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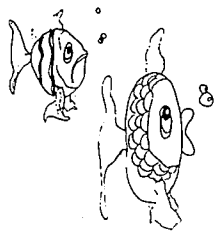

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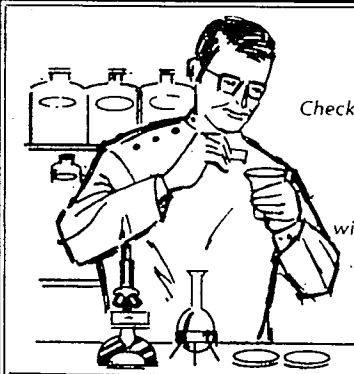

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SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 124, No. 5, December 1982
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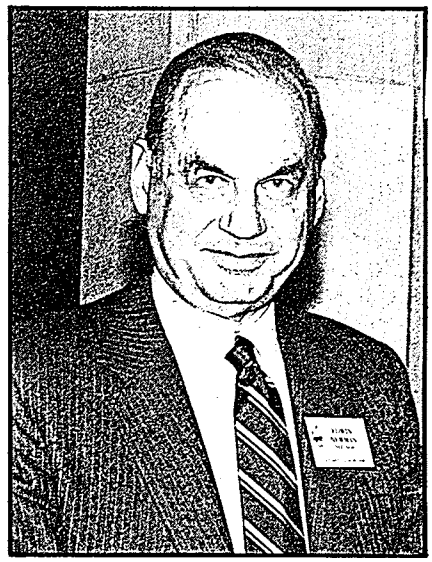

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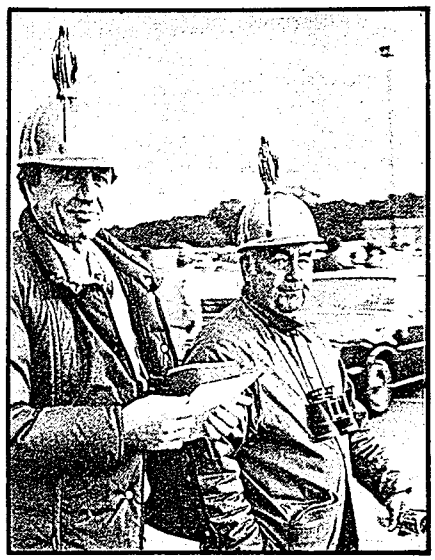

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Scholastic Notables

Nukes, Will, and Wisdom

"You have learned how it was said, 'You must love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I say this to you: love your enemies . . ." (Mt. 5:43-44). With these words, the Second Annual Convocation on the Solutions to the Nuclear Arms Race began in worship at Sacred Heart Church on the Notre Dame campus last November 11, 1982. In conjunction with events scheduled at 500 other American universities, Notre Dame's Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., celebrated Mass; Dean William McLean of the Notre Dame Law School spoke on the subject as did Professor Everett Mendelsohn of Harvard University. The three men shared in stressing "will and wisdom" to bring about a nuclear moratorium and subsequent arms reduction.

Fr. Hesburgh, reading a prepared statement, discussed the "scandal" of nuclear research "in the face of poverty and world hunger. If we don't do something about this problem, God will never forgive us." He urged a recognition of the dignity of life and the need for science to promote peace instead of further arms increase.

Dean McLean, speaking from experience in negotiating SALT I with the Soviets, stressed patience in the "evolutionary process of bringing about substantive arms reduction." Outlining the SALT I & II accords, McLean noted that they "were as good as can be arrived at," and it is always a struggle to "find a lowest common denominator of agreement with which each country can say, 'O.K., I'll sign' because it is in their national interest." McLean's military background, he admits, causes him to say, "The Russians respect strength. So let's not be too hard on our President when he speaks of strengthening our forces before negotiations can begin." McLean stressed practicality by pointing out that with Brezhnev's recent death it will take a while for the Soviet leadership to feel secure before any talk of START [Strategic Arms Reduction Talks] begins."

Closing the day's discussion, Dr. Mendelsohn, a History of Sciences professor at Harvard, retraced the events leading up to the nuclear stockpiles we know of today. While "fear was behind the use of the Bomb in 1945," oddly enough, "fear has succeeded in holding off the use of the Bomb today. But how far can fear go?" In 1945, Albert Einstein, "a pacifist and a genius," wrote a letter to FDR urging him not to promote nuclear weapon deployment; the letter remained unopened on FDR's desk as he died in Georgia. In 1950, the Soviet Union halted nuclear testing and challenged the United States to do the same. In 1972, SALT I was signed and ratified; in 1979, SALT II was signed but remains unratified. "All along the course of development," Mendelsohn said, quoting Rosencrantz to Guildenstern in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, "There have been moments where we could have said 'No,' but we failed." As much as either nation has sought national security and a stable defense posture, "We have gone from MAD [Mutual Assured Destruction] to NUTS [Nuclear Utilization Targeting Strategy]. The reality of what we have done could not be called control much less nuclear sophistication," Mendelsohn quipped. Thus "sanity calls for restraint. We have been lucky up to now, but if our luck runs out, there's no turning back," he said. Because our fears which may not have been based on an accurate understanding of the Soviet threat, "Now is the time to make our voice and commitment felt," Mendelsohn urged those present. ". . . Reason tells us we ought to scrap them."

—Jeff Monaghan

Human Needs and the Third World

Mention Kellogg Institute to most people, and they'll questioningly look at you, wondering why anyone in his right mind would want to

cluttter conversation talking about breakfast cereal. The Kellogg Institute in question, however, deals not with cereal, but with international studies, and it is found on the twelfth floor of the Notre Dame Memorial Library. The Kellogg Institute of International Studies concerns itself with economic development and democratization of Third World countries, placing an emphasis on meeting crucial human needs with the kind of value focus that it feels Notre Dame stands for.

The institute is funded out of the endowment gift from the Helen Kellogg Institute in Chicago and operates directly under the provost and president of the University. Its executive director is Fr. Ernest Bartell, C.S.C. Fr. Bartell was previously chairman of the Department of Economics and currently teaches in the department.

The institute focuses primarily on the economic development and the democratization or redemocratization in Latin America. It addresses these issues on three levels: research, examining the existent problems to see where attention is warranted; education within the University itself, working with the departments on campus to increase undergraduate awareness; and outreach, taking what has been learned through research out to the world. By sponsoring such events as conferences, films and speakers, as well as helping to shape the new semester in Mexico program which is concerned not only with academics in Latin America but also experiential learning, the institute hopes to help increase awareness of the Third World issues.

Dr. Guillermo O'Donnell and Dr. Alejandro Foxley are the two chair holders of the institute who are involved with organizing the research network. Dr. O'Donnell holds the chair of International Studies in the institute and deals with the democratization issues as related to government. He teaches graduate courses in international government. Dr. Foxley holds the chair for International Development and is concerned with the economic development strategies used in Latin America. He teaches economics at the graduate level. These two, along with many others at Notre Dame, such as Prof. Alexander Wild, Fr. Claude Pomerleau, C.S.C., Dr. Ann Perotin-Dumont, Prof. Michael Francis, Prof. Kenneth Jameson, Dr. Fredrick Pike and Prof. Denis Goulet work in collaboration with scholars in Brazil, Argentina and Chile in research and education to further the awareness of the technological and economic interdependence of Latin America and the United States, hoping that through their concerted efforts they can provide the analysis and background understanding needed to help policymakers of these countries make the decisions necessary in order to help the greatest number of people.

— Sheila Shunick

Our Model Journalist: Red Smith

The University of Notre Dame has announced the inauguration of the Red Smith Lectureship in Journalism to be administered by the Department of American Studies.

The lectureship honors the late Red Smith, a 1927 graduate, who ranks as America's greatest and most admired sportswriter. Smith, a columnist for the *New York Times,* is the only sportswriter to win a Pulitzer prize for commentary.

The lectureship will promote journalistic studies at Notre Dame and recognize Smith's accomplishments. The University will invite a distinguished journalist to give a public lecture, teach several classes, and meet with faculty and students.

In making the announcement, Robert Schmuhl, American Studies professor and chairman of the lectureship steering committee, said "The work of Red Smith — his mastery of the language along with his intelligence and sensitivity — should be a model for anyone entering journalism." Schmuhl noted that the University plans to make the lectureship an annual event and that "the recipient will not be restricted to someone in sports journalism."

—Ed.

Evelyn Waugh Revisited

First British and American editions of the British Catholic author Evelyn Waugh (1903-1966) are on display in the Rare Books and Special Collections in Memorial Library. Waugh is known primarily for his satire and prose fiction, such as *Brideshead Revisited* (1945) and *Vile Bodies* (1930), of which the first American dramatization was performed at Notre Dame in 1958. A prolific writer, Waugh averaged a major work every other year for forty years, covering a variety of areas, including religion, journalism, illustration, and travel. An extensive traveler himself, Waugh visited Notre Dame in 1949, and "was greatly struck by the fact that no wine or beer is served in your tea rooms. I should think you would have great tankards of wine or liquor at the end of your (cafeteria) lines instead of those teetotalling liquids" (*Scholastic,* March 4, 1949). Visits to Southern California and Hollywood, "where all men are displaced persons," influenced such works as *The Loved One.* This influence reflects Waugh's concern with the disintegration of ethical codes after WWII. Catholicism proved to be a stable force amidst this disintegration in both his work and personal life; he became a Roman Catholic in 1930.

—Liz Crudo

Thank goodness our Advisory Board is already hard at work. Professor Schmuhl, not spelled Schmul, pointed out a few mistakes in the Notable dedicated to the Board. We wish to make the distinction that it is Professor Marjorie Kinsey, Department of Art, who will serve on the board. We appreciate your comments and continued help in the future.

—Ed.

Our modern world thrives on information, and it is no surprise that the superjournalism of the eighties is not without serious ethical and moral problems. Communication in our highly technological world is a great asset, but there is always a catch—and that catch is ethical responsibility. New and advanced technologies are making the news media and their message more influential. Thanks to the new electronic news-gathering equipment, the public has a window on the world like there has never been before. On our TV screens, the American public can see their president shot practically as it happens.

On November 22 and 23, Notre Dame's Center for the Study of Man in Contemporary Society, in conjunction with the Gannett Foundation, sponsored a conference entitled The Responsibilities of Journalism, which addressed the moral and ethical problems confronting contemporary journalists. The conference consisted of several sessions with presentations by and discussions among prominent American journalists, such as Edwin Newman, Elie Abel, Georgie Anne Geyer and Jeff Greenfield.

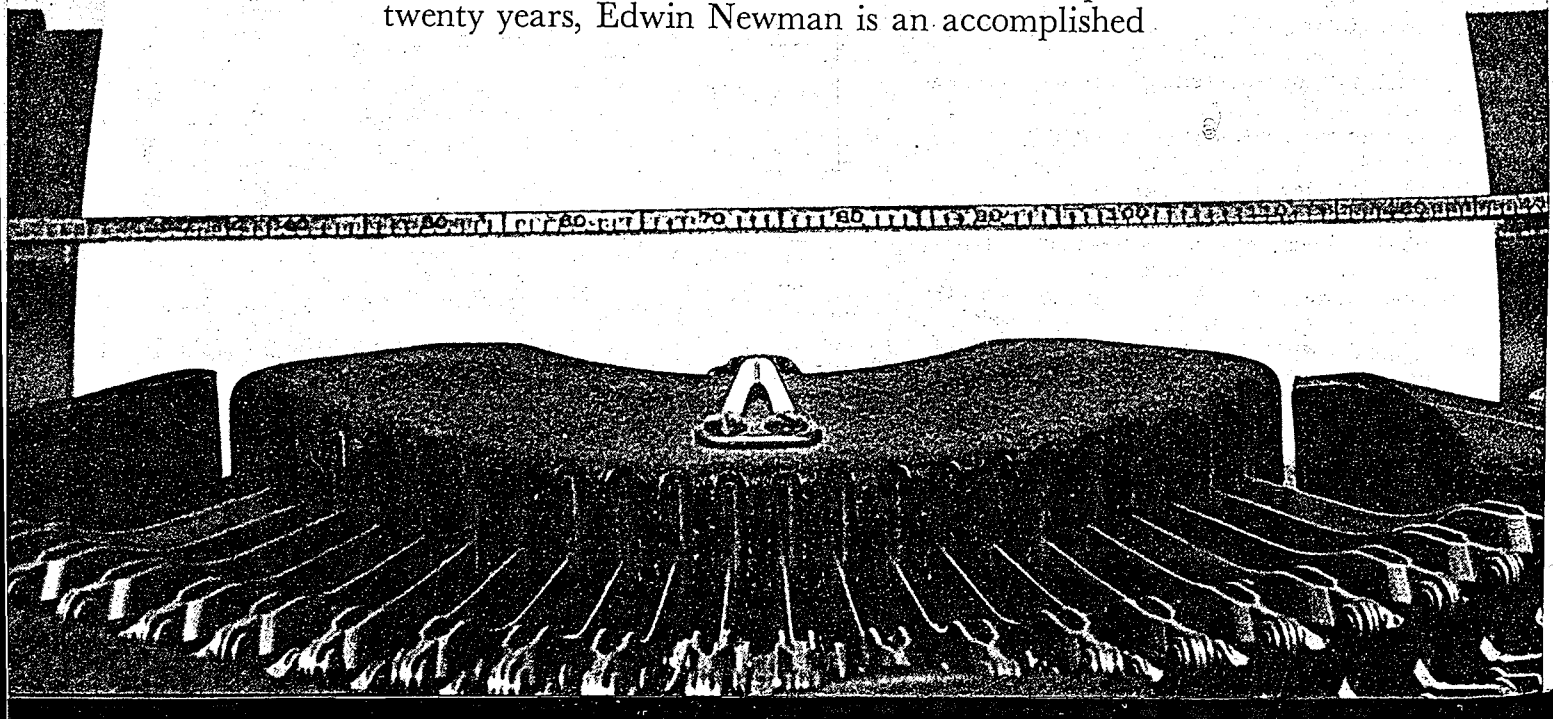
The responsibilities of journalism is an issue of importance to Scholastic, *as one of Notre Dame's student journalistic endeavors, and we feel it is of importance to the students who seriously question the role of the news media in our modern world. This issue pivots on the topic of journalism and presents a serious look at what we take to be news.*

the responsibilities of JOURNALISM

by Jeffrey L. Monaghan

"The responsibility of a journalist," Edwin Newman stated simply, "is to be a journalist." In his keynote address to Notre Dame's conference on The Responsibilities of Journalism, Newman spoke with an air of common sense and a lack of mystery with regard to any ethical problems in the journalism field. The journalist's duty is "not easy," he said; a journalist is simply called "to provide information which frames public attitudes on which the well-being of our nation rests."

An NBC News correspondent for the past twenty years, Edwin Newman is an accomplished



author. He writes news stories, news commentary, and has written *Strictly Speaking* and *A Civil Tongue,* two books which put him and his message into the libraries of his peers. Newman's forte is English diction, and as keynote speaker, he was highlighted as somewhat of a grammatical sage. He has won an Emmy Award for his work as well as numerous news awards from fellow journalists.

Attempting to put this conference in perspective, Newman flatly said that "the problem with ethics in journalism is not so mysterious." The largest part of the journalism business is routine: writing news stories, layout, editing, etc. But such a routine demands competence, he said. "There is, then, the responsibility to know the English language and use it well."

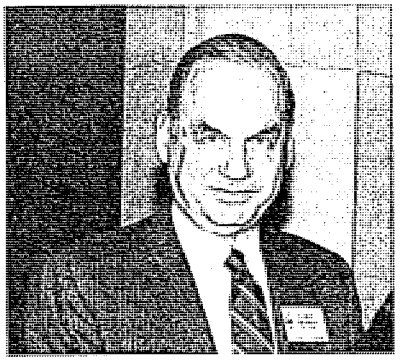
For the most part, *commentary* in the journalism field is what "puts things in perspective. There's no point in thinking thoughts which are not helpful," he said. "A commentator should be able to say things which are enlightening. What worries me is not bias but competence and experience."

Newman spoke of the "downfall" in education as occurring in the '60s and '70s. Students today are on the tail end of an "age of incoherence," he said, a time in which the quality of reading and writing skills was neglected. Newman sees a positive change in education for the future; today there is an attempt to educate students to "a much wider understanding of the English language," he said. A student of journalism in particular must be skillful with the tools of the field and enter one's employment "conforming to the standards it has." Knowledge, experience, wisdom, and competence round out Newman's idea of a good journalist; ethics, then, are "really a question of how good you are," he said.

Because "a communicator cannot be separated from what he communicates," Newman said. "If we are more permissive in journalism, it is because we are more permissive in society." The journalism field cannot be insulated from the society of which it is a product and to which it reports, he said. Illustrating this, he pointed out many mistakes of grammar and diction which were printed in prominent as well as not-so-prominent American publications. One caption which appeared under a picture of the late Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev said, "Brezhnev will lay in state . . ."; it should have read, *"lie* in state. . . ." Examples like this punctuated Newman's remark on today's "age of incoherence," and he startlingly questioned, "Do these people know what they are saying?" One cannot tell with any amount of assurance "whether the reporter or the printer made these mistakes. The real question, then, is 'How good are we?' " he said.

In closing, Newman called for the "need to avoid idolatry" in journalism: careerists in the field, looking for a "big scoop" to make a name for themselves, are damaging the image of credibility in journalism. "There's no promise for excitement in this business," he said.

Newman also called for the American public to educate itself to the journalism field. In addition to recognizing the various strengths and weaknesses of each medium, he called for a proper understanding of "news" as coming from a spectrum of these media. Much, however, is "sloppy work and rotten journalism," he said. Further, "there is not enough criticism of the journalism



Edwin Newman

business for people to be skeptical" of where their news comes from. For better or worse, then, "News is what we (journalists) say it is," he said.

And finally, Newman chose to emphasize *experience* as being requisite for wise and proper reporting. At times, he said, "we overdo all kinds of coverage: How long should we stay with a story?" It is simple enough that "some regulation will guarantee us [the public] certain things," he said, "but is doing a fair job that much of a mystery?" □

The Media and Government

by Elizabeth Crudo

Of Objectivity and Give-and-Take.

In the realm of politics, both national and international, journalism has taken on new roles as advocate, creating values no longer previously assumed, and as adversary, suspicious of government's every move.

Responsible journalism in political issues pivots on the question of objectivity, according to Georgie Anne Geyer, a columnist and former foreign correspondent for UPS, and Robert J. McCloskey, former U.S. ambassador, deputy assistant and Secretary of State for Press Relations, and current ombudsman for the *Washington Post.*

Earlier days were simpler, explains Geyer; reporters were concerned with such monumental ethical issues as the consumption of whiskey at Christmas. But today's complex issues have resulted in similarly complicated roles for journalists, who no longer merely report facts and figures but interpret them as well. Their material, too, is more complex; issues and people journalists investigate often operate on a series of levels simultaneously. Iran's Khomeini, notes Geyer, operates on different time levels. While attempting to revert his country to the veiled, restrictive traditions of 1400 years ago, he uses the most technologically

advanced equipment to communicate and promote his goal.

Journalists must also cover wars not only on a physical level but on a psychological one as well, a type of combat Geyer terms "pathological warfare." The "aura of U.S. power" which previously protected journalists is now disregarded, as the war in Beirut in 1976 demonstrated. No one has political or religious immunity; all people, be they citizens, diplomats, priests, Red Cross workers, are potential victims. Consequently, journalists are now not only writers but diplomats and targets.

As diplomats, journalists are "arbitrators of the truth," and Geyer categorizes today's journalist as either an adversary or an advocate. An adversary journalist is one who regards any institution or person involved therein as his enemy; an advocacy journalist is one who presents and pushes for his viewpoint on a subject. While reporters were previously able to imply or assume basic values, which dealt with the church or family, these new advocacy and adversary journalists explicate values. They must, because assumptions are no longer possible and intricate issues need to be clarified, explain. We need, claims Geyer, to understand both the conditions and consequences of our political policies and decisions.

Although this explication can lead to biased journalism, Geyer states that the greatest danger in writing is not an ideological one but one of "careerism." Journalists such as Janet Dodd, whose Pulitzer prize-winning story was a fake, want to make quick names for themselves, and this can lead to dishonest writing. Objectivity might not be possible, says Geyer, but fairness is. The adversary journalist, the hero who is ready to take on every institution in the name of public welfare, is wrong. Ostracizing oneself, as he does, from society is immoral, says Geyer, because give-and-take between the public and governmental institutions is necessary and even desirable. Such contact allows both parties to understand more fully the influences and repercussions of various policies and actions.

In illuminating some of the tension in the tenuous press-government relationship, McCloskey affirmed this necessity of a give-and-take relationship. Both the government and press are suspicious of each other. The press, in regarding the government as attempting to conceal everything, like an old man hoarding secrets, doubts the veracity of what the government does reveal. The government, in turn, is intimidated by the power of the press. Yet neither the press nor the government "has the corner on morality," states McCloskey, for both need to maintain integrity; the public shouldn't have to choose sides. Lying can occur unintentially because "negotiation and public information" may occasionally conflict. But deliberate lying, such as Janet Dodd's story, or Nixon's cover-up, can "satisfy neither side."

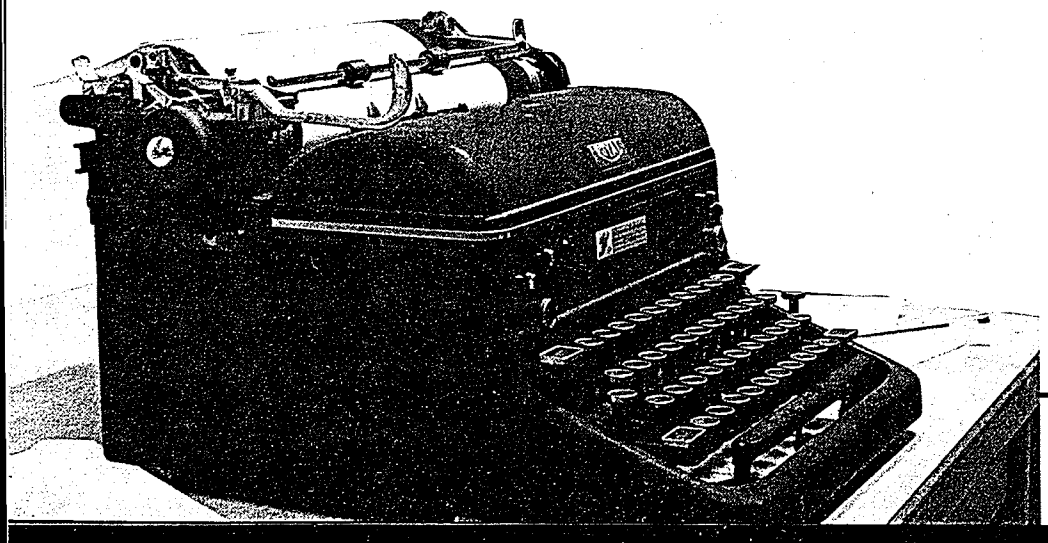
McCloskey elaborated on the fourth branch tendency of the press: its increase in power has not led to a similar increase in responsibility. While the press has an eagle's eye on the government to ensure that it does not misuse its power, the press itself is subject to these same misappropriations. There are "submerged communications" in both fields; the press has its own red-taped bureaucracy of chiefs and editors. The public has the right to know, but it knows only what the press chooses to tell it. How does the official feel, continues McCloskey,

The Media and Business

But Journalism Is Big Business Too.

by Alison Hilton

How can the media, in itself a capitalistic endeavor out to capture a market, honestly and intelligently watchdog big business?



Put two men, equally respected yet from opposing fields, in one room — what happens? Guaranteed, worthwhile results are produced, and valuable information is yielded. Such was the case during the lecture entitled "The Ethics and Economics of Journalism." The opposing speakers were Leonard Silk, an economics columnist for *The New York Times,* and John E. Swearingen, an executive at Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The discussion led by these two individuals provided statements about the correlation between journalism and business and about the problems and the possible cures of the faults in the press today.

First, an important point drawn was the link between the media and business. According to Silk, journalism itself may be classified a business. A business, like the Standard Oil Company, considers money-making as its goal. But journalism takes this goal one step further. Not only is

whom the press—a la Geyer's adversary journalist—destroys? Does the press need to be so hardened to the sensitivities of these people?

Like Geyer, McCloskey conceded that objectivity is "the biggest myth in journalism." Whether one can be objective is based on the setup of the story, and with intricate material, journalists must often interpret and analyze facts — which can lead to sloppy and/or preferential writing. Journalists should tell the story "as it is and as it is being told," declares McCloskey, not as they want it to be. □

exaggeration, news items become sensationalized — and much more shocking. The problem, however, is that this sensationalized news does not represent actual truth, but rather, distortion. Swearingen supplied the news coverage of the energy crisis as an example of sensationalized reporting. In the coverage, the oil companies were victims of sensationalized distortion by faulty journalism.

To counteract the negative opinions about the media, Silk provided several feasible solutions to the faults of the press. A prime correcting principle is the separation of the news and business department from the editorial section. Each department has its own worth, and intermixing the two parts only adulterates the purposes behind them both.

The problem, however, is that this sensationalized news does not represent actual truth but, rather, distortion.

choose. Competition and diversity, then, breeds top-quality journalism for the public.

From these views that Silk and Swearingen expressed at the conference, a comprehensive picture of journalism along with business can be produced. First, one must recognize that journalism, being the human institution that it is, does contain faults in its system. However, even with these weaknesses, the media does satisfactorily perform its function of truthful service to the public. Also, despite the disparity of purpose between journalism and business, both institutions must be deemed legitimate. Thus, a healthy view of journalism and a successful relationship between business and the media begin with due respect paid to both industries. Journalism and business are two powerful and viable forces in American society today, and with continued cooperation and respect, they will remain so. □

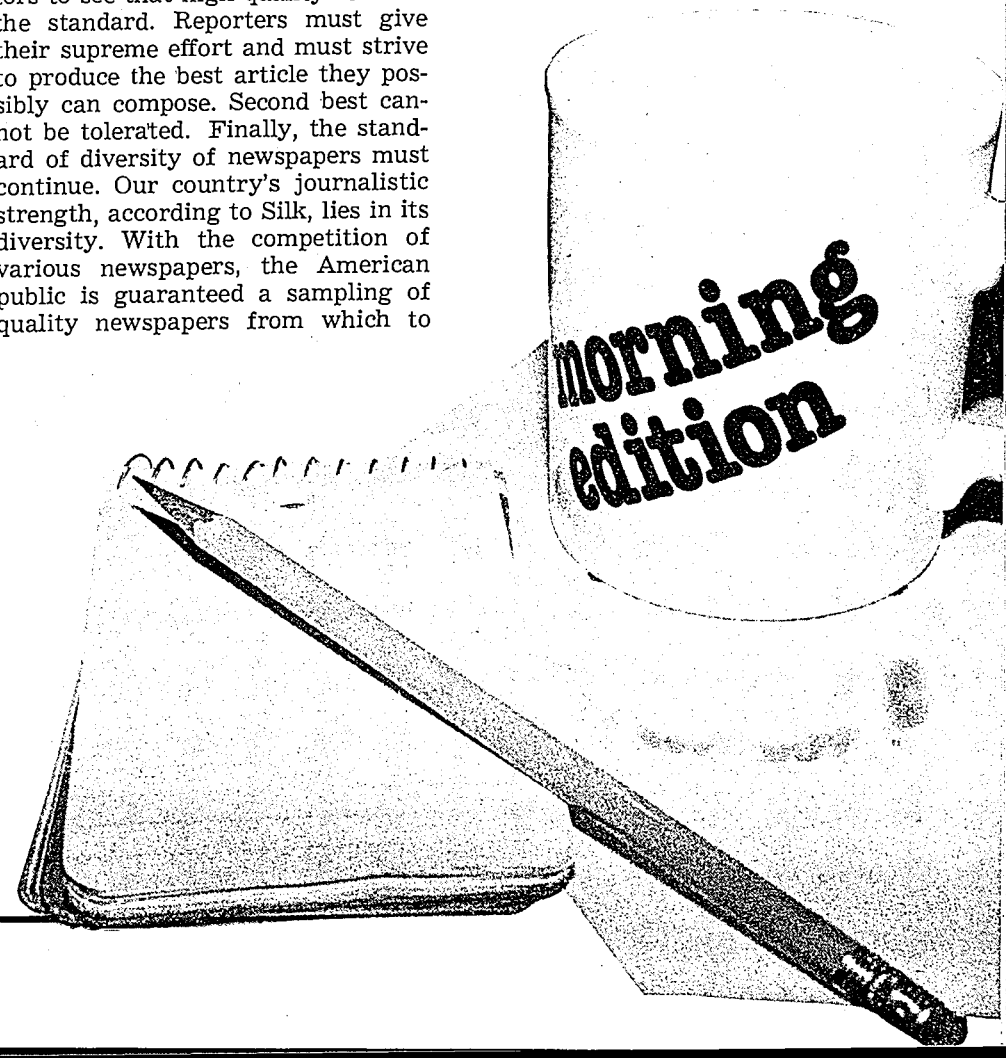
The New York Times out to make a profit, but the paper also seeks to serve the public. It attends to public interests by attempting to provide the true facts in matters of popular concern.

A second, more complex bond between business and media can be found. Silk's basic premise states that both business and media are legitimate industries; each serves a truly worthwhile purpose. The key to their relationship, then, lies in recognizing that both are viable entities, despite their differences. An oil company and a newspaper may function through dissimilar methods, yet both are legitimate and worthwhile ventures.

An additional notion aired was the faulty nature of the media. According to Swearingen, journalism is guilty of prejudice, dishonesty, and sensationalism. When investigating a story, the reporter steps into the event with a bias, possessing a preconceived idea of the situation before the full investigation takes place. The coverage that results is slanted in the direction of the reporter's views.

Sensationalism basically operates in this same manner. The reporter covers a story, and then draws his own conclusions about the event. The writer will supply the news with an extra punch, a stronger impact. Through the use of dramatics and

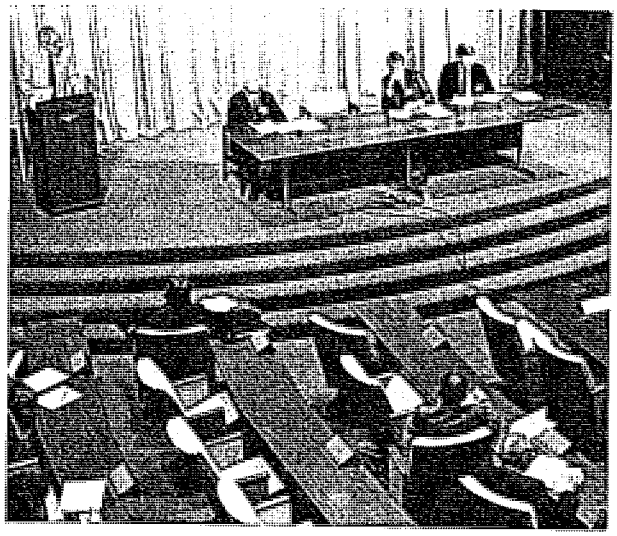
A second ideal, professionalism, must be maintained as a top priority of the media. It is the duty of the editors to see that high quality remains the standard. Reporters must give their supreme effort and must strive to produce the best article they possibly can compose. Second best cannot be tolerated. Finally, the standard of diversity of newspapers must continue. Our country's journalistic strength, according to Silk, lies in its diversity. With the competition of various newspapers, the American public is guaranteed a sampling of quality newspapers from which to



A Case Study

by Theresa Schindler

To concretize its discussion on journalistic ethical responsibilities, the conference presented an analysis of a hypothetical case.



Meet Michael Miller, prize-winning investigative reporter for *The Daily Sun.* The *Sun* is a financially troubled, family-owned newspaper in a capital city in the Midwest. It traditionally supports liberal candidates and causes and is struggling to compete against the powerful *Morning Times,* a conservative paper. To promote his career and to improve the *Sun*'s image, Miller frequently appears on a local television station broadcasting the news stories he has covered for the *Sun.* Miller has done such a good job on television that he has become a celebrity in his town; because of him there has been more interest in the *Daily Sun* and the decline in the paper's circulation has ceased. The *Morning Times* has noticed his success and has recently made him an offer which includes a substantial pay hike. Miller has said he is happy at the *Daily Sun* but that he will consider the offer.

* * * *

Michael Miller is the protagonist of a hypothetical case which was handed out to members of the media at the Journalism Conference at Notre Dame on November 22 and 23. A theologian from Boston College, two priests from Notre Dame, and a newspaper editor gave their opinions about Miller's dilemma, which posed ethical considerations against professional considerations typical in the field of journalism. The dilemma is as follows:

Right before the November gubernatorial elections, Miller and his family took a vacation. While at a resort, Miller recognized one of the governor's aides, a man with a solid reputation, with a woman Miller knew was not his wife and another couple. The aide never saw Miller. Miller, however, became interested and checked at the main desk to discover that the man was not registered at the hotel under his real name. Before the two couples left the next day, Miller noted the car's license plate number and, when he returned to work on Monday morning, began investigating.

The car was registered to the treasurer of a construction company which had recently received a contract for a four-lane highway in the city. Larger firms had been surprised that the small company outbid them. The governor's aide that Miller had seen had been the liaison on the project. A few more calls revealed that construction of the highway was progressing satisfactorily, and state inspectors were impressed with the work thus far. Miller contacted the treasurer of the construction company, saying he was a former classmate of the man. When Miller mentioned seeing him with the governor's aide at the resort the man retorted that weekends were his own business and hung up. The next day Miller decided to confront the governor's aide. He was not in his office.

". . .a story on the resignation would divert attention from the campaign and could ruin the liberal governor's chances for reelection."

Wednesday morning the governor announced that the aide had resigned for "health and family" reasons. A resignation so close to election time interested most journalists, but no one was able to contact the aide himself so no one went beyond the governor's statement about the resignation. Miller, however, became excited, guessing that his call to the construction company may have been the cause of the aide's resignation. He tried to reach the governor but was unsuccessful. Still, he felt he had enough material to write a story which would throw the resignation into question. His editor did not agree. The editor felt a story on the resignation would divert attention from the campaign and could ruin the liberal governor's chances for reelection. He asked Miller to continue working on the story but said they would not use anything until after the election. Miller debated his options on leaving work:

(1) he could listen to his editor;
(2) he could offer the story to the television station and then, since he was sure they would accept it, try to convince his editor to run it or just report it exclusively on TV;
(3) he could "leak" the story to other reporters to generate interest in the case before the elections, or
(4) he could accept the offer from the *Times,* which would be happy to feature a new reporter with a story suggesting

a scandal in the liberal incumbent's staff.

* * * *

The discussion in the CCE auditorium, chaired by John Powers, Managing Editor of the *South Bend Tribune,* split around the issue of the public's right to know and the journalist's duty to provide adequate and documented information. John Craig, Editor of the *Pittsburgh Press* and a member of the Ethics Committee of the American Society of Newspapers, spoke first and considered the case from the editor's viewpoint. He felt Miller should choose the first option, but also maintained that the paper should publish the story ahead of the elections. "White (the governor's aide) resigned two days after a reporter attempted to question him. The story should be short and clear including the fact that White and Johnson (the treasurer for the construction company) were seen together, but not that the other woman was present." He pointed out that the primary issue was the fact that White resigned after a call from the newspaper, not the fact that White was on a weekend trip with another woman and maintained that one could print the story as an unbiased factual account. "White's social activities are not now of public concern so keep the woman out. But the story might have an effect. It's better to get it out before the election. The public will be well-served whether or not there is a scandal. White and Johnson being seen together socially involves the public interests. The story should only state that relationship and subsequent events." Referring to Miller's other options Craig stated that if Miller wanted a television career he should go and pursue that exclusively and not blackmail his editor with the fact that the station would use the story even if the paper didn't. Craig opposed "leaking" the story, saying, "Miller has other, more effective options. He can go somewhere else and take the story with him." As long as Miller stays with the *Sun,* according to Craig, he is under a social contract with the paper. Since he and his editor have discussed it, the story is not his alone but belongs to him and the paper. To "leak" the story is to get someone else to do his "dirty work." As far as accepting the offer from the *Times,* Craig felt Miller was free to go as long as his editor at the *Sun* was given proper warning. To use the story for more money and limelight, however, Craig deemed "unprofessional and not ethically correct." For Craig, the issue was not whether the facts were substantial enough to print, but the fact that the editor withheld the story because he

(continued on page 30)

Theresa Schindler is a senior English major from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Perspective

The Responsibilities of Journalism

That Dirty Word: Compassion

Bob Gorman is a senior from Millersburg, Ohio. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Because I was in the right place at the right time last summer, I got a unique summer job: I edited a newspaper.

It's not as impressive as it sounds. The Holmes County *Farmer-Hub* (circ. 5,000) is a far cry from the *New York Times.* It's a typical, small-town weekly, filled with news from the rural area surrounding Millersburg, Ohio. The news staff is four people, including a part-time photographer. We even paste up the paper ourselves.

I worked part time for the newspaper in high school and was a full-time reporter two summers ago. When our editor departed last May, our general manager made a noble proposal: he offered me the job and is keeping it on hold for this year by appointing a nine-month editor while I'm here for my senior year. This means I'm lucky enough to be able to do it again after graduation.

"Journalism often tends to be out of touch with any values except the headline, the catchy lead, the dramatic picture—and they are not real values."

My general manager's reasoning was that I'm a hometown boy who knows the area well. That's important in a small town; it's tough for newcomers to gain the trust of the community, and that is a key to the success of any newspaper.

So I plunged head-first into the job last May. It was a tough summer, but it was worth it. To be sure, there were plenty of mistakes, but there were some rewarding experiences as well. In my experience with other newspapers, however, I was dismayed to find what I perceived to be a serious lack of ethics in the field of journalism. The problem is significant enough to convince me that in the long run I should pursue a career elsewhere unless I want to give my conscience an ulcer.

At my newspaper, ethics are seldom an issue. Small towns are usually noncontroversial. Rarely does anything occur that raises serious ethical questions. During an average

(continued on page 30)

Perspective

What Makes a Catholic University?

by Prof. Charles E. Rice

In "The Idea of a University," Cardinal Newman said:

"I want laymen, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold; who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it; who know so much history that they can defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity. I wish to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other; what are the bases and principles of Catholicism."

Newman's statement is a fair summary of what parents expect to receive when they enroll their children in colleges that call themselves Catholic; and it is a fair statement of what the students are entitled to receive. Students at a Catholic university should learn *how* to think, through a systematic study of philosophy. And they should study the Catholic Faith, not as if it were merely one theory among many but in its proper context as the revelation of God. For twenty years I have taught at the graduate level at New York University, Fordham and, since 1969, at Notre Dame. I have known, as law students, graduates of every major Catholic college in the country and many of the smaller ones. For the past thirteen years I have taught more graduates of Notre Dame than of any other school. I believe this experience provides a sufficient basis upon which to offer some comments on the quality of education in Catholic colleges generally and particularly at Notre Dame.

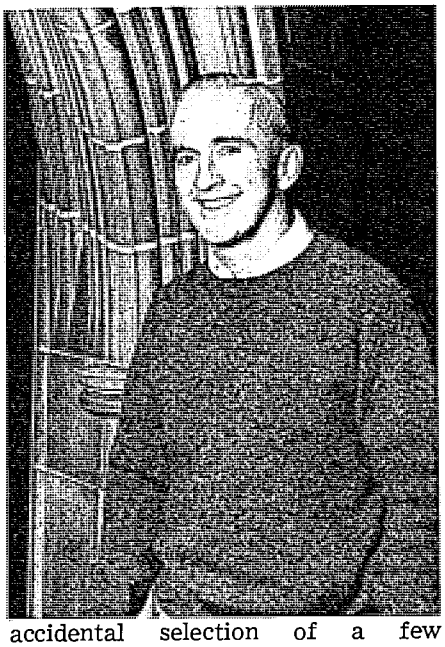
The University of Notre Dame ought to excel in its achievement of Newman's objective. Unfortunately, in one major respect, it does not.

Briefly, the problem is that Notre Dame students, through no fault of their own, are deprived of the chance to make a coherent decision as to whether to accept or reject the authentic teachings of the Catholic Church. This is so because Notre Dame offers them no predictable opportunity to study those teachings as the Church herself intends them to be studied.

It is impossible, of course, for a Catholic university to fulfill its mission, as outlined by Pope Paul II in his 1979 address at the Catholic University of America, unless it transmits to its students a knowledge of, and appreciation for, the truths of the Catholic Faith. This cannot be done, however, without adherence to the proper methods by which those truths can be known. In its Dogmatic Constitution on Divine Revelation (No. 10), the Second Vatican Council said, "The task of authentically interpreting the Word of God, whether written or handed on, has been entrusted *exclusively* to the living teaching office of the Church, whose authority is exercised in the name of Jesus Christ." (Emphasis added.) This teaching office of the Church is exercised by the Pope and the bishops in union with the Pope, as the Second Vatican Council made clear. In its Dogmatic Constitution on the Church (No. 25), the Council declared that "religious submission of will and of mind must be shown in a special way to the authentic teaching authority of the Roman Pontiff, even when he is not speaking ex cathedra."

The problem is that Notre Dame students, through no fault of their own, are deprived of the chance to make a coherent decision as to whether to accept or reject the authentic teachings of the Catholic Church.

Unfortunately, the graduates of most Catholic colleges today, including Notre Dame, tend, in general, to be functionally illiterate in terms of their knowledge of the Faith and of the basic philosophy consistent with that Faith. I emphasize that this is not the fault of the students. However, I am confident in the conclusion that students at Notre Dame and at Catholic colleges generally tend to be ignorant of what the Vicar of Christ actually teaches on matters of faith and morals. They tend to have a mistrust of the "institutional Church," combined with a surprising gullibility as to the claims of some theologians, especially if the latter happen to be soft on the moral norms governing such things as contraception, divorce, and premarital sex. They commonly fail to comprehend the distinction between objective wrong and subjective culpability, a failure that leads to an exaggerated personalism, especially with regard to sex. And they are generally ignorant of scholastic philosophy. St. Thomas Aquinas, in the words of Pope Paul VI, "holds the principal place" among the Doctors of the Church. Quoting Aquinas' statement, "Philosophy is not studied in order to find out what people may have thought, but to discover what is true," Pope John Paul II said, "The reason why the philosophy of St. Thomas is preeminent is to be found in its realism and its objectivity; it is a philosophy of what is, not of what appears." (Address of November 17, 1979.) Yet if Notre Dame students do obtain a coherent understanding of Aquinas as well as of the authentic teachings of the Church, it is generally through the



accidental selection of a few courses taught by a few professors.

Apparently, what students at Notre Dame learn about these matters is frequently distorted by filtration through the mind of a professor who introduces them and proceeds to disparage them. For instance, *Humanae Vitae,* if treated at all, often seems to suffer this fate. Notre Dame students are entitled instead to a chance to study what the Church teaches, as the Church teaches it, so that they can make an informed decision on those matters for the governance of their own lives. Regrettably, those students generally do not have a fighting chance to form a serious judgment on what the Catholic Church actually teaches through the Pope and the Bishops in union with him, because they do not have a predictable opportunity to study those teachings with a professor who personally believes them and is sympathetic to them. The students are shortchanged. They conclude four years of Catholic higher education, assuming that they have adequately studied the Faith when, too often, they have done little more than to sample the views of theologians of the moment to the neglect of the treasure that is the Faith as taught by the authentic teaching Church through the centuries. In the process, they tend to absorb the erroneous concept that theologians exercise a magisterium parallel to that of the Pope. When Father Richard McBrien, chairman of the Notre Dame Theology Department, toured Australia, the Catholic bishops of that country criticized his new book, *Catholicism,* because "it puts side by side two things which cannot be equated: The Church's authentic teaching; the opinions of theologians, some of them quite radical ones. The result can easily be confusion about what the Church really teaches." It is important to remember here that the teaching Church consists of the Pope and the bishops in union with the Pope. As Pope John Paul II said in his 1980 address to the International Federation of Catholic Universities, "as for theological research properly speaking, by definition it cannot exist without seeking its source and its regulation in Scripture and Tradition in the experience and decisions of the Church handed down by the Magisterium throughout the course of the centuries. . . . It is in this sense that Catholic universities must safeguard their own character."

I offer a modest proposal. It is that Notre Dame should at least practice truth in labeling. Notre Dame has some excellent courses which do provide a systematic foundation in orthodox Catholic theology and the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas and those courses are taught by professors who personally accept all that the Church teaches. The number of such courses should be increased, so that a solid foundation will be readily available to all students who desire it. And, perhaps more important, why not label those courses so that the students and their parents will be able to make intelligent choices and to know what they are getting?

I do not imply that Catholic colleges fulfill their obligation merely by offering authentic courses along with those which are off-the-wall. They, and especially Notre Dame, are bound to stop teaching, as if it were legitimate Catholic belief, that which is contrary to the teachings of the Vicar of Christ. But it would be useless for me merely to say here that Notre Dame should stop teaching theology which is inconsistent with the teaching of the Church. The enforcement of orthodoxy in teaching is a matter for the prudent judgment of the Pope and the Bishops including particularly, in this case, Bishop William E. McManus of Fort Wayne-South Bend. Instead, I propose here simply that, pending the enforcement of the governing norms by the Pope and the Bishop, Notre Dame should at least practice truth in labeling. [See, Rice, *The Catholic College and Consumer Protection, Homiletic and Pastoral Review,* July 1982, 18.]

Unless—as rarely happens—they know the courses and professors in advance, parents and students at Notre Dame and other Catholic colleges generally have no assurance that they will get what they are paying for. What they are entitled to get in any college that calls itself Catholic is a systematic program of sound courses in Catholic theology and scholastic philosophy taught by professors who personally believe what is taught by the Pope and the Bishops in union with the Pope. If the school cannot offer at least that to all its students — and label it — that school should cease to call itself Catholic when it solicits money from the alumni and the public. Otherwise, it is commiting a fraud upon its constituents and upon the public at large who rely upon its representations. □

Charles E. Rice is Professor of Law at Notre Dame.

Journalism and "Free Speech" as Political Power

by Prof. Robert J. Loewenberg

". . . the free speech doctrine which equates truth and news is no better than a doctrine of power . . ."

In political life today the central place and great power of the Fourth Estate is unmistakable. The press, observes James Billington in his useful book, *The Fire in the Minds of Men* (1980), has "in many ways replaced the First [Estate], the Church." We are bound to ask if this replacement is welcome, a change for good or evil.

I would suggest that the role of today's press, of the media as we call it, is not a positive one. Indeed I am compelled to say, at the risk of seeming immoderation, that journalism is in our times a force vicious and malignant, an evil and disruptive element in the world, perhaps intrinsically so. More, the press is radically hostile to just those principles —freedom, republican government, tolerance — that are most often thought to justify its existence in free societies. Let us survey briefly the rise of modern journalism.

In the beginning, at the onset of the French Revolution, certain new ideas of liberation arose finding their expression in modern mass politics. Journalism, developing hand-in-hand with the new politics or liberation, indeed as its chief spokesman, shares with this politics the assumption that man is not a political being but instead an asocial and apolitical one. If we examine today's journalism in newspapers, magazines and television we get a clear message: Man is fundamentally apolitical, his nature is not transcendent of times and places but is rather the result of these.

And if man's nature is historical so too is truth. Manhood is therefore said to be equivalent to the liberation from authority or to require, in principle, the destruction of all political things. Where classical man conceived of human life as political and purposeful, moderns say that man is ultimately asocial and purposeless. His only purpose is freedom. Ideally man should be free of all social and political forms. Most of all men should be free from "values" imposed by any authority whether familial, social, or religious.

The terms of this liberation are based in the idea that truth is historical in the same way that human being is historical. The "free speech" doctrine, ironically so it appears, would free man so completely that he would escape the tyranny of the word itself. Words, truth, human being are all unfixed, so conceived. They are nothing except manifestations of momentary structures already dissolving into new structures governed by new moments. Is this freedom or is it the most sickly tyranny? Is it humility in the face of complexity or is it arrogant simplification?

Rather than seek answers to these questions as others have done by taking opinion surveys, thereby adopting the assumptions behind the attitudes we are trying to document, let us instead make a kind of theoretical and logical inquiry. How do journalists—and of journalists we shall emphasize the most influential or television journalists — understand human nature and truth? Does the profession actively select its Left-liberal population, now documented to excess, or does this penchant select the profession?

Responding to a challenge, typically weak, that newsmen are biased leftward, Walter Cronkite is said to have protested as follows. Journalism, he said, sides "with humanity rather than with authority." Perhaps Tom Wicker of *The Times,* defender of rebellion everywhere, at Attica prison and in far-off lands he has not seen, is more sophisticated. He would not have put the matter so baldly. But Cronkite's idealism is also Wicker's. It is the doctrine of modern freedom according to which human nature is the liberation from authority, from civilization simply. And is there a doctrine of truth that serves the journalist's astonishing ontology? We learn of it from Peter Jennings, another if lesser television eminence, the man who walked with Sadat. Jennings' observations on the nature of truth are not idiosyncratic. They come to us as an advertisement for ABC news. Jennings says "there is no truth . . . only news." What connection might exist between truth as news and the division of human things into authority and humanity? The answer lies in a certain version of freedom, of free speech or inquiry. It is the version of freedom that sustains the media today and, in addition, a large segment of the intelligentsia. These are people who spend half of their best energies see-

ing to it that Nazis, communists and pornographers shall speak on the nation's campuses, devoting the other half to keeping religious speakers off of them. Let us consider their version of free speech.

The idea of free speech is widely understood to mean that every principle, event or person shall be open to inquiry, the journalist's inquiry particularly. Plainly, this version of free speech is the source of the journalists' power to set and control the terms of public discourse, perhaps the single most important power in modern political life. And, while most of us sense something oppressive about this power and the troubling way it is monopolized by a Left-liberal elite (see *The Public Interest,* Fall 1982), we too little understand that its source is free speech itself. But we are taught not to question free speech and to regard those who do as enemies of freedom altogether. But should not this peculiar taboo tell us something about the doctrine's character?

In fact the journalist's version of free speech is a dogma whose purpose is to close off inquiry and speech not the reverse. Surely it is clear if everything must be open to free speech or free inquiry that "free speech" must be open too. And, unless we are to suppose at the start that free speech is the very thing its champions deplore or "absolutism," we need to make our investigation of free speech in light of some other principle. Of course this other principle is truth. Is free speech exempt from truth? If so it is absolutism straight out by definition. If it is not exempt then it must be that some things, those that are true, are closed to inquiry or free speech. Or, if no things are said to be true, if, as our journalist says, there is no truth only news, then by what right does free speech or "news" remain immune to *this* truth? In sum the free speech doctrine which equates truth and news is no better than a doctrine of power or rather, it is power. If there is no truth but news how is it that Jennings and not someone else gives us the news?

Logically of course our journalists are in the position of Cratylus, a sophist of whom Aristotle made sport in his definitive refutation of the idea that there is no truth only news in Book Gamma of *Metaphysics.* But Jennings' dictum, though reducing words to gestures in principle so that he should, like Cratylus, be content silently to move his finger, has, we know, inspired an opposite result. Although the seeming consequence of the equation of truth with news should incline newsmen, and us, to dismiss all news as *ad hominem* babble the reverse is the case. From the viewers' side what is otherwise an occasion for deepest wonder, our high regard for well-groomed people whose only obvious skills are in voice modulation and monitor reading, is a political fact of the highest relevance. And the journalists on their own doctrine should in logic dismiss absolutely every utterance, their own especially, as meaningless and morally empty. Of course they do no such thing. Jennings tells us why this is so. In illustrating his doctrine that there is no truth only news Jennings provides the following extraordinary example: "[T]he truth of the Israeli settler who is leaving the Sinai, and the truth of the soldier who is being forced to remove him, and the truth of the Egyptian who wants back that patch of desert, are all three different truths." And what is the meaning of this, the deduction from it or lesson? "[I]t is . . . that we be fair." What can it possibly mean to be "fair" where there is no truth only news?

"If there is no truth but only news then fairness shall be neutrality to the good or what we call 'values.' "

Consider what Jennings has prescribed (we shall turn to his symptomatic use of an Israeli example in a moment). We have returned by way of Jennings' free speech idealism to Cronkite's terrible simplification which looks upon human affairs as divided between "humanity" and "authority." We have returned, that is, to the context of the French Revolution or to the idea that man's freedom is a liberation from purpose or, practically speaking, from social and political life. If there is no truth but only news then fairness shall be neutrality to the good or what we call "values." All truths are here morally equal. But paradoxically, or so it would seem, this does not make journalists neutral to all values or limit them to silence. The journalist's characteristic pose is that of moral indignation. He despises evil and will speak fearlessly against it. On the contrary then, the heavy Left-liberal emphasis, so-called advocacy journalism, is the result of this fairness doctrine. The reason is obvious.

The *ad hominem* fallacy is raised to high truth such that all truths are said to be equal. It follows that all utterances that do not accede to this truth—and this would include above all those institutional embodiments of this failure to accede namely governments, the status quo simply—are at best self-delusions. At worst they are attempts to dupe "the people," that is, "humanity." And what is humanity? Humanity is that entity—people, individuals, groups, ideas—genuinely committed to, or even better, fighting for the truth that all truths are equal, for "fairness." Thus we have the media's automatic Left-liberalism, its sympathy for revolution and liberation on principle. The self-conscious political content of this sympathy is hardly Marxism. Indeed it is no reasoned *ism* at all. In the journalist's mind, in Cronkite's for example, this is not bias but the opposite of all bias. Again, it is "fairness." In the minds of most practitioners the reflective attraction to the causes of "humanity" and "the people" expresses the same *a priori* supposition that permits one to know, prior to all investigation and study, that there are bound to be "two sides to every conflict," this meaning that the moral balance is sure to be two-sided as well. This absolutism, in addition to making the journalist's moral life as easy as his investigative one, protects him from ever having to see or report that someone or anything may be right or wrong. And in liberation movements proper, domestic or international, where the press can find a government or institution or any embodiment of the status quo in conflict with a force for liberation, its imperatives are immediately clear. It is in this connection that Jennings' choice of the Israeli example proves so telling.

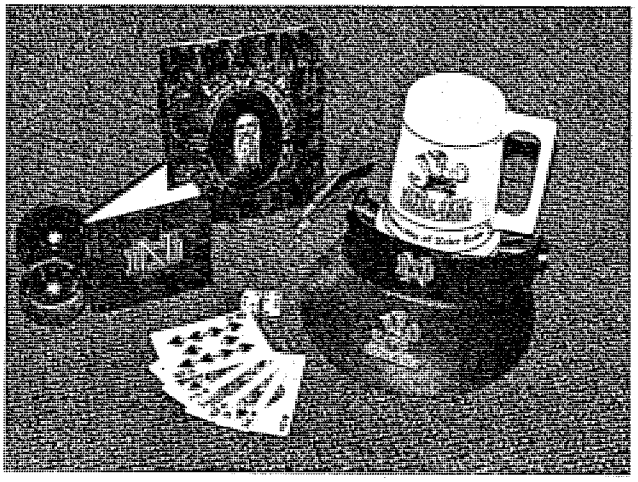
Ever since 1967 when Israel, to everyone's surprise, defeated the Arabs and seized among other lands the western side of the river Jordan, held (illegally) by Transjordan since 1948 (when no "Palestinian State" was demanded), the world's journalists have made what a recent issue of *Encounter* calls "War against Israel." And while we might discuss others of the media's enemies—the atom, military spending, "the rich" —as a means to demonstrate its character and its all-important control of public discourse, it is the

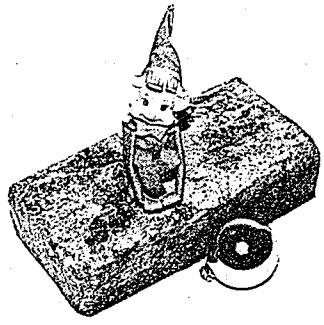
(continued on page 19)

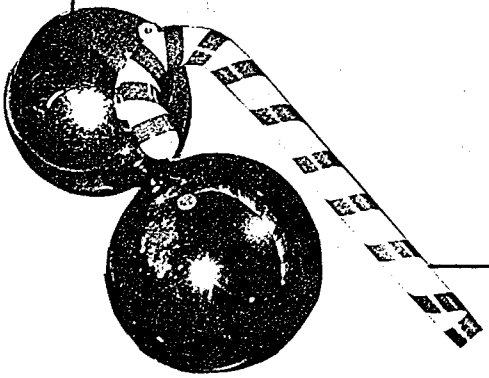
The Notre Dame Wishbook 1982

December is here, Advent is upon us, and as surely as materialism follows Thanksgiving it's Christmas shopping time again. The approaching Yuletide brings with it the annual dilemma of what to get Dad for Christmas — another necktie? For those hard-to-buy-for people in your life we have assembled the following catalogue of special gifts embodying the Notre Dame spirit.

Our first source of holiday treasures is that favorite fountain of good things, the Hammes Notre Dame Bookstore:







A. *The Father Sorin Dart Board:* It took a little guessing, but we finally figured out the purpose of this 5-X-7-inch slab of cork. Bearing the likeness of this institution's founder, it is an ideal outlet for those post-finals frustrations. $12.00.

B. *Official Notre Dame Wood:* Tired of ordinary firewood? Create your next cheery blaze with these plain wood blocks sporting the exclusive Notre Dame designer label! Small: $27.00; Large: $49.00.

C. *Little Black Book:* A handy pocket-sized repository for dates and other upcoming social events. At this place it could remain blank for four years. $3.50.

D. *Box:* For the man who has everything, here's a place to put it. This 5-X-5-X-2-inch container is topped with the highly exalted N.D. football helmet motif, known in the past to bring nostalgic tears to the eyes of loyal alumni. Genuine wood! $18.50.

From the bookstore's "slap an N.D. on it and sell it for more" department we offer these stocking-stuffers:

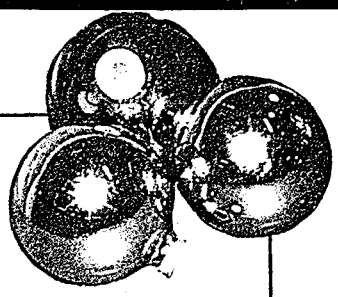
E. *N.D. Touchtone Phone:* Sick of paying exorbitant prices to Ma Bell for telephones? Great news! Now you can pay exorbitant prices to a certain Midwestern university instead. Handsome wooden cabinet capped with an etched-glass leprechaun. A great new way to call home for money or explain your abysmal GPA. A bargain at any price, now only $275.00.

F. *Notre Dame Football:* The perfect gift for those alumni with small children they want to impress. A foolproof way to get Junior to associate a certain sport with you-know-where. $11.95.

G. *Notre Dame Basketball:* The perfect gift for those alumni with small children they want to impress. A foolproof way to get Junior to associate a certain sport with you-know-where. $9.95.

H. *Monogrammed Notre Dame Beer Mug:* From the school which disapproves of drinking comes this large-capacity beer stein. $9.25.

I. *Monogrammed Notre Dame Visor:* From the school which disapproves of gambling comes this attractive dealer's visor. A great companion to the N.D. dice cup and playing cards. $3.95.



by Jim Ganther

J. *Baby Bib:* Ideal for drooling infants and Dillon Hall residents. Bears the ubiquitous football motif. $2.25.

K. *Plastic Training Pants:* A must for future Domers and freshmen facing their first double Emil. In opaque only. $1.69.

Not all gifts for the dyed-in-the-wool Domer are to be found in the hallowed halls of the bookstore. The venerable shelves of Hammes contain but a foretaste of the Irish items to be found across this campus. For instance:

L. *100% Genuine Notre Dame Brick:* An authentic piece of Notre Dame history can be yours! The Old Fieldhouse is undergoing major remodeling, and during its transformation into a beautifully functional vacant lot, a limited number of these lovely bricks will be salvaged as collector's items. Get a piece of the Rock! (prices available upon request).

M. *Authentic Rockne Memorial Swimsuit:* At last — the swimsuit endorsed by Eddie the Towel Man is available for home use! Bears a large R monogram on the posterior. Comes in two sizes: Too Small and Too Large. $6.50.

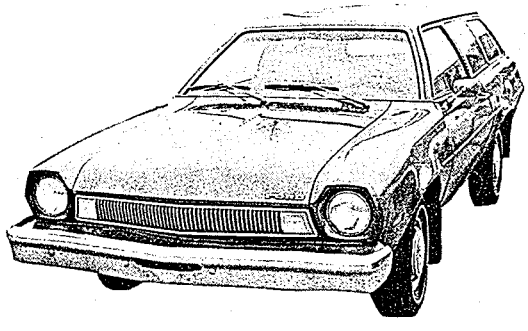
N. *Reagan's Commencement Address:* Relive fond memories of the Gipper with this verbatim transcript. Sorry, no monogram. Available from Information Services. $3.95.

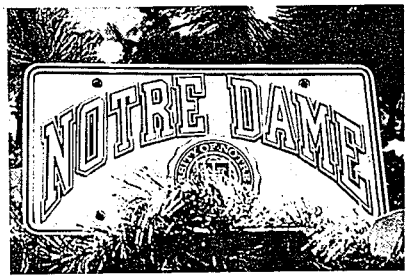
O. *Admission for One to Catholic Disneyland:* Just like those amusement parks across the country, you pay a high price for admission and get taken for a ride. Popular rides include the GPA roller coaster and preregistration obstacle course. One-time Entrance: $7,950; Four-Year Pass: $31,800.

P. *Pewter Notre Dame License Plate:* An attractive addition to any car, this handsome adornment would look especially good on a bronze 1975 Ford Pinto Wagon. $10.00.

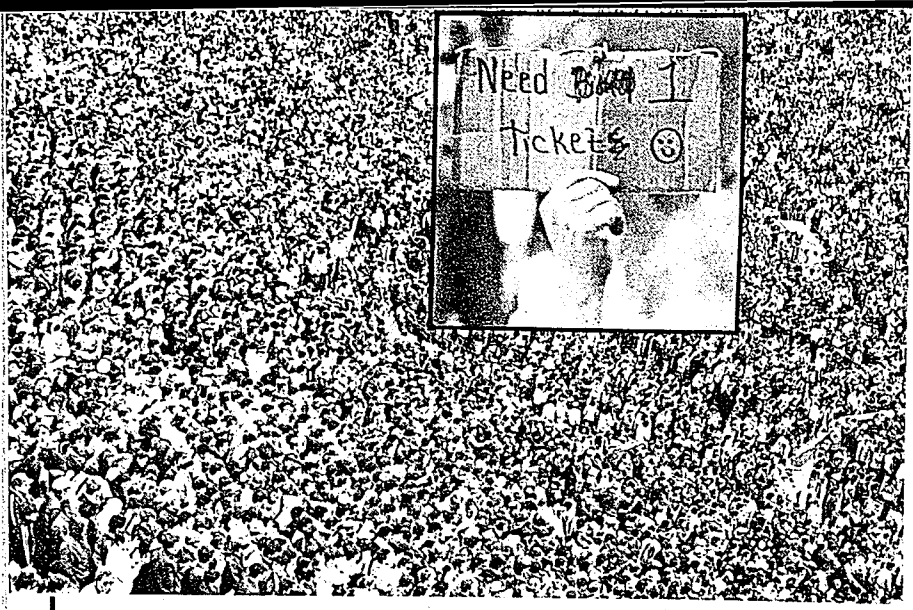
Q. *Bronze 1975 Ford Pinto Wagon:* Affectionately known as Sir Jacob Neuter in honor of his legendary inability to pass even a Good Humor truck, this fine example of the carmaker's art has a tape deck, rearview mirror, and four fully revolving wheels. Would look especially good attached to a pewter Notre Dame license plate. $1200.00 or best offer.

That's it, folks. Merry Christmas! □



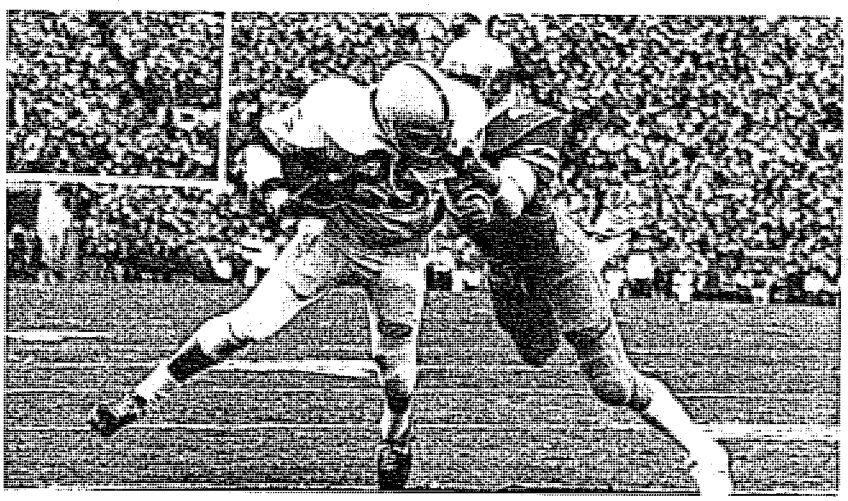


Jim Ganther is 5'9" and 155 lbs., with brown hair and green eyes. He is a junior Finance major from Oshkosh, Wisconsin.



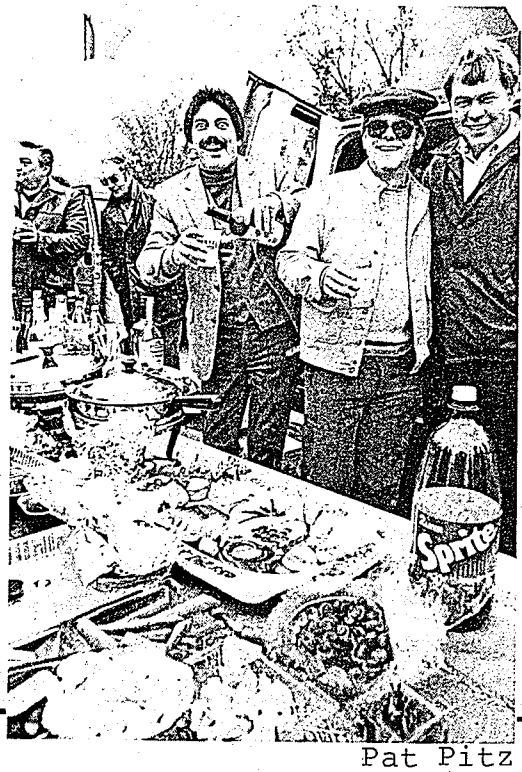
Pat Pitz

Pat Pitz



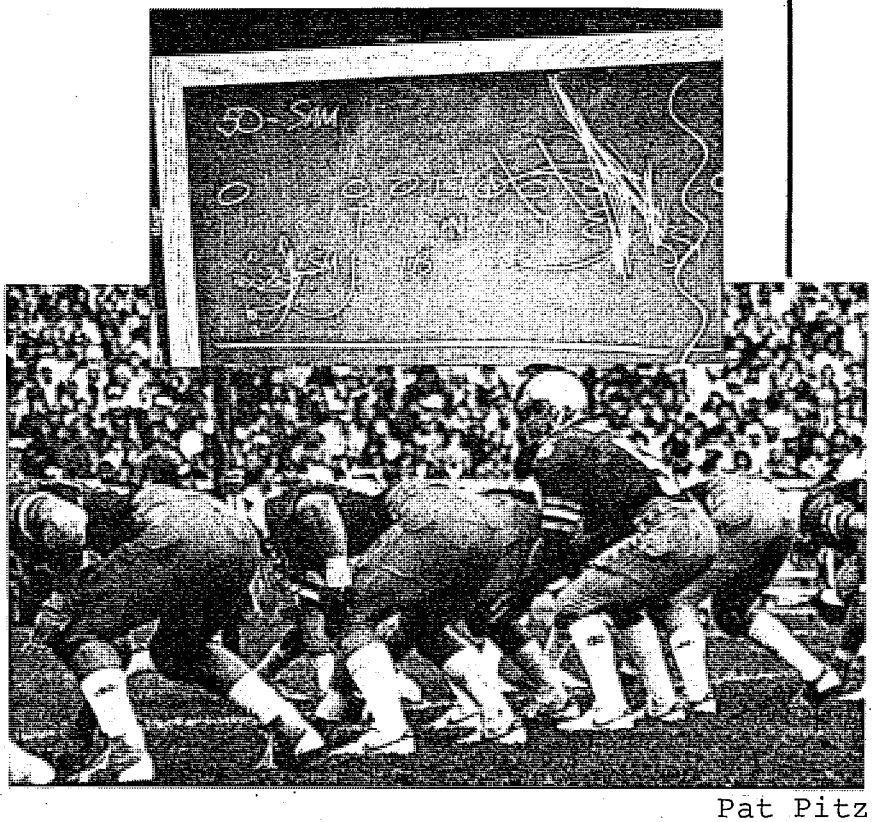
Jim Colvin

Pat Pitz



Pat Pitz

N.D. Football '82



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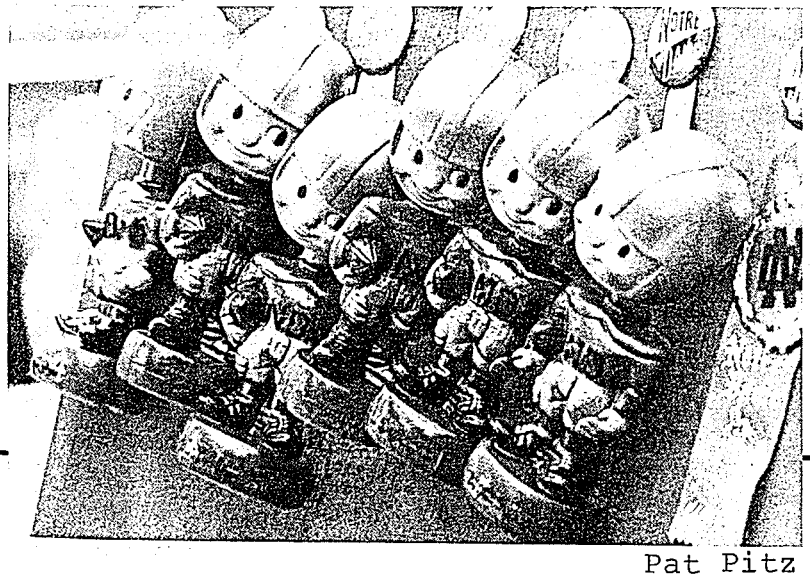

Pat Pitz

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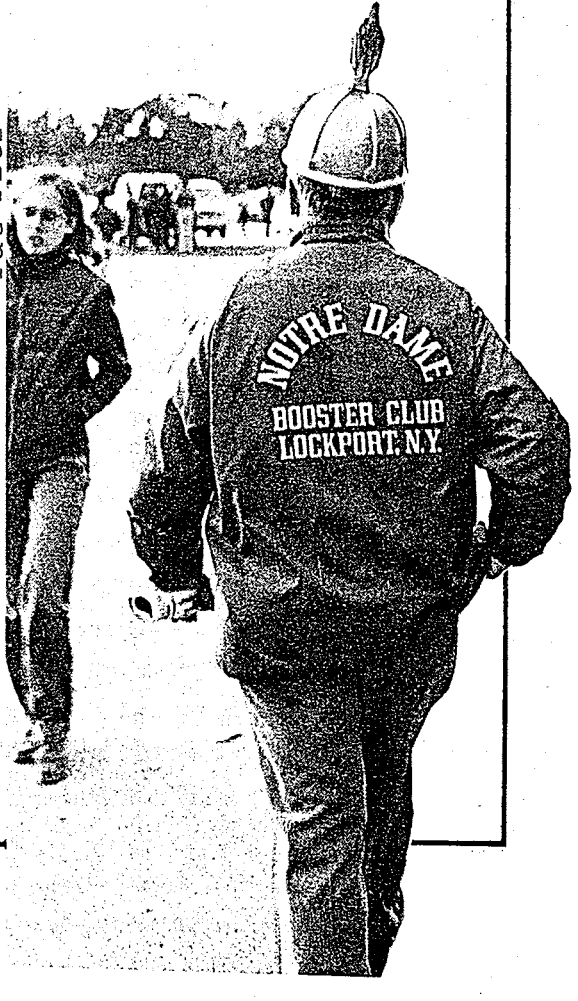


Music

by Prof. Linda Ferguson

Stravinsky Chamber Concert

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971), whose hundredth birthday was celebrated Thanksgiving week at Notre Dame with scholarly lectures and musical performances, once expressed envy of painters and sculptors "who communicate directly with their public without having recourse to intermediates." The relationship between the makers of musical compositions and the performers of those compositions has varied from historical age to age and from style to style. And more than once Stravinsky, representing a conservative position with a strong bias toward the composer (rather than the performer) as "artist," lamented the necessity of "intermediary" performers in making his compositions available to the listener. But he kept the faith and continued to write compositions for performance, even while some of his contemporaries turned to electronic means of music making, eschewing the human performer-interpreter altogether.

Monday evening, November 22, Stravinsky's compositions were in good hands. The remarkable contemporary music ensemble, Continuum, served the composer faithfully and with obvious love in an all-Stravinsky chamber concert in Notre Dame's Annenberg Auditorium.

The program, presented by the touring artists to a full house (appropriately, on St. Cecilia's Day), demonstrated coherently and dramatically the rich variety of Stravinsky's output, ranging from romantic student works (Two Melodies, op. 6, of 1906) to his 1966 serialist setting of "The Owl and the Pussycat." The concert revealed the breadth and depth to which Stravinsky exercised what musicologist Paul Henry Lang has called his "powerful musical instinct, ever alert, original, always seeking new outlets." His Russian roots, his intuitive ties to the earth and to nature, his reverence for Western fine art tradition, and his ear for jazz all came to bear on his writing, and all were brilliantly displayed in the concert.

The well-designed program was framed with duo-piano compositions performed by Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, the directors of Continuum. The opening work, the Sonata for Two Pianos, presented in an introspective and businesslike reading, established the standard for the evening: flawless technical accuracy and thoughtful display of the "sense" and direction of the composition. In both the restrained Sonata and the more flamboyant Concerto for Two Solo Pianos which ended the program, the contrapuntal lines emerged with distinctive clarity. The same could be said of the other polyphonic works performed, notably the settings of Three Shakespeare Songs.

Soprano Sheila Schonbrun was featured in a variety of songs in French, Russian, and English, and brought an accomplished technique and a charming stage presence to her texts (most of which pertained to birds). The popular *Histoire du Soldat* Suite was offered by Marilyn Dubow, violin, David Krakauer, and Ms. Seltzer, piano. The literary basis for the work, a traditional Russian tale of Faustian aspirations and contracts with the devil, was explained before the music was played. This suite shares with Stravinsky's larger work *Le Sacre du Printemps* many stylistic features, and it is difficult for some of the same reasons: notably, constantly shifting metrical organization, and widely ranging timbral demands from the instruments. The composition requires absolute precision if it is to work musically, and both the precision and the music were ever-present.

Mr. Krakauer offered the only solo work of the evening: The Three Little Pieces for Clarinet Solo (1919). That a single line of music is capable of astonishing complexity and expressive variety was hypothesized by Stravinsky in conceiving this work and was confirmed by Mr. Krakauer in a virtuostic performance. In the Three Songs from Shakespeare, the Continuum Ensemble was joined by Korin Schilling, local flutist, who handled the difficult flute part with care and competence.

It would be inappropriate to speak further in individual terms about the playing and singing of these fine performers who visited our campus. They are an ensemble and they demand to be listened to as such — not as several good musicians who all happen to be playing and singing at the same time. Continuum provides a model of what finely tuned musical collaboration can reveal.

On the occasion of Stravinsky's eightieth birthday (when the composer was still living), Paul Henry Lang spoke of him as a powerful figure "in whom the main strands of music history seem to knot themselves before diverging again to form a new pattern." Now in Stravinsky's centennial year, it is increasingly clear that he is one of the few composers who has genuinely made a difference in 20th-century musical culture. The festival at Notre Dame, cosponsored by the Department of Music and the Snite Museum and supported by the Alice Tully Endowment, brought to the campus such prominent musical scholars as Milton Babbitt and Claudio Spies; and it brought to the minds and ears of the Notre Dame community a celebration of this monumental creative spirit. Special thanks for organizing this birthday celebration should be made to Professors Ethan Haimo and Paul Johnson of the Notre Dame Department of Music. And to the musicians of Continuum: Many happy returns! □

Professor Linda Ferguson is an associate professor in the Program of Liberal Studies.

(continued from page 13)

Israeli example that sums up its positions.

Israel is not only the media's moral playground, as one observer recently described, the place where journalists exercise muscles unused elsewhere. Israel is journalism's infinity, the meeting place for every line that makes up its contemporary form. Now the reader will not expect me to detail here the media's nearly implausible record of grotesque untruths and distortions indicating its obsessive hatred for the Jewish state. This has been done, or rather begun by others. (See the work of Edward Alexander, Lev Navrozov, Edith Efron, George Will, Ruth Wisse, Rael Isaac, Norman Podhoretz among others.) The facts of distortion, untruth, and obsessive hatred require little new documentation. Rather these things require explanation since it can be assumed that most people have already guessed there is something amiss when, for example, they hear (and see) daily about a "Beirut massacre" (of Moslems by Christians), while the Syrian murder of 25 *thousand* people goes unreported so that cable TV can refer to the murder ("accident?") of 78 Jewish soldiers at Tyre as "Tyre Blowout." The question then is, "why Israel?" There can be little doubt what the answer is.

Israel is the world's most perfect and complete embodiment of what the media understand as authority against humanity. More, the case of Israel, unlike those of say Chile, Guatemala, Vietnam, El Salvador or the U.S. itself, has no gray areas. In those countries the struggle of humanity and authority is limited in comparison to the Israeli example for it is clear that no one but the Arabs seeks the "destruction of [for example, the Salvadoran] entity," or challenge the "right" of an entire people to exist. This is why ABC's Jennings, though he worked wonders in bringing benign Sadat to American viewers, has neglected to remind us of that dictator's promise, *after* Camp David, to continue to pursue Israel's destruction which explains how Sadat's successor continues his policies.

- Israel poses the sharpest possible contest between humanity and authority precisely because it is a conflict in which the existence of the state is at stake, and, not less important, because it is a Jewish state whose existence is at stake. It is no accident that it was Revolutionary France at the birth of those new ideas of liberation from which modern journalism arose, that set the terms for emancipated Jewish existence. The Jews were offered a share in this new liberation at the price of their Judaism. This price, whether in 18th-century religious terms or in 20th-century national terms, a number of Jews have been only too glad to pay. From the standpoint of journalism's idealism, however, it is a price the Jewish state really must pay; i.e., it must pay with its destruction or with its acceptance of a "secular, democratic state"; with an Arab state Thus Professor Sidorsky of Columbia has pointed out that the media will accept Israel only when it shows itself ready to sacrifice its very existence by creating a "Palestinian state" in the very region where Abraham was asked (by God) to sacrifice Isaac.

That the media, immersed in apocalyptic visions of this sort, should come actually to despise the idea of news is no surprise. As part of this despising of news and the freedom to get and publish it there also exists a hatred for the institutions of freedom and a sympathy, and a fear, for terrorism. There is the quintessential example of ABC reporter Jonathan Randal who, in spite of his predictable support for the Arab cause, was jailed for 24 hours by terrorists. This did not cool his ardor for the Arab cause but neither did he or any other journalist report this detention which included four other reporters. And who would expect it? Had not ABC itself, evidently in response to the actual murder of one of its reporters in July 1981 in Beirut, run a pro-Arab version of "20/20"? One may not explain matters of this sort by fear alone.

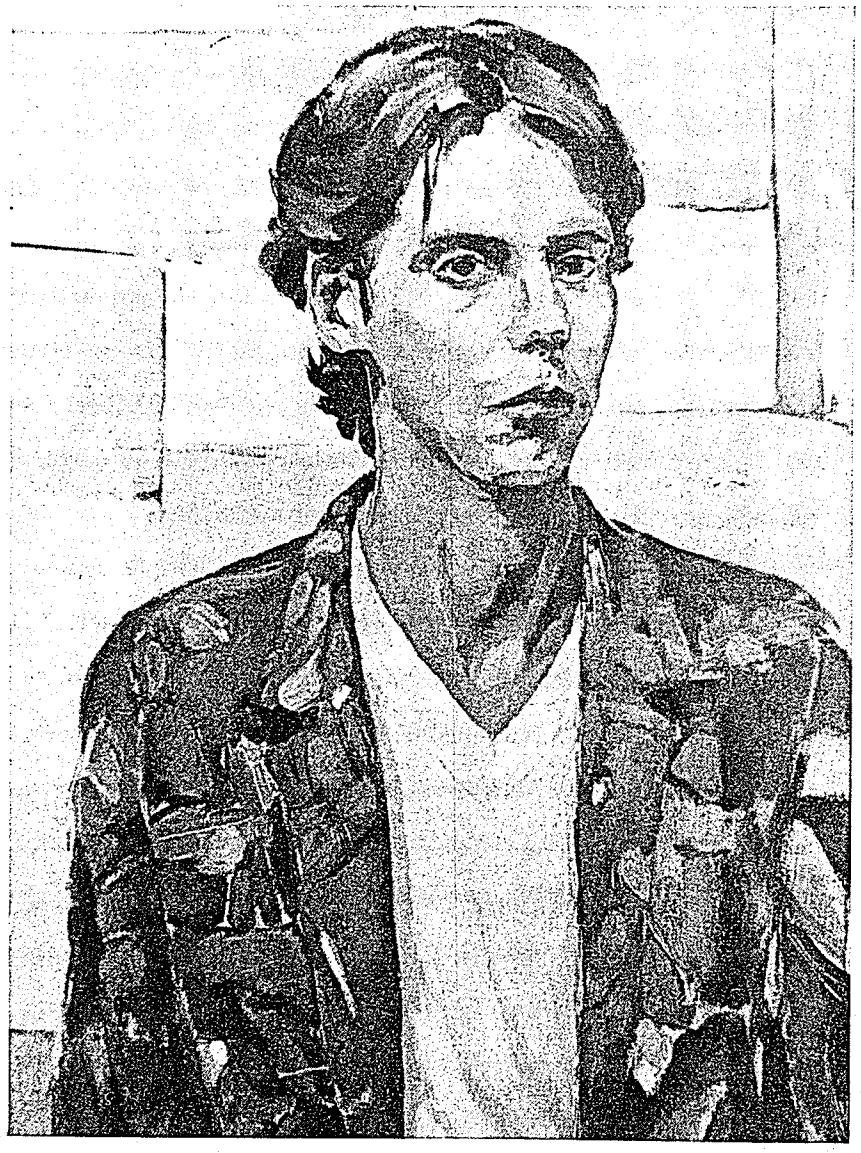
It is pointless of course to speculate what ABC's response would have been had Randal been jailed in Israel. Our interest here is not the Arab-Israeli question but the question of news and "news" we have suggested is not news but power. The doctrine of fairness and of multiple, actually of equal truths, deriving from the newsman's version of free speech insures that we shall have a journalism that despises news; indeed that despises freedom and free governments as well as free speech. □

Robert J. Loewenberg is a Professor in the Department of History at Arizona State University.

Gallery

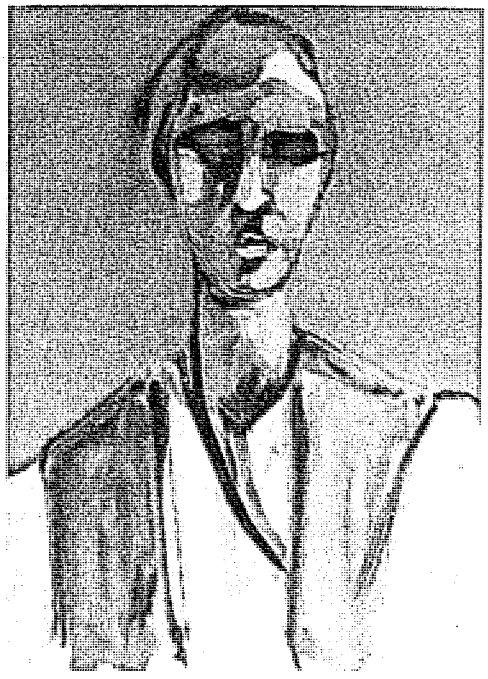
Portraits by Dale Malner

Portraiture has remained a constant challenge to the artist throughout the history of art. Whether the subject is depicted realistically or abstractly, this art form embodies the personality of the individual depicted and the personality of the artist himself.

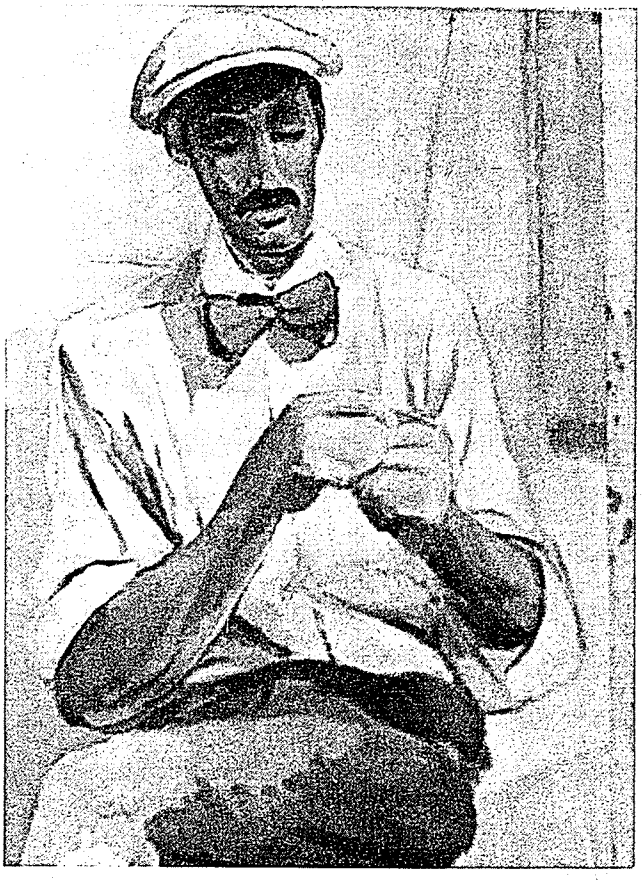


Self-Portrait 18 in. x 25 in. Oil on canvas 1982

Dale Malner is presently a first-year graduate painter at Notre Dame.



Girl with Gold Vest 9 in. x 12 in.
Oil on masonite 1982



Daniel 22 in. x 32 in. Oil on canvas
1982

Barbara 16 in. x 23 in. Oil on canvas
1982

Poetry

Dear Editor:

As one who was once a *Scholastic* staff member back in the late '20s (!), I hope you will consider printing the enclosed poem, a tribute to Father Hesburgh. Aside from the *Notre Dame Magazine,* which has a no-poems policy the *Scholastic* would reach the largest number of interested readers in the Notre Dame family.

I came to N.D. as a freshman in 1926, took an A.B. and an M.A., spent 42 years in the English Department, and retired in 1973. I am now on the faculty of, and president of, the board of the Forever Learning Institute.

I have published poems, stories, criticism and humor (I was on the *Juggler* staff when it was a humor mag) in a wide variety of mags, including *America, Saturday Review of Literature, Connecticut Review, South Atlantic Quarterly* and perhaps some forty others.

All good wishes for your tenure as editor-in-chief.

Sincerely,
Louis Hasley, Prof.
Emeritus of English

Testament

For Theodore Hesburgh

by Louis Hasley

He wings the spinning world and all are sibling.
The poor of every skin he girds for struggle.
The affluent he strokes to pay for learning.

The shrunken and emaciate are his burden.
He cannot not give food where some are starving.
With rice and tea he images the sharing.

The anguished torn by warfare bleed his spirit.
"Use stones," he says, "for building, not for carnage.
An honest conscience, erring, asks forgiveness."

The lectern and electron voice his caring.
His testament of light dispels a darkness.
He helps to right the scales when they are tilting.

At night his light burns late beneath the Virgin
But morning bursts resplendent at Christ's altar.
He consecrates the wafer for the hungry.

The Hand of God

by Tara Jones

Tree of Life: With your golden green leafage
clothing ebony, lanky limbs;
Firmly rooted in luxuriant soil.
A shelter and abode, standing stiff and strong against
the wrathful wind.

Hand of God: With your golden precious flesh
draping solid sturdy fingers;
The Planter of frail, fragile life
made strong in your dwelling.
Hovering, shielding your precious ones
there is no fear.

Sherman St. Diner

by Peter Batacan

The morning sun refracted by pane window,
scatters light on red leather booths
and steel-edged tables where the older sit.
". . . . . many decapitated
and estimated casualties."
In the light their hair turns to eider down,
Their overcoats hung on metal coat hangers;
Khaki and gingham, wings of patriarchs.
". . . . . in a military action
SELF-DETERMINATION"
I watch from the ranks of the shadows,
Perched on a stool by foot rail and counter,
Bathed in coolness away from the windows.
". . . . . the terrorists demand
high-ranking officials demand"
Beside a man with a name on his pocket.
He's talking to Diane about the Milwaukee Zoo.
She pulls orders from a spinning steel wheel.
". . . . . attempted assassination
full demilitarization"
A line is forming at the cashier counter,
toothpicks and mint cremes and Dutch Masters cigars
The round Elgin clock shows a quarter to eight,
I leave a quarter to counter another day's weight.

A Reply to J. Alfred Prufrock

by Peter Batacan

Let us go out for a walk,
When the morning is pegged on the waterfront docks
Like a mainsail firmly squared upon a high mast;
Let us go, up winding half-uncertain lanes,
The rambling terrain
Of untold looks in crowded market squares
And lovely faces crowned with golden hair:
Lanes that unfold like a curious monologue
Of mysterious intrigue
To drive you to an equivocating whimper. . . .
Oh, do not say, "I don't know."
Let me lead, and you can follow.

In the end the women will be gone
Married to Corsican Don Juans.
But before our time runs out
Try asking, "Will You Be?" and, "Marry Me?"
Hold her hand while you're on your knee,
Or surprise her in the middle of her tea—
(She will say: "Let me be your only girl!")
Her morning coat, her collar fastened loosely with a pearl;
Your ascot silk and daring, but asserted with a simple twirl—
(They will cry: "But how she treats him like the world!")
You must dare
Enact this dream;
In a moment there is time
For quaverings and waverings which a lifetime won't redeem.

Savannah Snatches

by Sheila Beatty

Hurrying to class,
one waft of pine catches me
back to the Savannah River Reservoir

Coleman canvas tent
with cool and hot
where pine shelter was and was not,
sleeping bags with
flannel lining of moose, deer, beagles, ducks,
(and the blender for daiquiris,
the coloring books, the fan, the playpen, the water skis. . . .)

slap-lick-lap of warm lake water
on hard slick clay banks
where tides exposed and wore smooth
black grasps of pine roots
like witches' fingers . . .

bathwater warm, red muddy lake
that left maca-silver grit between fingers
and in the elastic marks of swim team suit,
between gold tan and pinky white,
dare-you dive deep to
the squishy seaweedy bottom,
and cold, cold, cold,
and fear of bass large-mouthed enough
to gobble seven-year-olds . . .

hot wooden dock,
dry heat underfoot
where we'd cast for minnows
and my brother would spit at them,
and horrified, delighted,
watch them gulp it!

marble-sized baby frogs
caught and cupped
bouncing toady-skinned against white palms,
elusive lizards, solemnity of deer tracks. . . .

pine needles, soft wood soil mulch,
hot and dry on top,
cool, moist underneath where
roly-poly's clenched from child fingertips,
hot, large-grained beach sand
and foot wriggle deeper to
the cooler, fine grain. . . .

our fat old beagle bow-ooo-ing
at the raccoon moon
and cricket song
other campers' fire glows among pine
popping beer cans and laughing
across hot nightfall on the lake.

Peace on Earth. . .

by Laurie Giunti

As we children have grown older, many of our family traditions have changed or just faded away. Oh, we still trim the tree, open gifts and eat turkey, but all the little traditions, especially those powered by childhood enthusiasm, are gone. The annual Christmas trip to Marshall Field's toyland has been cancelled and the day spent freezing on the sidewalk just to get a glimpse of Santa in the Christmas Parade has been dropped from the agenda, as well. The Sears catalogue is no longer the Bible, our dogma of Christmas hopes, and sleep now has priority over rising before the sun to open our gifts. Yet in the midst of this decay, one tradition flourishes. It grows as we grow and it thrives as we gain maturity. This expanding Christmas ritual, now an ingrained part of our Yuletide season, is the Annual Holiday Spat.

Every year, at least once during the holiday season, there is an argument that is so fierce, so shattering and usually so foolish that it stands above all other festivities and is duly recorded as the Annual Holiday Spat. This fighting is odd, and therefore memorable, because my family rarely argues. But there is something about the holiday season, that joyous time of the year, that brings out all our suppressed hostilities and sends our household into an uproar.

Our traditional tiff was formally recorded and genuinely activated the Christmas when I was nine years old, now fondly referred to as the "Year of the Dresses." My oldest sister, Julie, was fourteen and the three other siblings — Wendy, Matt, and Amy — were twelve, eleven, and ten. Because of the closeness in our ages, Wendy, Amy and I wore close to the same dress size and we could often share clothes.

Every year my aunts would buy each of us an outfit to be opened Christmas morning and then worn to Mass. Well, in this particular year, my aunts bought three dresses in varying sizes, but they were not certain which would fit which of the three youngest girls. They explained to us that they had just wrapped up the dresses, put on name tags, and we were to trade among the three of us, so each got a properly fitting dress. Little did the aunts know that those innocent dresses were to be the start of what is now our most prominent tradition.

Christmas morning dawned with the usual excitement and when all the important gifts, like toys, were opened, each of us was left with the one box from my aunts — the dress. We always opened these boxes last, as we knew what was in them, and clothes, at that time, were boring anyway.

Simultaneously, Amy, Wendy and I opened our dresses. I took one look at mine and prayed it would not fit. It was one of the ugliest dresses I had ever seen. Wendy's dress was satisfactory and Amy's was beautiful. We immediately looked at the other dresses, which could be ours, and each of us vowed to fit into that beautiful dress. We tried on our dresses and I silently thanked God as my mother decided my ugly dress was much too big and I couldn't possibly keep it. Wendy's dress was the smallest as was I, so it became mine. I was content enough to get rid of the ugly dress. Now Amy and Wendy were left to battle over the remaining dresses. I sat back, relieved to be out of the competition. My mother had each girl try on each dress and then proclaimed the ugly dress was Wendy's. Wendy promptly burst into tears and refused to leave the house if she had to wear the dress. Amy tried to be charitable, but was feeling too pleased at her good fortune. She was just a little too confident, though, and my mother called for a refitting. My mother, like most people, can never make up her mind and rarely sticks to a decision. Wendy was banking on this and her instincts proved right. The verdict was reversed, and now Wendy was the proud owner of the beautiful dress. Amy was reduced to tears. They both were crying and pleading their cases to my mother when my father, whose role in the Holiday Spat is some combination of Supreme Court judge, referee and villain, came in. With one loud "shut up, you ungrateful brats and listen to your mother," the room grew quiet. Only Wendy's and Amy muffled sobs could be heard. My father then proceeded to tell us that we had ruined his holiday and, "You kids could spoil a free lunch." This phrase soon came to be our recurrent holiday motto, and from this first chaotic Christmas, our Holiday Spat was born.

Since the "Year of the Dresses," we've had at least

one major fight per Yuletide season, and every year we've ruined my father's holiday. Probably our greatest triumph, the Ali-Fraser of our Holiday Spats, was "The Year of the Suit." This year we decided to get our fighting in early, so we held our spat on Thanksgiving. Many things had changed since that first spat: I was sixteen, my oldest sister was engaged and my brother was a freshman at Northwestern. The whole family was going to my grandmother's house for Thanksgiving and no one was looking forward to it. My mother decreed that everyone was to look nice for the occasion; therefore, no jeans. Matt, after having been away at college for a whole two months, thought himself above household rules and refused to wear a suit. He said he couldn't have a good time in a suit, and he wanted to be comfortable. We pointed out that he would not have a good time no matter how comfortable he was, but Matt remained adamant. My mother screamed and pleaded with him, but she had no success. I told him just to shut up and wear a suit, as I had on nylons, didn't I? But he just gave me a withering glance and stalked off. Finally, my mother delivered the ultimatum — she was going to have my father speak to him. My father, always the optimist, was hoping to get through this holiday unscathed. After a loud discussion, he compromised with Matt. Matt wasn't too thrilled and neither was my mother, but at least they were quiet.

To embarrass my parents further, my sister Julie's fiance was here for Thanksgiving and going with us to Grandma's. He and Julie were driving a separate car to my Grandma's. We were all envious because they got to arrive later and leave earlier, thus spared many hours of relative torture. My sister Wendy mysteriously came down with an upset stomach and had to stay home. Because of her escape, she was the object of all sibling jealousy, which was loudly vocalized and grated on my parents. After another loud discussion with my father, Wendy agreed to accompany the family to my Grandmother's house but to ride with the second shift. At this point everyone should have been appeased, but no one was. My father's holiday was fading fast, my mother's authority was undermined, Julie and her fiance were embarrassed by our uncouth family, Wendy still had to go to Grandma's even though she vowed she was sick, Matthew had to wear a sportjacket, and Amy and I had to ride with my parents, had to wear dresses, and felt that our goodness was not being appreciated.

This underlying tension unnerved my father and I knew enough to sit in the back of the station wagon, as far from him as I could. Now, my sister Amy has a knack for always pushing things just a little too far, and this trait did not fail her on this Thanksgiving. As soon as we got on the highway, Amy stated her opinion of Wendy and her sudden illness and insinuated that my father was foolish to fall for Wendy's ploy. This last comment was too much. The morning had taken its toll on my father and his temper took over. From my vantage point in the back, I saw my father's arm extend and soundly contact Amy's cheek. The slap immediately silenced Amy who, lost no time in flipping over the back seat to join me in my haven. My father then gave his annual speech on how we ruined his holiday, but this time he added a new twist. He declared that Christmas was officially cancelled for the Giunti household, as we children would just spoil it anyway. We all nodded and feigned despair, but deep inside we knew my father was just upset. Without our spoiling Christmas, my father would not know how to react; without a fight, it just is not Christmas.

Last year's argument was disappointing. There were few raised voices and an overall resignedness. We argued, but our hearts were not in it. I fear the Holiday Spat is becoming extinct. I do not know what my father will do. He has grown awfully fond of his annual Holiday Speech. □

Laurie Giunti is Lewis Hall secretary. She is very funny and she is from Manteno, Illinois.

Fiction

Christmas Wreath

by Jeff Powanda

After dinner on the night before Christmas Eve, Joe's mother, Mama Saura, cornered him while he was filling the ice trays at the sink. When Joe turned from the sink, carefully holding the stacked trays so the water would not spill over, he saw his portly mother standing beside the refrigerator. She was dressed entirely in black, as is the custom of all Spanish widows. Her dark gray hair was drawn back tightly in a bun. Her countenance was peaceful; the skin on her face was smooth and taut. Only the wrinkles at the corners of her eyes revealed her 77 years. But her eyes were another story. As Joe glanced at his mother's eyes, he was struck by the blue brilliance of her irises. Other people's eyes paled with age; Mama Saura's shone like tiny beacons. She wore a humble smile on her lips. It was the thin, toothless smile she always displayed before she asked a favor, Joe thought. She reached up and opened the freezer door for Joe. Joe slid the trays in and closed the freezer. Before he turned, Mama had already begun to speak. Her voice was soft and high-pitched.

"Joe, you take me to the cemetery tomorrow?"

Joe smiled at his mother. She looked at him with wide, anxious eyes, as if she were frightened Joe would deny her. He had already told her twice that day that he would take her the next day into Jersey City to visit her late husband's grave. Still, she needed to be reassured.

"Sure, Mama. I'll take you. What, did you think I would forget?" He patted her gently on the shoulder.

"We must go early. We go late, there will be no more flowers."

"Sure, sure. Ten o'clock, okay?"

"No, no. Too late. Better nine."

Joe reluctantly agreed. "Okay, nine o'clock. But when I'm in the car at nine o'clock with the motor running and you're not ready—"

"Me, I'll be ready."

And Joe knew she would. She walked by him out of the kitchen, her tiny feet lightly tapping on the tiled floor.

The next morning, Joe awoke to the sound of his mother knocking on his bedroom door. He stirred out of sleep and beheld Mama holding the door open enough to peek her head in. She appeared already washed and dressed. There was a look of annoyance in her eyes.

Joe looked at her through half-opened eyes. She stepped quietly over to his bed, trying not to cause the floor to creak. When she reached the bed, she poked Joe on the shoulder three times.

"Mama, I'm awake." But his eyes were still closed. Joe's wife Rosa, lying next to him, had stirred.

Mama whispered now, so as not to wake Joe's wife, but her whisper had the weight of urgency. "C'mon, Joe. *Es* 8:30 already." She turned and left as quietly as she had entered. Joe sat up and threw his legs over the side of the bed. He ran his hands through his thinning grey hair.

For sixteen years now he had taken his mother to the cemetery. Papa, a small, stocky, ebullient man, a longshoreman like Joe, had died of a stroke at the age of 64 in 1966. Since then, Mama had worn only black. She kept her hair in a modest-looking bun. She went to all of the novenas. And she visited the cemetery whenever she could. All of this was part of her mourning. Some of Mama's friends only mourned their late husbands for a period of ten years. How can you mourn someone according to a schedule? she would think

Joe showered quickly and threw on some clothes. When he was dressed, he went downstairs to have a cup of coffee. Mama awaited him at the base of the stairs. She wore her black wool coat and her furry black cap. One arm was placed on the banister. Joe walked by her calmly and entered the kitchen on the right. Mama gave him an impatient look and resigned herself to sit until he was ready. She placed herself in the closest chair to the stairs, while Joe busied himself with the Mr. Coffee in the kitchen.

When Joe's coffee was ready, he sat in the dark kitchen and thought about his mother. She was a determined woman, he thought. Never in her whole life did she meet a problem with reserve. In the turbulent period before the Spanish Civil War in Spain, Mama saw the trouble brewing and quickly had the family pack and board a ship for America. During the war, she and Papa both found jobs, he on the docks of Bayonne, she in a screw factory. Her job was to place 24 identical screws in a plastic bag and then place the bag in a cardboard box containing assorted steel pieces. Because she was paid for piecework, she learned to become adept at counting the 24 screws with one hand while she placed a batch of screws in a bag with her other hand. She became the fastest worker in the factory. That was her, Joe thought, always ready to adjust. When Papa died, she came to live with Joe. When a couple is old and one of them dies, it is very common for the remaining one to follow shortly thereafter. Not Mama, Joe thought. Mama would probably live longer than he. As much as he loved his mother, he could only wince at the thought.

He put the cup down, pulled himself out of the chair and walked into the living room, where Mama sat rigid in waiting. "Ready," Joe said. Mama arose slowly and stepped around him to peer at the clock on the kitchen wall. "Don't worry," Joe said, "we're only a little late."

"Little late," Mama said as she waved her right arm frantically at the clock. *"Es nueve y media!"*

"C'mon, let's go, or we'll be even later." Together the two descended the steps to the entrance foyer. Joe got his coat, opened the door for Mama, and together they left.

Joe was perfectly willing to take Mama Saura to the cemetery, but the day seemed gray and cloudy, an unsuitable day, Joe thought, for anyone to be around the cemetery. The cemetery was in an isolated part of town, bordered by quiet roads, apart from any traffic. The only residential housing in the area were two apartment buildings, ten-story red brick structures for low-rent housing. Joe was frightened to be even near the place after he heard about all of the rapes and muggings that had taken place in the last month.

"Mama, we can't keep going to the cemetery so often now. It's a bad neighborhood and getting worse."

"We don't go so often, Joe. Can't I go see Papa the times that I must pay my respect? It is not so many times."

"When you go, then, I'll take you. No more of Rosa or Joaquina taking you. I heard that last week a girl was beaten and raped inside a mausoleum by two kids." Joe didn't mean to frighten Mama; he only wanted to tell her how serious things had gotten. Still, he regretted telling her of the incident.

"Madre de Dios!" she cried. *"Los animales!"* Mama was shaking in anger.

It was best that she knew of the crime in the area, Joe thought. Then she wouldn't insist on being taken to the cemetery every weekend. Most times Joe didn't mind, but there were some days when his back gave him a pain from a long week on the docks. On such days Joe would rather remain in bed. But he always crawled out of bed when pestered by Mama's pathetic frown. She would peek her head in and say, "Joe, you can't take me? Who'll take me?"

Joe felt that Mama at times assumed too much authority in his household. It was common for her to meddle. The other day she slapped Joe's 15-year-old son Frank when he smoked a cigarette in her presence. Rosa later rebuked Mama, saying that she was aware of her son's smoking, and though she disapproved, she felt her son old enough to choose for himself whether he wanted to smoke. Mama huffed loudly and told Rosa that she did not know how to raise her children. Joe was infuriated when he heard of the incident later. If he had seen Frank smoking, he would have slapped him also, but he could not tolerate his mother slapping his son. She always compared things to how life was when she lived back in Spain. She'd often resort to comparisons, such as, "Back in Spain no one ever did that; people are beautiful in Spain." When relating the simple beauty of Spain to her grandchildren, she did not mention anything of the long period of Franco's dictatorship when the Guardia Civil patrolled the streets with machine guns. Her memories of Spain were simple and ordered. If only the country were in such a state, thought Joe.

They arrived at the cemetery, but Mama wanted to stop at the flower shop across the street. Joe parked in front of the store and walked around the car to help his mother out. She got out and stepped quickly in front of him to enter the shop.

Once inside the shop, Mama was torn between which decoration she should purchase for the stone of her husband. She liked the many wreaths that lay about, but she also was fond of the red and green poinsettias. She asked Joe for his opinion, but he was of no help, only commenting on how expensive they all were. Finally Mama chose a handsome Christmas wreath with a bright red bow. Joe paid for the wreath

and smiled as he heard Mama chastise the boy in the store who picked up the wreath for her, for he apparently did not handle it as gently as she wished. When Joe finished paying for the wreath, Mama called him over to investigate a larger, more elaborate wreath with pine cones, ribbons, and steel bells. "This one is better, no, Joe?" Joe was irritated. "I already paid for the other one. It's good enough. C'mon." As they left the store, Mama said they had picked the right wreath and commended Joe for his choice. She assured him that she would repay him for the wreath when her next Social Security check arrived. Joe said that she would do no such thing, the wreath was paid for and he would accept no money from her. Mama touched his arm in thanks.

Joe placed the wreath in the trunk of the car. They reentered the car and proceeded through the rusted gate of a chain-link fence into the cemetery property. There were spots of snow on the ground, yet most of the plots remained clear. As Joe slowly cruised down the narrow cemetery path, Mama read the names off the passing tombstones and remarked to Joe about which belonged to her past friends. She recalled the way some of them had died. "Cancer *de* bone. He had much pain." She made the sign of the cross as she passed a friend's grave. "God bless." Mama pointed to the spot where Frank Sinatra's mother used to be buried, but sadly related how Sinatra had the body disinterred and flown out to California where it was reburied. Mama said he did this because he was afraid of grave robbers. Joe grinned at this remark and Mama glared at him as if offended. She looked out the window and pointed nervously at the row where her husband was buried. *"Alli. Alli.* Joe, there. Over there." Joe nodded and pulled the car over to the edge of the path, very near to where Papa's grave was. It was in the north corner of the cemetery, close to the high bordering fence. Beyond the fence rose the two red brick apartment buildings, old structures built apparently without any regard for design. They looked like brick blockhouses, ten-story prisons.

Joe again helped his mother out of the car and they advanced together down the aisle of stones. Joe held Mama's left arm at her elbow to prevent her from stumbling on the rough, cloddy earth.

Finally they arrived at the gravesite. It bore a granite stone: Esteban Saura, 1902-1966. On the stone there was a bas-relief of the Virgin Mary surrounded by two angels. The sculpture was badly chipped, and the Virgin's face appeared scarred. A jagged stone fragment was missing from her smooth forehead. Mama sighed painfully at the sight of the disfigured stone. She pointed to the broken beer bottles at the base of a nearby stone. "See, Joe. They throw the bottles. *No respecta."* Mama bent down and picked up the glass from the neighboring plot. Joe told her to stop, that she would cut herself, but she did not listen. When she was finished, Joe took the glass from her hands, walked over to a trash can at the end of the row and discarded the glass.

Joe looked back at Mama and saw she was praying before the grave. She was crying quietly. She held rosary beads in her hands, and hung her purse on her forearm. Joe had seen her cry each time he brought her to the grave. He marveled at the devotion of his mother, but wondered how she could continue. How long can a woman be expected to grieve for her late husband? How long can a woman's life be devoted to a loved one long dead? Every time I come here, Joe thought, I witness a woman who would rather be with her dead husband.

Joe yelled to his mother that he would get the wreath from the car. He walked back to the vehicle and opened the trunk. The evergreen smell hit him and he was delighted by the fragrance. He picked up the wreath with his left hand and reached up to shut the trunk with his other hand. He hesitated when he noticed three dark-haired youths (no older than 16) slowly approaching Mama through the rows of headstones. Mama did not notice the boys as she stared at her husband's grave. The purse she held hung loosely at her side. There could not be more than twenty dollars in the purse, but Joe knew that that was what the boys were after.

One boy kicked a rock which ricocheted off the headstone. Mama looked up and finally saw the three boys. She saw them looking directly at her. One of the boys smiled cunningly. Mama felt unable to move: she was in the middle of her rosary.

"Mama. Walk toward the car," Joe yelled. Mama turned and stepped nervously toward Joe. Joe shut the trunk and ran out to meet her. He held in his hands a tire iron. The two met in the aisle and Joe took her hand, leaving his other hand to wield the weapon.

"Go away! Get away, you bastards, or I'll break your skulls!" Joe screamed. Mama stopped crying and looked at the boys in anger. The boys circled around slowly toward Joe's car. Joe was worried that they might have knives. When they had almost reached the car, Joe yelled again. "Away from the car. Now, dammit!" Joe stepped quickly as if to charge the youths. Mama kept close behind him. The boys, scared initially, jogged away from Joe. Joe quickly escorted Mama to the car, and then walked around to the driver's side, still holding the tire iron. The boys calmly appraised him. One boy laughed mockingly.

Joe got in the car and started the engine. He pushed hard on the gas and the car lurched into drive. When he passed the three boys, one of them threw a rock at the car. It glanced across the windshield without shattering the glass. Mama cursed at the boy through the window. *"El diablo. Eres un diablo!"*

When they were safely past the boys, Joe asked his mother if she was all right. She said that she was fine. Then she remembered the wreath. She asked Joe if they could go back to put the wreath on Papa's grave. Joe, who was still excited from the confrontation, said, "What, are you crazy? Go back there again?"

"A nice wreath, too." Mama sniffled and looked down at the wooden rosary beads she still held in her hands. She quietly finished her last interrupted Hail Mary and ended the prayer. She made the sign of the cross and then placed the rosary in a small cardboard box in her purse. Mama looked back through the rear window at the passing stones and the winding curve of the narrow path. She softly whispered goodbye to the spirit of her husband.

After they had returned home, Joe was sitting before his television watching a football game when he heard a banging at his front door. He walked quickly over to the door and opened it. Mama stood before him with a small hammer in her hand. She was looking at the door proudly. Joe saw the newly placed wreath hanging from a hook in the middle of the door. "Nice, huh, Joe?" Mama asked. "Beautiful," he said, and smiled as he drew his arm around her and led her back inside. □

Perspective

Journalism and Central America

by T. J. Conley

Essential to our development as a society has been the existence of an informed populace, a citizenry able to make the judgments and decisions essential to a representative form of government. The undeniable importance of well-balanced and in-depth news-gathering and analysis makes it nearly impossible to overestimate the responsibility that the "Fourth Estate" has to the nation. Freedom of the press is one of the very cornerstones upon which this nation is built.

Many observers, however, are coming to the conclusion that the U.S. media have betrayed the public's trust on a number of issues of critical importance, not the least of which is the process of change in the nations of Central America. For a variety of reasons, journalism has not met its obligations of providing evenhanded and fair coverage of events both within each nation and, more importantly, in regards to United States interest and involvement in these events. Aside from any ideological or political considerations, in recent years what little information the North American public has received concerning the region has been woefully inadequate and dangerously biased.

The differences between reality and U.S. media representation of events in Central America became painfully obvious during a semester spent in Cuernavaca, Mexico, last spring as part of the Program in Global Community. Having paid particularly close attention to the media's treatment of the region both before and after my stay in Mexico, the disparity is obvious. There is, quite simply, a profound and dangerous difference between the perceptions and information I received while in Mexico and Nicaragua and those which the media provide the North American public.

A major part of the problem is undoubtedly unavoidable, considering both the nature of contemporary journalism and the particular problems inherent to coverage of Central America. While a great many North Americans consider television to be their primary source of news, the nature of electronic media has conditioned the way in which this news is reported. Invaluable as a means of quickly and vividly bringing the world into one's living room, television is essentially a superficial medium. Its focus is intense, but it has difficulties penetrating the surface to expose the complexities of the situation. Coupled with the time limitations built into network news programs, it is not difficult for television to degenerate into shallow sensationalism.

Television is, furthermore, highly effective in perpetuating the myth of objectivity. "Pictures cannot lie," the myth goes, "so what I see on television is The Truth, free from all bias and subjective interpretation." This image of the camera as detached observer is essential to television's journalistic reputation.

The fact of the matter is, however, that television is no more value-free than any other form of information-gathering. It is still a human being who decides on what to focus, just as it is another human who edits the film and decides what to show and what to cut. Propagandists have long recognized the ease with which pictures and images can be manipulated to support a particular theme or idea. Just as we accept that the print media inevitably reflects to some degree the subjectivity of the individual reporter, so we must come to recognize television's myth of objectivity for what it is — a myth.

The illusory nature of objectivity becomes even more apparent in cross-cultural situations. For the most part, other North Americans provide our news and analysis from Central America. And as anyone who has spent time in another culture can testify, the problems of operating in and understanding another society with all its complexities can be overwhelming. A journalist's goal of functioning as a detached observer becomes that much more unattainable in a cross-cultural situation.

The problem, then, is not limited to any one form of media coverage. Instead, there are a variety of complex and related issues which condition all types of coverage of issues in Central America. One fundamental if obvious problem involves logistics. Throughout the region, many of the most important events occur in isolated and remote areas. The problems involved in moving a television crew complete with supporting equipment into a remote mountain region are tremendous. Even for the unaccompanied reporter, the journey to these locations can be arduous and perhaps even dangerous.

The more relevant and potentially more disturbing considerations revolve around the issues of accessibility and influence. In situations as politically and culturally complex as those in the Central American region, so much depends on the interpretation and analysis of otherwise confusing events. Because there is little or no organized opposition remaining within each country, the

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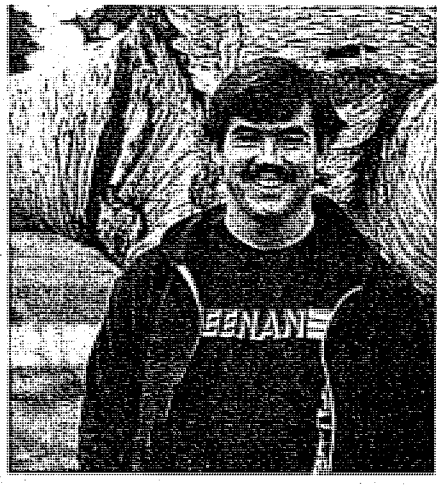

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media are severely hampered in their ability to obtain the variety of perspectives essential to the ideals of journalism. Instead, it is forced to rely on "official" sources or secondhand accounts — hardly reliable methods of information-gathering. Those who have the most direct access to the media are those whose voices will be the most clearly heard.

The situation in Nicaragua serves to illustrate this dilemma forcefully. After spending ten days there last May, talking with a wide spectrum of people within the country, I returned home amazed at the disparity between what I had heard and seen there and what I was reading here. By single-mindedly concentrating on those members of Nicaraguan society with the easiest access to North America, the U.S. media has failed to present a well-balanced account of the process of social change in Nicaragua. For example, we read about the bitter conflict between the Catholic Church and the government in Nicaragua. From all accounts, the Church strongly opposes the Sandinista government, and demonstrations on the streets against it are both common and violent.

While in Nicaragua, however, the vast majority of Church people with whom we talked supported the government, using such words as "just" and "compassionate" to describe governmental leaders. What the U.S. press has failed to report is that while certain outspoken members of the Nicaraguan Church's hierarchy oppose the government, the overwhelming majority of Christians actively support it. By dealing in a superficial manner with a complex problem, the press has created and nurtured a distorted view of the Nicaraguan reality.

For a press with such a strong tradition of aggressiveness and independence, there have been relatively few attempts to move beyond official government statements and investigate the issues in a substantial and just manner. The media seem to have fallen into a trap of complacency. There are any number of possible explanations for their docility, none of which can be undisputably proven. The important point is this: The North American journalistic establishment has, for any number of reasons, neglected its duty to the public to provide fair and in-depth accounts of the situation in Central America. Instead it has by and large uncritically accepted the analyses provided by those with the most direct access to media resources — governmental officials and economic elites.

The task confronting the U.S. press, then, is to move beyond the answers provided by those in power in order to examine the issues from a variety of perspectives. Admittedly, this is no easy matter. Four Dutch journalists were murdered in El Salvador last March attempting to do this very thing. But if the responsibility of journalism is to ensure an informed populace essential to representative government, then we must reject the superficial and sensational in favor of the truth. □

Case Study . . .
(continued from page 9)

thought it might influence the elections; "the claim that it might divert attention away from the campaign is indefensible."

The two priests and the theologian, however, preferred to concentrate on the point that serving the "public good" should not be the only consideration of a journalist. Lisa Cahill, an Associate Professor of Theology at Boston College, argued for the first option—to reserve publication of the story until suspicion became fact. She said that the case presented Miller as a victim of conflicting parties: the public's right to know vs. the aide's right to privacy. She found that definition of the problem inadequate, however. "The public's right to know is based on another right which is to possess information adequate to fulfill one's duties. The voters must vote responsibly and information which is incomplete, though based on a 'reliable source,' violates that right as much as anything." According to Ms. Cahill, while the journalist has a right to free expression he also has a corresponding duty to meet his right according to standards of accuracy. Noting that "journalism is not an exact science," Ms. Cahill balanced the rights of the possibly guilty (and possibly innocent) aide against the rights of the public and said that in this specific case the threat to the common good was not strong enough to violate the rights of the aide. She believed more facts were needed to upset this balance.

Reverend Edward Malloy, C.S.C., Associate Provost and Associate Professor of Theology at Notre Dame, and Reverend Oliver Williams, C.S.C., Adjunct Associate Professor in Management here, agreed with Ms. Cahill. Both seemed to think that the facts were deficient and one-sided and that Miller should balance the right to know against the protection of innocent people. Williams challenged Craig's suggestion of a short, factual story, stating, "The public will think White acted improperly. This is suggesting wrongdoing without proving it." He was also concerned with the philosophy he thought was prevalent in journalism—the principle of providing the greatest good for the greatest number of people. Williams argued that the reporter must consider rights and justice and the possibility of "truth at too high a cost."

The session ended unresolved, with the Editor of the *Pittsburgh Press* claiming it was "irresponsible ethically to sit on the story" and the three other panel members in favor of holding the story back until the facts were more complete. A final poll of the audience demonstrated the complexities of the question. They were split almost evenly, half in favor of publishing the story and half in favor of continuing to research the facts. □

Compassion . . .
(continued from page 9)

summer, I may never have witnessed an ethical dilemma. But this was not an average summer. An eleven-year-old girl was kidnapped in broad daylight in a town nearby. After a frantic week of search, her decomposed body was found in our county. The killer is still at large.

In any place, the events would have been sickening. But in our little town, they were downright ghastly. This type of crime had never happened before in our area. It was big news, not only for us but for almost every newspaper and television station in northern Ohio. And you better believe those journalists jumped on it like a cat pounces on a mouse. This was big stuff — small town, grisly murder, grieving parents, numbed community. We were on the front page of dozens of newspapers every day for nearly a week.

I lost a lot of my faith in the integrity of the news media in that week. I found that truth was not a top priority. Tact certainly was nowhere on the list. Compassion was sadly lacking.

My disappointment was twofold: I was dismayed by the content of the articles, but I was equally annoyed with the tactics resorted to by most of the journalists. The content not only was sensationalized; it also was careless. One wire service put the wrong names with the wrong offi-

cials. Another example: on the same day, an Akron newspaper stated that the girl definitely had been sexually assaulted, and a Cleveland paper said just the opposite. In fact, the coroner's report said clearly that decomposition prevented any definite determination of the matter. Neither newspaper printed clarifications.

The slant always was toward the sensational. It seemed that if a story had a graphic lead, it made the front page. If not, it was destined for somewhere in the back. Attempts were made to contact the bereaved family, and the media gobbled up inane comments by horrified friends.

The tactics some reporters used were inexcusable. One reporter threatened a sheriff's department dispatcher that he would make the dispatcher "sound bad" in the newspaper if he did not provide additional information. Although the county coroner announced that he would make all announcements through the sheriff, he was constantly hounded: reporters "staked out" his office for hours to try to elicit a comment.

The pressure on county officials got to the point where the sheriff threatened to press charges of harassment against at least one prominent Ohio newspaper. No doubt the reporters were merely trying to do what they perceived to be their jobs. But I ask, what price good copy? Journalism often tends to be out of touch with any values except the headline, the catchy lead, the dramatic picture—and they are not real values.

A small weekly such as mine does not experience the headline pressure that perversely affects other newspapers. With the constant readership, we will sell just about the same amount of issues no matter what our front-page headline says. Larger newspapers need to be colorful, exciting, . . . but I fear that leads to a diminished sense of ethics.

There is a fine line between reporting what happens (which obviously needs to be done) and taking advantage of the people and facts of a story by turning it into a media event. Most media, I fear, constantly step over that line.

Ironically, by staying on the proper side of the line (I feel), our newspaper gained the trust of investigation officials, and received more than our share of inside tips as the case developed in the weeks after the murder. I found it works best that way — if you're fair with them, they'll be fair with you.

Compassion should not be a dirty word in the newsroom. Harvard University Journalism Curator, James C. Thomson Jr., calls for "conduct based on sensitivity to the unique elements of each decision-situation and the consequences to others as well as oneself." Self-restraint and consideration by journalists are top priorities to achieve this worthwhile end. This does not compromise fairness or accuracy; it merely puts a humane element into the news. □

—The Last Word—

by Beth Healy

Part of the annual Christmas ritual during my childhood was the children's reenactment of the Christmas story. In our barren basement we would set up a makeshift manger, wrap sheets around our heads for veils, and use an empty Quaker Oats box for the little drummer boy's drum. I realize now that we were trying to bring ourselves to a deeper understanding of Christmas, we were preparing ourselves for the celebration.

Now that the Thanksgiving ritual has passed and our stomachs have shrunk to normal size, we are quick to say that the Christmas season is upon us. Without wishing to erase any visions of sugarplums dancing in heads, I hasten to note that Christmas really isn't here. Rather we are smack-dab in the middle of another season, the season of Advent.

Advent is a time of preparation, of anticipation. Unfortunately, it usually takes the back seat behind Christmas, and even Lent. Unlike Lent, when we sacrifice, Advent is a time to give. In the season of Advent we give our hearts, minds, prayer, and action in anticipation of Christ's birth.

We often speak of the Christmas vigil, the midnight Mass which ushers in the joy and wonder of the Lord's birth. It is appropriate that we should consider the whole month of Advent as the vigil before Christ's coming. These four weeks should be a time of readying ourselves for that celebration just as we ready the home, the meal, the tree.

Advent is fittingly a very spiritual season for at the end of this time we celebrate the greatest mystery and wonder of our faith. On Christmas God became man. Advent is the season of preparation for the historical event of Christ's birth. In a similar way, we are preparing in a mystical sense to participate in that birth which is also our birth into the promise of redemption. A key element to understanding Christmas is in its foreshadowing of the whole Easter experience, the death of Jesus on the Cross. Christ's birth is a foreshadowing of man's salvation in that at Christmas we participate in the gift of God's only Son to the world. I know a song which illustrates this fuller meaning of Christmas. "Alleluia, my Father, for giving us your Son. Sending Him into this world to be given up for man. Knowing we would bruise Him and spite Him from the earth. Alleluia, my Father, in His death is my birth. Alleluia, my Father, in His life is my life."

Advent is a time of longing for the Messiah. Like the Jews, we are waiting. The readings at Mass during this season are often drawn from the books of Isaiah. Like the Jews, we are a people who "walked in darkness and have seen a great light," the light of Christ. This is not merely a history lesson however, for these readings are equally important today.

We are in many ways still a people in darkness, still waiting for the light. In our anticipation of Christ's second coming, we participate in the Jews' waiting and suffering in the hope of a Messiah. Christmas is a renewal of the promise of Christ's return in that Christ is born again into our lives.

Advent is a time of spiritual journey. We can compare ourselves to the Magi and their journey. Three kings followed a star. They travelled long and hard to arrive at its resting place. They did not know what they would find; they were full of anticipation. At the end of that journey they found a stable and a babe. Yet their faith enabled them to believe that the child was the newborn King, their journey had prepared them. So, too, as we journey through the season we prepare and deepen our faith so that we can appreciate the wonder of Christ's birth. We light the Advent candle as symbol of the light of our journey. Moreover, in the Kings' journey God revealed His Word to the Gentiles. The Magi, foreigners in Bethlehem, experienced the mystery of the incarnation of Christ for all men. It is in that wondrous gift that we experience the joy of Christmas. Our spiritual journey must lead us to be open to God's word and action in our lives.

In Advent our thoughts turn to gift giving. We gather presents for relatives and friends. We give food and gifts to the poor. Yet these are not only nice holiday gestures, for in our giving we partake in what God did at Christmas in giving us His Son, the greatest act of love.

How great is that gift to us. It is only right that we prepare our hearts and minds and lives to receive it. Christmas is a twofold celebration: the historical commemoration of Jesus' birth, and the mystical promise of His second coming. The Jews did not anticipate the Messiah's coming as it occurred and missed it. We cannot miss Christ's second coming. We must be prepared to welcome Him when He comes for we know not the time or the place or the manner.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord. □