



## Justice

Tenure, page 6  
The Draft, page 4  
Sexism, page 10

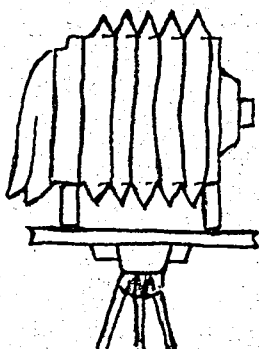
# The 1980 Sophomore Literary Festival

March 9	John Barth.....	Library Auditorium, 8:00 PM
March 10	John Auerbach.....	Library Auditorium, 4:00 PM
March 10	David Hare.....	Washington Hall, 8:00 PM
March 11	Jayne Anne Phillips.....	Library Auditorium, 8:00 PM
March 12	John Cage.....	Library Auditorium, 8:00 PM
March 13	Roy Fischer.....	Library Auditorium, 8:00 PM
March 14	Louise Gluck.....	Library Auditorium, 8:00 PM
	& Charles Simic	
March 15	Scott Spencer.....	Library Auditorium, 4:00 PM

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## The Draft . . .

by Bob Southard

I see that the world's superstructure is creaking. Trembling in spots, and restlessly twitching in others, man's political, social, and economic framework is about ready to convulse. The signs are unmistakable: there will be a war.

This will not be a new event. No one should delude himself or others by trying to ascribe some sort of uniqueness to the upcoming horror; exactly the same thing has happened every two or three decades for thousands of years. The next war will be just as bloody, just as awful, and just as pointless as every single conflict which preceded it. Men will live; men will die. A government will call itself the winner; a government will be named loser. There will be parades; there will be torture. There will be heroes and medals; there will be paraplegics and quadriplegics. There will be speeches; there will be dead children.

The sloganeering and rhetoric, which always accompany the descent into insanity, have begun, and even it is age-old; Caesar had to spur his men into falling across an entire continent, the French noblemen had to bring their retainers to the butchery at Agincourt, and an entire generation had to be convinced to die in the trenches of the Western Front. Don't fool yourself, don't *dare* fool yourself about the "nobility" of the next war by listening to the glib arguments and impassioned orations beginning around the globe; it has all been said before, and with the same result: men kill men.

I have no stomach for those who loudly, or quietly, use the drumbeats of "patriotism" and "Right" to add fuel and justification to the war efforts; that is the rhythm of obfuscation, the rhythm which has swept every nation, every society, at one time or another, into the position of having to slaughter and be slaughtered on some field of "honor." It is sad, too sad to even be ludicrous: those in power, on both sides of every war which has ever been or will ever be, used or will use the same sentiments to brainwash their

tribes into battle. The structure per-severes, and men are manipulated into killing other men—with sharp objects, with planes, with bare hands, with chemicals, or with obscure heavy metals. Nothing changes; that is the point. The only thing that varies at all is the language, or dialect, with which assorted groups of human beings are coerced into murdering each other on large scales.

And it seems that only one entity feeds on the aimless exercise of war, that only one thing is stabilized in this cycle of historical brutality: the machine. I hold no paranoid vision of conspiracy, no hallucination of cold premeditation by the world's sundry governments, and there is no need to; the brittle, hierarchical structure in which man has been trapped, this machine, leads humanity to war and perpetuates the mentality of conflict just as surely as water flows to the sea. The superstructure is economic, theoretical, artificial; it is certainly no longer human. And only such an inhuman machine could, time after monstrous time, bring one costumed man to murder another.

Man is trapped in a massive and largely unconscious struggle with the death force of this global structure. There is no life, no humanity, in war; only sickness. This sickness has lain dormant for a while in the world, but its time seems to be coming. The superstructure is feverish, and just beginning to toss about; war will result, and men will be forced to kill men.

Simply do not fall into the trap and believe that the next war will be somehow "lofty," somehow fought for the "Right" and the "Good" because you happen to be on the correct side. It will be like every war since the beginning: only broken skeletons and crushed lives. It will be no different. It will be for nothing.

Right now, in the United States, the government is preparing to take

an inventory of its tools. I am considered one of those tools. Every Notre Dame student, in all likelihood, will be considered in the same way. We will be asked to register for the Draft, to give the officials an idea of how many warm bodies they have to draw upon if the killing starts.

It is time to put an end to this. It is time for a revolution. The revolution *should* start here, *can* start anywhere, and *must* start in the minds of everyone affected by the structure of a world gone mad.

The language is dramatic, but the movement can be simple and startling: reject war, and reject the organizers and organizations that bind humanity into madness. I know that no balanced person accepts killing, or seeks destruction, but it is time we all take it one step further. It is time to say "No."

We are supposed to be the intellectual elite, the shining vanguard of our society. What good are we if we comply, willingly or reluctantly, with what we obviously know is insanity? What are we worth if we perpetuate the mortal irrationality of the world? What claims can we have on integrity if we blindly march, leading with examples of unthinking muteness, into what we know is another bloody and wicked absurdity? If we don't raise our voices, if we don't denounce the trap, if we don't pledge ourselves to an attitudinal revolution, then we are nothing.

It is time for Notre Dame to take a stand. It is time for every administrator, every professor, and certainly every student to come out against registration and against the Draft. It is time to take an open and harsh look at a world order which locks humanity into a cycle of endless destruction. It is time for changes.

We have the intellectual base. We have the moral base. We have no excuses.

It is time. Will we do it? ☐

# Big Brother?

by Gregory Solman

I can only hope that the sometimes nondescript seventies haven't lulled you into a false sense of complacency (historians should entitle their chapters on that decade of American history, "Much Ado About Me"). Just when you might be thinking that it's safe to go back to the crew cut, break out the letter sweater and wave the "Team America" pennant again, along have come some very sixties-like issues that warrant your concern—and, possibly, your outrage.

Take the draft, for instance—no, take that back (literally). That's a subject on which ample has been said. No mumbled words from this corner can inspire you to put up your idealistic dukes for another round against that still undefeated American heavyweight Reggie Stration—that is, if the smelling salts of Afghanistan haven't already aroused from you your bellicose best. I'm just wondering how many rounds this one's gonna go.

Let's take, instead, something that you may take for granted . . . say, your civil liberties. How would you feel if they were suddenly attacked? How would you respond if you found out that Congress is attempting to bulldog through a bill that in one fell swoop would reverse the "double jeopardy" clause in the Constitution, provide for—and this is really Orwellian—"preventative detention," and frighteningly increase both police and FBI power?

Ready to break out your boxing gloves? It's called S.1722, the new Criminal Code Reform Act which, if enacted, will have widespread ramifications, not the least of which are the serious encroachments on established civil liberties provided for in the Bill of Rights.

Let's look at some specifics. One section provides for a form of preventative detention. Though cleverly disguised of late with "party-line" rhetoric, it amounts to this: if enacted, S.1722 would bless all judges with broad, unprecedented discretionary power to deny the accused bail *before* trial (even if there is *no* evidence that he will skip town).

Innocent until proven guilty—until now. Less than two months into the Eighties, we're already getting our first glimpse of 1984. And this is only one of the flaws in this bill—the progeny of, I'm told, Nixon's S.1, an even worse attempt that was

highly denounced previous to its apparent rebirth now.

But wait, there's much more. If enacted, S.1722 would allow the government to appeal sentences it may deem "too soft." The American Civil Liberties Union, the American Bar Association and the Business Roundtable are reportedly up in arms about this, and indeed, they should be: this clause blatantly defies the "double jeopardy" clause within the Fifth Amendment. I wonder which satellite country beamed this one to Capitol Hill?

Another section is devoted to "Obstructing a Government Function by Fraud." Translation: Where before you had no obligation to cooperate with a covert FBI investigation of you, Section 1301 will make it a Federal offense to avoid surveillance by the FBI (which could include, I imagine, anything from ducking into a theater if you felt you were being followed to shutting your curtains when you catch a telescope invading your privacy). It would also be a Federal offense to rip an FBI wiretap off your phone should you find one (assuming that you are able to distinguish an FBI wiretap from one of Big Brother's).

Section 1343 increases the power of the police by making it a federal offense to make a false oral statement to a law enforcement official. Sounds reasonable enough at the outset, but look more closely and you'll find that this is not about testimony under oath—this applies to the streets. The only "evidence" needed to actually arrest someone for "lying" is "corroborating evidence"—which need be only from another policeman within earshot—that the suspect lied.

Nat Hentoff, the sterling reporter for *The Village Voice*, aptly summarizes, "That's the best present law enforcement folks have been given since tear gas."

This is not the place for a line-by-line denunciation of other parts of the bill, but suffice it to say that S.1722 contains a profusion of such insalubrious legislation, including a shady provision to protect nuclear power plants, which, when translated from "legalese" appears to be an effort to give the FBI an excuse to infiltrate and investigate anti-nuclear protest groups even when a crime hasn't been committed. It centers around the "inchoate crime"—an offense that was "started" but

never finished. There is also an attempt to codify on the federal level a general conspiracy offense, which, according to the National Council on Repressive Legislation, is tantamount to bringing back the "Pinkerton Doctrine"—an effort to nab co-conspirators of crimes that might not have been argued to.

Think about it. The theoretical implications alone are staggering.

S.1722 might already have passed by the time you read this article (its sponsor is none other than Ted Kennedy. . . . Didn't he use to be a liberal champion?). The defender of H.R. 6233, the House version, is Father/Congressman Robert F. Drinan, also of Massachusetts, and it is reportedly better than S.1722 (it could doubtlessly be worse outside Stalingrad). H.R. 6233 is far from perfect, either. In fact, both of these bills come from so far out in right field, I doubt that they have the legs to make it to the plate. Regardless, the mind-set of the authors astounds me . . . and stranger things have happened in Washington.

This bill is not at all bad, mind you. It repeals the Smith and Logan Acts, and has provisions protecting the press from "gag" orders. There are reportedly tougher civil rights and sex discrimination laws, as well. But articles of late spearheaded by Hentoff of the *Voice*, and followed up in *The Detroit Free Press* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* indicate that the bill will go to committee and *some* version will pass. It would take blind optimism and sheer political naiveté to assume that the bill will not be compromised in conference committee to include at least some—if not all—of the aforementioned infringements on civil liberties.

Meanwhile, Alan Dershowitz, a Harvard Law Professor and one of S.1722's boosters, writes in defense, "This is one case where the perfect is the enemy of the better."

Sounds like "newspeak" to me; here, the "better" is extremely dubious at best. I simply can't agree with that kind of legislative masturbation; if there are grave problems within the new code, they can and should be corrected now, not left for the Supreme Court to strike down at a later date.

And are there problems? Suffice it to say that William O. Douglas has rested easier since his death than he is now. Meanwhile, J. Edgar Hoover, wherever he is, couldn't be happier. □

# Tenure on Trail

by Christopher A. Stewart

In the past year, the tenure issue has become a significant campus concern for a large number of students and other members of the community. It has reawakened concern on the part of the faculty members, insofar as the fairness and equity of the tenure process has been called into question by a majority of the staff.

Yet, at the same time, the tenure process appears to be a fairly thorough one, whereby individual candidates are judged worthy or unworthy of plying their trade for the next 30 or 40 years at the institution where they are working.

What exactly is tenure? What does it guarantee? Ken Goodpaster, assistant professor of philosophy and chairman of the Senate Faculty, had this to say. "Tenure is a contractual obligation entered into by the University and its faculty member. This agreement promises the faculty member that he will not be dismissed except for specifiable causes. The purpose of tenure is to guarantee academic freedom. Tenure is not granted until after some probationary period (usually 6 years)."

One department chairman, David Burrell of Theology, emphasized scholastic maturity and personal compatibility within a department. "Tenure involves a process of some maturing to the point where one can claim to be a responsible voice in his field, where one can show promise of genuine distinction. It also has to do with associating a person with

a faculty for the rest of one's life. So it's a very big step."

In addition to citing academic freedom, Provost Timothy O'Meara added yet another key dimension to the tenure process: security. "Tenure originally was conceived to enable academicians to speak freely, without the fear of losing their jobs. But as it exists today, it is also coupled with job security. In essence, once a person is granted tenure, he is granted security for life, barring some unseen change in character."

What, then, are the chief requirements for attaining tenure? The big three are excellence in teaching, scholarly research and service to the community. Service to the community is also understood to mean compatibility with the goals of the institution.

Another factor is the Teacher Evaluation Forms. When queried about the real value of the TEFs, one non-tenured professor remarked: "The Teacher Evaluation Form was originally introduced as an aid to the teacher. But then it became an administrative requirement. It is virtually the only quantitative measure of a teacher's classroom effectiveness. It would seem to carry weight, especially in comparative judgments."

What, then, is the actual tenure process? It begins when a professor asks the department chairman to be considered for tenure. The candidate supplies all the necessary cre-

dentials, documents and publications to the chairman, who then refers the matter to the departmental Committee on Appointments and Promotions (CAP). CAP personnel are elected by secret ballot by all full-time members of the department for a term of 2 or 3 years.

A candidate is also asked to submit four outside evaluators. They are relatively well-known people in the same field as the candidate. These outside evaluators assess the promise, merits and expertise of the candidate, and then send their summations back to the department. A primary reason why their opinion is sought is for a detached, professional perspective which is not provincially limited by a local, university setting.

CAP members review the candidate's dossier, and make one of five judgments: strongly approve, approve, abstain, disapprove or strongly disapprove. Minutes are kept of all CAP meetings.

The Chairman then reviews the CAP's evaluation, and adds his own recommendation. This information is then forwarded to the Dean of the college, who likewise reviews the accumulated data, makes his remarks and recommendations, and forwards it to the Provost. The Provost normally confers with the so-called Dean's Committee, which is composed of deans from the several colleges within the University. This committee advises the Provost, who then makes his own recom-



mendation and forwards all information to the President. The President has ultimate veto power.

Regarding the independence and integrity of each evaluative level, there are divergent views as to whether this process is *actually* judging a candidate beyond the departmental level, or merely rubber-stamping earlier decisions reached at the CAP and department chairman levels.

One professor sees it this way. "Most frequently, the recommendations are unanimous. It's a bit misleading to suggest that unanimity entails an enormous amount of separate communication. By and large, the judgments made early on in the process are rubber-stamped on the way up."

The Provost has a slightly different view. "Tenure is a matter of checks and balances, a matter of monitoring. Individuals involved in this decision-making process have proceeded with hard work. All of them are people of integrity; no rubber-stamping is involved."

This entire process girds itself on the academic pillars of confidentiality and collegiality. The tenure process necessitates a sharing of information between colleagues about colleagues being considered for permanent employment. The power in the committee is demarcated equally, so that, in theory, no person can dominate a decision.

However, there are some problems with confidentiality. On the one hand, the entire system relies upon critical decisions rendered under the cloak of confidentiality. Should that decision be negative, and the individual, whose life/reputation/job is in flux, seeks to know what the criticism was and where it originated, then there is a problem. Where does a person turn if they want to ascertain the nature of the criticism?

Usually, this role of explicator and comforter rests with the department chairman. Konrad Shaum, head of Modern and Classical Languages, comments about when a teacher is denied tenure. "Usually, the chairman will point out to the candidate which aspects of the evaluation received the most negative input. . . . However, under no ordinary circumstances can personality reviews or names of reviewers be made accessible to the candidate." The only time *any* material would be divulged is in the case of legal action.

Another department chairman puts it this way. "The chairman can relay reasons for rejection to the candidate orally. You don't put it

down on paper because it leads to needless litigation. . . . I tell them the reasons; the reasons never satisfy the person, but I do tell them why the judgment was made. If it's a committee vote, I don't tell them who voted which way, because I don't know. But I'll tell them that the decision was made at the level of the department."

Department chairmen are not required to divulge any particulars in the decision-making process to the candidate. Since the vast majority of decisions are rendered at the departmental level (CAP/Dept. chairman), it is very unlikely that a decision will be reversed later in the process. For a dean or a provost to reverse a consensus decision would mean that sufficient grounds existed for doubting the decision of subordinate colleagues. Although "technically" a decision may be reversed beyond the departmental level, this is rarely the case.

If a person feels wronged by the system, what can he do? At present, very little. At Notre Dame, there is no formal appeal process. One administrator, who considers tenure "theoretically a just system," nevertheless believes that it "is too secretive a procedure." The administrator believes that an appeal system is needed to improve the quality and stature of the tenure process, stating that "anyone who feels discriminated against should pursue it

through every possible channel."

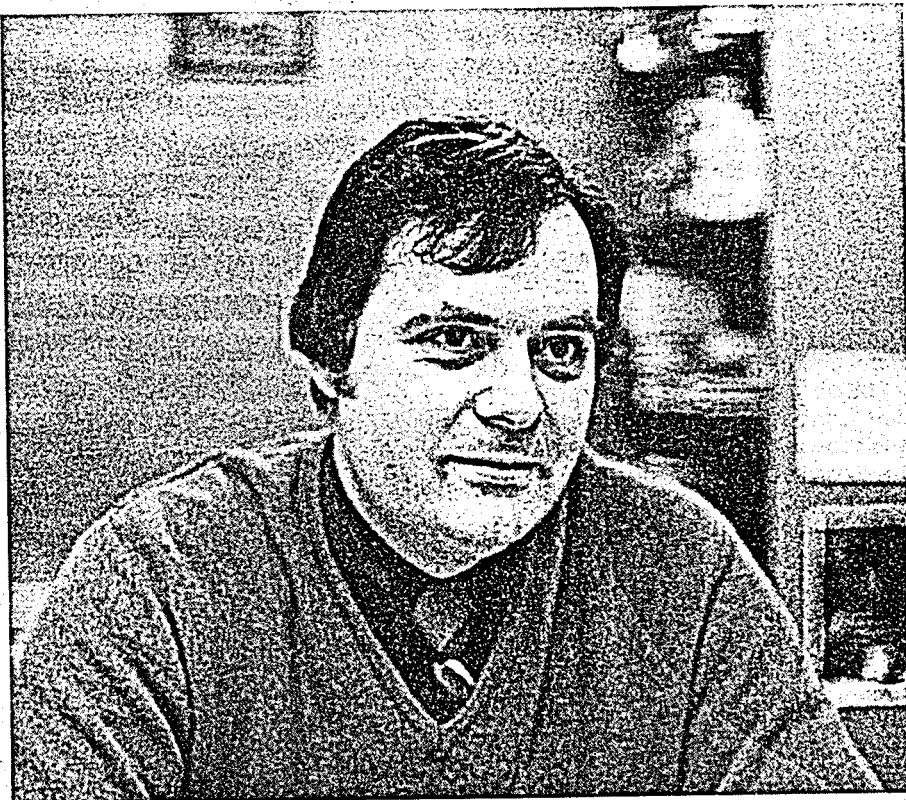
Another administrator, when asked for an opinion, refused comment altogether about the appeal process.

One professor, active in the community, had this to say. "Strictly speaking, there is an appeals process for cases of jeopardized academic freedom. Those cases are rare. For the great bulk of cases which don't affect academic freedom as a technical, legal category, there is no appeal process at the moment. The consensus at the University is that the Administration prefers to keep it as it is. . . . Since it's such a multifaceted process, I think that the Administration feels that that is sufficient to guarantee justice."

The professor went on to mention that ". . . the faculty, by and large, have been satisfied with the justice of the process. In the last year, there was enough of a jolt to the University system that faculty began to think twice about the absence of an appeals procedure."

In the fall of 1979, the Faculty Attitude Survey results were tabulated. Seven hundred twenty faculty members were surveyed, with 420 responding (58.3%). Fifty questions were posed to seven select groups: Arts and Letters, Business, Engineering, Science, Law, Library, and other.

With regard to the question of a formal appeals procedure, a re-



Dr. Kenneth Goodpaster

sounding 86.3% of the faculty agreed with question #18: "A formal appeal procedure should be made available for faculty denied promotion, tenure or renewal."

Question #19 states: "I believe that tenure decisions have largely been consistent and are in line with the standards set out in the Faculty Handbook." Here, 50.8% disagreed.

Question #27 sheds further light on the lack of clearly defined policy by the Administration toward its own faculty. To the statement, "At present, administrative policy is clear with respect to the central criteria for promotion and tenure," 63.6% responded negatively.

In light of these statistics, it is apparent that a sufficient number of faculty members lack essential faith in the Administration. If this faith continues to erode into skepticism or worse yet, cynicism, then the overall effect would be a souring of the collegiate atmosphere, a diminution of the academic caliber of the University, a stifling intellectual environment, and smoldering resentment on the part of the faculty toward a seemingly heedless, unresponsive Administration.

Another very important factor in understanding the problematic nature of tenure at Notre Dame is the overall economic situation. One department chairman in Arts and Letters summarized the present plight faced by the expendable professors. "Eight years ago, academia was in a totally different situation. There was an easy job market, plenty of jobs, and few graduates to qualify for the openings available. That's all changed. Now there's a crunch, a glut on the market, and jobs are scarce."

Another professor concurred. "For a university like Notre Dame which wants to improve its national image, the present nature of the academic marketplace is extremely good. It's a buyer's market." This professor felt that significant shifts in people's own goals and horizons were likewise taking place. People who in the past opted for the most prestigious universities, like the Ivy League schools, are now becoming more available to schools like Notre Dame, schools which aspire to national greatness, but have not yet realized their potential. Therefore, this tightening of standards and qualifications within the academic world adds a whole dimension of acute academic rigor in the process of choosing the finest people from among a large flock of very talented

Ph.Ds.

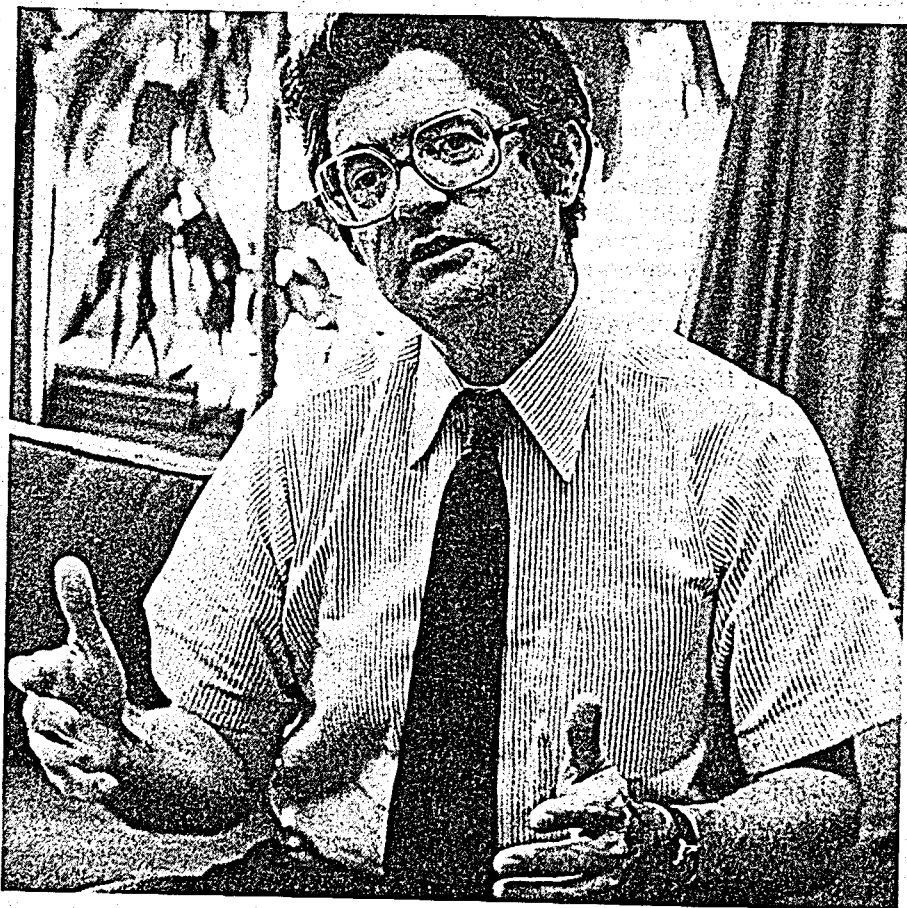
In reality, some choices for tenure come down to a matter of degree, whereby decision makers want the optimum candidates for their school. This makes for ferocious competition in an era of diminishing expectations and academic retrenchment. Only a handful of schools, among them Notre Dame, will be insulated from the severe economic shocks that many experts are predicting for institutions of higher learning in the 80's and 90's.

Another critical element in the tenure process at Notre Dame is the school's Catholic character. Being a Catholic school, Notre Dame has developed a reputation for being staunchly conservative. Persons interviewed for this article were asked if they felt that because of Notre Dame's overriding religious and political conservatism, some professors might have difficulty attaining tenure if their personalities or politics were different from the prevailing ethos. Most agreed that those involved in the decision-making process strove diligently to exclude any personal differences or idiosyncracies from being major concerns in considering a person for tenure. The consensus was: if the person could do the job, and meet all the criteria,

the person would get promoted.

When questioned as to whether a certain type or mold of professor was preferred at Notre Dame, one pedagogue chuckled. "It's possible that a person's outspokenness and degree of advocacy of certain issues could affect his prospects. How much of an effect, I can't say. I think most of the parties to the decisions take every effort not to allow things like that to count. But people are people. . . . This Administration is constantly criticized for sexism by certain outspoken persons, and finds itself publicly on the defensive. It's going to be a lot harder for the persons who are involved to be objective when an outspoken feminist comes up for tenure. . . . Yet, I don't think an institution is going to live long if it subverts dissent from within by firing people [different from the mainstream]."

One significant cause for concern regarding Notre Dame's tenure situation is the problem of institutional sexism. At present, there are two outstanding class action suits: pending against the University, both charging sex discrimination in employment practices. These two suits are slated for trial in the fall, 1980. Judge Allen Sharp of the Northern Indiana Federal District Court certi-



Provost O. Timothy O'Meara



fied the class action suits on behalf of tenured female faculty, the Ford suit, and nontenured female faculty, the Frese suit. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission was allowed to intervene in Dr. Ford's case.

The tenure process is a difficult one at best, but especially so for women. This problem is particularly acute at schools that have long traditions of being all-male, like Notre Dame. However, Notre Dame is not alone in its painful awakening to the historical verisimilitude of sexism.

Princeton recently celebrated its 10th anniversary of coeducation. It also shares a notoriously poor reputation for hiring women. Of its 390 tenured faculty members, only 10 (2.5%) are women. At Harvard, the situation is not much better. It has 364 tenured faculty of which 12 are women (3%). A nationwide report in 1978-79 by the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) stated that nearly 70% of all male professors in the United States have tenure, while less than half of female professors have attained that goal.

Closer to home, in 1971 Notre Dame submitted its first Affirmative Action plan to the government. This plan predicted that 100 women faculty would be hired by 1976. This would amount to 15% of the faculty. In 1976, only 74 women were on the faculty. At present, the Administration claims 99 women on a faculty of 815, which, if the figure is accurate, is still less than 12%. And the year is 1980, not 1976.

Similarly, a University Report on Coeducation in 1977 showed a 10% annual turnover rate for male faculty members, compared to 26% annual female turnover. The same report listed 86% of the male faculty felt they had a professional future at Notre Dame, while only 68% of the female faculty held similar expectations.

Notre Dame hired its first woman in 1966. In the subsequent 14 years, out of all the women who have been hired, 6 have been granted tenure. Of these 6, one female faculty member who was denied tenure was later rehired on a part-time tenured basis. The number of women who hold full professor rank: one.

The Faculty Attitude Survey reveals that 55% of the predominantly male Arts and Letters faculty believe that sexism is a problem in the hiring and promotion of females. Overall consensus of the faculty does not believe that sexism is a major problem in hiring and promotion

procedures.

The problem of sexism in the overall tenure picture compounds an already difficult situation. There are already a great many strains within the University—some good, some questionable—due to its aspirations for national prominence. Notre Dame is attempting to become a powerhouse in the graduate fields, while shoring up weak undergraduate departments. To become a major figure in the graduate field means, quite simply, research. Research leads to publications, publications to visibility, visibility means money, fame, and fame in the long run, means money. And money is the bottom line.

To maintain hopes—or illusions—of becoming the Catholic Harvard requires priorities, chief among them being scholarship. To be the best in education, the best minds and scholars are needed.

The best scholarship requires many things, chief among them, money; money for research facilities, libraries, and, most important of all, salaries. No one in his right mind is going to come to a nice Catholic school that wants to play educational hardball but finds itself incapable of paying big-league salaries. Which Notre Dame cannot, either now or in the foreseeable future.

Also, to attract the best scholars, an atmosphere must exist whereby hindrance or interference of their intellectual life is *verboten*. This translates itself into a possibly irreconcilable problem with the Church. Although the Catholic Church enjoys a rich personal history it also has acquired a history of belligerence and gross antagonism toward absolute intellectual freedom. A completely free intellectual atmosphere allows for unrestrained thought where even the most outrageous and scandalous matters may be openly discussed, even encouraged. As long as Notre Dame remains in the bosom of the Catholic Church, is it realistic to aspire to the intellectual peaks of a Yale or a Harvard?

The fact that Notre Dame is Catholic, therefore, means that most types of unusual, bizarre or vaunted creative thought may be proscribed from emerging in the first place. Even Provost O'Meara criticized his own university recently, railing against the anti-intellectual lethargy permeating Notre Dame. In an article in *The Observer* 2/13/80, he stated: "We are not fostering intellectual curiosity in our students. We are getting them into medical school.

But are we producing Catholic intellectuals?" To ask the question implies an awareness of the answer. At present, the answer is absolutely not, at least not to the degree that Notre Dame is capable.

We must begin to understand the incredible complexities that accompany the kind of growth, be it spurious or real, that this University seeks to achieve for itself. The cost of this growth is, indeed, great, financially as well as humanly. One female administrator summed it up best. "I think there is a lot of human suffering on this campus right now, particularly among women. It is a human tragedy. By tragedy, I mean people who are torn apart because other people are not talking to them. People who are hurting because they are categorized one way or another. People who are avoiding one another, are avoiding running into other people because of things they have said or positions they have taken. This suffering is particularly intense right now." Obviously, tragedy prevails for many faculty at Notre Dame in light of the tenure decisions and the sex discrimination suits.

Are there alternatives to the present tenure system? A few suggestions included implementation of an effective appeals board, comprised of a panel of the candidate's peers *only*. Another idea proffered the extension of the sixth year "do or die" deadline on tenure decisions, to include an additional three-year "tenurable . . . but not yet" period. One professor suggested short- or long-term contracts. Yet another, competence review boards every five years. Still another, unionization.

Too many questions and too few answers about tenure and the criteria for granting it remain. "Occasionally, people are turned away who may well respond to the genuine needs of the institution better than the institution itself even realizes," one professor commented. "Those are the tragic cases."

To alleviate future tragedies from transpiring, some soul searching is required—by the Administration, faculty and students. If done faithfully and with integrity, Notre Dame's future will be bright indeed. If not, we'll all realize that the dream of becoming the Catholic Harvard was merely a chimera.

*The author would like to thank Mike Meisch, Keith Caughlin, Joe Pfeifer, and Ken Scarbrough for their assistance on this article.*

# PERSPECTIVE

by Theresa Rebeck

One day last semester, I got myself out of bed at 7:30 in the morning and made it over to the South Dining Hall for hot breakfast. No mean feat. Just as I was beginning to dig into my scrambled eggs, however, a young man at the next table decided that 7:30 a.m. was prime time for obscene jokes, and he began screaming them at the top of his lungs. Well, maybe he was just talking loudly, but it was obnoxious nonetheless. I couldn't believe it; it was only 7:30 in the morning, and the jokes weren't even funny. They were just stupid and obscene. I suppose I could have confronted the guy—asked him to keep his voice down, told him that he was offending me—but I didn't want to hassle with the accusation of "prude" at the time. I switched tables.

But while I was sitting there, staring at my cold scrambled eggs and listening to this idiot two seats away from me shout out his crudeness and stupidity to the world, I began to feel a sort of rage. The feeling was not a new or unique sensation; it was not the first time I felt that way, and I'll venture to say that I am not the only person on this campus who has felt that way at one time or another. I felt that way last year when I read an article encouraging the women of the Notre Dame/St. Mary's community to "put out" more. I feel that way every time I read such articles in *The Observer* or *Scholastic*; unfortunately, these articles appear with dismaying frequency. I feel that way every time I find myself at an overcrowded party or bar, when I realize that I and every other woman in the room are being rated by many of the men in the room, men who are trying to determine through five minutes of conversation a) if I'm good-looking enough, b) if I'm mindless enough, and c) how difficult it would be to get me in bed. (Or perhaps the young man in question is just looking for some heavy necking. Some are less bold than others.)

I have felt rage in these situations; I know many other women and men who have also felt rage in these situations. I do not feel rage because I am a prude or any sort of dogmatic

Catholic. I feel rage because I recognize that in these articles, at these parties and bars, I have been reduced to a subhuman being by the fact of my womanhood. I have been turned into a thing.

Perhaps my language is a little too strong here, but perhaps it is not. In the past four years, I have studied at Notre Dame, I have lived in a dorm, I have eaten in the dining halls, I have gone to the football games and basketball games and Mardi Gras and An Tostal; like anyone else here, I've had my share of the Notre Dame experience. And I am going to assert that my experience of Notre Dame and the experiences of many of my friends have taught me that a women-are-less-human-than-men mentality exists at Notre Dame.

I am not going to insist that every male here subscribes to this mentality, nor am I going to insist that it is just the men who subscribe to such a mentality. As far as I can see, male and female alike work to sustain the image of woman as a slightly subhuman human at Notre Dame. I don't want to make blanket generalizations, as I said—I don't mean to insist that every man and woman here believe that women are less human—but I will venture to say that the majority of them do.

I realize this is a serious accusation; I do not make it lightly or without evidence. The evidence is not hard to find. Evidence is a smug premed major telling his date for the evening that she doesn't have to "worry her pretty little head" about something or other; it is an outraged undergraduate refusing to work on a committee because a woman heads it up; it is the angry accusation that a woman is prissy or prudish because she did not find the infamous "Sex at Notre Dame" broadcasts amusing. Evidence is the young women who take their lives in their hands by wearing high heels and skirts on snowy afternoons because "the guys like it"; it is the women who will giggle and "play dumb" because it makes the guys feel smarter and "it's a good way to get what you want."

Every one of these instances has

involved me or one of my acquaintances, and I'm sure every woman on campus could add her own little scrap of evidence to the garbage heap. I don't want to dwell on the evidence, however. I simply want to dispel any insistence that "there's really no problem here." There is a problem here, one that has been treated far too flippantly. This is not the battle between the sexes; this is a question of human dignity.

The problem is one of ignorance. I don't believe that the men and women of the Notre Dame/St. Mary's community actually think that "women are less human than men." Certainly no one would ever come out and say such a thing. In their actions and attitudes, however, such a belief exists; it exists without the community even being aware of it. It is only ignorance which makes a young man say, "Don't worry your pretty little head about it" to a young woman—he certainly would never say that to the guy down the hall—and it never occurs to him that a young woman might be as offended by such a remark as any young man would be. He doesn't think that such a remark is an affront to the young woman's intelligence because he has never been trained to think of her intelligence. A woman who exhibits a high amount of intelligence is only "a little too smart," because intelligence is not seen as a womanly virtue. The womanly virtues are—well, we all know what the womanly virtues are.

The problem is, simply, that no one is thinking about what his actions are saying. It is a problem of ignorance, ignorance not in the sense that we refuse to see the prejudice, but that we have never been taught to recognize its symptoms. And the symptoms are evident in our actions. What does it say when we, as a community, perpetuate a tradition of sexual harassment and mockery in our publications? What does it say when we, as a community, perpetuate and support traditions like the panty raid? What do administrative policies say, policies which severely limit the number of women who are admitted to Notre Dame, policies that insist that

women do their own laundry while the men have theirs done by a professional service?

These actions are not deliberate attempts to "make the women feel inferior," they are simply part of the Notre Dame way of life. No one thinks about these traditions, habits, and policies, and I don't think they are going to change in the near future. But I do think we had better start looking at them, see what they say—and they do say that women are second-class citizens at Notre Dame—then try to discourage the attitudes behind them. In the dorms,

in the publications, in the classrooms, such attitudes must be discouraged.

Such attitudes are nothing but an infringement on the freedom of every man and woman who are members of the Notre Dame/St. Mary's community. They are an imposition on my, or anyone's search for personhood, a search which should be the most important aspect of our lives during the four years we spend here. I should never have to feel that anyone sees me as less of a person simply because I am a woman. No one should ever have

his or her personhood questioned, but especially not at this time, and especially not on the basis of what his or her sex is.

When we graduate from Notre Dame, our "personhood," our values and ideals are probably set for life. None should have to "go out into the world" wondering if they are less human, or thinking that someone else is, because they never learned to see subtle—or, not so subtle—sexual prejudices and recognize them for what they are. This is a problem, it is an issue, and one we have to begin taking seriously. □



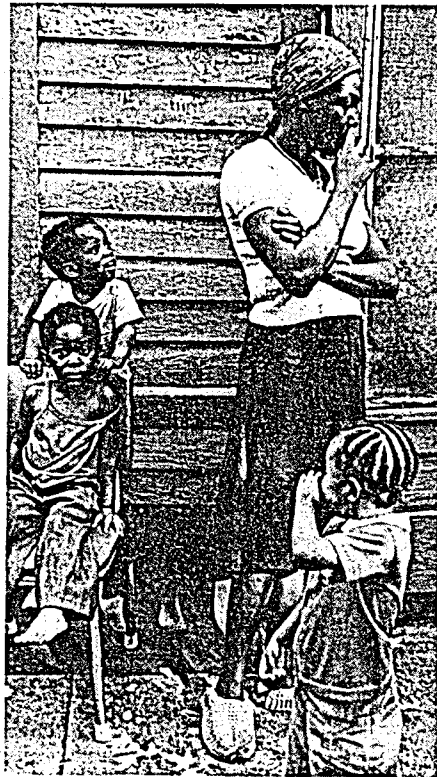
## And Justice For None

by Marcia A. Weigle

A narrow dilapidated grey house stands out from among the row of old stone homes on a street in downtown Philadelphia. On the top floor a window is broken, the shutter flailing in the wind, a door is boarded up, the paint is peeling. Inside there are thirty-five old people too poor to live in a private home, too alone to have anyone take care of them. Parked outside this boardinghouse, standing amidst the trash in the street, is the sparkling new white Cadillac of the owner.

What does this scene, a characteristic example of the disparities of the economic order, say for the concept of justice? It makes justice look like an ambiguous catchword seized upon by the overly idealistic dreamers who are either too optimistic or too blind to face up to the hard realities of life. If situations like this make justice seem like a theoretical dream and a realistic impossibility, then we've lost hope right from the start. Yet, we should not accept such situations as the harsh realities of an unchangeable social order. We must dare to transcend this stagnating structure of injustice to mold a direction of justice for the future.

Does this sound like a nice, Christian, but simple-minded stance to assume, with a lot of theoretical but no practical ramifications? Obviously we are engulfed in a social order that works to the advantage of a privileged minority and to the disadvantage of the poor majority who are



the victims of something, they know not what. And whether or not we created the system, we are part of it. And whether we believe in it or not, we know that it's there. The injustice stems not only from the realities of the social and economic situations but from a blind acceptance of them.

We should develop a perspective in our own lives. To commend the rich and powerful for their hard work and determination while condemning the poor for their laziness and ineptitude is a comforting rationalization for a person looking out the window of a Cadillac at a broken-down old house. What is missing here is the idea of opportunity. This notion might be true for people in our position who are given the opportunity to learn, to attend universities, to use the methods and tools that will let us make something of ourselves and be what we want to be. But there are those who from the moment they are born do not have enough to eat, do not have anyone to care if they have enough to eat, do not have anyone to send them to schools or find them jobs. For these people the opportunity was never there, and they lost from the start. The injustices here stem not from any conscious effort to delegate privileges or to take advantage of the poor. Rather, the injustices stem from the unequal instances of opportunity that might alleviate some of the systematic problems. We can't feel guilty about the way things are—we are part of a system we

didn't consciously create—but maybe we should feel guilty about the way things will be if we refuse to become aware of the problems.

We have to be realistic about an attempt to instigate just measures into an unjust structure. We can't all go out and single-handedly revitalize the social order. This is a theoretical abstraction as well as a physical impossibility. But we can develop an awareness in our own lives as to the realities of the injustice that surrounds us. Ignoring the situation, thinking that the world consists only of the exigencies of our own individual lives is as much a propagation of injustice as the rich boardinghouse owner who pilfers an old man's Social Security checks to buy a fancy car.

The problem is we've become so geared toward merely surviving that we tend to lose motivation for the establishment of just change. We find ourselves looking for jobs that will pay the most money so that we can enjoy the luxuries that make up our concept of the good life, so that we can raise a family comfortably and give our children what our parents gave us, and so can live reasonably well when we retire. It is natural for us to want to "get by," to just make it through, so that we can make it through, so we can make a life for ourselves. But this is not enough. For in gearing our lives toward survival we have unintentionally lost any interest in the need to move our lives in the direction of justice. We somehow fear the move toward social change because it is a threat to the stability we seek in such an unstable, unpredictable world. By suggesting social change and questioning institutions we are only admitting that we *have* to change the structures that are built around us—to tear down the only vestiges of stability we know.

But justice is not mere acceptance; justice is not simply surviving within existing structures, even if the survival is morally pure in itself. Justice will entail a constant questioning of the structures around us and an awareness of our lives as they exist not simply in and of themselves, but as part of the whole system.

Justice does not necessarily involve answering all the questions. Justice involves asking the questions. Intelligence is not our problem; our problem is ignorance. We have shown that we have the intelligence to know that the questions exist, but we have also shown our ignorance in that we will not ask them. □

SCHOLASTIC





## A Long, Long Way From Home

by Janice Crooks

The doors open at five, dinner will be served soon, and overnight accommodations will be taken on a first-come basis. Promptly at five o'clock the guests arrive and wait to be served. Many warm their hands around a cup of coffee while chatting about the day's events to the closest person.

This scene describes a normal situation, a typical restaurant/hotel atmosphere, so why bother writing about it? I write because it is here where the lonely, helpless, poverty-stricken and determined survivors of the ghetto have dinner. It is a shelter named Rosie's Place established for the poor women of Boston whom I visited during my urban plunge in Roxbury, Mass. Roxbury is known to many as the ghetto of Boston where poverty and crime reign. It is where despair brings drug addiction and crime and where anger leads to militancy and violence. It is a place where many people are forgotten or cast aside as threats to our middle- and upper-class society.

I was filled with very mixed emotions as I entered Rosie's and realized that I had entered an oasis for the poor; a single ray of hope for them after a long cold day of the street life. The women come from all walks of life—the poor . . . the lonely . . . the alcoholic . . . the professional . . . the laborer . . . the mother . . . the daughter. They came from park benches, from burned-out rooming houses and from broken homes. They have the common bond of being homeless. They have come to Rosie's Place for a decent meal, a dry bed, and a safe environment. Rosie's Place is a home where women become gentler, and the terrible pain of inner-city isolation is made more tolerable through to-

getherness and an occasional smile.

Rosie's was established seven years ago and is a completely independent shelter surviving on donations from individuals, foundations, and companies. Each evening, between forty and fifty women come in for supper and companionship. Thirteen remain overnight. Approximately fifteen to thirty people are turned away nightly because of the lack of space, consequently forced to sleep in abandoned buildings, or lie among the dead in the city's burial grounds.

The government programs of mental health care, Social Security, Medicaid, senior citizenship, welfare and unemployed have not worked for these women. Many have given up on the social pressure or are unaware of the government aid available to them. Rosie's itself has also abandoned government aid in order to be free from the stringent regulations connected to federal charity.

Rosie's Place works for a variety of reasons. The guests are not told why they are there, rather, Rosie's prides itself on telling people why it is there. The volunteers give the women what they ask for, whether it be cigarettes, food, or a friend. With the large number of women who enter Rosie's, the limited supply of goods is depleted quickly.

As mentioned previously, Rosie's is home to many women. Warmth, fresh flowers and hot food comfort the women during the day; unfortunately, the cruel reality of ghetto life sets in for many of the women when, because of the very limited space and beds, they are turned away.

Experiencing Rosie's had a tremendous impact on my life. I will never forget the faces and the expressions of the women; their empty

stares, which came alive in anticipation of food and safety, the crack of their smiles at a warm room and a cup of coffee were their luxuries and my habits. Their wide-eyed determination for survival was their hope, my life.

At first, I was very surprised to hear that Rosie's Place does not accept government aid for its work with the less fortunate because of the red tape involved. It, like many other organizations, and their patrons, have given up on the stringent regulations set forth by what many of us believe to be the best government-aid system in the world. They, like many of their associates, attempt to make it on their own. In light of this I tend to question much of the government propaganda that is presented to me and others who do not have the experience of witnessing poverty firsthand. I feel many people whether poor or rich, man or woman, Republican or Democrat tend to turn their backs on the problems of society and leave them solely to the government to solve, thus creating a system vs. nonsystem society.

I feel that we, as comfortable upper-middle-class students, tend to ignore the horror of inner-city problems. I strongly feel that it is time for us to review John F. Kennedy's inaugural address where he states, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." I think it is only when these words are recognized by all Americans and particularly the young, the leaders of tomorrow, will it be possible for us to work as one within the system, thus creating a better America and world for all. And maybe then, Rosie's doors can remain open to all. □





by Tom Masterson

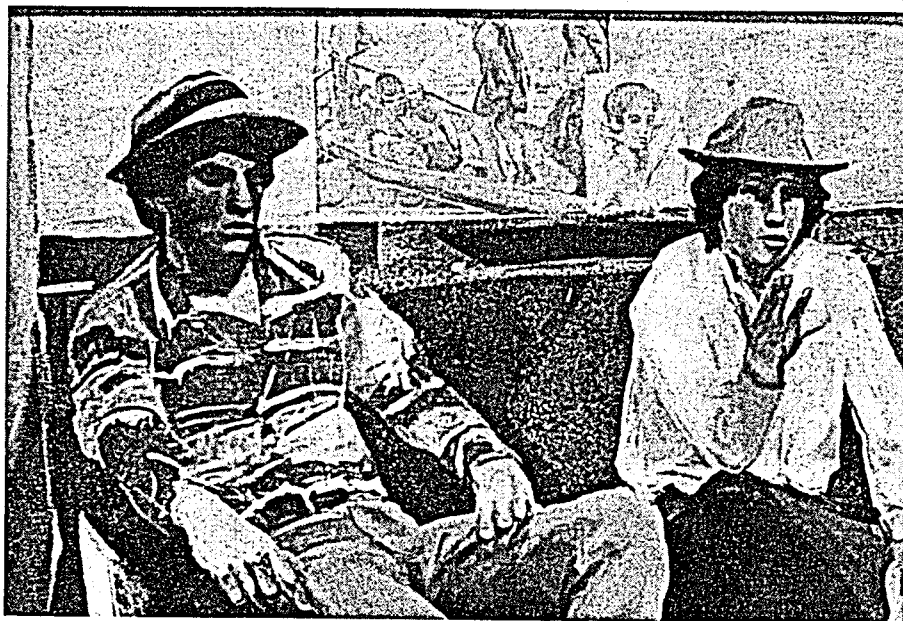
Doug Kinsey of the Notre Dame Art Department has been exhibiting since January 20 a show of his recent work at the O'Shaughnessy branch of the Snite Museum. It is a nicely compact show, comprising two rooms of Professor Kinsey's paintings with a large selection of his work in monotype.

This is an especially enjoyable opportunity because few of his monotypes have been shown here before. Monotype, a much-neglected art form, is a process that transfers a painted image from a metal plate to a paper surface. Unlike etching, though, only one impression can be made. Only in the last two years has it become a recognized and appreciated medium. Kinsey is one of a handful of recognized artists who have been working in monotype for years.

And he is a master of the form. His work is both pleasurable and disturbing.

He is pleasurable when concentrating on the formal; he fully uses many black and gray shades with an appropriate spontaneity in the brushstrokes. In the ambiguities of his subject matter, though, Kinsey is disturbing. His *Delirium* series, titled and executed after a prolonged illness, is mysterious, frightening, sometimes funny—a dreamy jumble of animals and humans. The series bespeaks anxiety. Kinsey is exposing on paper a part of himself and, ultimately, ourselves, that we often try to forget.

Sensuality and conflict, and more comforting themes are constant throughout the monotypes. His series of wrestlers has overt sensual, as well as straightforward, competitive and masculine overtones.



## *The Art of Monotype--- Recent Works by Doug Kinsey*

"My painting contains people but not stories," explains Kinsey, who is a figurative painter. This show is about people relating—and failing to relate—to each other and their surroundings. Often he creates a deep psychological presence in a figure with a minimum of means, with but a few brushstrokes.

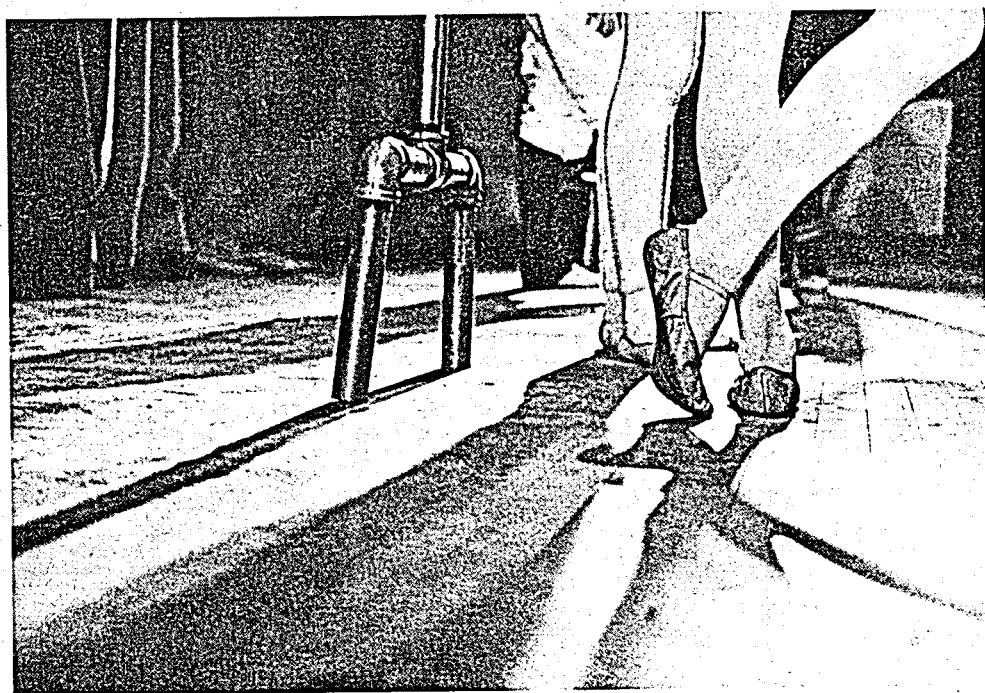
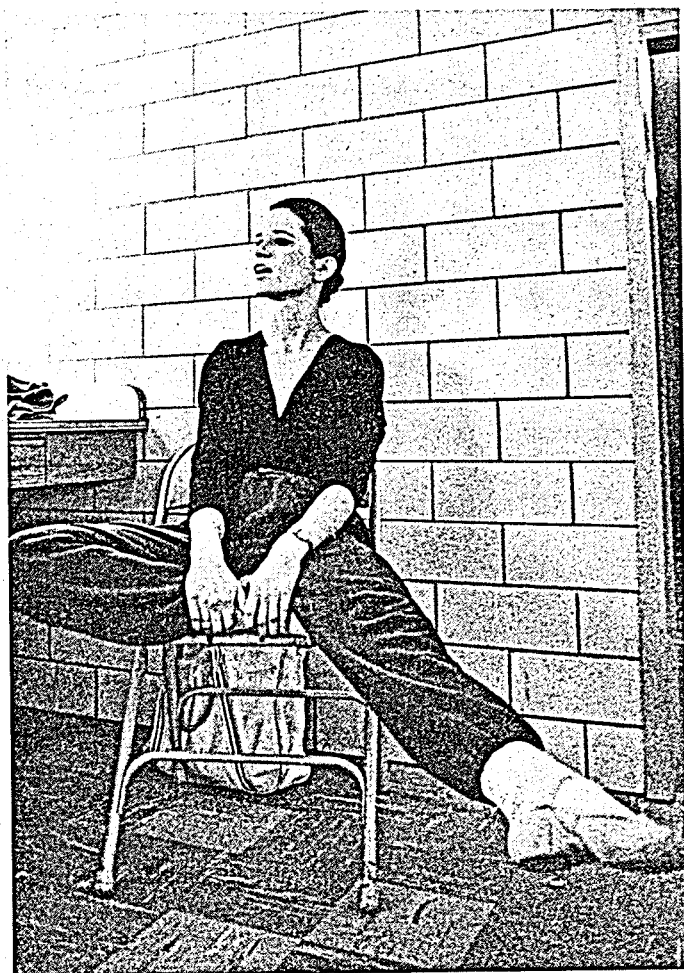
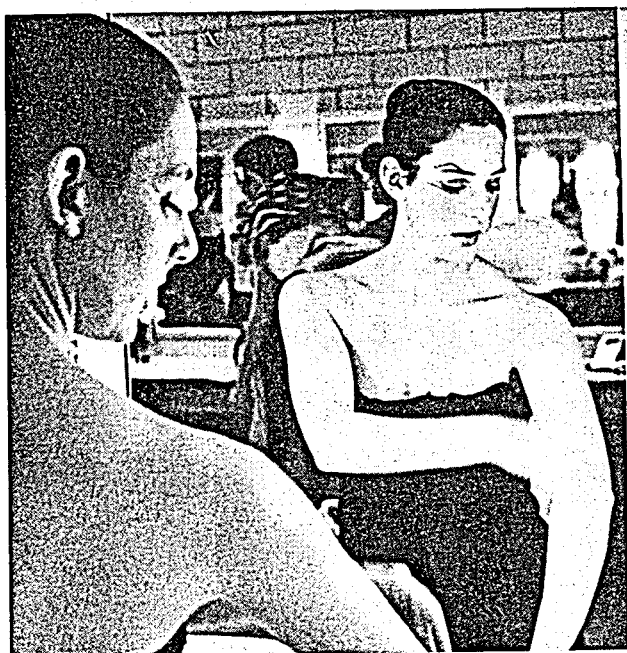
Kinsey is also partially Abstract Expressionist in his emphasis on the painting's surface as beautiful in itself. His surfaces are built up on many layers of paint: light penetrates the layers down to the canvas and reflects up to produce a glowing surface composed of many colors. He displays a real freedom, too, using different types of surfaces and brushstrokes in one painting. For instance, a plain background may highlight the complex brushwork of a figure. Another work of a standing man and a sitting girl is a veritable *catalogue* of painting techniques. The different techniques and surfaces are tied together within a geometric composition of squares and rectangles. Kinsey also loves beautiful patterns; and one sees them throughout all his media.

One major theme not mentioned so far is "the picture within the picture" motif and how it relates to, and comments on, the main figures. In *Consolation II*, for instance, the background picture has taken precedence over the "real life" figure. Also, in a few of his monotypes, Kinsey breaks down the generally flat quality of his paintings (due to his emphasis on surface and geometry) and reaches back into space. In one example, he produces a nice tension with a figure which at first appears to be next to a foreground figure . . . but it is actually in the background, parallel to the foreground. It is close to the surface—and then back.

This is a rich show, full of many themes and complexities, only a few of which I have mentioned. We can all experience the beauty of his painted surfaces and his painterly brushwork. Yet much of Kinsey's work is not "easy art." Many of his subjects are not readily understandable or easily accessible. Many are not enjoyable or comforting, but are anxious and unnerving. However, it is, above all, a show well worth the effort to see. □

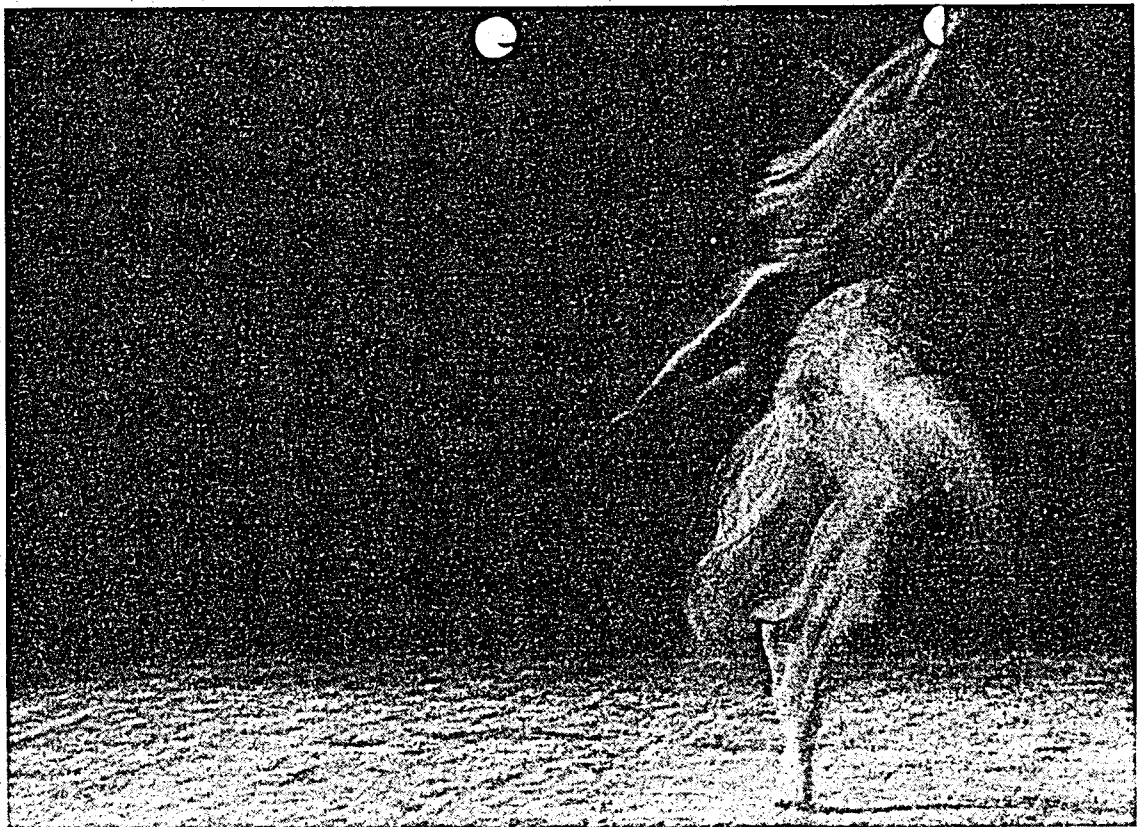
# *dance...*

*photographs by Theresa Rebeck*









# Teeth and Smiles

by Kari Meyer



The advertisements read, "Teeth 'n' Smiles . . . it's a different thing," and it sure is! The play "Teeth 'n' Smiles" is definitely not "Hamlet," nor is it "Mouse Trap"; what it is, is a direct unabashed play about survival. "Teeth 'n' Smiles," written by the young English playwright, David Hare, is the third major production of the St. Mary's and Notre Dame Theatre this season. This play offers the SMC-ND Theatre and its audience something new, out of the ordinary, and definitely different.

The play is about the dissolution of the rock era at the end of the sixties. It exposes a second-rate British rock band's faults and failures. There are no good guys, no bad guys; justice does not prevail, and there is no happy ending. As Jake Morrissey, who plays the role of Arthur in the play, states, "It is a story about survival, where people don't live, they just get by." One of the musical selections from the play, "Maggie's Song," seems to say it all,

I only want to tell you  
That you have my sympathy  
But there has to be a sacrifice  
And it isn't going to be me.

"Teeth 'n' Smiles" offers a unique opportunity because the play will be performed while the playwright, David Hare, is at Notre Dame to participate in the Sophomore Literary Festival. An opportunity to perform before the playwright is a great opportunity indeed, and the cast is proud to have the opportunity; but as Adri Trigiani, the assistant director of the production, said, "We'll still be out there hustling even if David Hare doesn't come."

Hustle they do! The roles in "Teeth 'n' Smiles" require great amounts of energy and a willingness to act without convictions. The roles are hard-hitting and gut level. They offer the SMC-ND community of actors and actresses a chance to show their versatility. Trigiani believes that "theatre at SMS-ND should be versatile" and "Teeth 'n' Smiles" offers that versatility. This is not a play that every other university in the nation will be performing.

Not only is the play itself different, the cast is composed of many new and different faces. These new people on the drama scene enhance the play's honesty and aid greatly in the musical roles involved in the play.

Another singular aspect of the play is the set. The action of the play involves backstage scenes as well as on-stage scenes. The stage, designed by senior Mark Hariss, enables the audience to see both back and front stage. The set revolves, allowing for continuous action as the play moves from backstage conversation to the actual rock concert.



Due to the exciting and unique nature of the play, some equally exciting and unique problems have arisen. The play was written in a very "true-to-life" dialogue style. Many of the words and references could be categorized as filthy or pornographic. The play was edited by Dr. Julie Jensen, the director, in order for it to be performed here at St. Mary's and Notre Dame. SMC-ND Theatre has generally been conservative with respect to the type of plays performed here; "Teeth 'n' Smiles" is a bit on the wild side. Jensen spoke of losing the audience because of the language. She said

that the play was "Not poetic or fanciful, it doesn't have that so to add dirty words to that would just be too much for this audience. The power of the action in the play is more forceful and important than the actual dialogue. The play is action based so you don't really need the dirty words." Much of the play has been cut and other parts changed, but basically the play is intact and conveys the entire meaning.

When Dr. Jensen said that she was going to direct "Teeth 'n' Smiles" at St. Mary's and Notre Dame, the responses were mixed. Jensen related, "People would read the play and say, 'You're going to do *this* at school! My God!'" It seemed to Jensen that people just didn't want to hear the language used in the play. "There's a disjunction between what they know and what they do, but we've worked very hard to make this play as palatable as possible." What the play involves are the issues concerned, not the language used.

For all its uniqueness, you will not leave this play humming the songs. You will not leave feeling happy or terribly sad. You will leave with questions.

What are your values, you may ask yourself. What are the values of a culture that idolizes rock musi-

cians? What do we do to people and what do people do to themselves? The play will offer no answers, those are yours to find.

"Teeth 'n' Smiles . . . it's a different thing." Is it? Is it any different from the harsh realities of life? Is what happens in "Teeth 'n' Smiles" really any different from what happens during a rock concert in the ACC? "Teeth 'n' Smiles" is a different play because it exposes these realities and brings them to the stage. It is especially different bringing them to the St. Mary's and Notre Dame stage.

*Vive la difference!*





# THEATRE

## Evita — No Superstar

by Mark Hinchman

Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, lyricist and composer, made musical history with *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Their subsequent project was an attempt to recreate the success *Jesus Christ Superstar* enjoyed. *Evita*, an opera based on the life of Eva Perón, opened September 25 at the Broadway Theatre to a 2.5-million preopening sellout. *Evita* was in the black before its first performance.

Why an opera of a first lady of Argentina, a role that has interested Barbra Streisand, Meryl Streep, Faye Dunaway, Ann-Margret and Karen Carpenter? Eva Perón, unprecedentedly and affectionately called "Evita" by her masses, was a fascinating, though ruthless woman. Eva Duarte was the youngest of five illegitimate children who lived with their mother in a one-room tin shack in Junin, Argentina. In 1934, at the age of 15, Eva latched onto a forgettable tango singer, Agustin Magaldi; through Magaldi she was introduced to the glitter of Buenos Aires, the largest city in South America. Magaldi was the first of her many lovers. After bleaching her hair and sleeping with photographers and other men prominent in the entertainment industry she became a famous model, radio broadcaster and screen actress. However, in 1944 Eva Duarte met Juan Perón, a promising politician.

Eva abandoned her career and concentrated on the political arena, pushing her husband into the presidential palace and establishing herself as one of the most powerful women the world has ever known. In this Cinderella rags-to-riches story, Eva made many enemies on her way from her family shack to the Casa Rosada. Her two biggest enemies were the military and the aristocracy, powerful opponents, but no match for her *descamisados* (the shirtless ones) who strongly supported her. The masses adored her; after her death of cancer at the age of 33 she was nominated as a candidate for sainthood, quite a feat for a girl who started her career as little better than a prostitute. Because she too had been poor she was a symbol of hope; if she

could succeed so could the poor. For this reason the poor did not criticize her opulent life-style which was grander than the aristocracy's life-style which she criticized. The public blindly adored their beautiful queen in her \$1,000 Christian Dior dresses and diamonds from Harrod's. But the aristocracy and the military knew where her money came from. After World War II, Argentina's gold reserves were second only to those of the United States; after Eva, Argentina was bankrupt.

*Evita* is no glamorization of Eva Perón; it is, rather, a highly critical look at her. Eva unfortunately could not forget her background, and devoted her life to wiping out anyone who had ever snubbed her: anti-Peronists quietly disappeared, and newspapers were silenced while the new journals followed Eva's travels, meetings with Franco and the Pope.

The creators of *Evita*, Webber and Rice, discovered with *Superstar* an innovative way of introducing a work to the theater. They couldn't finance a theatrical production, so they recorded the album before it was ever staged. Robert Stigwood (incidentally the owner of *Evita*'s movie rights) similarly prereleased his *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack, using the album's success to catapult the movie to prominence. A similar tactic was tried with *Evita* to somewhat less success. The album was popular all over the world, except in the United States, where it bombed, and in Argentina, where it was banned. But its adequate popularity helped get the London stage production going, which became such a hit, starring Elaine Paige, that she is still playing to Standing Room Only crowds. This prompted the Broadway version, which opened to mixed reviews and the largest preopening sellout in Broadway's history.

The success of *Evita* is greatly due to its main character and not the play's representation of her. The most interesting moments of the Broadway musical *Evita* are the real photos of Eva Perón. *Evita* is a masterpiece of audiovisual techniques. But one of *Evita*'s faults is that the

live performance does not equal the excitement in the real pictures of Eva. The play opens with one of Eva Perón's actual movies, and throughout the play pictures of Eva Perón are flashed onto two giant screens. No actress could recreate the electricity present in a photograph of the real Eva Perón speaking to two million of her frenzied worshippers, crowding the streets of Buenos Aires to catch a glimpse of the most influential person in Latin America.

*Evita* was altered considerably in the transition from the original studio album to the Broadway stage. A ridiculous and distracting invented subplot regarding an insecticide developer was wisely left out. This provides a tighter story concentrating more on Eva. The second major alteration was in adding a Latin flavor to the Broadway version.

Although three years old, the London production album still holds up well. Casting *Evita* for the New York production involved finding singers who were also actors and dancers, and who bore resemblances to their historical counterparts.

*Evita* is no *Superstar*, which is both its downfall and its saving grace. It is admirable that Webber and Rice did not rely on old themes and chords borrowed from *Superstar*. *Evita* relies much less on rock; the score is very wide in its range.

Che Guevara, an Argentine student rebel, is a commentator throughout *Evita*. Mandy Patinkin plays him so well that his presence alone carries the Broadway play. Bob Gunton looks like Perón, but uses a fake Argentine accent—distracting, as none of the other characters do.

*Evita* failed once in the United States, but with the New York play such a hit, it should achieve the attention it deserves. It's not as fine a work as *Jesus Christ Superstar*, but it appears to prove that the success of its creators, Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, was not a one-chance lucky break. *Evita* is unfortunately a less impressive showcase of their talents. What's next in what appears to be a musical series on charismatic leaders? *Adolf*? □

# Tear The Roof Off The Sucker

(with apologies to Ovid)

*"Can you hear me  
Singing' this song to you?  
If you can hear me sing  
You better come home like you're 'sposed to."*

—Jimi Hendrix

I want to tell you this story about this dude named Donald Orpheus Jones (everybody called him Orfy). He was mauled by a bunch of hookers about two-three weeks ago down on Huey Street. Them bitches whaled on him good. They cut him four ways: long, wide, deep and repeatedly; ripped off his head and threw it in the river when they was through. They found the head last week and lotsa dudes been sayin' how he still had his blues harp between his teeth. Some dudes said he was still playin' it when they found him. Them dudes toke up a lot of weed an' shit, so I didn't really believe them. Anyway, when the boys from the newspaper got a hold on it they played it up real big, y'know, every day. They was sayin' how Orfy was heavy into drugs an' shit. But, man, y'know, he would toke up a little reef now and then to get into his music, but that was about it. He only took some serious drugs once and I was with him. Let me tell you about it.

We was playin' hoops down at the schoolyard like usual and Orfy was sittin' under a tree playin' his harp like usual when all the sudden he started yellin' and rollin' around on the ground an' shit. So we all went over to check him out. He was swattin' at the air like bees or flies was tryin' to get at him or somethin'. So, I said, "Orfy, what's up man?" Me, Donny and Eagle had to hold him down 'cause he was really flippin' out an' screamin' shit about angels. I was gettin' ready to slap him in the face or somethin' when he finally got his shit together. Then the dude started cryin' an' sayin' somethin' about DeeCee, his lady. I said, "What are you on, man? DeeCee's all right. I just saw her on the corner by the hardware store."

"Let me up, man," he said. "Some snake in the grass done put a fix on my lady. An' I'm gonna get her back." Then Orfy took off like a fool; runnin' cross the schoolyard an' jumpin' over the fence.

"Where you goin'?" I hollered, "DeeCee's all right."

He stopped, looked at me real funny and said, "She's dead, man."

About an hour later Orfy came back with a couple tabs of acid and a bunch of sweet-lookin' dudes with saxophones, trumpets an' shit. One dude had a whole drum set tied to his back. In the meantime the news was flyin' around about how DeeCee got hit by a Cobra down on Sample Street. Some white dude clipped her right about the time Orfy started gettin' crazy. Orfy was really flipped out about it. He handed me a tab of acid and said, "Take this, man. We're goin' on a trip." I never did no acid before so I played it cool and put it in my pocket while Orfy was runnin' around tryin' to organize the band. "Get on it, brother," he hollered, "like this, man." Orfy took his tab and popped it into his mouth and shook his head all around yellin', "Dig it, dig it."

The dude was crazy, but I took the acid anyway. I was his best friend and I wanted to be with him, you understand. You could tell the band was trippin' already 'cause they was playin' some wild music like I never heard before. The sax player came dancin' by, tootin' on his horn and said to me, "Hey cuz, jazz is not dead, it just smells funny." The acid started kickin' in and I started laughin' like I couldn't stop. I had tears comin' out my eyes an' shit. It got crazier from there 'cause pretty soon Orfy got real serious and started tellin'

everyone to get ready. Then he pulled out some more acid and we all took another hit.

After that, I'm not sure what happened. Orfy started playin' some real wild stuff on his harp that put me right out. But that's nothin' new; the dude's done it before. I be drinkin' some wine, you know, and gettin' real mellow an' Orfy be playin' his harp an' puttin' me right out in never-never land like the wizard of oz or somethin'. Next thing I know, it's the next day or somethin'. But this time, on acid, man, I was trippin' my brains out. Everything got cloudy like we was actually in the clouds and all's I could hear was Orfy an' his boys jammin'. They was really gettin' down, better than Funkadelic or any of them dudes. I was tappin' my toes but I wasn't hittin' nothin', like my

feet was goin' through the clouds. I remember askin' Orfy, "Who are these dudes?"

"Tower of Power," he said, "this is serious, man."

"Dig it," was all I could say. Then we started zippin' through the clouds like we was in a jet or somethin' and the band kept on playin', gettin' tighter the faster we went. It was the best jam I ever heard an' I didn't care what was happening 'cause I was totally into it. Pretty soon Orfy comes up to me and hands me an electric bass.

"We're here, man, get ready to jam," he said.

I said, "I can't play this thing." Orfy just looked at me and smiled an' I knew what he was talkin' about.

"Dig it," he said.

"Dig it," I said back to him. I was puttin' on my



strap an' I looked an' holy shit, man, we was up in heaven or somethin' 'cause there was angels flyin' around an' we was comin' up on the pearly gates, an' St. Peter was standin' there with the big book, an' I said to myself, "I ain't dead, am I?" But, couldn't be, man, *could not be*, 'cause I was jammin' like a fool an' the horns was bobbin' an' Orfy started in to singin':

*"I can't get down 'cause I gotta go up  
Flyin' through the sky, struttin' my stuff  
I'm lookin' for my lady an' I know she's here  
'Cause she ain't done nothin' that would send her  
down there."*

Then Orfy jammed on his harp like never before. We played a steady rhythm for him for about a half an hour while he jammed. There was sweat in my eyes an' pourin' down my face an' shit, but I thought I saw Peter lay down his book an' start to boogie. Then the angels came down an' formed a chorus singin' the *oop oops* and the *wa was*. An' I remember thinkin' to myself that we was gonna be in trouble if the Main Man came down. Then, Orfy started singin' again:

*"I'll tell you right now, I want to see the Main Man  
I wanna take my boys into the holy land  
I wanna get down, I wanna get funky  
I let my backbone slip an' act like a monkey."*

The pearly gates opened up an' we cruised in. Ghosts were peekin' out from behind the clouds an' pretty soon everybody was dancin'. An' I looked up an', shit man, there was DeeCee, boppin' to the beat. Orfy kept on singin':

*"Baby, baby, baby, where for art thou, huh?  
Maybe, maybe, maybe, you're givin' up the funk  
I boogied up here to take you with me  
An' I ain't leavin' 'til you are set free."*

Everybody was into it, man, I couldn't believe it. The ghosts was formin' two lines an' puttin' their hands together, an' then here come DeeCee truckin' through the middle like she was on Soul Train or somethin'. An' then St. Peter started in to singin':

*"Hey, my man, listen, be cool  
I'm gonna tell you somethin' like you was in school  
I'll give you back your baby but there's just one  
stipulation:  
You can't check her out 'til you get past my station."*

Right then the band started to really crank it out an' Orfy started doin' the limbo under my guitar, singin':

*"Tear the roof off the sucker  
Tear the roof off the sucker."*

But that dude wasn't too cool 'cause soon as he thought St. Peter wasn't lookin', he turned his head around real quick like just to catch a glimpse of DeeCee out the corner of his eye. That's when the shit hit the fan. DeeCee got sucked back like she was goin' down the drain or somethin' an' all the ghosts closed up the gap

singing 'somethin' like, "*Hey lonny lonny, hey lonny lonny*," or somethin'. We all stopped playin' seein' what happened an' all. But Orfy kept on jammin' 'til he noticed somethin' was wrong; all the sudden we was on the outside lookin' in. So Orfy tried to rush the gate, an' right when he got there St. Peter smacked it closed. Blam! It hit him on the nose an' knocked him back. Pretty soon we was all fallin' through the clouds an' Orfy wanted us to keep on playin' so's maybe we could start flyin' again. But all the instruments was soundin' real goofy and the drummer lost half his set on the way down.

You wanna talk about one bummed-out dude, man, when we hit the ground Orfy started cryin' and never stopped. There was saxophones and trumpets layin' all around an' everybody was rubbin' their eyes an' shakin' their heads an' shit. An' Orfy kept cryin' an' sayin' somethin' about how DeeCee had to die twice. It was a bad scene, man.

After that, Orfy took off an' nobody knew where he took off to. I was basically concerned with getting my head together 'cause I knew I wasn't gonna be takin' no more acid. I kept havin' these flashbacks or somethin', man, like I could hear Orfy playin' his harp when I was takin' a shower or eatin' dinner or somethin'. It was drivin' me crazy. An' then I was talkin' to some other people an' they said they could hear it too. Man, I didn't know what to think. 'Cause I knew it was Orfy, man. 'Cause he was playin' the blues like he did when he was really down an' depressed. An' I mean these blues was *blues*.

An' all the ladies downtown was gettin' on me. "Where's Orfy?" they be sayin' to me all the time, "you seen him last." "Where's Orfy, where's Orfy?" They was drivin' me nuts. Christ, the dude lost his lady only two weeks ago, an' these bitches were after his ass already. Of course, Orfy always was cool with the ladies, you understand. He be playin' some sweet music on his harp an' all the ladies be comin' around sayin' play me this one or play me that one. DeeCee had herself a fine catch when she landed Orfy. Lotta jealous ladies floatin' around after that one.

I never told 'em I heard Orfy playin' blues from my apartment, so somebody else musta told 'em 'cause then every day I'd see 'em creepin' around lookin' for him. They was callin' him like a dog, "Orfy! Orfy!" They musta heard him too 'cause eventually there was so many ladies down here lookin' for him that dudes would come all the way from downtown to cruise an' try to pick 'em up.

Well, it wasn't long before these ladies found him hidin' in a ventilation duct up on the roof of my building. But the dude would have nothin' to do with them. He told 'em that he'd sworn off women 'til he could be with DeeCee again. They didn't like that noise too much so they chased him around an' harassed him all the time. They be callin' him a faggot an' shit. An' I seen the dude once after they flushed him out. He was nothin' but skin an' bones. I think he was tryin' to starve himself or somethin'. But them bitches wouldn't let him alone, they stayed on him 'til they finally got him.

I just wanted to set the story straight, 'cause you can't always believe what you read in the papers, you understand. Like, there was more to the story, you know?

# BOOKS

## *Human Rights and American Foreign Policy*

Edited by Donald P. Kommers  
and Gilbert D. Loescher  
University of Notre Dame Press

by Mike Onufrak

In strife-ridden times like our own, to include sincere concern for human rights as a main tenet of a contemporary nation's foreign policy may seem anachronistic. Yet, with the election of Jimmy Carter in November, 1976, this country inherited an idealistic administration seemingly intent on doing just that. *Human Rights and American Foreign Policy*, edited by Notre Dame professors Donald P. Kommers and Gilbert D. Loescher, is a collection of thirteen essays which explicate and analyze this phenomenon and its subsequent effects on the course of world politics.

The book is the product of the international symposium "American Foreign Policy and Human Rights" held by the Law School Center for the Study of Civil Rights at Notre Dame in the spring of 1977. Professor Kommers is director of the Center for the Study of Civil Rights at Notre Dame.

Published by the University of Notre Dame Press earlier this year, the book is an intelligent and comprehensive presentation of concern for human rights in today's world. Organized into seven parts, the book opens with a brief summation of the human rights situation since World War II, follows with the presentation of several conflicting arguments on what the nature of American and worldwide human rights policy should be, and concludes with specific criticisms regarding present American human rights policy. Each of the seven parts is preceded by a concise, explanatory introduction written by the editors as an aid to the reader.

Perhaps the most important essay contained within *Human Rights and American Foreign Policy* is the opening essay, "Human Rights: A Global Assessment," written by international lawyer and diplomat Arthur H. Robertson. Robertson, at present a professor of law at the University of Paris, is charged by the editors with the difficult task of

tracing modern human rights history throughout the world. Robertson, most likely because of his vast international experience, successfully meets this challenge by delivering an informative scholarly work easily comprehended by the average intelligent observer of world politics. The success of Robertson's essay is important to the overall reception of *Human Rights and American Foreign Policy* for two reasons: First, his essay lends an authoritative, international tone to the book. Secondly, the essay can be judged as readable both by political scholars and a reasonably informed political amateur.

These two aspects, an international focus and comprehension by the intelligent observer of human rights, seem to be two major goals of the editors. Certainly they are important to the symposium format which inspired the book. The degree to which these goals are attained varies from author to author—Robertson being an example of one writer who definitely succeeds on both counts.

In his essay, Robertson contends that there "are probably more countries where human rights and civil liberties are systematically violated than there are countries where they are effectively protected." This discouraging pronouncement may seem to be a sorry indictment of our times. Upon closer inspection, how-

ever, this does not prove to be the case. Robertson sees many positive steps being taken worldwide to eradicate this situation—including various United Nations Covenants, the 1975 Helsinki Conference and resultant agreement (the subject of a second Robertson essay in part four), and the formation of various international bodies such as Amnesty International.

Robertson contends that much of the progress made in the field of human rights is the result of reactions to the atrocities of the Second World War. This is particularly true of European states which, according to Robertson, have the most effective international organization for protecting human rights in the European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms. Besides international organizations, Robertson sees the evolution of the "ombudsman" as a political institution, as being an efficient weapon in the battle for human rights. Robertson views the "ombudsman" as a type of government watchdog who exists independently of any other branch of government with the single task of investigating alleged human rights violations. Such institutions have been implemented in many foreign countries and are even present in several American cities.

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Gilbert D. Loescher



Donald P. Kommers



## Pop Goes the ACC

Last month at the ACC, the Boston Pops Orchestra made its first area appearance ever surely a memorable one indeed.

For their conductor, John Williams, it must have been a little bit like being on trial. The multicity tour on which he had just embarked was in many ways an effort to justify to his critics his existence as a serious enough musician to replace the revered Arthur Fiedler.

"We're very happy with the way things are going at this point," remarked Pops Associate Director Harry Ellison, drinking in the entertainment from the third row. "I think John Williams is going to work out just fine."

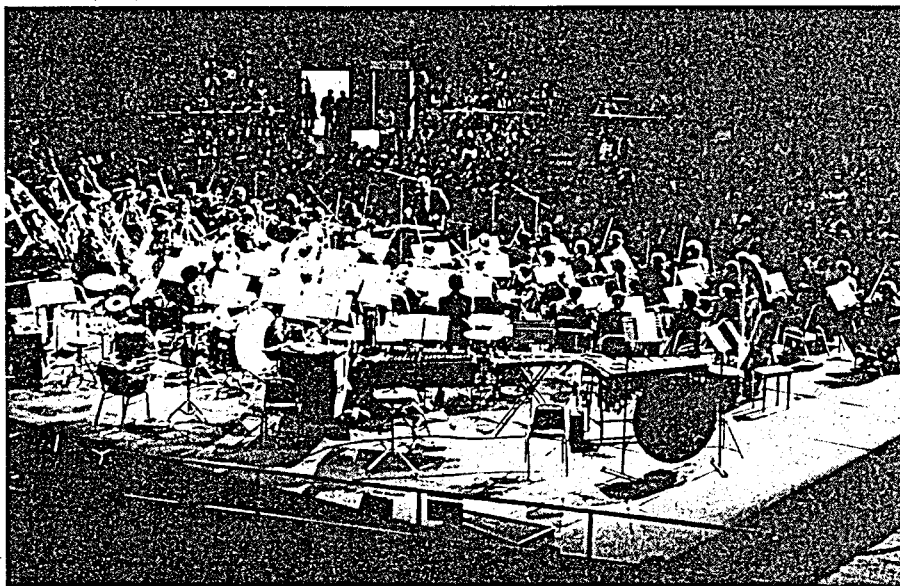
Indeed, the evening proceedings seemed to bear him out on that fact. Widely associated with Fiedler and their rendition of the 1812 Overture played along the banks of Boston's Charles River, the Pops performance was decidedly different and clearly dominated by Williams. The distinctive Pops flavor was heard most readily through second-half selections from Williams' scores for the hit movies "Star Wars," "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," "Superman" and the new film, "1941."

Through it all, however, there was still something left for the purist—in the person of Emmanuel Borok, the highly regarded violinist who played with apparent ease Saint-Saens's relatively ductile piece, "Concerto No. 3 in B Minor." A usual "Pops" crowd applauded, even between movements . . . but then, these are concerts for funlovers as well as aficionados.

The people's response was, in many ways, an answer to many who have recently expressed concern over the direction of the "Pops" since the implementation of their new conductor.

That night, a rather large and often enthusiastic crowd responded with a vocal vote of confidence for whatever direction that might be. □

—Gregory Solman



# Lobbying in America:

## *Power to Persuade*

by Francis J. Browne

Immediately after the assassination of President Kennedy, a U.S. senator reported that 60% of his mail favored gun-control laws. Within three weeks, 80% of this same senator's mail expressed strong opposition to gun-control laws. This sudden reversal of opinion had been caused by the National Rifle Association, one of the largest lobby organizations in Washington.

Lobby organizations have become one of the greatest influences on legislation in the United States. A lobby can be small, relatively unorganized groups of citizens, or, large professional organizations representing powerful interests. The object of the lobby is to produce legislation favorable to the interests of a group. Lobbies attempt to directly convince members of the executive or legislative branches of the government to vote in their favor on key issues. They may try to influence a vote by appealing to a legislator's personal values, by creating popular support for issue, or merely a semblance of popular support.

Supporters of a lobby effort provide the financial resources, and often the expertise and work power, necessary to organize an effective interest group. These large interest groups are made up of many smaller groups or individuals with similar interests. The efforts of a lobby are limited by the financial backing, available manpower, and ethical standards of a particular lobby rather than by any legislative regulation.

Lobbies influence legislation most effectively by methods other than direct election of representatives. Lobbies have at their disposal various direct and indirect methods of obtaining support for their interests. Direct methods include personal interviews, social functions, testimony, and "calling-out-the-vote." Indirect methods include letter-writing campaigns, media blitzes, and direct contact with personal friends of a legislator.

A professional lobbyist realizes the value of approaching a lawmaker personally. First and foremost, a lawmaker wishes to represent the will of the people; a lobbyist attempts to appear as if he represents the wishes of a lawmaker's constituency, rather than the wishes of the lobby. A well-organized argument in the context of a personal interview or a passing comment introduced into a conversation during a social function can have a lot of influence.

Another direct method of lobbying involves giving testimony before Congress. Dramatic demonstrations of a point and well-picked witnesses affect Congressional opinion immediately before the vote. Another tactic to influence the Congressional vote is to "call-out-the-vote." A lobbyist may note from the

gallery which representatives are present and which are absent with an eye to contact those missing who favor the interests of the lobby. A few votes may carry the day for the lobby. Direct lobby of the Chief Executive may influence a veto.

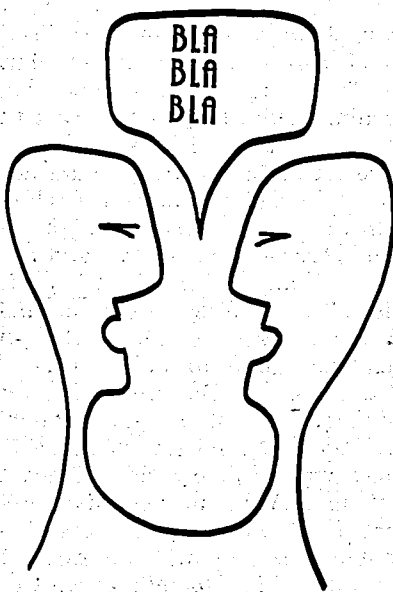
The general intention of indirect lobbying is to appear to drum up "grass-root" support while hiding the tracks of the lobby in the effort to influence Congress. This technique proves to be effective with Congressmen who are open to public opinion but wary of the views espoused by vested interests. Letter-writing campaigns and media blitzes make the lawmaker believe that his constituents universally support a particular view. Personal friends of a legislator have great influence with a Congressman; these friends can often be induced to speak to his friend in Congress concerning a certain subject. Ex-legislators, well acquainted with the lawmaking process and respected by their peers are highly influential. Although unable to speak during votes, they are permitted access to the floor and the lawmakers at any time.

Strategic use of the various direct and indirect methods of lobbying is of prime importance to the professional lobbyist. Tact and expertise in presentation of an issue, critical timing of efforts, and the coordination of the multifaceted campaigns seem to be the way to influence Congressional opinion.

Are there any restrictions on these lobbies, one may legitimately wonder? The Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act of 1946 is the only legislation affecting lobby action in the United States. Unfortunately, the Act is so broad that it does very little to regulate lobbying. It merely asks that lobby groups register and file a quarterly report. The latest attempt at regulating the actions of lobby groups has not passed Senate action; knowing the influence of lobbies, one wonders if such a piece of legislation ever will.

The rise of the modern lobby marks the development of an extra-constitutional political force unforeseen by the Founding Fathers. Lobbies work outside the frame of the government with few restrictions. No branch of the government can directly check lobbies according to their right of freedom of speech. None of the checks found within the government apply to lobbies.

Lobbies, generally, violate majority rule. Support drummed up by  
(continued on pg. 31)



## *Father John Cavanaugh:*

# The Great Adventure

by Mary Beth Dakoske

During those days when the campus is hushed and empty, when Notre Dame belongs, in a special way, to the Holy Cross community, Fr. John Cavanaugh's long years of suffering ended in the place he had come to call home. Fr. John J. Cavanaugh, Notre Dame's 14th President, died at 8:15 P.M. on Friday, December 28. Within moments after his death, the dome lights were extinguished and a single bell was tolled from Sacred Heart Church. Fr. Cavanaugh went home to God.

I came to know Fr. Cavanaugh about ten years ago through his sister Ann, who lived in a nursing home in Detroit. My visits with Ann Cavanaugh were often spent talking about her brother John. She delighted in telling me humorous stories of his prankster days. When I met Fr. Cavanaugh for the first time, I realized how accurately Ann had described him. He had that wonderful Irish art of storytelling; his blarney always was a boost for my morale. But I think I will remember Fr. Cavanaugh for his conviction that "life is a great adventure."

That adventure began in an obscure village on the outskirts of Owosso, Michigan. With his sister Ann, and his brothers Mike and Frank, John Cavanaugh grew up in a two-room house in a rural community. His father died when he was very young, leaving only sketchy memories. But his mother was a powerful influence. A few months before his death, Fr. Cavanaugh told me about his mother's blend of sweetness and strength. He pointed to her photograph and said, "She was a sweetie, but she was also a toughie. People had to be in those

days because times were pretty tough." One of his favorite memories of his mother used to be the time they would share every Sunday evening at exactly seven o'clock. First, his mother would arrange two rocking chairs facing each other. She would sit in one, he in another. Then they would pray the Rosary together as they rocked. This was his time alone with his mother—a time when he felt very close to her. It was a time he often spoke about as a turning-point in his life. On those Sunday nights with his mother, he began to develop an enduring devotion to the Mother of God.

When he would speak of the beginnings of his religious vocation, Fr. Cavanaugh would remember a certain parish priest in his hometown. John and his brother Frank would awake to "an inner alarm clock" at 4:30 A.M. In the dark morning hours, they would walk the five miles to St. Paul's Church to serve Mass. Before they would head down the road to the parish school, John and Frank used to sit on the front porch of the rectory and have their breakfast with the parish priest. The breakfast was to be their reward for serving Mass. But the breakfast came to be a ritual, a continuation of the Eucharist, and the beginning of Fr. Cavanaugh's own sense of ministry. "Our parish priest was a lonely man. He was born in Ireland and all his people were over there. We'd sit on his front porch, and each our breakfast and talk to him. Sometimes we were even late for school! We'd talk and talk and talk! And I think we made him unlonely for a while." A long silence would follow as Fr. Cavanaugh would be telling me the story.

He would gaze out the window of his room. For a moment he would seem to be miles and years away. Once with sudden candor, he looked at me intently and said: "You know, priests are all lonely people." I knew that he was not talking only about the priest from Owosso.

Although John Cavanaugh had an early intuition about the loneliness of the priesthood, he finally came to embrace it as his vocation. Unlike most young men of his time, John Cavanaugh had a wide range of experience before he entered the seminary. He worked, travelled, fell in love. Life was an adventure! But the idea of becoming a priest remained strong. The priesthood was to become the "great adventure." With a wink and his characteristic Irish wit, Fr. Cavanaugh would admit, "I went into this thing with my eyes wide open!"

Coincidentally, the priest who most influenced John Cavanaugh was also named John Cavanaugh. In 1916, Fr. John W. Cavanaugh was President of Notre Dame at the time. John J. Cavanaugh of Owosso, Michigan, was at Moreau Seminary with his brother Frank. John J. Cavanaugh had been working as a clerical assistant in an automotive company in Detroit. But his greatest dream was to come to Notre Dame—not to enter the seminary, but to go to college. Tuition was a problem, but not as big a problem as the fact that John Cavanaugh had never attended high school. At seventeen he was not about to join a class of thirteen-year-olds either.

On an impulse, he wrote to the President of Notre Dame, Fr. John W. Cavanaugh, to inquire about college entrance requirements. The



Fr. Cavanaugh offers advice to Teddy Roosevelt

coincidence in names intrigued the President, and the letter also showed spunk and initiative. Fr. John W. Cavanaugh invited John J. Cavanaugh to come to Notre Dame for a visit. When they met, it seemed to be one of those rare meetings of kindred spirits. It happened that the President's secretary had just gone off to war. Fr. John W. Cavanaugh needed a qualified assistant immediately. He hired John J. Cavanaugh for that position. Impressed by the skills and enthusiasm of his young apprentice, Fr. John W. Cavanaugh became a mentor for John J. Cavanaugh, tutored him in the Classics, and administered the entrance examinations himself. John J. Cavanaugh proved to be not only a conscientious worker but a bright and eager student. Being a "college man

at Notre Dame" was no longer a dream; it was a reality.

During his college years, John worked as secretary to the President. The young John Cavanaugh found a father in the University president. Notre Dame began to feel more and more like home. Throughout his life, he remembered his mentor with affection: "He was like a father to me—the only father I ever knew." Fr. Cavanaugh liked to recall his first experience of this father/son relationship: "One Christmas I was going home to Owosso for the vacation. I had been working in the President's office and I'd taken off my coat and hung it over a chair. He [Fr. John W. Cavanaugh] must have come along when I wasn't looking and slipped a twenty-dollar bill in my coat

pocket. I discovered it when I was on the train. 'Oh boy! Twenty dollars!' What a thrill that was. But of course, it wasn't just the money. That was the kind of thing a father would do. I felt like I had a father."

Whether it was the coincidence in their names or the recognition of mutual needs, the two John Cavaughns shared a bond of affection that gave them both a sense of family. The young John Cavanaugh was to become his mentor's protégé in a way neither of them could then imagine. But before his life took him in that direction, John J. Cavanaugh had other interests to pursue, love being one of them.

He completed his course of studies in foreign commerce, receiving the degree of Ph.D. from Notre Dame in 1923. When Fr. James Burns replaced Fr. John W. Cavanaugh as University president, John J. Cavanaugh took a position with Studebaker Corporation in South Bend. He moved into a little white frame house on the St. Joe River. He drove a shiny, black Studebaker, traveled quite a bit, and dated a girl who was to play an important role in his life.

During his senior year at Notre Dame, John met a St. Mary's girl, a "Southern belle from Augusta, Georgia." For a year or so after graduation, they "kept company." Their dates were often spent "talking and talking," always one of John's pastimes. In their talks, it developed that they were both thinking about the religious life. The young woman confided her dream of becoming a missionary in India. When she joined the Holy Cross Sisters, John's own vocation to the priesthood seemed more and more certain. Finally, growing restless with the work at Studebaker, he thought to himself one day, "I don't care if Studebaker ever makes another car." A greater adventure was on the horizon for him. John Cavanaugh entered the seminary in 1925 and was ordained a priest in the Congregation of Holy Cross on June 24, 1931.

The young woman went on to India shortly after her profession, serving in the missions for seven years. By the time she returned to St. Mary's, John Cavanaugh was a newly ordained priest at Notre Dame. For many years, they were only a road apart. They never met. It was a time in the history of the Church when discretion ruled. Fr. Cavanaugh would remember that

time wistfully: "I knew she was there, and she knew I was here, but we never crossed the road." Fr. Cavanaugh had memories of that girl from Georgia, memories that spoke of the fullness and richness of his life.

Over the years, Fr. Cavanaugh and I shared a lot over cups of tea. Somehow our talks always led to his favorite question, posed with a wink, "Are you in love?" I learned not to avoid that question because it inevitably led to stories of his own loves. Although he talked about the "road not taken," he always came back to the path he *had* chosen, to his life as a priest. From this celibate man, I learned a great deal about love, about commitment and fidelity.

Fr. Cavanaugh received a master's degree in English literature from Notre Dame in 1927. He also did graduate work in theology at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. He later studied philosophy at Gregorian University in Rome. From 1933-1939 he served as Prefect of Religion at Notre Dame, a position comparable to the Director of Campus Ministry today. In 1940, he was elected to the office of Vice-President of the University, a position which led quite naturally into the presidency. In 1946, John J. Cavanaugh was elected the fourteenth President of the University of Notre Dame. The Owosso farmboy's dream of "going to Notre Dame" was fulfilled and surpassed; John J. Cavanaugh had become his mentor's protégé in a way that even surprised him sometimes.

Fr. John J. Cavanaugh served the University as president for six years, from 1946 to 1952. During that brief period, he raised the standards of the University to a level of academic excellence that established Notre Dame among the nation's great universities. Research and scholarship were accelerated and prestigious faculty were recruited.

Fr. Cavanaugh's transition out of the presidency was extremely graceful. There is a story told about this transition that captures Fr. Cavanaugh's characteristic sense of humor. The deliberations with the Board of Trustees over the appointment of his successor were being held at a Denver resort. A woman at the resort recognized Fr. Cavanaugh and asked him for his autograph, saying: "I'd just love to have

the autograph of the president of Notre Dame." Fr. Cavanaugh turned to her and said: "See that guy in the plaid swimming trunks? *He's* the president now. Go ask him." "The guy in the plaid swimming trunks" was, of course, Fr. Hesburgh. Fr. Cavanaugh had chosen the promising thirty-five-year-old priest as his successor and the Board of Trustees had honored his choice. Fr. Cavanaugh welcomed the new administration eagerly, supporting his successor with enthusiasm.

From 1952 to 1960, Fr. Cavanaugh served as Director of the Notre Dame Foundation. During this same period, he developed a close and lasting relationship with the Kennedy family. He had come to know and admire Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, who was on the Board of Trustees for Notre Dame. Fr. Cavanaugh became Joseph Kennedy's spiritual director as well as a trusted friend to the entire Kennedy family. In the 1950's and early 1960's, he would often accompany the Kennedys on their travels abroad. Fr. Cavanaugh's years with the Kennedys were eventful years, filled with the family's accomplishments and uncertainties, victories and defeats, joys and sorrows. When President Kennedy was assassinated in November, 1963, Fr. Cavanaugh was called to Hyannis Port to be with Joseph Kennedy. As a spiritual director and trusted friend, Fr. Cavanaugh stayed with Joseph Kennedy throughout that long and anguished weekend. The Kennedy family gratefully continued their friendship with Fr. Cavanaugh with letters and phone calls up to the last days of his life.

In 1965, Fr. Cavanaugh returned to teaching. His course in the Classics was a popular elective in the Collegiate Seminar Program. From 1969 to 1974 he served as chaplain at Saint Mary's College, living first at Le Mans Hall, later in the Presbytery. Failing health forced Fr. Cavanaugh to limit these activities and he came home to Notre Dame to live at Corby Hall. Several times after serious illnesses, Fr. Cavanaugh bounced back with amazing resiliency. At seventy-four years of age, he was teaching a course in the Classics to senior citizens at the Forever Learning Institute in South Bend. Frequent lapses of health and prolonged stays in the Infirmary prompted his retirement to Holy

Cross House. Moving to Holy Cross House was, at first, a difficult transition for him. The man who had moved so eagerly through the stages of life on his "great adventure" from Owosso to Detroit, to South Bend, to Hyannis Port, to distant points all around the world, and home again to Notre Dame, found that move to Holy Cross House the hardest move of all. It seemed at the time to signal the end of his own ministry. Being "ministered to" never came easily to a man like Fr. Cavanaugh.

In ways that he probably never knew, his ministry continued during his years at Holy Cross House. From the day he moved in, life on the second floor of Holy Cross House was never the same. While he was there, he renewed his friendship with his brother, Fr. Frank Cavanaugh, who has lived there for several years. Two years ago, under the care of his favorite nurse, Sue Barany, Fr. Cavanaugh traveled to Detroit to visit his sister Ann before her death. He could talk happily and gratefully about that last visit with his sister. Death was not a topic he avoided, having lived life so fully.

Thirty years ago, Fr. Cavanaugh delivered a eulogy at the funeral of a close friend. When he spoke about death, he inevitably spoke about life. For the man of faith, life and death are not separate. Fr. Cavanaugh's words thirty years ago about his friend's life seem to describe his own life so well.

"There are, after all, only two ways of living: the one that leads to God, and the one that leads away from Him. The way that leads to God is not hard to find. . . . Knowledge of it and love of it can come quietly, naturally at a good mother's knee. . . . Then one discovers that this way is, as Christ taught us, His way when He said: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'"

Even in his suffering, life was, for John Cavanaugh, a "great adventure." Those of us who knew and loved him suspect that the greatest part of that adventure has just begun. □

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# ***In Retrospect . . .***

*On December 12, 1941, Scholastic ran an interesting column, reprinted verbatim below. We thought it might interest our readers, particularly at this politically disturbing time.*

## **"What Were You Doing When the War Started?"**

**Ted McDonald, Sorin Hall:** "Jerry Killegrew and I were at my home in West Lafayette. We had just returned with our dates and we weren't concentrating when war was declared. But afterwards, when the girls had left, it really hit us. We still can hardly believe it."

**Jack Crahan, Badin:** "I was home on a week-end and at the time of the declaration I was driving to see my girl, when my car radio announced that Japan had attacked Hawaii. I was really stunned. I didn't think they could be that dumb."

**Joe Tracy, Howard:** "I had just returned from taking a shower. When I heard the news of the war, I was so shocked that I almost had to go back for another shower to revive myself."

**Stan Litizette, Alumni:** "I was in Chicago over the week-end staying at a friend's house. We were downstairs talking when his brother rushed down from the upstairs radio to tell us the shocking news."

**Frank Lavelle, Walsh:** "At the time of the declaration, I was writing home planning a nice Christmas vacation when the war broke. But despite the Japs and Hitler and Mussolini I still intend to take my vacation."

**Ray Wilmer, Dillon:** "At the time of the outbreak of the war I was with a friend at the concert at John Adams. It wasn't until about six o'clock when we were changing to the Notre Dame bus that we saw newspaper boys with the extras carrying the stunning news. So we enjoyed the concert in blissful ignorance while the Japanese bombed Honolulu."

**Jerry Heinlen, Walsh:** "I was at home with my

family at Garrett, listening to the radio at the time. When we heard the news we were immediately saddened. My brother is in the Navy, so my mother was in tears at the news. My mind seemed to go blank; I can still hardly convince myself that we are at war."

**Jack Sprague, Howard:** "We had Jack Reis' radio strewn all over his room fixing it when we heard Brother Columba talking about the declaration of war out in the hallway. I was quite dismayed about the war because I have an adopted brother who is Japanese and I don't know just how the war will affect him."

**Murray O'Toole, Walsh:** "Some fellows rushed into our room Sunday afternoon and spent half an hour trying to convince us that war had been declared by Japan. Then we heard the grim details on the radio."

**Bob Milford, Badin:** "I was driving my car at home when the news came over the car radio. My folks were deeply shocked. I have a brother 23 years old in the Army."

**Jim Godfrey, Howard:** "I was asleep in my room at the time when my roommate burst in shouting the news of the war at me. I certainly was shocked into horrible reality."

*What are you going to be doing when WW III starts? The editorial board of Scholastic hopes to be resting in eternal peace before that question is asked.*

# THE LAST WORD

In this magazine, we have confronted issues which we believe demand immediate attention. We have confronted issues which deal with right and wrong, good and evil, problem and solution. Tenure, human rights and the possibility of a draft are problems which directly affect our daily lives. The solutions to these problems are difficult, if not impossible. But as long as these issues remain problems, we must strive to solve them.

Often, to resolve problems, we must understand both sides of a position, evaluate each side and either condemn one side or compromise between the two. Before doing so, we must know and understand the people we are dealing with. Time does not always permit us to personally confront people, so we must have some method of quick identification. I propose—the stereotype.

The word "stereotype" has always been considered a derogatory word. I disagree. Stereotyping is a convenient, mindless method of categorization. If a friend asks me who the 6' 7", 350-lb. specimen is who's eating four double Huddle-burgers for breakfast, I simply reply, "He's a jock." Immediately, my friend knows that this person rarely attends classes, spends much time in Goose's, owns six sweatsuits and has a vocabulary of 76 words, the most important of which is "I."

Stereotypes, like business majors, can be found everywhere at Notre Dame. I shall give a few examples:

**Domer:** male, dresses like Ivy Leaguer, attends every home football and basketball game, has collection of Vail and Ft. Lauderdale T-shirts, studies on second-floor library, depending on wallet size he drinks either Heineken or Miller beer, regularly works out in Rock or A.C.C., gets car from parents in middle of sophomore year, knows lyrics to every Springsteen song, rarely dates and thinks Notre Dame girls are ugly.

**Smick Chick:** owns more monogrammed sweaters than Calvin Klein jeans, owns stock in Revlon, lives to touch the letter jackets of as many football players as possible, went to St. Mary's for the "security" of an all-girl school, prays that Laura on "General Hospital" will straighten up her act, would rather get pregnant by the Shah of Iran than be drafted and thinks Notre Dame girls are ugly.

**Notre Dame Girl:** self-proclaimed feminist, backs Title IX and believes competitive sports are animalistic, thinks all smick chicks are shallow, selfish and stupid.

**The Business Major:** well-dressed, blown-dry hair, hand is usually in back left pocket or purse, prays each night to William Blumenthal, goal in life is to exploit some untapped mass, argues about statistics in bars, chuckles at Arts and Letters students, needs dictionary to find the meaning of "ethics."



by Dave Satterfield

**The Science and Engineering Major:** glasses, greasy hair, never socializes until senior year, when he/she flocks to Senior Bar and argues about war games.

A personal favorite, **The General Program Major:** loves to carry around both editions of complete works of Plato and Aristotle, argues about dialectical materialism and nonbeing at football games, receives mail at LaFortune, believes that poverty and simplicity are virtues because that will be his/her postgraduate condition, constantly attempting to grasp his/her essence.

**Actors, Architects and Art Majors:** Strong odds he/she is "gay," nocturnal animal, freely experiments with drugs, main-lines Maxwell House freeze-dried, and thinks all Domers are ugly.

**The Townie:** wears faded, dirty blue jeans with either Ted Nugent or REO Speedwagon T-shirt, has long, dirty, blond hair, does hard drugs, looks like rapist to most college girls, and probably knows more about life than every Domer, smick chick, business major and GP'er put together.

Of course, I have not covered every stereotype. I could speak of Holy Cross priests, Notre Dame administrators, cheerleaders, Republicans, Democrats, ROTC's, *Scholastic* editors and many, many more. Every direction we turn, we can find a stereotype. I doubt that there's a method in which we can avoid being stereotyped. I guess you could enroll at St. Mary's, transfer to Notre Dame, have a sex change operation, enroll in the business college, change to GP and realize that school is worthless, drop out of school, live in South Bend and realize that life is worthless and kill yourself. Or, you could not worry about it and try to be unique. Try to be yourself.

(cont. from pg. 25)

factions often throws a cloak over the true public sentiment. Large interests tend to dominate lobby politics. Small interest groups cannot compete with "big money" interests, such as organized labor, industry, and corporate interests. This inequality comes from the lack of financial backing that plagues smaller groups. As a result, large lobbies very rarely encounter opposition from rival organizations in their efforts to influence legislation.

On the other hand, lobbying gives an opportunity to voice opinions which might not normally find expression through majority rule. Lobbying, for example, directly brought about Civil Rights legislation in the 1960s.

The government, then, through these lobby groups, is now being shaped by the interests of powerful factions. The majority of American people have lost direct contact with their representative in government. The representative now voices lobby opinion, not necessarily that of his constituents. The lobby system has become an extra-constitutional power center which can effectively form laws according to the will of a few. And these few are those who can afford to support a professional lobby group. □

*Francis J. Browne is a General Program/English major. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*

(cont. from pg. 23)

Not all of the remainder of the essays are as interesting or as readable as Robertson's—but in fairness it must be noted that the other essays deal with specific human rights policies with which the reader is probably less familiar. The editors are aware of this and their introductions serve as excellent outlines encapsulating each author's argument. The introductions are so explanatory, in fact, that the scholarly or more-informed reader might find himself ignoring them so as to formulate his own, unprejudiced judgments from the articles alone. For the casual observer, however, the introductions are a help for discerning the complicated arguments presented in the book's final six parts. □

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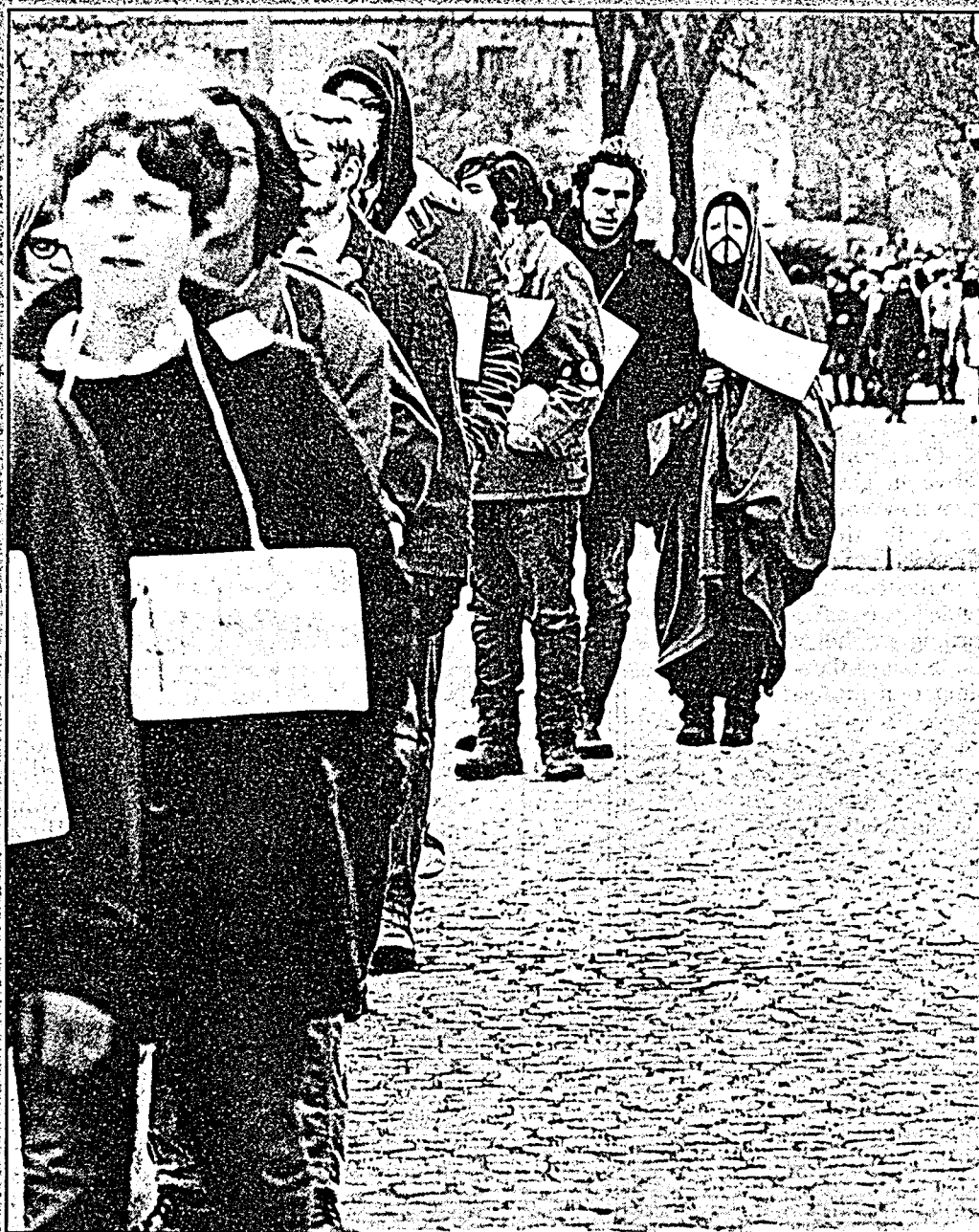
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