housed at Notre Dame made up in finances and in prestige for the loss of its usual student body. Further-

Culture Update

MUSIC

... at Notre Dame

- Nov. 2 — Glee Club Concert — Carl Stam, conductor — O'Laughlin Audi. (SMC) — 8 pm
 Nov. 15 — Craig Cramer, organ — Sacred Heart Church — 8:15 pm
 Nov. 16 — Robert Bailey, Eastman School of Music, speaker — Crowley Hall, r 124 — 4 pm

... at Saint Mary's

- Oct. 28 — Piano Festival — Student Recital — Little Theater, Moreau Hall — 4:30 pm
 Oct. 29 — Piano Festival — Donna Coleman, guest pianist — Little Theater — 8 pm
 Nov. 1 — Michael Bjelica, classical guitar — Little Theater — 8 pm
 Nov. 8 — Michiana New Music Ensemble — Roger Briggs, coordinator — Little Theater — 8 pm
 Nov. 12 — Carol Knell, mezzo-soprano — Little Theater — 8 pm
 Nov. 17 — Michiana Area Composers Concert — Roger Briggs, coordinator — Little Theater — 8 pm
 Nov. 19 — Fall Choral Concert — Raymond Sprague, director — Little Theater — 8 pm
 Nov. 22 — Saint Mary's College Wind Ensemble Concert — Roger Briggs, conductor — Little Theater — 8 pm

... at the Snite Museum of Art

- Nov. 3 — Christine Lindsay, harpsichord/piano — Annenberg Auditorium — 8:15 pm
 Nov. 8 — John Van Buskirk, piano — Annenberg Aud. — 8:15 pm
 Nov. 10 — Angela D'Antuono, soprano — Annenberg Aud. — 8:15 pm
 Nov. 17 — Duo Vivo: Laura Hunter, saxophone and Brian Connell, piano — Annenberg Aud. — 8:15 pm

ART

... at the Isis Gallery

- Oct. 12-13 — "13 Chicago Artists: Painting and Sculpture" (gallery hours: M-F 10-4 pm)

... at the O'Shaughnessy Galleries

- Sep. 6-Oct. 25 — "Highlights from the Photography Collection"
 Oct. 18-Dec. 27 — "Life — The First Decade"
 Nov. 8-Dec. 27 — "Everett McNear: Drawings and Watercolors"
 Nov. 8-Dec. 31 — "Bruce Onobrakpeya: Nigerian Printmaker"
 Nov. 15-Dec. 31 — "Christmas Show"

... at the Snite Galleries

- Sep. 13-Oct. 25 — "Aobut Line"
 Nov. 4 — Lecture: "Kandinsky Stripped Bare By His Critics" (Dr. Kenneth C. Lindsay, NYSU) — Annenberg Aud. — 8 pm
 Nov. 8 — Opening: Ethnographic Art Gallery
 Nov. 10 — Lecture: "Justinian: Byzantine Art" (Dr. Dean A. Porter, UND) — Annenberg Aud. — 12:15 pm
 (gallery hours: Tues-F 10-4 pmp, Sat./Sun. 1-4 pm, closed Mondays)

... at the Saint Mary's Galleries

- Oct. 16 (closes) — "Indiana Fire II" — Moreau Gallery, Moreau Hall
 Oct. 25 (closes) — "Memorabilia Exhibit" — Hames Gallery, Moreau Hall
 Oct. 28-29 — "Portfolio Review" — All Galleries, Moreau Hall
 Nov. 6-Dec. 4 — "Jack Olson Drawings" — Hommes Gallery
 Nov. 6-Dec. 4 — "Juried Alumnae Exhibition" — Moreau Gallery
 (gallery hours: M-F 9:30-12/1-3, Sun, 1-3, closed Saturdays)

THEATER

... ND Student Players

- Nov. 6, 7, 13, 14 — Marilyn Mayer's *Odd Couple* — Judy Kucenic, director — 2nd fl. Ballroom, LaFortune — 8 pm \$2.00

... Underground Theater

- Oct. 13, 14, 15 — Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria Da Capo* — Jeff Mousseau, director — Washington Hall Basement — 12 pm — \$1.00

... ND/SMC Theater

- Oct. 30, 31 — *Emma Bovary*, written and directed by Doug Kritzberg and Rachel Paterson — 8 pm — location to be announ.
 Nov. 13, 14, 19, 20, 21 — Nikolai Gogol's *The Inspector General* — Leonard Powlick, director — Washington Hall — 8 pm

DANCE

- Oct. 30 — Michiana Ballet Concert — O'Laughlin Auditorium — 8 pm
 Nov. 18 — Abiogenesis Dance Collective, Informa Dance Concert — LaFortune Ballroom — 8 pm

more, cadets on parade were a display dear to the heart and lifestyle of the new president, J. Hugh O'Donnell (1940-1946), affectionately known as J. Hugh or "Pepper," a big gracious man who wanted Notre Dame to look good before God and man, especially the bishops. He arranged that Mass be said daily for N.D. people involved in the war, he dedicated the plaque at the east door of Sacred Heart to God, Country and Notre Dame. Indeed, he could scarcely be restrained from launching an additional church as a war memorial. War interests were lucky for him since he had no strong stomach for the academic, and he affiliated more readily with churchmen, athletes, and the military than with scholars. Although he was deft

at shunting academic issues into any convenient limbo, he was a magnificent gentleman who wanted Notre Dame, the Flag, and the Cross always above reproach. His gift was for charity and propriety.

Our final entry, John J. Cavanaugh (1946-1952), asked President Truman in 1948 how he kept so many White House and field concerns from worrying him to death. "You do what you can," said Truman, "and leave the rest to God." John J. Cavanaugh, in part a product of John W. Cavanaugh, Henry Ford, and Studebaker, was a strong hearty man, and we mention only three of the countless valuable acts he accomplished for Notre Dame. First, he put it on a sound financial footing, a matter which he said had

seemingly been left to Providence. Secondly, he became an admirer and friend of Robert M. Hutchins, then president of Chicago University and proponent of education by way of the great books that did so much to express and to constitute Western civilization; Notre Dame's General Program, now more than thirty years old, resulted largely from that friendship.

Thirdly, John Cavanaugh groomed, chose and named Theodore Hesburgh as his successor. □

Fr. Leo R. Ward has lived at Notre Dame since 1928. For much of that time he was a professor in the Department of Philosophy. He is the author of numerous books, including two recent collections of poetry.

Gallery



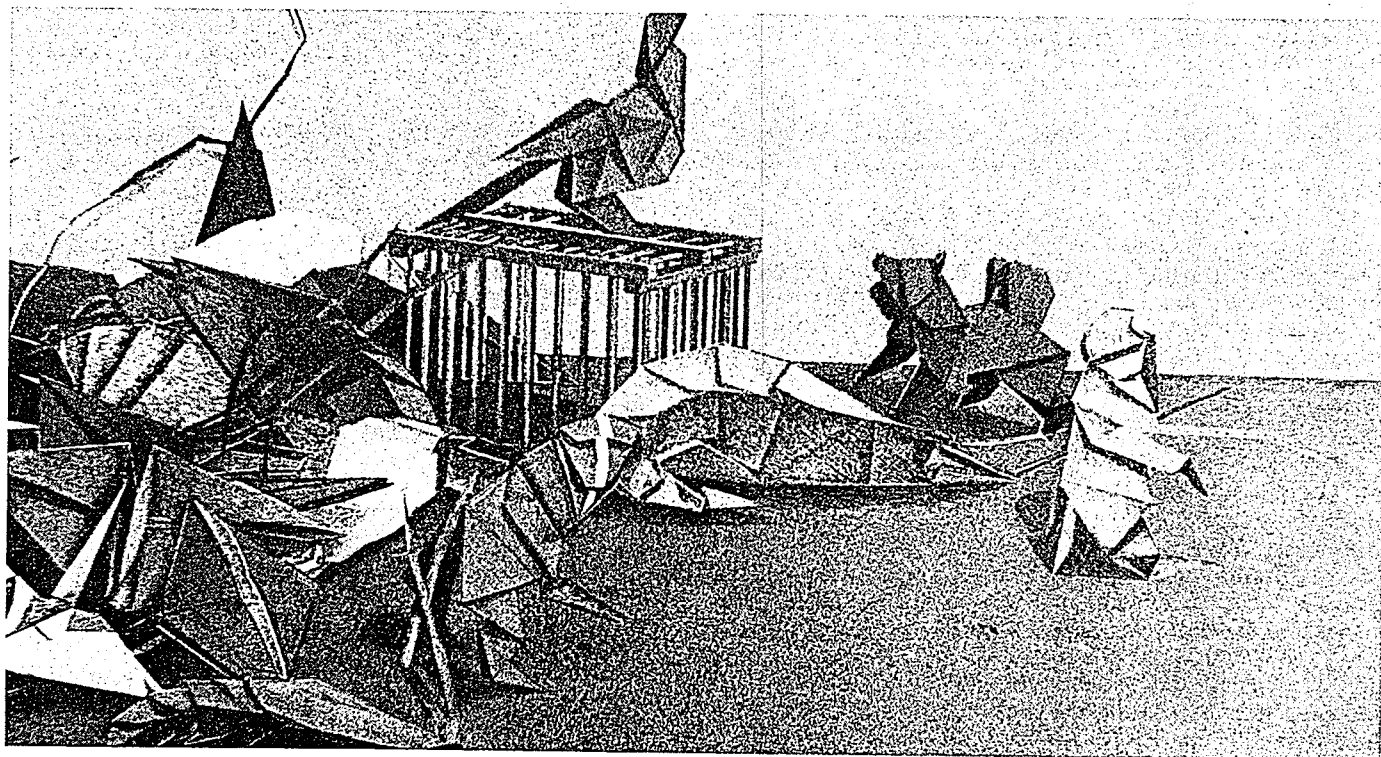
Teri Larkin

I received my bachelor's degree in 1979 from Indiana University in South Bend. Currently I am a second year student in the Master of Fine Arts programs at Notre Dame. I paint and make lithographs from still life setups. These setups have recently been of children's toys.

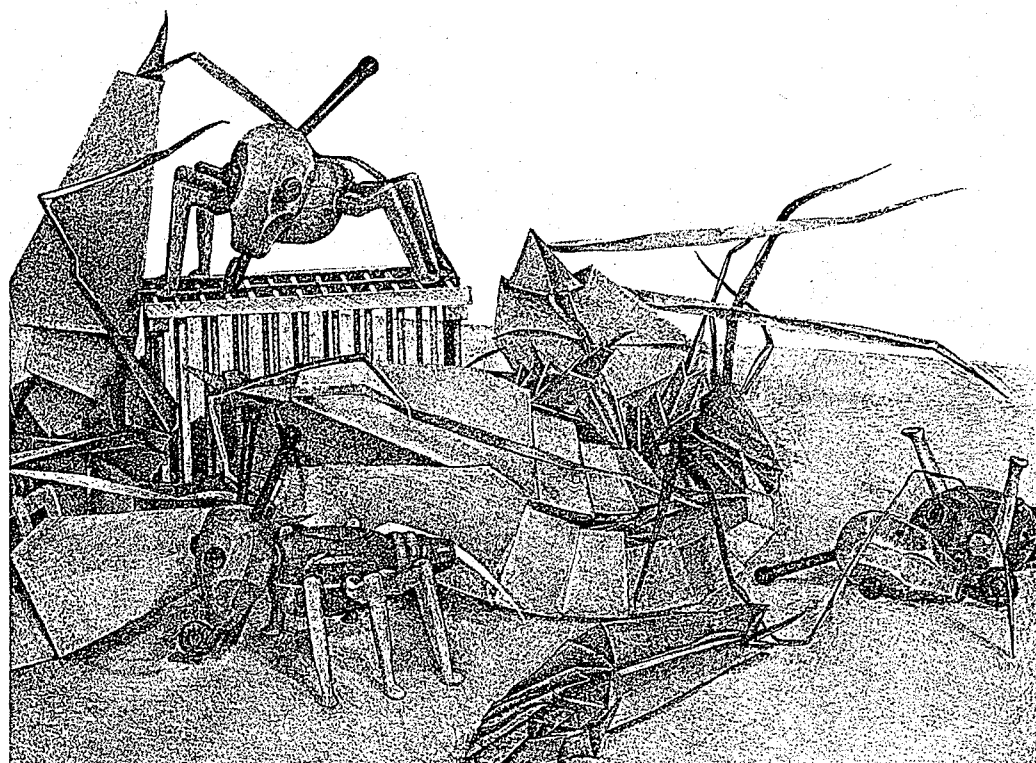
Because toys are like human beings, painting and drawing groups of them is like creating human situations or telling stories. Some people say my work is illustrational. I don't deny that. It doesn't seem that illustration and art are mutually exclusive as some present trends appear to imply. Story telling adds another dimension to my painting and drawing and makes it accessible to more people. Content is important, but of equal importance are the formal aspects of art; drawing, design, and color.

Some of the nineteenth-century realists have had a strong influence on my work. Like them, I want to represent my subject in an objective and meticulous way. As the musician must struggle to master his or her craft, so must the artist. I am now beginning to feel confident in myself as an artist and am eager to address new and every more complex and challenging problems.

PORTRAIT OF AN

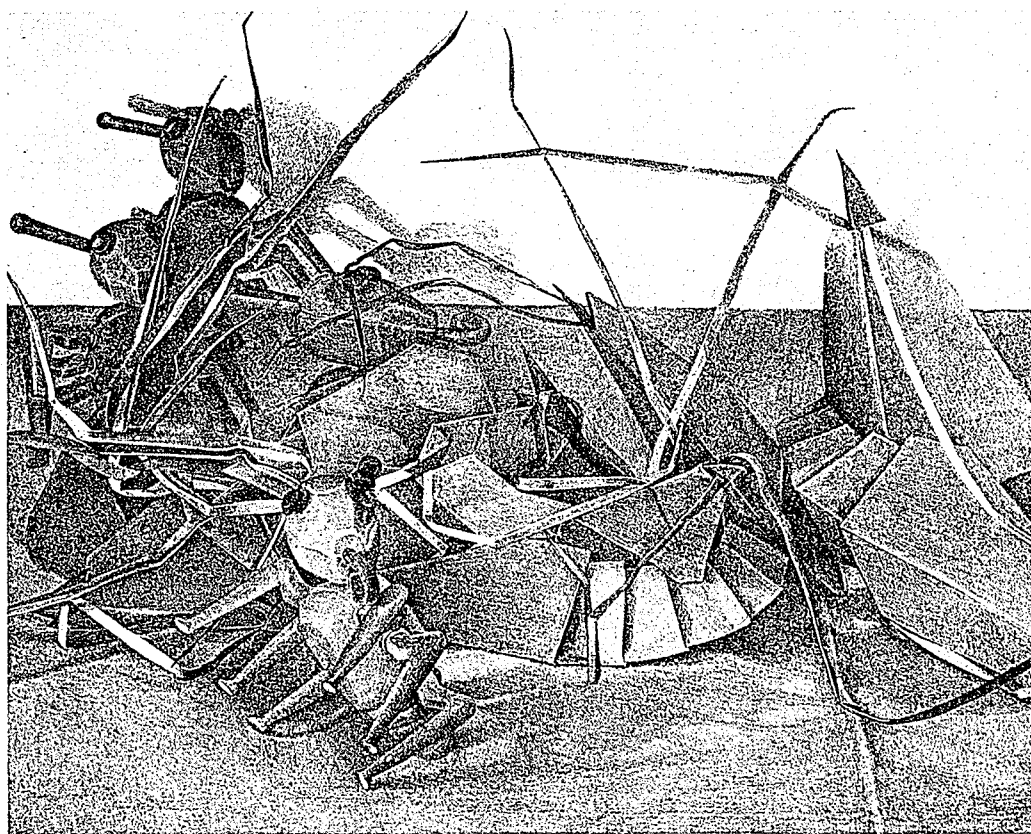


The Unexpected Visitor; Lithograph; 25½ in. × 15 in.; 1981.



Cootie Mania;
Lithograph;
16 in. × 12½ in.; 1981.

ARTIST: Teri Larkin



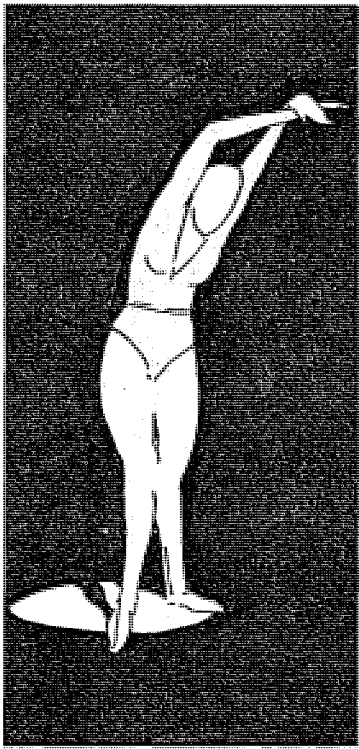
Cootie at Bay;
Lithograph;
16 in. × 12½ in.; 1981.

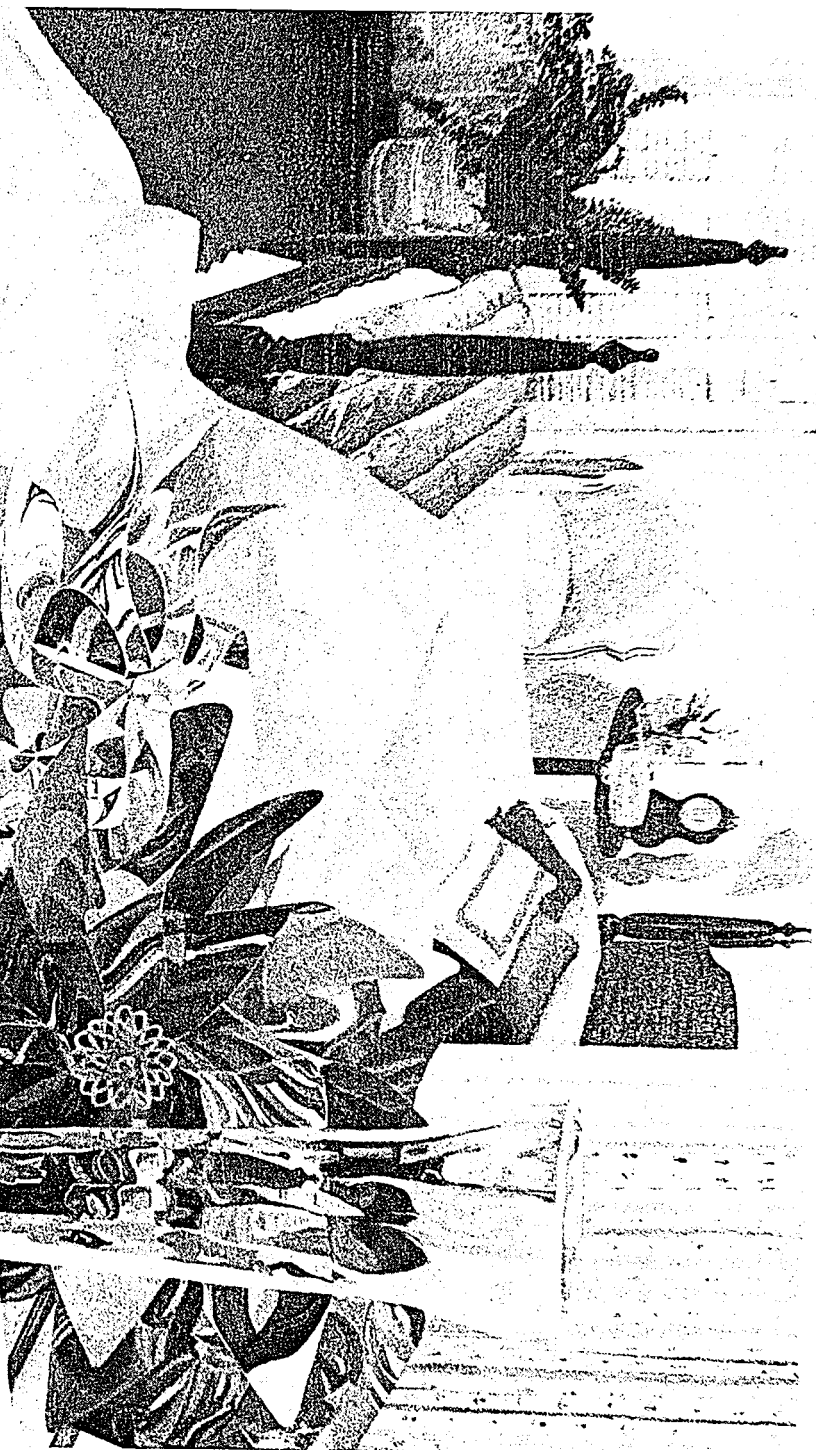


The Venus of Urbino; Oil on canvas; 32 in. X 32 in.; 1981.

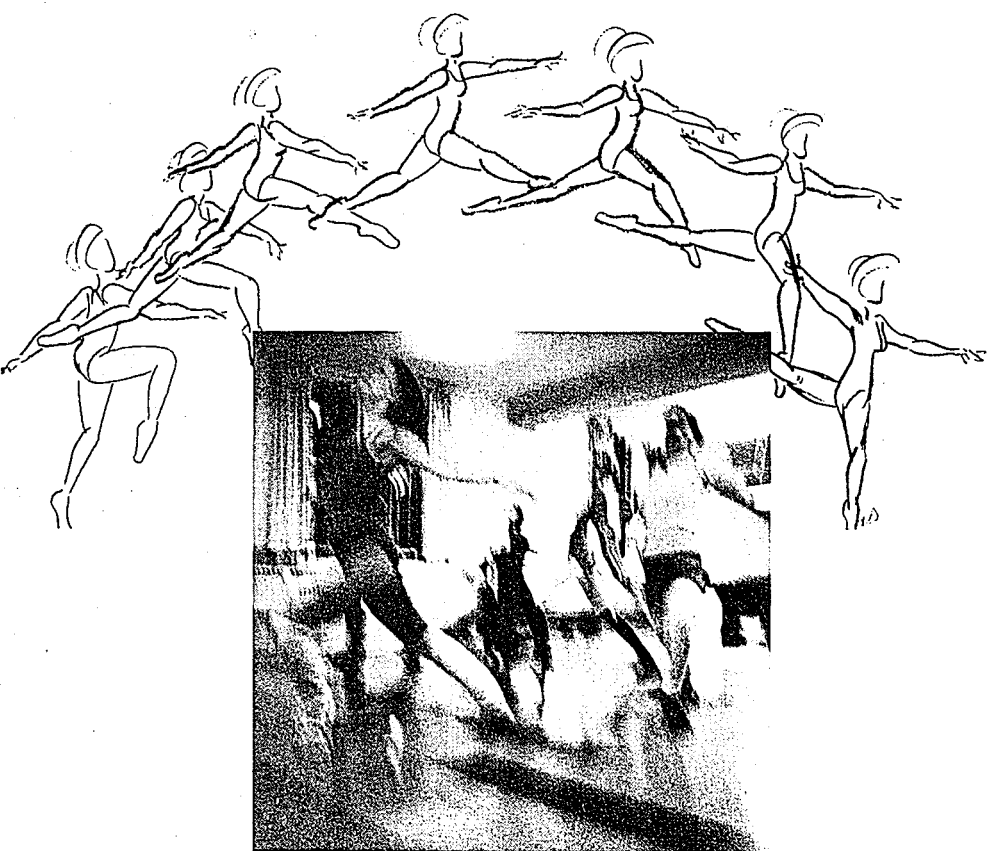
Teri Sarkis

ART FOCUS





US: DANCE



Photos by Robert Wade
Illustrations by Mike Russell, Cheryl
Duchynski & J. Loustau

Benjamin Percy

by Chuck Wood

You know how some kids are really smart, and you wouldn't mind so much except that they always show off? Benjamin Percy was like that. He used big words and did brainy stuff all the time. He wanted to make sure you knew he had brains.

Benjamin jumped down the stairs from the second to the first floor three at a time, making as much noise as he could against the thick, dull white shag carpeting. Now Benjamin did not always jump down the stairs like this; he just did it every once in a while to make it known that he had finished his homework before his brothers and his sister. Of course he knew that everyone else knew that he would probably finish even before his older brother, Terry, who was in the 11th grade—no matter how much work they had proportionately. Making noise on the stairs was simply a good reminder.

When he reached the first floor, Benjamin saw his mother sitting in her chair in the living room. Her Chair. It was a family heirloom handed down from her great-aunt. It must have been a nice chair when great-great-aunt what's-her-name used it, but now it was drably stupid.

The furniture in the living room appeared meager and scared in the face of that overstuffed monster, Benjamin thought. The chair's flower design was faded, and all over it were displays of ashtray spills, wine drops, coffee upsets, and other mishaps now forgotten. Yet his mother, he thought, was either too sentimental or too lazy to reupholster it.

For a few silent moments, he watched his mother in her chair, knitting. She attacked the yarn the way she always did after she and Mr. Percy had argued. Sometimes, when Benjamin was in his room,

the noise of their arguments would drone up to him. It happened so much that Benjamin thought he should be numb to its incessant, grating sound, but he wasn't. If they argued while he was doing homework, he would try to ignore them by concentrating hard on whatever he was working on, but he would always be distracted, straining to hear the meaning behind the noise. What could be so important that it would make them throw anger at each other the way they did? And what, he wondered, could make them stop?

"Mom," Benjamin broke the silence, finding no answers in it, "I've finished my homework."

Mrs. Percy peered at her son over her knitting. Of course she knew he was finished with his work, because he'd made such a big deal about coming downstairs. Because she had been rerunning her argument with her husband, she had not really noticed him after the noise on the stairs. Now he stood there waiting for . . . what? Her praise? Her blessing? She didn't imagine those things would make much difference to him one way or the other. This boy was her son, but she had no idea of what he did inside. He was young and so small, yet his thoughts were huge and older than most of her own.

She tried to think of something to say, but as it too often happened, she didn't know what she wanted to say. Finally she managed to say, "That's good, Ben. I guess you can do whatever you want 'til dinner." Looking at him, Mrs. Percy could tell that he was as unsatisfied with that answer as she was; someday, she assured herself, they would have a good talk. She went back to her knitting.

Benjamin gave up and walked out of the living room. He should have known his mother would not

say anything important to him just then. But what he wanted to think about now, what he had been considering for a long time, was some way to stop his parents from arguing. For instance, finishing his homework first was the latest in a string of tricks he had devised. He thought that perhaps his parents would come together in their pride for their hardworking son, but this latest trick had, as had the others, apparently gone over their heads. He never did it right.

He needed something more obvious. One idea kept floating around in his head. Suicide. Now there was something obvious. He had often tried appealing to his parents' sympathy and guilt by saying that he might take his life if they did not stop arguing and hating each other so much.

"I don't know if I can grow up right in an atmosphere as tense as this," he would tell them. He thought *that* would get to them, but it never did.

Most of the time, his parents just glanced at him, shook their heads, and told him not to be ridiculous. Of course he had to agree—children his age did not do that kind of thing. He knew it was ridiculous, but he was insulted that they did not take him seriously. Suicide. The idea kept coming back to him. It followed him persistently, like a lost dog that follows a kid around, looking to take over a new home.

Now, the fierce drone of his parents' last confrontation still pounding in him, Benjamin finally gave in, at least to the viability of the idea. Suicide. It would certainly make his mother and father sit up and take notice. But still, he would never . . . he could not. . . . Then it occurred to him—he did not have to actually . . . kill himself.

Benjamin sat down in one of the dining room chairs to think this over. He no longer noticed the loud clink of his mother's knitting needles in the next room. All he had to do, he realized, was to make it look like he wanted to take his life. Of course he had to do it just right so as to make it look genuine. That way he could shake his parents up and still be around afterwards to reap the benefits.

For almost a month, Benjamin read books about suicides and blood-clotting, and other related topics. He was sure he knew what to do to fake the suicide but make it look authentic. He was ready.

"Ready? How can you be ready for your suicide?" he asked himself, staring in the mirror on his closet door. He looked so calm, it startled him. Suicide. Then he laughed out loud at himself for being so melodramatic. He was trying to think himself out of his plan. He reminded himself that, after all, he was not supposed to be actually killing himself. He knew that when the time came, one thing he had to be was calm.

Benjamin jumped down the stairs from the second floor to the first three at a time because he was so proud of himself. His sense of timing was perfect. This was the day, four days away from his mother's birthday. It was Saturday, and his father, brothers, and sister were out shopping for gifts. He had told them that he already had a present, which was true in a way. He had also told his dad that he needed to go somewhere at 3:30, so they would be back around 3:15. When they returned, Benjamin imagined, they would find his mother huddled over him in the bathroom on the first floor, hysterically begging forgiveness.

At 3:05, Benjamin reached the bottom of the stairs and went through the living room toward the bathroom. On the way, the never-needs-wax shine of the Mexican-tile patterned floor in the kitchen caught his eye. He thought suddenly that the kitchen might be a more interesting place to do this thing. After all, everyone locks himself in the bathroom when committing suicide.

The refrigerator clicked into the cooling cycle and began to hum as Benjamin walked into the room. His mother had just finished cleaning the kitchen, and the white surfaces of the refrigerator and the oven, textured to prevent fingerprint smudges, reflected his face and the rest of the room. He turned away, scared that seeing himself would make him change his mind. There were a few grease spots on the wall behind the stainless steel sink and the dishwasher; his mother must have missed those. Ben wiped them off with a Scott paper towel. Higher up on that wall there was a tea-kettle-shaped clock that said it was almost ten after three. Time was getting away from him. Benjamin decided to do his performance in the kitchen.

Taking a deep breath, he sat down on the tile. He propped his

back against the leg of the beige Formica dinner table. The razor blade he had snatched from his father's dresser was in his pocket. Benjamin pulled it out and braced himself. This is it, he told himself. There was a noise below him; his mother getting ready to come upstairs. He clenched his left hand into a fist. His mother's foot creaked the first step up from the basement.

Now! He shouted inside himself, scraping the blade against his left wrist.

You know how sometimes you overlook the most obvious facts, like when you take a roast chicken or a casserole out of the oven for your mom and dash the whole thing on the floor, because you forgot it would be burning hot, and you used your bare hands. Or when you jump off the high-dive to impress someone you like, and right after you're off the board you realize how high up you really are, how deep the water really is, and then, just before you belly-flop into the water you remember that you don't really know how to swim? Well, in the split second before his brain told his body how to react to a razor blade cutting into its skin, Benjamin realized that he had done something like that. He had overlooked one important fact — this was going to hurt. The attempt might be fake, but the pain would not be. He would have blushed had there been any blood available to rush to his face.

Benjamin's body went rigid, as did his thoughts. He could not figure out what exactly was going

on. It was suddenly difficult to put thoughts together. He could not even describe the pain to himself; it was coming too fast.

His right hand contracted tightly around the blade and jerked because of the pain crashing into it from the other side of his body. He forgot the way he was supposed to use the blade, and he dragged it down the bulging vein and deeper into his arm. A scream pushed out of him, a scream louder than he had ever heard before in his life.

Falling flat on the floor, Benjamin could do nothing but watch, fascinated, as his blood splattered out of his wrist. Some of it hit the pressboard underside of the dinner table and fell back immediately, but some of it also remained up there, collecting into small, inverted puddles. Slowly, a drop would form in a puddle. As it formed, the drop pulled at the rest of the liquid, which clung stubbornly to the table. As this happened in different puddles, the drops fell as a slow rain on and near Benjamin.

The drops felt very warm. Benjamin realized that his body was becoming cool. Then he noticed that he could not feel the blood coming out any longer. It was still running out of the gash, but thirty seconds after he had made that opening, he could not feel it.

Then he heard another scream. Was it his, he wondered. No, he didn't feel a scream. He saw some lady who was shrieking in the doorway. He couldn't tell who she

(cont'd on page 24)

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Capturing

the

Terpsichore

by Angela Allyn Adamson

Dance is perhaps the most transient of the arts. While the painter, the sculptor, and the composer create art objects that endure long after the artist's personal demise, the choreographer works, for the most part, knowing that the body of his achievement dies with him. The evanescence of the art form is due to the fact that dance is composed of movements designed in time and space. The very materials, the medium if you will, of dance, then, by its very nature is momentary and nearly intangible. To supplement the movement a choreographer may choose to utilize props, costumes and sets, all of more permanent nature than the fundamental art itself. The actual creation, movements which come into being and dissolve again never to be repeated in the same manner twice, is much like the artistic "happenings" so popular in recent times; physical objects remain long after the actual work has faded into memory.

If dance is such an ethereal art, existing only for a short time, how is it that the Royal Danish Ballet can offer a Bournonville Festival? How is it that the American Ballet Theater can devote an entire program to Petipa choreography? How is it that O'Laughlin Auditorium can host a "Pavlova Celebration"? How is it when August Bournonville, Marius Petipa and Anna Pavlova are long dead? Bournonville's and Petipa's choreography, and Pavlova's dancing live today because most people are not willing to let ethereal beauty stay ethereal. People must record beauty; they must seek to immortalize it. Choreographers, too, either because of egotism or because of concern for the art, have been unwilling to allow their work to go entirely unknown by future generations. Thus, while very few complete dances of the past are known to us today, bits and

pieces have traveled quite well through time. These morsels of dance have made the trip in various ways. The four most important vehicles are 1) written accounts, 2) pictures and, more recently, films, 3) various methods of notation, and, 4) older dancers passing dances on to younger dancers.

The bulk of dance history comes to us through the first vehicle, written accounts. Ranging from stories about the rehearsals to reviews of performances, these accounts tell what the dances were about. They can also elaborate on who performed which pieces when, putting a dance-work in clear historical context. While the written records of dances rarely tell exactly what the actual steps were, they can give us an idea of the dance's total impression and what effect that impression had on

the audiences of the day.

Pictures, whether drawings, paintings or photographs, leave a more precise record of the actual steps, as well as giving us some idea of what the dancers and costumes looked like. There are two problems with relying on pictures, especially photographs, for an accurate depiction of a dance. Pictures are two-dimensional and still, while the dance is three-dimensional and kinetic. Thus a picture can only give a "cross section" of the actual art. A photograph or drawing cannot tell us how fast the dancer was moving, whether the pose came at a climax point in the dance, nor can it indicate whether the pose was held or whether it was a fleeting transition. The second problem with pictures and, even more so, with photographs is that in posing for them (particularly when photography was young and exposure times were long) the movement is taken out of context. Often this displacement results in a false impression. For instance, from the photographs of Anna Pavlova we might assume that she was a *terre à terre* dancer, that is, close to the earth. We know from written accounts, however, that she had incredible elevation and often gave the impression that she was floating or flying above the ground.

Motion pictures and video can alleviate these problems and perhaps give the most accurate record of a dance. Movies and video are not the definitive answer for recording dance for eternity, however. There are inherent problems in this method also. The primary problem lies in the fact that it is the cameraman's perception of a dance that is recorded and not necessarily the choreographer's intent. Also, a dance tends to look different depending on the artist who performs it, just as in music the



The author (on left) in dance class.

composition changes according to the player's interpretation.

In recording a dance on film for history, then, it would be necessary to film the several casts which perform the work. This could become a nightmare in the case of a dance like Balanchine's *Serenade* which is performed by many companies over many years — and Balanchine has changed the choreography itself since it was first performed. For most modern choreographers, video combined with any or all of the other methods of recording a dance seems to be the best alternative.

Before the advent of moving pictures, and indeed after it, choreographers sought ways to notate the movements and poses in a dance in order to document their works in a way that writing and pictures could not. The early systems used figures similar to the patterns the dancers traveled through in space. The more sophisticated methods were based upon musical notation. After all, since most dance is performed accompanied by music, and music, made of audible vibrations in timed sequence, is at least as ethereal as dance, why cannot dance be recorded as music is? Saint-Leon devised a system of stick figures on a musical staff to record his own choreography in the mid-nineteenth century. Vladimir Stepanoff, a teacher at the Imperial Maryinski Theater in Russia, invented a music-note system in 1891 which was used to record most of Marius Petipa's work. It was not until this century, however, that a viable and international method of dance notation was developed.

In 1928, Rudolf Von Laban published a book called *Schijftanz* in which he set forth a pictorial notation based on movements, not poses, in dance. Labanotation, as it is now called, is based on the point of view of the dancer and can be used for solo works as well as huge corps dances. In the 1940's Labanotation was adapted for industrial use in doing movement studies for efficiency experts. The second major notation is Benesh notation. It was developed by an English painter, Rudolph Benesh, and his wife, Joan. The system was copyrighted in 1955 and in 1956 they published the book, *Introduction to Benesh Notation*. The shorthand for the notation came the following year and soon after the Institute of Choreology was founded in order to train dance notators. Benesh notation is the official notation of the Royal Ballet. The shorthand is based primarily on poses as opposed to motion.



Starr Danias teaching a master class.

Both systems, Labanotation and Benesh, are rather complicated and training is necessary for fluency. The importance of dance notation as a method of preserving and protecting choreography is recognized throughout the field. Most major companies employ at least one full-time notator.

Less formal than notation and perhaps the most accurate of all the methods of dance preservation is the time-honored tradition of older dancers passing repertory on to young dancers. Much of Petipa's choreography was simply passed down from generation to generation. It traveled to the west when notable dancers of the Russian school defected. Natalia Makarova recently restaged Petipa's *La Bayadère*, and Mikhail Baryshnikov restaged the Petipa *Giselle*. Both Makarova and Baryshnikov were trained in the tradition where the standard repertory is taught to the promising young students. Makarova has said publicly that she wishes to continue the tradition here by teaching gifted, young American ballerinas the classics, hoping to bring depth and lyricism to their athleticism. Another case of preserving dances through dancers is "The Pavlova Celebration." Much of the program was staged by dancers who were in Pavlova's company. In the field of modern dance, dance historians are most successful in their

reconstructions if they can locate a dancer that has performed the work.

Dance, then, is transient and impermanent but not unrecordable. It is possible to capture something of the art in various other media, and in this way preserve some of the beauty for future generations. Lest one think these methods of recording can replace the art, let me say that written accounts, pictures, movies, notation and the memories of dancers can but give approximations of what the reality was. Though we can enjoy the modern-day versions of Bournonville and Petipa choreography we can never know the sumptuous splendor of the original productions, nor can we appreciate them as the original audiences did.

Our world is different now; our dancers are different now. Though we can enjoy a modern-day tribute to the legendary dancer, Pavlova, we can never see her perform her signature pieces, "The Dying Swan" and "The Dragonfly," and be moved to tears the way her audiences were. Our idea of dance has changed; our dancers do other kinds of dances now. The approximations can, at best, hint at what was, and in doing so create something new. Terpsichore, muse of the dance, remains elusive. □

Poetry

Autumn Moon

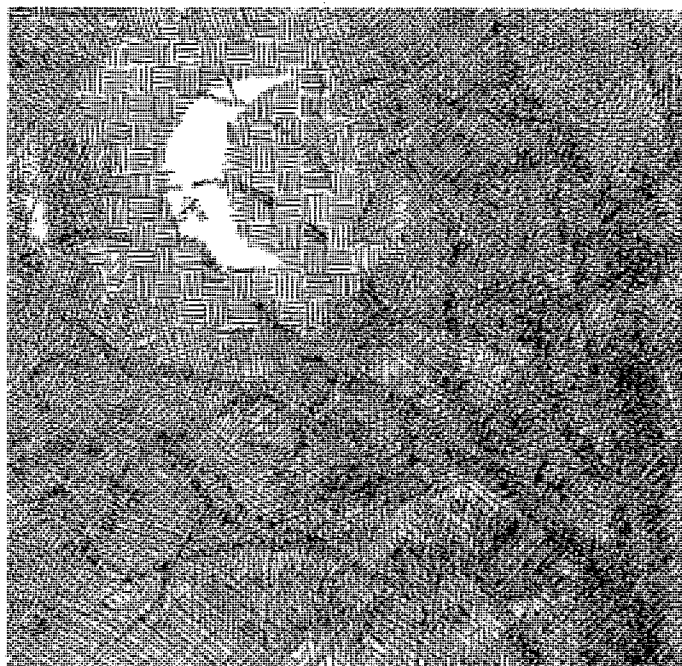
by Mary Frances DeCelles

The autumn moon never rises
into the sky,
We turn to meet it.
A silvery-white incision streaming
from this mirror of earth,
cuts through my window.

The simple-featured face folds around the trees
to avoid disturbing
them from their stillness.
Now he is master of the awakened evening sky;
The sun and all her haughtiness is banished,
until dawn.

Then she will creep up,
and steal the stage from the moon.
Humbly, he will yield to her at dawn.

Until then he is master of the autumn night.



Laugh And Turn The Page

by Mark Pizzatto

When I see her with her arms around that
Other man, I cringe and sincerely try to smile
At them. But I mostly just see her
In a less impassioned light—harsher—with more
Than a little scorn—so deeply imbedded.
In my heart.

The mind distances her image. The memories
of pain

Everpresent. The poisoned pulse of amputated love
and its silly

Irksome image of myself. I am the fool
Who loved m'lady

Too much to see

Our real friendship (always so cock-sure of more
And then finally hit with the dreaded possibility
As certain reality). This

Is my embarrassment. A fuzzy image spinning away
With other past selves so tangled in regret. Frustrated
At the futility of memories re-playing, I try
To forget. But then

I see her arm in his.
It's funny really. He is
So very plain to me
So beautiful for her.
My embarrassment. My scorn.

She smiles at me delightedly—of light, of life, yes.
It is she.

The one of memory, the one of dream.
But different now to me, to me now. Remembering
The wound re-opens: She

Pruned my heart of hope for her
Love. She clipped the blooming buds of trust.
Petals fall. Sap drips. But it is surely better
To be sure of friendship than falsely passionate. "We
must
Get together again." And we do. And grow a little

Past the pain
Of wilted possibility, pruned and pressed
Into pages

Of an unbound book: dry leaves, scrap.
It is better. Yes.



Why Bother

by Dan Bell



A man came down the road yesterday,
said peace was all he wanted.
I told him not to waste his time,
he turned and walked away.

A bullet flew, it could not yield and
flesh was torn apart.
The sky grew grey and earth fell apart
and the mushroom had the last say.

Then I flew to the sky and sat on a cloud
and I looked on the scene below,
and before my eyes I saw what might have been
if one man had tried to make it so.

There were children laughing
and their parents were gay
and no border could be found.

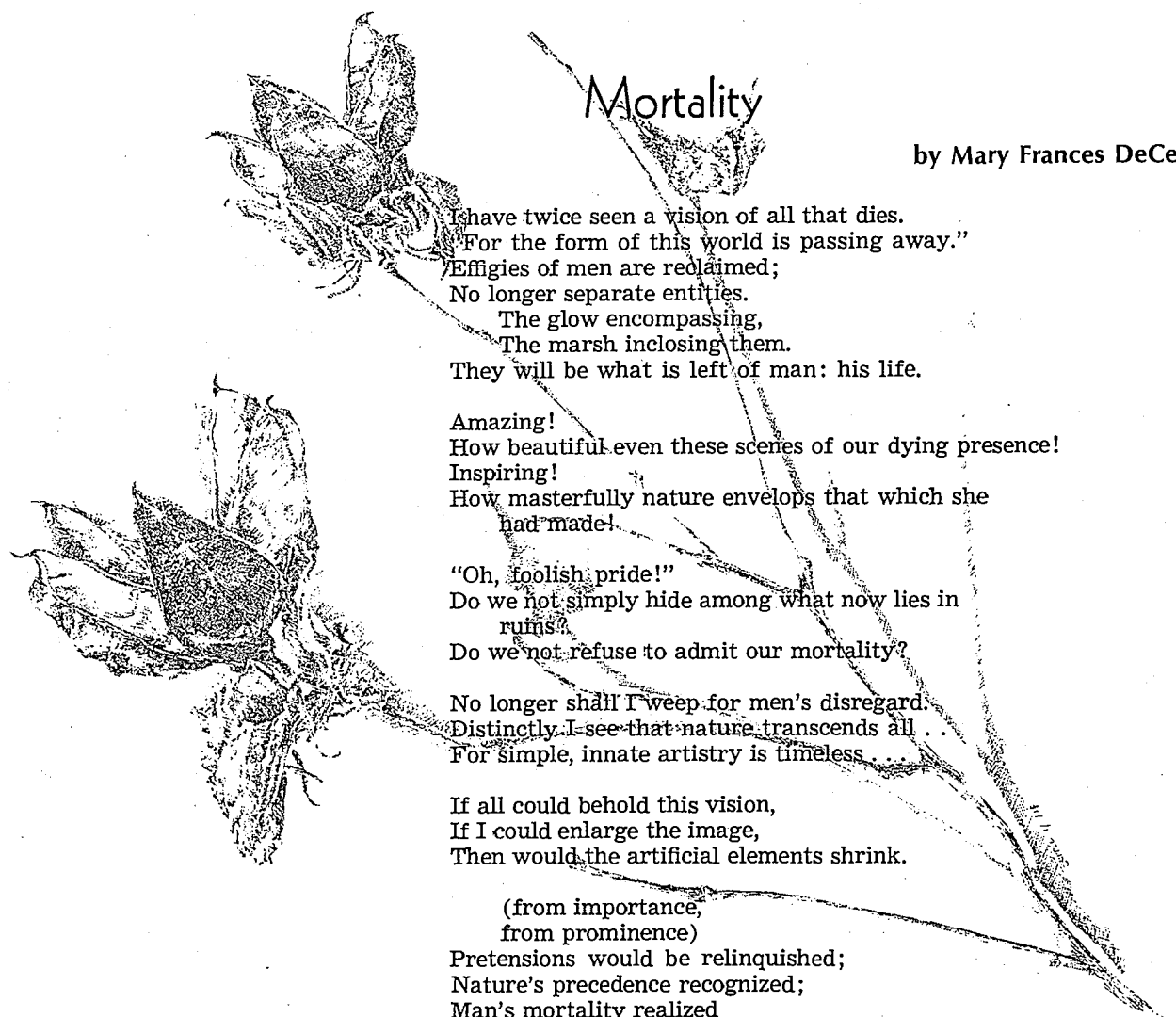
But then someone whispered in my ear
"Why waste your time?"

And then the cloud gave way
and I fell like a raindrop into a sea of tears.
And as I drowned
I looked up to the sky and there he was again.
I felt sorry for him because
he was all alone
while I was surrounded by millions.

He loved us.
We let him down.

Mortality

by Mary Frances DeCelles



I have twice seen a vision of all that dies.
"For the form of this world is passing away."
Effigies of men are reclaimed;
No longer separate entities.
The glow encompassing,
The marsh inclosing them.
They will be what is left of man: his life.

Amazing!
How beautiful even these scenes of our dying presence!
Inspiring!
How masterfully nature envelops that which she
had made!

"Oh, foolish pride!"
Do we not simply hide among what now lies in
ruins?
Do we not refuse to admit our mortality?

No longer shall I weep for men's disregard.
Distinctly I see that nature transcends all . . .
For simple, innate artistry is timeless . . .

If all could behold this vision,
If I could enlarge the image,
Then would the artificial elements shrink.

(from importance,
from prominence)

Pretensions would be relinquished;
Nature's precedence recognized;
Man's mortality realized

The Library

by Mary Frances DeCelles

Noise,
yet stillness,
Peace,
with doubting,
All things move; the air is full of energy.
A line on the floor,
A chair in the room,
All are transfixed in their particular places,
held taut by constraints.
In this seeming randomness there is order.

The mind . . .
In it are all the doubts that criticize.
The heart . . .
In it is all the faith that gives one hope.
Here lies the contradiction that reaches truth.

Peace and Noise will merge;
Wisdom will be attained.



Campus Ministry . . .

(cont'd from page 10)

importantly, students are sincere in their attitudes toward religious life.

"Many students find," observed Sister Pitz, "that this time, during their four or five years here, are years when questions of faith and questions of practice are raised. They take that questioning seriously."

For Father Schlaver, the outstanding elements of Notre Dame spiritual life consist of group worship and participation in the liturgy. "The whole liturgical phenomenon has become a real community experience," stated Father Schlaver. "There is a greater interest in worshipping together and participating in the Eucharist by belonging to a music group or serving as a Eucharistic minister or a lector."

Father Fitzgerald emphasized his positive feelings toward students' spiritual attitudes with his observation that "for every cynical student on campus, there are ten students who are open and sincerely hungry not only to learn more theology but to believe more deeply."

For the staff, one of the most rewarding aspects of working in Campus Ministry is receiving feedback from the students. Sister Pitz recalled an experience involving a student from Dillon Hall, who was hospitalized to have leg surgery last

year. Sister visited this student in the hospital over a long period of time and came to know him rather well. This fall the boy stopped in to see Sister and tell her again how important and meaningful her visits were to him. His gratification meant a great deal to Sister Pitz.

Another very satisfying student response occurred after the death of Father Bill Toohey, the previous director of Campus Ministry, last fall. "They couldn't close the doors to the church at the funeral because there were so many people there because of the ministry which had taken place under him," remembered Sister Pitz. "It made me realize that what we do is so important that students were willing to minister to us. What we had done was worthwhile."

Father Fitzgerald summed up the aim of Campus Ministry with his comment, "Campus Ministry has tried to help create a Christian Community—a climate where encounters between students and God are not only possible, but probable." Judging from the large number of students participating in the liturgy every Sunday and volunteering their time to help others, it is evident that Campus Ministry has succeeded. □

Barbara Stevens is a Notre Dame freshman from Pitman, New Jersey. This is her first article for Scholastic.

Benjamin . . .

(cont'd from page 19)

was, but he remembered that he wanted to show her something. That was why he was on the kitchen floor like this. But what was he trying to prove? Her noise droned into him. He was losing track of things. These last thoughts were a struggle to put together.

He wanted to tell the lady to shut up. No, he wanted to tell her he was sorry, that he had messed up, that he hadn't done this thing right. He was being torn up by the effort, yet he tried to concentrate.

"Lady," he whispered. The lady heard him and stopped screaming.

"Oh God, Benny, how could you do this?" she demanded.

"Lady, I . . . you," he tried to push just a little more air out of his tired lungs but couldn't.

The lady went on, quietly hysterical, trying to get him to talk, "Oh, Benny, how could you? Why? Why on earth did you do this?"

"I didn't . . . do it . . . ri . . ."

The Last Word

by Chuck Wood

I know it's a useless habit. Sure I realize I don't have to do things that way anymore. I know, I know—I'm free of that burden now. But still I just cannot shake myself out of my old ways. I almost hate to talk about it, it's so . . . senseless, so unnecessary. I . . . I . . . (dare I admit to it publicly?) I still arrange the silverware, glasses, and dishes on my tray according to the South Dining Hall pattern even though I have moved and eat at North now. I feel extremely self-conscious when my new neighbors watch me place the utensils in certain spots. I can tell that they can tell that I am a foreigner.

A statistic going against all recent national trends, an inverse carpetbagger, this young man went North, in search of variety and a roommate. I will always treasure the encouragement of my friends down south who said I was a fool. They told me I was blind; they said I was a "traitor, a snob, a dirty emigrant."

It cannot be such an important thing, I figured. This campus gets to look pretty small after three years, so a simple move across campus seemed to be no big deal. There can't be that much of a difference, or so I felt. Boy, was I cured.

First, as a trans-quad mover, I suddenly saw that there is a little jingoist inside everybody. Southerners, for example, stare at me blankly then pityingly when they hear about my move. Finally they put a comforting hand upon my shoulder and ask,

"Were you forced into it?"

But I can always find solace and a fraternal greeting when someone up here finds out where I came from. Usually news of my move elicits a suave, welcome-to-the-In-Crowd smile and such questions as,

"How's it feel to move up in the world?" or, "You finally wised up, eh?" Thanks, I think.

And then there is the indignity I suffered as a new face in the dorm: three people asked me if I was a freshman. Two were upperclassmen, so they could get away with the excuse that they had never seen me around the hall before. But the third guy *was* a freshman. I mean really. I guess I should never have shaved my moustache.

But those incidents do not match the loss of personal property that I and my roommate (and several other guys throughout the dorm) suffered when someone stole one of our two bookshelves. These are shelves that come with the room, so I guess there is a real bookshelf throat roaming the corridors of Stanford Hall. If anybody ever spots a room in Stanford with nothing but bookshelves along the walls, let me know.

All in all, the differences in lifestyle between the quads are more substantial than I expected. For instance, there seem to be more hours per capita spent on afternoon naps on North Quad. South Quad types would claim that this phenomenon is due to the North's simply being a less exciting place to live.

But up north they say that life in the south is a more nervous, edgy experience because it is more prone to the scrutiny of alumni going from the golf course to the Rock to the bookstore to Sacred Heart. And then there are those tour group stragglers who wonder if the dining hall is the Administration Building. Seen in this northern light, life up here is not less exciting, it is less of a bother than the open-to-the-public existence of South Quad.

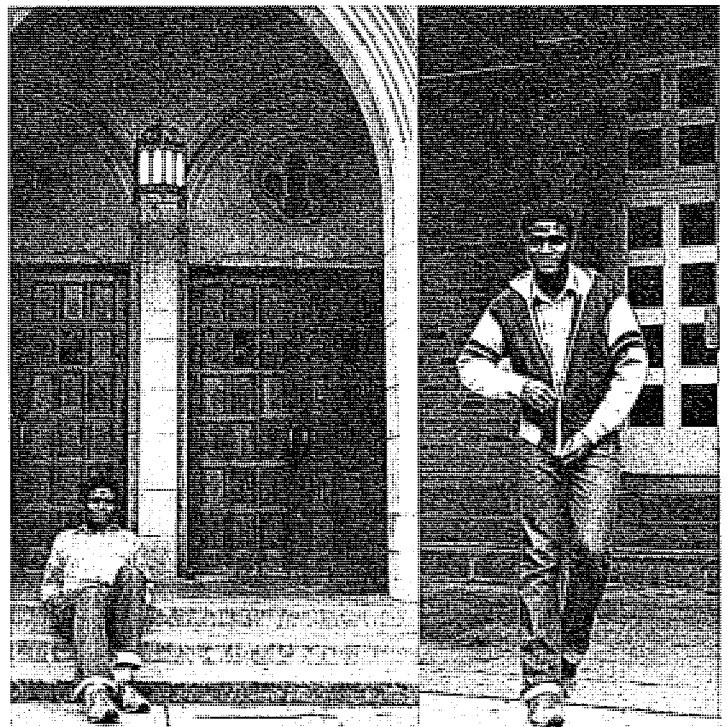
No matter how these styles are characterized, nowhere is the distinction clearer than in the two dining halls. And nowhere is there less debate about which wins out. Almost everybody agrees that the South Dining Hall is better. Some people like eating at North, but you have to understand that they are homesick for their high school's cafeteria.

Eating at South has both esthetic and practical advantages. The place has a lot of character. And if it's really "a jungle out there" in the real world, getting into the dining rooms surely is adequate training for it. Though obviously biased, one friend from Badin put it best when she said,

"North Quad people visit the South Dining Hall; South Quad people go to North only when necessary."

Now of course, the Dome is visible from more places on the North Quad. That I suppose, is good or bad depending on how high your domer quotient is. The aroma of doughnuts, bread, and rolls baking is only noticeable around the northern regions. That is definitely better. But then again, the South has a more expansive, collegiate appearance.

And so it goes. Back and forth. The creation of the "Tower Quad" only complicates matters. So even though a lot of people from all over campus have asked me if I like North or South better, I think I'll end this exercise in comparative quadratics right here.



North-South Schizophrenia



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