

NOVEMBER 17, 1972

scholastic

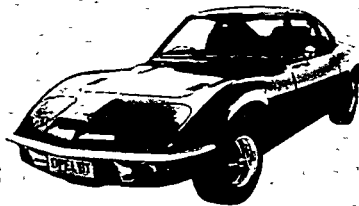


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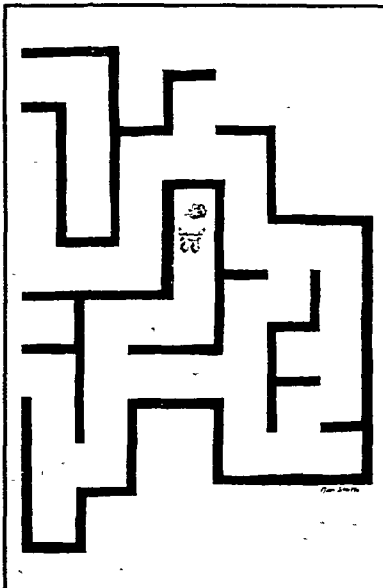


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The opinions expressed in the SCHOLASTIC are those of the authors and editors of the SCHOLASTIC and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or the student body.

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

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illustrations: negative photograph on cover by ed earle / photographs on 6, 7, by kerry mcnamara / photograph on 9 by gary cosimini / photograph on 13 from dome 1964 / photograph on 14, 23 by wayne miller / drawing on 17 by nan smith / drawing on 19 by greg stidham / photographs on 24, 25, 26, 27 by michael lonier / photograph on 33 by boris de rachewiltz / photograph on 34 by graham hughes.

letters

IN DEFENSE OF REASON II

Editor:

I fear our mutual admiration has been sullied by a misunderstanding. When I remarked recently in a political debate, in the semi-private surroundings of Lyons Hall, that George McGovern's speeches sounded like SCHOLASTIC editorials I had in mind your predecessors of recent years rather than this year's SCHOLASTIC which, as you rightly point out, had printed no editorials prior to the present issue. My apologies for neglecting to insert the word "past" in my remarks on that occasion.

As for your editorial warmly endorsing McGovern—you are lucky. It is extremely unlikely that he will be elected. Thus you will be spared the pain of comparing those words some years hence with what any politician inevitably looks like after having been in high office for some time.

Sincerely,
Bernard Norling
History Department

UNCONCERNED CREATIVITY

Editor:

I was surprised to see such a superficial approach to literature from a source as obviously well-versed as Julienne Empric.

For what does a created thing exist, save to give glory to the creator? To be unconcerned as to whether Bacon, Shakespeare, or some third party wrote the works attributed to the actor is to be unconcerned as to whether God or the devil created the world.

Sincerely,
T. C. Treanor

HONESTY, INTEGRITY AND THE REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION

Editor:

Your editorial in the November 3 issue is certainly not unexpected. It would have taken the courage of nonconformity to have honestly evaluated the programs of the past four years of Republican administration. This is the kind of honesty that one finds so sadly lacking in this and other academic communities.

However, when I find the sentence "We would rather have a president who admits his mistakes than one

who hides the crimes of an administration behind a Justice Department investigation" in a paper written by campus "intellectuals," I despair for Notre Dame's academic quality. I presume that you would rather have your subjective view of crimes prosecuted by a group of elitists of your choice, applying an Ellsberg standard only selectively. Political Science 101 should have taught you better.

Very truly,
John R. Lonergan



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The SCHOLASTIC is a news magazine owned by the University of Notre Dame and published by the students biweekly except during vacations and exam periods. With an office in LaFortune Student Center, the editor is Greg Stidham. Total circulation of the magazine is 9100.

Bringing It All

A magazine, *The Nation*, once wrote: "Among the presidents of the United States have been men of high intelligence, courage, vision, high character, and other admirable qualities, but genuine human decency has not been a common trait. There is one man, however, whose concern for human suffering is difficult to ever imagine as being vindictive or inconsiderate or indifferent. His decency as a human being, let it be confessed, is a distinct liability."

I've greatly admired two men during the last six years of my existence. Both have had a sincere effect upon me and the people of this land. Separate and together they voiced an understanding and concern for change, a change back to the ideals espoused in the founding of America. A return to humane causes, a sense of morals, a concern for men and mankind, and finally a feeling of love: these more than the material concerns of taxes, foreign policy, and other issues, developed a concern in me, and others like myself, for these principals. Robert Kennedy once admired George McGovern by saying, "Of all my colleagues in the Senate, the person who has the most feeling and does things in the most genuine way without affecting his life is George McGovern."

The quest for America that began with Robert Kennedy in 1967 has now ended with George McGovern in 1972. While saddened that the bodies have not reached the quest, deep down inside I am gladdened that the spirit of the quest remains very much alive. Out of the ashes of this phoenix has risen a new quest found in the words of George

McGovern when he remarked on his second place finish on Tuesday. He beckoned us not to weep for him, but rather to attempt to live those ideas that we rallied behind and to bring them to the people, for only the people can bring America home.

The right to human dignity and pride is one thing that has been lost it seems by all of us. We must recognize in ourselves what we are, good and bad, and then work with our brothers to overcome the hardships that we face. The work of the campaign was very much similar. All of us who worked for him knew the work would be hard and the obstacles difficult to overcome. The real obstacles were over-

come and the message that we carried to the people of this country was heard, will be acted on, and will be accepted.

While men will win and lose in all that they do, the concerns of this campaign will not be defeated and they will not die. And in the future another writer for *The Nation* will then be able to write that: "America's leaders are good men and decent men who lead their country in a direction that will insure the dignity of her people and peace and love throughout the world. Her decency will never be considered a liability to the people who love her so dearly."

—juan a. manigault

Back Home

A Fuller Way of Living

One late afternoon toward the end of last year, Chip, Joe and I met Jack Greeley on the dock by St. Joseph's Lake. At one point in the conversation he asked us what we thought was the largest problem for Notre Dame freshmen. From our first-hand experience, we said that it was loneliness. And I don't think it surprised him much. Jack suggested that it helps a lot if you find something to work for outside of Notre Dame, of academia, of pressure, of yourself.

The Brookfield Zoo is a pretty healthy place to be, especially for the one hundred and ninety people from Logan Center who went there a couple of weeks ago. It gave them all a chance to be with friends and to give of themselves. The trip was part of the program of the ND-SMC Council for the Retarded. The student volunteers in the organization work at the Logan School for Retarded Children. The council is headed by two Notre Dame seniors, John Stelma and Jack Greeley. The sixty-five volunteers walked with the children through all the exhibits, walked up to every cage, and saw more birds, beasts, bugs and smiling, happy faces than they've seen in a long time. It wasn't only the animals that made these children happy, but even more, being with someone who cares about them and their feelings. The children are treated with dignity as well as understanding and for many of them the experience is not only rewarding,



but very novel.

The Council for the Retarded, then, improves the mental health not only of the children but also of the volunteers.

Perhaps the most obvious assistance is that which the volunteers give to the children. They see these children as ones who, although they learn more slowly than others, are still loving human beings with rights like any others. These volunteers provide a regular weekly program for the children at the school as well as take them on special outings. They give these children something that all of them deserve but would not otherwise receive. During the

week, volunteers teach swimming, bowling, basketball, music, dancing and arts and crafts, and a special recreational program is presented every Saturday. There are three major purposes in their program, the first of which is to create a social atmosphere. In this atmosphere, the children learn to come out of themselves and relate to other people freely. They experience people who love them and don't pity them. The second purpose is a therapeutic one. The volunteers bring out and supplement the skills of these children. Lastly, a recreational atmosphere allows the children simply to have fun.



The Logan Center, opened in 1969, is operated by St. Joseph County and is a regular day school during the week. One hundred and sixty children, up to age sixteen, are enrolled for an education the regular school system does not offer. The center's philosophy is that these children are slow learners and must be taught accordingly. There is no retarded child who will not benefit from some type of education, even if it consists only of sensory stimulation. When they leave Logan Center they can enter what is called the Workshop, in which they learn some kind of trade to become productive citizens. Children of all ages attend the Saturday recreation program which is run almost completely by the student volunteers.

The children who attend the Logan activities are not the profoundly and severely retarded. They are people with great potential, but it is a potential that cannot be realized without the help of concerned people. The volunteers help fill this need.

Working at Logan Center is by no means a one-way street. The volunteers also benefit immensely from the experience of working at the center. One of the people who probably appreciates this more than most is Jack Greeley.

A senior accounting major, Jack

has worked with the council since it began. The effect on his life of the people he has worked with is immeasurable. He feels that at Notre Dame there are very many lonely people. "Life in general at school presents things that are hard to accept and even harder if you're alone." The people at Logan not only give friendship and support but also the realization that his problems are "not really as bad as the Logan children. They teach you strength and patience."

"I work with them because they're being screwed by society." Most people, he feels, have a distorted concept of what retardation really is. They see these children as something less than human, deserving less than human attention. Greeley sees it differently. It is a personal challenge for him, "a challenge to bring out the 'bundle of love.'" They teach you to understand a very special kind of communication, that which is "channeled through the heart." You learn from being attuned to their communication. You "become sensitive to their touch and all they mean by it. They are children with very little hate."

Many have the image of a retarded child as a child who beats his head against a wall. To those he asks, "What else have you offered

that child to do? You created that."

There appears to be a pattern in the attitude of the volunteers at Logan. When they first begin working it is a period of questioning. Why are these children like that? There can be a sense of futility and frustration. Eventually though, a volunteer sees how "fantastically sensitive" the children are and realizes how much he is doing simply by being a friend.

It is obvious that the people of Logan Center mean a great deal to Jack Greeley. He loves the children and appreciates all the work of the volunteers. "It's been my growing process. I've met good people who have tried to help and learn. . . . I've picked up a set of values of trust, friendship, and understanding."

The volunteers at Logan Center try to give those children a sense of self-worth. In so doing they are inadvertently filling a similar need in themselves, a necessary supplement for a person in the Notre Dame community. The people at Logan Center recognize the need for love.

Jack Greeley feels there is a need to "make" a commitment outside yourself. Being committed brings problems and joys . . . and a fuller way of living."

—jim gresser

Seeking a Newer Frontier

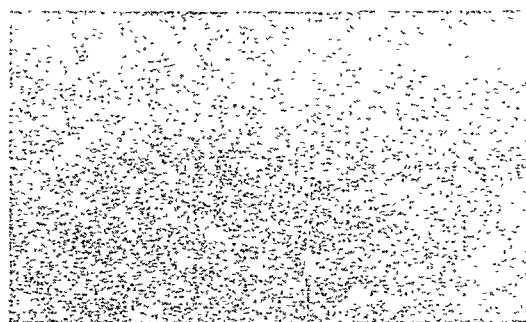
In such a bastion of intellectual liberalism and Christian good will as Notre Dame, racism is (from all appearances, at least), a highly disdained phenomenon. However, as sanctimonious as we may be in our claims of straightforwardness and pious commitments, there still exist at Notre Dame, as throughout American society, discreet but powerful racist tendencies, for it is important to remember that the term racism does not only connote overt actions of prejudice and exploitation on the basis of color. There also exists an equally dangerous but more subtle form of racism, "racism by complacency," resulting from lack of willingness to effectively change a status quo which still visibly exploits a large minority of its members.

In an attempt to deal with this problem, and in order to foster awareness among blacks in an environment which stifles their culture and clouds their identity, the New Frontier Scholastic Society was

formed. Its major purpose, as stated in a flyer passed out by the group, is

to emphasize the discussion of areas, the study of topics, and also the study and discussion of the contents of issues that lend themselves to increasing the capacity of black people to responsibly contribute to the sociopolitical environment that they share.

There have been many questions raised about the relation between the New Frontier Scholastic Society and the Society of Ujamaa. Harold Varner, president of New Frontier, explained that the two groups are separate but related, with different purposes and orientation. The Society of Ujamaa, restricted to black membership, orients itself toward the social, academic and cultural problems of university life for a black student. The New Frontier Scholastic Society, open to all students, is of a more academic nature,



seeking to develop an awareness of the problems of race and the constructive input that a black man can make to the university community and to society at large.

One of the major projects of the New Frontier Scholastic Society is to provide a forum for the discussion of topics dealing specifically with the problems of minorities in American society. The first of these



forums was held Tuesday, Nov. 7, in the Black Cultural Arts Center of LaFortune Student Center.

Having arrived 15 minutes early, I passed the time by carefully examining the room. Lining the walls are a series of posters which tell the achievements of Black Americans, past and present. There is also a group of charts and graphs explaining the economic and social progress of blacks in America in recent years. Sitting there, I felt a certain tension — possibly a sort of guilt by association, upon realizing that the reason such a center was so essential was because white American society had completely stifled black culture over the past 400 years, and was continuing to

do so.

The topic of the forum was, "Racism as a Normal Part of Academe." (I was somewhat taken aback at first by such an assertion.) It took the form of a panel discussion, the panel consisting of Dean Crosson of the College of Arts and Letters, Mr. Dean Johnson, Director of Action, Inc., and undergrad Robert McCrady of the Society of Ujamaa. The moderator was Tom McGill, a Notre Dame Law student.

The forum began with an "opening statement" by the panelists. Dean Crosson, speaking first, interpreted the topic as a question rather than an assertion, and offered a 2-pronged response. First, he explained, education mirrors the

society in which it exists. Therefore, the American educational system serves as a tool to the racist socialization processes which exist in the United States. These socialization processes aim at "Americanizing" minorities through the use of "selective study of history" (WASP history) in early years, severe pressure toward conformity in dress, language, and behavior, and a lack of recognition of the minority culture as a valuable, distinct entity. In this way, education confirms and perpetuates the white status quo by subordinating minority cultures to it through a "total socialization" process (socialization in this sense meaning adaptation to the culture and social structures of the majority).

On the other hand, insisted Dean Crosson, education can be used as an effective tool against racism when it aims at transcending ingrained social patterns and examines the limitations and prejudices of American society. Therefore, he concluded, racism is an abnormal part of academia in cases where the educational system dedicates itself to the pursuit of truth and refuses to reflect simply the biases, prejudices, and racist omissions of the past. He felt that dialogues such as the one we were engaging in were the first step toward such a pursuit of truth.

Mr. Dean Johnson then spoke of the cultural ramifications of racism. He spoke of racist attitudes in terms

of the "missionary complex," which he defined as the tendency of one people to think that their culture or values are better for other people than those other people's own culture and values. This complex, explained Mr. Johnson, is at work in our schools. African people are being taught European culture. Racism in education, therefore, is more subversive than overt. Mr. Johnson called this a "brainwashing deculturization process which starts when you first enter kindergarten." He concluded by saying that

In North America in 1972, black people are oppressed, and I believe that the educational processes and the educational institutions continue to condition and perpetuate the situation.

Robert McCrady began by asserting that "racism is a logical weapon of this system." He dispelled the common argument that the black man is merely going through the same "acceptance" process as every new minority entering America, by differentiating between "national" and "racial" oppression. The European minorities who came to America and were oppressed due to their nationality could soon adapt themselves to such a point that they became almost indistinguishable, and were soon after accepted. The black man, however, faces a more severe type of oppression, racial oppression. He cannot blend in as easily as can the European immigrant. Irishmen can lose their brogue. Black men can't lose their skin (nor would they want to, for that matter). McCrady felt that the answer to racism lies in an intense re-education process, whereby the prejudices and racist cultural standards which have existed for so long in the United States are eliminated.

In the question-and-answer period which followed, Dean Crosson revealed his plan (rejected by the Administration) to require all students to take one course in Black Studies — a forced re-education process which he felt would prove very beneficial. Mr. Johnson proposed "supplementary education" for black children within the black community, in order to develop an awareness of their culture, history

and origins. Questions and discussions continued until 9:30, when the meeting was called to a close.

At this point, the favorite question would, no doubt, be "*So what?*" This attitude, stemming from the strong pattern of apathy existing here and elsewhere, would tend to dismiss such an event as either: 1. an obscure page-filler for the next day's newspaper, or 2. a waste of time. Quite to the contrary, though, such a forum is of great importance to every member of the university community. Washing one's hands of racial guilt is an easy thing to do — one only has to deny any overt racist behavior to remain clear of conscience in all questions of race. But, as we have seen, racism goes much deeper than burning crosses and separate washrooms, and, as long as racism continues to flourish in America, every white American is, to some extent, guilty of racism by complacency. The point, though, is not that every "right-thinking" citizen should search out the overt racists in our society and eliminate them. This would be absurd, and it furthermore would not eliminate racism, which is deeply ingrained in our culture and behavior. However, every citizen can attempt to understand and deal with the latent racist tendencies which exist in all of us. The first step toward understanding is awareness. The first step toward awareness is dialogue.

I remember walking along 118th Street in Spanish Harlem, one day back in Junior year of high school, on the way to visit a friend. Near the corner of 118th Street and 2nd Avenue, a cluster of tenements were being torn down to make room for new low-income housing. On the side of one of the tenements about to be knocked down was a familiar quote, probably put there by a member of the Emmaus community a few blocks away. In red paint was scrawled: "There is no inevitability as long as there is willingness to contemplate what is happening." Racism is not inevitable. Its best friend, however, is complacency.

All are invited to attend the next forum on November 28 in the Black Cultural Arts Center, on the second floor of LaFortune. Please come!

—kerry mcnamara

A call is being raised for help. The call, originating from psychiatric wards, is loud, though not necessarily intelligible. It may resemble gibberish or a moan of despair. However, it demands attention.

MANASA provides help for the people who raise this call. As a student chapter of the Mental Health Association of St. Joseph County, MANASA is an organization of volunteers who work in established mental health programs. The largest and longest-running of these programs is located at the Northern Indiana Children's Hospital (NICH).

Founded in 1950, NICH was originally intended as a treatment and rehabilitation center for the crippled. But, its function was confined to work with the mentally retarded in 1961. Bob Burn, a senior who heads the NICH program, explains that the hospital itself is divided into three main wards. The North Ward has patients with physical disabilities as well as mental retardation. The South Ward houses those children who suffer from profound mental retardation, yet who are very active. The Sunshine House is for those children who are less severely retarded.

MANASA has contributed to all three by supplying workers to be guided by the Hospital staff. In the North Ward, the work of the volunteers consists of helping the patients to regain physical coordination. For example, they learn how to walk or grasp objects in their hands. The volunteers and hospital staffers in the South Ward teach the children to speak and to care for themselves. However, MANASA has made its greatest contribution in the Sunshine House.

Manasa Provides

The children in the Sunshine House, unlike the patients in the other two wards, exist in an actual living situation. The volunteers are expected to interact socially with the children. Hopefully, these children will someday re-enter actual society.

This social interaction is highly dependent on the environment where the children live. MANASA instituted last year a \$1,700 program to convert a living room into a comfortable lounge and play area for the patients. They placed carpeting on the floor, put a fresh coat of paint on the walls and hung drapes on the room's huge 40-foot window. Colorful graphics were drawn on the walls. The room's new decor attracted the children.

One of MANASA's other functions is to provide volunteers for the "Hot Line." This 24-hour telephone line gives people the opportunity to talk to a MANASA member about their problems—without mentioning their names. Approximately 45 volunteers staff the "Hot Line." Twenty-five of these volunteers are either Notre Dame or St. Mary's students.

Rick Figliola, a 20-year-old junior who has been with the program since his freshman year, says that the main job of the volunteers is to listen. With a little experience, the "Hot Line" volunteer can easily detect the caller's emotion. This information coupled with what the volunteer learns during the actual conversation enables him to lend moral support and try to help the caller. A volunteer may refer the caller to a specific agency which can offer him professional help. Local psychiatrists frequently review rec-

ords of the calls on the "Hot Line."

However, a "Hot Line" volunteer is not an amateur. He or she attends a basic training program consisting of six three-hour sessions. In these sessions, factual material on such subjects as sex, drugs and suicide are presented to the volunteers. At the conclusion of these sessions, a prospective "Hot Line" listener is interviewed by the program's founder, Joanne Hill, a South Bend resident. If she approves of the "trainee," the volunteer is required to listen in on several actual "Hot Line" calls to familiarize himself with the procedure. Only then is he permitted to answer the calls himself.

The "Hot Line" listeners range in age from 17-40. Some of them are South Bend residents. The calls are strictly confidential. A listener is not permitted to meet a caller face to face. The program's director doesn't want men using the line to get dates with the female volunteers. Also, a listener can never tell how serious or impaired is the mental condition of the caller. Volunteers are liable to expulsion from the program if they do attempt to communicate with callers off the "Hot Line."

Another program in which MANASA is involved is the Halfway House. This program is designed to help former psychiatric patients adjust to society. Twelve former patients from Beatty Hospital, a state asylum, are enrolled in the program. These men, whose ages range from 22 to 40, have no family or friends. They live with a sociology graduate student in a house on South Michigan street. The student sees that

the house's operation runs smoothly and that the men get any medication that they need. A hired cook prepares meals. Two St. Mary's sociology students also help with the program.

The Halfway House attempts to get the men to become active and involved with other people in society. Therefore, many activities in the House are social. Parties and dances are frequent.

The program has demonstrated some success. After a few months, most of the men are able to leave the House. Some remain longer, but eventually readjust to society.

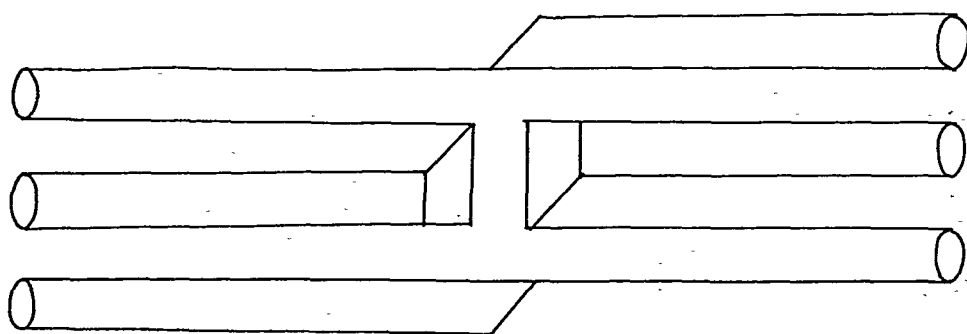
A fourth program in which volunteers from MANASA work is the Social Club. Run by the Mental Health Center of South Bend, mental patients gather weekly at a house on Colfax which has been converted into a Day Care center. Twenty patients are involved.

A fifth program is in the offing. Student volunteers hope to establish a program similar to the one occurring at NICH at the South Bend Memorial Hospital.

Within the framework of these existing programs, MANASA has its own objectives. The volunteers of MANASA feel that mental illness is a problem in our society which many people don't recognize. And it is a problem that often defies description. They urge people to work with the problem, to have the experience of helping a mentally retarded child or adult. MANASA simply provides a structure in which someone interested in the problem of mental health can give his interest concrete expression.

—*mike king*

week in distortion



THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S (PART TWO)

The state with the lowest marriage age is New Hampshire. There a 14-year-old boy can marry a 13-year-old girl, if the courts and parents approve it.

WHEN THE PIE HITS YOUR FACE

The president of the University of Hartford accepted a challenge to duel with a student leader at high noon Monday on the campus. The weapons were custard pies at three feet.

The university president, a Doctor Woodruff, had commented on how well students were behaving themselves lately. Eric Litsky, the student association chairman, replied through the school weekly that it might be a good idea to let off some steam. It was at this point that Dr. Woodruff suggested the pie duel.

Aren't you glad we don't have any of this nonsense at Notre Dame?

I WAS FATHER TED'S BATMAN

We have a report that the first bat-kill of the year has been scored. The bat, it seems, was doing its thing in the large circular area directly beneath the Golden Dome. Father Shilts, who happened to be in the area, grabbed a broom, swung and connected. It's not often that you score by batting a bat.

GO HOME, AMERICA

Kersten was sitting in his office on election night, listening to the returns. As the results for Ohio were announced, the phone began to ring, whereupon Bob answered it. "This is the President," the voice on the other end of the line announced. "You are no longer king."

"V FOR VOTE, 2 FOR TWICE"

Now that the female members of the Notre Dame student body have

received double representation, other "minority groups" are pressuring for the same treatment.

Michael Carl Goetz, a SLC (Scientific Leadership Coalition) member, noted in a statement released today that "science majors are being discriminated against in the present order of things." He added that, because of long laboratory hours, science majors are not able to participate fully in Student Government functions.

He then proceeded to list a few advantages that would result from increased scientific representation on Student Government bodies:

- Science majors would bring an outlook to student government complementary to that of the Arts and Letters majors currently in control. It would also provide an opportunity for "meaningful dialogue."

- The application of the scientific method to the problems of student government would prove to have distinct advantages. "I have always found a firm grasp of addition and subtraction to be of great help to me in my Physics courses, and have no doubts that it would prove just as beneficial in manipulating student government finances," Goetz maintained. He revealed that he is working on a unique vector system code with which to keep track of finances, among many other innovations.

- The cultural advantages of tokenism. According to Scientific Leadership Coalition members, the present system violates the McGovern quota system.

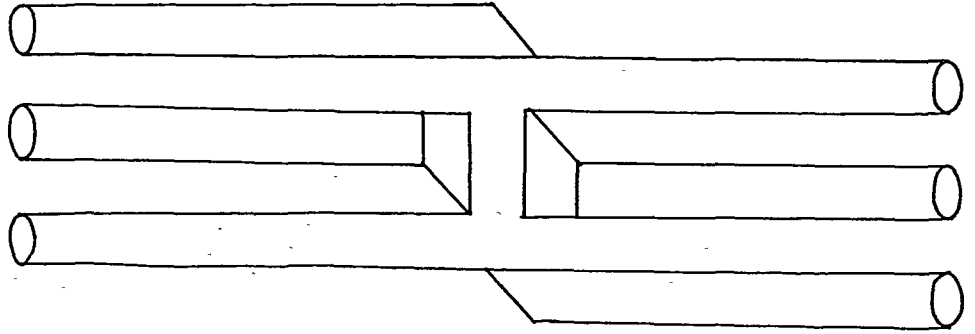
The Coalition also released a set of demands that, while not non-negotiable, would "make them feel more at home." While the goal of mixed dorms with science majors and others living side-by-side has been realized, demands included the following:

- Special facilities in the Rockne Building and at the A.C.C. for science majors.

- Separate lavatories for science majors with hot and cold running water, air, gas and vacuum connections.

- Special services at the infirmary for "problems unique to science majors."

The coalition is also expected to request an extra seat on the Board of Commissioners shortly.



FAR OUT, MAN . . .

According to the "Yomiuri Shim-bun," a Japanese newspaper, the People's Republic of China purchased three Moog Synthesizers, apparently under the misapprehension that the Moog is a device for creating artificial life.

AFRICAN BULLETIN

So you thought South Africa was bad? In Senegal they just passed a law providing for a life term at hard labor for some first-offense cattle rustlers and the death penalty for repeaters.

You don't rustle cattle three times in Senegal.

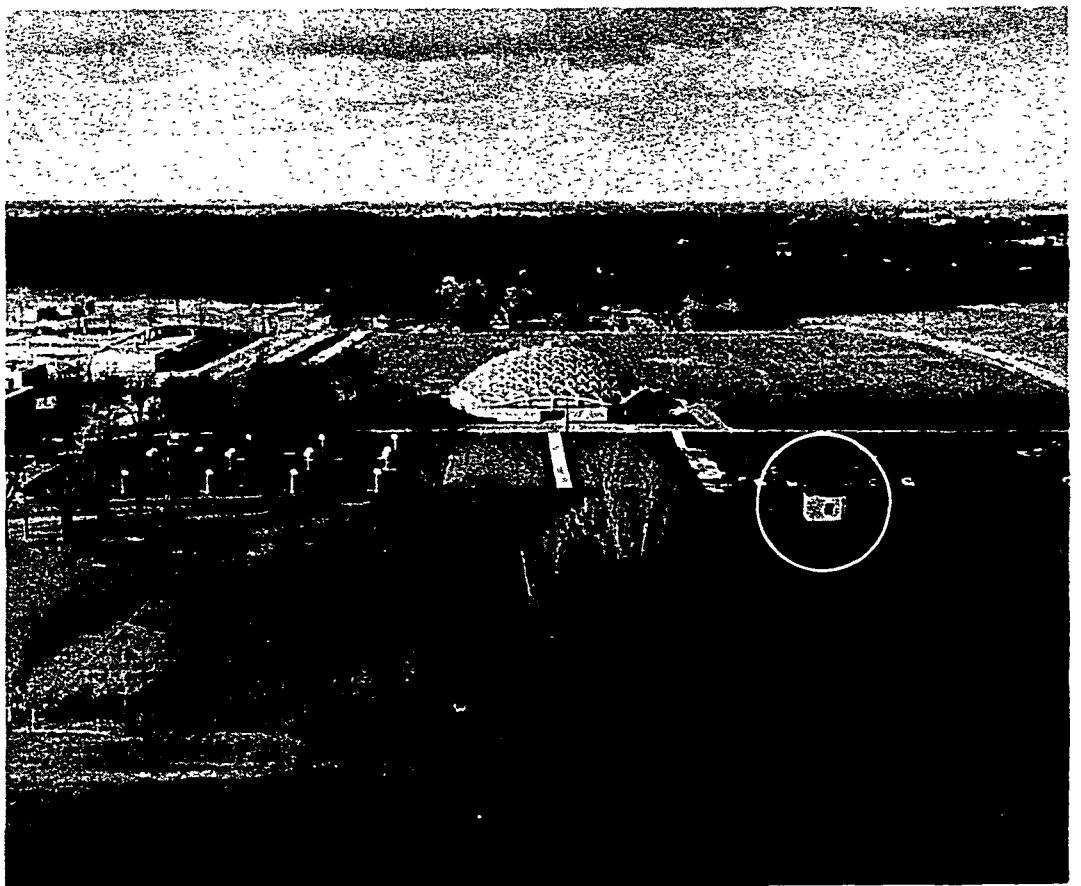
RUMOR

The following reportedly slipped out from under the door of the Office of Student Residence: "In order to encourage students to move off campus, Flanner and Grace will be combined into a single dorm which will be built on the same site. The new dorm, to be known as Flanner O'Grace Hall, will house six freshmen. Other dorm residents will be requested to consider off-campus alternatives."

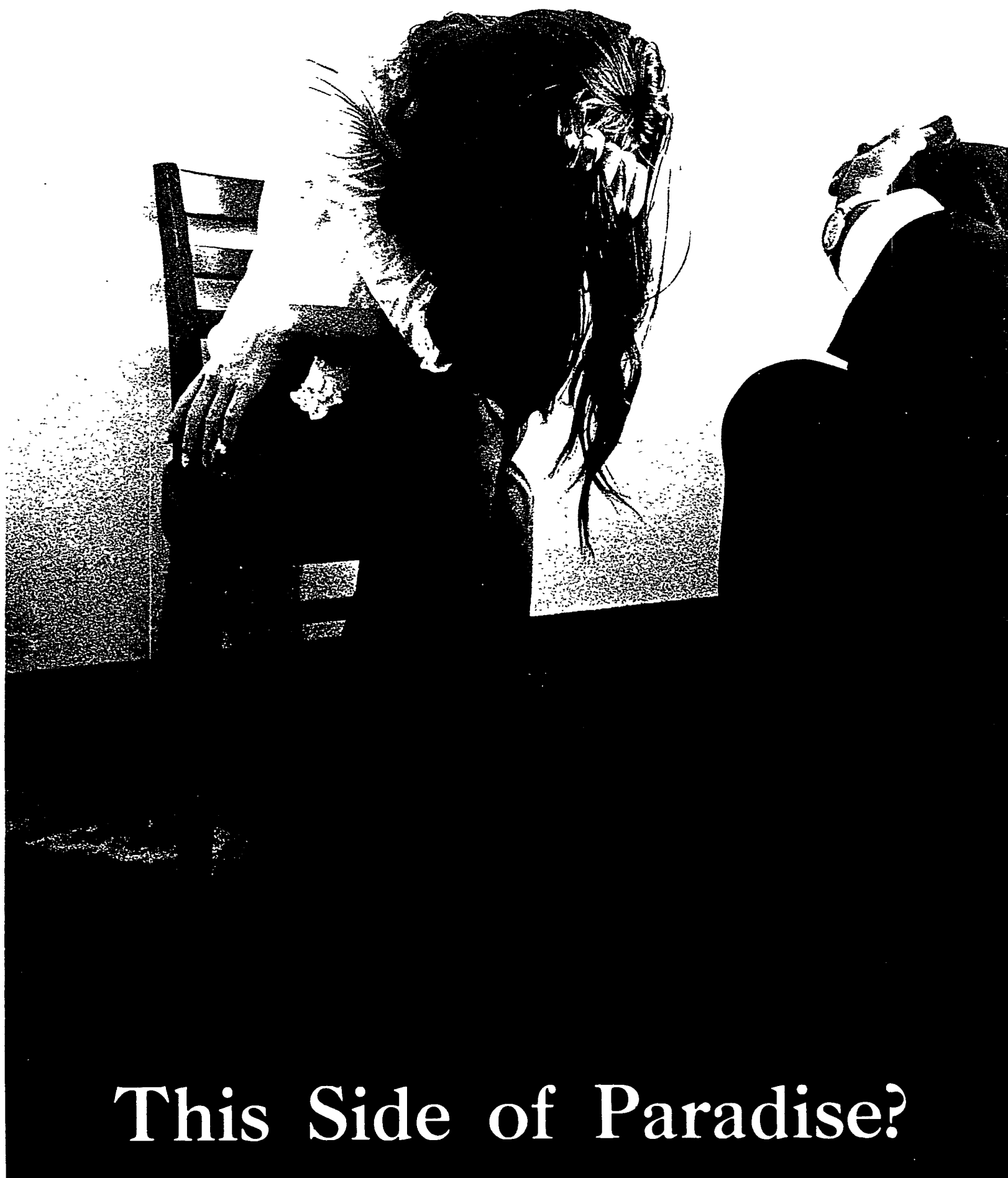
The action reportedly came in response to a statement by a high Administration official: "I'd rather see Flanner and Grace disappear than see them go coed."

THEY SAID IT, WE DIDN'T

The orange posters taped up around the campus this week advertised a discussion sponsored by Campus Ministry. The heading was simply this: "Human Sexuality and the Notre Dame Student: two viewpoints."



FLANNER O'GRACE HALL



This Side of Paradise?

I

It was your freshman year. Orientation week. Your second night at Notre Dame and your first section meeting. That was when you first met Henry.

He struck you immediately. Not because of his thick glasses or small stature, but because of his conspicuous quiet. Call it shyness, call it aloofness: neither was quite accurate. Even at that first meeting he stuck out, sitting, alone, apart from the other bodies sprawled on the corridor floor, talking.

You found out then that Henry lived two rooms down the hall from you. And you got to know his roommate after a few weeks. But you never really got to know Henry, other than to say hello when you passed him. His roommate didn't seem to get to know him either, really. He was the mystery man of the section, and you all referred to him as the "phantom."

And so the year wore on. Your first battery of final exams approached, and the first wet snowfall covered the ground during one night in November. Henry remained a mystery. He didn't come to any more section meetings, he didn't even go to the Thanksgiving section party. He always ate his meals by himself, and still no one really knew him, not even your best friend, his roommate.

Christmas vacation was great; you spent a lot of time with your girlfriend. Your first semester at ND was under your belt: you had gotten your first pink slip and your first A on a paper for English comp. The

grueling week of exams was past and forgotten.

Second semester began and passed more quickly than the first. Dismal days of February, Mardi Gras, traveling snow-covered highways home for Easter vacation, and your first weekend in Chicago. Five more months, and you were a seasoned veteran of Notre Dame. And there was Henry.

The next fall, when you exchanged greetings with friends, you missed Henry. You missed him three times that semester.

II

Psychologists argue about mental illness. Freudians insist upon a cause rooted in experiences, usually sexual experiences, early in the development of the child. Behaviorists call it learned behavior, learned by the positive and negative reinforcements, reward and punishment that are the environmental products of any behavior. Humanistic or existential psychologists speak in terms of alienation or blocking of the innate drive toward self-actualization. The biologically-oriented psychologist tells you that it's all in the genes.

Experts cannot even agree on what is a good description of mental illness. Diagnoses of psychiatric patients will vary considerably from doctor to doctor. Confounding the question further is the confusion and debate about creativity and mental health/unhealth, and the relationship between the two. The late Ezra Pound spent 12 years in St. Elizabeth's psychiatric

This Side of Paradise?

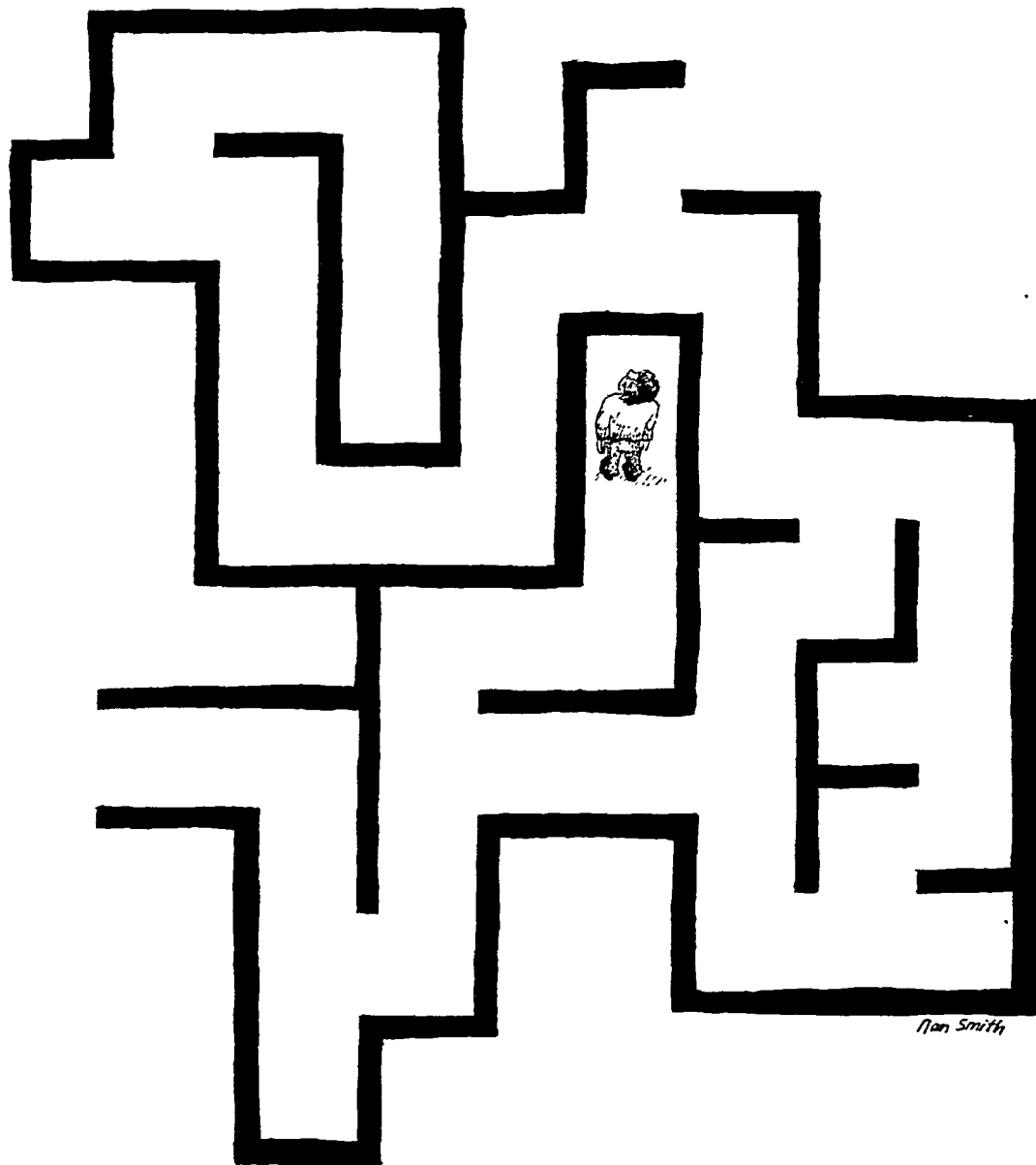
normalcy is culturally determined

hospital in Washington; Vincent Van Gogh was diagnosed a paranoid schizophrenic; Robert Schumann was known to have written many of his best symphonic compositions in the depths of what would today be considered a psychotic depression. The line between creativity and pathology seems to be a fine one indeed!

Anthropologists cast further haze over the discussion, for what is considered normal—even healthy—in one culture is often considered pathological in another. The mourning process of certain tribal groups in Nigeria consists of entry into a state that alternately resembles catatonia and hysteria, accompanied by a complete abstinence from food and liquids.

The question of the differences between cultural attitudes toward mental health and mental illness carries with it an important implication: normalcy and abnormalcy seem to be in large part culturally determined, distinguished by the values of the particular society. When, then, does one make the attitudinal distinction between a respect for individual eccentricities and pathological behavior? And who has the right to make such a distinction? Can we say our modern American society can be considered in any way a good judge of what is good and what is bad, what has value and what does not, what is normal and what is abnormal? Controversial psychiatrist R. D. Laing says certainly *not* in his contention that the schizophrenic is one of the healthiest individuals in a sick society. Freud suggested many of the same ideas in condemning western society as, at best, neurotic, and in effect preventing *anyone* from avoiding neurosis.

Is there, then, no basis at all for judging whether a person needs some sort of help for emotional disturbance? Is there perhaps no need for such help at all? Maybe the question becomes less muddled when one strolls down a corridor in a psychiatric hospital and sees the unmistakable terror in the sedated faces. Or when one talks to a former psychiatric patient recalling his experiences. Or when one reads a poem entitled "Falling Leaves" by a 17-year-old girl hospitalized in Cleveland for "schizophrenia." (The image was one of a leaf, the last leaf on a tree, falling, falling at last to the barren winter ground. This same girl told me of her father's death when she was little, of how hard it was when she and her mother moved to Ohio. She told me of a girlfriend in grade school making an announcement in class one day, inviting everyone in the class to a birthday party—everyone except her. And she told me how she cried almost every day because all the people her own age considered her "different.") Maybe the best way of all to answer those questions is to think of the most bitter loneliness, the most insufferable sense of alienation one has ever felt himself.



III

It always begins with a confusion. Nothing seems to make sense, the world is a chaos, and you begin to feel afraid. There must be more; who has *not* felt that confusion, and who has *not* been afraid because of it? The confusion increases, nothing *really* makes sense, and you begin to be *really* afraid. You begin to feel a panic.

It always begins that way. Where it goes then is difficult to predict. Maybe you become very depressed, and more depressed. You don't want to study, and you don't. You don't want to eat. You don't even want to get out of bed. You don't want to see anyone or talk to anyone, and even if you did, there would be no one, no one in the whole world to listen.

But then, maybe you do not become depressed. Maybe, in fact, you become happy. Talkative. Maybe you study more and more, all the time. Keep yourself

busy, busy, keep moving. Talking all the time. And you probably haven't even noticed the change in yourself. And no one bothers to tell you that you seem to have changed, or to ask if anything is bothering you.

The expressions of mental illness are as diversified as are personalities. And so psychiatrists give us terms: neurosis and psychosis; schizophrenic (simple, hebephrenic, catatonic, paranoid); hysteric; depressive; manic-depressive. Diversity, variety—and confusion. There does seem to be one aspect that does make sense of it all, however, one factor that underlies the many different expressions—anxiety.

IV

Anxiety is the cornerstone of all psychopathology. Its presence signals danger—to one's security, to one's psychological safety, to one's self-esteem, to one's sense of well-being . . . The most important symptoms of

for some the university becomes a surrogate mother

mental illness are maneuvers to cope with anxiety . . .

Anxiety may be defined as an unpleasant emotional state cued off by the presence of a threat and associated with subjective feelings of tension and apprehension. Physiological changes resulting from anxiety . . . include pupillary dilation, palmar perspiration, increased heart rate, and rapid respiration. (Suinn, Fundamentals of Behavior Pathology)

V

We must talk of Notre Dame. We must talk of mental health at Notre Dame. And when we talk of mental health, we must also talk of anxiety at Notre Dame.

The University of Notre Dame is a small residential school located in north central Indiana. It has a total enrollment of 8,400, including about 350 women admitted in this the first year of the school's coeducational status.

Renowned in non-academic circles for its perennially powerful football team, the school is considered academically superior. One drawback, according to many students, is the lack of social activity. This is undoubtedly due in part to the primarily male environment, as well as to the school's relatively isolated location. Observers have noted what is a rather surprisingly high frequency of drinking, and the use of drugs

has become significantly more prevalent in the last four years.

Drinking, drugs, preoccupation with the male machismo . . . questionable mental health can take subtle forms. Is the Notre Dame environment particularly conducive to emotional instability?

Focus for a minute on the Notre Dame student. We find that, usually, he has been fed through the Catholic educational system, beginning with grade school taught by a primarily religious faculty, followed by four years in a Catholic, all male or all-female high school. He is usually of greater than average intelligence, but we find often that, because of his limited background, his ability to interact socially with members of the opposite sex is rather severely limited. Sexual experience is often restricted to brief and impersonal contacts. Situations demanding a deeper level of interaction are frequently known to produce a great deal of anxiety; more often than not a Notre Dame male simply does not know how to respond. The permanent effects of a continuation of such narrow experience in a nearly all-male institution remain unclear and difficult to predict. Perhaps removal from such an environment and more experience in a healthier heterosexual environment will teach the Notre Dame graduate to interact on a deeper and more significant level with greater ease; perhaps, however, the effects will prove to be more lasting.

The Notre Dame student seems to have significantly more demands placed upon him to excel, to surpass. The Admissions Department is quick to boast of the impressive percentage of students who were student body presidents, varsity football players, high school newspaper editors, and who had SAT scores totaling over 1200. Nearly all were pre-eminent in one way or another during their high school careers; their parents expect the same sort of pre-eminence in college, and usually the students themselves do as well. The difficulty is that, amid the keener competition of college, and especially of Notre Dame, the vast majority are no longer capable of surpassing their peers.

Many departments of the University still retain their emphasis on grades as indices of performance. Competition for *the grade* becomes keen, insidious; failure to get *the grade* can be traumatic.

Notre Dame, in a very real sense, is a protective environment — a warm, humid womb, from which separation is often difficult and painful. The protection is, for most students, continuation of a long history of protection. A sort of protection can be very good, provided that it prepares the individual for the time when the protection is no longer available. The only measure of this particular effect of Notre Dame is the number of graduates who are well prepared to face a questionably healthy society, by their final independence, versus the number who have become so dependent upon the protection afforded by the University they cannot separate themselves from her or cannot function well and independently afterward. These are the ones for whom the school has become a surrogate mother and who will likely be seeking surrogate mothers the rest of their lives. If this is the effect of the Notre Dame environment on a significant number of its students, then the environment needs desperately to be changed.



VI

It is difficult to deny that there are factors in the Notre Dame environment, and in some cases peculiar to the Notre Dame environment, that are particularly conducive to emotional distress. Fortunately, there are members of the N.D.-S.M.C. community who are ready and willing to help those caught in the insidious bid of this pressure. Five percent of the students have found that distress to be acute enough to prompt them to seek the professional help of the Psychological Services Center, many more the aid of the Counseling Services. And one must wonder how many are really in need of such outside help, but either do not know that it exists or do not know where to get it.

In fact, it would seem that Notre Dame does have the resources for helping people who find themselves in emotional distress—perhaps more resources than most universities. But official sources of help cannot be finally adequate. Without a community of people who are educated and sensitive to the seriousness and prevalence of emotional disturbance, they can hope to be little more than the little finger in the hole of a tide-besieged dike.

VII

The other day, a thought occurred to you. Whatever did happen to Henry?



Greg Stidham

No Mean

Depression . . . Confusion . . . Isolation and Chaos . . . Surrounded by so many troubles . . . Are there any answers? Where to turn, where to go—

Everyone questions, everyone has doubts. Self-evaluation is necessary for personal growth and good mental health. Yet, time seems to move so quickly that new experiences, ideas, thoughts, and life patterns flood our consciousness, escaping before we have a chance to examine and assimilate them. College is a critical period in the development of identity; restrictions are no longer imposed by others, but are largely determined by the individual. A student must budget his own time, establish his personal priorities and re-examine his values. He is exposed to new ideas and life styles which challenge former conviction. Loneliness, self-doubt, development of sexual identity, self-loathing, vocational confusion and the formation of interpersonal relationships are no mean dragons. Truly, people need help in confronting these issues. When the awareness of need gives birth to a desire for assistance, the realization that guidance is necessary and the seeking of that guidance must not entail feelings of shame or disgrace. It is a major step towards solving problems.

Mental health is a psychological state of well-being. Too often, people only conceive of mental health in terms of insanity, psychosis, neurosis or madness. Safety resides in hyperbole and, for an ill-informed public, extremity is a secure resting place where opin-

ionated generalities substitute for fact. We are all mentally unhealthy at times and all have trouble coping with ourselves and the world around us.

Fortunately, Notre Dame offers several facilities, which are open to all members of our community. Among these are Campus Ministry, Psychology Services, the Counseling Center and the rectors and resident assistants in the halls. They aid the individual in defining and improving his mental health.

Campus Ministry, under the direction of Fr. Bill Toohey, C.S.C., views good mental health as being contingent upon the acceptance of one's own self and one's fellow man, in relation to God. This service operates on the principle that all men are affected by two forces—the creative force of love and the destructive force of “unlove.” Men are balanced between these two poles: wanting to love, to trust others, and being always afraid of encountering disdain because of past betrayal and rejection. Campus Ministry helps those students who come to talk to the staff to discover a balance between the spiritual, emotional, and intellectual aspects of their lives. It counsels them in areas concerning self concepts, vocations, and marriage so that they can open and share themselves with others.

Campus Ministry feels that college should not be seen merely as job training; rather, as personal development.

Dragons

At times, students' problems are deeper than Campus Ministry can handle or of such a nature that it would be more beneficial for the individual to be helped by professionals. These people are then referred to one of the other services on campus. If for some reason the student would prefer to see someone not connected with the university, arrangements can be made within the South Bend area.

Located in the infirmary, another service available on campus is the Psychological Services Center. Headed by Fr. Ralph Dunn C.S.C., this organization tries to help people evaluate their personal problems. Since each person lives in a state of flux—that transitional stage from childhood to adulthood—no attempt is made, or can be made, to completely define all aspects of a person's personality. The people on the staff try to help each individual realize and understand the difficulty he faces at that particular time. Usually, only a few visits are necessary. The average number is about six. Occasionally, long-term treatments are needed. Almost all counseling is on a one-to-one basis. Due to scheduling and continuity difficulties experienced with group therapy in a college situation, psychotherapy, if needed, can also be employed to help the student. All consultation is kept strictly confidential. Therefore, no one should be hesitant in approaching this service. Making an appointment is simple: a student may either call or walk in. In an emergency situation, someone is always available for an immediate conference.

During the first meeting, the student is interviewed and, if he consents, is given a preliminary series of tests. These tests can then be helpful in evaluating the student's situation. In semi-weekly conferences, the cases are reviewed and chosen by various counselors. When the student inquires about his second meeting, he makes the appointment with his permanent advisor.

Sometimes a person experiences a problem so serious that he is academically or emotionally incapacitated. In such cases, he may then be hospitalized or sent home for psychiatric treatment. Many do return to the university after a semester or two when their problem has been resolved. Actually, Notre Dame has to hospitalize a significantly smaller percentage of people than do the larger state universities. This seems to be due to the "supportive environment" found here: most students feel that people within the university care about each other.

An overwhelming majority of those who visit the Psychological Services Center come of their own volition and are motivated by the feeling that they could be developing and growing in a better way than they are now.

The Counseling Center, which is directed by Sheridan P. McCabe, assisted by Paul G. Banikiotes and Fr. Daniel M. Boland C.S.C., provides trained workers in counseling and psychology to aid the student in understanding himself. This staff directs the individual in any academic, vocational, or personal problems he may encounter during his years at Notre Dame. Services provided include guidance in choosing a major, occupational information, and testing programs. Also, the center sponsors and directs co-ed encounter groups that explore interpersonal relationships and emotions. Counseling requires confidence, trust, and support; the center attempts to foster such a rapport between the counselor and student. The privacy of the individual is always respected. Through the self-understanding acquired from these sessions, the student is usually able to reach his own solutions to the dilemma.

Perhaps the most readily available help to the student is that of the resident assistants (R.A.). Although they are not trained as counselors, they strive to be perceptive. It is their job to sense problems before they become too serious. More importantly, they relate as a friend to the students, and attempt to create an atmosphere of sharing, concern and involvement within the dorm. The R.A. is supposed to be a "good listener," one who is willing to help settle minor conflicts. However, any major psychological problems are referred to the professional services on campus.

some merely slide through their lives

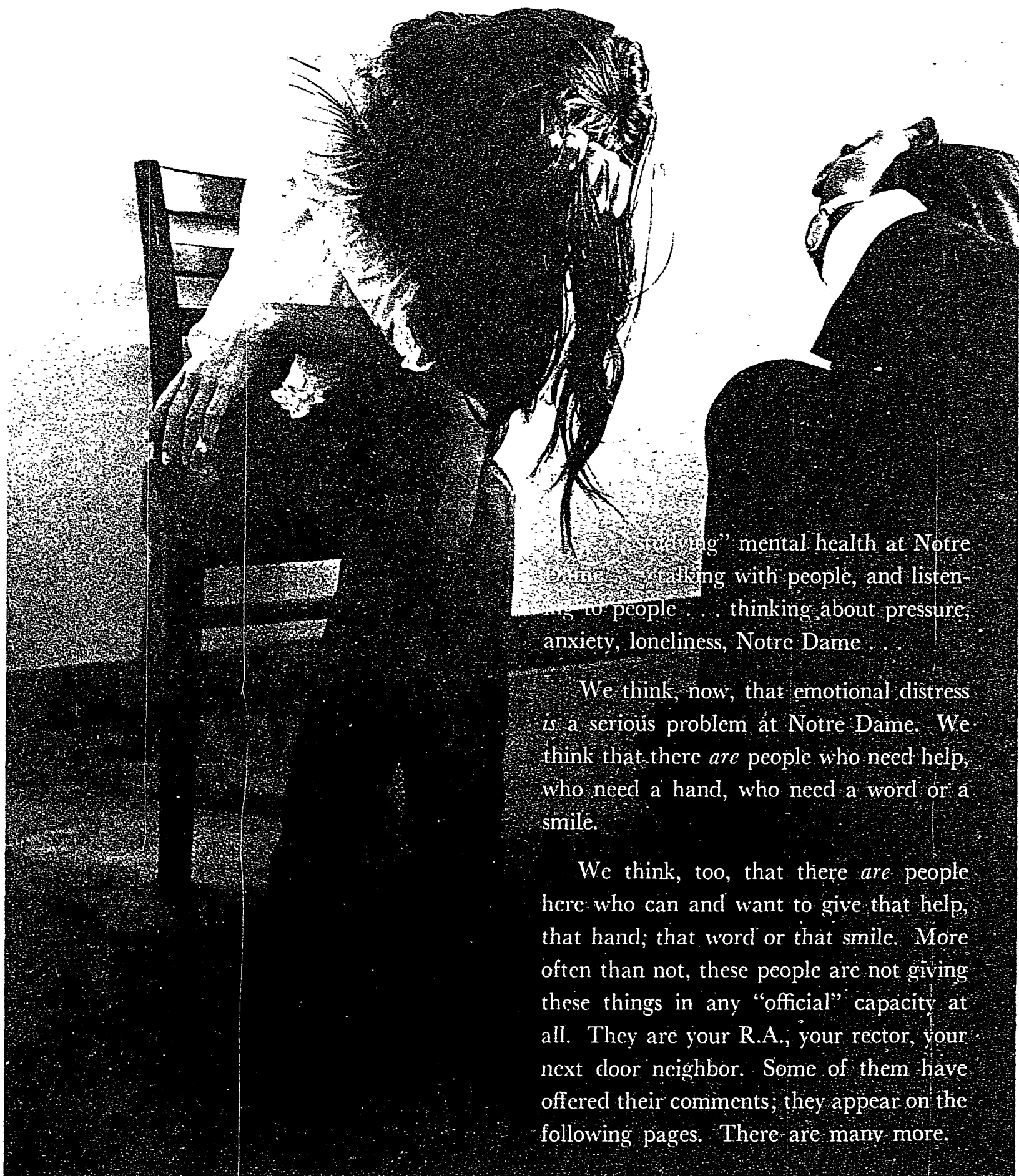
Fr. James F. Flanigan C.S.C., Acting Associate Vice-President for Student Affairs, directs the resident assistant selection program. Eligible for this position are law students, graduate students or qualified seniors. The criterion consists of personal interviews, recommendations, which are drawn from the students and faculty, an application, and a "position paper" (a short statement of the applicant's philosophy and view of the role of a R.A.) are the main requirements for all candidates. A review board weighs this information and the resident assistants are then selected.

Mental health constantly fluctuates within people. Everyone feels depressed, confused or isolated sometime in his life. There are many forms of escape. Some students use alcohol or drugs in an attempt to avoid their inner turmoils. Others may just slide through their lives by existing within routiness and never stopping to evaluate their directions. Self-examination is periodically necessary to determine one's mental health. The university offers excellent facilities for guidance. It is up to the individual to take advantage of them.

All services are open to all members of the academic community:

<i>Campus Ministry</i>	6536
<i>First Floor Library</i>	
<i>Counseling Center</i>	1717
<i>Administration Bldg., Room 315</i>	
<i>Infirmery (emergencies)</i>	7497
<i>Psychological Services Center</i>	7336
<i>Infirmery</i>	

Mary Siegel
Sally Stanton



... "staying" mental health at Notre Dame ... talking with people, and listening to people ... thinking about pressure, anxiety, loneliness, Notre Dame ...

We think, now, that emotional distress is a serious problem at Notre Dame. We think that there *are* people who need help, who need a hand, who need a word or a smile.

We think, too, that there *are* people here who can and want to give that help, that hand; that word or that smile. More often than not, these people are not giving these things in any "official" capacity at all. They are your R.A., your rector, your next door neighbor. Some of them have offered their comments; they appear on the following pages. There are many more.



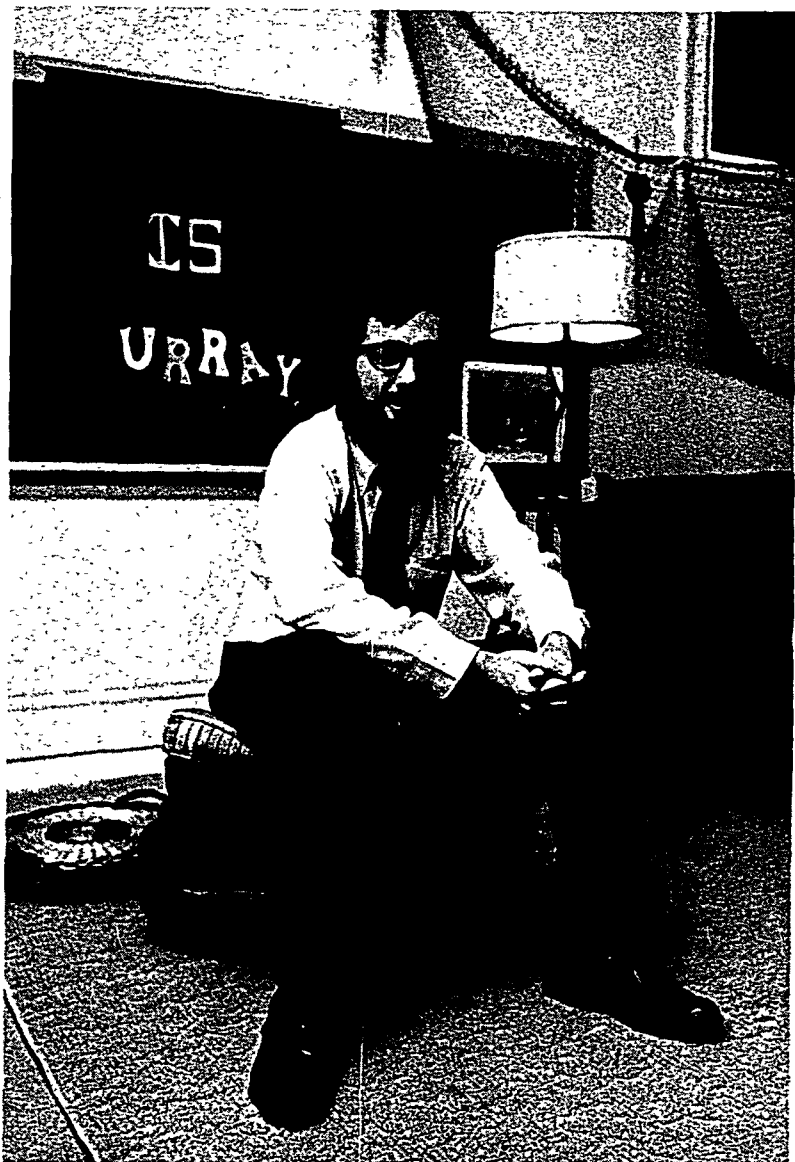
Armand Cerbone / Assistant Rector, Stanford Hall

How do I see myself and what I do? I believe that as a counselor, I offer a special kind of relationship to the person who comes to me for help within which that person and I can explore and change these areas of personality or those ways of relating we both see as needing change. I also feel that such a relationship presents us both with a stimulus toward growth beyond rehabilitation only. To be a bit figurative, in addition to tune-ups and overhauls, as a counselor I am interested in design improvement, too. Lastly (I don't know how better to say it), I enjoy my work.



Jane Pitz / Assistant Rector, Walsh Hall

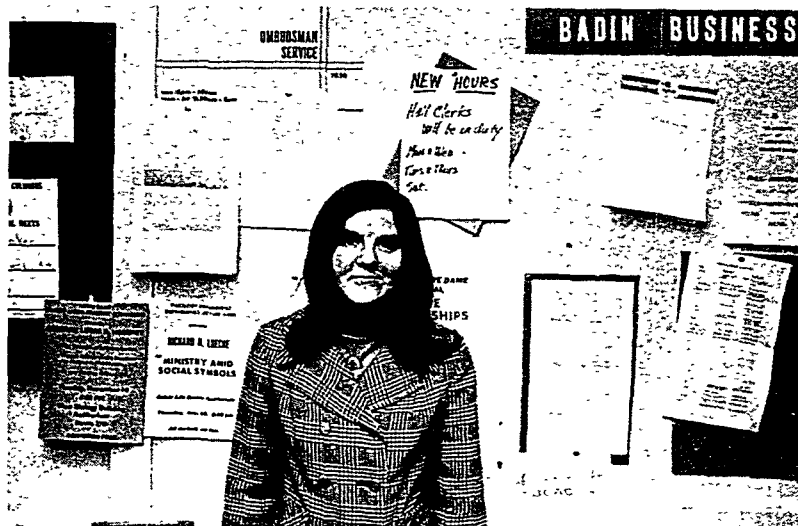
... I don't think of myself as a "counselor" ... it's more of a listening thing ... someone comes into the room and while looking at South Bend's first snow-fall asks, "Well, what happens now?" ... "I'm glad you're not one of my teachers, this way we can be neighbors" ... "you've got a great couch" ... "it's nice to come in and just sit in here" ... small talk — most of us would judge these statements ... and not great problems which need the help of a counselor to wade through ... so I'm not a counselor to most of the persons who stop by or ask me to stop by ... but after all, most of the people most of the time aren't wrestling with overwhelming problems ... mental health isn't only the condition of a person who has become so immersed in a problem that he can't pull himself out ... it isn't a term used only in reference to an office where you find patient and doctor ... it's the well-being of the human person next door to you ... the person walking in front of you on a rainy morning ... it's your own peace of mind and your friend's ... it's looking for the piece of yourself that's missing ... it's coming to like yourself ... and it's maintaining most of the time by the ordinary relationships which come about every day ... in making time for small talk and clearing a path so that sometime if a problem does happen to threaten peace and stability, it may be an easy step instead of a huge leap to finding trust and a "great couch" and a "neighbor."



Father Roger Cormier / St. Mary's Campus Ministry

"I want to offer students time and room to be, feel and express themselves, to provide a warm climate of their feelings and needs, integrate new experiences, deal with personal issues, with immediate and ultimate concerns, and where they can get in touch with the religious dimension in human life, with the God who calls us to life in every human experience.

"The many contacts and conversations come sometimes rapid-fire, almost always without forewarning, at all levels of seriousness and emotion, in ongoing or intermittent relationships. The conversation often consists in developmental counseling about academic, religious, relational and vocational concerns. I try to help students to grow in self-awareness, to deal with problems of emotional turmoil and confusion, to integrate new experiences. In a sense they come for spiritual direction, to raise the ultimate questions in life, to discover hope and meaning and their calling to become their best selves on the threshold of adult convictions and life commitments." *Courier*, Spring, 1971, p. 10.



Kathy Cekanski / Rector, Badin Hall

I feel that the University has developed a good framework of facilities to deal with personal problems of the students of the campus community. Problems arise, however, in implementing these services and, more specifically, in breaking down the barriers which inhibit a particular individual from availing herself or himself of the services which the University has to offer.

Initially, I see several areas basically concerned about the development of the individual "mentally"—for lack of a better word—the individual staffs of each residence hall, Psychological Services Department located in the Infirmary, the Counseling Center located in the Administration Building, and the Office of Campus Ministry. I think each area indicated is equipped and staffed with individuals competent in their fields of expertise and willing to offer help. Better communication as to what the Psychological Services Department and the Counseling Center has to offer may help in presenting a less foreboding and intimidating atmosphere.

As Rector, I've found that if an individual really needs help, whether it be with academics or more personal intimate problems, there must be a realization on the part of the individual involved that there is a problem, and that he or she must decide whether he can work it out by himself, or whether he should perhaps swallow some of his own self-pride and seek help from others. It's a tough decision to make and just to help knock down this barrier alone would be quite an achievement.

By communicating that the people involved in these different areas are concerned, and do care, and are willing to help, to listen, and hopefully provide guidance and encouragement, is what is needed. This, I believe, is the touchstone to "helping others help themselves."



George Lough / St. Mary's Counseling Services

My feeling is that the college counseling center should be a place where a student can come for help with any kind of problem. The student should be able to feel comfortable about coming there because he/she knows that what he says is confidential and that he will be treated both with respect and intelligent concern.

Sue Bennett / Assistant Rector, Badin Hall

There are times in the life of a student at Notre Dame when pressures or problems can make it difficult to function academically and socially. The relationships we have with people who care and are willing to help are the greatest source of support at these times. There are situations, however, when it would be good to talk things over with someone trained in helping people with problems one might be facing. At times like these, I feel that the most helpful and caring move we can make is to support a person's seeking aid from one of the campus agencies set up for just that purpose. Notre Dame does care about the mental health of students though at times it seems to take a remedial rather than preventive twist.





Father Robert Griffin / Rector, Keenan Hall

In the summer of 1965, I lived alone for six weeks as a parish priest in an isolated country rectory on the coast of Maine. It was the loveliest of spots in the loveliest of seasons, and the rectory was really the most comfortable of country homes, miles away from town and neighbor. At night, I was absolutely alone, without a car. Faced as I was that summer with the physical and mental breakdown of my family, every night was filled with terror, not the least of which was the horror of facing tomorrow; to be clawed at by events I could not control and loved ones I could not help. Constantly, there were nights with no one to talk to when sleeping pills would not work, or you feared they would work too well. Or else the phone would ring, and the news would be bad, sad, and mind-shattering. Since that time, I have never heard the phone ring at night without fear.

For twelve years now, before and after that climactic July in a Maine rectory, the absolute beauty of the night, which I deeply love, has been treacherous with living nightmares; so now, in a sense, I keep the night watch as a campus minister. This is the origin of the Cluttered, Dim-lighted Place. For five years now, my rooms in Keenan have been kept open until dawn unless, overwhelmed by weariness, the night minister simply cannot resist sleep. The purpose: to be available to people who want to come in. In case you are wondering, it is other people's needs I am trying to meet, not my own; because left to myself, I love to read at night and listen to music; I find therapy and healing, as God intended, in the hours of sleep.

As for the people who come to the Cluttered, Dim-lighted Place, mostly they are friendly folk in search of conversation, or restless students in need of a break. Sometimes the room is entirely empty for hours at a time. It is never the volume of traffic that worries me, but the quality: a single phone call at four in the morning from the friends of a girl who tried to commit suicide is worth waiting up for. Otherwise I might have missed the call.

It is just a Cluttered, Dim-lighted Place, and the priest who lives there is a shabby fat man who has no other gift to offer but himself; sometimes he is rather selfish or clumsy in doing even that. If it helps, people are welcome to come, and my dog, Darby O'Gill, and I will greet the visitors with love and joy, and with a prayer for the peace of Christ.



**Sue Roberts / Staff Consultant
to Sister Joan Mirian, Assistant to the Provost**

I would have answered:

I have been asked by the SCHOLASTIC to comment on the state of mental health at Notre Dame . . . needs . . . resources to fill these needs. From my observations there are good resources, but many may not know how or where to find them. It is my hope that a note from you or a response to this "non-questionnaire" might help to identify those needs and the resources, and to bridge the gap between them. This is not a survey in that we are not interested so much in number as in your insight and responses themselves. Anonymous please.

If you are curious about others' responses or wish to identify your own or rap on the subject, come around: #423 Golden Dome, Between 3:00 and 4:30 is a good time to catch me. Phone 8617.

Check statusservicestudentfaculty
.....administrationsupport staffspouse
.....alumother (specify.....)
.....malefemale
layreligious

Rate your own state of mental health (well being):
.....OKlousy

How will it be tomorrow?
.....samebetterworse

Do you want to be at Notre Dame?
.....yesno (explain below if you wish)

Do you function at a level that is acceptable to you?
.....yesno (explain below if you wish)

Do you know where to go for support or counsel?
.....yesno

What is lacking (if anything) at ND to help you help yourself to a better level of well-being?

You should have asked me this question:

I would have answered:

Please drop this off or mail to either 423 Administration Building or Scholastic office, 4th floor LaFortune.

HEARTS OF DARKNESS:

Notre Dame as an African Village

Hubert Horan, W.F.

WHEN I came to Notre Dame, after nearly ten years in two very different African countries—Tunisia and Tanzania—I tried hard to see and to notice everything afresh. Sheer novelty forces us to notice things; but we often miss what is under our noses, because we think we know all about it.

The idea was, surely, not to do such a thing because it's a cute idea for a real put-on of a title. That could be, but it's scarcely worth the effort. Nor was it to shock or insult those among us who tell me that they find it objectionable to be compared to Africans in their villages. It seems to me to show questionable learning, and questionable Christianity, to wince at being compared to other human beings because of their lack of machine technology, their race, their customs. I rather imagine the Africans I know might find some of *our* local customs—"streaking," say, or "mooning"—questionable indices of civilization and progress.

No. The thought that kept striking me was that, like an African village, we live in a fairly face-to-face society which is seeing many of its most precious values, ways, leaders and beliefs questioned, threatened, even done away with. They *and* we are both in the same boat—and it is a leaky one. About a month after agreeing to write this article, I came across a passage of C. G. Jung's:

Anthropologists have often described what happens to a primitive society when its spiritual values are exposed to the impact of modern civilization. Its people lose the meaning of their lives, their social organization disintegrates, and they themselves morally decay. We are now

in the same condition. But we have never really understood what we have lost, for our spiritual leaders unfortunately were more interested in protecting their institutions than in understanding the mystery that symbols present.

That, by one of the most influential thinkers in the study of man, enunciates the theme I had in mind better than I might have dared. Yet, there remains the task of fleshing out his points and insights.

A couple of Sundays ago, the Campus Ministry team sponsored a forum designed to explore the specifically Christian dimensions of the Presidential elections—surely a legitimate and even necessary thing to do. The attendance was light, and many seemed to be faculty rather than students. One of the presenters used the classic and traditional (in the noble sense) manner of presenting a choice to Christendom: "This is what Jesus would have done; this man comes closer in the following of Christ." The other presentation, by a feeling and sensitive professor, seemed more embarrassed. He indicated, soundly and realistically enough, that a Christian *could* vote for the other man. It occurred to me, sitting there and being slightly uncomfortable, that we were assisting at a symbolic drama representing allegorically much of the malaise in this Christian University.

First of all, that we should have to *debate*, over these past several years, the question of what it is that makes us a Christian University—for one does not ask oneself nor harry one's peers on questions where one is secure. Second, that when we debate it, few show interest—for that is a sign that

the question is not seen as of profit or of interest to too many, at least as it is posed. Third, that we come to have to speak of what we may permissibly do, rather than of what we may hope and strive for—the need to concern ourselves with “the least by which we can get by, rather than the most of which we are capable.”

There is a nice French word for this state of things: *figè*, which is what happens to the fat in warm chicken soup as it congeals and hardens on top once placed in the refrigerator or allowed to cool off. It is then undrinkable, unnourishing, unappetizing.

Granted, we have not reached such a state here, generally. If we had, the question would be posed more in terms of whether N.D. is a Christian University because a believing Christian may, in conscience, go there; this would be the penultimate in congelation, the concern with “how far may I go” in a negative way—“how far may I step back and still be in.” Nor do I mean to imply criticism for any of the speakers referred to; all concerned seem surely to appreciate the issue with compassion and concern and deep personal involvement.

Still, we *are* in a state of disarray, both Notre Dame as a “village” and the larger world network of which it is a part. Let me show some of the elements in this disarray which seem to be common to us and to some African villages I know:

- customary practices of the tribe are no longer followed by some elders, and elders stop teaching them to the new initiates (watch the front steps of our administration building).

- sanctioning mechanisms of peers cease functioning, or become cause for some mirth (the Judicial Boards; the honor system review board).

- the distinctions between elders and juniors get fuzzy, and elders get addressed to their faces without their titles, and even by nicknames their juniors always had, but previously used only among themselves (“Hiya, Hubie!”).

- yesterday’s weighty seriousness becomes today’s camp (read Tom Dooley’s letter about the Grotto, then watch the candles being ripped off for illumination at parties where folks will probably NOT sing the *Salve Regina* at 10 p.m.).

- central acts, reaffirming the *raison d’être* of the tribe, once effectively sanctioned so that negligence was difficult, are now weakened, optional, and occasionally mocked (“Mass? that’s a magic show for people who still have religious hangups.”)

- aspects of central myths and practices of the tribe get re-interpreted along the lines of new rationales (“The most important part of the Mass is the penitential rite, because that’s where we render an account of our progress in our self-actualization process.”)

- major and minor symbols get ambivalent or even devaluated or negatively esteemed, so that even their possessors and guardians are unsure of quite what to do with them (chapels; roman collars; rosaries; occasional public liturgical celebrations).

- elements clearly from sources outside the group tradition get introduced into central rites and myths (top-ten ballads and best-seller readings at Mass; cuss

words in sermons; novel sacramental species.)

—while practice of the old ways may not be absolutely abandoned—in fact, hardly any old way is EVER absolutely abandoned—they become identified as *old* ways, suited more to older people, and at least putatively on the way out (“Some of the kids are like my Dad, they still cling to all that stuff” . . . or, classic example, see the attendance at things religious when parents are on campus.)

All of the above are examples of signs or symptoms which might fairly be called common both to us and to my more or less hypothetical African village. It is not necessarily to anyone’s discredit that this be so, and it is surely not my intent to take pot shots at people who do this sort of thing and say “tch-tch, you dishonor our people.” That is not the point, and in any case I can’t afford to, since I share the general confusion myself.

No. The point is more central: things in our African village and in our university village have reached a point where it is not at all reasonably clear what is the good and the desirable thing to do—even in matters which we as a people define as being of crucial importance to us, to our survival, to our happiness.

Now, I’m no psychologist; but I bet that if I went to a therapist or counselor and said, “Look, there is this friend of mine, and it isn’t clear to him at all what he should do in this terrible dilemma, nor to us, and the decision either way involves changing his life as he knows it in very drastic ways. Is he likely to get into psychological trouble over this?”; the answer would surely be yes, with an exclamation point. If this is so for one person, what of our “tribe”?

The point is that such a situation of immense practical uncertainty as to what can or should be done—in matters of emotionally freighted importance to us—is likely to cause, and continue to cause, lots of human pain and friction, lots of crises, lots of interior enmities, lots of scars, hassles, hangups, grief, guilt, uneasiness. Men of good mind and good will are of vastly different practices and beliefs; people once united now dispute over points dear to both of them. We have a point in the life of a people where one clearly needs the services of a social psychiatrist—literally, that is, a “surgeon of the soul.”

We can argue about who can or should fill this bill. Personally, I feel that one type of person called to heal, excise the malignancy, sew up and help survive the operation, is the Christian who is truly cast in the image of the Christians’ leader, who called himself a physician. We priests in particular might look to the healing and re-uniting arts a bit more. If we *must* use pointed instruments, let it be as scalpels and not as stilettos.

Be that as it may, we have surely still some time left to endure this present painful mess. Sometimes it is more humorous than painful. I see a woman approaching a door about the same time as I do, and I think: “If she’s raised on chivalry and I DON’T open the door, I’m a boor. If she’s a liberated woman and I DO open the door, I’m a male chauvinist.”

the cycle/circle/egg of the tribe

Sometimes I make a guess; mostly, I avoid the moment of pain and of decision and risk by suddenly discovering a shoelace that needs tying, or a poster that needs a closer inspection.

More often than not, however, it's more painful than humorous. McGovern, during his concession speech on election night, told the story about the lad who stubbed his toe hard and painfully, and didn't quite know what to do: "'cause it hurts too much to laugh, and I'm too old to cry." The boy and the disappointed candidate and we, ourselves, all mirror a common grief, I suspect. And it is all around us, and within us. Like a pious Hassidic Jew, we may cry "Master of the Universe! What *are* you doing to us?", looking for sense, and meaning, and understanding.

Now, I long ago gave up trying to justify the ways of God to man. I find enough problems justifying my own ways to God or man. On a purely human level of observation, however, there is some hope and some sense in this current muddle, even as painful as it is to be in a situation where "what we were we are no longer, what we are to become has not yet been made clear to us."

It goes like this. The African village pattern I know comes easily to deal with "constant, if directionless change." There is a sort of majestic, slow, ongoing cycle of deformation and reformation, in terms of a shared and valued idea of who we are, and how that relates to what we should be. This is a cycle, and it is hard to break out of a cycle. It is like breaking out of an egg, and that is not at all a sugary little cute thing; that is a hard and exhausting feat, a Paschal sign, taking all of the chick's energy and courage, and exposing him to a new and strange life while he is weak, confused, dazed and helpless. Not all survive, even in incubators; few survive in nature.

From time to time, the cycle/circle/egg we are in as a tribe becomes too confining, too inappropriate, too unsuited to the new state we are called to try for, and *perhaps* achieve. The cycle/circle/egg has then to be broken, and a new stage of growth and development begun. It's traumatic. It's a risk. Trying to halt or delay it may possibly work, but often it only makes the process worse. Isolated village life is no longer possible in our "global village," at least generally. Not every alternative—probably not most alternatives—will prove viable.

So we have a painful, paradoxical dilemma. Change is necessary, but probably change is usually for the

worse. *Random* change seems to follow the pattern model of spontaneous mutations—most of them would be *hard* to be optimistic about. And yet . . . and yet, to remain as we are/were is most assuredly not cause for optimism. So we try to see what can be done, to break out, to renew—and, on wobbly legs in a new world, do pratfalls we may or may not be able to laugh at later.

So we move forward; where, we don't quite know, but forward. If we feel courageous in this wobbly lurch ahead that we *hope* is progress, it is the courage of people whose retreat is cut off, so they charge: one of history's "Q" companies re-writing the military tactics books.

If this time has pain, uncertainty, risk, it has also rare opportunities and joys and glories. The stars and heroes of the old order can no longer serve, and many of the rest of us whose eccentricities have long kept us far, far in the back of the back benches are now sent up front: the situation is so bad we can't possibly make it any worse, and we may do some weird innovative thing that may save the day and show the way.

The king is worried and uncertain enough that he will take advice from persons he would previously have avoided or laughed at, and the latent wisdom of a Puddin'head Wilson or a Prince Myshkin is suddenly apparent. The world is turned topsy-turvy, the last are made first and the first, last. We are all frightened with sudden opportunities. The problem is no longer a lack of opportunity; it is a lack of knowledge of what to do with all these opportunities suddenly crowding around us like importunate friends at night, when we have the only telephone in the neighborhood.

In a tribal village in trouble, the traditional authorities no longer function adequately, and new blood gets elected or chosen. Previously discouraged or forbidden paths are now open to traffic, exciting events occur almost daily, and while we may die of many things we certainly won't be bored.

Like Hephaestus in ancient mythology—the godling who tried to drive Apollo's chariot, the Sun, across the heavens—"if we perish, at least we perish in a noble endeavor." Mostly we human beings perish in any case, so, really, what have we got to lose? Unlike most moments in human history, our little villages, if they end, have a pretty fair chance of going out with a bang, rather than a whimper. And who knows? We might even succeed in blazing a trail to a more human, more divine, fuller life for many future inhabitants of this global village. Stranger things have happened.

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Mel Wesley

A WAY OF JUDGING

ON Wednesday of this week, Regis Snyder went on trial in the Federal Court at San Jose, California. This fact probably doesn't mean much to many of you simply because you don't know Regis. It is possible the reason for the trial will make sense to even fewer of you: Regis is charged with refusing induction into the armed services, and he is guilty. He returned his draft card three years ago, before the lottery made the responsibility to decide less obvious. He ignored all subsequent directives from his board, and was arrested in South Bend last July.

Why?

It has never been easy for me to answer this question. There were times when I understood resistance emotionally, understood it intellectually. But there was always some vital element missing from the understanding. There was never a time when I believed it was the right thing for me to do. So, it has been hard, waiting these three years with my friend for the outcome of an act I didn't understand. The maximum sentence is five years. Why take such a risk?

About six weeks ago an event occurred which crystallized Regis' situation for me. This is not to say that it made logical sense, but rather a visceral, "meaningful" sense.

The event: A judge in Maryland ordered an abortion to be carried out on a 16-year-old girl, against her will. The judge had decided that the circumstances attending the birth of this child would not be fit for a child to grow up in, that it was in his (the child's) own best interests not to be born. The decision was overturned by a higher court, but nonetheless it stands: an official of the judiciary of this country has made the kind of moral decision for which we hung men at Nuremberg. The death penalty, abolished last year, at least held some claim (with some argument) of being necessary to the stability of society, however uncivilized and hypocritical it might actually be. But this judge's decision can in no way be seen

as a defense of society: it is a purely fascist act and a faithless act. That the odds against a good life for that child would be too strong is an opinion that stands in direct betrayal of what has always been in a sense the best American trait: the willingness to persevere in suffering.

The classical problem of government has always been the opposition between individual freedom and the security of the community. That is why I see this court order as a fascist act: one can not speak of an unborn child as a danger to society.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

To predict that a child's life will be so bad as to be not worth living is an act of despair which betrays the hope which (however messed-up we've become) America was founded on. What Regis is asking for, in facing prosecution, is a chance to speak, and bring others to speak, about where we are and where we are going.

The necessity then, as I see it, is to remind ourselves of that spirit of hope, and to gird ourselves for the tension between the ideal and the real.

WHEN I was a junior, Chris Wolfe (a former *Observer* writer) once asked me if I was a pacifist. I told him I was. He then asked me if I didn't feel any responsibility to my society, to protect it from danger. I replied that I did feel responsible to my country, but not in the way that society demands responsibility be understood. I told him that I understand a responsibility to point to something beyond the real, and to remind society of its responsibilities to that unnameable something. What he meant was that a society, once constituted, has an obligation to survive, and a right to demand of its constituents whatever is necessary to ensure that survival. What I meant was

lincoln has an even smoother ride for 1973

that there is more at stake than a question of survival.

The existence of society—or community—is an admission of compromise with the ideal of good: it is a bargain struck among men in which both God and Satan act as witnesses. God is present because man, in forming community, acts creatively, in this spirit. Satan is also present because in entering community, man gives up some of his freedom. And any time that man loses some of his freedom, he creates a tenuous situation, because a man is only secure when he is most free. But he cannot live completely free unless he lives alone. By forming community, he expands the possibilities of what he may become. He raises the limits of living, and in so doing you might say that he becomes more himself. Prometheus, to fulfill his destiny, had to commit an act which would chain him to the rock: an image of man's necessity to choose between complete freedom and a more complete life.

But there come times (this is the paradox) when that complete freedom must be reasserted, because a society has relaxed the tension between the real (the necessary compromise) and the ideal (the vision) when a community is small, the structure of compromise remains fluid and open, informal. But as it grows, it reaches a point where it becomes necessary to formalize the compromise: law and institutions are created. The tendency, because that formal structure is not itself a living thing, is for the gap between the real and the ideal to widen; and the actions of men are the only means to draw the two closer. And that is only done by confronting that structure, and the men responsible for its immediate character, with moral authority which defies the laxities or

the excesses of its own temporal authority.

The Church teaches that man is the temple of the Holy Spirit. Resurrected from the dead language of the catechism, these words mean that each man is vested with a certain moral authority, must do as Jesus did, pointing his finger at the things going on around him which remain unseen to the hearts of most men. The responsibility is not to affirm society as it is, but to create a tension between the noblest ideals (the good, the true, the will of God, call it what you will) and the reality of society—its laws, its institutions, its values, and its aspirations by *pointing out* the distance between the two.

THIS is what Regis has accepted as his responsibility. It is not an heroic act by nature: he is simply doing what any man must do, what he thinks it right. The limitation of his authority, lest the act be understood as anarchic, is this: that he has let himself become powerless. He has no temporal authority. He doesn't even have a lawyer. He is asking a question of himself and of us, a question which Bob Meagher says in his book, *Beckonings*, that all men must ask: "... Is revelation taking place, are my words and dealings somehow the prism of God's word and action among men; made, as I am, in God's image, am I ruling in his image as well?"

The word *ruling* is vital because it hints at the nature of our lives: we are each like God, or like a little king, and each thing we do, or fail to do, or assent silently to, establishes law within the Kingdom. And so a man lives out a life story, a major part of which is the words he chooses to speak. A courtroom is a place of words, and Regis will try to speak there.

In the end, it is a matter of how far we are willing to extend our hearts. The complexities of law and society are real and difficult, but they will not enter into the realm of the heart unless we take a stance beyond the "real world"—the compromise—and beckon to them to come hither. We have no assurance that they will come. But living in faith means simply that they will not come unless we beckon, despite the risk. The compromise will not become less of a compromise (we cannot hope to remove it; only to diminish it by degrees) unless we place ourselves further out into the ideal.

Now the President has been re-elected, and I don't know if things are going to get better or worse. If you saw the returns on TV, you know by the commercials that the Lincoln Continental has developed an even smoother ride for 1973. Ford says it is a very good year.

Well, I don't know. We await a sign in San Francisco. If you are still in the habit of saying your night prayers, could you slip in just a little word for Regis?

Mel Wesley was graduated from Notre Dame in 1972 in the General Program. His friend, Regis Snyder, about whom he writes, has also been a member of the Notre Dame community for six years.



There died a myriad,
And of the best, among them,

For an old bitch gone in the teeth,
For a botched civilization,

Charm, smiling at the good mouth,
Quick eyes gone under earth's lid,

For two gross of broken statues,
For a few thousand battered books.

(from "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley")

"There Once Was



The Who have come a long way since they were house band for the Mod-Rocker riots of the early sixties. Building on a sound best described as controlled abandon, they have evolved from cult heroes to one of the premier rock groups of our time. Always experimenting, always pushing, they have consistently provided rock with new dimension and excitement. While The Who remains a musical entity formed by the interaction of four individuals, no small part of their success is due to the efforts of their lead guitarist and chief songwriter, Pete Townshend.

"Who Came First," Townshend's long-awaited solo album, represents both a departure from and a continuation of his work with The Who. For years now Pete has been recording material on his own in his home studio. This is how he wrote early Who hits like "My Generation" and "Magic Bus"; most of the material eventually recorded by the group starts as a demo tape there. In the privacy of his studio, amid the clutter of wires and instruments and the ever-present picture of a smiling Meher Baba, a quieter, more sensitive Townshend emerges to eclipse the intense, raging rebel that is Pete's on-stage persona. The music on his album is softer and more lyric than anything we've heard from him before. Gone are the monster chords and explosive riffs, replaced by synthesizers and melodic lines. Instead of playing tone knobs and feedback, Pete has turned his attention to the strings themselves, picking the rhythm and harmony to go with some of his prettiest lyrics ever. Stylistically, the songs are reminiscent of some compositions from "Who's Next," especially "Song Is Over" and "Behind Blue Eyes," except that the latter were always juxtaposed with the thundering rock that is basic Whostyle. Whereas The Who demand volume as a necessary ingredient to their music, "Who Came

a Note . . . "

First" can be appreciated at any sound level. And, in the continuation of an experiment that began with that incredible guitar riff in "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere," he now uses synthesizers to produce the sounds that once came from his guitar, thereby freeing him to experiment further with both instruments.

To be precise, this effort isn't a proper solo album, since all the material existed previously in one form or another but had never been released until now. It's an album dedicated to Meher Baba and also to his followers, or Baba Lovers, of whom Townshend is a devoted part. Nevertheless, it is significant in several ways. First of all, it allows him to express his personal feelings about Meher Baba outside the group context. Moreover, it reveals some interesting experimentation which may be valuable to the group itself. In Pete's own words this album is composed of music he plays at home; he'd kind of like us to hear it.

Pete Townshend has always leaned toward the lyric and romantic. Songs like "Our Love Was, Is" and "Rael" from "The Who Sell Out" and much of "Tommy" bear this out. "Who Came First" represents a synthesis of sorts in this manner. "Pure And Easy" opens the first side, picking up where "Song Is Over" left off:

There once was a note
pure and easy,
Playing so free like a breath
rippling by.

The singer, having experienced this note, longs for it again. Unlike some of today's trendy rockers, Townshend makes no pretensions at being some kind of mystic knower; he is a searcher, like all of us, and therein lies the universal beauty of his compositions. Townshend plays all the instruments here, as on all his songs,

and although the drumming won't make you forget Keith Moon, it's adequate for his purposes. "Evolution" is a Ronnie Lane (he of the mighty Faces) tune. Pete plays acoustic lead on it while Ronnie does the vocal. Lane, also a follower of Baba, sings of his history through reincarnation, telling us of his search for a master who will lead him to perfection.

"Forever's No Time At All" features further revelation à la Baba, penned by Katie McInnerney and sung by Billie Nichols. Caleb Quaye does the instrumental; Pete, apparently in a humble mood, is present only as engineer. "Let's See Action" (Nothing Is Everything) closes the first side and emerges as its most powerful statement, both musically and lyrically. For the first time on the album a synthesizer is brought into play. Apparently its range and control are what Pete's been looking for to give an overall color and depth to his songs. The lyrics are a simple and beautiful philosophical statement of the theme:

I don't know where I'm going
I don't know what I need
But I'll get to where I'm gonna
end up
And that's alright by me

I've been running from side to side
Now I know for sure that both
sides lie
It's gotten so bad but we got to
keep trying
I can't stand to see my people
crying

Townshend's music, like all art, is motivated by the song from within, a song to which we all listen and one which we can all express. For Townshend, the moment is expressed in his music; he is forever trying to recapture that one pure note, the harmony in his life. In "Time Is

Passing," he writes:

Find it, I've got to hear it all again
My heart has heard the sound of
harmony
Climb to it, as my tears fall again
But it's only by the music I'll be
free

"Heartache" is a remake of the old Jim Reeves hit "There's A Heartache Following Me," one of Baba's favorite songs (the other is "Begin The Beguine," and I'd love to hear Townshend's version of that). I could never imagine Townshend doing a country and western tune but now I'm humming this one when I get up in the morning. "Sheraton Gibson" is a simple song of life on the road. No wild parties, no groupies, just a longing to get back home. Pete gets a chance to do some picking on this one and the lyrics are rendered with his own engaging combination of sincerity and naivete.

"Content" is a musical adaptation of Maud Kennedy's poem, sung by Pete in a semi-operatic falsetto (come to think of it, he does sound a bit like Vera Lynn). Although it fits into the general mood and theme of the album, this song is probably its weakest cut. Maturity granted, there is still something disturbing about the man who wrote "My Generation" singing a song called "Content." In any case, it does provide a smooth transition to the curtain closer, "Parvardigar." The words here are from Meher Baba's Universal Prayer. Townshend sets it to music and the end result is, in a word, amazing. A joyous and exhilarating song, a hymn of praise to everything. Dominated by a simple yet beautiful arrangement and Townshend's stirring vocal, it's quite unlike anything I've ever heard, yet it rings familiar in a way I cannot describe.

So there you have it, as personal a look into the world of Pete Townshend as you're likely to get. "Who Came First" succeeds on many levels. You don't have to be a Baba Lover to appreciate the lyrics, or a Who freak to dig the music. And, seeing as how an even third of these songs were chuck-cuts from "Who's Next?" one wonders how many other gems must be sitting in cans in Townshend's basement. How about it, Pete?

—casey pocius

Medieval Chic or Why the Polls Were Right

Bare Ruined Choirs: Doubt, Prophecy, and Radical Religion
by Garry Wills. Doubleday, 1972
(272 pages. Hardback, \$7.95.)

"It pained him that he did not know well what politics meant and that he did not know where the universe ended."

Stephen Dedalus

Charity means pardoning what is unpardonable, or it is no virtue at all. Hope means hoping when things are hopeless, or it is no virtue at all.

Gilbert Chesterton

"If Catholics are more accepted now, it is because they are becoming 'like everyone else,' can talk of their strange upbringing because they have (partially) escaped it." So writes Garry Wills, classicist, cultural critic, and author of the controversial *Nixon Agonistes*, in his introduction to this study of the Catholic Church in the post-modern world. In the next 140 pages or so Wills presents the case against liberal Catholicism, against the two Johns (Kennedy and Roncalli), Harvey Cox, Jacqueline Grennan, and the "relevant involvement" of the sixties. Wills' style and mode of argument are those of a representative of classical or medieval culture.

From this Olympian perspective the doings of New Frontier Catholics and guitar plucking nuns are mercilessly dissected and found bankrupt. At very best, they were well intentioned in their ignorance. In an age when no one believes in anything, "concerned Catholics" serve to reassure more intelligent, "modern men" of the possibility of belief in a radically secularized world.

Wills spins out this line of thought, at times brilliantly, and then, in the final third of the book reminds us that the argument is a self-destructive one. Why? Obviously because it is too easy, because we are neither medieval or classical but, choke on it who will, "post-modern" men. The classical argument leaves the Church as we have come to know it in a dung heap. True, the argument is impressive and witty, the polemicist a true virtuoso, but the end result is still inescapably durgy. The classical argument can go not one inch further, except perhaps into the facile nostalgia of a *Triumph* magazine, to celebrate a type of Church and brand of faith that simply "ain't there." Nor will a revitalized Church spring, phoenix-like from the ashes bedecked in peace medallions and chanting Simon and Garfunkel songs. The Kingdom of God has not been brought to this earth. Technology

has proven at best an ambiguous "gift of the Lord." What halfway intelligent Catholic does not feel even a slight twinge of embarrassment when he comes face to face with one of those burlap bag messages, of the "love" "joy" "be a real man" variety, that were the liberal Catholics calling card?

Think back a bit further. To grade school, perhaps. Remember:

There were moments when the weirdest things made a new and deep sense beyond sense—when Confession did not mean cleaning up oneself (the backboard erased again) but cleansing a whole world, the first glimpse of sky or grass as one came out of the church. . . .

All these things were shared, part of community life, not a rare isolated joy, like reading poems. These moments belonged to a *people*, not to oneself. It was a ghetto, undeniably. But not a bad ghetto to grow up in.

This passage clarifies the two lines of thought that I've been discussing. The only problem with the old belief was that no one could believe it anymore. To some this may seem pathetically trite. Still, one feels convinced by Wills that it is true to the facts. The world of faith "was a world of deceptions too." "Doubts were hidden for the sake of the children; or a priest's for the sake of the flock; or the flock's 'in front of the Father.' " The center did not hold, for a variety of reasons, and what Wills is up to is an attempt to transcend the "mere anarchy" by analyzing its causes. If we take this as our end, the classical critique is valuable as therapy. If the critique alone is our goal, it is too smug, kills too many straw men. The Social Gospellers were basically right, but their later disciples proved almost ludicrously inept. What does a conception of the faith as a living, active process operating in the world but not bound by it become in terms of 1972?

Before attempting an answer let us retrace our steps. Where did the liberal Catholic go wrong?

" . . . the liberals' most acutely experienced urge was to prove that something recognizably Catholic need not be as cramped, ugly, and anti-intellectual as they found at the corner church. The liberal was looking for an alternative culture to that

of the rectory-school complex, a culture that anyone might respect. If he were lucky, he might even prove that Catholic art is an important branch of Western art—more, that a ‘true’ Catholicism pervades and animates our culture. In the ardor of this quest, liberals created a new chauvinism. To escape the narrow confines of censorship and the fear of ‘scandal’, they argued that a ‘daring’ author may actually be more Catholic than a timorous churchman unable to enter into or live out of his large heritage. One should not only read a dirty book for God . . . but believe it had been written for God.

So the zealous *engagé* Catholic rewrote the history of the Catholic Church. An encyclical against democracy? Impossible. Paul sending back the runaway slave (Romans 12)? A momentary lapse of social conscience. The Inquisition? Well, you know how silly some of these “old country” priests can be. Atheists were actually god-fearing men in disguise. When finally confronted with one of the irrevocably unsavory aspects of the Catholic tradition, the liberal would simply throw up his hands, plead historical relativism, and “witness” his own “true” interpretation of the faith by joining yet another community action group. Most Catholics were “good guys” and “nice people;” ergo, it stood to reason that most “nice people” and “good guys” were Catholics, whether they knew or cared about it or not. To many, Christianity seemed like an ever present, ever spreading net, destined to encompass the whole of mankind—second only to Communism. Even Nietzsche was Christian “in intention.” Ad majorem *National Catholic Reporter* gloriam.

Harvey Cox praised John Kennedy saying, “life for him is a set of problems, not an unfathomable mystery.” And Ted Sorenson pooh-poohed a *Life* report that Kennedy had fallen to his knees at the height of the Cuban missile crisis by declaring that he was a “stronger” man than that and recalling how John Kennedy’s religion was “so private he never talked of it even in private.”

Cox declared that modern Christianity “ought to be like a floating crap game,” and go where the action was. And indeed it did. But in the process it became, in Wills’ phrase,

a “paradise of politics” and bought into the rules of the game.

Thus:

John Lindsay was elected “fresh,” to be mayor of New York in the earlier time of urban hopefulness—and only learned through attrition of suave hopeful bluster that his city, like life, is one problem, an insoluble one.

This was the proverbial “rub.”

Our trouble was not with one man, (LBJ), or one mistake (Vietnam). The mistakes came in a train, connected; not self-correcting, but cumulative. We did not learn from them, but compounded them. . . . Something was wrong with the whole process—and one of the things wrong with it was our refusal to think anything basic *could* be wrong with it. The System could not be judged except from within, by those able to speak *from power about power*.

No one was “outside” the System—especially no Catholic. But, here is the other rub. This is as far as the Olympian argument can take us. Why? Wills cites de Tocqueville’s dictum to the effect that the same means that allow men to go without religion may bring them back to it. More to the point, though, he recalls an old cook, formerly employed at Woodstock (the Jesuit seminary), telling him that the reason the seminary closed was because “they couldn’t lock the world out no more.” That they tried to lock the world out (via *Humanae v. Vitae* and pig headed defenses of celibacy) was the primary cause of their own demise. Nobody took it seriously because it was irresponsible in the worst sense of the word. It was but a short jaunt to the point where no one took anything seriously. There was a “sweet presumptuousness”; a naive unearthly arrogance at play in the attempt to “hold the line” for the mere sake of the holding.

Now we are prepared to answer the question posed earlier. Into what does all of this good intent translate in 1972? Wills’ answer is daring and, I think, substantially accurate. The last three chapters of *Bare Ruined Choirs* are certain to be the most controversial. Many will not be convinced. Already, John Gardner, writing in the *New York Times Book*

Review, has called Wills a “hell-fire, guilt-loving Christian” and a “mediaeval cringer.” Why? Because the true Catholic faith, according to Wills, translates into “radical religion” à la the Berrigans. The “official church,” by “staying out of politics,” has “tacitly endorsed and been endorsed by our warfare state, and finds itself at bay, along with the warmakers.”

Dan Berrigan stands for “roots instead of rockets, tradition over progress, tragedy over arrogance, weakness over power, gospel over Caesar.” Dan Berrigan is, in many ways, the antithesis of the liberal Catholic. Wills gets his cake and eats it too.

That the pollsters were so “accurate” in this past presidential election is not so much a tribute to their intelligence as it is evidence of how the political machinery in this country, including the polls, has shrunken the vision of the American people—shrunken it down to the point where what should be their most heartfelt desires can be reduced to a set of “Yes-or-No” questions, as antiseptic as they are “empirically verifiable.”

By “looking the other way” the preconiliar Church had become an accomplice to this shrinkage. It was as “un-distinctive” as the *National Catholic Reporter* ever was. The liberal phase was a necessary step on the way. “On the way” toward what?—toward the catacombs, “the underground,” as Wills calls it. The “underground” has roots—in Abelard and Newman, in Erasmus and Wyclif, in Acton and Dan Berrigan. These are men who stay in the Church, crazily, and against all “empirically verifiable” evidence. As Wills points out, Jesus himself was not a Jesus freak. He was not happy enough. Or, as Quotheth wrote in the book of Ecclesiastes, “the fool foldeth his own hands, and eateth his own flesh.”

I think Mr. Gardner’s assessment in the *Times* is wrong, completely wrong. Garry Wills has written a book that gets beyond both the juvenile reflections of “oppressive dogma” and the Church’s own failures to begin to search seriously for the roots and directions that faith so dearly yearns for, if it is to flower at all. No one ever really believed in a travelling magic show anyway.

—dan o’donnell

Anesthetizing Apocalyptic Apoplexy

The papers of sixteen Notre Dame professors, participants in a conference on "America in Change" held on campus last spring are being released in book form this month. The collection of fifteen essays dealing with movements in the arts, sciences, politics, religious, philosophic and economic thought of the sixties and seventies is, for the most part, cautious in declaring the period a time of cultural change.

While cultural change on a grand scale is a popular thesis (Alvin Toffler, Charles Reich, Theodore Roszak, Philip Slater), participants in the symposium generally do not see the time as radical departure from the momentum of human progress. Rather, the time is considered as "apocalypse" — a word recurring continually in an otherwise verbally pluralistic set of writings.

Thomas Werge's analysis of Norman Mailer's *Of a Fire on the Moon* is rigidly literary, touching upon aspects of social concern indirectly in considering Mailer who deals with these as materials for fiction. The fact that a traditional literary analysis succeeds convincingly in placing a book produced under the duress of apocalypse squarely in the tradition of American Letter (à la Melville — a figure who had librarians worried until the 1920's) could distract a few McLuhanists from their soap operas. Ronald Weber's consideration of writers and critics points toward a literary solution of problems in literature: "We have to remind ourselves that literary order is always provisional, that in writing, there can be no orthodoxy, for the kinds of work that most deeply interests the serious writer is always work that hasn't been written."

Michael J. Crowe points out the dangers of the "New Age" hypothesis with respect to science and technology, of the inertia instilled by the numbing effects of future shock.

If we cannot assess with confidence the role of science and technology in present or future society, it should not surprise us for we have not been able to assess their role in any past society. . . But in the last two decades, major improvements have begun to come in such areas and perhaps in some future decade a more adequate picture of our present or the present of the future may be drawn.

Most of the writers appear confident in their analyses. The stability of 1972 relative to the times of upheaval preceeding—and possibly to those which could follow—has provided them a podium from which to air their views. In a commentary bearing at least as much on the social milieu as on "Catholicism and Cultural Change," historian Philip Gleason is able to observe: "The seas of faith are always troubled for adolescents and young adults, but those who matured in the 1960's encountered a veritable hurricane." Having admitted that the application of his commentary has broadened to "the overall cultural scene in the nation as well as in the Church," he argues "that there are enough parallels between the temper of our own times and that of the historical romantic period to justify calling this a new age of romanticism." The reader need only consider the analytical practices of former romanticism and their excesses to follow Professor Gleason to his conclusion that "romanticism was not final."

Despite the diversity of areas examined, the collected essays—with two exceptions—are monographically atonal, evidence perhaps of considerable consultation among the participants. The tone is cautious but not withdrawn, calm but not unperceptive. Exceptions are Joseph W. Scott's "Ethnic Nationalism and the Cultural Dialectics" and Thomas S. Fern's "A Decade in the House of Irresponsibility." Professor Scott ultimately prescribes ethnic partitioning of the United States as the only solution to its cultural problems. Professor Fern presents a popularized concept of art not much different from positions articulated during the sixties. While the rhetoric in the studies as a whole bears close similarities to the journalism of the period—except for the literary

articles—these two somewhat dissident contributions are practically identical to this style.

In a culture where self-examination is a defining characteristic of the national character, the temptation to puritanical self-inquest has tended since the sixties toward the unreasonably ambitious. As at other periods of national upheaval (the 1830's and 1890's for instance) reformist rhetoric and vehement denunciation became a part of everyday speech. Perhaps at no time prior to the sixties, however, was the mood so neurotically interrogative. Typewriters of that decade clicked off pages of question marks which never expected immediate answers anyway. Usually the response was a conference, convention, or colloquium which only handled questions by methodically generating more of them—then there were, alternatively, always the streets to which to resort. Cultural heroes were those who strove to articulate the best analysis fastest. What was aired as the evening news was edited into a comprehensive documentary for presentation after the dishes were done. Only gradually did the realization dawn that perhaps one could not be definitely sure in appraising the total impact of a given event.

Some of this concern for immediate evaluation is evident in the contents of *America in Change: Reflections on the Sixties and Seventies*. The latter decade, being reflected upon even before it has elapsed, receives considerably less attention than the sixties. The majority of the writers consider prevailing change in light of phenomena of the sixties; the notes, however, list a considerable number of seventies' publications. Challenged to respond to the questions of the time, the participants have done so with much deliberate thought, painstakingly formulated and expostulated.

In any age it is reprehensible to be ignorant of one's present. Apparently overwhelming events are no excuse. Celebrating ignorance or the frustration of investigating is irresponsible, either in retreating behind question marks or in complaining that one cannot cope. The attempt of the Notre Dame faculty is courageous and their achievement readable and recommended.

—j. f. pauer

A.A.A.?

coming distractions

in the Auditorium on the Second Floor. It's the treat of the Friends of Chicago Public Library. While in Chicago, drop in on the Art Institute for their shows, **Braque, the Great Years**, until Dec. 3 and **Dutch Genre Drawings** until Dec. 31.

LECTURES

The Philosophy of Language is expounded upon by **Donald Davidson**, from Rockefeller University on Nov. 27, 29 at 8, in the New Biology Auditorium and on Dec. 1 in the Library Auditorium. **Dr. Erik von Kucknelt-Leddihn** (Imagine that up in lights!) discusses "**The Church in an Age of Confusion**" Monday, Nov. 20 at 8:00 at the Library Auditorium. "**Told As It Is by Someone Who Cares**" is **Curtis Robinson**, Lake County Juvenile Probation Officer, Gary, Indiana. Date: Nov. 29; place: Carroll Hall; time: 7:30. "**Is the School a Valid Factor in Juvenile Delinquency?**" **Dr. John T. Feldhusen** answers that at the same place and time as Curtis did on Dec. 6.

EXHIBITIONS

The Graphic Works of Ludwig Feidner, the German artist, and **Pre-Columbian Pots and Pans** open the N.D. Art Gallery on Nov. 12. Not to be outdone, Moreau Gallery presents their students' work in **St. Nicholas Fair** on Dec. 3-16 and opens their **Children's Museum** on Dec. 6. Look for a **Madrigal Dinner** on Dec. 2 and 3 at Moreau. Still continuing at SMC is **Marvin Bartel: Ceramics** from Goshen College and **Three Photographers**; both end with the month.

SPORTS

Don't say you've got nothing to do. Try **Hockey**. Nov. 24 and 25, ND battles against Minnesota. Watch for **Basketball** on Dec. 4 as we take on Ohio State. Everything starts at 8:00 except the football games which, as everybody knows, start when the camera rolls. ND is up against Miami on Nov. 18, and looks forward to the real test with Southern Cal on Dec. 2 at Los Angeles. See you at the Bowl Game. Amen.

—theresa stewart

FILMS

Comedy Is King at Zagan's Zinema West on Nov. 17 and 18, **Psycho** is a close second on Dec. 1 and 2, and the following week there's a preview of exam hysteria with **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**. All this entertainment at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m., in Flanner's basement for only a buck. Don't miss it unless you yen for sunny days and saucy maids, for **Camelot** returns on Nov. 17, at 9:00 in O'Laughlin Auditorium.

See **Ugetsu**, when Cinema '73 offers this beautiful Japanese legend to you on Dec. 2 and 3. Then on Dec. 9 and 10, the taming of **The Wild Child** by Truffaut: same time, same place, Engineering Auditorium at 8:00 and 10:00. Close the books and bring the dollar.

If you're fond of Jane Fonda, watch her fly in **Barbarella**, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1 in Emil's (Engineering) Auditorium, 8:00 and 10:00 for the usual fee of \$1.00.

MUSIC

Support your local **Glee Club** at their Fall Concert in Washington Hall on Nov. 20 at 8:00—free of charge! On Nov. 28, the **Houston Stockhouse** sparks ol' Washington Hall with the Blues at 8:00 for that classical \$1.00. Don't care for the

Blues? Try **Susan Stevens**, Soprano, on the same day, same time, as she reverberates through the Little Theatre at St. Mary's. Performance is free. Enjoy a **Co-ed Christmas Choral Concert** in the Church of Loretto on Dec. 10 at 8:00 p.m., as the two Glee Clubs give a combined performance.

Jazz at Nine: The Boys in the Notre Dame Jazz Band welcome you to their concert combo on Nov. 29. On Dec. 6 they open up the floor with a lecture, "The Mothers of Invention: Cross Pollination," and close it with a Jazz Band concert on Dec. 13. They do it for free at LaFortune.

SPECIALS

On November 18 follow the couple crowd to the ACC for the **Yes** at 8:30, only \$5.50, \$4.50 and \$2.75 for tickets. (Afterward, pizza for \$3.50, coke \$.35 . . .) **The Gypsy Folk Festival** frolics for their first appearance in the U.S. at O'Laughlin Auditorium on Dec. 4 at 8:00 p.m. Bring the kids to the **Children's Christmas Play** on Dec. 2, 3, 8, 9, 10 at 2:00 p.m., or try your roommate. Tired of South Bend's spinning social scene? Relax in Chicago with the **Chicago Symphony String Quartet** on Nov. 19, 3:00, at Randolph Street and Michigan Avenue

SOLUTION TO LAST PROBLEM

1. N-N4 dis ch
- 1a. . . . K-N1
2. R-QR8 any
3. R-R1 mate

- 1b. . . . K-B1
2. R-QR8 any
3. R-R1 mate

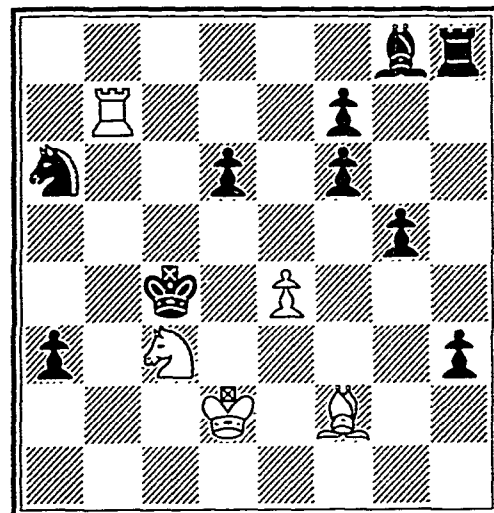
- 1c. . . . K-R3
2. N-R2 P-36 (else)
3. R-R8 mate (Q-R8 mate)

- 1d. . . . K-B3
2. Q-B2 P-N7
3. Q-Q3 mate

- 1e. . . . K-R1
2. Q-R2 ch PXQ
3. N-B2 mate

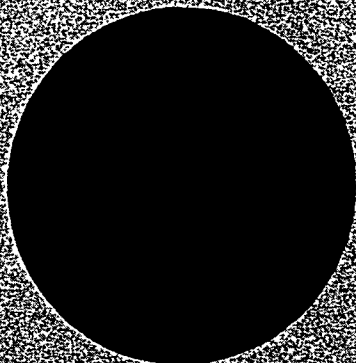
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 August, 1888

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The afternoon has at last come to an end; in fact, it is now Saturday evening, no longer afternoon. A day that began with worry about magazine deadlines and piling school work ended with worry about less mundane matter. At one o'clock, as I paced the wet pavement from LaFortune to O'Shaughnessy to help interview CAP candidates, I found myself mulling over the oft-echoed pros and cons of the program, of the charges of "elitism," of the vindictive *Observer* editorials of last spring. Three interviews and several hours later, I was still thinking the same thoughts, pondering the reasons for the program's existence.

The CAP program was created several years ago at a time when college and university course requirements were extremely prohibitive and virtually precluded any interdisciplinary approach to course selec-

tion. Its functions at that time were twofold. First, it enabled the student to waive certain requirements and at the same time gave him priority in registering for classes. Second, it brought the student into contact with a relatively select group of faculty from whom he could choose or would be assigned a special advisor.

The criteria used for admitting a student to the program were somewhat nebulous. The student was usually nominated to the program by one of his teachers who felt that he demonstrated ability and the potential to benefit from the program. Although the student could nominate himself, too few knew of the opportunity to make this a common channel into the program.

After his nomination, the student was asked to write an "intellectual autobiography" that included his rationale for applying. The third and final stage consisted of an interview in which he was evaluated in terms of academic ability, sincerity, and need for the benefits the program offers.

Criticism of the CAP program has usually implied, in one way or another, that it is discriminatory. Why should certain students be given priority in registering for a particular class while other students are excluded? Why should certain students be given contact with special advisors when others are not? What becomes of the students who have both the ability and the need for the program, but are not fortunate enough to be singled out for nomination by one of their teachers?

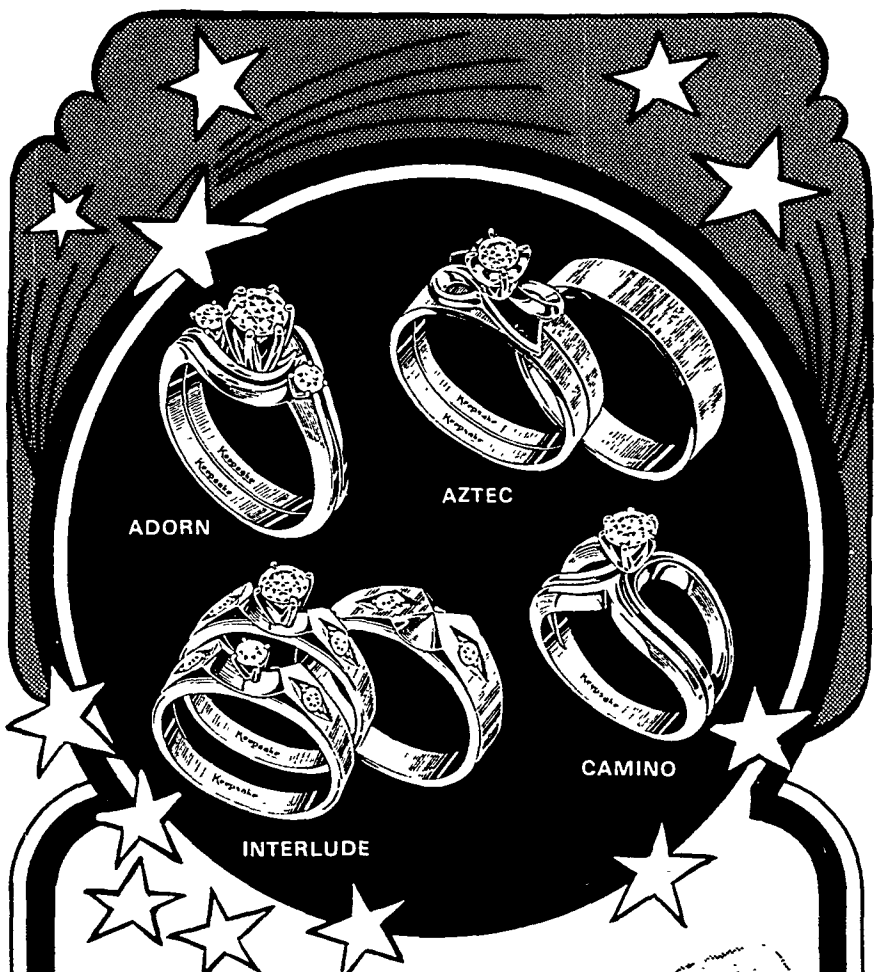
A more general criticism of the program concerns its present need. Since the elimination of many of the college and university requirements, all students have the flexibility of curriculum to allow for interdisciplinary scheduling. It would seem, however, that a more subtle need does exist—that for good advisors. It is significant that a trend was noted during this semester's interviews. The vast majority of the applicants stated that their primary reason for seeking admittance into the program was their lack, to this point, of a good advisor. Apparently—and I think a more thorough investigation would bear this out—there are no other adequate channels by which the student can come into contact with a good advisor.

Recently, a quota system has been established such that only a certain percentage of CAP students are allowed into a given class. Thus, the possibility that other students will be excluded because of "preferential treatment" is minimized.

Where, then, does this leave us in an evaluation of the need for the CAP program? That it provides a special source of academic counseling is not enough of a justification. It does facilitate the creation of a personalized, interdisciplinary program. In fact, it is nearly indispensable in that regard. This would seem to be its strongest *raison d'être*.

At this time, there is another reason for its existence. Given the present lack of another source of good advisors, the program *must* continue. But work must be done to improve the advisory channels within the individual departments so that *all* students may have the opportunity to work closely with a good advisor if they wish. In the meantime, to lose the program would constitute a great loss to the University.

—greg stidham



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