

OCTOBER 13, 1952

The ~~ancient~~
Song
and the
New Ulysses



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4 the passing of activism

paul colgan

5 gazing down the smc byways
7 the mystery of the disappearing bust
8 week in distortion

pat mccracken & terri lusic
greg stidham

t. j. clinton

- 9 meanderings of the notre dame woman
part i
- part ii
- 14 perspectives on women's education

kerry mcnamara, j. f. pauer
 & joe runde
 tom gora & al depman
 ann therese darin

19 the hidden faculty: women at n.d.

mary lynn broe

24 barside chats with norman mailer

26 maidstone images

28 friday night at the movies—cinema '73

29 the coming of dance & drama

30 the devil's exorcist

31 the lion in winter at washington hall

32 the crooked rook

33 coming distractions

34 the last word

dan o'donnell, joe runde
& jack wenke
jack wenke

christopher ceraso

roche schulfer

mike melody

james gresser

paul bolduc

james gresser & al depman

greg stidham

The opinions expressed in the *SCHOLASTIC* are those of the authors and editors of the *SCHOLASTIC* and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or the student body.

Second-class postage paid at Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, the SCHOLASTIC is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year and back numbers are available from the SCHOLASTIC. Please address all manuscripts to the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of the SCHOLASTIC.

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illustrations: cover photograph, a negative line conversion, photographs on 12, 13, photographs with sabbatier effect on 25, 27 by michael lonier / photographs on 6, 10, 11, 23 by earl hawkey / drawings on 7, 8, 14 by don nollet / line conversion on 29 from "playbill."

Beer and Loafing at Notre Dame

The fall election is now only four weeks away, yet here at Notre Dame we see little if any campaign excitement. Sen. Kennedy and Rep. Brademas have drawn sizeable crowds (at the time of this writing Sargent Shriver is still only a future event with a large crowd expected), but have they generated any enthusiasm? Enthusiasm that would send hordes of students descending upon South Bend to work for the candidate of their choice. No such urgency exists.

Young Voters for the President meetings are shams to the prestige and so-called competence of the Nixon campaign. Their leaders indicate little knowledge of the campus and have difficulty in deciding which quad Fischer belongs to. McGovern meetings are livelier with half-hour discussions over whether they should ask Shirley MacLaine for her silver slippers to be used in an auction to raise badly needed

funds. One hears little of concrete strategy and exciting tactics.

Meanwhile, back at the campus, we hear seasoned upperclassmen crying out in despair about student apathy while debating who will go buy the next case of beer. The freshmen actually believe what they hear and decide "who am I to break tradition?" The women of Notre Dame, having the greatest potential of any group on campus, sit by calmly as they are left out of Committee on University Priorities. Why, the women should have wailed in the streets and gnashed their teeth over the unappointment of a woman to the committee.

What is the mood at Notre Dame today? Coeducation is said to have changed the lives of the Notre Dame men, yet loneliness, despair and self-abuse seem as prevalent as ever. Perhaps women were never the real problem after all. In any event, it sure hasn't changed the feel of a

cold glass of beer in your hand. Yet, the mere thought of a female premed is devastating.

The epidemic of drugs never really landed at Notre Dame. Until recently students were always high above the rabble and drugs were never a large part of the chemical makeup of the student body. Recently, however, dope has reached a level of tolerance in the social atmosphere.

While most schools face the problem of filling their rooms, crowded dorms at ND have made off-campus lifestyles a unique pleasure if not a necessity.

Our romantic quests have taken a different turn with farces such as establishing a monarchy. (And we all know that Ted and Ara delegated the powers of infallibility to Fr. Burtchaell. They make one hell of an unbeatable trinity.) Who really notices the passing of student government? Maybe now the students will realize it exists only as a service and not as a steppingstone to law school. The vacuum of leadership needs to be filled, but few management students can find time in their busy social calendars.

It is time we get off our disinterested high horses and become active in politics both here on campus and out in the *real* world. Go downtown and volunteer to canvass the South Bend neighborhoods. You would be amazed at what you would learn about South Bend. You might even find yourself liking it. Lay aside your early misconceptions and rationally consider the prospect of Four More Years, H-Man, and other demagogues. What we need are wild-eyed freshmen and sophomores who will take on these chores and stick around a while. That way the powers-that-be would have to respond rather than table everything until next year.

Oh, well. I'm afraid the activist movement has passed us by. We are very much a part of the comfortable middle class. Norman Mailer expressed his pleasure in coming to Notre Dame because he liked to look back to what was happening four and five years ago. One student, sensing a tremendous burden of despair, pushed himself to ask, "What can we do?" Norman quickly replied "I don't know, what *can* you do?"

—paul colgan

Mme. SMC

The identity of the St. Mary's woman has been an all too conceptualized topic in recent months. Because of the nature of this issue, therefore, we have sought to move out of the realm of overabundant clichés and categorizing double talk. Racking our brains over the past week for a new approach to a somewhat worn problem, we accidentally stumbled upon a woman whose meaningful insights have been neglected in our community—Zelda C. Awl.

Zelda is a sorceress of discretion, as well as distinction in her field. By day she hovers over St. Mary's campus, by night she meditates in the basement of O'Laughlin Auditorium. It was in the coffeehouse that we discovered her, and presented her with our dilemma.

QUESTION: Zelda, there's been so much discussion lately about the identity of the St. Mary's woman, especially concerning her direction, where she's headed. Do you see anything that would be of benefit to our readers in the coming years?

ZELDA: Unfortunately, my crystal ball is out for repairs. I never depended solely upon it, however, for it always seems that problems are more deeply rooted in the present than in the future. In the preoccupation with tomorrow, the value of today is too often overlooked.

Since many administrative efforts are being directed toward the future, I recommend that the girls make the most of today. Of course, it's necessary to have an awareness of the past and an eye to the future to keep

things in perspective, but the present is what deserves the greatest attention.

QUESTION: Do you see any factors of potential benefit in the SMC community today?

ZELDA: I need no crystal ball for that answer—all one has to do is look around. There's Student Government, Hot Line and Logan Center. And what about tutoring or volunteer work at delinquent homes, hospitals and other institutions in the South Bend area? And then there's the Day Care Center. Have you ever seen those little imps trooping out from lunch with peanut butter fingers and chocolate mouths? And I'm sure you're aware of the lecture series course that offers credit for going to a film, lecture or play each week—credit for getting cultured, imagine that!

There's a Big Sister program where SMC girls take an underprivileged South Bend youngster as a "little sister" and do things with her throughout the year—things like ice skating, playing sandlot football, going for ice cream and watching "Soul Train" on T.V.

Plus, Notre Dame is still across the road. The unmerger can't stop women from getting onto Student Union Commissions, writing for the *SCHOLASTIC*, *Juggler* or *Observer*, or getting a position with WSND. Leaping liverworts, there are so many "potential benefits"—the problem is to go out and get involved, and that's up to the individual not the college.

QUESTION: One last thing, Zelda. Do you sense any qualities unique to the "liberated" St. Mary's woman?

ZELDA: Well, contrary to popular opinion, there's no "look" that characterizes an SMC woman. Her "uniqueness" is something that grows from the people and experiences that touch her. I don't think you can help but see the personal bonds of friendship among the girls, expressed in the often insane antics of dorm life, the specialness of birthday celebrations and Christmas, the confidences shared. As she begins to know others, she encounters the questions that will help her to know and define herself.

It is at this stage, unfortunately, girls, that much of the questing ends, and students become bogged down in "college life." Oh, if only I had the powers of my youth! Then I could zap them all with the realization that it is the continual search for the answers to the unanswerable questions that holds the key to a woman's fulfillment. The intellect, with its awareness, is a woman's saving quality if complemented by her femininity. Letting it become stifled or channeled into trivial abatelements only continues to suppress the vital essence of woman. To blend a critical, intelligent mind with the qualities of womanhood is to add a needed creative force to our society. Woman's mind must search for that ineffable truth which will set her "free."

—pat mccracken
and terri lusic

The Statue-esque Sojourns of Edward Sorin

Tracking down one of the many legends of du Lac can be like tracking down the Gipper's ghost. Elusive, mysterious—every time you feel your fingers touching something substantive, that something vaporizes before your grasp. Myth becomes confused with history and memories become clouded by the fondness of personal recollections. Such were the problems encountered by the SCHOLASTIC as we tried to learn the story of the Disappearing Father Sorin. What we have come up with at last is an incredible story. The chronology is hazy, but the facts are true.

Prior to the 1950's, there were three originals of the famous/in-famous bust of Father Edward Sorin: the statue that still stands facing Notre Dame Avenue from the Main Quad, a half-size bust that has remained confined in the offices of the President and now of the Provost, and the third and most valuable, the original bronze statue from which the others were cast. This one stood for years in a corridor in Sorin Hall.

The incredible story begins here, in the early years of the Hesburgh dynasty. One morning, not an extraordinary morning by any standards, the residents of Sorin Hall rose in horror to find an empty pedestal in their corridor. Father Sorin had vanished. Several months elapsed without a single clue as to the whereabouts of the four-foot statue-being. At a time when horror

films about reincarnated corpses and resurrected fossils were at a peak of popularity, speculation ran wild. Why not a *living* statue of Notre Dame's legendary figure? After all, miracles of similar magnitude took place at Fatima and Lourdes, and less spectacular ones elsewhere.

The mystery continued for several months, with many professional and self-appointed investigators unable to turn up a single lead, until a series of secretive telegrams began to arrive at young Father Hesburgh's office. "Having a great time in Barcelona. The weather is great. Hope things go well at Our Lady's campus . . . Father Sorin." "Visited the Louvre today. Paris swings at night . . . Fr. S." From the telegrams which followed, Father Hesburgh's investigators were able to piece together the itinerary of the priest's European travels, but they were still unable to pin the elusive character down. After a month of such messages, a final telegram was delivered: "Will arrive at Circle at 8:00 a.m. Friday."

By this time the story had leaked out to the students and to local press; in fact, the leak quickly became a veritable gusher, as no fewer than 2,000 fans, thrill-seekers, and hopeful lepers and invalids gathered to welcome the University's founder and their patriarch. At 8:00 sharp, a Yellow Cab drove up to the Circle. Perched in the back seat sat the now-famous statue of the University's founder, Father Sorin. The



statue was carried triumphantly to Sorin Hall amid the cheers of the massive crowd, and finally restored to his vacated pedestal in the main corridor.

The statue remained undisturbed for a period of time. Apparently, though, the good priest had acquired an irresistible urge to travel, for it was not long before he began his second sojourn. Again leaving no clues whatsoever, the statue disappeared, this time for only a few weeks. It was recovered after being spotted in the stern of a rowboat on St. Mary's Lake, a fishing line dangling from its folded hands.

Father Thomas McDonagh, then rector of Sorin Hall, had finally reached the limits of his endurance. He decided that the only way to restrict the capricious nature of his university's founder was to lock him in his own locker. This he did, and there the statue remained for a year.

Needless to say, the residents of the hall missed the presence of their legendary hero, and when the time came for the yearbook photograph to be taken, they made a mournful appeal to their rector to allow their hall picture to be taken with the statue. Father McDonagh thought the idea not unreasonable, and agreed, in fact inviting both himself and Vice-President of Student Affairs, Father Charles McCarragher, to take part in the photographing. The crowd of people assembled on the front steps of the hall, Father

Sorin eminently standing to the fore. The first picture went without incident, as did the second. After the third picture, the group of residents moved *en masse* to thank their rector for his generosity. Father McDonagh was overwhelmed by the expression of gratitude—until he realized that the statue had again vanished.

The good Reverend Sorin decided again to make his reappearance on St. Mary's Lake. News of his return was spread via the grapevine, and on the appointed afternoon, a rowboat rounded the island on the west end of the lake—there was Father Sorin, returning to the gathering on the shore, accompanied by echoes of the fight song played by the Fighting Irish Band.

The second hiding of the statue became the charge of a Brother Boniface, at that time sacristan of Sacred Heart Church. Father McDonagh gave the brother explicit instructions to hide the statue well, somewhere in the church, to the knowledge of no one but himself. This he did, and did well. Years elapsed, and Brother Boniface was transferred by his provincial to Austin, Texas; unfortunately, Brother neglected to tell anyone the hiding place of the statue. A thorough search of the church and the crypt failed to turn it up. The search dragged on, was repeated again and again—for years, in fact. By 1963, it was finally concluded that Father Sorin had again disappeared. This time there were no telegrams, and the mystery remains to this day unsolved, the statue and its history mostly forgotten.

The story may not be ended, however. Last Saturday, the SCHOLASTIC received a phone call from the Provost's office. The excited voice at the other end of the line hurriedly related that rumors were rampant in the Administration Building that Father Sorin has decided at last to return home. The voice claimed that nothing further was known about the source of the typically elusive rumors but assured that new developments will be disclosed to campus media as soon as they take place. And so the mystery has again been resurrected, and the question remains unanswered: Will Father Sorin return to his home?

—greg stidham

Accommodating Atalanta

In ancient Greece, the Olympic Games were reserved exclusively for men. Women were forbidden by law to attend the games or even to view them from distant hills. The penalty was death. If a woman was discovered, she was executed by being thrown off a cliff.

But even in this Greek world, the need for women's athletics was not denied. The ladies had their own games (called the *Heraea*, in honor of Hera) every four years, sandwiched between Olympiads. The Heraean program was limited to footraces of shorter distances. And statues of Heraean runners with short tunics, exposed high shoulders, and unbound hair streaming behind them still commemorate the events.

Notre Dame has been much more inclined toward throwing women off cliffs than commemorating them in sculpture. In the past, any woman who would violate the sanctity of the Rock, blaspheme the edifice of the Convo, or tread the sacred ground of the golf course, was hurled mercilessly off the cliffs. It is only recently, since the Athens of the midwest has fallen into degradation at the hands of the Romans, by admitting women, that the strictures have been loosened. Women are now allowed to walk freely into the Rock, wander confusedly through the Convo, and fight their way into a foursome. But although the women are now allowed to participate from the hillsides, there is still no Heraea.

The athletic department is faced with a problem. With women as Notre Dame undergraduates for the first time, and coeducation supposedly a firm priority for the future,

what is to be done with the girls who showed up with the freshman swimming team, or with the girls who, foil in hand, report to the fencing team? What is to be said to the large numbers of talented women who arrived swinging a tennis racket, or even worse, a putter? The problem is both one of philosophy and of pragmatic solutions.

A small number of girls are expected to be at the Rockne pool at 7:00 p.m., October 11 to try out for the Varsity swimming program. If these girls desire to stay with the program and swim competitively during the year, what should the school do?

The NCAA sponsors women's intercollegiate swimming (and other sports) for both dual meets and a national championship during every academic year. In the midwest, the Big 10, the Mid-American, and the Central Collegiate conferences (to name a few that Notre Dame often schedules) all sponsor intercollegiate swimming (this, of course, applies to other sports also) between conference and nonconference schools. This would seem a reasonable pattern for Notre Dame to follow. But the creation of teams for women, and the corresponding commitment to women's athletics, raises questions now being considered by the Notre Dame athletic board.

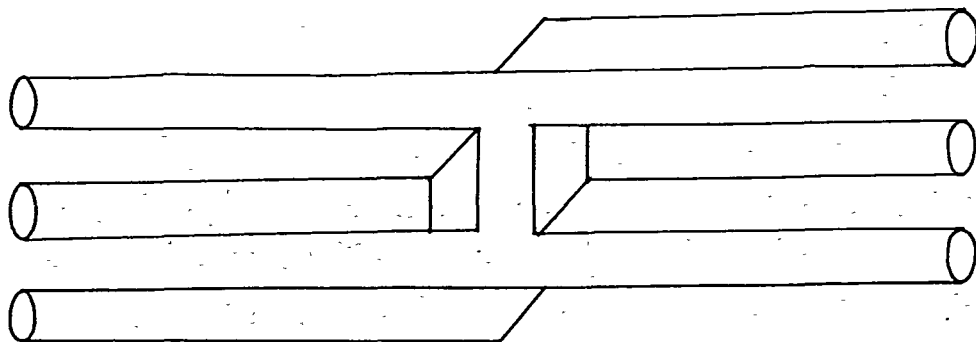
If there is going to be a team, who is going to coach? With the present overflow in varsity and intramural facilities, when and where would a team organize and practice? Having only 325 undergraduate women on campus, is there enough interest to warrant teams, coaches, and facilities?

The girls seem to think so. There is enough interest to start swimming, fencing, and tennis right now, but not if they have to compete with their male counterparts for a spot on a team on which they would seldom be able to compete (schools with teams for women naturally won't allow women to compete in men's competition).

The present policy of the athletic department is to sit and wait. Wait and see how many girls go out for the men's teams, then just wait to



week in distortion



RECORD HOLDER'S RETURN

A couple of weeks ago a tradition ended quietly and without any fanfare. Ed "Butch" Jerome, Cav-

see how many quit on their own; then, if any girls are actually competitive, the coaches and the athletic department will see what to do.

This policy of "avoidance and reaction" as opposed to initiative action seems grossly unfair to both the men and the women involved. If the women are told to join the men's teams, knowing that to make the team they would have to compete against a totally unfair and artificial standard, and that if they did make the team, they would not be able to participate to any reasonable degree, they would be fools to join.

In the same sense, if the men are told to accept a few "token girls," who would not be able to compete in the vast majority of the meets, onto the team, they would be understandably displeased. As things are now, minor sports have vastly overcrowded practice sessions, severely limited practice times, and greatly insufficient training facilities.

Unfortunately, the policy of mediocrity and "shut your eyes and it will disappear" will probably work. All too often "other" varsity sports and intramural sports suffer at the hands of the football, basketball, hockey attitude. Women's sports—since they don't exist—seem to stand even less a chance.

... executed by being thrown off a cliff ... or maybe pushed backwards while blindfolded.

—leo j. mulcahey

anaugh R.A. and triple domer, left for Washington, D.C.

Ed first set foot on the Notre Dame campus as a student on September 14, 1961. Since then, he has received two B.S. degrees, an M.S., and is presently working on his doctorate in Engineering Science. He has lived in Breen-Phillips, Stanford, St. Ed's, Fisher, and Cavanaugh Halls.

Ed is also a record holder in another fashion. Last June 16 and 17 he and a student from Bowling Green broke the two-man 24-hour relay world record. They ran 181 miles 632 yards in 24 hours of continuous running, with each running alternate miles around a 440-yard track. The old world record was 101 miles. The new mark, Ed reports, will be in the Guinness Book of Records next year.

In the fashion of General MacArthur, Ed noted "I shall return."

SOUTH AFRICAN BULLETIN

Here's still more news from the little land in Africa: A 52-year-old man was fined \$133 for stealing a knife, a fork, and a spoon from a Johannesburg department store.

Apparently that's just as bad as taking pictures of yourself in the nude.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We interrupt this column to bring you the following:

This is a test of the national mag-

azine Civil Defense emergency warning system. Had this been an actual emergency you would have been directed to another sheet of paper. However, it's not, so read on. This concludes this test of the national magazine Civil Defense emergency warning system.

LAW OF ENTROPY PROMULGATED

Those of you who made it through the second or third semester of physics will recall the implications of the Second Law of Thermodynamics. It implies all sorts of nifty things; you can't absorb heat and convert it completely into work, you can't completely convert random motion into ordered motion, and things tend towards a state of disorder. This last can be used to explain student government politics at Notre Dame.

Please bear with me a little longer before you jump either to conclusions or on my back. What that last statement really means is that things tend towards low energy states; e.g., to get a student body to do something you have to motivate it strongly. Otherwise the student body won't do it.

The INPIRG people realized this last year when they made their attempt to have the INPIRG fee placed on the tuition bill. Few people would have gone out of their way to make contributions otherwise.

The *Observer* people also understand this. Because the two-dollar fee is on the tuition bill, few people ask for their money back.

More recently, we have the failure of the bicycle registration drive. Maybe "bicycle registration" punchcards in the packet of registration goodies would have required less work, and have resulted in more bike registrations.

Last case in point: the little coupons which appeared in the *Observer* and the *SCHOLASTIC* a while back which asked for opinions on "open" dining hall lines. Most likely, few of them have been turned in, although student sentiment is, no doubt, in favor of open lines.

So, help repeal the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Turn in your coupons today.

The heleniad

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The **heleniad: book I**

HELEN of Troy is alive and well and living in Badin Hall. The semester has advanced fully a month, and Apollo, down at the Rock, is doing well in circuit training. Most stereotypes have been given adequate opportunity for exploitation. News releases, editorial comment, the band, football fans have all taken notice of the fact that coeducation has been implemented at the University of Notre Dame. There seems to be a strange dichotomy between the University's view of coeducation and personal experiences of the majority of the students.

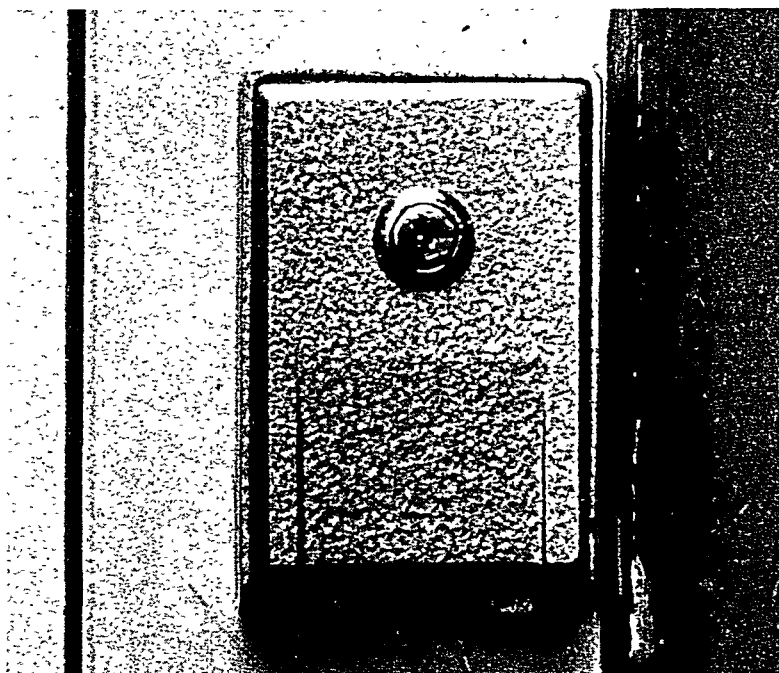
A few interesting observations:

Notre Dame has made a great step forward—this is the start of a new era. But the dorms are still full of the disenchanted and frustrated guys entrapped in the weekend syndrome which we all deplore.

Many coeds think that Notre Dame men are shy. Among the 6200 males are a good number who apparently are not capable of coping socially with the 340 Notre Dame females.

A recent issue of *Notre Dame Magazine* observed that the new Notre Dame women are hopeful in their career aspirations and eager to partake of the good reputation that characterizes Notre Dame throughout the country. No mention is made of the very basic fact that men and women really *do* belong together in the learning experience.

With the demise of the coex program, fewer female students are enrolled in University courses, with the notable exception of courses in the Theology Department.

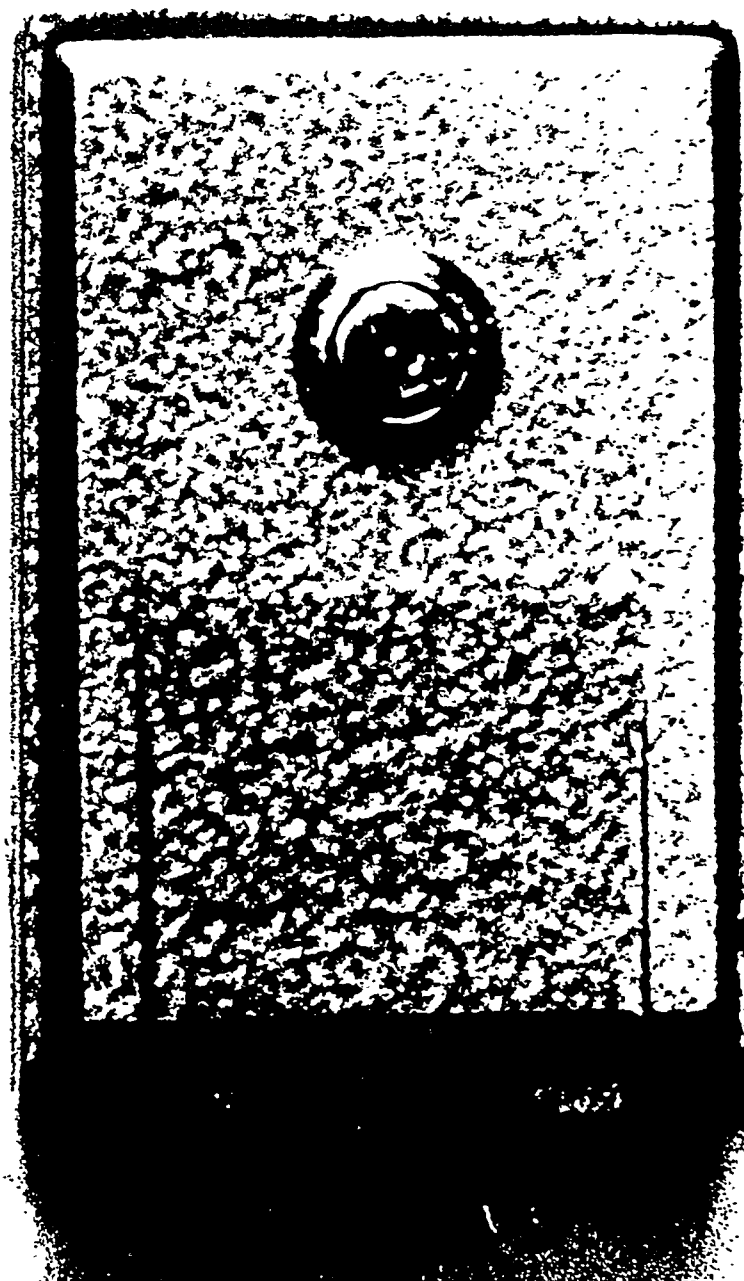


Professor Thomas Werge's early morning American Writers Survey class, for instance, last semester, comprised fairly equal numbers of men and women. This semester the enrollment is all male.

Coeducation is seen by many administrators as a means of making Notre Dame more attractive to prospective male students. We wonder what is making Notre Dame more attractive to women.

St. Mary's students, following the patterns of their institution, have seemingly declared their independence from Notre Dame men.

Neither do the dining halls seem to be stimulating social awareness. The girls fill up their new round tables and the guys stay in their hall's favorite corner.



COEDUCATION carries more weight in connotation than in definition. Even the most gracefully implemented official transitions—hardly graceful in Notre Dame's case—must be followed by real adjustment. So where do we go from here? There are all the easy answers, of course. The ratio of men to women *could* be lowered. The dorms *could* become coed. (Thus, each dorm could have one girl to twenty males.) Parietals and locked dorms *could* be abolished. These would be grand solutions, but they still would not overcome that basic shyness, that subconscious segregation in the dining halls, that gap between men and women on the Notre Dame campus which has been one hundred twenty-five years in the making.

The implementation of real coeducation must begin with the students. The important thing that happened

at Notre Dame this fall was *not* that Badin and Walsh were renovated, *not* that the bookstore brought in new essential products, *not* that Notre Dame's competitive standing in the "University Market" was enhanced. The important thing *was* that 340 very different and very new human beings arrived on campus, the promise of a whole new way of life at Notre Dame. This fact seems to be being overlooked by those who are setting priorities.

So Helen and Cleopatra and Salome can primp themselves before their mirrors, and Apollo can build a better body. The non-Olympians, however, must build a better community here at Notre Dame, and they must do it alone.

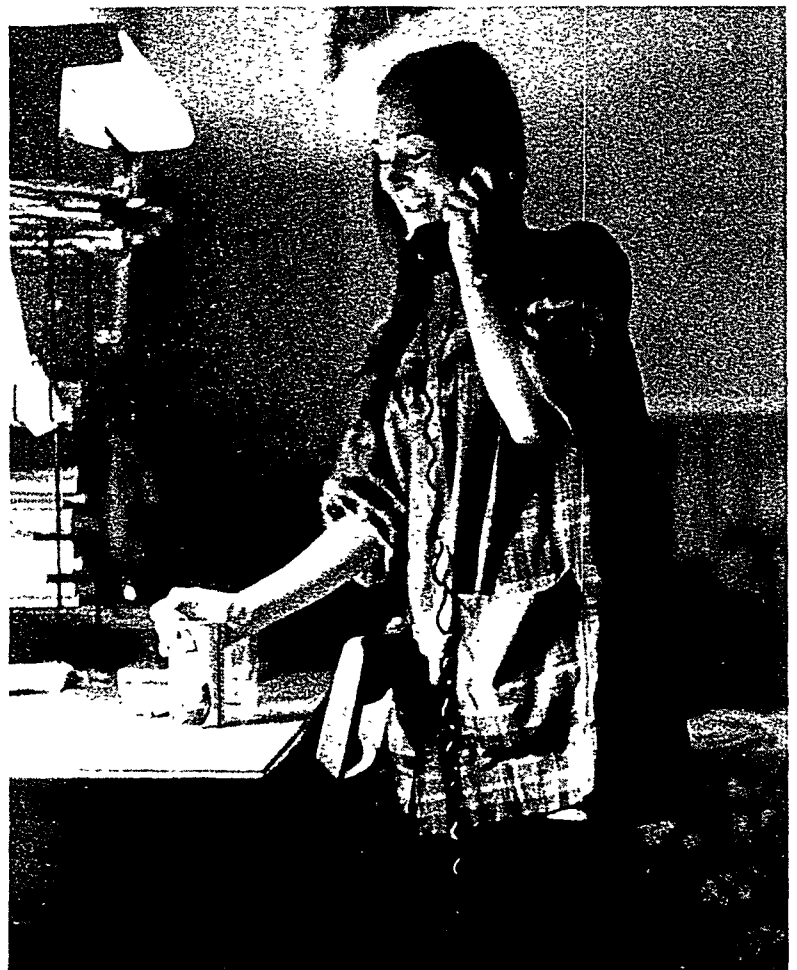
The **heleniad: book II**

The neatly printed sign read: "PARTY-TIME!
ZAHM'S 3RD FLOOR INVITES YOU GIRLS TO
PARTAKE IN THE BEST TIME OF 1972!
8:00 P.M. FRIDAY"

So six freshmen took them up on it, an act of daring in itself. They arrived at 9:00 in order to allow the party to gather steam, and followed the blaring Sly Stone to someone's lounge room. The ten guys looked amazed as the girls poked their heads in the door. One of the fellows boisterously welcomed them, nearly spilling his Bud on their shoes. The girls apprehensively surrendered their jackets, and uneasily stood grouped together. Meanwhile, with the arrival of females, the guys on the floor began collecting outside the door of the party. They hadn't paid, but that never stopped them before.

The male dorm, as compared to the new Badin and Walsh, was drab. The freshmen were absorbed into the hall complacency as soon as they adjusted. This was spawned by the stay-system, where a guy became inured to the same atmosphere year after year, resulting in an apathy towards hall workings, an interest in sports as an outlet, maybe, and a magnetic attraction to his immediate environment and friends. The individual room became the psychological showcase and major point of reference. The girls' dorms were, for this year at least, in dynamic flow and change in their outgoing life style. The result was a major clash: the spirited women and the apathetic men.

The party progressed with the usual awkwardness, eventually mellowing into the evening. A group of about three guys moved with her to a corner of the room, away from the stereo. The discussion touched various subjects, finally turning to what interested and bothered them most, coeducation. But they didn't speak of the theory involved, they spoke of their counterparts in the move.



They very quickly cut away to the heart of the problem: ratios. They complained mostly about the subtraction of girls from the campus. Sure, two dorms of girls had been added, but classes were more male than ever due to the massive cut back in the SMC co-ex program. A major source of meeting girls had disappeared. The alternatives—parties, the library, off-campus bars and lounges, the dining hall—all fell short for many reasons. The guys complained that, for example, in the north dining hall, they rarely even saw a girl.

Here, she knew they were right. Every time she entered the dining halls, *especially* on the north quad, it seemed as if a hundred imprisoned eyes were watching her every move. She had tried, once or twice, to eat in the north dining hall, hopeful of becoming a part of the friendly exchange which develops in a place where all eventually meet. But the north hall seemed to have remained a male sanctuary despite all, and more often than not, she ate her meal in silence, trying to make her feminine presence less strange and obvious. She knew this was approaching the heart of the problem; when could students meet leisurely and naturally if not over a meal? She came to understand the depth of their comments; this wasn't idle chatter, but an overt plea for help.

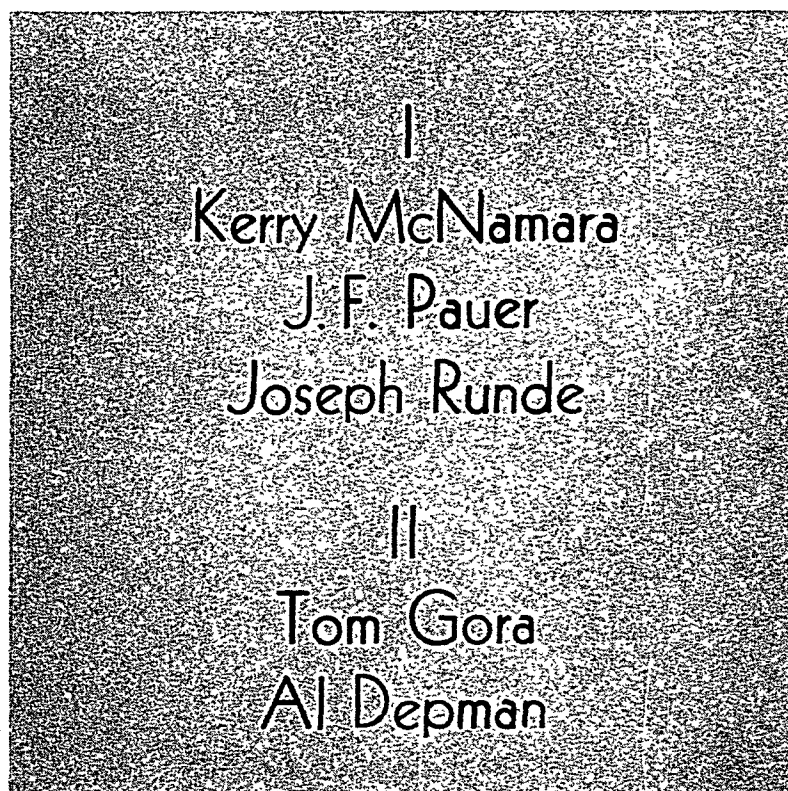
She suddenly came under a verbal attack, blunted by sad-eyed, futile stares. Though it was difficult, she tried to explain how she wanted to befriend guys, not fall in any one-to-one dating pattern. Her room was constantly getting calls asking for dates, and her roommates were starting to feel not only harassed but bad about having to say "no" so often. Yet, this was necessary, for in order to meet a girl, a fellow was forced to play the dating game. This was the "weekend syndrome," the only way a student could assure himself of meeting a girl. Unfortunately, the implication usually went further than mere friendship; jealousy was an emotion all too prevalent among those casual suitors.

A girl became a commodity, a goal to be fought for and heroically conquered in the form of the "date." After all, a guy laid his ego on the line whenever he picked up the telephone to ask a girl for a date. What results is that the guys are very ill at ease with women. The woman is left with the power to destroy a man with a few words, a power she does not want, but is forced to accept.

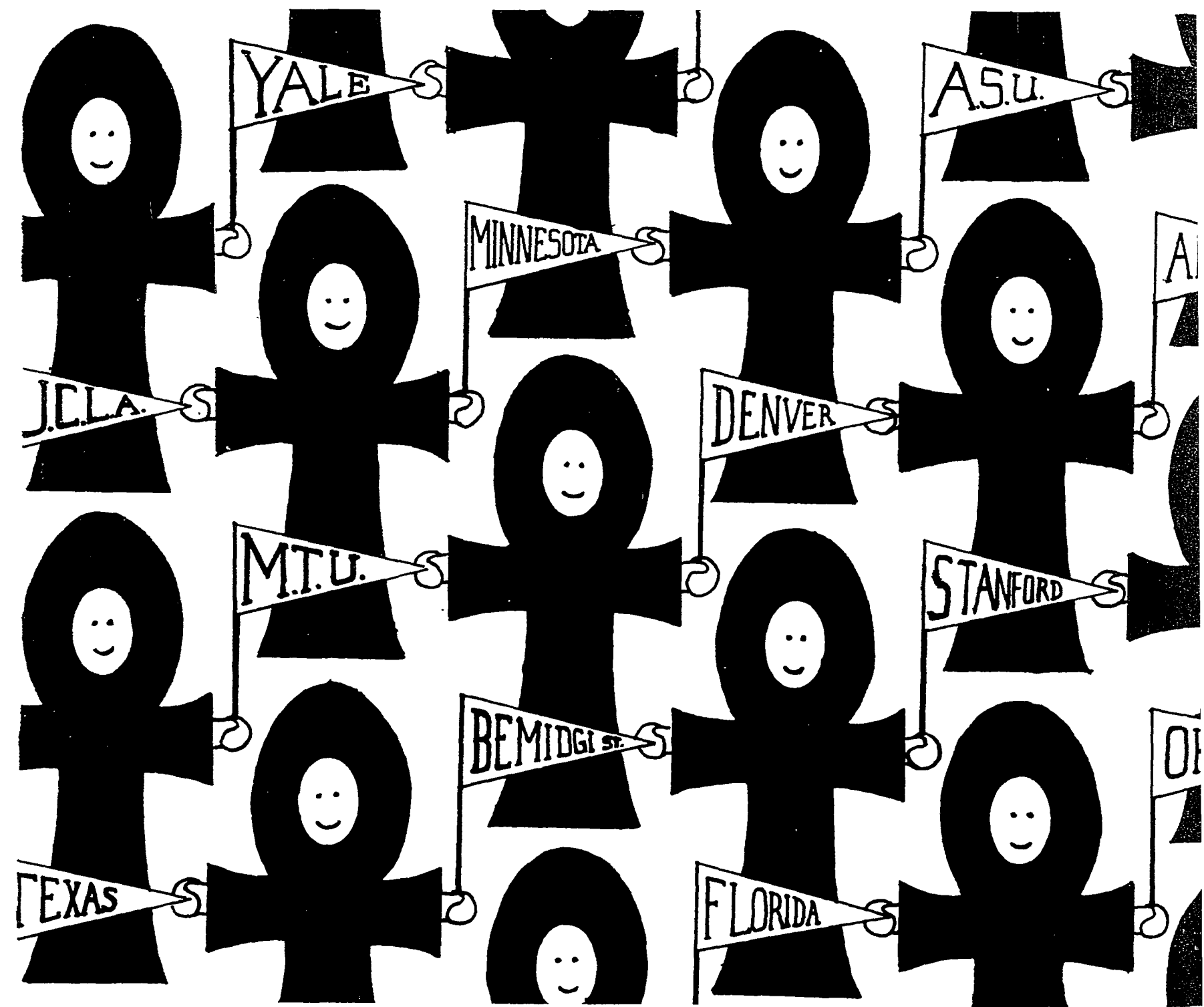
She turned these things over in her mind all the way home from the party. She decided that she would at least try to learn from what they had said, but she knew she couldn't do everything alone.

She understood the problem, but she was powerless unless the men, too, realized their responsibility. She vaguely remembered Sister Miriam's speech: "Education must be total to be true. In the minds of the students, the lopsided ratio made for male dominance, making the young women shoulder the burden of adjustment to a male environment."

She felt pressured. She didn't know how or by what. She only felt the pressure. Something, someone could give her the means of escape. But that would be loving under pressure. She didn't like that. After all, *she* was her own consideration.



Will "The Cloisters



Come Tumbling Down?"

CAN a spinster be happier than a newly married bride? Spokesmen for St. Mary's of Notre Dame, Sweet Briar, Wellesley, Smith and Barnard colleges eagerly agree. Contrary to the growing trend toward coeducation, these schools have opted to remain oriented solely to women's education. While Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton, and Notre Dame have begun to admit women, women's colleges are not eager to reciprocate the invitation.

"Mostly through my contacts with the students, I have come to realize that students definitely want a woman's college," acknowledged Mrs. Ann Sentillas, assistant public-relations director for Barnard College in New York City. "They want a place where a woman's education comes first. They want a place where a women's center is supported over a football field with no questions asked." There is a belief among educators in coed institutions that women don't come first," she continued. "More men are encouraged to go places. Men come first in academics and extracurriculars."

At Barnard, "a secure woman's college at the moment," according to Mrs. Sentillas, women may choose to live in the college's dormitories or with one-quarter of Barnard's women students in coed residences maintained by neighboring Columbia University. Barnard's coed dorms also devote one-quarter of their facilities to house Columbia men. Barnard students may also elect any number of courses scheduled at Columbia with no extra fee required. But, they still receive Barnard degrees.

Despite the close affiliation with Columbia University, Barnard, with new President Martha Peterson, is the national leader in coursework specially designed for women. "There was a consciousness here," claimed Mrs. Sentillas, "before the women's liberation movement. Because of our groundwork in 1962, we now offer eleven courses for women's studies open to both male and female students. Included in the interdisciplinary women's studies seminar are "The Role of Woman in Modern Economic Life," "Feminism," "History of

Women in America," "Images of Women in Literature," and "Women in the Roman and Greek Empires."

IN addition to interdisciplinary studies on women, Barnard also maintains a Women's Center. Headed by Ms. Jane Gould, placement-office director, it is described by Mrs. Sentillas as "an amorphous being in its second year . . . it's an office like student affairs with an executive board of administrators, faculty, and students who have established a women's lawyers committee, helping mature women return to school, investigated job opportunities for women and acted as a center of information for more radical women's press and women's liberation activities." Several articles in October's *Ms.* magazine are authored by Barnard and Columbia women professors.

While New York City-based Barnard was one of the first colleges two years ago to reject merger wooing from male-dominated universities, several other prominent women's colleges have followed suit.

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., broke off a long courtship with the University of Notre Dame last winter because the dowry simply wasn't big enough. Administrators from both schools disagreed over payment for SMC buildings and rules of conduct to be adopted for women students. But Edward L. Henry, the college's first lay, male president who took office in July, is not worried over Notre Dame admittance of 300 women on its own.

According to the *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver, Colo.) which published a report on a seminar for new college presidents attended by Henry last summer, the new St. Mary's president is counting on a change in the mood of students, Women's Lib and active recruitment to keep St. Mary's off the growing list of small, private colleges closing at a rate of one per week.

"The role and nature of women's colleges is changing . . . women in the formative period of their lives should be able to control the major thrust of their own

you can only date with a chaperone along

education and aim it at the particular needs they have in developing a sense of their own sexual identity and outlook," he opined. "... as a small Catholic liberal arts college for women, we can offer the much needed personalism, community and maneuverability."

ALTHOUGH the *Rocky Mountain News* article notes a drop in St. Mary's enrollment of some 300 students—down 50 in this year's freshman class—and a loss of anticipated revenue of about \$650,000 this year, St. Mary's as a women college has bounced back. It has inaugurated a Bachelor of Business Administration to accommodate the large numbers of women demanded by business firms since Women's Lib; it has incorporated its Board of Regents; and it has promised more student/faculty exchange with local South Bend, Ind., colleges, including Notre Dame.

Henry believes that women's colleges also have an important asset with extracurricular activities and with their role as developer of women's creativity and potential. In an interview with *The Indianapolis News*, Henry commented, "Most coeducational universities are geared for men. At Notre Dame, for instance, what is one of the main campus activities—football. It is much the same for most schools. At St. Mary's, students can find major activities geared especially for them—drama, dance, writing. Notre Dame has a long history of being a school for red-blooded American men. Are women going to get equal opportunities, for instance, on the campus newspaper? You can't change a tradition by administration fiat."

He also feels that women's colleges can give women added protection since "they are more vulnerable. I don't believe that strict rules necessarily cut down the number of students. One school which has no trouble recruiting, Bob Jones University (started by the evangelist for which it was named), is surrounded by a high wall and you can only date in the presence of a chaperone," he argued. Despite the college's rejuvenation plan, he must cope with a problem facing most colleges remaining for women—competition for coeds from nationally prominent universities. St. Mary's students, he reports, have an image of the University of Notre Dame as "the great white father across the street."

AT Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Va., Mrs. Martha von Brisson, public-relations director, agreed with Henry on the value of maintaining small colleges. "Our students feel they have more opportunity to advance on their own, make more lasting relationships with no competition from men," she said. "I think that students have more opportunities to develop their own interests."

While maintaining its distinctive feminine character, Sweet Briar, a small southern college with a 720-student enrollment, also maintains an exchange with seven other southern schools including Washington-Lee, Hampden-Sidney, Davidson, and Randolph-Macon universities. Men from these exchange institutions live near the Sweet Briar campus in small apartments. They came out to the campus, according to Mrs. von Brisson, to study in departments for which Sweet Briar is noted: creative writing, government, and English literature. But this exchange has not affected the number of Sweet Briar's graduates who attend graduate school, a number considerably higher than the number at coeducational universities.

At Massachusetts' Smith College, where well over half of the students receive postgraduate degrees, the administration also decided against coeducation. A committee to study coeducation worked for several years before issuing its negative verdict in the spring of 1970. "The decision was really based on the student attitude," explained Ms. McDougall. "When we first polled our student body four years ago, they favored coeducation 2:1. When we conducted a similar poll a few years later, we found the reverse—students were against coeducation 2:1."

Questioned on the abrupt about-face, Ms. McDougall replied, "It's a little hard to tell. I would guess it is attributed to the direct surge of heightened female consciousness." However, since Smith participates in a consortium with Amherst, Connecticut College, Dartmouth, Mount Holyoke, Vassar, Wesleyan, Wheaton and Williams college, it can offer students "the best of both worlds—both coeducation and women's college experiences. Smith as an isolated women's college does not exist," she asserted.

UNLIKE Barnard, Smith does not emphasize women's studies. "Our education is not substantially different from a university. The offerings aren't radically different," she said. "But here women have every possible opportunity. Smith has a tradition and founding based on women and we will maintain a college for women at a time when women are of cardinal importance."

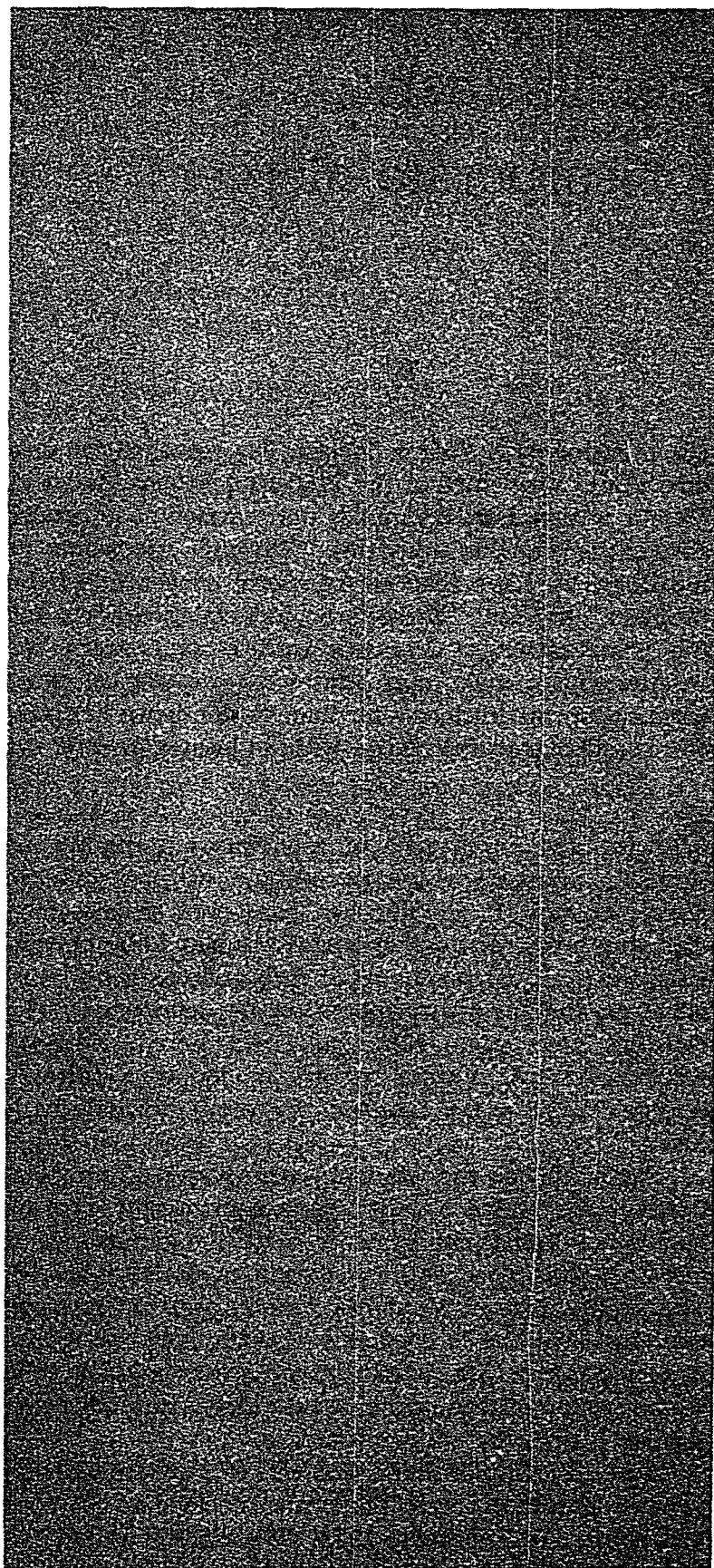
Like its neighbors, Mount Holyoke and Wellesley, Barnard has also opposed coeducation. Basing its negative response to coeducation on a faculty report, Mount Holyoke spokesmen have asserted, "we run the risk of surrendering our relatively strong position as a superior college for women in order to become a run-of-the-mill and possibly mediocre coeducational institution." Unlike some of its sister colleges whose number of applications have decreased recently, Mount Holyoke's applications has decreased recently, Mount Holyoke's applications Director Clara Ludwig is apprehensive about the college's future. In a September interview with William Tremblay of the Los Angeles *Times* syndicate, she wondered, "The question is how the bright, able young people who can pay their own way are going to distribute themselves among the selective colleges."

FOR the present, Mount Holyoke is resting her case on tradition. "Coeducation might make a severe difference in the science departments, where this college is quite strong. In a very subtle but pervasive way, male students convince females that science is not proper for women," asserted Ms. Anna Jane Harrison, only woman nominee to the National Science Board. "The image that women have of themselves is a real problem. Society has so consistently imposed an image of girls growing up that it has become difficult for girls to see what they could become."

Another member of the Eastern consortium, Wellesley College, does not lack for male attentions. In fact, it only requires its students to take four semesters of credit at Wellesley. The rest of the semester may be taken within their twelve-college, Boston-area exchange. "There is no exchange of money," explained Ms. Alice Gordon, Wellesley's public-relations director. "Students have to select Wellesley majors, though. They cannot elect one that the college does not offer." Wellesley is one of the new breed of women's colleges. Defending the college's decision to grant degrees only to women, Ms. Gordon emphasized, "women's colleges give women an opportunity for role models of other competent women. They can always test themselves where they are respected as individuals and have a chance to succeed, not in larger men's universities, where they are excluded and outnumbered in the classroom." Ms. Gordon also saw women's colleges providing students with necessary experience in extracurricular activities.

All women's colleges, however, are not content to retain their for-women-only images. In the past two years, both Vassar and Manhattanville colleges, upstate New York neighbors, have admitted men.

"We felt it was an idea whose time had come," explained Mr. Robert Hevanor, Vassar news director. "With the decrease in applications and the possibility of



more colleges opt for small-college identity than for corporate merger

our merging with Yale collapsing, we searched for new directions." One-third of the 2100-student enrollment at Vassar is men, but Hevanor is not worried about males dominating campus activities. "Through thousands of meetings, we have reached a general consensus of the problem," he said. "There is an increasing concern for the preservation of Vassar's traditional concern for women and to make sure that what happens at most coeducation institutions—for men to dominate in classrooms and extracurriculars—will not happen here."

So far, the admittance of men has not diminished Vassar's unusually high percentage of postgraduate degree holders. It has also not hampered, despite men directing press relations at both Vassar and Manhattanville, the even balance between men and women administrators and faculty members on the campuses. "The cloisters have come tumbling down here," Hevanor emphasized. "At Vassar we are no longer a suitcase college. We're a far happier, far more normal institution."

The male Vassar students transferred from Williams, Hogate, and Trinity colleges primarily into art history and music departments. With the admittance of men, however, coeducational dorms have also followed. Students at Vassar, Manhattanville as well as Barnard, can choose to live in coed or single-sex housing. "Since women's dorms are fairly quiet," Hevanor said, "the women resented the noisier coed dorms. But the problem isn't anything we can't handle."

A neighboring Catholic women's college, Manhattanville in Purchase, New York, also decided to go coed and secular in February, 1971. "We did it," stated Mr. Stanley Saplin, public-relations director, "because of the more popular belief that for a more meaningful campus, there had to be more men on campus." Men had studied at Manhattanville's, Purchase, New York, campus prior to coeducation in the college's Master of Arts and Bachelor of Music programs.

Now Manhattanville includes 250 men among its 1500 students. "Women undergrads love it. I have seen little evidence of the women's dislike. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that there's no remote suggestions of apprehension. It has created a more significant atmosphere in the classroom and on campus. The coeducational atmosphere here relates more to life for maturing the individual rather than in isolation."

Significantly, neither Manhattanville nor Vassar offer Women's Studies. "We offer educational courses, not women's courses," said Saplin. "I can't personally conceive of a course solely for women."

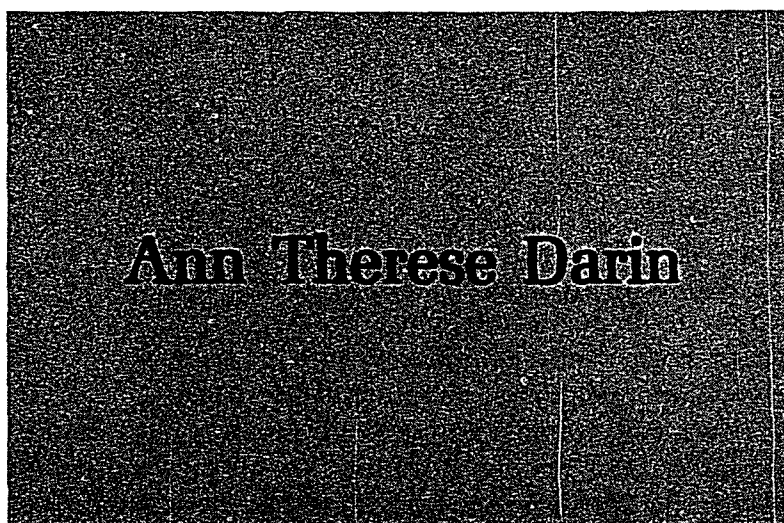
MORE colleges such as Amherst in Massachusetts are planning to opt for this coed route and maintain a small-college identity rather than lose their entire self in a corporate merger with a larger university. However, until finances or rapidly declining piles of applications kill the American college, it continues to make a significant contribution in today's society.

When the Chicago *Sun-Times* nationally polled women's colleges (Sept. 10, 1972) who had decided to remain solely for women, it found:

- * the goals of women's colleges are as valid today as they were when these colleges were founded in the 1800s;
- * women perform better academically, especially in natural sciences, in classes without men;
- * going coed reduces the number of spaces available for qualified women;
- * most women's colleges have more than enough men on campus through exchange programs and consortiums;
- * a move to coeducation could financially damage these schools, dependent on alumnae gifts for existence.

The trend setters: Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth and Notre Dame have so far admitted more than 2,000 women undergraduates to bigger libraries, larger faculty guidance, more varied class offerings, and better endowed campuses. Reportedly they are planning to enroll another 8,000 more coeds in the next few years.

Can women's colleges compete against the Yales, Princetons, Dartmouths and Notre Dames for the academically-top female students? Only time will tell. As for the present, they've come a long way, baby, to get where they've got to today!



Seats of Wisdom

Mary Lynn Broe

For two years I have awaited the opportunity to share the ironies of a young, single woman in the Notre Dame environment. There were times, strangely, when I believed myself to be the only woman privy to that curious ritual of "performing" so characteristic of Notre Dame men in search of women; I actually gloried in my monumental bravery of stepping over that invisible line to the sanctum sanctorum—the ACC—only to find that I required a male "sponsor" to make my way on the premises; joining the "men's faculty" golf league, I accustomed myself to mail addressed "Mr." but still was surprised to be asked if it was Ladies Day when I arrived at the course; foolishly, I once thought that I was alone in being refused entrance to campus because "children of faculty were not allowed on with their father's cars" (my auto is seasoned with two very visible faculty stickers); I thought that I was the only woman who, after introducing herself with rank and affiliation, was told by the secretary that the Dean was not seeing students today; so, when bereft of an office this summer, I discovered that the University "likes to keep the boys with the boys and the girls with the girls," I merely wondered whether the good administrators were being wary or protective of me.

Now my stories near epic proportions. Such incidents, ranging from the tolerably funny to the consciously discriminating, are no longer singular to me. After talking to several of the faculty and professional women for long hours this summer, I discovered that a substantial part of my personal history was not simply my monopoly. Instead, my anecdotes had many reverberations in their lives. Though they were different in specifics, many of our personal experiences were generically identical. Now I am convinced that one of the most significant changes on campus is occurring in the women and their growing network of relationships.

Nevertheless, it is risky to talk about women faculty at Notre Dame. One must learn to maneuver that dangerous area between the Scylla of an anecdotal approach and the Carybdis of statistical data. Veering too much in either direction brings inevitable destruction—or at least easy dismissal by male colleagues. On the affective side, one risks those dismissals of "pleading" or "dramatic." On the other hand, any indulging in the microempirics of statistics merits the tag of "unnatural." Either way, woman risks "unseemliness." Bolstered by the formation of a Woman's Caucus (soon to be announced) and the activation of AAUP's Committee W, I am finding that route between personal insights and empirical data far less ominous.

NOTRE Dame's current policy toward its academic women is best seen in an examination of the Coed Report (May, 1972) Appendix C:

Associate Prof.	1
Asst. Prof.	8
Lecturer	2
Instructor	9
	—
Total Regular	20
Visiting Assoc. Prof.	2
Visiting Asst. Prof.	2
	—
Total Visiting	4
Total Teaching and Research	
Faculty:	24 (women)
Total Faculty:	748 (men and women)

Not included in these statistics is the breakdown between full and part-time Regular Faculty. Also, only one (1) member of the Teaching and Research Faculty is tenured. To a cursory glance, the number of incoming faculty women for 1972-73 listed in the Notre Dame Report #2 looks promising, but a closer look at rank and tenure presents a different picture. Only 6 of the 9 incoming women have full-time status: 3 of them are not of the Teaching and Research Faculty; 1 has Visiting status. That leaves only 2 women engaged in full-time teaching and both are at Instructor rank.¹ It is most important to note that roughly 7% of the student body this year is female (both graduate and undergraduate) and less than 3% of the Teaching and Research Faculty is female (this includes both Visiting and part-time status). With the very small percentage of women undergraduates, the Woman Teaching and Research Faculty still comprise less than half of this figure.

The singularly alarming fact about this distribution of women at Notre Dame is that they are increasingly

1. Most of these figures are not final, and were gathered unofficially in the absence of any lists at this time.

Perspectives is a regular column space open to any member of the University community. Manuscripts submitted for consideration should be mailed to the SCHOLASTIC, LaFortune Student Center, Notre Dame.

Notre Dame is basically sex segregated

concentrated in the "fringe benefit" status. This term suggests a status on the outskirts of the profession with no qualification for resources or tenure. It also describes a person in a position of great benefit to the institution where the work is done, such as an Instructor teaching nine hours (three preparations) of elementary material. Women, as Jessie Bernard claims, "carry a large share of the backbreaking load of introductory work." They are usually the ones who "constitute an elastic labor pool hired and furloughed as needed."²

Discrimination of this kind is systematic and carries with it a negative effect on women's career motivations, role conceptions, reference groups and aspiration levels, all of which are naturally lowered or threatened by such a low recognized level of achievement. Further ambivalence arises when a woman's low-ranking status would seem to distinguish her from professional status, yet her own serious commitment to her work enables her to see her role not simply as one of a teacher. Quite often, too, there is no relief from the responsibilities of regular faculty for those in "fringe benefit" status: they do committee work, student advising, and often carry a number of teaching hours equal to or surpassing full-time.³

NATIONALLY, women cluster about the lowest ranks of the university. Alice Rossi reports that while 30% of the PhD's are awarded to women in sociology, only 1% of the full professors in sociology in graduate schools are women, 5% associate profs, and 39% are "subprofessional appointees."⁴ Less than 2% of the full professors are women at Stanford and Columbia; in contrast, between 15 and 20% of the graduate students at each of these institutions are women. The tradition of women in Academe presents another case: full professors who are women comprise 2% at University of Chicago in 1970, compared to 8% at the turn of the century. Patricia Graham reports some alarming statistics:

"By 1920 women constituted 47% of undergraduates in the country and were receiving roughly 15% of the PhD's. In 1930 the proportion remained about the same. Today women constitute only 40% of the undergraduate student body and receive about 10% of the doctorates."⁵

Looking at these faculty women, Jessie Bernard emphasizes that beginning about the 1930's the proportion and the rate of increase of faculty women fell off

2. Jessie Bernard, *Academic Women*, (Penn State University Press, 1964), p. 100.

3. To my knowledge, the Advisory Committee on Coeducation which met last spring included only one Notre Dame woman who qualified for tenure-track.

4. Alice Rossi, *Science*, Vol. 166, 356 (1969)

5. Patricia Albjerg Graham, *Science*, Vol. 169, 1284 (1970)

sharply, "precipitously," she claims. And since that time the figure has steadily declined: 32.5% of the women staff in 1930 has shrunk to 19.6% in 1961-62. ("Staff" is considered to be those involved in resident instruction in degree credit courses).

MORE recently, Committee W of the Federation of Indiana Chapters of AAUP issued a survey on "Sex Discrimination in Indiana's Colleges and Universities." In December, 1971, a letter was sent to all Indiana colleges and universities requesting such data as the number of men and women faculty in each rank, department and school; the average salaries paid to males and to females holding the same rank; the average time in rank before recommendation for and actual promotion for men and women; the number of men and women holding joint faculty—administrative positions (which make and implement university policy); the number of men and women applying for undergraduate and graduate admission and the number who are eventually accepted. It is highly significant to note that Notre Dame, on the eve of coeducation, failed to respond to the Committee's letter requests. Instead, Notre Dame claimed that the statistics for its constitution would be "meaningless" because Notre Dame was basically sex segregated.

IN reading the many reports on the status of women, one becomes familiar with a pattern of discrepancy between a woman's professorial rank and her academic ability. Despite research, no one factor has provided an adequate explanation: we know of the high attrition rate, the internal ambivalences regarding career and marriage, the "motive to avoid success," problems of aspiration and expectation. We even know that women PhD's in the US spend on the average 28 hours per week on household tasks.

Recent data directly counters this underutilization of women's talents as represented in the above statistics. Helen Astin dispels the myth that women don't use their doctorates. In her study she shows that 91% of women who received their PhD's in 1957-58 were professionally employed in 1964; 79% of this number had NOT interrupted their careers. The reason that women do not publish cannot be given to explain their lowly academic positions because various studies have proven that married women PhDs publish more than married PhD men or unmarried women.⁶ Bernard claims:

"Academic position is a far better 'predictor' of productivity than sex."⁷

She sees academic rank or position inextricably related

6. Helen Astin, *The Woman Doctorate in America: Origins*

7. Bernaid, p. 154.

to productivity. For example, women in a university setting are more productive than men in college. But "Discrimination, because it implies motivation, is an extraordinarily difficult process to delineate, let alone assess."⁸ One has to look at a total system of allocation. Such factors as competition, for example, may be autonomous or judgmental, which is to say the process itself selects a winner or the person does. In the case of awarding faculty positions, however, what is really important is not only that standard functional prerequisites such as intelligence, education and apprenticeship are part of the judgmental criteria, but that other criteria are demanded. These criteria may be equivocal, non-functional and based on prejudice and custom. Oftentimes, these criteria exist uncritically in department procedures for hiring, promotion and tenure. In regard to women they often take the form of role-related concerns ("Looking the part" for the job, or fear that a woman's work might flourish at the expense of her husband and children). Another criteria of this sort might be concern for vocal disabilities of a woman who must lecture in an acoustically bad, large lecture hall; or the drawing power of the candidate for other good colleagues. Peculiarly, most of these non-functional criteria are related to age and sex.

THE most devastating kind of faculty criteria is the non-functional and judgmental one, for it is elusive and difficult to investigate. In the case of a woman, it perpetuates and thrives on the ambivalences deep in a woman's psycho-cultural life. This sort of criteria might share much of the responsibility for the high attrition rate of women in most graduate schools, despite no significant discrimination in admissions policies or financial aid: one woman in every ten men with bachelor's degrees actually completes the doctorate.

Distressing in its form, non-functional discrimination takes many guises. It may be that, regardless of first rate teaching and scholarly expertise, a young woman is tagged with certain personality traits ("friendly" or "enthusiastic") that exclude recognition of her solid intellectual basis: to many male faculty a dynamic marriage of the two realms is not possible. Thus the woman colleague is "not taken seriously." Such subtle judgments against a woman are particularly insidious because they work to undermine her professional confidence on a level where interchange with and acceptance by one's peer group is very important. Academic women in lower ranks are often polarized around certain non-academic contacts for any interchanges, in everyday situations as well as professional gatherings. Many of us have been lumped into such "kitchen klatch" talk while the male colleagues discuss professional matters in another room.

Young single faculty women are in the anomalous positions of defying (unconsciously) male colleagues and at the same time increasing the uncertainty of their own situations. A talented, unmarried faculty woman might severely discomfort her average male colleague by assuming an instrumental rather than an emotional-expressive role in a situation. (Naturally, the

emotional-expressive one is culturally acceptable for a woman.) Such an "average man" thinks and operates in sharp, familiar boundaries, such as those of the marital/non-marital status. To defy these boundaries is to force him to scrabble for convenient categories in which to place the woman. Lacking the usual female formulations, he finds ready tags that undermine her true complexity.

There is certainly some truth to the idea that women are given greater freedom to fail. Discrimination against a woman can be a justifiable alibi particularly when femininity with its most obvious characteristics—seen as an achievement in men's terms—becomes the excuse for meager achievement in a professional capacity. This is true of highly visible women, on Notre Dame's campus. The woman is praised, even gilded, with her "womanly" academic role of responsive concern for students. In contrast, the "manly" business of responding to the structure of discipline, is an abstract and conceptual business that does not belong to her. In such a dynamic, the real discrimination—where it does exist—goes unnoticed as the academic woman forges onward toward her designated "female" role of accomplishment. In this process, of course, she bypasses the male cognitive accomplishment of public, scholarly work leading to rank and tenure. Instead, *she accepts the male-defined limitation of self with all of its risks of personal distortion.*

CERTAINLY a great deal of tenacity and resourcefulness is needed to grasp and deal with this built-in threat to a woman's serious professional career. Such underminings occur on an everyday level. Countless small postures of chivalry and respect for woman's "intuitive wisdom" can be recognized for their good if unenlightened intent. But such postures become more frustrating to women who perceive their operation in a larger framework that ignores the real respect due to a woman's thinking, creating and acting on the same terms as men.

There is an analogy between the woman's historical place in Academe and more recent statistics and description of woman's status. Irony undercuts both. It must be remembered that for two centuries until Oberlin College opened its doors in 1837, women were not allowed on the sacrosanct campus. By the second half of the nineteenth century, after war and economic depressions had taken toll of the male enrollment, women were admitted to colleges. But their admission was more from economic necessity than from any lofty ideological commitment. Yet, it was during these same years, when women were sources of tuition, that great educators such as Maria Sanford and Ellen Swallow Richards flourished. Although these women came to think of themselves as innovators, as cynosures of academic life, they embodied in their lives the same pattern of internal ambivalence that plague academic women today. One recalls Ellen Swallow Richards, the first woman professor at M.I.T. who surrounded herself with pins, needles and ointments, flaunting her feminine "Privilege" of mending suspenders for profs and ministering unto them. Today's university structure may be influenced by far-reaching psychological dis-

8. Bernard, p.44.

the university must become aware of its women

positions of still another major development of women in Academe. During the home economics movement of the early 1900's women become great improvisational leaders and heads of home economics departments at land-grant colleges. At the same time they exercised this leadership, they still provided the service-oriented function of bringing science to the dinner table. And they did this in the face of loftier social reform being carried on by the aristocratic women's colleges.

In many ways one could continue underscoring the fact that women are under-represented on the faculty in number, rank and distribution. One could continue offering patterns of discriminatory treatment that reinforce ambivalences in women. It seems more important, though, to suggest some kind of immediate adjustment in the status of women, particularly to provide those often discussed "role models" for men as well as for women students. Perhaps the force of one recommendation made by the Advisory Committee on Coeducation should be taken to heart:

"In all fairness these undergraduates should see close at hand many women functioning in positions and utilizing competencies to which they legitimately may aspire. More, for the sake of Notre Dame men as well, the University should provide an educational experience which allows them to appreciate and benefit from the talents of women competent in academic fields and administrative skills. In short . . . the committee recommends that Notre Dame significantly increase the number of qualified women on the faculty and include them in all administrative ranks."⁹

Certain undesirable effects would seem to follow any failure to review this pattern of underutilization of faculty women. First of all, such a systematic display of unequal rewards would surely affect the women themselves, causing them to withdraw from or be disillusioned with genuine professional commitment. Faced with statistics, an atmosphere of unwelcome discrimination greets women. As they appear, academic positions for women are not attractive and the motivational interest of young women in academic careers might be called into question in face of the status of women at Notre Dame. It would seem in Notre Dame's best interest in this much lauded and publicized "Year of the Woman" NOT to be indifferent to the situation of her women faculty, her small core of dedicated people. With goodwill and in the spirit of benefiting the entire University community, I would like to offer some suggestions pertaining to the status of faculty and professional women at Notre Dame. I think it is time we put pious statements of equality aside and asked what equality really is. I doubt that it is a matter of simply applying the same rules in

every situation. Perhaps equality comes by recognizing that rules themselves may favor one group over another. This is the lesson we learned in giving standardized IQ tests that took no account of "cultural bias":

"Although they met the standard of abstract equality, they failed to meet the comparably important one of actual equality. So it is with many of the policies in the university, which apply to men."¹⁰

With the recent appointment of a woman as assistant provost and with the formation of AAUP's Committee W and a Women's Caucus, there is certainly no scarcity of women consultants who are familiar with recent legislation and university research data on the status of women. Many of these women have worked closely with national equity organizations and are familiar with existing affirmative action programs. Such consultants could act as a fact-finding committee in the following suggested actions.

THE status of women in the University can be improved by formulation of an affirmative action plan that concerns the STATUS OF WOMEN at Notre Dame, with a public commitment to dates, percentages and numbers. It is ironic that this time, with knowledge of rank, number and distribution of women faculty, our Provost has spoken solely of "recruitment of colleagues from ethnic minorities" and of the "special need for Holy Cross religious" in his sermon at Mass, Sept. 10, 1972. The Equal Employment Opportunity Policy (January 1, 1970) and its further clarifications seem to be directed almost solely to the ethnic minorities. The policy's concern seems to be exclusively with tested positions, On the Job Training commitments, work sponsors or "one to one" programs geared specifically to new ethnic minorities. In the words of Ruth Bleier of the University of Wisconsin:

"I think we have all seen too many official pronouncements and pious statements from our administrations and government concerning equality of opportunity to be deceived by a strategy calculated to ensure the APPEARANCE without the FACT of change."¹¹

Furthermore, there seems to be a great number of faculty women, myself among them, who were not aware of the HEW investigation in 1970. Interviews of women were held, we have been assured, but I know of no public notice given to the circumstances of this investigation or to its specific findings. I do know,

9. *Notre Dame Report* No. 18, May 31, 1972.

10. Graham, p. 1287.

11. Ruth Bleier, "Wisconsin Experience" (CCT CE NCTE)

however, of a great many concerned faculty women who were *NOT* interviewed at the time.¹³

The status of women in the University can also be improved by the formation of a Grievance Committee instead of the existing complaint procedure involving two individuals designated as EEOC officers. This committee could be composed of concerned women in proportion to their representation on the faculty, not excluding those part-time, lower ranking positions. Also, since the appointed annual review committee (composed of two EEOC officers, the Director of Personnel the Dean of a College and Director of an Institute) excludes women, representation could be included here as well.¹²

IN the University's Affirmative Action Program, under "Controls, Reviews and Progress," Section C-8 states:

"The University will continue to seek out and implement as part of its affirmative action program activities either on a trial or continuing basis which will assure equal treatment and opportunities for all persons and which will help the economically and socially disadvantaged."

It is in the best interest of the University that it recognize, for the first time with acute awareness that women are present on campus. Bearing in mind the above statement for equal employment opportunity, it would seem advisable for the University to review all departments, institutes, centers and programs for inequities and patterns of discrimination. The University might focus particularly on hiring, salaries, promotion and tenure, job classifications and benefits. A study of female representation on various committees might be undertaken. Another irony of recent days—partly because it follows so closely the suggestions of the Coed Report of last spring—has been the appointment of a Committee on Priorities with the notable absence of a women member.

Other areas that might receive particular attention in this university-wide review made in conjunction with representative women of the University are:

1. An extended study could be made of the criterion of availability of qualified women: a percentage of women faculty could be compared with the percentage of women granted PhD's nationally, and also compared with a percentage of

12. It might be noted here that the Chicago Civil Rights Director was the only person assigned by HEW to all campuses in a nine state area when an investigation of University of Wisconsin took place. U of Wisc. found it helpful to the over-taxed HEW investigator to have women submit descriptions of discriminatory treatment thereby directing the investigator to the previously unnoticed vulnerable areas of the University.

13. The Wisconsin Report (cf. Bleier) points up the inaccessibility of the existing appeal procedure:

"We think it is probably generally true that nowhere do there exist adequate procedures for women with grievances, especially if they involve sex discrimination, since at every level of appeal the woman, whether faculty, civil service, or student, must confront a power structure which is all-male."

woman PhD's from selected universities representative of the University hiring pool.¹³

This would be an adequate check for discrimination. To my knowledge, no effort has been made to determine the sex ratio of PhD's from various departments graduated in the past 5-10 years at Notre Dame. Nor has such a ratio been compiled of current graduate students. This figure would be one of the best prescribed guidelines for testing the effectiveness of an affirmative action plan for the hiring of women. Also, if the percentage of female graduate students exceeds the female faculty, it would seem likely that departments make more effort to train than hire women.

2. A thorough examination of the existing (questionable) nepotism policy could be undertaken. Such an examination might entail a look into the existing rationale for the current policy, a familiarity with AAUP suggested guidelines that urge discontinuing discrimination against husband and wife in the same department, and a sense of recent pertinent legislation.¹⁴

3. An examination of the use of the status "part-time" or "half-time" might be undertaken. Perhaps some point-system could be devised whereby partial credit toward tenure could be received for each year of teaching.■

14. In 1969-70 there was a ruling against Arizona Board of Regents for their unconstitutional anti-nepotism law that made marriage, in effect, a civil disability.



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An Interview with Norman Mailer (in one act)

or

Interview as Fiction; Fiction as Interview

or

Why Are We in the Morris Inn?

Cast: Michael Lonier, Norman Mailer, Daniel O'Donnell, Patrick Roach, Joseph Runde, and John Wenke. **Cameos:** A. T. Darin and Suzanne, the girl in purple.

Setting: *The Morris Inn.* More particularly, the bar of the Morris Inn.

October 3, 1972.

11 p.m.

The bar of the Morris Inn.

The room was nearly empty when we got there. Five of those little round tables were pushed together in the back corner. Mailer and Ann Therese were already seated with their backs to the walls and their drinks in front of them. Just as we sat down, a European-looking waiter came to take our order. A. T.'s interview was nearly over. Mailer concluded with her by saying, "Basically Woman's Lib is a bullshit movement."

It was our turn. We had our drinks and got out our notebooks. Mailer had refused to submit to a tape recorder saying that he never used one. He maintained that although the dialogue was perfectly recorded, the taping spoils the mood.

The next day's beard was starting to show on his jowls. His hair was a tangle of gray curls, and his eyes

showed the tiredness of a man who had just poured out his soul. He sipped a Beefeater's Gin and tonic.

"How seriously do you take the devil?"

"Very seriously! (Pause.) It makes sense. You have to explain it some way. (He spoke staccato. Street-fight, pug-faced talk.) Evil forces. You can't explain evil in terms of disparate phenomena. You have to look at it as a coherent force which we embody as the Devil."

"The way you're talking it sounds like you're a Puritan."

"No, No. The Puritans were different. They had a sense of what they were up against. I don't know what it is. They had their evil conceptualized. I'm descended more from Kierkegaard's *Either/Or*."

"How seriously do you take God then?"

"You can't talk about it. It's essentially comic to even speak of it."

Right about here the note-taking stopped. We were more interested in enjoying the company of Norman Mailer than writing his story. The

drinks were dwindling as the topic moved from the apocalyptic to the literary.

Mailer said that he never could finish *V.*, and he didn't see much in Don Barthelme.

"How about Brautigan?"

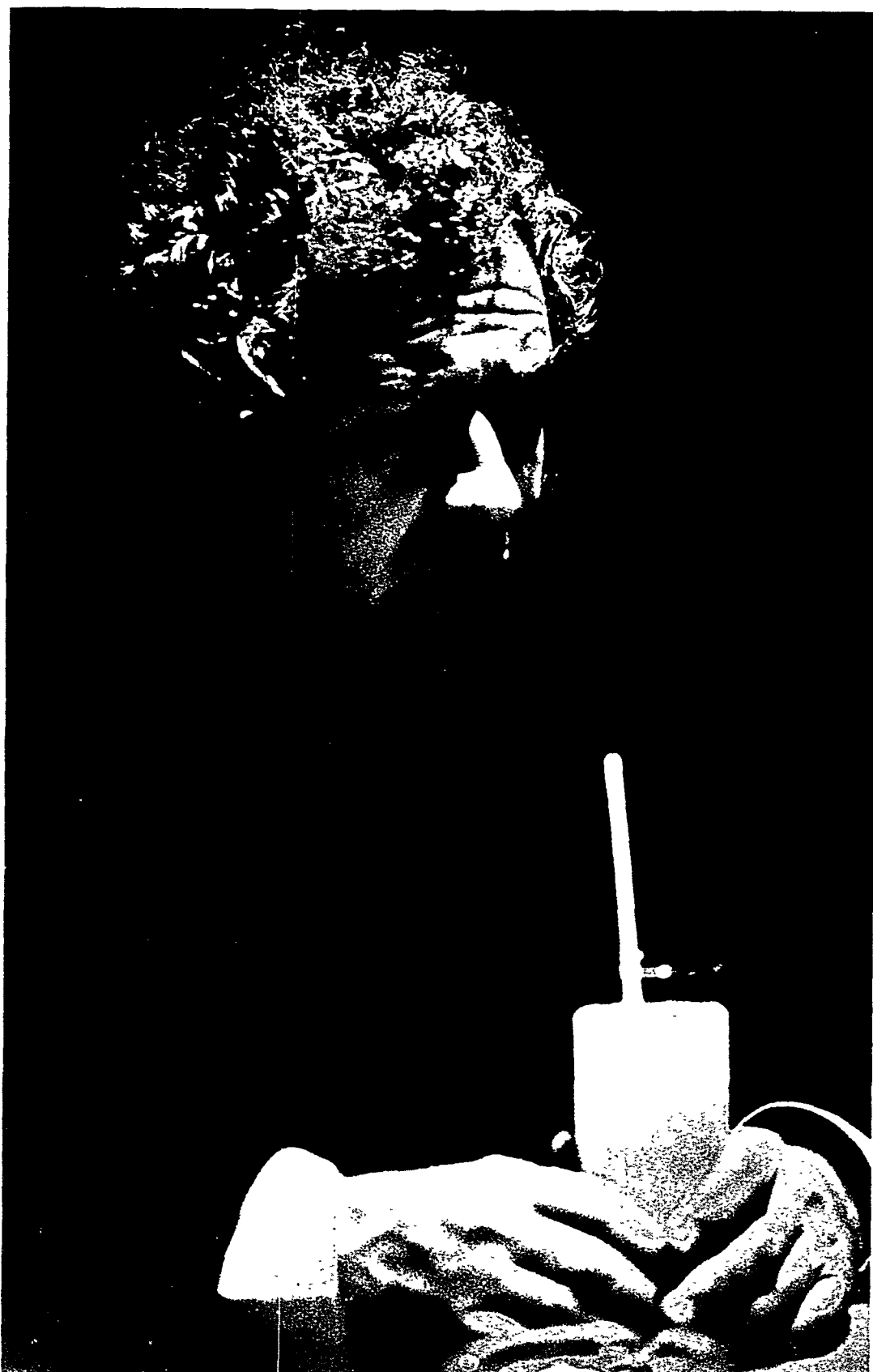
"I haven't read much, but what I have I've liked."

"In *Of a Fire on the Moon*, you talk about Ernest Hemingway as the last great Romantic. Then you speak of yourself as, perhaps, his heir."

"I don't much like to talk about Hemingway. He was braver than I am. It got bad towards the end of his life. I always envisioned him as a kind of giant standing above everybody with everything just pouring out of his wounds."

(We finished our drinks over that one.)

Mailer cleared his throat and said, "But, I can tell you a story about his son, Greg. Greg Hemingway was up in Provincetown for a day of fishing one summer and caught an 850-lb. tuna. He fought him all afternoon. I remember Greg was eating dinner and he was so tired that he couldn't even lift his fork



to his mouth. He was in town for *one day* and he caught the *best fish* of the season. *Hemingway's son!* I could just hear Papa saying, 'You bastard, Mailer. You may be tough, but even up here I'm tougher.' " (That called for another drink.) Mailer grinned, "How about another round? I'm buying."

Someone motioned the waiter over, and we ordered. Mailer held up his glass and asked, "Can you do something about this drink?" He ordered another Beefeater's Gin and tonic, "Make it a little stronger. You can fix it up on the bill then, can't you?" The European-looking waiter nodded and smiled. Mailer smiled back.

"What do you think youth can do now?"

"Study! Sharpen your ax! Youth expended its potential in the sixties by accelerating too fast on drugs and stuff. They tried to accelerate their consciousness and there are only a very few times when you can do that. When history is accelerating, or when there is absolutely nothing else to do. The sixties were neither."

(The next round of drinks arrived. There was a pause to imbibe.)

"Who do you read?"



"A lot of people. But I can't read a good writer when I'm writing. I come too much under his influence and my style gets to be too much of him and not really me."

(Suzanne, a young woman traveling with Mailer, came into the bar and sat at a nearby table. She was wearing a purple outfit and made us all wish to be writers.)

"Who do you read when you're writing?"

"The newspapers."

(We took another long drink.)

*Midnight. It is October 4, 1972.
The bar of the Morris Inn.*

The room was empty except for our group when someone came to tell Mailer he was due at a party. As the group got up to leave, Mailer turned to Photographer and asked, "Can you give me one word for 'phenomenology?' I've been writing this existential stuff for years and I still don't know what it means."

—joe runde,
dan o'donnell,
and jack wenke

Who's Afraid of Norman T. Kingsley?

Reviewing Norman Mailer's *Maidstone* is no way to launch a career as a movie critic. The usual dissection and burial process that a film in review normally undergoes would somehow be insufficient. The complexity of *Maidstone* results, both from its experimental nature and because it is, at the same time, a very bad and an extremely good movie.

The film is a series of cinematic, imagistic vignettes which revolve around a loosely constructed story-line. "In the same league as Fellini," Norman T. (Mailer) Kingsley is a movie-maker who, along with mysteriously running for president, also happens to be casting a movie. Kingsley is surrounded by a group of associates called "The Cashbox." They are described at one point as "a strange lot for a man who may or may not be running for president." Another organization is constantly pitted against "The Cashbox."

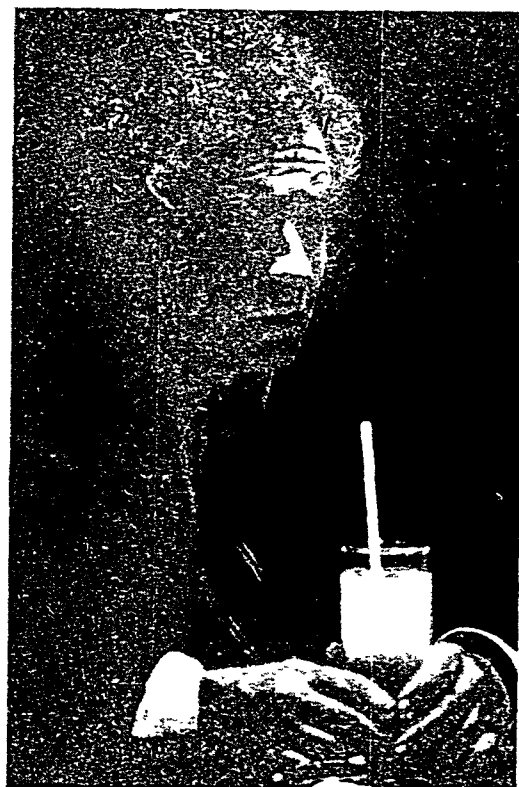
They are known as PAX,C (Prevention Assassination Experimental Control). PAX,C is investigating Kingsley with designs on him which include assassination. In a sequence entitled "A Meeting of High Officials," Kingsley is described by a member of PAX,C as "indigent, original and a bit bizarre."

Indeed, the collage of rapidly changing scenes that attend the plot are fragmented and quite "bizarre." The scenes range from efforts at communication that are characterized by incomprehensible grunting with a background of bleachy, dissonant music to the burning of money at the "Grand Assassination Ball" to numerous instances of "sexploitation."

Although many of the images are not without tremendous effect, it is evident that Mailer is making a movie about Mailer. This blurs the focus of many of the images, especially those of a sexual nature.

Given the Mailer persona, the viewer has a tendency to respond to Norman rather than to the effect which the scene itself projects. Also, because of the highly improvisational nature of the film, the action at times becomes incoherent and lacks any apparent unity or direction.

It is not until one encounters "A Course in Orientation" that the movie as a whole begins to achieve intelligibility and become especially powerful. By this time, the movie that Kingsley has been making is completed and Mailer is addressing the cast. According to Norman, what has transpired is that they have embarked on a "military operation." The movie is an effective attack on the nature of reality. *Maidstone* explores the possibility of obtaining many different realities in a single instant. The attempt is to create moments where an entire field of emotional responses are unfolded without restricting the experience of



the viewer to a defined enclosure. The many imagistic vignettes present numerous realities and many perspectives at a given moment. The manner in which these instants are perceived vary so that one individual's conception of reality may completely contradict another's interpretation of the same reality. In essence, Mailer says that to get the maximum out of an artistic endeavor, one must not exhaust or try to limit the experience. A full reality is therefore unknowable.

The next scene illustrates the blurred coalescence of the real and illusory. Rip Torn, Kingsley's "brother," attacks Mailer with a hammer. The

fight transpires in front of Mailer's children. Mailer is bleeding and the children are crying. It seems highly suspect that a man would subject his small children to the sight of their father being attacked with a hammer for the sake of art. Rip Torn shouts that the movie doesn't make sense without this. Mailer violently replies, "Not in front of my kids!" What Mailer has achieved, whether he intended to or not, is to force the viewer into confronting the disparity between illusion and reality. Was the fight a sham or was the attack real? Because of the viewer's awareness of the spontaneity of much of the movie

and the probable filming of almost everything during the days of shooting, credence is lent to the latter alternative. However, one cannot be completely sure.

As I previously mentioned, the movie is both bad and good. While it tends at times to be rather esoteric, it nonetheless, is also very powerful when considered in the context of the final few scenes. With all of its flaws, *Maidstone* is worth seeing and, I believe, should actually be seen twice.

An appropriate conclusion to the review has been unwittingly supplied by Mr. Mailer himself. During the question and answer session in Flanner Pit after his lecture, someone asked him about his movies. He said: "I made three movies. I tapped out. I might just as well as bought a yacht and sunk it."

"Mr. Mailer," someone said, "Would you pay a dollar to see *Maidstone*?"

"I'd pay fifty dollars to see it, but I'm the only one in America who would."

—jack wenke

Mood Flicks

I

There seems to have arisen a need in the serious film viewing public to elevate the cinema to a "respectable" art form—one that is capable of "holding its own" in a discussion of arts, such as literature or painting. Unfortunately, in the course of this effort, certain very basic properties of the cinema have been lost, or at least forgotten.

The attempt to justify the film as a valid means of expression has come down too often to the viewing of certain films as (in the words of critic Robin Wood) "bald intellectual postulates." Hence, what is often considered "valid" as far as the cinema-as-art goes, is the filmmaker's ability to deal with ideas, his ability to express himself intellectually. This type of justification tends to point the cinema up as a bastard art, specifically, one which borrows its integrity from literature. The cinema, however, is not a literary medium; it is a visual one. The true "respectability" of the cinema as art comes not from its kinship or semblance with properties of other accepted art forms, but from its integrity as an individual, autonomous means of expression. Rather than idea, the fundamental property of the film is the juxtaposition of image against image.

This is not to say that the properties of intellectualism cannot be present in good film, it is simply to say that it is not intellectualism that justifies the film's existence as an artistic work. Ingmar Bergman, for example, is intensely intellectual, yet he is also a very great filmmaker. He is capable of using the materials

and techniques of his medium masterfully to fulfill his creative genius. Alfred Hitchcock, on the other hand, is less intellectual in his film making than Bergman; yet he is by no means a lesser filmmaker. On the contrary, Hitchcock is most often considered among the greatest filmmakers in the history of the art. His creative genius merely moves in a different line than does Bergman's.

II

It is ultimately the fact that certain individual filmmakers have the ability to bring to each of their films a unique and distinctive creative genius that gives evidence to a great depth in a view of the cinema as an art form. For in studying an art, one must study its artists.

Filmmaker and critic Alexandre Astruc wrote in an essay entitled "The Birth Of a New Avant-Garde: La Caméra Stylo":

The cinema is quite simply becoming a means of expression, something that all other arts have been before it . . . it is becoming, little by little, a language. A language; that is to say, a form in which and through which an artist can express his thought. . . .

. . . this implies, naturally, that the screenwriter make his own films. Better still, that there no longer be such things as screenwriters, for in this cinema the distinction between author and director no longer makes any sense. Film direction is no longer a way of illustrating or presenting a scene, but really a way of writing it. . . .

The ideas of Astruc proved to be fundamental in the origin of the concept of *auteurism* in the cinema.

The *auteur* theory holds that it is possible for one man to maintain control over the very complex process of film production, instilling in each film credited to his direction his own artistic personality. Hence, each film by the same *auteur*, regardless of its subject matter and characters, will emanate most of the same properties of style and temperament. The *auteur* instills in his characters time and again the same attitudes, and passes similar moral judgments according to the situations at hand.

Yet this does not mean the work of an *auteur* cannot shift and develop, for the artistic personality of the filmmaker himself may undergo changes. In keeping with the theory, this shifting personality will appear in the artist's body of work. Serious studies of several of the greatest *auteurs* (John Ford, for example) have revealed a steady, consistent, and logical development of attitudes and styles.

A great deal of counter-criticism has arisen against the *auteur* theory, the primary argument of which is the fact that the theory tends to ignore certain directors who have proven themselves time and again to be very competent filmmakers, yet who have failed to develop any strong and personal line in their films. Film theoretician André Bazin wrote in his famous essay "La Politique des Auteurs":

To benefit from the *politique des auteurs* one first has to be worthy of it, and as it happens, this school of criticism claims to distinguish between the *auteurs* and directors, even talented ones So this conception of the author is not compatible with the author/subject distinction, because it is of greater importance to find out if a director is worthy of entering the select group *auteurs* than it is to judge how well he used his material.

Yet these arguments do not nullify the positive side of the theory—that is, that there do exist in the world of the cinema those men who have been capable of consistently over-

coming the concept that film must be a collective art, and who have, with equal consistency, instilled their own distinctive personalities into each successive film.

III

Possibly the most basic difference in the study of film as an art form as opposed to the study of the various other arts is the fact that the cinema is still a "young" art. Its origins are still so clearly in view that it becomes at times absurd to speak of the "old" films and the "new." Very often statements are made concerning ways in which the cinema is breaking its own conventions when, in reality, cinematic convention has had very little chance to become firmly established. A proper perspective may be gained by considering the fact that several of those men who actually invented the "art" of the cinema are still alive today, some of them still making films. The cinema has not had a chance to lose touch with itself, so to speak. It remains in immediate contact with its origins. Its techniques have not yet had the chance to become antiquated.

Thus far, the cinema has been establishing a unique and distinctive vocabulary. Certainly those elements of the vocabulary established by D. W. Griffith remain as valid as any. There is no reason, for example, that techniques such as the iris or various types of "masking" cannot be made to work effectively when used intelligently in the hands of a competent contemporary filmmaker. This is proven time and again in the modern cinema. At times the filmmaker is consciously aware of it, at other times it is simply a result of a system which has developed certain commonly adopted standards.

Finally, it should be noted that, due to the youth of the art, it becomes very possible, and sometimes necessary, to view the cinema as an ever-increasing body. Each film made has some bearing on the development of that body, some films having much greater bearing than others. This is, of course, the case with any established art. The major difference in a contemporary view of the cinema is that the foundation of the art is at all times in direct view of the so-called "avant-garde."

The films of this year's Cinema '73 festival have been chosen with the ideas professed in the preceding essay in mind. The following is a listing of the festival events:

October 22-26 Five Silent Classics

- 22-The Gold Rush
- 23-Orphans of the Storm
- 24-Ten Days That Shook the World
- 25-Sunrise
- 26-The Passion of Joan of Arc
- November 12-13 (Renoir)
- Rules of the Game
- November 14-15 (Hitchcock)
- Shadow of a Doubt
- December 2-3 (Mizoguchi)
- Ugetsu
- December 9-10 (Truffaut)
- The Wild Child
- January 20-21 (Hawks)
- To Have and Have Not
- January 27-28 (Ford)
- The Searchers

February 10-11 (Olmi)

- The Sound of Trumpets
- February 18-22 Five Films by Orson Welles
- 18-Citizen Kane
- 19-The Magnificent Ambersons
- 20-Lady from Shanghai
- 21-Macbeth
- 22-A Touch of Evil
- March 3-4 (Peckinpah)
- Ride the High Country
- March 24-25 (Donen/Kelly)
- Singin' in the Rain
- April 8-12 (Truffaut)
- 8-Stolen Kisses (Malle)
- 9-Zazie Dans le Metro
- Five Contemporary (Chabrol)
- 10-La Femme Infidele
- French Classics (Demy)
- 11-The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (Godard)
- 12-Breathless
- April 28-29 (deSica)
- The Bicycle Thief

—christopher ceraso

-and Other Muses

Marcel Marceau highlights the Cultural Arts Commission's Dance and Drama Series this fall. Also on this season's bill are the National Players, Second City Players, Saeko Ichinohe and an unannounced attraction.

Aristophanes's "The Birds" will be presented on October 17 by the National Players. This Walter Kerr adaptation based on an "acting version" by Mr. Kerr, entails an altered form of the original to accommodate modern audiences. Obscure passages have been cut away and other ideas have been extended. The National Players view these changes as elaborations which have a strong foundation in the original. The National Players have established themselves as one of the nation's leading repertory companies turning out such acting personalities as John Voight, Alan Schneider and Robert Moore.

November 4 will see the arrival of the Second City from Chicago. This company, famous for improvisational humor and such illustrious "graduates" as Mike Nichols, Elaine May

and Alan Arkin, will be showing "The Best of Second City" which includes skits from "No, No, Wilmette," "The 43rd Parallel," and "Promises, Promises."

Marcel Marceau, said by many to be the world's greatest mime, will present the "language of the heart" on February 16. Marceau has been responsible in large part for the rebirth of the art of pantomime in the last twenty-five years. The art of mime, according to Marceau, "shuns the deceitful words that raise barriers against comprehension between men."

The Japanese ballet company of Saeko Ichinohe appears on February 27 on its first United States tour. Drawing on Japanese tradition for her inspiration, Saeko Ichinohe has incorporated her experiences to create something totally original.

The final event on the calendar will be announced at a later date.

Advance season passes are available at the price of \$7. These passes entitle the holder to admission to all five events.

—roche schulfer

"I consumed *The Exorcist* as if it were a bottomless bag of popcorn. It's a page turner *par excellence*." *Life Magazine*

If one should beware of best sellers, the popular taste being what it is, then one should be doubly cautious concerning reviews in *Life Magazine*. The reviewer's metaphor does not seem apt. It conjures up in my mind an image of a ten-year-old with sticky fingers plunging his hand again and again into a bag of popcorn trying vainly to appease his ravenous appetite. I would doubt that such a ten-year-old would reflect on his actions. If he did think about it, he would probably stop eating since his actions are only going to lead to a stomach-ache. William Blattey's, *The Exorcist* seems, without a doubt, to have delighted the *Life* reviewer, but I must question if he really understood the book. Yet, in a sense, he is correct. The book is a novel of suspense dealing with a theological subject matter. The core issue is whether or not Regan, a little girl, is possessed by the devil. The novel is structured in such a way that the reader is not certain until almost the climax itself. This, in itself, accounts for much of the popularity of the work. The occult, as *Rosemary's Baby* ably demonstrated, sells. As the plot of the novel unfolds, the reader is treated to an almost endless display of obscenities, abominations and profanations. Perhaps the high point is reached when little Regan, "Rags," masturbates with a crucifix in front of her mother, delighting in the willful destruction of her delicate/tender hymen. Is "Rags" suffering from an extreme type of psychic disorder, or is she possessed by a devil? Her mother, Chris MacNeil, is an actress. To say the least, her own mental balance deteriorates throughout the novel; in any case, she remains a minor character.

The other major figure, besides "Rags" and the Devil, is Demian Karras, S.J. As a child, he was what we now call disadvantaged; he grew to maturity in a slum in New York City. His mother often had to beg to support both of them. Now, Kar-

ras feels guilt both for leaving his mother and living what could be termed the soft life of Jesuit "poverty." He left the slum for the novitiate and to study psychiatry at Harvard, while his mother survived from one endless day to the next, month after month, year after year. Karras is also a man of little faith; he is overwhelmed by the ugliness of the world. He can no longer celebrate creation; he can no longer rejoice in Genesis. To him, the world seems God-less (good-less). Standing on the Key Bridge next to the Georgetown campus, Demian does not see the fingers of sunset gently playing with the Potomac; he sees only the nauseous air and water pollution. Demian, like many contemporary priests, is in the process of losing his faith. It is this man, frail Demian, who confronts the devil.

The major issue of the novel which the *Life* reviewer fails to emphasize, probably due to a stomach-ache, is the problem of evil. What is the stance of the virtuous—manly—man in the face of evil? Karras, both a modern man and a priest, seems to react like many of us. He attempts to tightly define the problem so that he can apply the appropriate technique. Like many of us, he tends to seek a this-worldly salvation in terms of method/technique. If Karras can only define the particular disorder, then he can begin to solve the problem. The Harvard-trained psychiatrist tries and fails. Ironically, the realization slowly comes that he is dealing with the devil incarnate in the tortured, mangled body of "Rags." His scientific training, for all its claims, somehow fails. Karras, the Jesuit, the man who can only see the God-lessness of the world now confronts the principle of absolute evil, the total lack of good. An older Jesuit, with Karras assisting, begins an exorcism. (Anyone who has studied with Jesuits knows that it is an uneven match.)

The climax is quickly reached. "Rags's" health deteriorates dramatically; she is close to death. The devil takes delight in the approach of doom to the "little piglet." The devil is not a benign parasite. The Jesuits pray; they literally struggle for "Rags's" life and soul. They pray as the devil vomits on them and hurls

a minor order

thundering obscenities. Merrin, the older Jesuit, suffering from a heart condition, dies. Karras is finally moved. He challenges the devil to "take on someone his own size." Karras and the devil both go through a window. The man of little faith lies dying on the ground but with a look of joy in his eyes—a look which had been absent for many years.

For a generation which has been scarred by Vietnam and is accustomed to the peculiarities of double think, the novel should be relevant. What should a man do in the face of evil, manifest Godlessness? What is the condition of the man who can only recognize creation as a mammoth stench? Perhaps, as Blatty suggests, the problem revolves around the fact that there are no longer any real men to confront evil, to take it on. Modern man being small—souled and spirited, essentially a lover of self does not have or even understand the God-like love that is necessary for such a redemptive act. All of us who can only discuss friendship and love in terms of utility reveal just this about ourselves. Technological man literally seems too small for the task. Technique ultimately fails. What is called for is a man who can wrestle with evil, take it on and perform a Christ-like redemptive act—a man, such as Merrin is or Karras becomes, who can fill the void of evil with an overabundance of love. It is only in such acts that one can discover or perhaps rediscover the joy of creation, the good that is with us of Genesis. Ironically, such an act might be the ultimate celebration of life. From the perspective of technological man, such acts are foolish; technique will ultimately save us. But it has long been known that to be a Christian is in some way to be a fool.

In a way, the *Life* reviewer was correct. The novel is one of suspense. But it is also much more than this. This review only hints at the complexity of the novel. For example, Merrin is The Exorcist and the person who teaches Karras to love again. He is a pivotal character. The *Exorcist*, unlike many theology classes, raises serious theological problems in a way that should be very real for all of us. It is a book that Dan Berrigan, S.J., would probably enjoy.

—mike melody

Creditable Plantagenet

A splendid performance by Susan Sendelbach as Elinore of Aquitaine highlighted the ND/SMC Theatre production of James Goldman's *The Lion in Winter*, directed by Charles Ballinger. In spite of occasional comic overkill by many of the actors, the Goldman script carried the performance extremely well.

Miss Sendelbach played Elinore, the wife of King Henry II of England, who was played by Mark Swiney. The role of Elinore demands a synthesis of biting wit, warmth, deceit, and sincerity and Sendelbach combines them all masterfully. Elinore and Henry are constantly battling to get their particular "favorite son" named as Henry's successor. Elinore wants to see the oldest son, Richard Lionheart, on the throne but Henry wants his youngest son, John, to be king. The middle son, Geoffrey, is never considered a viable candidate but he is in on all the plotting nonetheless.

Mark Swiney's portrayal of King Henry is quite well done. There are times, however, when he overplays the comedy in his role and tends to delete from the credibility of the character. By trying too hard to be funny, he loses the potentially tragic dimensions in the comedy, tends toward slapstick, misses good lines, and is simply not funny. Henry also needs to be a very convincing liar and sometimes Swiney bungles this facet of the role. His bad moments, however, are few and very far between. There are many moments, in fact, when Swiney's sensitivity to the role is incomparable.

Susan Maher is Alais, Henry's young mistress and sister of King Philip of France. Miss Maher, throughout the play, lacks the tenderness, emotion, and youth of Alais and comes across as a crusty, cold, second-effort Elinore.

Cliff Fетters gives a tremendously funny portrayal of John, the youngest son. He plays the comedy in his role fully but without becoming slapstick.

The two other sons are played by Al Fierro and Mark Genero. Fierro plays Richard, often to excess. Genero handles the very difficult role of Geoffrey unusually well, and only once or twice leans toward an overdone, bug-eyed comedy. King Philip is well played by Christopher Ceraso.

Richard Bergman's set was, as usual, extremely well done, simple but striking. Christopher Egan was highly creative with the lights, and the costumes by Faith Adams were excellent as well.

The combination of script and an artful performance by the ND-SMC Players make this production of *The Lion in Winter* a tremendously funny and tremendously moving play.

—james a. gresser

the crooked rook

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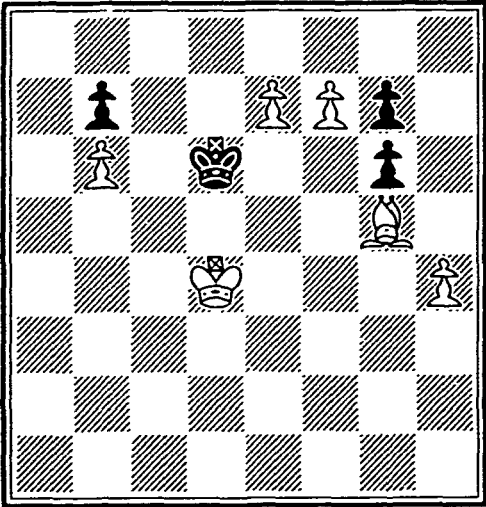
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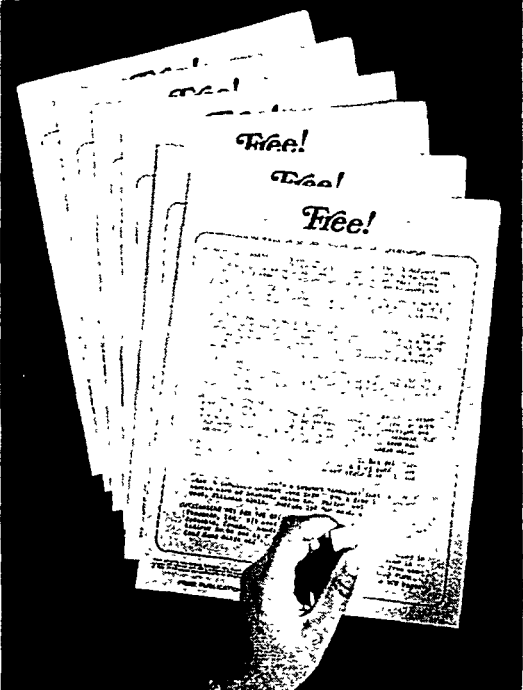
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coming distractions

FILMS

Two new hangings are scheduled to appear in the **Museum Without Walls** on October 16. "The Cubist Epoch" and "Germany-Dada" will be shown in the Engineering Auditorium at 8 and 10 p.m. Admission is \$1.50.

Genesis V will be "Stampeding across the screen" with new short films. This is on October 20-21 in the Engineering Auditorium. The price is one dollar.

Cinema '73 will present a series of films entitled "Five Silent Classics" from October 22 through October 26. There will be one film a night shown at the quiet hours of 8 and 10 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium. Patrons free; illiterate rabble, a buck. The films are as follows;

October 22-The Gold Rush

October 23-Orphans of the Storm

October 24-Ten Days that Shook the World

October 25-Sunrise

October 26-The Passion of Joan of Arc

Go back to nature when **Zagran's Zinema West** presents "Splendor in the Grass" on October 20 and 21. The next Zagran spectacular will be an aproPoe series including "The Raven," "The Pit and the Pendulum," and the "Fall of the House of Usher." All Zagran's films are shown in the "America" section of Flanner Hall basement, at 8 and 10 p.m. Admission price is one dollar.

EXHIBITIONS

Six Photographers will show their recent works from now through Nov. 6 in the Architecture Gallery. The photographers include Lida Pet-

runiak, Ron Brander, E. J. Sauter, Faye Serio, Michael Lonier, and Richard Stevens.

LECTURES

Black Studies will present **John O. Killens**, noted author, on October 26 at 8:00 in the Memorial Library Auditorium . . . for free.

"Meatheads and a Way of Life" is a lecture by **Patrick Gallagher** from the Indiana Criminal Justice Agency which is being presented at 7:30 p.m. in Carroll Hall at SMC. Sounds relevant, doesn't it.

SPORTS

Yes, folks, here's the one you've all been waiting for. Goose eggs are happening! There will be a big one against Pittsburgh for the Fighting Irish on the 14 of October, followed by the Missouri game on the 21st. Two big home games. Get one for the Gipper, Fellas! (oh, brother. . .)

SPECIALS

The Birds, Aristophanes's hit of B.C., not Hitchcocks's, will be presented on October 17 in O'Laughlin Auditorium by the National Players.

Don Quixote will stab a few windmills at Washington Hall on October 19, at 8:15 p.m., incarnated by the Little Theater of Sicilian Puppets.

As You Like It will be up for public consumption on October 20, 21, 22 at 8:15 p.m. in the IUSB Auditorium in Northside Hall. A William Shakespeare production.

Two by Two will be presented twice more on Oct. 13 and 14 in

Morris Civic Auditorium at 8:30 p.m.

They've resurrected **Jesus Christ, Superstar** which will appear at the Morris Civic Auditorium on Oct. 25 at 7:00 and 9:30 p.m. Prices range from \$4.50 to \$6.50 for this concert version.

Musically we can hear American Woman as done by the **Guess Who**, as well as all their other solid gold biggies. **White Trash** to boot. The fun starts at 8:30 p.m. and tickets are \$5.50 and \$3.

Henry Mancini is back with his orchestra to entertain the romantic on Oct. 20. Tix are \$6.50, 5.50 and 3.00.

Steve Stills and **Manassas** play to the student body this Oct. 27 for \$5.50 and \$3.00. See what a member of an ex-super group does on his own.

The **Cologne Chamber Orchestra** with Justus Frantz, piano soloist, appears at 8:00 on Oct. 18 at O'Laughlin Auditorium.

Rajko is a Sol Hurok presentation of Hungarian Gypsy singers and dancers in the Morris Civic Auditorium at 8:30 on Oct. 28. Prices are \$6.50, \$6.00, or \$5.00.

The **Grass Roots** and **Sailcat** motorcycle into the Morris Civic Auditorium for two shows on Oct. 15 at 2:30 p.m. and 4:00 p.m. They charge \$4.50 in advance and \$5.50 at the door. Boppish but good.

The **South Bend Symphony Orchestra**, with guest artist Mary Costa, soprano, will present the Vienna Waltzes at 8:00 on Oct. 22.

IUSB Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Michael J. Esselstrom, will be in concert at 8:15 p.m., Oct. 27 and 28 IUSB Auditorium, Northside Hall.

the last word

last word

word

Today I wonder how I ever disparaged South Bend weather. I know that, if I try, I can recall the feet-deep snow and the spring monsoons, but today I was happy to forget all that. Today I discovered I am in love with Autumn in South Bend.

I rose early this morning, Sunday morning, and stepped early into the cold air and the sun. The gusting wind awakened me quickly, and for the first time in weeks I felt the warm, vital pulsing of my blood signal the resurrection of a life deadened by papers, tests and "catch-up" reading.

There are two places I have found to go, to be alone with the autumn. As you walk the road toward St. Mary's, nearing Holy Cross Hall, a small white building emerges from the trees on your left. This is the St. Mary's Clubhouse. A path past the west wall of the clubhouse leads to the trees topping the bank of the St. Joe River. The bank is precipitous and the dirt is loose; I like to think it challenging, intriguing—a little dangerous. To walk on the hill you must turn your feet sideways, outward—herring-bone style—and grip the loose clods with your arches. And you must always have a tree trunk or branch nearby to support you in case the loose dirt gives way beneath your invading weight.

At this time of the year, the bank is covered with bright leaves, a "leafmeal" several inches deep. And the leaves are always wet. If, sometimes, I don't feel like going all the way to the water, I will lie back in them, feeling their wetness, with my feet propped on a tree-trunk in front of me.

If the autumn nights are not too cold, a short walk around the lake will bring me to a second rendezvous spot. A gentle and grassy hill slopes down to the path in front of Moreau Seminary, and through a gap in the trees you can see the lights from the Dome and the main quad, playing on the wind-tossed waters.

I can remember one night, an October night two years ago, lying there, the wetness of the grass seeping through my jacket. I simply lay, for a long while, and gazed at the clear, black Indiana sky which amazes me every year, brilliant stars piercing through with mesmerizing clarity. As I gazed, I heard the whispers of a young man and girl coming down the path hand in hand. Suddenly, as they approached a point ten or so feet from where I was prostrate, they stopped. Then . . . even more hushed whispers as they tried to determine whether this body was alive, or dead. Finally, summoning their courage and raising their voices for support, they paced quickly past. And I continued my stargazing beneath the Indiana sky.

Once, not long ago, Joseph Duffy observed that "our spirits soar with the weather." It is true that South Bend winters are brutal, and that the week-long marathons of clouds and spring rains are depressing. But the real tragedy is that we, students, are so busy studying, watching football games, and complaining about the lousy weather, that we often are blind to the beautiful autumn days: brisk breezes and cloudless skies, trees exploding in brilliant reds and yellows.

Today I discovered I am in love with Autumn in South Bend. I think I will spend some time with her this week.

—greg stidham

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