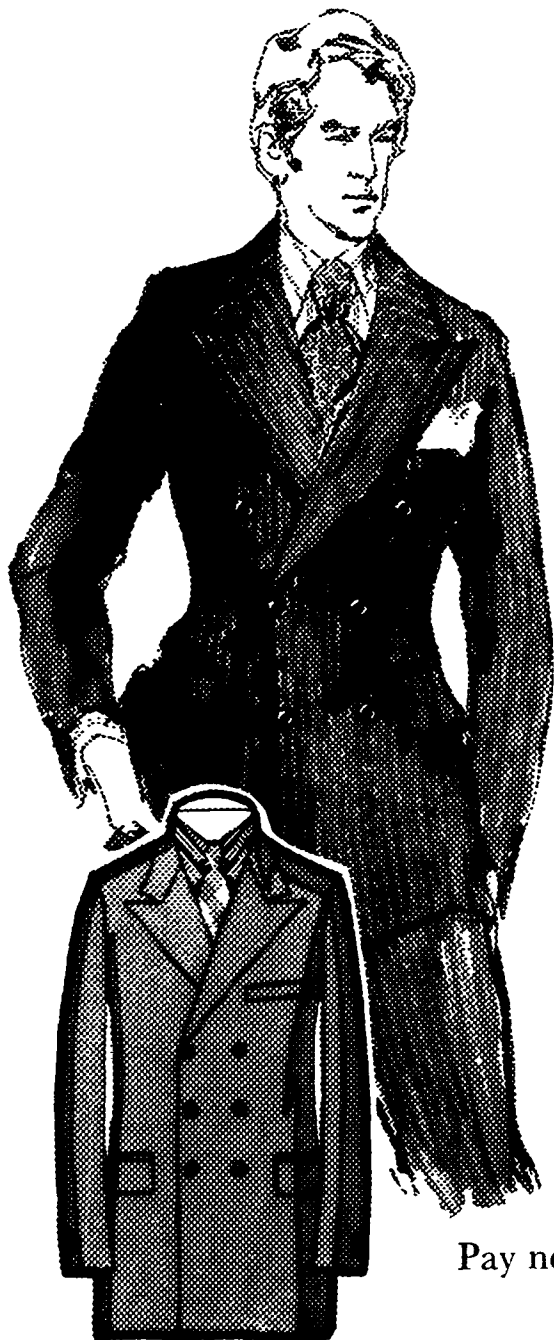




A Sense of the Sacred

Scholastic

March 20, 1970



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Editorial

The University in Danger:

For the first time in the modern history of the University, the statement of current fund operations shows a large cash deficit, the actual amount being \$937,000. In the present year of 1969-70 we are anticipating an operating cash deficit of at least \$1,000,000. It should be evident to all that the University cannot continue to sustain such losses. In an effort to eradicate them, the University has installed a new budgetary system which is designed to make all departments live within the total income of the University . . . [This] requires the cooperation and goodwill of all departments on campus . . .

Insight, Vol. IV, No. 3

One of the SCHOLASTIC's primary concerns this year has been University priorities. Up to this point, all the talk has been largely abstract and harmless. It now appears, however, that things are rapidly coming to a head. Due to the national tight money situation and Notre Dame's last five years of high living, the University is in severe financial trouble. The problem of University priorities suddenly becomes a problem immediate and crucially important, because the cost of this extravagance will come from faculty salaries and development.

Facts are nearly impossible to come by: the Administration will not release itemized cost figures for such things as the Arts and Letters and Engineering Schools, the Bookstore, the ACC, graduate schools, etc.; it also tends to offer contradictory figures and explanations on faculty raises, freshman enrollment for next year, et al. But only recently five department heads in the College of Arts and Letters seriously considered returning their budgets as unadministrable; any faculty raises for next year will come to no more than 3½-4½% — which when juxtaposed with a cost-of-living rise near 6% means that the faculty will in fact be receiving pay cuts. The University will attempt, without increasing its faculty, to admit nearly 1,985 new students next year (235 more than usual), in order to pay off its debt.

Virtually all budgetary information must be extracted from the tables in this fall's *Insight*. These are confusing and perhaps even a bit deceptive. For example, the ACC, the Morris Inn, the Bookstore and "others" are grouped under a single heading ("Other

enterprises") that shows a loss of \$76,794. The Administration has said that no one has the right to see any individual breakdowns, so a few guesses must suffice: the Bookstore can conservatively be deemed "profit-making," and the Morris Inn a "break-even" enterprise. This leaves the ACC and "others" as losing nearly \$77,000, though the Administration has repeatedly insisted the Convocation Center is "so close to breaking even as to be inconsequential to the problem." The Computing Center lost \$766,479 this past year: the University (after what it terms "faculty pressure") plans to replace the present computer with a new and more expensive one, and will also institute a "Computing Science Major" for all four colleges.

These things spring from a common American educational myth that feels the "great university" is built upon laboratories and convocation centers and the paraphernalia of our technocracy. The importance of people — students and administrators and most especially faculty — is largely neglected.

But this generalization becomes especially important when considering the status of *this* institution. Any undergraduate liberal arts university finds its lifeblood precisely in these three groups of people. That this priority should have been forgotten or ignored by an Administration known for its rhetoric of "community" is puzzling. That it should be brushed aside by a president who has described Notre Dame as "bricks and books, classrooms and laboratories, but . . . above all, people . . ." is both ironic and tragic.

This kind of ostrich-like blindness is beginning to change here, but it has led to the adoption of "solutions" that are at once absurd and unfair. The administration says it simply has no more money and therefore must make cuts in faculty raises. It is confident that almost all its professors will stay despite the pay cuts simply because they will be unable "to find other positions." As to the rest of them, the administration feels forced to take a "hate to see you go but . . ." attitude. The first assumption, that professors will be unable to find other positions, is as untrue as it is unethical; the laissez faire attitude that follows deals only with the *effects* of these problems.

The Administration has put a large part of the blame for our present financial crisis precisely on the faculty, stating that it is they who have pushed for

Money vs. Priorities

more buildings, wider access to computer facilities and expansion of curriculum. A faculty committee has indeed recently called for the purchase of a new computer and establishment of a computing science major in the AL program; Father Wilson said, however, he did not know what percentage of faculty members supported such findings or from what departments they came. To put the responsibility for pulling the University out of a financial crisis on a group that had little or nothing to do with getting the University into that crisis is hypocrisy of the worst kind.

President Hesburgh has said that in such a situation we must do something "drastic" yet refuse to panic. What, exactly, is the University doing? Again, figures are hard to get, but the program to extricate Notre Dame financially seems to revolve around several stratagems: cutting budgets equally for all departments; decreasing faculty raises to about 4%; restricting new building but continuing to operate such things as the ACC and the Computing Center; raising tuitions and increasing the number of new students next year from 1750 to about 1985 (including freshmen, transfers, re-admissions). These represent stop-gap, panic moves that will haunt the University for years to come. For example, the increased size of classes with no new space will prove unbearable for both faculty and students; freshman and sophomore theology classes will enroll 100-150 students next year.

The real answers, if they are to be found, lay elsewhere: in a drastic rearrangement of this University's priorities; a restructuring that will make primary the necessities we can *afford*, and the things on which we, as a Christian university, *should* concentrate most heavily.

In the meantime, a few alternate suggestions come to mind: renting cut dorm space to St. Mary's students (who also will be terribly over-crowded next year) instead of increasing the number of new students attending classes at Notre Dame; pooling resources between the two schools; arranging financial priorities and resources to line up with what Professor Dugan calls an increasing enrollment in Arts and Letters and a decreasing enrollment in the Engineering College; honestly evaluating the relative costs and necessity of each department within the University. The times do call for "drastic action": St. Louis University, another Catholic institution faced with a similar crisis, recently

chose to phase out its School of Dentistry and its two schools of Engineering. The possibilities suggested above may seem equally drastic, but equally necessary.

The designation of the faculty as both cause and solution of the University's financial troubles is ironic in the light of two critical facts. First, a large portion of the \$54 million in pledges and donations received through SUMMA was designated for "faculty development," including the establishment of nineteen new chairs. To date, little if anything has come of all this rhetoric: no one is certain how many chairs can now be funded; faculty raises next year will bear the burden of our debt. More important is the de facto primacy of the faculty at this institution: it provides the largest portion of spiritual and intellectual leadership for the student and has given Notre Dame the academic recognition it deserves. It is indeed the lifeblood of this institution.

The problems of finance and priorities are internal ones of the utmost importance to Notre Dame's existence. They can only be postponed, not solved, by the kinds of stop-gap action now planned. They must be met with an honest and immediate self-examination of the present situation by the whole University community. The Administration has named a committee under Father Walsh to study the question of priorities, but the make-up of its membership remains uncertain. It should be tri-partite. The University Forum also broached the subject in its meeting last Tuesday.

What may be necessary right now is a genuine student concern for these critical problems, and the Administration's willingness to make public itemized expenses and revenues instead of cloaking them under "other enterprises."

Finally, it must be recognized that this is not simply one more manifestation of an effete Arts-and-Letters righteousness, exclusiveness, or disdain for the sciences. Rather, it is a question of what Notre Dame, as a university faced with a financial deficit and a peaked revenue, can afford. It is in this light that the University must re-examine its priorities. Notre Dame can not afford to lose a faculty that is the heart of this institution, or to ignore an Arts and Letters College with an increasing yearly enrollment. Such a loss would necessitate cutting off the very lifeblood that has given it its vitality.

Ray Serafin



My White Shoelaces

THE last column—what is the right note to hit? How about some melancholy reflections on four years of the University experience? No, James Kunen said it succinctly in *The Strawberry Statement*. As he correctly noted, everyone says these are “the best years of our lives.” We could perhaps tolerate the frustrations, banalities and trivialities of these four years if we weren’t expected to get prepared for something worse.

Or I could write an ode to the Zeppelin Boys, who live across from me in Morrissey Hall. They certainly provided some of the year’s high points, as it were. But they might decide to hitchhike East this week if the weather turns warm before the magazine comes out. Leaving me to feed their pet iguana. And they might well decide not to come back, so the column would be lost on them.

Sunday night in Detroit, then, I turned to Mary. With quavering passion in my voice, the big question: “What should I write about?” She failed me not, answering, “Why don’t you write about your white shoelaces?” The famous Socratic method at work again—I could not answer the “why not?” No wonder, then, that I call Mary my inspiration.

At this point the reason for her strange fixation on my white shoelaces should be made clear. No history, as they say, is without nuance. The shoelaces, you see, are worn on my dirty brown suede, fur-lined winter shoes. I put them on Sunday afternoon when my old brown shoelaces broke again. Mary, being very observant, noticed them almost immediately. Indeed, she marveled at my inept sense of aesthetics.

Now in the past I have been accused of being too subjective in my journalism. I should only be like *The New York Times* or *The Observer*. So I will now give a solely objective description of the shoelaces, a brief description not filtered first through my own mind. So that no one can accuse me of subjugating the facts to my own devious ends.

Each shoelace (there are two of them) is twenty-four inches long. They are white-on-white, which is to say that the plastic tips (there are four of them, by a

stroke of good luck evenly divided between the two laces) are also white. Before Sunday, they had never been used on any shoes. If you will allow me just one opinion, I would like to put it on record that they are virtually flawless.

Now a lot of people will look at my white laces on brown suede shoes and figure that I’m wearing them either out of ignorance, laziness or simple harmless eccentricity. The first two charges I categorically deny. And I wish that all you people who pass me walking down the street would stop looking at me so accusingly. I am neither ignorant nor lazy. Just maybe a little paranoid.

BUT the accusation of eccentricity is the most dangerous, because it ascribes a certain harmlessness to my white laces. On the contrary, I assert that wearing them is very subversive. In fact, so does the U.S. Army (and most other armies). This became clear to me in a conversation with a usually reliable source, who from here on shall be known simply by his journalistic pseudonym, A Reliable Source.

“The army,” A Reliable Source said, “doesn’t allow you to wear white laces on dirty brown suede, fur-lined winter shoes.”

But what would happen if someone did?” I asked naively.

“It would undermine discipline which would undermine morale, thus undermining the army which would be subversive to the country.”

“So the army outlaws white shoelaces on dirty brown suede, fur-lined winter shoes because they’re ultimately subversive?”

AH logic, ah me. On March 27 I report for a pre-induction physical. (March 27 is Good Friday—I wonder if they’ll pass me if I get the stigmata.) Black armbands are already suspect by the military. But I will wear my dirty brown suede shoes, with the white laces. The night before, I shall dance in them. And love in them. When the machine asks for death, they will answer life.

Markings

Creation & Suppression

ABOUT the same time last summer that the *Juggler* came perilously close to extinction, another "peripheral" activity here was in danger . . . the Collegiate Jazz Festival, the oldest, best and most respected festival in the country. But it survived, and this will be the twelfth year Stepan Center will hear a music whose origins stretch all the way back to Buddy Bolden's 1897 black Louisiana street band.

Big bands and small combos have submitted audition tapes to a panel of professional judges who eliminate all but nine groups in each category. From these, the best three bands and combos will be selected to compete in the Festival's final session Saturday night. Among those competing Friday, for the first time since 1966 (the days of Larry Dwyer, Bill Hurd and a host of others who have since gone to musically greener pastures), will be a group from Notre Dame—the Larry Beachler Sextet. The group is made up of Norm Zeller and John Prendergast from First Friday; John Buchanan, Jack Leo and Pete Szujewski from the Magnificent Seven (who recently won the Villanova Pop Festival), and Nick Talarico on keyboard. Many give Zeller a fine shot at best soloist on lead guitar for the entire Festival.

Jazz is black music, from its origins in the back streets of Louisiana to its expression by men like Ornette Coleman, the late John Coltrane and a host of others. Like most of black Afro-American culture, it has been largely ignored and/or usurped by the white man; today some of its most well-known interpreters are white. The Collegiate Jazz Festival will have a little of both—Notre Dame's representative, for example, will perform works by Coltrane and Frank Zappa.

As an expression of an art form that is at once our oldest, most unrecognized and most bastardized tradition, Collegiate Jazz Festival offers to the student perhaps his best possible chance to see the creation that grows out of suppression: both the suppression of the

black man in America and the less serious suppression of the musician at Notre Dame. It is a fine festival, one that simply should not be missed. And perhaps you'd better hurry, for who can tell what University priorities will cost *this* summer?

Steve Brion





The Week In Distortion

Symptoms of a Bog

Judge Clement Haynsworth's nomination to the vacant Supreme Court seat was rejected by Congress last year when questions arose concerning the ethics of his mixture of judicial and financial activities. The issue was murky but all agreed that it would be safest to turn him down.

Now that President Nixon has made another suggestion, it seems that a definite but fainthearted liberal plot is developing in an effort to keep the Court from shifting too far right. Liberal Senators and Congressmen have been strained to establish grounds on which to vote against the confirmation of Harold Carswell.

There are now 40 votes mustered against the Southern judge and the best they can do for a rationale is to say that he is a mediocre legal mind. His decisions have been mediocre. Everything — mediocre. There is nothing more damaging to the democratic process than to start getting picky when it comes to placing men on prominent pedestals. It simply slows things to an insipid halt.

The Carswell defense has crept staunchly behind their man, fortified by the ancient democratic traditions of equality. One Senator from Nebraska summed up the argument: "We have a lot of mediocre judges, a lot of mediocre lawyers in this country. There are a great many mediocre people and it's about time they had some representation."

How Could There Be So Many?

Ever since taking office last January, President Nixon has made an honest effort to keep abreast of at least the major issues in America. But Mr. Nixon is indeed a master politician — he knows his electorate and is most responsive to their vociferous demands. He has been most responsive to the animated mandate of the Great Silent Majority. (Could this be a contradiction in terms?) Not one call to action from the GSM has been ignored.

Earlier this week, however, Mr. Nixon displayed the independent initiative and foresight of which great presidents are made, and announced the creation of the President's Commission on Population Control. To the commission has been assigned the task of first determining if there is, or will be in the foreseeable future, a population crisis in America.

Several incidents have led the President to believe that more appropriate than the standard "*E Pluribus Unum*" would be "*E Pluribus Multum*." Not the least of these was what Mr. Nixon interpreted as a "somewhat rowdy block party [c. 1.5 million] held sometime around the middle of last November." This, coupled with a petition from the residents of D.C. demanding that the White House be yielded to the local Public Housing Authority.

Immediately after the announcement, the President was flooded with applications from the statesmen's labor pool. Yet by midweek the pri-

mary concern of the Chief was reportedly that of securing office space for the Commission in the nation's beehive of bureaucracy.

"Tender Is the Abyss"

Assistant Secretary of the Air Force Curtis W. Tarr, President Nixon's choice to succeed Gen. Lewis B. Hershey as director of the Selective Service System, has recently published a philosophical tract entitled *The Temporal Experiential Abyss and How to Beat It*.

The book, believed by Administration wags to be the first of its kind in the history of American government, will be printed at government expense and disseminated to all Selective Service registrants.

Mr. Tarr noted that he gained the insight for the remarkable treatise from his two years spent in the Army during the last great war, meaning World War II. The newly celebrated philosopher said that it wasn't until students at Lawrence College, of which he was formerly president, approached him for draft counseling that he conceived of the idea.

The book was completed in a remarkable three days. Critics especially approved of its poignant emotionalism, all too rare in philosophy in our nowadays complex society. The work concludes on this tender point: "... although I went in the Army with some uncertainties, I realize now how important the experience was and is." Unfortu-

nately those who would disagree with Mr. Tarr are no longer with us.

Rodent Renegades

Fans of Vice-President Agnew and other so-called reactionaries are now pointing to Great Britain's counterpart to the movement and acquiescing to think that all the name-calling directed at the Resistance has been borne out in fact.

One of the major concerns of an early-week meeting of the Royal Society of Health was the spread of the leftist-radical ideology among that nation's rodents. It seems that the rats and mice are showing resistance to long-time proven effective poisons.

Addressing the Society (a group long associated with the maintenance of the status quo), Dr. E. W. Bentley asserted that the Rodent Resistance must be checked; indeed even snuffed out. The blatantly fascist

tactics received immediate reaction from many outspoken American radicals.

Meanwhile a crowd of some 13,000 rats sporting omega buttons cornered Prime Minister Harold Wilson at 10 Downing Street, chanting, "Hell, no, we won't go."

A Little Humor There, Son

The Gridiron Club of Washington, an organization of journalists, recently held its annual banquet and caustic field day, lampooning such mythic heroes as "Mr. Touchdown" Nixon and "Liberal Lonesome Southern Comfort Salesman" Finch.

The skit became the medium of the hour as a Billy Grahamish figure intoned (to the tune of *Come to the Church in the Wildwood*):

*There's a church in the East
Room of the White House*

*A lovely Establishment shrine
I give briefings Sunday at the
White House;*

*They're on policy matters divine
Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the White
House*

*Come help us purge national sin.
No matter who's head of the White
House*

*I'm the preacher who always is
"in."*

But not all the humor was this metaphysical. One of the hit production numbers featured a would-be Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve singing:

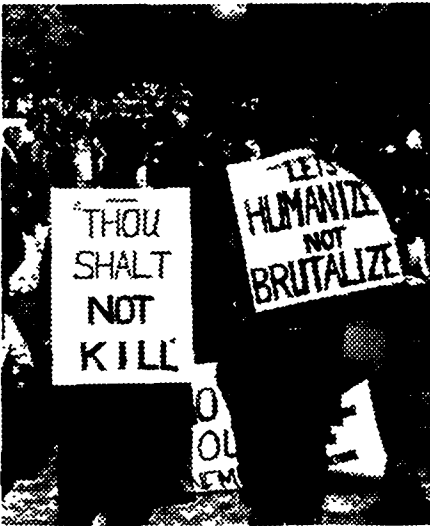
*There's no business like slow
business,*

New-low business is swell!

*Let's cool off this fever of em-
ployment,*

*Let's cut back to nineteen-twenty-
nine!*





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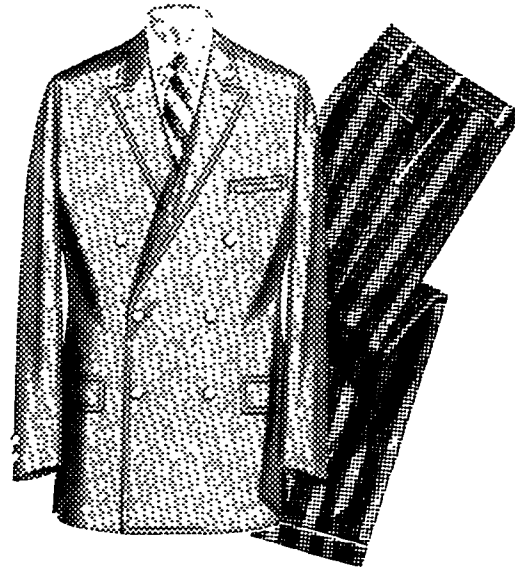
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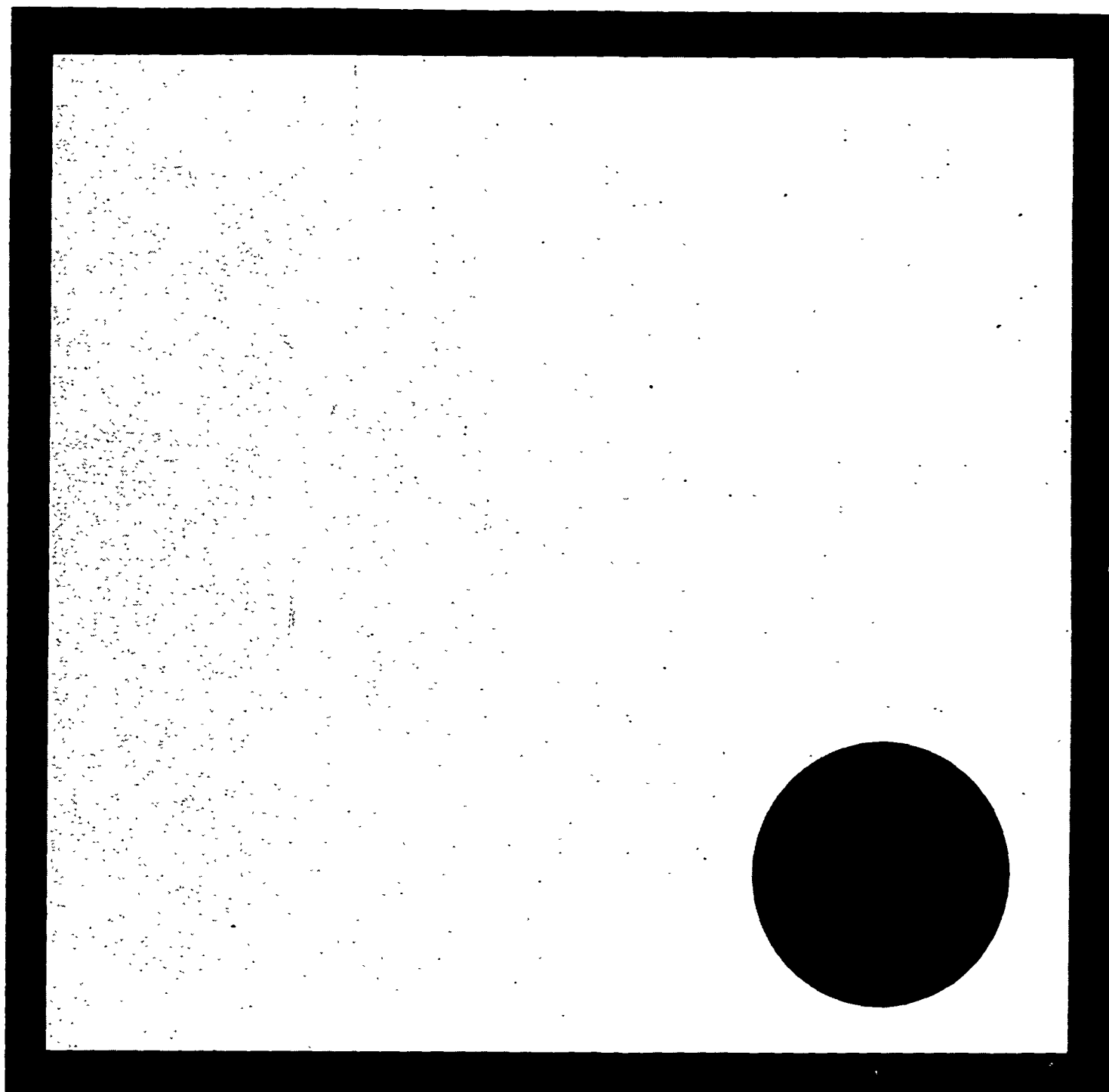
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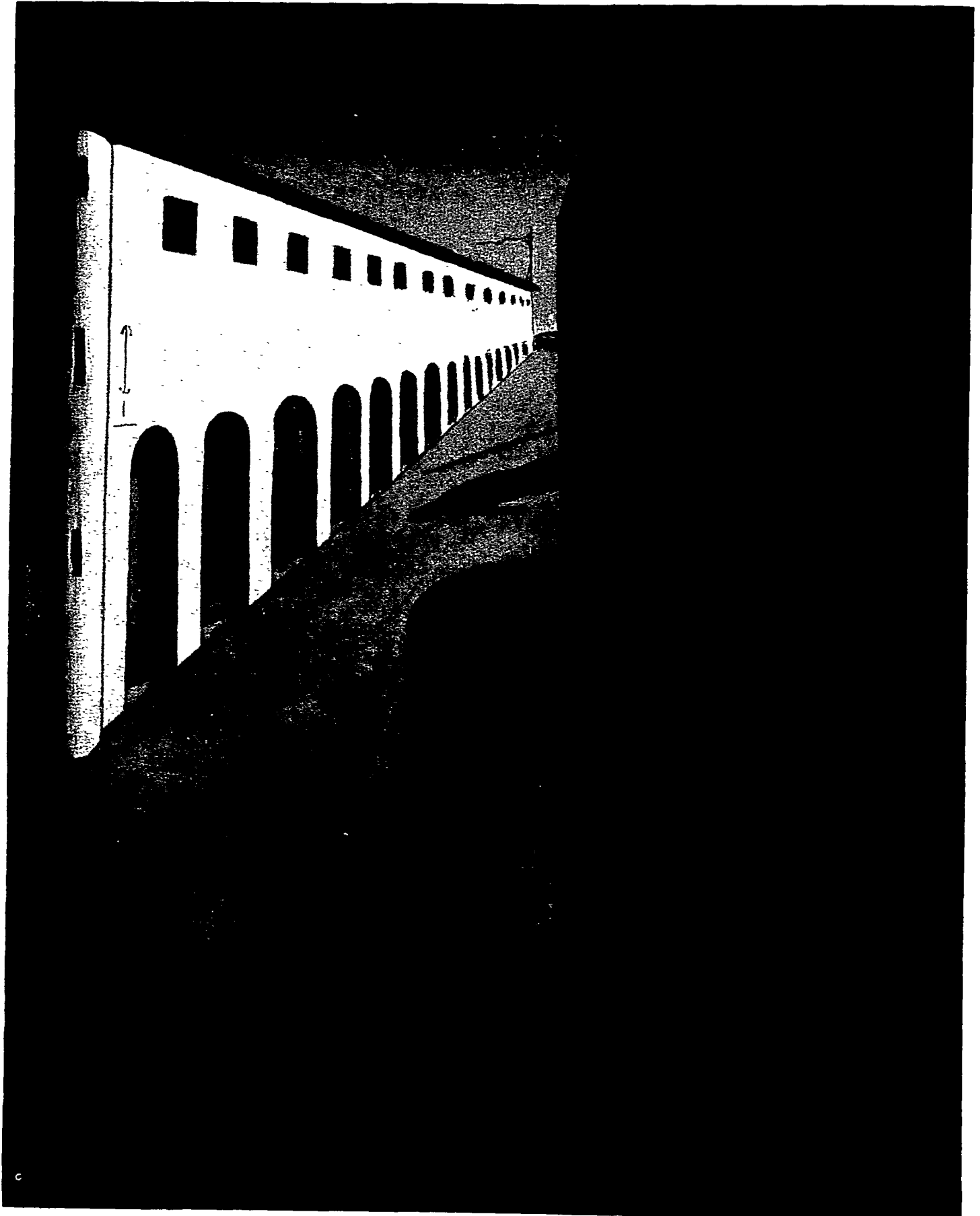
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A Sense of the Sacred: Religion & Tradition at Notre Dame



If Johnny Howard and Snubber Murphy and 817 others had joined the church last Saturday morning, we would have had the two thousand asked for, and the scene in the gymnasium might have been different. As it was, Friday and Saturday's totals had to be added together in order to wire the team that twenty-one hundred communions had been offered for them.

Notre Dame RELIGIOUS BULLETIN
October 19, 1925

THE *Religious Bulletin* appeared daily at Notre Dame until 1960. It was published by the religious prefect (the opening quote was written by the not-yet-cardinal, John O'Hara) and on an ordinary day included articles like "The Price You Pay for the Modern Girl" and "The Devil is Mad at Notre Dame." With its daily communion and confession tallies, the *Bulletin* serves as perhaps the most fitting symbol of regimented Catholicism at Notre Dame.

But to be fair to the Notre Dame Catholics of yesterday, the spiritual bouquets and the Mass attendance records were only the benchmarks of an often deeper spirituality. The attempts of the religious prefect to measure Christianity do not appear so foolish if juxtaposed to the recent issue of *Newsweek* which listen to top ten religious events of the 1960's. Indeed the SCHOLASTIC considered running a sociological poll with this article, a poll which would measure the spiritual intake and religious output of students on the Notre Dame campus today. The new benchmarks are no more valid than the old.

The danger of engaging in the search for an index of spirituality is not only that these measurements are irrelevant and foolish but also that, after a time, they may unconsciously become the substance rather than just an indicator of religious faith. Thus, consternation has spread amongst administrators, rectors, parents, and alumni that Catholicism, the Catholicism of benchmarks, has died at Notre Dame. Their fears are justified; but they are finally petty fears and fail to confront the real religious problems on the campus, problems that existed as much in their day as in ours. The Catholicism of benchmarks has died; and until the creation of a committee for the study of the ministry at Notre Dame several weeks ago, little systematic thought or study had been given to the nature of its spiritual replacement.

CHAPLAINS, RECTORS, AND PASTORS

THE University chaplain, Father Joseph Fey, has four assistants and an office in the bus shelter. Father Fey is a man of gentle kindness and reverence, but the ignominious displacement of his office from the student center to the bus shelter emblemizes the futility and lack of direction incumbent upon his position. His parish includes 7,500 students who live anywhere from Carroll Hall to Mishawaka; and each of these students possesses a peculiar religion or irreligion. Unlike the hall rectors, Father Fey does not live with the students and cannot come to know them as persons before coming to serve them as persons-with-

religious-eccentricities. No matter how understanding the chaplain is, the student who visits him must look upon himself as something of a freak. The psychological awkwardness of this situation is hardly conducive to the pastoral situation.

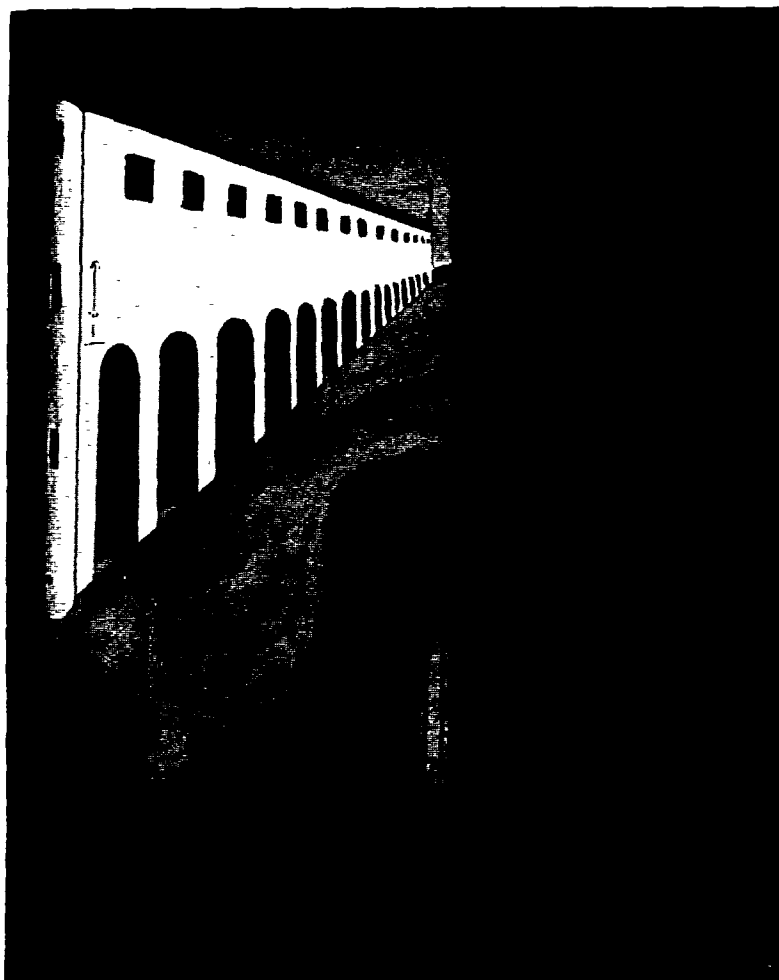
When the responsibilities of the University Chaplain and Sacred Heart Church are left undefined and undefinable, the burden of the pastoral duties falls upon the rectors and assistant rectors of the residence halls. But most of these men hold other full-time positions as teachers or administrators and simply do not have the time to become a part of the hall communities. A recent assembly of hall presidents unanimously recommended that the job of rector become a full-time position reserved for religiously and psychologically sensitive men. This recommendation seems abundantly sensible, especially in light of recent shifts in the character of religious confession and prayer.

Donald Sniegowski, an Assistant Professor of English and a graduate of Notre Dame, suggests that introspection and confession to close friends have replaced the confession box. If this is true, the sensitive rector, the rector who actually lives with the students of his hall, is in a much better position to serve as their confessor. Similarly, according to Father Thomas Chambers, the highly respected rector of Morrissey Hall, social service has become the most prevalent form of prayer for the college student. The rector can best exemplify this type of prayer by giving his service to the hall community, by bringing personal care and understanding to the students and their problems.

SACRAMENTS AND ANTI-SACRAMENTS

THE liturgical revolution represents the most distinctive and obvious change in religious conduct on the campus. Latin Masses have been discontinued except in those dark corners of Corby where the lonely forefathers celebrate in solitaire. Among the replacements for the Latin Masses are the amorphous celebrations of pop culture like the 11:00 a.m. Sunday Mass at Moreau or the convocation of joyful Christians who consider the homily-discussion the center of the liturgy. These gatherings often incite joyous enthusiasm without deepening religious experience or, in the second case, reduce the Mass to a Sunday school effort at lucidity. At liturgical events of this sort, the tension between the aesthetics of the profane and the aesthetics of the sacred can be disconcerting; more frustrating for some people is the formlessness which reduces sacrament to "happening" and fragments the relation between ritual and rhetoric.

But the severe problem that undergirds all these difficulties may reside outside the ceremony itself; it may be that the sacramental nature of the liturgy has been left without a referent in life. Robert Meagher of the Theology faculty points out that the sacraments emerged as ceremonies of the sacred events of a life: birth, death, marriage, and meals, for instance. When these events lose their sacred character (e.g., South Dining Hall), the sacraments become artifacts rather than images. According to Father David Burrell, this anti-sacramentalism is not peculiar to Notre Dame but



symptomatic of the "American scene." Burrell believes that despite these limitations, there are rich possibilities inside the parameters that exist here: "You can sit and listen to the Scriptures, and the students are open — they hear; and it's not just a matter of asking critical questions. The Eucharist is in contact with something ancient and mysterious whether we call it transubstantiation or transignification or whatever."

Despite the inadequacies of much of the campus liturgy today, the prospects for a liturgical development of forms which befit the sanctity of the occasion without constricting community expression are good as long as men like Bartell, Burrell, Burtchaell, and Gerber are around.

HESBURGH AND THE ATMOSPHERE

UP to this point, we have discussed some more or less formal questions about religion at Notre Dame. A shift in perspective leads us to ask what, if any, effect this University's claims to Catholicism have on the spiritual life of its members. Some would argue that Catholicity should not make an imprint upon the University, that the moral and spiritual development of the student does not properly concern the University. Father Edward O'Connor takes issue with this viewpoint: "The University is a community of living persons, whose academic lives cannot be separated from the moral and personal. Hence, in fact, the University community does not need to be concerned about these other dimensions."

Father Hesburgh's intimations of these peculiarly religious dimensions of Notre Dame have most often been sentimentalized generalizations; he has spoken

incessantly of the spirit of the place, the atmosphere, the tradition. In an interview with him last week, he spoke of the grotto and the dome and how Father Sorin and his students rebuilt the administration building. He told the story of an alcoholic who deserted his wife and children and drove toward Florida to drink himself to death but upon reaching Cincinnati, he turned back to come to Notre Dame where he found the courage to give up drinking. It is difficult to relate these words without giving the impression that we have distorted these words to Father Hesburgh's detriment. In his more lucid and sensible moments, Father Hesburgh recognized the more elemental assets of Notre Dame. "Frank O'Malley would call it a reverence for things spiritual." "There is a deep religious conviction among the people here." Yet it seems that Father Hesburgh's fingers have slipped from the religious pulse of the community.

AN UMBRELLA

WILLIAM STOREY, who chairs the newly formed committee on the ministry, points out that the idea and the establishment of the University began in the 12th and 13th centuries and began with the Catholic Church. Since then, at least up until the American and French revolutions, it was the Church that maintained the University in order to provide a liberal and theological orientation for its students. Thus the historical foundation of the University implies that education is a religiously profound activity. Moreover, this idea of education lends great dignity to man because it implies that he is more than a worker or a craftsman or even a thinker; it implies that he can find something divinely inspirational within his person,

within his experience. This is not to say that Notre Dame or even the generic Catholic University should monopolize the idea that education is a sacred enterprise. But perhaps history demands a greater commitment on the part of this University because of its claim to Christianity and because of its proposed pre-eminence among universities which claim to be Christian.

To all appearances, Notre Dame's administration does not go about this commitment in any kind of conscious way. Father Hesburgh last week defended the College of Business Administration as "just as important as any other college here" — a statement which seems to forget the primacy and the centrality of the liberal arts at the Christian university, which seems to forget that man's dignity emanates from the fact that he is more than his vocation. Yet it seems that because of Notre Dame's claims to Christianity, men of religious concern are attracted to the faculty; the students and the faculty here believe that there is more at stake in the classroom, that the problems raised can be more than "academic questions," that they can be questions of personal and spiritual importance. Father Burrell calls Notre Dame "an umbrella where you can't write off religion as the society writes off religion."

The Administration's claims to Christianity are, in a different way, a two-edged sword, working to both its advantage and disadvantage. A student at Michigan State cannot approach that university's president and denounce the university's conduct as unchristian. But at Notre Dame, Father Hesburgh, because of his personal and positional situation as a priest, must regard such denunciations seriously. At the same time, Notre Dame's claims to Christianity ordain her executives with a self-righteousness that often prohibits the University from asking fundamental questions about her own conduct. In any struggle, both sides are apt to use Christian arguments and rhetoric to defend their respective positions.

TRADITION, TRADITION

A CUTE ambivalence surrounds the word "tradition" whenever it is heard on this campus — or on any other campus. Sitting precariously on the ledge of respectability, it declares its wisdom while its attackers hurl at it stones carved with the word "provincialism." The charges of provincialism are more easily understood and more readily apparent than the declarations of wisdom. What has been said of another school might also be said of Notre Dame: "a small Catholic college, run by small Catholics, situated on a bluff and operating on the same principle." Only the assessment of Notre Dame's terrain is completely mistaken. Less evident are the advantages of tradition.

Several years ago, when the student riots at Columbia were first waxing hot, the radical left published a list of its course demands: American Imperialism, White Racism, and Capitalistic Exploitation — all of which presume a certain ideology. Without denying the presuppositions of these courses, it seems a dubious project to institute courses which presume an ideology,

since ideologies are created in the wake of huge historical and political forces and by the limitations of their own vocabulary decide the outcome of any thought process before it is begun.

Tradition, of course, carries with it many of the same limitations; but because it is the religious and intellectual product of several millennia, it has the advantage of a more flexible vocabulary and a more illuminating knowledge of itself. Perhaps at the root of all these attempts to justify the Christian tradition is a sense that there is a fertility in that tradition which gives itself to fruitful thought, thought which, unlike pure ideology, is embodied in history and human beings.

FAITH AND EDUCATION

A CHRISTIAN educator might make the comment that the Christian tradition somehow represents the experience of one man written large, that the illumination of that tradition brings the individual to a greater understanding of himself and his condition. This claim brings up the entire question of the relationship between faith and education, a question which, large as it is, must be addressed, for it is the answer to this question which will finally decide whether this project called Notre Dame, a Christian University, is worthwhile.

Robert Meagher noted that the most a teacher can do in the classroom is "to drive the student to the point of silence," to lead the student to an articulation of his own experience insofar as that experience can be articulated. If the student can explicate all of his experience, his life is a life of words, a life without faith, without hope. But if there is an inexplicable residue of experience, an inscrutable gift of life, faith becomes a possibility. Either realization makes education a desperately serious matter.

We said earlier that the University because of its claims to Christianity, attracts many men of uncommon seriousness. These men, together with those students who escape the dangers of parochialism, regard education with a seriousness that makes Notre Dame a university where hope and despair are felt more deeply. But what finally distinguishes Notre Dame from other universities is something that Father Hesburgh and almost any person sensitive to the spirit of this University has noticed: the faculty abounds with men of deep religious faith, men who transmit their faith to the students and faculty members who come to know them. For this is finally how faith moves in the church and in history; it moves in the person-to-person transmission of the sanctity and the beauty of life and death. A passion for wisdom, for more than wisdom, penetrates the failures and the inadequacies of this University, transforms the faculty and the students, and makes Notre Dame not a sacred society but a society of sacred people.

Richard Moran



Dance: The Freshness of Wind on Your Cheeks

*Beauty is momentary in the mind —
The fitful tracing of a portal
But in the flesh it is immortal.*

Wallace Stevens

Man's experience never occurs in the sterility of one level of consciousness: within every action, emotional or sensual experience lies an illusive perception, in silence. This silence embodies a full spectrum of human experience, underlining the externally obvious or even the concerns of the intellect.

And this realm is the subject matter of dance. In the communication of emotion, sensual experience or human intercourse, dimensions lie beyond the access of the verbal, left only to be shown. These dimensions are the subject matter of dance.

"What is the idea of the freshness of wind on your cheek? What is the idea of the smell

of a rose? What is the idea of dawn, of sunset, of the color green? If you call these ideas, these are the ideas we dance about — and there are whole ranges of delicate abstractions to employ: of qualities, of essences, nuance, degrees of certain emotions."

Murray Louis, dancer-choreographer

As a being defined through corporeal form, man experiences through the body. The expression of significant internal realities, through man's bodiliness elicits an aesthetically exciting integration with the mind. The dance elevates the human body far above its mundane concerns, through its use as expressive instrument and the necessary perfection of the instrument itself. The dance is, then, the most highly refined experience of man as a physical/sexual being, and this is integrated in dance with his internal life more than in any other art form.





The dance concerns the rendition of all of these aspects of existence. The art form thus defines itself as a phenomenology. Or, in other words, the dance presents to its audience descriptions and explorations of man and the world as man lives, as he experiences, keenly and acutely, before the process of reflection begins. It is an almost intangible experience, present only in the time space of performance and totally re-created each time repeated.

Because it answers the call in man for expression in these realms, the dance stands among his natural impulses, an art form existent in every human culture. Further, the dance, poetry and drama constitute the most essential art forms, for in them man creates solely with the tools of his own being, independent of instrument or brush.

To understand this, however, the ballet must be recognized as a derivative, highly specialized, form of dance. The ballet began in the 16th century at the court of the king of France but only during the last fifty years, has it slowly shed its aristocratic veil to begin to speak directly from the contemporary situation.

Richard Rutherford of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet terms the present a time of "tremendous Renaissance for the ballet as well as for the modern dance, each developing through their own techniques." Murray Louis explains this Renaissance as analogous to developments elsewhere in art, growing out of a spirit of the 1950's. The '60's have been a groping time, and now hopefully the '70's will see a new type of theater of mixed media.



The elements of the dance are four: motion, time, shape, and space. Murray Louis defines dance as "the idea of sensing the motion in a movement." Though this definition functions only on the most basic level, it indicates the change in emphasis from the classical ballet to contemporary dance. This change affects the creative disposition of contemporary dance regardless of whether the artist works in the mode of the classical discipline or rejects that stringency for a personal discipline as Louis has.

"The dance is an art in space and time. The object of the dancer is to obliterate that."

Merce Cunningham, dancer-choreographer

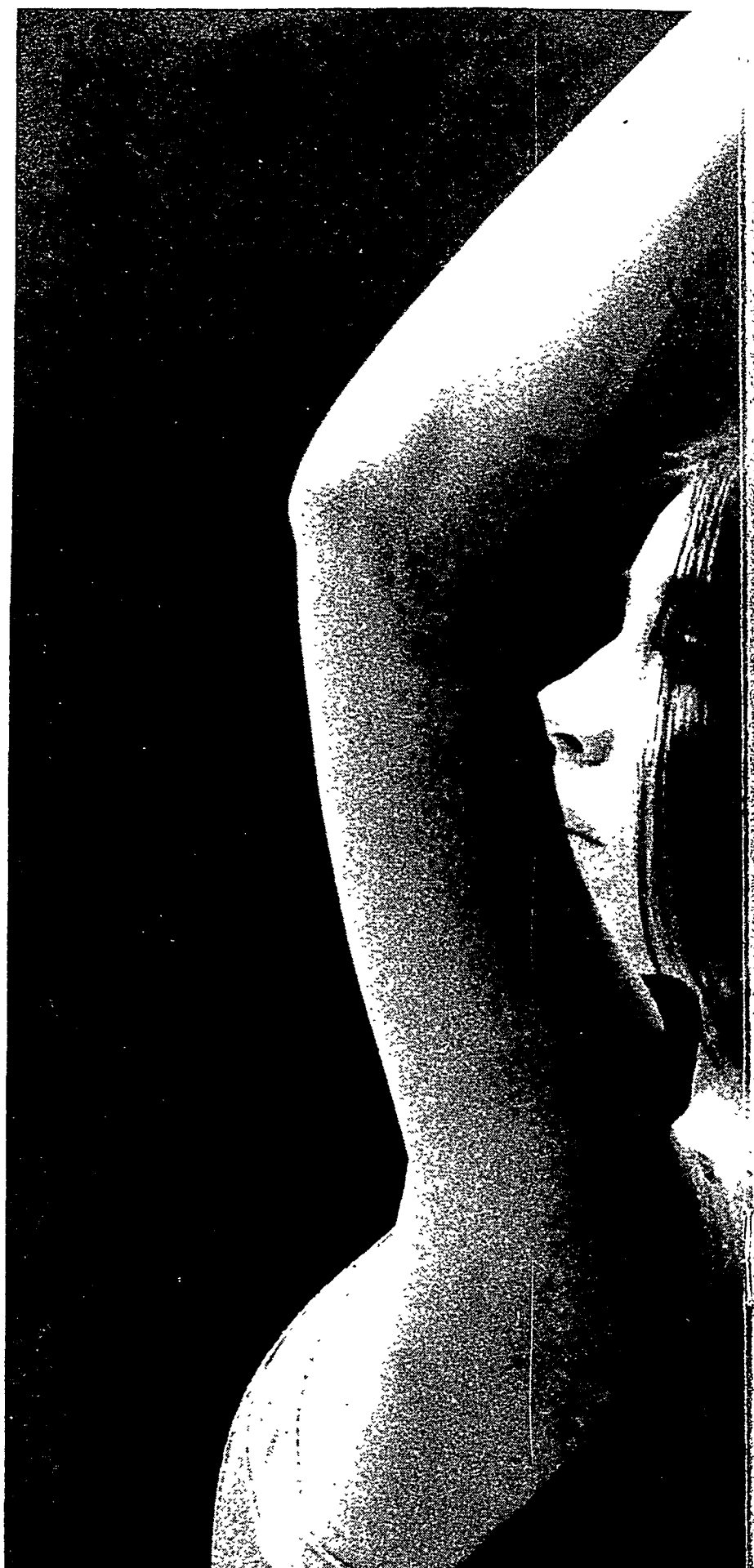
The twentieth-century choreographers discovered the use of gravity, long defied through artistic concentration on ascent. With this principle, dance assumes as beautiful the heaviness of a living body falling with a full intent of eventual rise. The classical fixation with story has been negated through emphasis on movement simply for the beauty of the movement itself. And the resultant structure, as Merce Cunningham explains, arose from a rejection of the classical space structure to one based on time. "If one can think of the structure as a space of time in which anything can happen in any sequence of movement event, and any length of stillness can take place, then the self-imposed restrictions of a formalized art may become an aid towards freedom."

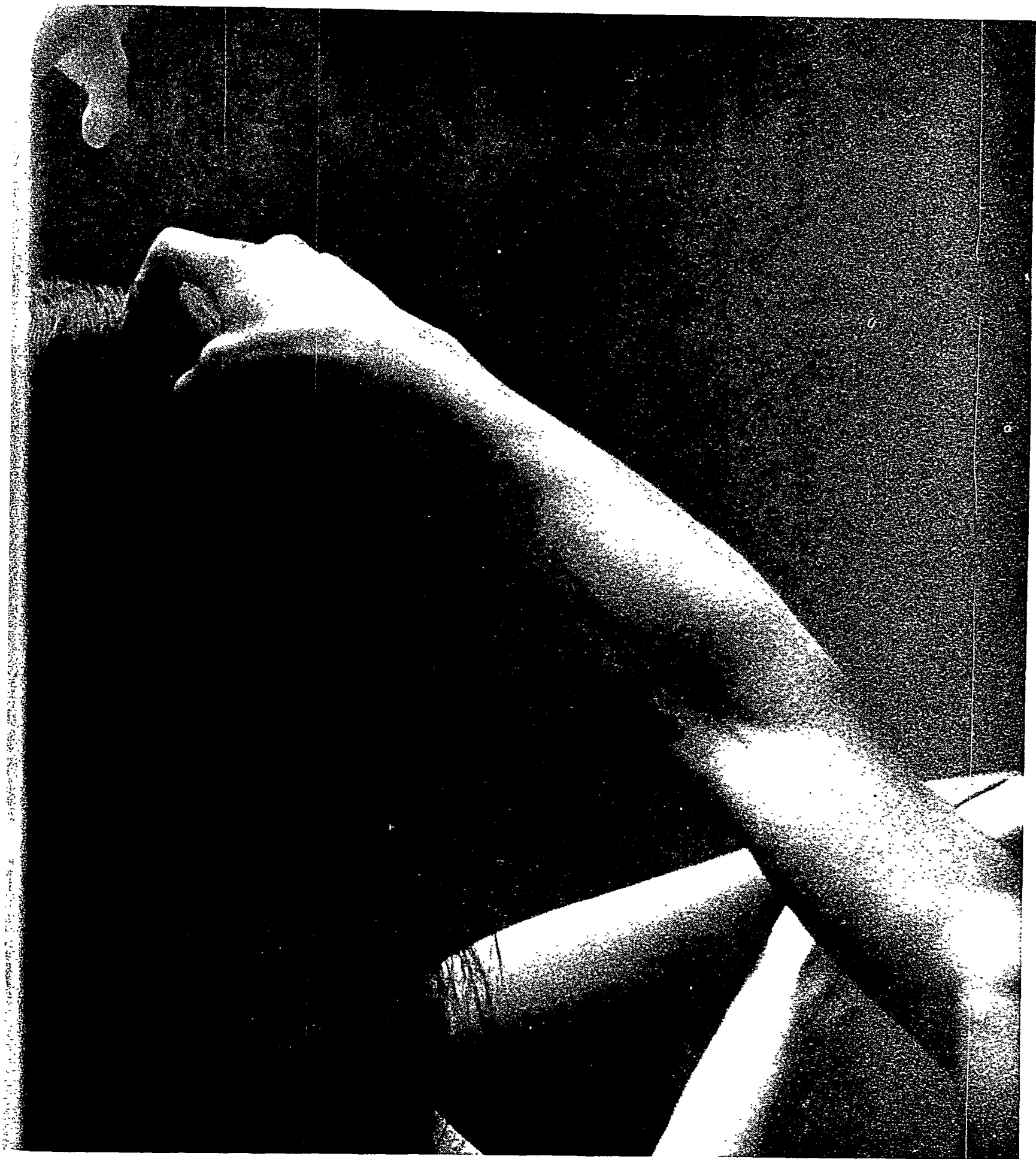
The dance continues to struggle for appreciation equal to that awarded to the drama in American theater. Richard Rutherford understands this as a lingering aversion to the dance as overly abstract and assesses a vicious circle of inability to comprehend the art form because of insufficient exposure.

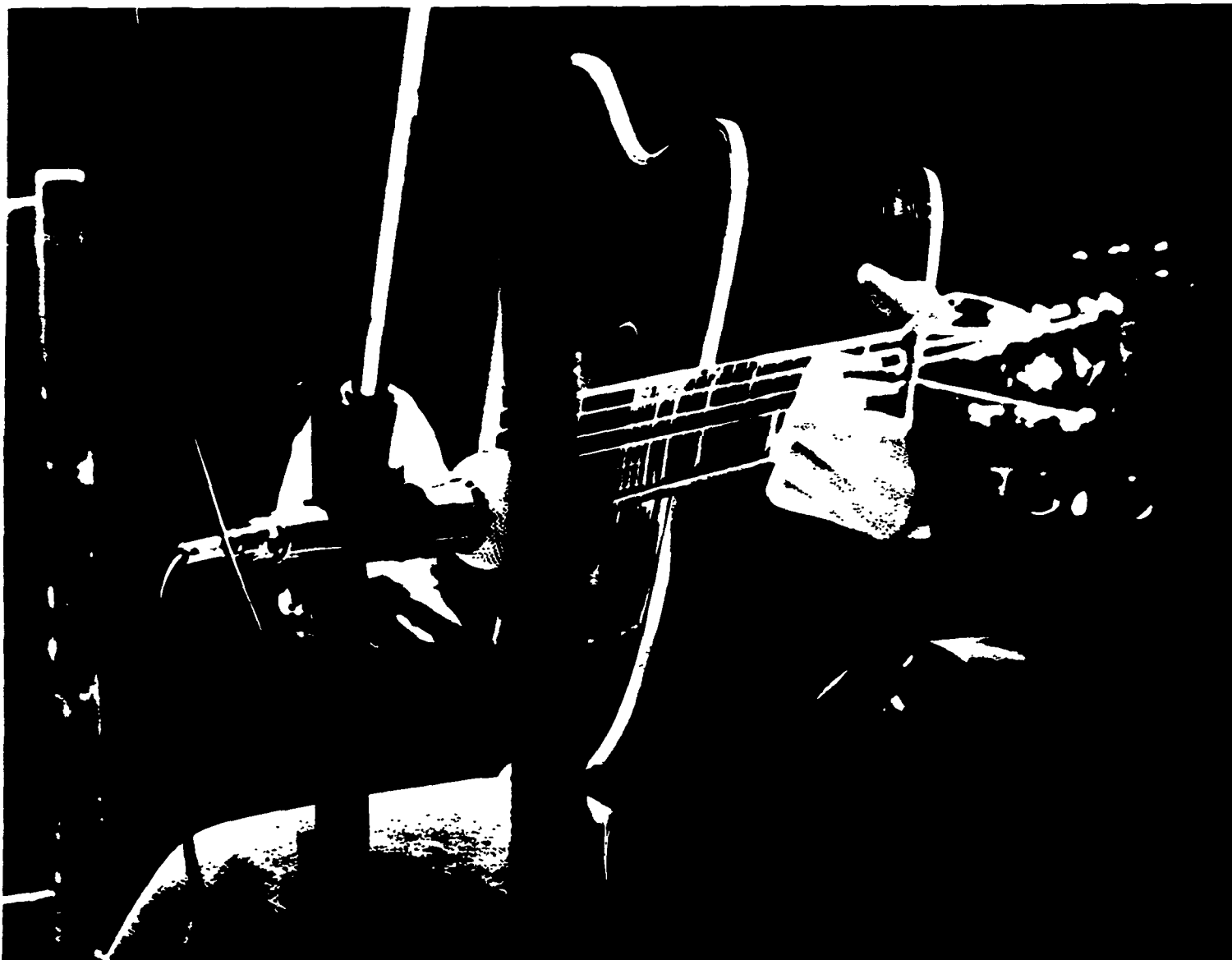
The dance combines elements of painting, sculpture, drama, music and creates a statement divergent from the experience of any of these arts. To experience for example, Agnes deMille's "Fall River Legend," to experience, in silence, the struggle of Lizzie Borden as she approaches the insanity of a murderess is totally divorced from time or space or rhythm or form—these blend imperceptibly into the emotion of the dance itself. The experience is finally perceiving the wrenchingly sorrowful terror of Lizzie Borden gone insane.

"For me, it seems enough that dancing is a spiritual exercise in physical form, and that what is seen, is what it is. What the dancer does is the most realistic of all possible things. Dancing is a visible action of life."

Merce Cunningham







The Beautifulle Contradictions &c.

In April, the Sophomore Literary Festival will bring to this campus eight poets to read and meet informally with people interested in their work: Lee Harwood, Anselm Hollo, Stuart Montgomery, Ken Smith and Nathaniel Tarn from England; and Michael Anania, Allen Planz and Gary Snyder from America. In the following article, an attempt is made to briefly introduce each of these poets. (We regret the omission of Mr. Stuart Montgomery, but his work was not available to us at press time.)

THE distinction is often made between literature as process and literature as product: between the artist immersed in the act of creation and the artifact which that act produces. Poetry readings, poetry as oral medium for communication, offer a unique marriage of the two . . . plus an involvement by the reader/listener that makes of this creative act a communal sharing, a celebration.

The voice is the "producer and reproducer" of

poetry; and the fact is that reading poetry off the page removes the reader twice from the creative source of that poetry — from the poet's voice and the reader's voice. In other words, as Eliot too has pointed out, the poet is not only the creator, but also an interpreter of his work; and the poetry reading supplies the only time when both these roles are at once visible.

Poetry as an oral medium, with an assist from Dylan and his followers, has recently been given new strength in its ability to speak to a wider, and less print-oriented audience. Readings (both large and small, formal and informal) have made poetry much more of a communal, public experience than it has been since the time of the troubadours in medieval Provence. Poetry as oral communication has made the poet and artist sharing his creation with an audience that at once receives and interprets. The reading has become perhaps the most effective way to communicate those things only poetry can say, and it continues the earliest of all poetic traditions — poetry as social communication, as a sharing and spreading of the common myths/traditions/languages of a people.

Gary Snyder & Allen Planz

Both Gary Snyder and Allen Planz write a poetry that treats, whether as an explicit theme or as a given supposition, the disintegration of the American mythic structure. Snyder begins with that decay (it is everywhere in his first volume, *Back Country*) and creates from that given a completely new mythic system. Planz, in *A Night for Rioting*, takes as his theme the decay that characterizes both rural and urban America and treats the impending chaos with a violent energy that makes it something immediate and terrifying.

The stock parody of Romanticism has Wordsworth and company fleeing headlong from the city to the innocence of the country where they can build a new society with new myths. Today not even this escape is viable, and Planz makes this undeniably clear. Not only is the city hell, but the country too is dry and sterile, a drought-strangled land where

*Sometimes a skeleton whirlwind
lifts the hoarse voice
of the grasses.*

The volume presents a series of violent and grotesque images that bespeak the terror of this total decay and the even more terrifying absence of substitute structures.

If, as Thomas McGrath has written, Planz is singing "the revolutionary song of the Unoccupied Country," there is not much to indicate the nature of that new territory. Perhaps it all has something to do with a return to the most primal mythic locus, the land. If so, Planz is content to hint at it:

*... and therefore nothing but the land survives,
for only the land lasts, outlasting
citizen, city, empire.*

Planz, like Nathaniel Tarn, is a political activist and he senses the decay that surrounds us and our inability to do anything immediate about it. But alternatives, again are only hinted at; the poetry as revolutionary statement is incomplete.

Snyder, on the other hand, begins with the fact of this decay; his poetry has been an attempt to build for himself a new myth. This is difficult business, and it makes Snyder something of the man-without-a-culture.

Where Planz remains inside a decaying culture and offers no "alternatives," Snyder removes himself as completely as possible from the American myth (without penetrating those limits which enable him to communicate through the English language), and posits "alternatives" in the construction of an entirely new system — one that rejects the city and embraces the Eastern/Buddhist/contemplative ethic:

*... sky over endless mountains.
All the junk that goes with being human
Drops away, hard rock wavers
Even the heavy present seems to fail . . .*

The viability of this movement has something to do with the ethic/esthetic that the individual reader brings to Snyder's poetry . . . but the move has been made, and the poet offers us perhaps the best example around of one man's creative potential. ●



Nathaniel Tarn

One of the most vital and important movements of modern poetry derives much of its content from anthropology. T. S. Eliot began it when he used Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough* as a primary source for his abstruse classic *The Wasteland*. Other poets followed Eliot into the natural science libraries, and some, like Charles Olson, even ventured out into the field and incorporated their experience into their poetry. With Olson's recent death, Nathaniel Tarn stands as the chief inheritor of this tradition, and already he must be considered as a major innovator in both projectivist style and content.

Unlike his predecessors, Tarn has spent much of his life working as a professional anthropologist. Perhaps this depth of experience is at least partially responsible for his singular understanding of how myth functions in society. Myth-making in most modern poetry is often associated with social disinvolvement; however, for Tarn it is integral with his radical activism as well as his dedication to natural conservation. He writes:

*There is no worthier subject for poetry in our time
than the fear that races should rise and rend each other
our mother earth forget herself her milk run dry*

Tarn's poetry is relatively unknown in America. It should soon find a large and enthusiastic audience; his rare knowledge of myth allows him to combine it with cogent ecological statements. The result amounts to a brilliant synthesis of the natural and surreal, certainly a major achievement.

*the worm multiplies in my house as I have
less and less years to keep
this is how he lives off me
I do no more than house him
yet I welcome his passage and the beautiful
contradictions of his work
the lichen of excrement he leaves in me
that excrete him in due time
as a denominator of the flights that we all
take through one another
the most material sign of certain processes
some of which are of spirit
All of a sudden life is very beautiful
there is an everbloom in the center of my existence
I want life to go on for ever* ●

Ken Smith

Ken Smith's poetry offers another vision of the rural-urban problem. Planz, a New Yorker, focuses upon the city, but Smith draws heavily from his boyhood in rural England to present a view of nature at once beautiful and indifferent to men who depend upon it, vital beyond cruelty. Few men understand more than Smith about things close to the dynamics of nature, stones and grass.

*. . . stones rest on the soil, having not much
to do with it, but supplying it
they crumble slowly, reluctant to give
of their substance. It is the action
of the generations of grasses
to break and sift these down.*

As Vince Sherry has said, this poet makes roots, like grass, pushing, fingering through any soil, gripping it, trying to hold together his own atmosphere.

Soil often becomes concrete. Smith himself has experienced the removal from farm to city; he is one of those occasional geniuses born into a culturally significant situation, and gifted with the sensibility to transform his personal history into a myth that speaks to a whole society.

THE STREET

*leads nowhere, cannot be entered
down which no one is walking
into the silence, the pure sea
of boats, cryings, scuffed quays.
The grey air is empty, built into
cloud-columns. Street of childhood,
no one is calling.*



Anselm Hollo

There remains, of course, the fact that all of poetry is not myth-making, that it all has something to do with sex, politics and even walking; Anselm Hollo says so:

*the poet Vallejo invented new ways of walking
sitting lightly on wooden Metro benches
not to wear out his trousers
not to wear out his shoes*

*in the secret code of his poems
he described those inventions*

The warning is of course that if you don't believe

that sitting is really a way of walking you had better not read poetry. Saving those inventions for us makes Vallejo and his friend Anselm Hollo poets and therefore in on a good number of things we otherwise might not find out about.

Anselm Hollo is an international demon: he was born in Finland and still keeps himself going by translating from that arcane language (which gives him, we've heard, a strange accent):

*the typewriter banging
better than radio for company.
sheets of translations pile up, too many
words, too many
other men's words
bang through my head. why don't they
learn English
in Finland. why don't they learn Finnish
Swedish German
in England, Old & New.
they're just being kind to you, Anselm.
they don't learn,
you earn.*

Now what, you might ask, can the poet write about after he learns how to walk. Well, there is World War Three:

*not far from here, in a shadow
or cluster of shadows
not my own
a large beast is turning, half-walking
...
a brotherly being
tho' of a different order
perhaps a being in love
it hums it sighs and hums in the shadows*

And there is one's private life:

*I am in my city.
I have tied up my boat
in the celestial lake.
I have seen Osiris, my father
and I have gazed upon my mother.
I have made love.
I am the bull in a turquoise cloud.
O Unen-em-Hetep,
name meaning 'Existence-in-Peace,'
I have entered into you,
I have opened my head.*



*slouched against a tree
forceful, unconcerned.
She fell for me right off
because I spoke Chinese,
took her figured skirt off
and did a deadly dance.*

Lee Harwood

Like Ken Smith, Lee Harwood possesses a keen sense for the English countryside. For Harwood, that countryside is the locus of a culture once strong by its traditions and basis in the organic. Industrialism has destroyed that culture, and Harwood admits it bitterly.

The morning spent loading cord-wood onto a trailer

*five young foxes in the bean-field waiting
for the wood-pigeons*

*in the beech woods up on the ridge—the bark
still green & wet, the “sticks” just felled.*

*It's reduced to a violent struggle
with heavy machinery, & boredom*

*the castle crumbling sedately “Damn fool!”
the gilding already flaking off*

The destruction of the organic threatens Harwood in another way. As a poet writing in an era of artistic alienation, he is forced to confront the danger of his losing all functions but those of perception and craft.

*Even the clichés seem to contain less conceit
than the poem, and now the poem about the poem,
and now the poem about the poem about the . . .
and so on and on deeper into the cheap gaming house.*

But Harwood, as poet and man, has the power to stop this destruction, and he does, proclaiming

*that I should now leave writing this poem
when it is so late at night,
and go lie with my love.
It is late, but such blindness
could not go on forever, thank God.*

In light of such commitment, it is easy to agree with John Ashbery, who praises Harwood's poetry because it is “self-effacing not from modesty but because it is going somewhere and has no time to consider itself.”

Steve Brion

Rory Holsher

& M. P. O'Connor

And there are the sheer problems of being a poet:

*what we need to do is write a lot of sentences
and then put them in the right order
if you know the right order.*

And then there is the problem of finding out if you really know how to walk at all.

Michael Anania

Earlier we mentioned Charles Olson, T. S. Eliot and Nathaniel Tarn as members of a tradition associated most directly with anthropological investigation. There is a deeper impetus behind that poetry which often finds intricate expression in Michael Anania's work: it is a root compulsion to know everything that can be known. There is an anthropology to be discovered that will tell everything about people, starting with the way they talk:

*His wife left him in a year,
said she couldn't stand the smell
or even the look, it looks like leprosy;
the mud and the water, he says,
got inside me with the blood or
deep down where it used to be.*

but including everything they feel. The sweep of history is also matter here, but only as it has been seen, as it has been remembered, as it can have been known or has been known:

*I was at Iwo,
beneath the bronzed men,
there where it cuts off to the base,
held my ground against a thousand.
They hogged all the glory,
puked at the groans of heroes,
my own cries. The whole world
cheers and cries for me.
I am a soldier a movie
imitation of my celluloid
march through the
forests and marshes of Leyte,
bearded with a cigarette*

March 20, 1970



The Nonviolence Program: Revolution Within Tradition

THE first year of the Program for the Study and Practice of the Nonviolent Resolution of Human Conflict has had a substantial effect on the University. The two men who are teaching the seminars, James Douglass and James McCarthy, have had a significant influence on the values, beliefs and actions of many students. Since its inception last March 5th, the program has been working out its internal character in imaginative ways that could assist the revitalizing of older and larger academic disciplines. By the end of this year, about 500 students will have been in one of the 21 sections within the nonviolence program. Nine faculty members from six different departments presently teach within the program.

Father Hesburgh's support last spring was crucial to the inception of the program, and he and other members of the community have done much to get the program firmly on its feet. "I couldn't be happier with the response and the support of the Administration and the faculty," Charles McCarthy, the director of the program, says. "They have not only let the program develop at its own pace and in its own way—that is, not to dictate what it should be—but have really supported it in a lot of ways. Ted has continually given not only his oral public support to the program, but in a myraid of little ways, has helped, for example, sending books, and essays that have come to him over the year."

THE program's structure is unique to this University. Six faculty and six students form the "steering committee" which determines all policy decisions by a consensus vote. The members of the committee come from various disciplines; the students, including two St. Mary's girls, are not relegated to an advisory capacity, but have equal voting power with the faculty. Dr. William Storey, a member of the steering committee, says, "We learned how differently we go at things even though we had a common basis. We go in to listen to one another, and that takes a lot of time."

McCarthy, the director, sees his role primarily as a teacher and secondarily as an administrator: "I consider this the only way to be a meaningful administrator in the University, at least as an administrator whose decisions directly affect the intellectual, spiritual, and psychological development of the students. Knowledge from and about students that I acquire from my curricular and extracurricular relations with them has been indispensable in helping me plan a program and institute courses that most students have found to be a meaningful and substantial learning experience."

Rich Smith, a sophomore presently taking the nonviolence seminar, says: "Without a doubt, Dr. McCarthy's seminar is invaluable, if for no other reason than that it presents ideas which are rarely if ever presented in any other class. The examination of nonviolence as a life style has been sadly neglected in a time when it should be explored and investigated on an unprecedented scale. If nothing else, the class balances some of the ideas which have been presented to us for the past twelve to sixteen years."

There is little doubt that the nonviolence program is a unique and exciting addition to the University, and has provided a personal and educational challenge to many students. The program's concrete accomplishments are impressive: other universities have expressed the desire to begin a similar program, a magazine has been started, and the program has received national attention.

Yet there are very substantial dangers and problems with the nonviolence department, both within the program itself and from persons and groups in the larger University structure. There has even been speculation that the area of study may not exist next year. Both Jim Douglass and Charles McCarthy are leaving Notre Dame after this year. Douglass, a visiting professor from the University of Hawaii, will probably go to Canada (his original home) to write a book on meditation and resistance. The reasons for McCarthy's resignation are more mysterious. On December 22, McCarthy sent a one-sentence letter to Father John Walsh, Vice-President of Academic Affairs, informing him that he planned to resign after this year. After a three-year stay at the University, McCarthy says, "My resignation has no connection with the Administration's relationship to the program. Also, my resignation is something I'm willing to discuss personally with anybody. I have discussed this extensively with John [Walsh], but I consider it too intimately concerned with an individual's collective and personal Christianity to be exposed to the mentality with which people respond to mass media publications."

MCCARTHY and Douglass have demonstrated an intellectual grasp of nonviolence (e.g., Douglass' book, *The Non-violent Cross*), but more importantly, they have attempted to express the spirit of nonviolent Christianity in their daily actions. Fully cognizant of Gandhi's qualifier that no man could be completely non-violent, they have worked to create a life style, to live the philosophy/theology they teach to their students, and to embody the spirit of love and concern. Many students in the seminars have intuitively sensed this from the beginning.

"Incarnating" a nonviolent life style is central to the whole purpose of the program. While the existence of the program in the next few years seems probable, its collateral ability to transform the way people live may not endure. The program has been involved in several projects: the breakfast-food program, the drive for selective conscientious objection, the national radio spots on nonviolence. All are important because these kinds of activities are consistent with the program's emphasis on practicing the life style. Speakers, such as Dan and Phil Berrigan, Staughton Lynd, Gordon Zahn, and David Dellinger, have given witness to "living the life style."

The danger of a failure to speak on a personal, experiential level has been avoided largely because the program has possessed a considerable amount of freedom within the academic structure. It is obvious that the program must soon enter the academic framework on a more permanent basis; the steering committee is presently drawing up a statement of purpose and a proposal for the program's organization next year. Several possible goals of the program include a major in nonviolence and a complete pass-fail grading system for the program's courses. A monastery program, in which students would join a Benedictine community for a summer of reflection and meditation, is in the final planning stages. These proposals will be voted upon by the Arts and Letters College Council. If the proposal passes there, it will go on to the Academic Council, which includes the Deans, the Vice-Presidents, and elected representatives, and is the highest authority in academic matters.

There is a certain danger that the unique character and imagination of the program could be destroyed by becoming overly constitutionalized, dogmatized, and institutionalized. McCarthy emphasizes this threat: "The program of nonviolence cannot become a convenient tool whereby the intellectual elite tell the violated and oppressed of the world how to respond to their agonies. In no sense is it an ideology to justify the claims of the powerful. If it becomes this, the program is worse than useless."

FATHER WALSH has reported that several faculty members have written to him objecting to the nature of the program. These men have charged the program with "propagandizing," "soft intellectual work," and "communal stupidity." A professor in the general program described the nonviolence seminars as "entirely polemical." He says, "The nonviolence seminars are not a course in the study of violence, but a course in

one methodology for bringing about revolutionary change. The program has defined itself within one methodology; it is not an objective exploration from many points of view. It is a group of people that think the same way, getting together to read authors that espouse the view that they already hold. The nonviolence program does not study the opposite point of view by attracting different types of students, such as students in ROTC." This professor thought that the money spent by the nonviolence program could be better spent on a program to study oriental civilizations.

In some ways, the nonviolence program suffers from its uniqueness. "What we have now, we more or less just happened into," Father Maurice Amen, a member of the nonviolence steering committee, says. "We are attempting to do something here for which there are no paradigms." The program has also suffered because of a general lack of communication between the teachers in the program and the Administration. Father Walsh and Dean Crosson both expressed regret at their lack of knowledge about the internal changes or future plans of the program. The program has responded to its limited first-semester scope by adding courses in humanistic psychology, the philosophy of revolution, economics, and personal "encounter" courses.

Yet the inherent problem of a program based on action and personal commitment remains. As Father Maurice Amen phrased the problem: "Can the University take a moral stance and remain a university, with the view that objectivity must be preserved? The nonviolence program must be more than just the intellectual. In this, it does not fit the institutional thrust of dispassionately imparting knowledge and disciplining the mind. Yet the 'pursuit of Christian wisdom,' which is the purpose of Notre Dame according to the bulletin, means 'translating worship into acts.'"

Dr. William Storey contends that students are tired

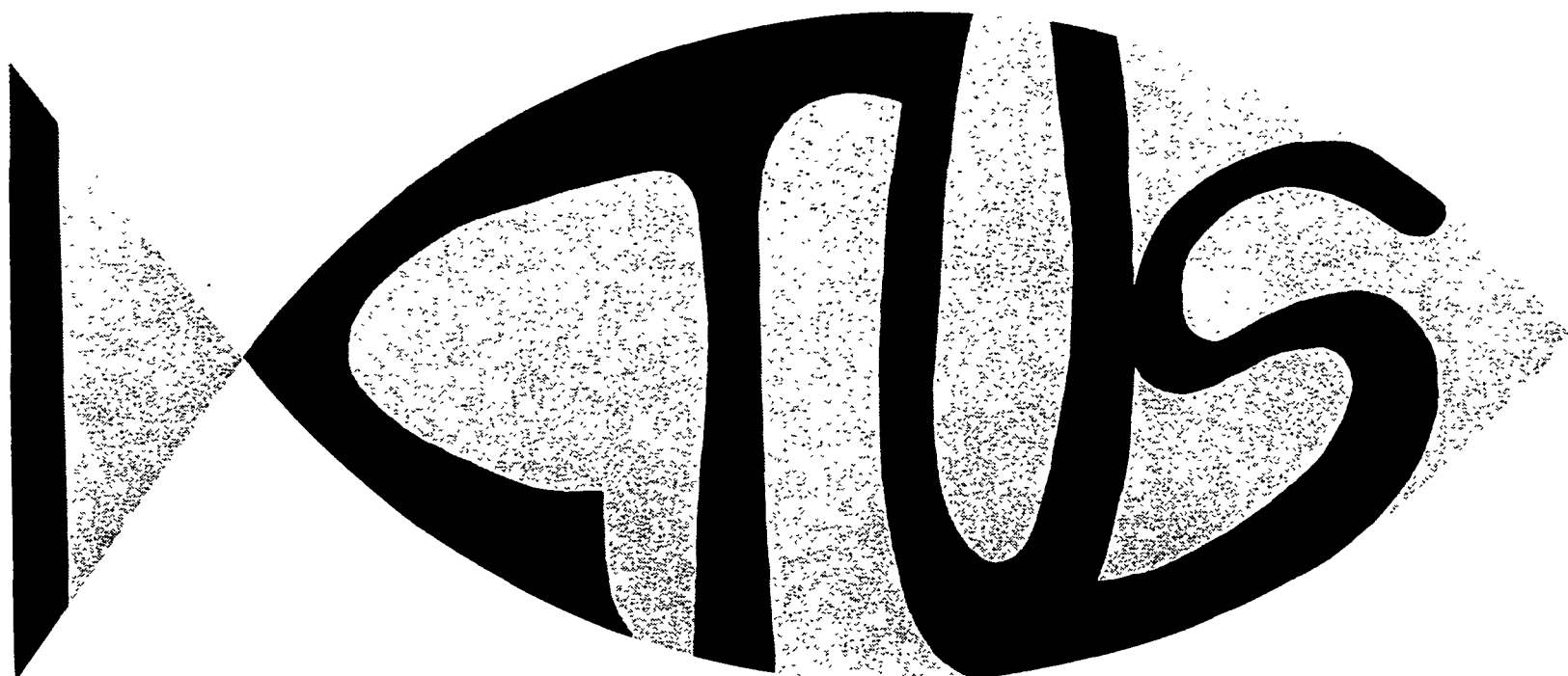
of merely collecting facts. "Wise men by definition disturb the status quo, and wise students are trouble-makers. The nonviolence program—unlike a course in Celtic poetry—is problem producing. Certain kinds of teachers and programs invite the kind of action and thinking that draw the reaction of the nation or the alumni. The nonviolence program has immediate repercussions because it is close to the meaning of our existence."

THE critics of the program are correct in citing the considerable danger of the study of nonviolence becoming an ideology. There is a thin line, as Dr. Storey mentions, between "Christian wisdom" and propaganda, polemic, and dogma. The nonviolence program is intimately concerned with personal value judgments and in the creation of new values, values that many times are in contradiction with "the public morality." As Dr. Storey phrases it, a person committed to nonviolence is "more of a hairshirt than a comforter."

The nonviolence program raises a much larger question for Notre Dame: is the traditional institution able or willing to accept the revolutionary character of the nonviolent program? How will the alumni respond to a philosophy that severely challenged the mythical tradition of the Notre Dame man?

The Administration and faculty must be able to realize and promote what many students have found to be relevant and critical to their lives. And the men within the program must retain a self-critical sense in order to escape propagandizing. Perhaps through its intended emphasis on the marriage of intellectual work and action, the nonviolence program may avoid replacing Christian witness and Christian wisdom with yet another form of ideology.

David Lammers



Believing that the United States is waging an unjust war in Viet Nam, if ordered for induction, we the undersigned will refuse. We will not serve in the military as long as the war in Viet Nam continues.

Joe J. Accardi
 Dan Aerni
 Eric A. Andrees
 Patrick Andreoti
 Larry Ballantine
 C. D. Ballman
 Charles Barranco
 Peter A. Bartlo
 Betsy Beitzinger
 Nancy Bestoshesky
 Chris Boss
 J. Timothy Brennan
 Steve Brion
 Richard Brinker
 James B. Bryan
 Mark Bulters
 James R. Burns
 Roger Burrell
 Jay Butler
 Michael Canale
 Frank Capobianco
 James H. Carlin
 Kate Cassidy
 Chuck Ceraso
 P. Michael Conway
 Christopher J. Cotter
 Carol Cusick
 Dan Daily
 Joseph D'Anna
 Dennis Dawson
 Robert DeVita
 John W. Dorsey
 Olinda Douglas
 John J. Dowling
 Robert Doyle
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 Christopher Dunn
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 John Finnegan
 Richard Fitzgerald
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 Patrick Gaffney
 Charles B. Gallager
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 Mark Genero
 Susan Gilmour
 F. William Golden
 Ann Gomez
 Jack Grate
 Sandra Griffin
 James M. Groseta
 James V. Guarino
 Kathleen Guima
 Bill Haines
 Larry Hartung

K. Harrington
 Ricky Hauia
 Kevin Hoene
 M. K. Hoida
 John Thomas Hosey
 Stephen C. Hosselet
 Catherine Huart
 Stephen Hurd
 James E. Hynes
 Susan A. Jackson
 Bruce Johnson
 Noreen Jordan
 Glen Kalin
 Michael V. Keefe
 Terry Kennedy
 Susan Keris
 Terry Kurth
 Andrew Kuzmitz
 Debby Lahey
 David Lammers
 Steve Launier
 Eileen Lavelle
 James Leary
 Michael Leary
 Richard Lechler
 Andrew Lechner
 John Leonard
 William R. Lesyna
 Michael R. Lindburg
 Stephen Livingston
 Francis X. Maier
 Timothy Mahon
 William L. Manley
 Ben Manoquin
 Michael Maroney
 Gerald Martin
 Kathleen Martin
 Ed Mattingly
 Donald B. McCaffrey
 James McCarthy
 Paul F. McCarthy
 Edward F. McCartin
 John P. McGuire
 James McDonald
 John K. McMullan
 Maureen Meter
 Frank Miklavcic
 Marty Miller
 Edward J. Minch
 Frank Mondschein
 Bruce Monick
 Fred J. Monsour
 Daniel Moore
 Patsy Moran
 Richard Moran
 Richard L. Murphy
 Catherine Naphin
 Francis J. Nichaus
 Thomas Noe
 Mary Noell
 Steven Novak
 Richard J. O'Brien
 M. P. O'Connor
 Ray Offenheiser
 Maureen O'Grady
 Kerry O'Hara

Thomas J. O'Hara
 William G. O'Hare
 Tony Oppegard
 John O'Reilly
 Robert A. Pastorok
 Paulette Pelatti
 Patti Perkovich
 Raymond Perry
 Robert Perry
 Joseph M. Portay
 Bob Puls
 Joseph E. Quaderer
 Richard A. Rae
 Carl Rak
 Joseph Raynek
 W. J. Reckling
 Jerry Ricigliano
 David Riley
 Bart Robbett
 Kevin Robinson
 David Rocsis
 Joseph Roe
 Kevin Rooney
 Fred Roskop
 John Rowe
 John C. Rudolf
 William A. Sackett
 Eric Sandeen
 Mark D. Saucier
 Robert Sauer
 Phil Schatz
 Raymond Serafin
 Richard Shannon
 Rick Smith, Jr.
 Ronald Smith
 Thomas Spahn
 Bill Spicuzza
 Frank Stackhouse
 Philip Stark
 Thomas Starrs
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 John Tobin
 John Toller
 Ann Tudermann
 John Mark Vitter
 Frank Walsh
 Nan Walsh
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 M. J. Wehrman
 Noel Wehrung
 Keith Werhan
 Thomas Wilhelm
 John Williams
 Bill Wilka
 Dennis Wilson
 J. Thomas Yurst
 Mary Joan Zarenski
 Ted Zawadski
 Michael B. Zimbrch
 Thomas J. Zinser
 Gene Zlaket
 Stephen Zon
 Joseph R. Zorontonello
 Joseph Zulli

perspectives

richard a. lamanna population & pollution

I WOULD like to accept Professor Griffing's invitation to dialogue regarding the problem of "over-population" and environmental pollution. Let me start by noting I hold no brief for continued rapid population growth or for environmental pollution — both are serious problems deserving of our serious attention. This end is not served, however, by the proliferation of alarmist statements that has become a popular pastime of late.

In my estimation, Professor Griffing's observations tend to confuse several distinct components of the overall problem. He confuses the problems growing out of rapid population growth with those of "over-population"; problems of absolute size with those of spatial distribution; problems of environmental pollution with those of population growth and size. These are not unrelated problems but they are not identical either.

Professor Griffing makes much of his inability to visualize a million, a 100 million or $3\frac{1}{2}$ million objects. I can't visualize a federal budget of over \$200 billion either, but that's hardly a rationale for freezing the federal budget at its present level. Congestion at O'Hare suggests to me not overpopulation but what a lousy job we have done of planning our cities and airports. We have such serious air- and water-pollution problems because we have been unwilling to make the private and public expenditures to prevent them.

As for the problem of population, not all students of the subject share Professor Griffing's pessimism and sense of crisis. There are several reasons that one might view with a degree of skepticism some of the claims of the prophets of doom. Their fears are usually based on the mechanical projection of past trends over fairly long periods with the assumption that there will be no change in the basic factors. As a hypothetical exercise this is fine. As an anticipation of reality, it is absurd. If you want to have fun, project into the future the current decline in birth rates and you can show that the American population will disappear entirely "if present trends continue," or project the growth of college enrollments and you can show in a few decades we will have more college students than people in this country. However, even if we accept the risks of making such population projections, they are only as

good as the data upon which they are based. Many of the frequently quoted extrapolations of the U.S. population are based on fertility rates typical of the peak postwar years. But, since 1957 U.S. fertility rates have plummeted 30 per cent reaching a new historical low. If they keep on falling (as I believe they will), then the increase in population over the next 30 years will be much less than what was projected in the early 1960's. In fact some are projecting a population of only 250 million for the year 2000.

To put this in perspective, the U.S. could hold and support a population of one billion persons and still have a density well under 300 (our current density is 54 persons per square mile) — less by far than the current population density of the Netherlands (936), Japan (678), West Germany (607), United Kingdom (604) or even Italy (436). Even though their densities are so much greater than ours, pollution, congestion, etc., are no worse in those countries than here. It is also relevant to note that more than half of the counties in the U.S. have *lost* population in each of the last two intercensal decades. Even more surprising, though urban places in the U.S. grew substantially in number, in size and in proportion of total population between 1950 and 1960, population density *declined* in all urban size classes over the decade.

In short, we are not in a period of "unchecked population growth," we are not in any immediate danger of becoming "over-populated" in terms of space or resources; we may have problems of maldistribution but there is no evidence that our cities are becoming "behavioral sinkholes" as some have suggested.

Moreover, there is evidence that even in terms of world population the picture is not so dismal. Donald Bogue, a noted demographer, after analyzing recent developments has concluded that these developments are so new and novel that "population trends before 1960 are largely irrelevant in predicting what will happen in the future." ("The End of the Population Explosion," *The Public Interest*, Spring 1967, p. 12.) He further notes that:



The trend of the worldwide movement toward fertility control has already reached a state where declines in death rates are being surpassed by declines in birthrates. Because progress in death control is slackening and progress in birth control is accelerating, the world has already entered a situation where the pace of population growth has begun to slacken. . . . The rate of growth will slacken at such a pace that it will be zero or near zero at about the year 2000, so that population growth will not be regarded as a major social problem except in isolated and small "retarded" areas. (p. 19.)

Bogue, of course, may prove to be a poor prophet. Nevertheless, it seems the evidence is not so clear as to warrant hysteria. Some might say, what is the harm in a little misdirected enthusiasm — like most fads it will come and go with little lasting consequence. I take exception to this on several grounds. First, it seems to me, the current alarmism on population provides an easy escape for those who hesitate to face the very real problems confronting the U.S. and the world. I was appalled the other night when a steel executive on national TV asserted that his company was doing all it could to end pollution but there was little they could do if the population kept growing.

The other danger is that the crisis mentality will lead us to take hasty and ill-considered measures that will cause more problems than they solve. A bill was introduced in Congress last week that would reduce the tax deduction for every child after the second.

The real consequence would be to reduce the income of families with the greatest need. We would then probably have to turn around and provide these families with a subsidy under the proposed guaranteed income program. Even more frightening is the increasingly common suggestion that more coercive methods of control would be in order. Biologist Garrett Hardin claims, "In the long run, voluntarism is insanity. The result will be continued uncontrolled population growth." Astro-physicist Donald Aiken bluntly de-

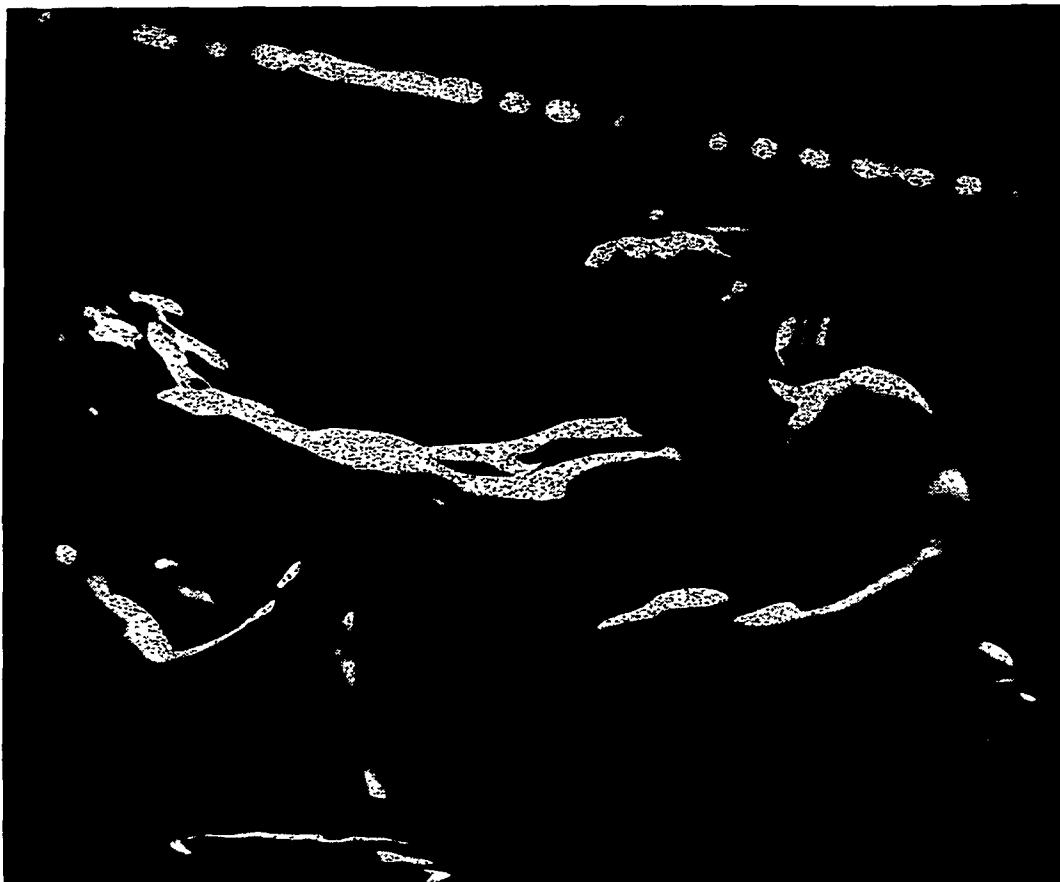
clares, "The government has to step in and tamper with religious and personal convictions — and maybe even impose penalties for every child a family has beyond two." Even a group like the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the United Methodist Church went on record with: "Can we depend on private decision and voluntary control to limit childbearing in each family to two? Under present circumstances, the answer would appear to be 'no.'" The assumption behind many of these statements is that Americans are inherently incapable of acting responsibly and must therefore be coerced.

FINALLY, I believe playing with peoples' emotions on public issues is a dangerous business. *Time* recently reported residents of a town in Arizona have developed psychosomatic illnesses and a bad case of paranoia out of their concern for the environment. More generally, if you start out defining an intractable and complex problem in simplistic terms and demand immediate solutions, you are doomed to disappointment and frustration and this is likely to have disastrous consequences for mobilizing and sustaining political support for better thought-out programs for social change. There is enough disillusionment in the society now without arousing any more irrational fears and false hopes.

My hope is that we forget about the emotional nonsense of "overpopulation"; the need for totalitarian controls; the talk of the imminent collapse of civilization; or the implications of inferiority and the suggestion of protecting vested interests in restricting foreign population growth, and turn our attention to the very serious problems that do exist and that we can do something about. Let's get on with the job of planning for the proper development of our communities; with making the legal and behavioral changes that would improve the quality of the environment; with applying ourselves to the task of exploiting and distributing the resources of the world on a more equitable basis while encouraging responsible parenthood at home and abroad; with developing ways of assisting the less developed areas of the world make the transition to modernity during what is likely to be a very difficult period in their development. Finally, let us approach our problems with confidence and hope but without any illusions about their difficulty and complexity or the expectation that it is the work of a semester or a year.

Dr. Lamanna is an Associate Professor in the Sociology Department working in the field of Minorities and Urban Sociology. He has had monographs published on "The Negro in the Catholic Church" and "The Mexican-American in Texas." A book on The Mexican-American in East Chicago is soon to be published by the Notre Dame Press. The Doctor received his Ph.D. at the University of North Carolina.

Each week the SCHOLASTIC will make this column available to a member of the University community to explore and comment upon contemporary issues. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the SCHOLASTIC.



Picking the Bengals

by Terry O'Neil

FIRST ROUND AND SEMIFINALS: WHAT HAPPENED

125 POUNDS

First round: No bouts. Semifinals: Jack Griffin decisioned Larry Semerad; Ed Ferrer decisioned Jerry Bradley.

135 POUNDS

First round: Terry Kurth decisioned Charlie Fabian; Tom Gould decisioned Jamie Egan. Semifinals: Kurth decisioned Ralph Bianco; Gould decisioned Phil Dollard.

145 POUNDS

First round: Jim Smith decisioned Simon Kovalik. Semifinals: Paul P. Partyka decisioned Smith; Tom Suddes decisioned Tom Sykes.

150 POUNDS

First round: Mike McNicholas decisioned Mike Joyce; Chris Miller decisioned Jim Lusk; Kevin Kerrigan decisioned Val Bernabo; Aaron Baker decisioned Kevin Kahn. Semifinals: McNicholas decisioned Miller; Kerrigan decisioned Baker.

155 POUNDS

First round: Gary Canori decisioned Dan Lenzo; Mark Rukavina decisioned Lance Corey; Dave Pemberton decisioned George Rebecca; Jim Hansen de-

cisioned Doug Smego. Semifinals: Canori decisioned Rukavina; Pemberton decisioned Hansen.

160 POUNDS

First round: Tom Loughren decisioned Rocky Robelotto; Ed Carney decisioned Jim Gilmer; Roland Chamblee decisioned Tom O'Hern. Semifinals: Bill McGrath decisioned Loughren; Chamblee decisioned Carney.

165 POUNDS

First round: Dan Johndrow knocked out Fred DeBoe; Mark McGowan decisioned Tom Wagoner. Semifinals: Chris Servant decisioned Johndrow; Jed Ervin decisioned McGowan.

175 POUNDS

First round: Kevin Howard decisioned Rich Ballini; Chuck Nightengale decisioned Joe Szady. Semifinals: Matt Connelly decisioned Howard; Bob Minnix decisioned Nightengale.

HEAVYWEIGHT

First round: Tom Davis decisioned Ron Saxen. Semifinals: Denny Allan knocked out Davis; Bill Etter decisioned Chris Bale.

FINALS

125 POUNDS

Ed Ferrer over Jack Griffin

Ferrer is a two-year champ, having beaten Griffin last winter and Dave Krashna (who won his title in another sport) two years ago. Griffin has amazing reach for a 125-pounder Ferrer, however, is the complete boxer. Another unanimous decision for Eduardo, but a closer fight than last year.

135 POUNDS

Tom Gould over Terry Kurth

Toughest pick of the night. Both finalists upset seeded boxers Wednesday and this is the third fight in five days for each, a wearying ordeal. Give Gould a slight edge on better stamina and smoother punching rhythm.

145 POUNDS

Tom Suddes over Paul P. Partyka

"Sudden Tom" defends his title against Partyka, who moves up after a victory at 135 in 1969. Suddes whipped Paul in an exhibition at Pittsburgh last spring; they sparred in practice a week ago to a virtual draw. Partyka has shaved his beard and added a few pounds since last year. Suddes is basically the same fighter—patient, smart, explosive at the critical moment. Partyka carries his left dangerously low and Suddes is quick enough to take advantage.

150 POUNDS

Mike McNicholas over Kevin Kerrigan

The tournament's most wide open division is 150—no seeds, no returning finalists. There is a strong suspicion that Kerrigan cannot go three good rounds. McNicholas is a bullish lefty who will punish if he connects.

155 POUNDS

Dave Pemberton over Gary Canori

Pemberton was the 155 champ in '68, then suffered a rude upset in last year's semifinals. Canori bowed to Suddes in the 145 finals a year ago. Pemberton's vivid, stinging memory of last year should be decisive.

160 POUNDS

Bill McGrath over Roland Chamblee

Bill is fourth and last in a string of fighting McGrath brothers. Each of the elder three was a champ; freshman Bill may be the only one to win four titles. Both finalists are quick and rangey, but Bill's last name is McGrath and that says it all.

March 20, 1970

165 POUNDS

Jed Ervin over Chris Servant

Ervin, who has netted a pair of titles and a Most Valuable Boxer award in the past two Bengals, looked miserable in his semifinal victory Wednesday. Servant, a lunging, peek-a-boo boxer, is reigning king in this division. But nobody messes with Ervin.

175 POUNDS

Matt Connelly over Bob Minnix

Connelly was the victim of a ludicrous split-decision in the '69 finals. He missed with a bundle of punches Wednesday against brawling Kevin Howard and easily could have been a spectator tonight. Minnix will not crowd Connelly as much as Howard did and Matt finally will get his crown—366 days late.

HEAVYWEIGHT

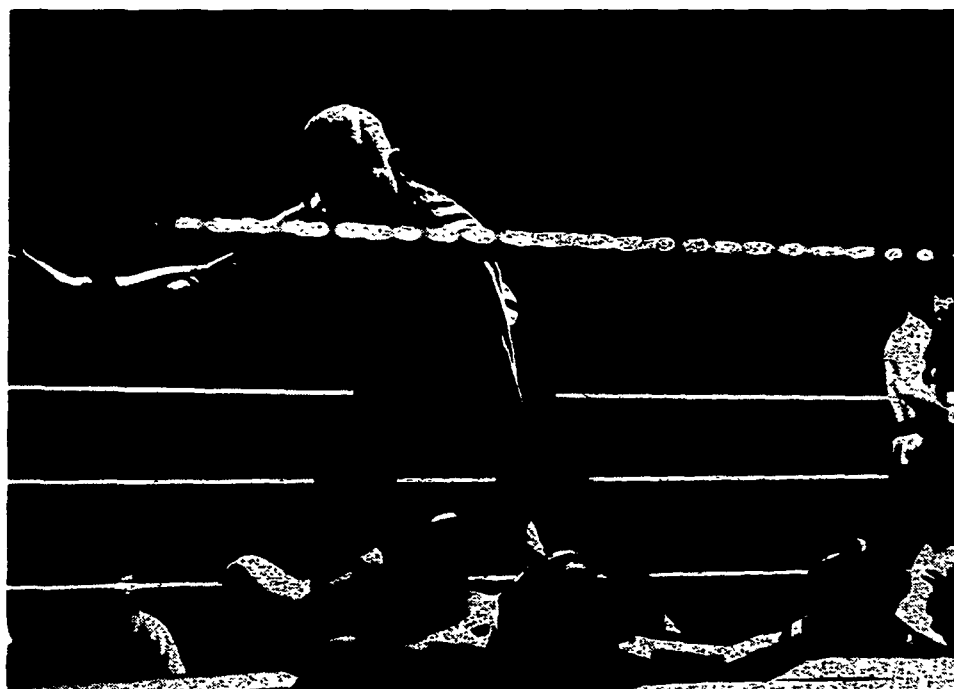
Denny Allan over Bill Etter

Sometime during this week, Allan may have noted the certainty that quarterback Joe Theismann is not indestructible and the probability that Etter will be Twiggy's substitute next season. Given the supposition that Allan enjoys carrying the football, good rapport with Etter is not a bad idea. Denny no doubt dismissed that notion with a chuckle and turned his attention to the destructibility of Etter. Allan's punching power is genuine, his hook an item of rare nastiness. Etter will scramble; Allan will pursue. And next fall, in the Irish huddle, Allan may wink at Etter and ask, "No hard feelings?"

EXHIBITION

Mike McCoy over Ed Grenda

Without Vince Lombardi, the Green Bay Packers still are a disciplined football team, McCoy will tell you. Coach Phil Bengston has installed a cardio-vascular conditioning program which includes a demanding task for each player. McCoy, for instance, will be required to run three miles in 25 minutes on the opening day of training camp. Tonight's six minutes of sparring will be a fine conditioner. As for the outcome, McCoy is a convincing sight just sitting on his stool.





A man who needs the unusual to make him "wonder" shows that he has lost the capacity to find the true answer to the wonder of being. The itch for sensation, even though disguised in the mask of Boheme, is a sure indication of a bourgeois mind and a deadened sense of wonder.

—Joseph Pieper, *The Philosophical Act*

GARY SNYDER is a poet who has been invited to Notre Dame for the Sophomore Literary Festival. I mention this not so much to advertise his coming as to provide a rationale for this review. God only knows that if Snyder were regarded as just another San Franciscan poet and *Earth House Hold* had to stand on its own merits, it would be left to linger in the obscurity it so richly deserves.

I am somewhat in sympathy with the aims of the SLF and have no desire to sabotage one of their chief attractions, but I am simply at a loss to find anything of a complimentary nature to say about the book. The best I can do is to point out that *Earth House Hold* is not a book of poems (rather, a patchwork compilation of journal entries, book reviews and articles written over the past 18 years) and that an earlier collection of his poetry, *The Back Country*, from which I have read a number of selections, is somewhat more successful.

But *Earth House Hold* itself is simply terrible. The blurb on the back cover tells us that the title is "a play on the root meanings of 'ecology'" — this is, in fact, true. However, the same back cover also compares Snyder with Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams and this is most patently false. Snyder has written his share of respectable verse, and even *Earth House Hold* has its moments; but he is still — even at his best — minor league material.

The book, as I have said, does have a few high points—it would be possible, I suppose, to present a favorable case for the book by judiciously selecting a

Gary Snyder:

number of the more worthwhile. To give Snyder his due then, I shall quote one passage which seems to me to be quintessentially superior to the book as a whole:

In a culture where the aesthetic experience is denied and atrophied, genuine religious ecstasy rare, intellectual pleasure scorned — it is only natural that sex should become the only personal epiphany of most people & the culture's interest in romantic love take on staggering size.

This passage is from the earliest, and best, work included in the book, "Lookout's Journal," which consists of the journal entries of a Walden-like retreat into the wilds of the Rockies during the summer of 1952. "Lookout's Journal" is the best selection in the book because it is essentially the most honest and, in its parallels with *Walden*, the clearest attempt to stay within the American and Western traditions.

But even at this early date, Snyder's Manichean tendencies are already beginning to show. Snyder is no one for half-hearted measures; if he's going to reject Western civilization, by damn, he's going to reject *all* of it. Compare the following journal entry with, for example, Thoreau's activities in his bean field:

10 August

First wrote a haiku and painted a haiga for it; then repaired the Om Mani Padme Hum prayer flag, then constructed a stone platform, then shaved down a shake and painted a zenga on it, then studied the lesson.

In the face of all this chatter about "haigas" and "zengas," the naturalness and honesty of Thoreau's reflections on his work in the bean plot are excellent: "What was the meaning of this so steady and self-respecting . . . labor," Thoreau writes, "I knew not. I came to love my rows, my beans, though so many more than I wanted. They attached me to the earth, and so I got strength like Antaeus. But why should I raise them? Only Heaven knows. This was my curious labor all summer. . . . I cherish them, I hoe them, early and late I have an eye on them; and this is my day's work."

THIS comparison of Snyder's work with *Walden* is, I think, a fruitful one. It shows, much more ably than I ever could, the difficulties involved when one sets out to make a complete break with the cultural milieu that has nurtured him. Thoreau was hardly a conformist in either cultural or political matters, and yet he did not over-extend himself as Snyder is wont to do. Thoreau kept in touch just enough to become a real revolutionary force; Snyder's smattering of Zen Buddhism (1952), Hinduism (1960), and a ecologically influenced primitivistic animism (1967 to the present) qualifies him as little more than a religious and philosophic dilettante. Whereas Thoreau made a point of building his hut half-

Poet as Ideologue

way between the town of Concord and Walden Pond, Snyder plunges into the proverbial heart of the wilderness. Thoreau spends much time discussing what he refers to as "pecuniary matters" while Snyder is, of course, above such base things as money. Thoreau reads Aeschylus and Shakespeare while Snyder insists on struggling through Hui Neng and Patanjali. Most significantly, while Thoreau *goes back to Concord* after his respite at Walden, Snyder could never do anything so (apparently) prosaic: before long, he is packing for a trip to Japan to get his Zen straight from the master's mouth. This journey serves at least to provide a few more selections for the book, if not to satisfy his religious curiosity. Next, he acts out the modern day bourgeois desire for "experience" ("Experience! that drug," he revealingly writes) by working his way back to America on an oil tanker, a decision which indicates perhaps the maturity of Snyder's mind: the wish to become a sailor in order to gain that drug "experience" is the subconscious dream of every rebellious school-boy. This "experience" only satiates him for a short while and, before long, he plunges into Hinduism and tribalism.

This move towards (or rather through—since he passes through them so quickly) ever more ancient and esoteric modes of thought is similarly a movement *away* from virtually every aspect of Western traditions and culture. In the best of Manichean traditions, Snyder's world is divided into the saved and the damned, and he is determined to steer clear of the latter. This means rejecting tradition, since tradition is "sane and ordered" (did you ever notice the negative connotations these words are beginning to take on?), i.e. it stifles initiative and "originality" (as if Goethe was not original since he worked within the Christian tradition):

Comes a time when the poet must choose: either to step deep in the stream of his people, history, tradition, folding and folding himself in wealth of persons and pasts; philosophy, humanity, to become richly foundationed and great and sane and ordered. Or, to step beyond the bound onto the way out, into horrors and angels, possible madness or . . . Faustian doom, possible utter transcendence, . . . possible ignominious wormish perishing.

No doubt Snyder thinks of himself as rather heroic in all of this, but his stance more closely resembles Sisyphus than Horatio at the bridge. All poets ought to be a bit mad, but this Nietzschean view (similarly expressed by another contemporary apocalyptic, Norman O. Brown) of a plunge into the psychic unknown is one of the great fabrications of our time. This sort of thinking only serves to isolate the poet from his own natural milieu, forcing him into a complete and uncritical acceptance of Japanese, or Hindu, or American Indian cultures.

Snyder's evaluation of what he calls the Great Subculture shows a similar tendency to dichotomize the world, to present the reader with two choices when, in reality, there are many. "The Great Subculture," Snyder writes, "[possesses] an ecstatically positive vision of spiritual and physical love; and is opposed for very fundamental reasons to the Civilization Establishment." What these fundamental reasons are remains somewhat unclear after reading Snyder—one thing is clear however: the New Age will be built upon the values of the tribe and upon a conscious attempt to return to the primitive view of the world. The Civilization Establishment, depends upon those bothersome old values of reason and law, upon "civilization" itself; hence, all these things must go when we finally get rid of the Civilization Establishment.

The culmination of this cultural evaluation is the statement that "the traditional cultures are in any case doomed" and the proposal that we ought not "cling to [even] their good aspects hopelessly" since we can "reconstruct" them all "from the unconscious, through meditation." This statement is so asinine, so totally ignorant of what a real culture is, that I find it scandalous that Snyder should consider himself in the vanguard of the youth culture. Does Snyder *really* think we should dismember all of Western culture? Does he *really* think we can just build it back up again in three days as it were? Does he know that *culture* includes, among other things, the very language that sets limits upon and helps to shape our thoughts? If Snyder's evaluation of primitive man and tribal society, so uncritical that it would make Rousseau blush with shame, is the best that the so-called "counter-culture" can do, then it is not so much a culture as an ideology, a desperate search to find all the answers—any answers—to life's continuing perplexities.

What Snyder offers in *Earth House Hold* is pseudo-philosophy, answers easily and disrespectfully skimmed off the top of some of the world's greatest systems of thought. He has proved himself unable to stay within the bounds of any one religious system—indicative of the shallowness of his thought. That he has gained a modicum of popularity should stand as an indictment of the present youth culture. Sooner or later (and probably sooner) tribalism will be replaced by some newer and more strange doctrine and Snyder will be in the forefront of that movement, too. He will no doubt shortly ask us to start going about on all fours since our spine is ecologically more suited for it.

Michael Costello



Rush Up!

THIS article is for all you people who think you know all about Tom Rush just from his *Circle Game* album. It is also for all you other people who cried "sell-out" when Rush started doing Joni Mitchell and stopped doing neat stuff like, "Who Do You Love?" Both types should enjoy *Tom Rush* immensely, for it is a true synthesis of the blues-dirt-rock singer and the mellower balladier. The voice is as versatile as ever—a half-talk personal warmth that reminds one of fireplaces, or a whipsaw-sound that cuts and shoves. His choice of backup men is impeccable—from mad Herbie Lovelle on drums to an almost unknown guitarist named Trevor Veitch who rips off some fine, semi-restrained leads. The material in the songs is the key to the album; they are Rush-type songs, typical of both his old and new styles. There are single lines in almost every song that grab your heart and wrench it for a second or two, and then drift on.

The first cut, "Driving Wheel," is simple, direct and beautiful. Up till about two years ago, no folk singer would have touched this type of ballad, but simple lines and easy phrases ("Just came up off the Midnight Special/ Hey, how about that?") are "in" this year. If you hear a little "Hey Jude" stuff in the fadeout, you're as bad off as I am. Old Rush cultists will remember "Drop Down Mama" and rejoice at his new version. He's taken a verse or two from other old songs on earlier albums, added the famous gruff "Who do you love" voice on one verse, thrown in some heavy lead and produced a song that should send the *Circle Game* teeny-boppers scurrying back to Tommy Roe.

Rush counters this with "Lullaby," a little country-folk song done to delicate perfection. Listen to the per-

fectly placed vibes in the chorus; the restraint and beauty of the whole album converges on those three chords. Again, the lyrics are touching, simple, and sentimental without being maudlin.

"THESE DAYS" on side two is a perfect complement to "Driving Wheel." It is a bit deeper, but the single lines still stand out ("Don't confront me with my failures, I haven't forgotten them"). "Wild Child" is a Fred Neil song that features a fine fuzz lead and a hard vocal treatment from Rush.

The only song that doesn't fit is "Colors of the Sun," which fails because of overproliferation of images. The writer tried too hard, Rush tries too hard, and the instrumentation is a bit heavy. Past "Colors," though, are two of the best songs on the album. "Livin' in the Country" is great—slightly misanthropic lyrics, a ferocious Lovelle slamming the drums, and the song rolls and clicks along with the ease and flow that is often sought and rarely found. But, the masterpiece is "Child's Song"—even if the rest were nothing more than street noise, this one cut suffices. The grace, sincerity, and sheer propriety of the words and music make a quick and lasting impression.

It is a rare thing when a performer can change an established style, step back, and integrate the old and new into something better than either. Tom Rush did this, and the results are worth hearing, if you are a new Rush fan or an old Rush fan, or just a regular who rises from his inertia once in a while to put a good disc on the turntable.

John Hurley

movies

GRANADA: *The Only Game in Town*. Warren Beatty and Elizabeth Taylor are together in this film about dice and vice in Las Vegas. Rex Reed said just several weeks ago on a late night talk show that this is by far Warren Beatty's best performance. Most of us are more familiar with him in relation to his last appearances in *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Mickey One*, where he was directed by Arthur Penn. Elizabeth Taylor needs no introduction and she will get none. Dice and vice may indeed be nice, but ultimately incest is best. It's all relative. For times call: 233-7301.

STATE: *What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?* Probably not, "Take your clothes off" For times call: 233-1676.

COLFAX: Peter O'Toole in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips!* For times call: 233-4532.

RIVER PARK: There comes, screaming out of its sordid past, smelling slightly of Scotch and soda, drooling nastily, and balancing quite precariously on myth and illusion (to say nothing of metrical structure), a film unlike all other films, a movie apart from all other movies, a cast of hundreds, nay . . . a hundred and one—in short, an epic with Epicurean proportions, a cinematic explosion in celluloid. To say that it has merely received acclaim would be a bold-faced lie, sir . . . one can only hope to list just a small number of the accolades it has received, just a little of the enormous critical ravings which have followed it from fire hydrant to fire hydrant like so

many fleas. In short, the film rages like a quick wick across the screen, preaching a philosophy of sin, degradation, and virginity as observed in a canine community. *101 Dalmations*. For times call 288-101 *Dalmatians*. For times call 288-8488.

READY THEATER (Niles): The portable Streisand, clip and take with you.

SCHOLASTIC (Oct. 3, 1969): "*Funny Girl*: Fanny Brice, alias Streisand, at her Oscar-winning best, music, dancing, and the sets of the *Zeigfield Follies*."

SCHOLASTIC (Nov. 14, 1969): "*Funny Girl* is getting less humorous by the week."

SCHOLASTIC (Feb. 13, 1970): "It's not funny."

Funny Girl at 8:00.

AVON: One a dem skin flics, if ya know wat I mean. . . . *Fanny Hill* at 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30.

John Stupp

chicago

Anyone at all familiar with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra must have felt their newspapers tremble in their very hands when they saw the announcements of this weekend's concerts.

This, of course, is a big season for the Chicago because instead of one regular conductor, it has had, in effect, two guest conductors. And with the onset of the new year, the effete Italian (who shall remain nameless) was banished and in his stead there came to stand GEORG SOLTI.

Of Solti, it has been said that German music has no greater interpreter in any medium. Comparatively little has been seen of him in the orchestra pit, because his triumphantly successful career has been built on his work in staging opera. But anywhere Solti is exciting, because he will stop at nothing to render the fullest intention and impact of the

music.

But I must admit that my excitement over the announcement this week was not for Solti (pronounced Sholtee), but for his two co-performers. The main program piece is the BRAHMS DOUBLE CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND CELLO, WITH ORCHESTRA.

The violinist is VICTOR ALTAY, a young Hungarian-American who has consistently distinguished himself in the past two years on concert tour. He has made no records as yet (that I know of), but his appearances with Bernstein on television and with Chicago Orchestra at Ravinia summer before last mark him as someone who will soon.

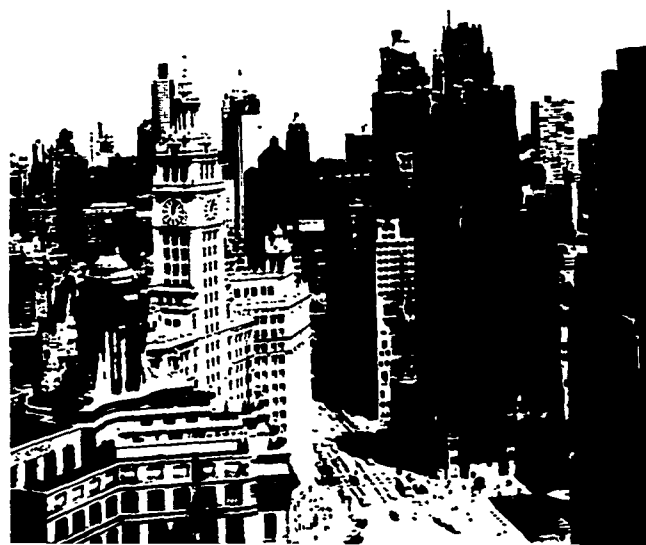
But the cellist, the cellist!

The cellist is FRANK MILLER, who ordinarily plays first seat cello for the orchestra; and Frank Miller is the man I have always rooted for out in the stands with the Chicago Orchestra at bat.

Frank Miller is probably the largest man to ever wield a cello which makes the phenomenal grace with which he does it all the more remarkable. I have heard Miller play with five or six conductors, all of whom try to dominate the orchestra, and Miller has with all of them managed the sweet-tight sound that is the essence of cello-playing and

managed in a distinctive way. He never puts down the other players when he does it—he's too good for that. Go see Georg Solti, go see Victor Altay, but for God's sake, go see Frank Miller.

ORCHESTRA HALL is at 220 South Michigan; you can get in cheap. The show's tomorrow night at 8:30. The rest of the program is the prologue to *Parsifal* (SOLTI, as I might have mentioned earlier, IS RICHARD WAGNER) and Elgar's First Symphony, the English drop in the modern bucket of fluffy symphonies. But Elgar is always charming and Frank Miller never made a mistake in his life.



the last word

A SMALL man with attached ear-lobes and a duck-like haircut stood in front of the Engineering Auditorium. His knees bent in anxiety and his hands, cupped as if they held a soft-ball sized sphere, moved lucidly and quickly. They described charisma. "Perhaps the greatest danger of planning one's life is that the plan might succeed, that the richness of life might be overwhelmed with the tedium of preparing for that richness."

Behind a podium in the Law Auditorium, Frank O'Malley pushed his rich white hair to the side of his head. The depth and resonance of his tones made his words enchanting, enchanting for the beauty of their sound and for the mystery of their message. "When the poet is not guided by love, he discovers nothing but an immeasurable abyss. Poetry converts the surface of objects into a brilliant flash which shows the flame burning within."

Joseph Duffy sat at a desk in the Business Building; as he spoke, his desk toppled off the small stage. With no indication that the event was disconcerting, he looked toward the back of the classroom and, in a distanced scorn, said, "Things of this sort would trouble lesser men than ourselves." He dropped back into his lecture and once again the veins on his neck began to throb. "Art discloses joy amidst the catastrophe of existence — God's laughter at the shattering of the world."

IT would not be fitting for me to complete my tenure as editor without acknowledging my respect for John Dunne, Frank O'Malley, and Joseph Duffy. Together they gave to me what no number of paperbacks and hardbounds ever could, a passion for wisdom; and with their lucid vision, they gave me a small amount of sight that makes me see where I am blind.

It was not until I stumbled across these men that I began to understand the fullness of the word "teacher," that I began to understand that, as Father Dunne would say, the teacher cannot teach doctrine, cannot simply transfer facts and information. No, the teacher provides his students with insight, insight into life, poetry, art, or whatever. Most of all, these three men have demonstrated to me that the teacher must be concerned with the souls of his students, that teaching is, finally, not concerned with parcels of thought but with the teacher and the student as persons, vibrant persons in search of salvation.

But this column is not designed as a simple pan-

egyric; rather, it is an attempt, vulgar as it might be, to use these men as symbols or emblems of what teaching should mean at a Christian university, of what aspirations such a university must set for itself. The importance of men like these, and there are many more on the campus, is that they offer the University a direction and an opportunity, an opportunity that it has, for the large part, squandered.

Instead of wisdom among men, the University now pursues professionalism. The blame falls on many quarters. The most important criteria used in designating tenured faculty have become frequent publication, doctoral dissertations led, and money brought into the University. Far down the list are factors like undergraduate teaching and counseling. Research and scholarship have replaced understanding and reverence as motivating goals of both the faculty and the students. And it is no coincidence that each of the men I speak of above is considered something of an outcast from the status quo.

Similarly, the Philosophy Department has abandoned the "amateurish" philosophy which, through a project of understanding, helps people to lead their lives with some modicum of morality and happiness. It has abandoned such philosophy in favor of less futile and more sterile games of linguistic analysis — the little questions are always safer to ask.

And while student enrollment has, in recent years, drastically decreased in the Engineering and Business Schools as well as in the ROTC program, Notre Dame continues to support vocational training with a Graduate School of Business, four new majors in Computing Science, and countless smaller programs in technical studies. More and more departments throughout the University have set up graduate programs, programs which decrease the contact of the better teachers with undergraduates and, in turn, assign graduate assistants to teach underclassmen. Notre Dame is quickly abandoning her primary commitment, a commitment to nourish the wonder of her undergraduates.

My first column last year discussed the direction of the University; I must now return to that subject. If Notre Dame is to fulfill her Christian promise, if she is to be more than a workshop for vocational training, she must reverse her direction and seek out her soul. For when the teacher and the University are not guided by love, they "discover nothing but an immeasurable abyss." And should this happen, God's laughter and the richness of life may well be drowned in the clattering of the technocracy.

If you think you're getting a great shave with a razor blade, feel your face.

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The hard thing about shaving your upper lip with a razor blade is shaving close enough.

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Feel your sideburns

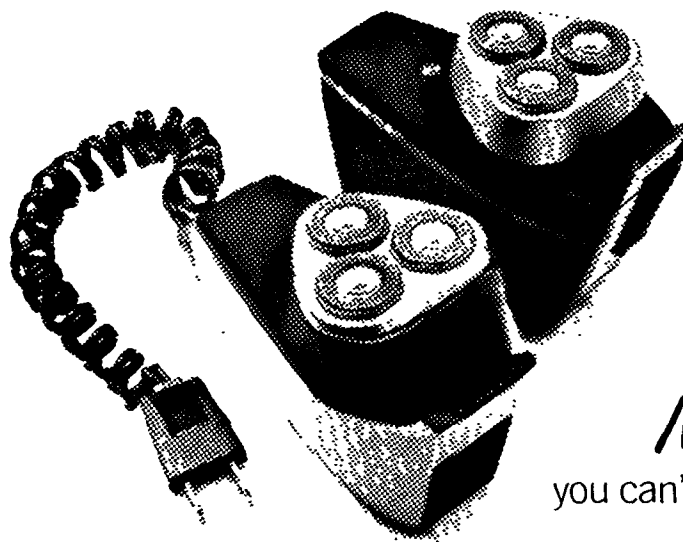
The biggest problem with shaving sideburns is to get them straight, and even on both sides.

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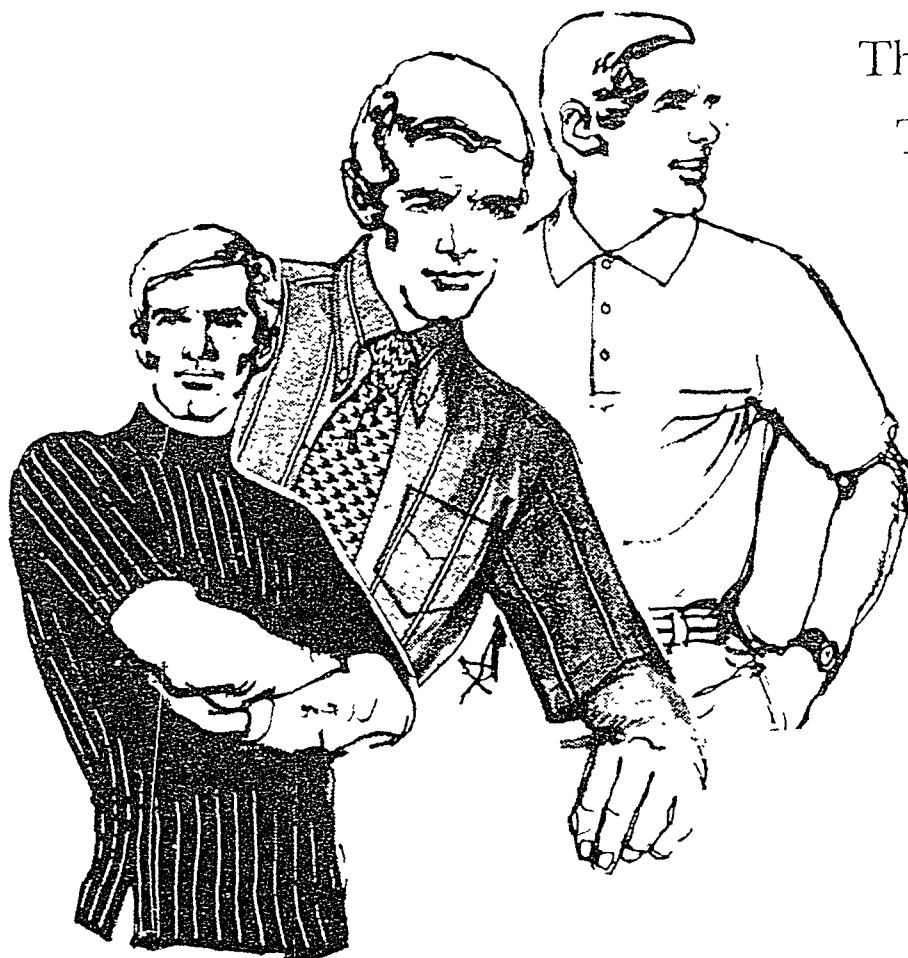


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