

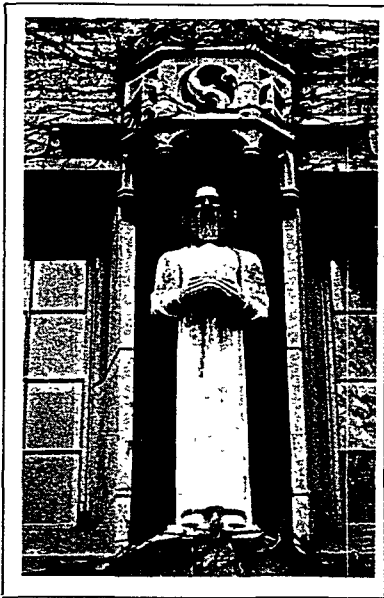
scholastic
march 10, 1972



christianity at notre dame

Study in Guadalajara, Mexico

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dan o'donnell

while her loyal sons go marching

*Get there if you can and see the land you once were
proud to own*

*Though the roads have almost vanished and the
expresses never run*

W. H. Auden

This issue of the SCHOLASTIC is devoted to an examination of the several philosophies, schemas, explanations and excuses pertinent to that albatross of the liberal conscience, the "Christian Community." My original intention was to discuss the place of ROTC in a Catholic University. After some thought, I can no longer see what purpose such a discussion would serve. This is not to say that abolition of academic credit for ROTC is not important, but simply to point out that, at this stage of the game, it is far from redemptive. ROTC, you understand, has weathered the storm, and the khaki is alive and well(?) on campuses across the country. But what is far more distressing is the general irrelevance of the "ROTC Issue" to real questions of political commitment. I say this because ROTC has become just that, an issue—the interviewer's delight, a standing invitation to the most elaborate and self-deluding of sophistries, a merciful death by dialogue. In this, the talked out season, where "issues" are, people are not.

Paradoxically, the New Left has fallen prey to the same directionless wisdom endemic to the modern organizations it attacks. You will notice, of course, the great number of "progressive" publications now vying to print the prize-winning obituary. In a sense, then, we have become our enemy. Some would attribute this to the disappearance of the gods, to the loss of a ritualized "cultural center." Others, with equal justification, might point to the absence of a coherent political and economic ideology. I have often wondered how those who welcome the spiritual discipline of a religion can so easily dismiss political ideology on the grounds that it does not infallibly predict this or that particular event. Is our political activity not every bit as complex as our spiritual, and does any system not imply the same loose ends and not quite right angles, the same need for a faith? "The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh."

In a very wise essay entitled, *Re-thinking the Political*, Robert Meagher focuses on the need to make known just exactly what it is that we hold as "common." I would suggest that our discussions about "liberal education," about "community" and "Catholic university" will remain philosophical comedies until this need has been met.

One can suppose that in a true university these common values would include free inquiry, an openness to innovation, and an honesty of vision. If the recent student government election is any indication, most of us (including this writer) seem more than willing to relinquish any serious claim to the idea of a Notre Dame "community." The reasons behind this rejection are obvious and they are good ones. But what are we left with, after we recoil from all of the abused rhetoric? We become afraid of our own voices. We divert ourselves with self-mockery. We deny the possibility of communal values, and accept big business education as one among many less pleasant "realities." We cannot even learn collectively, let alone act collectively. We retreat back into ourselves, throwing our shared life up for grabs to the lowest bidder.

*'O oysters,' said the Carpenter,
'You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.*

Lewis Carroll

from *Through the Looking Glass*



mike mooney

dear god, please don't let me be a journalist

I used to keep a file, filled it with the renderings of writers who were paid to keep better files than I did. Welfare, the war, wiretaps, the "Southern strategy," taxation, the draft, chemical-biological warfare, Jackson State, Kent State: no subject too great, no detail too small to escape the concern of the callow. I'm not sure what I was going to do with all those clippings, most of the information quickly became obsolete or uninteresting.

I threw out that file today, along with three insurance company advertisements, a pair of ticket stubs from the Cat Stevens concert, five old *Newsweeks*, and two (count 'em, two) copies of *Siddhartha*—my preferences in acquisition and disposal being equally catholic.

Similarly, my bookcase is a dilettante's dream. Uneasy juxtapositions abound: Hegel's *Reason in History* with the *Bhagavad-Gita*, Kirkegaard's *Fear and Trembling* with Robbe-Grillet's *The Voyeur*, Hume's *The Natural History of Religion* with Jung's *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. I don't dare read any of them but they do look impressive. The *appearance* of incisiveness, afterall, is at once the journalist's key to earning his living and to preserving his sanity: just the facts and, please, no farther. The problem is, what happens when your life appears only to be a smudge on a great sheet of erasable paper?

There is the temptation here to refer to frustration or to disappointment—to "shattered dreams" and to "broken promises." What a blessing violence would be in this case; if only those dreams were shattered, if only those promises were broken, what relief clean and clear destruction would give. No, that wastebasket and that bookcase represent not a bang but a whimper, certainly not success and barely a conclusion. All that's left is words—on paper, in books, in wastebaskets.

Words alone seem pathetic; Beckett has shown communication impossible, I've been told. But the language of the gods, they say, is silence. Melville's (better:

"Ahab's") Pip spoke in elegant silences and such men, the Irish say, are "touched by God." Perhaps all we may hope for is silence, at our best, for silence such as this.

My genre, the genre of second semester seniors, is not silence but gallows humour. In our worst romantic fits, Beckett's description seems undeniably true, we do seem born of a mother astride a grave: darkness, a cry, a flash of light, darkness. When we can't see past the darkneses, hear beyond the whimpering, there's hardly a chance our world will be larger than the high, square platform of the execution. We forget that even for the murderer, the jerk of the noose is some form of liberation. Is it fair to ourselves, then, to measure our lives by the length of a rope? Wedged between pre-natal and terminal darnesses, not only is there light, but also we can see it.

I've a friend who points out a response too many seniors fall into at this time each year, it is the re-making of graduation into either the beginning of life or the end of it; the friend would say, graduation is neither the beginning of life nor the end of life but simply a part of life, to be prepared for, certainly, but not to be sanctified. Can there be any other response to the conclusion of these four years, can we afford to set this time apart any more than it naturally will be distinguished? If we do, I think we may run the risk in emptying out other desks in the future, this time, perhaps, throwing out ticket stubs from Notre Dame stadium, unused Notre Dame window decals, dozens of back issues of *Notre Dame Magazine* and unfinished letters to the University president condemning the radical behavior of the student body. That disposal would produce the same fit of depression that we may experience now and for the same reason: we want to reclaim the past so we won't have to claim the future at all.

Maybe there's only one question anyone can ask: what do you do when it stops being fun?

analysis

mutual creation of vision

*If the doors of perception were cleansed everything
would appear to man as it is, infinite.
For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things
thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.*

*William Blake plate 14
Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

"The most important thing about the Colloquium is the spirit that education does not stop at the classroom; it's an all-pervasive thing."

(A freshman participant)

These words capture the excitement of a new program at ND, the Freshman Colloquium. Founded in the spring of 1970 by Professors Thomas J. Musial and Otto Bird, the Colloquium is a semester course in which a group of freshmen meet and share their ideas concerning education with a senior. The senior, in turn, has taken a course entitled "Humanistic Education" conducted by several University professors. Professor Musial has likened the Colloquium's structure to a symphonic movement. Educational "themes" are developed by freshmen, seniors, and faculty, creating a comprehensible experience for all concerned.

The Colloquium's founders believe that each member of a university has a profound responsibility in his relations with others of the same community. Within the scope of his classes, meetings, or discussions an individual may arrive at new thoughts as to what the world means to him. His words may also affect others, instilling in them the same desire for knowledge that he possesses. Regardless of a man's rung on the academic ladder, he can share others' ideas and learn. This broadening of horizons is what the Freshman Colloquium is all about.

The program began on an experimental basis in the fall of 1970. Seniors received five credits and freshman participation was voluntary. However, problems soon arose. Seniors were attending their own seminar class within a few days of their freshman seminars. They were forced to meet new educational ideas, then immediately encounter the freshmen. The Colloquium's seminars became translation sessions with seniors lecturing on their newly learned concepts. To add to this problem, the freshmen were reluctant to enroll in any course that offered no official recompense.

In a response to these problems the Colloquium's format was modified. Selected juniors take the "Humanistic Education" seminar during their second

semester. Conducted by Musial, Bird, and Professor Robert Vacca (the program's present director) the seminar is divided into four parts—examinations of the students' learning experiences, models of educational practices, historical educational problems, and pedagogy. Upon completion of this seminar, the students then prepare their freshman class formats during the summer. They receive three credits for each seminar they teach, and they are given the option of conducting Colloquium seminars both semesters of their senior year. Freshmen receive one academic credit for their participation.

Any upperclassman who expresses a desire to teach a seminar is eligible for consideration. However, most seniors are members of the Arts & Letters College. Within this college, seniors are drawn from the General Program, the Committee on Academic Progress, Collegiate Seminar, and SMC's Humanistic Studies Department. Before being accepted into the Colloquium, seniors are asked to submit a paper outlining their educational experiences and ideas.

The founders of the Colloquium haven't yet had to be selective with senior applicants—they have been good academically, and there simply haven't been that many of them. Professor Vacca feels that unless the Colloquium's freshman enrollment increases radically, some ceiling will have to be set on the number of senior participants to retain the 1:10 seminar ratio. Perhaps, the 30 juniors now taking the preparation course will be the limit. If selection procedure must be implemented, Vacca asserts that the primary qualification a senior must possess is an ability to express ideas and views which he might not accept himself.

The actual experience of conducting a Colloquium seminar is a completely novel experience for the senior. Armed with his book list, ranging from *The Little Prince* to *Antigone*, plans for attending art exhibits and listening to both pop and classical records, the senior meets with his seminar for one, two-hour session per week. He is permitted to select any work, piece of art, or topic of discussion for his seminar. Most seniors choose shorter works and keep the topics as diverse as possible. The senior takes full responsibility for his seminar, and this in itself is an important learning experience. "He must live with his decisions," remarks Musial, "if he begins his seminar with a particular book, he will soon learn if it is an adequate basis of reference for the entire semester."

Seniors in the program are almost unanimous in

stating that they emerge from their classes with new insights, self-criticisms, and an overall enjoyment with teaching. "I certainly didn't know as much as I thought I did," concludes Terry O'Malley, a senior participant. The senior's ideas and beliefs are exposed in the seminar's informal atmosphere, and the freshmen, once they overcome their initial hesitancy, readily criticize their moderator's views. "The class is a challenge to my imagination and powers of expression," notes a senior, "I must become clear about my own views, and find alternative ways of expressing them." Most of the Colloquium's seniors obtain an ability to handle discussions and gain other related teaching skills as a result of their seminar experiences. Out of the 12 seniors that participated in this year's Colloquium, nine are going to graduate school and eventual teaching jobs, and the remaining three are entering either law school or community relations study.

Not surprisingly, the seniors often feel inadequate as seminar leaders and believe that they are not communicating with the freshmen. Judging from their responses, this frustration stems from both a recognition of their own academic deficiencies and an irritation at the analytical weaknesses of the freshmen. The seniors, who have developed their critical talents in the course of their study at ND, discover that the freshmen do not know how to approach ideas in a systematical way. On the other hand, the senior is neither a professional teaching specialist nor an all-knowing seer. Thus, he sometimes feels baffled by many of his freshmen's questions. Professors Vacca, Musial, and Bird help remedy these feelings with encouragement and advice. If invited, they sit in a senior's seminar to critically examine his teaching practices.

"This frustration is natural and expected," comments Musial. "It is part of the teaching-learning process." While seniors may judge their classes as failures, freshmen, almost to a man, allude otherwise. A survey taken on 25 freshmen participants revealed that 24 of them would recommend the class to others. Evidence bears this out. During the first semester of this year approximately 40 freshmen were enrolled in the Colloquium. In the spring semester, there are 90 freshman participants.

This response by the freshmen has been a pleasant surprise to the Colloquium's organizers. "We worried that they would be apathetic," admits Vacca, "yet they have evinced an interest and receptivity more than was expected." He acknowledges that they are "talented," but not "skilled"—they *can* do the necessary critical work, yet they have never been asked to perform. Though the primary senior complaint towards the freshmen is their lack of analytical skill, most seniors admit that all the freshmen do develop some critical ability in the course of the Colloquium.

"Enthusiasm for learning," remarks Musial, "is what is ultimately conveyed in the program, and how can you measure that?" The Colloquium creates a situation in which the "romanticism" of learning is induced in the freshmen. This "romanticism" generates so much interest in the works studied that freshmen are enthusiastic to investigate them in a critical fashion.

The entire set-up of the Colloquium is conducive to the creation of this "romanticism" of learning. The one

credit holds no sword over the freshmen's heads, and the work load for the course is not demanding. The friendliness of the seniors helps overcome the "jitters" freshmen have when they first enter the university. The senior moderator is often the only teacher the freshman knows personally. Freshmen drop what Vacca terms the "good student facade" during the seminars, and willingly enter into group discussions. Grades are superfluous. The senior submits recommendations concerning the grades of his freshmen to a faculty advisor, and they are invariably rubber-stamped.

Freshman responses evidence the Colloquium's success. Rosanna Regan, a SMC participant, acknowledges that the lack of academic pressure in the Colloquium permitted her more time to read the suggested books, think about them, and cull them for discussion topics. "I felt comfortable with the seniors," she states, "because I knew that they have had the same experiences here that I had." Dennis Hurley, another freshman participant, explained that the seminar had an inherent structure, though it did in no way hinder his freedom. "You were able to follow any line of questioning," he noted, "though our leader would make sure we never strayed too far from the agreed-upon subject." "This may sound corny," he said, "but in the Colloquium you can actually try to learn something."

There have been few complaints or problems during this year's operation of the Colloquium. The main problem has been communication. Many seniors remain ignorant of the Colloquium due to interdepartmental communication rifts, negligence by senior advisors, and by a general lack of follow-up publicity of the program by its organizers—a fault which Musial acknowledges. Freshmen, too, have been victims of faulty communication. However, Dr. Emil Hofman, dean of the Freshman Year, now sees that most freshmen learn of the program the summer before their enrollment at ND.

To the degree of the absence of problems, there is also an absence of new ideas for the Colloquium. Perhaps the Colloquium has reached an obstacle to new suggestions that may be an essential part of its foundation. The program's faculty advisors want to keep all vestiges of academic pressure away from the course. If the Colloquium becomes too structured, it may lose its valuable "openness." With the advent of any change in the Colloquium, for example, giving freshmen three credits for their participation, the freshmen may see it as *just* another university course.

The effects of the Colloquium on its freshmen and senior participants serve to demonstrate its success, rather than exhibit structural weaknesses. The freshmen begin to glimpse what exactly is education and reflect upon their motives for attending college. They gain skills that, in the words of Dennis Hurley, "rub off on the other liberal arts courses." These freshmen are less afraid to critically examine their and others' views, thus they become assets to any class they attend. The seniors have the opportunity to rid themselves of the "enforced passivity," as Vacca terms it, of taking notes for their entire undergraduate careers. They approach the true sense of an academic community when they become both students and teachers, both receivers and creators of visions.

—jim fanto

analysis

an end to



In recent years, the number of volunteer organizations and of student volunteers has grown rapidly on college campuses. Last year, there was an average of one out of 48 college students (about 2%) doing volunteer work. It has been predicted that the figure has increased to 4 or 5% this year. This trend towards individual service seems to correspond to the realization of the frustrations and uselessness of mass movements to reorganize society.

Notre Dame and St. Mary's seem to be very much a part of this trend of helping the individual through volunteer services. Approximately 1,275 or about 16% of the students work for the 15 volunteer organizations to be found on the two campuses, ranking Notre Dame and St. Mary's way above the national average.

A community as large as South Bend and the surrounding county has many people with specific problems added to the ordinary human needs and anxieties. It is with these people that the ND-SMC volunteer organizations deal.

Of the several organizations working with those deprived of the proper education, Neighborhood Study

Help is the largest, tutoring over 1,100 grade school children at 19 different centers. Other tutoring groups such as Headstart, Upward Bound, Michigan City Prison, El Centro, C.C.D., and Sister Marita's Day School deal with other specific educational problems. In these programs, the education extends beyond the academic into the realm of personal development and friendship.

Another type of program that various ND-SMC volunteer organizations are involved in is that which operates on a one-to-one basis. Big Brothers, Big Sisters, Juvenile Probation Officers, and Halfway House all deal on an individual basis with those who need a friend, someone to care for them. Although all of the people dealt with in these programs have specific troubles which complicate that of loneliness, it soon becomes quite apparent that their needs are not that different from the volunteer's and both grow through the relationship that develops.

The ND-SMC Council for the Retarded provides recreational activity in the hope that, through interaction with the volunteer, the retarded individual will develop to the point where he is able to relate to his surroundings in a normal, meaningful way. Other students also work with the retarded at Northern Indiana Children's Hospital under Manasa. Students volunteer at the hospital working with lower functioning retarded children in activity therapy, speech therapy and other programs. Both organizations expose volunteers to the world of the mentally retarded and their particular human problems. It is soon realized that besides recreational activity and therapy, they too need someone who cares about them.

Another group of organizations deal with specific problems often connected with psychological problems. In a sense, though, all of the volunteer organizations at least indirectly deal with the psychological aspect of man. Under Manasa, students visit the Psychiatric Ward of St. Joseph's Hospital and in another program deal with many human problems over the Hot Line Crisis Phone; the Volunteer Service for the Aged provides the stimulation necessary for the proper adjustment to the aging process. Drug Abuse deals with the psychological

indifference

problems which lead to the abuse of drugs.

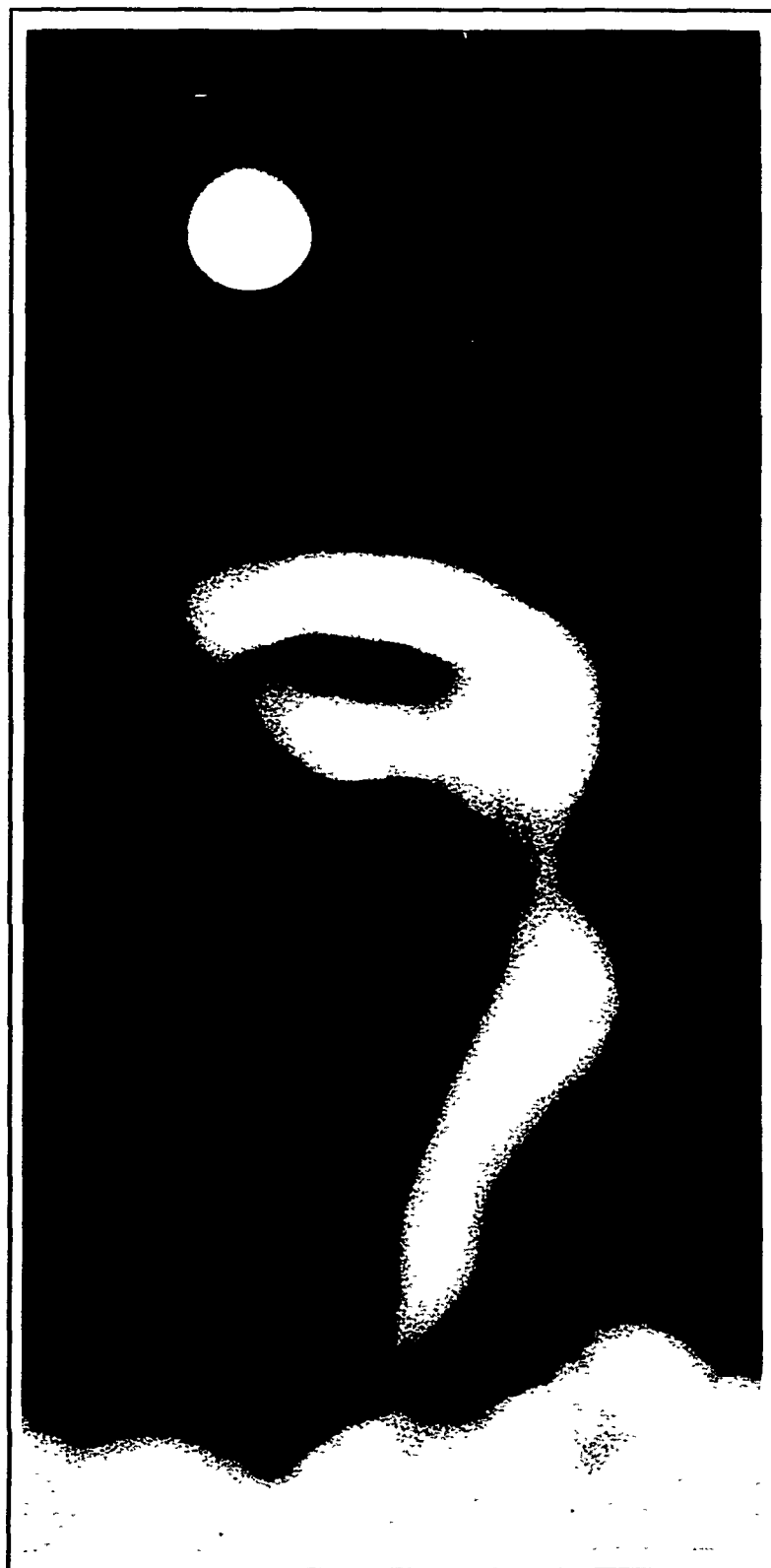
Volunteering continues over the summer with CILA, an organization which reaches out to help others both within the U.S. and in Latin America.

Several things can be noticed in this short overview of Volunteer Services at Notre Dame and St. Mary's. First is the extent to which the student body is involved. One wonders what the motivation is behind this great interest. Another aspect is the emphasis on the individual. In almost all of the programs, the volunteer is for the most part on his own. There is an emphasis not only of helping with specific problems, but of developing the other individual personally, of helping the other realize himself.

Courses have been set up in the Nonviolence, Urban Studies, and Theology departments in which students doing volunteer service are given a chance to reflect on what they are doing and why. In his Theology of Community Service, Father Don McNeill has noted that the student volunteer recognizes the limits of his accomplishments. He often starts out with an uncertain but almost condescending attitude towards the person he is trying to help. Soon, however, he begins to realize the humanness of the other person and to see that perhaps he, the volunteer, gains more from the experience by becoming more human. Some volunteers are career-oriented, but volunteers can be found in almost every major. Most seem to have rejected the institutional Church and the idea of the do-gooder.

Notre Dame presents itself as being very much like a garden isolated from the real world where there is little normal and natural contact with women, adults, younger adolescents, and older people. For the most part, the students are white upper-middle-class males from suburbia. Similarly, St. Mary's is isolated. Although the students of Notre Dame and St. Mary's know that they are materially much better off than many others in the surrounding communities (from whom they have been isolated most of their life) they still have the same human problems. They still feel the loneliness, the alienation, and the desire to have someone to care for and to be cared for by.

— *bruce hooper*



analysis

leaving the fantasy

"When I interview men from Georgetown, Harvard, Ohio State, Notre Dame, etc., I invariably choose the ND graduate. Why? Because I know he is honest, hard-working, and committed. Notre Dame men are known for their honesty. They strive for excellence in all fields of endeavor. He is not the average man, no sir! He is concerned for his fellow man as well as himself. The ND man lives in a community where the sacraments are available. The hall chapels are the greatest thing in the world. Plus, the faculty are more student conscious than those seen at other universities — professors who go beyond themselves unselfishly committed to the student, yet not condescending. Now Notre Dame will go coed, showing the rational ability to keep up with the times, and to remain #1! When the ND man graduates, he feels loyalty to the golden dome, the traditions, the faculty, the counseling services; this loyalty carries over into his chosen career. You can quote me, **THERE IS NO PLACE IN THE WORLD GREATER THAN NOTRE DAME EXCEPT MY HOME.**"

So speaks an *anonymous alumnus* of Notre Dame. Let his words of wisdom or praise or folly be a golden symbol of advice to you, perhaps that is to seek employment in a company owned, operated or staffed with Notre Dame graduates. You're sure to win? After all, you are a reflection of the Christian golden dome. However, St. Mary's women should probably break from beneath these walls with a little more caution.

Yes, the interviewers who come to ND-SMC through the Placement Offices see this community as the

epitome of Christianity, a "love-your-neighbor" school, and no matter whom they hire, from this traditional manor it is certainly someone who symbolizes this epitome. We are learning to plow our garden of love here at Notre Dame-St. Mary's to prepare for the outside world, the world beyond the walls and dimensions of classrooms, books, teachers and buildings. When we graduate into the real world, we don the cloak and crown of Christian living, and in all glory, grime, and glimmer of kaiserdome, we sow our fields and reap bountiful harvest. Yes, we are lucky; we have had the total experience of learning how to **BE PREPARED** for the reality outside this rather fairy-tale atmosphere. Or have we?

The Placement Offices of ND-SMC hope and try to guide us in learning the difference between the idealistic fantasy of this kingdom and the practical reality of life on this earth. According to Miss Wheaton, the placement office is not a place where students find jobs, but where assistance and information are given to plan future careers. She believes that Christianity cannot be donned like a cloak; it must already be a part of you. A Christian background does have good impact, but individuals from sectarian atmospheres, that is, all-male or all-female, all-Catholic or all-Baptist, oftentimes have not had the total experience of real living. Their outlook on life and what to expect from life is often naïve. Miss Wheaton believes that a Christian atmosphere teaches the individual only if he is in a receptive mood. One need not be imbued with Christian thought to live Christian lives. "I try to give as much as I can,

kingdom

I believe in a life of service and assistance, but by my saying this, I cannot say because I am in a Christian community I am, or it is more Christian. There are just as many dedicated people in state schools, people who give of themselves in Christian ways even if they are atheists, often more Christian than the so-called consecrated people."

Moreover, Miss Wheaton finds loopholes in this Christian atmosphere, which supposedly trains us to practice our eight beatitudes. For example, most employers comment that girls graduating from SMC are well educated, intelligent and creative, but they have not been trained to make use of "techniques." A liberal arts major is well trained, but many employers feel that they are incapable of using what she has, in fields such as journalism, typing, public relations, technical writing, medical record library work, business administration, health services, nursing, medical technology, etc. A mind exists without the hands or the tools. This is especially important for women who today are back into careers by the time they are thirty-five. Marriage and careers complement each other. The essential point is: We may search into ourselves through ideas of Gibran, Jung, Pascal, etc., we may prepare ourselves for the hereafter, but we often forget that the hereafter also implies training for life on this earth, the real world beyond intellectualizing about the real world.

Mr. Willemin at the ND Placement Office believes that the ND ring does not make the student a Christian, but the community at ND does provide service: "The



concept of helping students at ND is expressed in the attempt to provide services that will enable students to receive advice and counseling, but the stress is on the individual." The student must develop himself through himself; the counseling is available, but the student must take the individual initiative to use it. Amidst hundreds of phone calls permeating his office, Mr. Willemin's policy is to put off everything when a student enters the scene seeking advice or solution to a problem.

Yes, the Placement Offices assist the students in approaching the real world, but few seem interested or concerned until they fall into despair as second-semester juniors and seniors, those upperclassmen who suddenly realize they are leaving Never-Never Land to Ever-Ever Land. The handbooks, counseling service, career guides on job descriptions and educational requirements rarely touch the freshmen or sophomores. When Miss Wheaton invites alumni or people in various careers to speak with the students, only a handful of students show up. Obviously she finds it difficult to invite these people back again. One might pose the question whether many of us aren't naïve upon entering the college threshold. The dome, the chapels, the rah-rah rallies, football games and hours of intellectualizing — all that make up tradition — seem perennial to the basic reality of why we are here, and how much we are truly concerned about preparing ourselves realistically and practically for life beyond these walls where action speaks louder than words. In essence we are graduating the moment we set foot on the campus scene.

—cherri weismantel

analysis

long day's journey on the left



Fr. Louis Putz is one of those rare individuals who seem to have grown more liberal with age. He would not agree with you, nor perhaps would some of those who work with him, but with a wide grin he would assure you that he has grown more wise.

The portly 62-year-old priest was born in Munich, Germany. At the age of 14 he ran away from home to come to America without knowing a word of English. He worked with progressive French priests and theologians after studying in France in the late 1930s. Here he picked up many of his "radical" ideas—ideas that later were to have a profound influence on Notre Dame. In 1939 World War II broke out and Fr. Putz, still a German citizen, was caught in France with a German passport, replete with swastikas. With phenomenal luck he succeeded in obtaining an American visa, escaped from a detention center, and later from France to England and from England to America. When he arrived at Ellis Island aboard a French ship, the French officials thought him a spy. He succeeded in passing because

one of the American immigration officials was a classmate of his from Notre Dame.

Fr. Putz has been at Notre Dame more or less continuously since 1940. His own personal history is perhaps the greatest testament to what he thinks a Christian university should be: Christianity is meaningless unless accompanied by a strong commitment to social action. In 1941, he was appointed director of Catholic Action at Notre Dame. Under his direction, the Catholic Action Program became an important center of progressivism that influenced the entire American Church. A priest who worked with him in those years considers him one of the most significant influences on American Catholicism in the years between World War II and Vatican II.

Fr. Putz's commitment to social action is exemplified by the history of his work at Notre Dame. Fr. Putz has had a reputation of being one of the chief rabble-rousers at Notre Dame. In 1946, he was one of the people responsible for the admission of the first Black student into Notre Dame. Prior to 1946, the Notre Dame Administration refused to accept Blacks. The stated reason was that more than 400 students were Southerners who would leave if Negroes were accepted. A petition was drawn up and circulated among those students. Of the 402 Southerners questioned, 400 of them signed a written pledge stating that they would stay if the school accepted Negroes. In 1946, during the presidency of Fr. John Cavanaugh, the first Black student was accepted at Notre Dame. He was a track star. Fr. Putz commented that we have come a long way from his undergraduate days when Blacks were not even permitted to work at Notre Dame.

It was also in 1946 that the National Student Association was originated at Notre Dame by Fr. Putz. The idea germinated when Fr. Putz and a group of

students attended an international student conference in Prague. There they discovered that there was no national organization of American students. So, they founded one. Fr. Putz commented that the NSA was not a bad organization before it became involved with the CIA.

In the 1946-47 school year it was Fr. Putz and the Catholic Action Program who organized the first Mardi Gras. It was held in 1947 and raised \$35,000. The money was used for European students who were victims of the war. The idea spread to other schools in the same year and overall \$125,000 was raised.

The present form of student government is also in large part due to Fr. Putz. The reform took place in 1964 and abolished the old form of student government known as student council. The student council had had virtually no power. Its main function was consultation with the Administration.

Fr. Putz is proud of his role in the organization of stay halls. The fight took seven years. Prior to 1964, the students had been moved around automatically at the end of each year. The halls were reserved exclusively for people from a particular division. Thus, there was the "freshman" (north) quad, the sophomore halls, the junior halls, etc. Fr. Putz said that the Administration liked this system a great deal since it was an excellent means of controlling the students. They were automatically shuffled about every year and had to make new friends each time. Troublemakers were not allowed to congregate, nor was much community allowed to develop among the students.

When asked about the Christianity of Notre Dame, Fr. Putz replies without hesitation that things have improved. Speaking of the days of Catholic Action prior to Vatican II, he said that the biggest task was simply trying to make people realize that they had a personal social obligation to others as Christians. The attitude in those days was that the Church consisted of priests and nuns. The laymen had almost no role aside from

adhering to a moral and sacramental code. If the Church had any obligation to others because of its Christian nature, this was obviously the job of the nuns and the priests. In Fr. Putz's view, the massive attendance at Mass and the sacraments of yesteryear did not signify a great deal because it was not accompanied by a general personal commitment to accept the responsibilities of being a Christian. Today, he noted, such an attitude is almost taken for granted. He agreed that Notre Dame has lost a strictly religious dimension, but he added that "it's not a bad loss," since it was a religious dimension that was not sufficiently complemented with social awareness.

He agreed that only a minority are really concerned about what it means to be a Christian today, but pointed out that the same thing has been true in the past. He stated that young people today are generally much more aware of their obligations to serve others than in the past.

When asked about the nature of a Christian university, Father Putz said that such a thing did not exist. A university has to orient itself towards human goals, otherwise it does not justify its existence. This holds true for all universities. At Notre Dame the tools may be different but the goal remains the same. That goal is the education and development of the full person to be aware, sensitive and responsive to the needs of others. He feels that Notre Dame today is doing a better job of educating its students to be aware, mature people than in the past.

Fr. Putz added that Notre Dame does have a Christian tradition that is extremely valuable and worth preserving, but he specified that this tradition remains valid only as long as the University remains aware of its social and human values and is not turned in upon itself.

When asked about his brimming optimism Fr. Putz replied, "Of course I'm an optimist. I work with people. People are great. How can you not be an optimist when you work with people?"

—jim munsch



analysis

burtchaell's limbo

Notre Dame faculty members are coming and going quicker than we care to admit. In this blur of personnel turnover, all of the mechanics are kept far in the background. In examining the problem of tenure, the first consideration should be what merits tenure. There seem to be three criteria: (1) scholarly works such as published articles or books, (2) teaching ability, or the ability to come across in a classroom, (3) services, either within the department or in the community. The first two carry the heaviest weight in equal proportion. According to Professor Dennis Dugan, chairman of the Economics Department, the third criteria is given "slightly more than minimal consideration." Professor James Robinson, chairman of the English Department, added that the Course Evaluation forms are also used by the Appointment and Promotions Committee in his department.

Just how much are the original reports coming out of the departments' committees really worth? Professor Robinson stated that the English Department has lost several teachers it had wanted to keep. He also speculated that funding is the key to many decisions overruling the recommendations of the committees. Another possibility is that a large turnover of teachers on the undergraduate level is desirable to the administration. Harvard attempted this in the fifties but it was abandoned as academic quality declined. Such a policy would result in the appearance at Notre Dame of a slightly greater variety of teachers than acts at a Las Vegas night club.

Consider, too, the present system for tenuring teachers. The Committee on Appointments and Promotions of each department makes a recommendation to the department chairman who adds his own recommendation and sends the matter to the dean of the college. With the dean's consideration added, the report is sent to an additional tenure evaluation com-

mittee. From here the destination is the Provost's office for final consideration. It is here, after the recommendations of peers and immediate superior have been diluted by innumerable asides divorced from the actual situation, that the final decision is made. Eventually, an acceptance or rejection reaches the chairman of the department. According to Professor Dugan, "most of the time no explanation comes down."

Viewing this system as chairman of a department still trying to build a strong-tenured faculty, Professor Dugan sees the present situation as a virtual "limbo." He also cites a need for "two way communication" in such matters. "Otherwise everyone is working in a vacuum."

At the present time Professor Robinson is chairing an *ad hoc* committee formed by the Faculty Senate to review the *Faculty Manual*, incorporate recent amendments and recommend changes. Professor Robinson has indicated interest in changing the section dealing with the tenuring procedure. Whether or not this will be acceptable to the Senate and, ultimately, to the Academic Affairs Committee is another question.

Suggested changes along the lines of intercommunication, such as were alluded to by Professor Dugan, would be well taken. This would be, perhaps, the inroad necessary for the development of a Christian atmosphere here at Notre Dame.

What lies ahead for the University? A Harvard? Or, a Christian University? A high turnover in faculty and class overload on each individual teacher preventing the interaction between teacher and student along the vacuum-like communication between faculty and administration cannot support *anybody's* claim that Notre Dame is a Christian University. *If* changes of policy are initiated, and *if* the vacuum is eliminated, such a claim *might* find a more sturdy grounding.

—joe runde

analysis

charismatic renewal

Pentecostalism is an attempt to experience a vital Christianity within a fundamentalist Catholic framework. Many of the manifestations of the movement are more dynamic than the adjective "fundamentalist" would imply, however; the gift of tongues, the gift of prophecy, and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit are the phenomena deemed most essential to their spiritual awareness. The release and outpouring of the Holy Spirit into a person's life is said to radically change the life of the recipient. Jim Burke, a member of one of the on-campus Pentecostal households, says, "Through the power of the Lord's spirit, people have been healed of deep spiritual problems and have been set on fire for Jesus and His Church."

The Notre Dame Pentecostal community formed in 1967 through the wish of students Peter Edwards and James Byrne to realize an intensely spiritual Catholicism. Both Byrne and Edwards had experienced "Charismatic Renewal" — a term held synonymous with "Pentecostalism," expressing the spiritual awakening unique to the movement.

But when Edwards and Byrne first attempted to live their spiritual awakening, their efforts encountered difficulty. The pressures of academia and modern values tended to hamper their efforts to persevere in the "grace of God." From these problems which seemed to diffuse their attempts for shared growth and spiritual communion, arose the notion of a community environment in which a sustained process of "becoming" could achieve fruition. Thus, the difficulty of realizing Christ in a pressurized, secular society necessitated the formation of the Pentecostal community. The early members saw the community as essential to the reinforcement of an intense Christian life style.

In 1968, Dr. Herbert True offered the students a house in South Bend that could be used as an apostolic center, a center eventually named *True House*. By December, 1970, the apostolate began to exchange ideas with other individuals who were also interested in an intense life of prayer. From these discussions, the group proposed the building of an experimental student community. Twenty-one people formulated a covenant in September, 1971, that reified the ideal of

the Pentecostal community.

The organization of *True House* was a response to the problems encountered by the students in hearing the message of the Gospels. The Pentecostal community feels that the distaste of many young people for the Church and the sacraments is a result of socialization. The Pentecostals also feel a different world view must be offered to the young. In a recently issued résumé, *True House* says, "our community is seeking to grow in its understanding of the mysteries of Christ as revealed in the Church." The purpose of the Charismatic Revival is not merely to awaken "dull Catholics"; rather it is to achieve a fundamental spiritual conversion. According to the Pentecostals, the conversion facilitates a deeper encounter with Christ through daily Mass, prayer, and the sacraments.

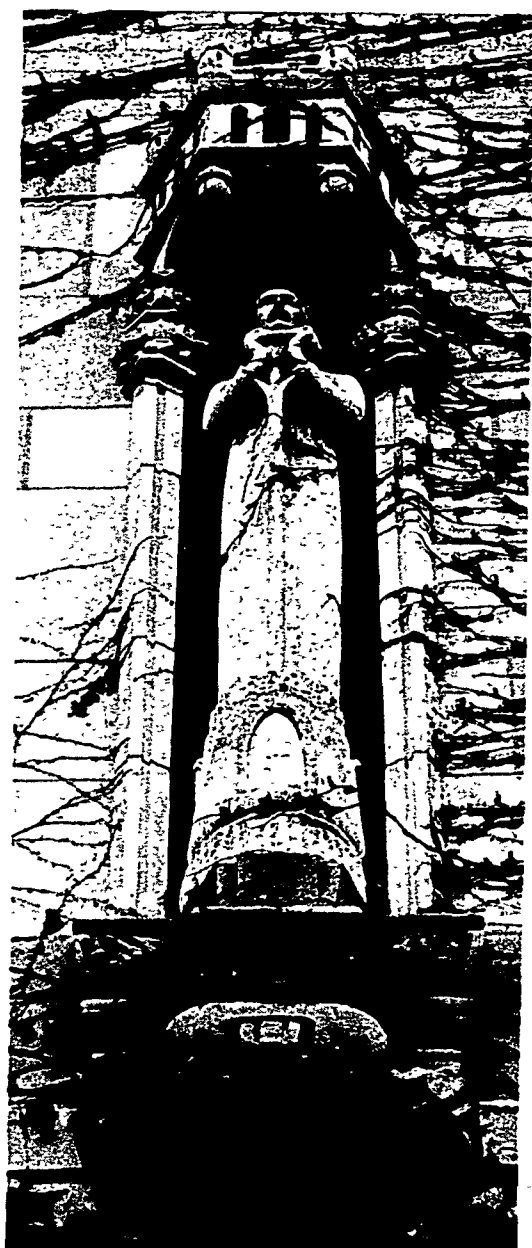
Within the last couple of years, a "division of labor" has evolved whereby a group of Pentecostals felt moved to direct their apostolic endeavors toward the South Bend community. This group, the *People of Praise*, has been working with prayer groups in some of the local parishes. There has been no ideological conflict between the *People of Prayer* and *True House*. The *People of Praise* primarily direct their interest toward the South Bend community while *True House* is more concerned with the apostolate within the Notre Dame community.

Today, there are seven "households" in the *True House* community. Three households are located on campus. The members of the on-campus households do not necessarily live together, but they do pray, dine, and share recreational activities as a group. The community meets daily for Mass in Breen-Phillips Chapel, daily reception of the Eucharist being an important aspect of the *True House* community. There are two prayer meetings every week. Also, Rev. Robert Nogosek, C.S.C., and Rev. Edward O'Connor, C.S.C., teach the community.

Admittedly, the Pentecostals advocate a form of Christianity that is quite different from that which is practiced by a majority of the students. For instance, the Pentecostal world view of seeing secularized, modern society as a hindrance to the pursuit of the truth of the Gospels as opposed to the world view posed by the amorphous "new Catholic Left." Basically, the latter posits the Christian imperative as the attempt to realize Christ by confronting the problems of a secular, modern society. This amounts to trying to unite the Kingdom of God and the modern city. For the Pentecostals, however, the differences between the "kingdoms" is much more critical, calling for an active — sometimes passionate — renewal and affirmation of the pilgrim kingdom of God on earth.

—jack wenke

Christian University: a contradiction in terms?



Notre Dame calls itself a Christian university; catalogues and public relations use that caricature as a selling point. Manifestly, it does appear that Notre Dame displays many symbols and practices which are Christian or Catholic. There are chapels in all of the dormitories. The University was founded by a religious order, and, even though Notre Dame is now formally controlled by a lay Board of Trustees, the presence of members of that order is very apparent. The student body and faculty are predominately Catholic and/or Christian in background. Yet, do such facts and figures make a Christian university? Is there something more to the adjective "Christian," so often placed before university in Notre Dame's catalogues, that goes beyond the fact that our tradition and membership is predominately Catholic or Christian? (It first must be noted that most people with whom the *Scholastic* discussed this question found no real distinction between "Catholic" and "Christian." "There are really damn few theological arguments between Catholics and other Christians since Vatican II," commented Father David Burrell, Chairman of the Theology Department.)

The first question which must be raised is, what is a Christian university? Beyond the manifestations of Christian membership, the term Christian university does not seem to be such a simple proposition. In a speech delivered upon the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Notre Dame, Father Hesburgh characterized a Catholic university as being "a great university that is also Catholic."

Catholic means universal and the university, as as Catholic, must be universal in a double sense: first, it must emphasize the centrality of philosophy, and especially theology . . . theology in the Catholic university must be engaged on the highest level of intellectual inquiry so that it may be in living dialogue with all the other disciplines in the university. . . . The second sense in which the Catholic university must be universal is related to the first . . . the presence and philosophy and theology simply completes the total field of inquiry raises additional and ultimate questions, moves every scholar to look beyond his immediate field of vision to the total landscape of God and man and the universe.

"Christianity reflects a very basic story," states Father Burrell, "and this story has implications for all of one's life. The university is a special way of viewing and examining that story. A Christian university is different in that we explicitly keep an eye out for what those implications are. Thus, a Christian university is engaged in a search and it is pledged to keep certain questions open in such a search."

For Doctor James Danehy, Associate Professor of Chemistry, a Christian university has its basis in the Church. "Learning arose from the Church with the principal aim being the welfare of Christianity in a scholastic atmosphere. A Christian university is not an institution to consider each or any member's individual beliefs in terms of Christianity; rather, in some

intangible way, a Christian university is committed to scholasticism in both teaching and learning which will not only seek truth but will, in some way, be dedicated to this Church of Christ."

Yet another view is held by Professor John Houck of the Management Department. "A Christian university is a place where people share deep guilt feelings about the personage of Christ. Within such a university scholars and students try to celebrate and probe this Christian an attempt to satisfy this guilt feeling. Thus, those of us in such a university for a certain period of time are involved in a dynamic process of attempting to find ways to live with these guilt feelings."

It is evident from these views that there is no readily apparent definition of a Christian university. Yet, these four testimonies do seem to render a common core of hypotheses of what might constitute the use of Christian with university.

The Church and other sources of interpretation have rendered certain maxims for belief from the historical fact of Jesus Christ's life and teachings. These maxims have become a core of Christian "faith" which seems to be a prerequisite for the existence of anything Christian, including a Christian university. Father Hesburgh noted in his anniversary address that a Christian university "should reflect profoundly, and with unashamed commitment, its belief in the existence of God and in God's total revelation to man, especially the Christian message." Thus, it would seem that in order for one to talk about a Christian university, there must first exist a certain faith or belief in Christ and His teachings. Such a belief, noted Father Burtchaell, gives a certain perspective to how a Christian views his existence.

Yet such a perspective is difficult to focus in contemporary times. "Our problem is one of trying to give a personage to a man of an agrarian setting in our present technological age," notes Doctor Houck. "Notions that God is all-powerful and can destroy the earth are no longer adequate ways of viewing God. Such power and force is now available to man; in a real way man has become God-like. Yet some feel the inadequacy of these powers and are faced with the necessity of working out new personages of Christ so that they can jump out of the apparent absurdity of their lives."

Such a Christian faith also might seem difficult to reconcile with the intellectual investigation which characterizes the aim of a university. Such a faith can easily become a dogmatic stricture upon the open investigation which those of a university seek to carry out. For example, Father Burrell noted, during the times of the counter-reformation the Catholic Church became very dogmatic and closed the doors to many forms of questioning. But, as he observed, such a stifling is very inappropriate to a Christian university, for the revelation of Christ is not totally comprehensible or clear to man; this fact necessitates the investigation of the implications of that revelation in our intellectual and moral lives. "The Christian college, if it is to survive in contemporary America, may no longer conceive itself as an enclave of orthodoxy to defend the faith of its students against the threats of the world," stated the Conference on The Restless Christian College. "Christian

faith is no obstacle to the objectivity of academic scholarship. Indeed all men come to the college with a previously chosen complex of values. The more clearly these values and belief are articulated, the less likely it is that they will degenerate into unidentified and hidden prejudices, incapable of being discursively examined."

Thus, a necessary questioning and openness to such questions seems to characterize a Christian university. Father Burrell characterizes these questions as "external" questions. "Internal questions are ones which one might ask about the consistency of a given framework, an economic model for example. Such questions are generally technical ones. But one might also ask an external question; for example, what is the appropriateness of this model to the situation and the people to which one is applying it. At other universities, these questions are often seen as being irrelevant. Yet, much of the disillusionment of students is due to the fact that they are forced to remain within the given framework of a discipline and hence they are not equipped to reflect upon the direction of their lives and their society. Being Christian ought to predispose a university to raise such questions."

Such are the renderings of what, for some members of Notre Dame, it means for a university to be Christian. But the more critical question for those of us at Notre Dame is whether such an adjective is appropriately used in the case of the University of Notre Dame. In some ways, that appropriateness is highly questionable.

The notion of Christianity seems to imply a lifestyle which is a Christian one. It is difficult for one to really know what such a lifestyle entails other than from the interpretations rendered by mediating sources such as the Church. Yet, from the Sermon on the Mount and from the life of Christ, it appears that such a lifestyle entails a recognition that earthly existence is transient and that there are higher aspirations and existences for man. That type of lifestyle, as Doctor Houck pointed out, is not readily apparent. In some ways, individuals must seek a resolution of the existence of Christ and his tenets in their own lives. Thus, though never fully comprehended or actualized, there seems to be a way of living which is appropriately Christian; there seems to be Christian answers to the existence problem which men must explore and contrast with all the other solutions to that problem.

But can an institution such as Notre Dame allow for such an open exploration? The answer would seem to be negative because of the very nature of any institution. Almost by definition, an institution must perpetuate itself; existence is its main function. As a contemporary university, Notre Dame is bound by certain "traditions." It must, for example, divide its labor into certain disciplines. One studies Biology, Chemical Engineering and Sociology. This tradition seems to severely hamper a viewing of the wholeness of the landscape to which Father Hesburgh refers. Notre Dame certainly requires that each student take courses in Theology and Philosophy, but it does not seem to make an attempt to explicitly integrate such "external" questions, which Father Burrell refers to, with the

traditional disciplines of a university. Do departments ask, when reviewing a man for tenure, whether he has been a good "Christian" teacher? To really pursue such integration and to ask such a question seem almost impossible expectations if Notre Dame is to remain a contemporary university in a true sense.

This institutional self-preservation is also seen in the bureaucratic hierarchy which governs Notre Dame. "Nothing has done more to secularize a Christian or religious university than credit hours and academic departments," noted Doctor Ziskind. The openness which is necessary if one is to explore how to live a Christian life is vastly diminished by the fact that course numbers and grade point averages are the methods of legitimization for the university.

All this is not to say that one who seeks to find a Christian lifestyle cannot do so at Notre Dame. Yet, paradoxically, such a search in many ways seems to run counter to a structure that purports to encourage such a process. There seems to be a real tension between attempting to find a way to cope with the "guilt feelings of the personage of Christ" and the reality of the institutionalized university.

In closing it must be said that the content of this article merely reflects one view of Notre Dame as a Christian university. The conclusions drawn are very tentative and contestable. Yet the question must be posed to all of us who use the term "Christian" university so readily: is there a contradiction between Notre Dame as Christian and Notre Dame as a university?

—joe hotz



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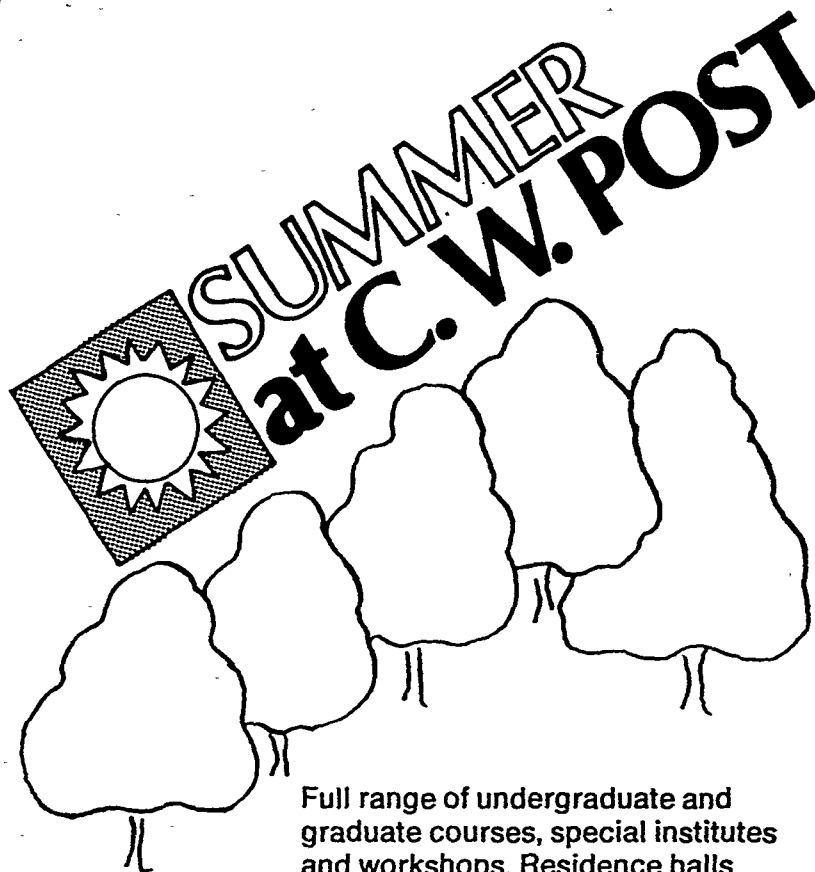
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Perspectives is a regular column space open to any member of the University. This week the SCHOLASTIC invited several well-known professors on campus to distill their thoughts on what is implied by prefixing the word "education" with the adjective "Christian," and to assess Notre Dame in this light. Several declined to comment for various reasons; others responded. Of those who did, the responses were as varied as the personalities. But after reading them all, one is left with a general sense of apprehension, a tension of uncertainty. We offer their thoughts to the reader and welcome your response to them.

explicit assumptions, arising questions

--Jeremiah Freeman

The appellation "Catholic University" (or Christian as seems more fashionable today) appears to weigh heavily on the minds of many. The administration and trustees struggle to articulate what distinguishes such a university from another. Our alumni want to be assured that there is still something distinctively Catholic about Notre Dame. At the same time our faculty, whatever their religious beliefs, are often apprehensive about the interpretation of this adjective since historically it has suggested episcopal interference, proscribed books, and the like. But it is the students who appear to be most troubled about what to expect from an institution calling itself Catholic. Unfortunately, not an insignificant number appear to be almost indifferent to this aspect of Notre Dame.

What might be expected of education called Christian? Does it mean that certain moral absolutes must be posed and defended? Does it mean that everything must be examined from a Christian point of view? Where do science and engineering fit into Christian education? I do not really intend to try to answer these questions, nor to provide any profound insight into such a complex question. Rather, I simply wish to outline my own view of the situation and what I think one may or may not expect.

Possibly all universities have grand aspirations about the total impact that they have on the whole-man development of their students, but Notre Dame in particular would like to derive its uniqueness from just this sort of impact. Much of the nostalgia that alumni radiate has its origins in this phenomenon.

Faculty who have had our undergraduates in their graduate programs have remarked on the strong identification these students have with their alma mater. So while it is difficult to pinpoint what exactly constitutes the effect, it seems evident that something in fact is there. This only emphasizes the oft-stated proposition that a Notre Dame education is supposed to mean much more than just the classroom or laboratory experience. So much of the Christian education takes place in a sphere in which faculty are not directly involved that one might wonder how a member of the faculty can contribute usefully to the discussion. But let us concentrate on what one might expect in the main academic arena.

I believe that the main thing one can expect of a Christian university is that the existence of God is explicitly assumed and that the questions that arise from that belief are actively entertained in a sympathetic environment. At the same time that one person is able to examine and hopefully to deepen his own beliefs free from the hostility and mockery characteristic of many secular campuses, others who do not share these beliefs or even the basic assumption are also afforded a friendly and tolerant atmosphere. In my view it is not the function of a Christian education to make a student identify with a "correct" position on a moral or ethical problem but to confront him with the view from the Christian vantage point. This extra dimension afforded by the Christian outlook is a component generally avoided at secular institutions.

But how does this enter the academic area of science? Very directly in some ways, very indirectly in others. My own view of nature, seen partly through the eyes of faith, gives me an enlarged and more detailed picture of our Creator. This is a highly personal yet direct effect. It comes not from the impetus of the teacher but from one's own growing awareness of the beauty and order and design in nature. (Note carefully what is meant here. Scientists of other or no religious persuasion are not necessarily led to Christ by viewing the same nature that I do; rather through my faith I see nature as a manifestation of God with us.) For example, it has been suggested recently that science cannot tell us much about a rose. I agree that esthetics cannot be analyzed under a microscope. But for me the molecular constitution that is the origin of its color and the detailed chemistry and biology of its growth cycle share an equal place with its effect on my senses. Science thus enriches my enjoyment.

But, just as Hitler was wrong in talking of Jewish physics, so we would be mistaken to think of Christian science (no pun intended). I do not believe there is any question that religious belief prevents us from asking. On the contrary, it seems to me unchristian to suggest that we should not seek as much knowledge of the universe as can be obtained because of fear of its misuse. Technology, the application of scientific knowledge, raises ethical questions which ought to be faced as part of Christian education, but the knowledge itself does not have such a component. It has always been a basic tenet of our religion that in order to love

we must first know. Since God created the universe, the more we know of it the more we learn of him. It is inconceivable to me that God wished us to limit our knowledge of him and his works.

It is clear that in the past many institutions calling themselves Christian have had an ambivalent position on science. Scientific thought was supposed to be brought in line with current dogma. For example, there might have been a time in the recent past when a scientist working on the problem of hormonal control of human ovulation might have felt uncomfortable at Notre Dame, when it might have been deemed more appropriate to be working on methods to improve the "rhythm method." I think such constraints, whether subtle or explicit, have largely vanished from our scene. I think it is an important component of the educational process here to examine why we see such constraints as inappropriate and undesirable today while still calling our institution Catholic.

The Christian component of the educational process has an unexpected effect on some students. They seem to have guilt pangs if they are too successful in academic things. Like the rich, successful person who begins to worry in middle life about the biblical story of Lazarus, this student wonders how he can be both successful and Christian. I notice this often among idealistic premedical students. Some are actually turned away from such a career by the belief that it is inherently unchristian to compete for the relatively few available places in medical schools. To me this is a puritanical view of the Christian life and one of the less desirable, but possible side effects of seeing life through the eyes of a person trying to be Christlike.

This matter leads me to touch briefly on a more general and practical topic that is always brought up in discussions of the Christian character of education. Many students and some teachers seem to feel that there is something inherently unchristian about the existence of grades. The argument seems to run along these lines: in a Christian community motivated by mutual love, a non-Christian tension is introduced by the feature of one person sitting in judgment of another. I believe this is a contrived argument which obscures the reality that in order to learn we must have some reference to judge our progress. If the student is to learn, he must know when he is on the wrong track, when he has not really understood an idea, when he cannot anticipate or understand the extensions of the basic ideas. I am not attempting to defend any particular kind of grading system or of the ways of assigning them but rather simply to defend the practice itself as reasonable and proper within the context of Christian education. To mislead the student out of some mistaken notion of Christian charity brings to mind Eliot's familiar words:

"This is the greatest treason:

To do the right thing for the wrong reason."

—*Jeremiah P. Freeman*

Dr. Freeman is a professor in and chairman of the Biology Department.

things hoped for

Once in a summer when you were sixteen, you walked with a girl through patches of daisies and wild strawberries in a meadow close to the sea. Her feet were bare, and you wanted to love them because they were innocent and beautiful and full of wonder at the feel of warming, loving earth. Under the New England sky of late July, in a field that stretched to the edge of the continent, you watched her dance as though light were her lover, and she had been stroked with sunbeams. In the glory of the noonday, her head was like a golden chrysanthemum skirmishing with the wind. Bluebirds and butterflies seemed her playmates as you watched, aching with love and desire. Later, at evening, you wept with helplessness, because you were only sixteen and could not own the beauty of a girl with feet stained in strawberry who danced among daisies.

Nearly thirty years later, you remember that day, or like to think you do—but you can't recall if the sea were green or blue, nor whether dimples played hide-and-seek in that face, nor whether her eyes were brown like the wings of a wood thrush. Not knowing makes you skeptical. You think to yourself: it is a fantasy, full of trite images and stale dreams from a sleep, filled with sex play, half remembered from the awakening years of adolescence.

But in your heart, you know there was a Summer of '42 when a girl walked with you in the meadows that lead to the sea. Never mind if it were a dream, for dreams are the reality by which we sometimes need to live.

Faith sometimes seems like a fantasy of love—a half-dream tucked in memory of the years when the Son of God walked from the kingdoms of light, over the path of the rainbow, into our darkness. Touching water, He turned it into wine; touching pain, He turned it into grace; touching death, He turned it into an affair of glory—only we can't believe the dream, because we have no experience of miracles. Instead, we have the fact of the Cross (all of us have experienced crosses) upon which the Son of Man is crucified. God the Father, stern and despotic like a dean of discipline, looks down upon the Cross and sees that His lad is

dying. Painfully and punitively, He is dying, with His flesh screwed into agony by the nails and wood. God leans low to look into the face of his Son and to study the suffering, and He sees the lifeblood of His child staining the green of the tree. The bent God hears the words of Jesus, punished like a slave who must be tortured on nails. The gentle absolutions of the Outlaw are like hammers beating on God's heart, pounding away the anger. Hidden in the dark shadows over the Cross, God the Father is redeemed to mercy through the love of His Son, who revealed us men and our suffering to an Omnipotence Who didn't know what it is to be human.

In our dreams of God, as in our dreams of golden maidens, we must distinguish fact from fantasy; otherwise we have a theology of wishful thinking, with dogmas from Mother Goose. Is there evidence that God loves me? Does He always scar His lovers with the fire of suffering? Is suffering a proof that there is a loving Providence that guards the victims of the cancer ward, the ghetto, the fire-bombed jungle, the battle field, the abortion clinic, the street accident, the psycho ward, the children's wing of Memorial Hospital? Scripture notes that the Deity watches with interest as the sparrow falls, but so do well-trained ornithologists. Is there compassion in the curious glance of the cosmic bird watcher, and does He sometimes lift the dead feathers on his fingertips and send them beating like oars against a sea of light until they have again found the wind currents to the sun?

Faith, writes St. Paul, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. Of Cardinal Newman, it is written that as a child he hoped that the *Arabian Nights* might be true; and that as a man, he found magic even more moving than the tales of Scheherazade in the myth of the eternal priesthood.

As a priest who serves as Chaplain to this University, I often create fantasies about God, writing of Him, for example, as a Lonely God Who lives by Himself in an empty mansion, with only hired servants to keep Him company. It is easier to love a God Who is as moody with loneliness as a widowed grandfather than

but not seen

--fr. robert griffin

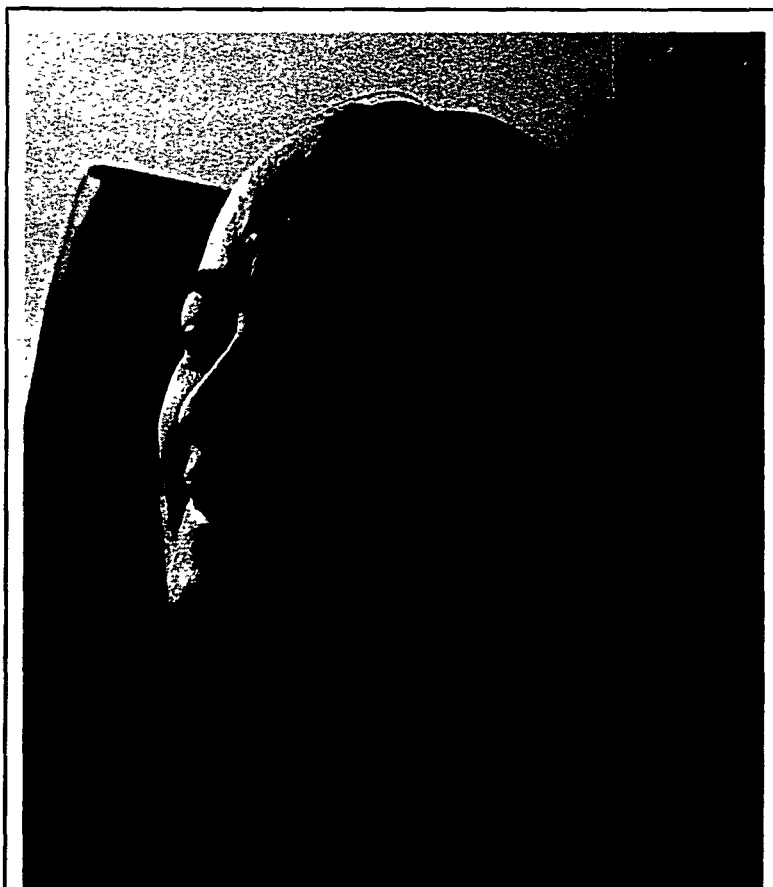
it is to have to forgive Him for being blissfully happy when He should be brooding over the broken bones of babies. Fantasies are what you indulge in, sometimes, if you are a priest, witnessing to the truth of things unseen, like the love that lies hidden in the mystery of suffering.

In the end, like Newman, I am a minister of the eternal priesthood. I am part of the myth that proclaims the wonders of Incarnation and Redemption, and Sacraments that reveal Christ under the gestures and words of ritual. I must proclaim the Good News of the Lord without dependency on miracle or magic or fantasy. I must teach the disciplines of love to a generation that often confuses love with romance, which is only love's foreshadowing. Love sometimes walks in a meadow and is holy, as sixteen-year-olds can tell you; but in its profoundest implications, it is an affair of sacrifice and crucifixion, and only faith can say with certainty whether God is watching the struggle against the nails.

I must teach the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, without sentimentalizing either the sin or the sinner. The whole bloody crowd of us are murderers, adulterers, abortionists, sodomists, liars, thieves, and other ugly types. The Gospel images of prodigal sons and lost sheep do not apply if used by sentimentalists—so I am warned by my critics. Often, I do not understand God, and I really hesitate to like Him; but I trust the experience of Christ, Who gave Him His whole being until the ultimate surrender in death. There was such a trust of the Father in Jesus as He hung on the Cross that I can really believe that God is as compassionate as that wonderful old man in the parable who watched the roads till his youngest boy came home in shabbiness from the harlots' house, when his dad ran to greet him with the embraces of love.

Here, then, is the faith—in God and Christ and the Holy Spirit—with its complexities and ambiguities, with its lights and shadows, that I am trying to share with this campus. The wonder of it to me is not that I witness to it badly, through imperfect liturgies and a theology of the imagination, but why I try to witness to it at all.

At my age, my pores are too brittle to sport in the meadow with Elvira Madigan. But as long as the heart can sing and the mind can wonder, then faith is always like a young girl gathering sunlight: elusive, pertinacious, saucy, beautiful, and full of love. At its best, my faith reflects the qualities—doubt, fear, passion, intensity, trust, courage, hope, grief—that are preoccupying the students, children, colleagues, and friends of the Notre Dame Community. For as a Christian, I am here at this University not only to witness to faith, but also to find it incarnate in heartbeats that dance to the rhythms of grace.



Father Griffin is the Rector of Keenan Hall, a member of the Campus Ministry, and founder of Notre Dame's children's mass.

**“bird
in cage
no sing”
—joseph m. duffy**

After World War II, when Ezra Pound was confined by the United States Government to St. Elizabeth's Hospital (an asylum) in Washington, a journalist requested an interview of him. Pound replied on a postal card: "Bird in cage no sing." The space of the poet's life had diminished so greatly that his own survival required all his quiet internal energy. In the present depressed and confined atmosphere at Notre Dame it seems equally inappropriate to consider the vitality of Christianity at this place. That would be to talk of another world than the one known at least by the faculty whose space has shrunk so much of late and with it the capacity for dealing with visionary beliefs. Much more important for the faculty—and for the students as well—are the palpable gestures of a managerial elite which—for example—formulates minimum teaching schedules for all the faculty or which forbids (in the College of Arts and Letters) any change in the instructor's format of his own final examination without a written request for the Dean's permission. Evidently the managers are so remote in the unilateral exercise of their power that they are even unaware of the offensiveness of their activities and the resentment they breed. In such a beleaguered environment the Christian matters the SCHOLASTIC raises are altogether too lofty. A more fundamental question exists about the continuance of any kind of community at Notre Dame. If health returns, if responsibilities are seen as reciprocal, if freedom becomes available, then the imaginative song may rise. But certainly not now, not here.



Mr. Duffy is a professor of English and the recent recipient of the Harbison Award for teaching.

killing of the magic — julian pleasants

What has *happened* to Christianity at Notre Dame? I do not have surveys to give you, or even any far-ranging observations, but only my own feelings, hoping that they represent a kind of knowledge by sympathy. My neighbor, Gene Geissler, wrote that a man faces the ultimate questions twice in his life, once when he reaches maturity himself and once again when his children reach maturity. I am surrounded by students going through the crisis themselves, and going through it much more openly than in my student days. On that basis I will tell you what I think has happened to Christianity at Notre Dame: the *magic* has gone out of it.

It was my generation that killed the magic. To be specific it was Vatican II and all the agitation for change that preceded it. To be more specific, it was change itself that broke the spell. Oh, we thought we were finding once again the essence of Christianity, and maybe we did come closer. But it was not the essence that had been producing the magic. It was the sights and sounds and smells of Catholicism that turned on the feelings of awe and security and certainty. When the sights and sounds and smells were changed, the feelings began to melt away.

As a biologist, I tend to think of man as the self-conditioning animal. At some point in his story, he began to dream dreams, like justice and brotherhood, that transcend the nitty-gritty of biological existence. But he found it extraordinarily difficult to live up to those dreams. He made another discovery: there are situations which put him in the mood for living his dreams. The sharing of bread and wine, of music and dance, of well-loved stories, creates the atmosphere in which dreams of brotherhood can grow and spread outward. Repetition makes it more, not less effective. A few strains of organ music, some Latin syllables, light coming in from stained glass windows, the smell of incense, are enough to turn on the mood. But what happens if you change the conditions? The mood does not come. You are left with the idea, the ideal, the dream, which had already proved to have insufficient power, by itself, to bring about its realization.

An even greater danger is at hand. Once the spell is broken, you can look at the ritual in the light of the

ideal which presumably justifies it. The results can be devastating. The dream we have of divine fatherhood and human brotherhood seems badly served by an appeasement ceremony in which we remind God of the death of His Son so as to avert the punishment we deserve for our communal, inherited guilt. We re-read the Gospels and find there a Father who loves us, not an angry God who must be appeased by blood. We find no image of inherited guilt. On the contrary, we learn that "neither has this (blind) man sinned, nor his parents." Then we see what the general notion of inherited guilt has supported in the world, consciously or unconsciously: slavery, anti-Semitism, apartheid, racism in general, oppression of women, unconcern for the poor. How can you rejoice in a ritual commemorating atonement for inherited guilt if you find the concept horrifying? I know that modern liturgy in response to modern theology has shifted from a ritual of appeasement to a ritual of celebration—celebration of the great news that we relate to God by relating to our brothers. But the shift is not all that clear yet, and it may be too late for this student generation.

Besides taking the magic out of the liturgy, my generation took the magic out of Church *law*. Law is a kind of private ritual; obedience to it generates its own feelings and its own conditioning. The Church's laws on sex and marriage had become rituals of identity. Their very difficulty, and the faith they demanded, gave us the feeling that we had a special claim on God's providence and God's ultimate rewards.

Again the winds of change blew, this time around the law against contraception. Even the Pope's announcement that change was possible did something to the magic, for we had been led to believe the law was something the Pope could not change, and probably God Himself could not change. When the Pope did reject change in 1968, we were immediately advised by the Vatican press secretary that the encyclical was not infallible. That was change enough. For laymen, priests, and even some national hierarchies, the spell had been broken.

Once again, with the spell broken, it was possible to look at the traditional understanding of sexuality and ask if it served the ideal it was meant to serve.

That traditional understanding found the human and religious meaning of sex to be only in its procreative results. There was no room for the realization that sexual love was, for most people, their deepest experience of love and their route to the understanding of love for God and neighbor. The spell of traditional sexual doctrine had been one which changed the Prince into a Beast, though a manageable Beast, devoted above all else to the maintenance of the species. The most narrow-minded biologist could not have dreamed up a more crushing victory of Biology over the Humanities. With the spell of procreative primacy broken, Notre Dame men are uniquely vulnerable to any new spell, for they have lost their sole clear criterion for judging sexual morality, with little theology of love to put in its place. With the old spell broken, will they turn back into Princes or into another kind of Beast, better adapted to the ecological age, but still missing the human dimension of sex? No Notre Dame group before has had to face such uncertainty. What can Notre Dame do for them?

In my lifetime at Notre Dame, Christianity has passed from something conditioned and conditional to something unconditioned and unconditional. What brought on my first crisis of faith, in the late 30's, was the gap between the large number of daily Communions (carefully graphed for our edification) and the tiny handful of students who were working to break the barrier against Blacks at Notre Dame, or were willing to do something for the poor in South Bend, or were ready to condemn the war *we* talked about (Franco's). Now in the 70's you can count in the thousands the number who will do at least something for peace, for the disadvantaged of South Bend, for racial minorities. Meanwhile the number of daily Communions dwindles toward a handful.

Paradoxically, the Church's success in getting across the message of divine fatherhood and human brotherhood has brought about both changes. In the light of that message, the Church's ritual and law have been

weighed and found wanting, because of their counter-message, and because they had become a substitute for Christian living, not an inspiration to it. But what happens when there is *no* vehicle for the message, when communications have been cut off, in this generation or in the next? Is Notre Dame trying to create some way in which adults of the unconditioned age can relate to Christ and to each other?

If we don't deal with this question, what use is it to have a Catholic University, where there is freedom to deal with religion and a broad range of committed teachers from all disciplines who could bring their insights to bear on the question?

Dr. Pleasants is an assistant professor of Microbiology at the Lobund Laboratory.



the right hand watches the left — robert meagher

It has often been said that Christians are neither so numerous nor so inclined to form crowds; and a university along the contemporary model surely resembles a crowd, a largely migratory gathering of individuals with peculiarly little in common. Quite appropriately, it is those who seem most deserving to be called Christians who show the greatest reluctance to accept that name. Perhaps only the Christian knows the inadequacy of his Christianity. If such reluctance is appropriate to individuals, it would seem all the more appropriate to institutions. One rightfully wonders about an institution whose claims to such a title are as insistent as they are premature.

It would seem that the Christianity of either an individual or an institution is not properly a claim, nor is it a policy. To believe, to hope, to love and serve the Lord are less a matter of choosing and more a matter of being chosen. Such gifts are best acknowledged, nourished, and expressed in worship and not in catalogues and press releases. It is said that a Christian is one whose right hand does not keep track of the left. He is one who is possessed rather than in possession of his life and his powers. His career is no longer at his own disposal.

The peculiar abandonment and trustful simplicity of a field lily is not a likely life project for an individual, nor does it describe the aspirations of any university with which I am familiar. A Christian individual and a Christian university would fall to the ground and die before bearing fruit; neither would be aggressively on the make. It would seem a matter of simple honesty (which while perhaps not a beginning is at least not an impediment) to confess that I am not a Christian and that I clearly do not teach at a Christian university. I suspect that Notre Dame's claims to being a Christian university are frequently more professional than biblical in inspiration. Current survival calls for specialization and for unique claims and proposals. Our right hand knows all too well what our left hand is doing. Is the founding of a Christian university any more intelligible to critical, much less faithful, intelligence than the struc-

turing of a Socratic curriculum?

Supposing a Christian university did exist. Would it not be poor in spirit? Would it allow it to be said that the gathering of funds represented its "greatest challenge?" I doubt that its common life would consist in discontinuous and dismembering discourses calling only for the services of an "umpire." A Christian university would hardly resemble an academic Leviathan where the rivalry of light and darkness is resolved into a content, unthreatening, irresolvable dusk. A Christian university would know well the lure of idols as well as its own weakness for what glitters. And it would know when it was simply stalling in the face of hard questions and heavy crosses. Perhaps above all it would realize that only God is our father and that paternalism is his prerogative as is the dispensation of grace. It is for men, even Christians, merely to speak openly and to deal justly and evenhandedly with one another. To attempt fatherhood and fail is to jeopardize plain brotherhood; to pretend to charity is often to fall short of plain justice. It is hardly a fresh insight that the premature Christian is shamed by the decent pagan. There is no wisdom or sanctity in rushing into Christianity for the sake of privilege, or place, or a grant. The seat of true honor is paradoxically reserved for the one who unpretentiously assumes the last seat.

What of a Catholic university? To speak of being Catholic involves, I should think, somewhat less presentation than to speak of being Christian. Catholicity is a tradition, a peculiar mortal response to revelation. Tradition is revelation in retrospect, revelation in the past tense, the Truth of an Eternal Moment and Word recalled and articulated in the memories and words and life stories of a vast historical family. Tradition always represents only a glimpse of and a gesture towards the revealed. Faithfulness to tradition is at once both faithfulness to oneself, to one's own past, and only qualified faithfulness to revelation. The extent of coincidence between a Catholic and a Christian is not something we are given to see with any fullness or clarity. Catholic tradition is never more than a flawed recollection of and

response to the story God has told with the life of his Son. Still we might ask what it would mean to be faithful to one's tradition, or more to our present point, what it might mean for a university to be faithful to its Catholic past.

I would suggest that perhaps what is more peculiarly "Catholic" is the "sacramental system."

The "systematic" character of the sacraments is their comprehensiveness. The "sacramental" is co-extensive with the "real." The sacramental life is but the expression into the gracious, sacramental character of human life. Sacraments are not interchangeable with their rituals. The rituals are mere foci recalling and pronouncing the sacred character of childbirth, nourishment, growth and development, forgiveness, marriage, service, suffering, and death. The matter of the sacraments is creation, now and always, particularly the lives of men. The form of the sacraments is the word of God spoken in time over creation, over men's lives, the word of acceptance and covenant-love. The form of the sacraments is finally the word made flesh, the eternal poured into the temporal. The *opus*, the work having been performed (*ex opere operato*) which becomes the earthen receptacle of the new wine of God's love, is the human life. Life, being and having been lived, is accepted—one's infant-shouts, one's meals, one's childish steps toward manhood, one's loves, one's hopeful planting of the seeds of new generations, one's doubts, discomforts, and agonies, one's soulless lapses into the demonic and the damned, one's gestures of brotherhood, one's abrupt or slow dissolution—life, being and having been lived, is accepted. All this by virtue of the *opus*, the work, the life of Jesus having been lived. Thus the reality behind the bywords *sola gratia* and *ex opere operato* are one, the reality and the sad creation returning to the garden of its youth to be reborn, to die and to rise with the new Adam. Sarah, the barren earth, laughs first with scorn then with labor.

To bring this discussion closer to our community, the University is admittedly disturbed by the manifest decay of campus spirituality and yet moves with the speed of a glacier toward renewing the frayed fabric of campus life. A Catholic university ought to realize that for it something sacred, indeed the revelation of God in time, is at stake in such supposedly peripheral matters as coeducation, community, genuine meals, edification, sexuality, forgiveness, leisure, and so on. A Catholic uni-

versity would be sensitive to what cannot be spoken, cannot be touted in promotion brochures or displayed before the lenses of "First Tuesday" cameras. Its concerns would range across and embrace the full spectrum of its common life. The wholeness and integrity and graciousness of its daily life would be its preoccupation and its greatest challenge. I fear that, at least for now, Notre Dame cares more about how it looks from the outside than about how it feels from the inside. The irony of the situation is that it may look only slightly better than it feels.

Robert Meagher is an Instructor of Theology, father of Mark and Jenny, and husband of Kathy.



COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL

featuring bands from

university of illinois
southern university
shenandoah conservatory
university of south carolina
m.i.t.
towson state university
malcolm x college
and others

BAND COMPETITION

Friday, March 10 at 7:30 p.m.

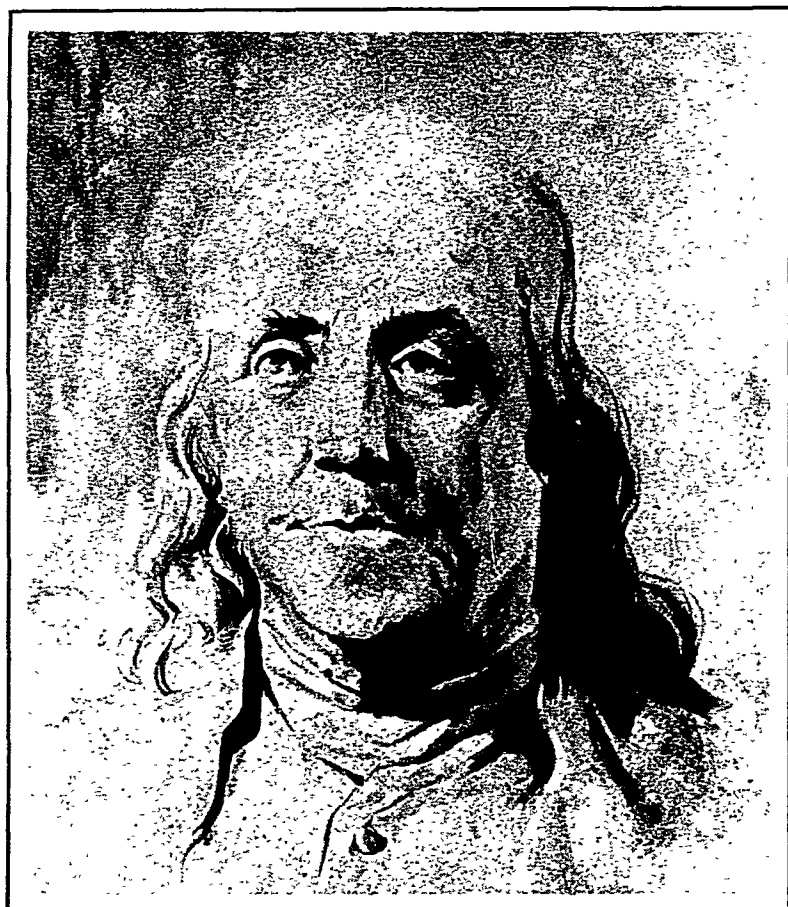
Saturday, March 11 at 1:30 p.m. and
7:30 p.m.

IN STEPAN CENTER

Judges for the Festival include:

Dan Morgenstern
Aynsley Dunbar
Roberta Flack
Hubert Laws
James Aebersold
George Russell

\$3 admission for night sessions
\$2 admission for afternoon session
\$5 admission for all three sessions



astounding

"We live in curious times and amid astounding contrasts: reason on one hand, the most absurd fanaticism on the other . . . *saute qui peut*."

—Voltaire

A curious and astounding period indeed, the O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery will feature the artistic and cultural achievements of the French Age of Enlightenment in a new exhibition, *18th Century France: A Study of Its Art and Civilization*.

The show, which will open with a public reception on Sunday, March 15 and close May 15, is one of the largest and most comprehensive of its kind in the country this year. Ninety-nine of America's most prized 18th century French works from various collections will be available to the Notre Dame audience, as well as a concert and four related lectures.

One of the strongest points of Notre Dame's collection is 18th century French art. Art Gallery Director Reverend Anthony J. Lauck and Curator Dean A. Porter have supplemented this fine collection with paintings, sculpture, graphics and furniture that demonstrate the universal character and wide range of tastes that characterize this period. The religious paintings of Coypel and Boulogne, done in the academic manner, contrast strongly with the sensuous, erotic nudes of Lemoyne, Clodion and Boucher. Interest for the lower classes of French society is revealed in the paintings of Franogard and Greuze.

The 18th century could easily be called the age of the portrait. Included in the exhibition are portraits by



contrasts

Nattier, Tocque, Subleyras, etc. All are superb examples and all prime works from Notre Dame's permanent collection.

Several excellent sculptures were lent by Mr. Michael Hall, America's foremost collector of this period's work. Of particular interest will be the portrait of Benjamin Franklin, executed in 1778 by the sculptor Houdon. Franklin, in Paris to conclude the Treaty of Alliance with France, was the symbol of American democracy and was sought after by several of France's most significant artists. This *terra-cotta* sculpture is interesting not only for its aesthetic merit but also as an historical document. Houdon's bust of Christoph Willibald Gluck, the revolutionary composer of court operas, is also worth noting. Houdon's bust of the composer strives for the same kind of naturalism found in the latter's works. The face of Gluck, scarred by pockmarks, caused a great controversy. The portrait was praised for its objectivity to the sitter's image but was distasteful to the neoclassical critics who found the portrait too realistic.

To add to the comprehensive nature of the show, nine hand-carved, inlaid and richly decorated pieces of furniture were carried by special van to the exhibition.

The 18th century was certainly as Voltaire described it. It was a curious time, a time of astonishing contrasts. It was the period of the formation of the world's great museums and collections. But of most importance, it was an age that witnessed the emergence of new sensibilities, some in accordance with reason . . . others with absurd fanaticism.

—casey pocius



coming distractions

FILMS

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The **King** will hold an audience for his **Country** in Carroll Hall on March 10 at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

Who has **Rumples** and **tilt skin**? Carroll Hall. But make a date with her anyway. Looks don't mean anything March 11 and 12 at 2:00 p.m.

General Della Robere lays a three-prong siege to Carroll Hall on March 11. Make a Last Grasp effort and dig in well at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

You don't have to be an Indian to read the **Fires on the Plain**. The smoke signals Carroll Hall on March 12 at 2:00 and 8:00 p.m.

Zoom in March 13-17 for a 5-film close-up of **Fellini: 8½, Juliet of the Spirits, I Vitonelli, La Strada** and **La Dolce Vita**. The cameras roll in the Engineering Auditorium at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

Heroic Materialism puts an end to IUSB's Civilization—not once but twice: 4:00 and 7:30 p.m. on March 15 in Room 126 of Northside Hall.

The Great White Hope goes three rounds March 18. Take a ringside seat in Carroll Hall. The bell will ring at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

Cat Ballou moseys into town March 18. Meet her in the Engineering Auditorium. She'll be waiting for you at 7:00, 9:00 and 11:00 p.m.

What will a **Shameless Old Lady** be doing in a place like Carroll Hall? Come, March 19, at 2:00 and 8:00 p.m. and find out.

Getting Straight is as easy as going to the Engineering Auditorium on March 19 and 20 at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

Juice up your April 5 evening with a shot of **Lemonade Joe**. Bartender CAC starts serving at 7:00 and 9:30 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium.

Last Grasp crowns the **Lord of the Flies** April 7. The coronation is in Carroll Hall at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

A-ten-shun! General George **Patton** will inspect the Engineering Auditorium at 7:00 and 10:00 p.m. April 7 and 8. Be there. That's an order!

Est-ce quervous cherchez happiness? Cinema '72 holds the key to **Le Bonheur** and will unlock the door to the Engineering Auditorium April 9 at 2:00 and 8:00 p.m.

Go ahead. Open **The Wrong Box** April 14. Last Grasp promises three times, 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00 p.m., that it won't be a mistake.

LECTURES

Doctor J. Roberts maps out **An Approach to Conflict**

and **Its Resolution**. All starting points originate in Room 122 of the Hayes-Healy Building. Set your watches for 4:15 p.m. on March 12.

Professor Hajime Watanade pokes lefts and rights at **The Japanese Left** and then hazards what's right for **The Future of Liberal Democracy in Japan**. March 13 gets it all together in the Library Auditorium at 8:00 p.m.

Oxford, England's **Doctor S. Hampshire** strikes notes on **Art, Politics, and Repression** for the Philosophy Department. Harmonize March 13 and 15 in the new Biology Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. Encores are heard March 17 in the Library Auditorium at 3:30 p.m.

Doctor W. Beecher surveys **The Ecological Design Story—Display and Education**. Draw him into focus March 15 at 2:30 in the Architecture Auditorium.

Black Studies and the American Minorities Lecture Series spotlight the **Socio-Political Conditions and Liberation Movements of Puerto Ricans** March 15 at 7:30 p.m. in the Memorial Library Auditorium.

Virgil Fox, Master Virtuoso of the Organ, keyboards a Bethel College music lecture in the Goodman Auditorium. Pick up the vibrations at 8:00 p.m. on March 16.

Co-author of the 1954 desegregation law, former Chief Justice **Earl Warren** inaugurates the **ND Civil Rights Lecture Series** April 4, 5 and 6. The Judge cuts the ribbon in the CCE at 8:00 p.m.

Black Studies sheds light on the **Socio-Political and Liberation Movements of Chicanos** April 5, with power supplied by the American Minorities Lecture Series.

Mr. Henry Santistevan flicks the switch in the Memorial Library Auditorium at 7:30 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

March flavors the Architecture Gallery with the spirits of **The Class of 1974**—a showing of the work of the current third-year architectural students—and the Italian accent of **The Rome Studio**—sketches, plans and details by the students spending a year in the Notre Dame studio in Rome.

Take a stained glass view of artist **Robert Leader**. The O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery presents a selection of his recent paintings and drawings, now until April 19.

Sculptures by **Harold Langland** and **Konstantin Milonadis** interiorly decorate the South Bend Art Gallery and the Local Artist Gallery, now through March 26.

Eighteenth-Century France comes alive March 12 in the O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery. A study of **French Art and Civilization**, this exhibition will present the major subjects and styles of this time period. Also, supplementary lectures and events will focus on the culture.

High school and elementary school art work provides a change of scenery in the South Bend Art Gallery and the Local Artist Gallery April 2-23.

Three ways to see **You**. John Hurbean, Rick Ligas, and Michael Lonier supply the mirrors in the Old Fieldhouse's Isis Gallery. Take a reflective look March 17, 18, and 19 at 8:00, 9:00, and 10:00 pm.

Aerial photographs take you higher. From April 6 to 28 go **Above San Francisco** in the Architecture Gallery.

SPORTS

Notre Dame and **Army** kick up the dirt on the Irish track April 8.

The Irish netters court the **University of Wisconsin** racket men April 9 at 11:00 a.m. on the ND turf.

It's nine on nine as ND and **Northwestern** go bat and ball against each other here April 11.

SPECIALS

The **Collegiate Jazz Festival** downbeats to opening, afternoon, and final Big Band sessions. The beats

start up March 10 at 7:30 p.m. and March 11 at 1:30 and 7:30 p.m.

Bengal Bouts strike a blow for charity March 13, 15 and 17.

Apollo 15 Spaces Down to Earth on March 17. The touchdown is scheduled for Carroll Hall at 4:00 and 7:00 p.m.

Thumbs meet marbles from 12:00 to 6:00 p.m. in a **SU Marbles Tournament**. Down on your hands and knees March 18 in the old Fieldhouse.

Chris Parkening renders **Rodrigo's Fantasie Para Un Gentilhomme**. March 19, Morris Civic Auditorium, and 4:00 p.m. provide the background.

Sonny and Cher got March 20, the ACC, and 8:00 p.m. Do they got you, babe?

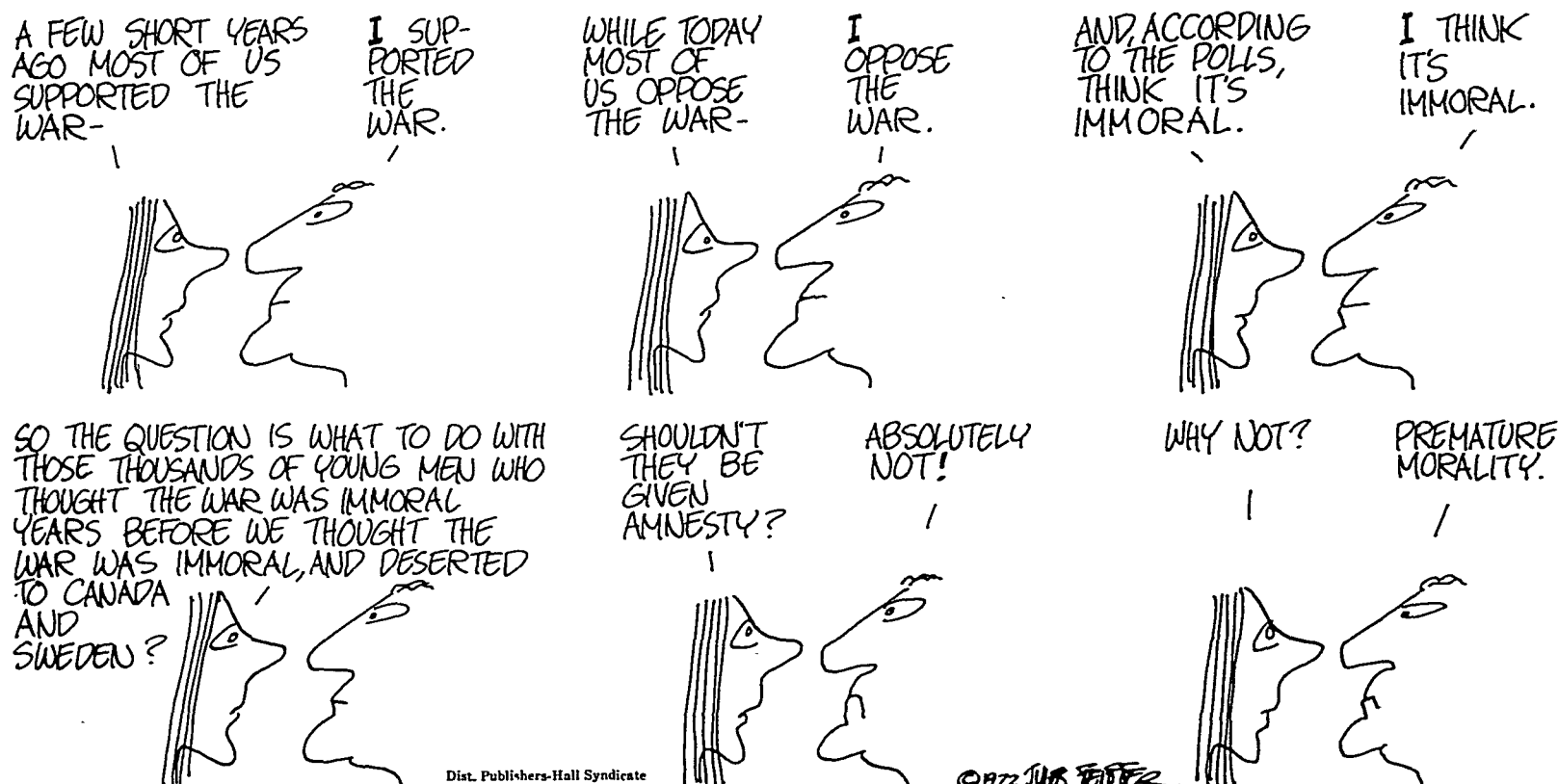
March 22-April 5—**VACATION!!**

SMC Sisters Maria McDermott and **Miriam Cooney** compare educational systems and profile **East Africa** April 5 at 7:30 p.m. in Carroll Hall.

Royalty graces Stepan Center April 6. **Duke Ellington** steps onto his golden carpet of music at 8:30 p.m.

The **ND Glee Club** Springs into Concert April 11. Catch them in Washington Hall at 8:15 p.m.

Mike Lorimer strums his way into O'Laughlin Auditorium at 8:00 p.m.



Applications are
now being accepted for:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ART DIRECTOR

SPORTS EDITOR

CIRCULATION MANAGER

If interested or if
applying, please contact
Mary Ellen Stoltz at 288-9855
or Joe Hotz at 232-1913.

All applications must be
in by 5:00 p.m. on Friday,
March 17.

When do you drink malt liquor anyway?

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the long road back

Homecomings are known to be times of joyous celebrations, and when a hero returns home, the occasion is greater. Old friends and acquaintances gather, with easy smiles, and reassuring embraces, all calling up dusty memories of the "oh yeah," laughing past. The hero has returned to a place of honor. But not always.

In high school, he was an All-American. He starred in the 1968 Olympic trials. He had been state swimming champion at almost every distance in a couple of strokes. He was an excellent student, and had his pick of the best swimming schools in the country. But for John Sherk, his sport was more than functional, it was more than just swimming back and forth, there was something special to it. John didn't want to have to swim, but he wanted to swim as long as that something special was still there. John wanted to swim, because of that something special in him, not because he was getting paid. He would swim to win, not merely because he had to swim to keep from losing.

His freshman year he did just that. He swam hard, and he won. In only one year, he became the greatest swimmer ever at Notre Dame. The records he set were merely a result of his choice of event. He had definitely achieved the "living-legend" status.

I felt bad for John all that first year, because the pain in his belly was so great, he had to dive into the water sideways. His guts were tearing holes in themselves, and ripping themselves apart. A doctor said that it takes a very painful operation to repair such a serious hernia. Somehow, as his guts wrapped painfully, chokingly, around each other, enough poison was trapped in his appendix to balloon it to the size of his forearm, and enough poison was left to infect a foot and a half of his intestine. Doctors tore two more holes into the front of his gut.

He was "most valuable" in his freshman year. Two weakening operations and long recovery periods later his grades were lower, and he had missed a summer and fall of swimming. But that something special was still there, as he began the cold, lonely grind of long, slow, lonely distance as he worked out alone for the weeks of his Christmas vacation.

He rejoined the team following their trip to Canada, returning much weaker, physically and emotionally. The season wore him down. Without his seemingly endless endurance, he was no longer able to perform at the level he demanded of himself. His opponents delighted in beating him, ignoring the scars and the pale skin for the sake of their own satisfaction and glory. But it did wear him down. With no resistance, either physically or emotionally, he landed everything from bronchitis and pneumonia to strep and mono.

John dropped out of Notre Dame during the second semester of his sophomore year. He returned in the summer with a lingering case of mononucleosis.

The summer was warm and restful, and for the first time since he had been at Notre Dame he was healthy. His career as a swimmer was over. He had bowed out with the most dazzling performances ever seen at this school. Football season sped by and the first slaps of winter stung Notre Dame. John seemed to be enjoying the relaxed pace of the non-athlete life.

But, whether he'd admit it or not, that something special, that "something" that made his — the athlete's — way of life different was still a seed in his soul. He would occasionally go to the Rock to dust off his skills for a few moments, and, in moments of fervor would use his own pool at Turtle Creek for a solitary workout.

The team speculated, "Why come back?" He had done everything possible in swimming. He had every honor, every limit of glory.

As only he could do, he seemed to appear from a blizzard somewhere around the twentieth of January, and was once again in the pool. His presence seemed to pick up the whole team. He inspired some, threatened some, and pushed a few others. But he worked, he worked very, very hard. So dramatically hard that he won the "Lane 1" award from his teammates.

He had been on the team only five days, but it still was a very sad thing when he did not go on the road trip. He didn't seem to belong in a lonely pool on a Friday night.

Two weeks later, having been back for nineteen

days, he went on a trip to Wayne State, for a meet in the same pool where he had dominated Michigan high school swimming. It was the second meet of two in a row. So far in the season, Notre Dame had not been able to pick up the second half of a double header, so Coach Stark knew he had to get the momentum going early, preferably by taking the medley relay for the first time this season. Stark talked to his captain, Brian Short, and told him that when the freestyle leg started, the Irish would be two body lengths behind, he needed the gutsiest swimmer on the team. They decided on John Sherk. Three days later, coach was still shaking with joy as he told how John finally caught him at the 75 and beat him by a body length at the 100.

One week later, for the third year in a row John Sherk was on the deciding last relay for the team's biggest meet of the year against St. Bonaventure. Notre Dame won that relay. That alone could have survived as the comeback of the year. For anyone except John.

Against Northern Illinois, John was again on the opening relay, but this time when he hit the water the odds seemed hopeless. With five strokes to go, however, the two swimmers were even. "If the pool would have been one-eighth of an inch longer he would have won!" He was beautiful even in defeat.

Less than two weeks before, the Coach had said, "I won't use him for anything longer than 100 this year, it wouldn't be fair." John stood on the blocks waiting for the start of the 500 (the 500 is equivalent to a 2000 meter run). With only one month of practice he dove in between two of the best distance swimmers the Irish would see this year. Two that had destroyed him a year ago.

For twenty lengths of the pool, he swam in agony. His shoulders and back took on the exhausted, painful purple hue of a body battling for air. He held his lead until with two lengths to go he weakened and lost the lead for the second year in a row. For a moment, for a fleeting, flashing second, the team cried and died with John. But it is just at that moment when everyone dies that men like John come to life. He put his head down and sprinted an agonizing, devastating 50 yards to cap the most phenomenal individual athletic performance that the few people at the meet had ever seen. He won that race on sheer spirit and will. Most people who knew him just cried, screamed, and hugged someone next to them.

The next afternoon he cheated Marshall by winning the first relay by virtue of the fastest 100 time of the year.

Homecomings are sad affairs when the warrior returns scarred and beaten. John Sherk returned to his native Motor City once again for a championship meet, but without the training that had built him into a legend that he is. Everyone there knew John. They saw his "seed-times" as some sort of job.

"23:4, hell, Sherk'll hit 21 flat or the sun won't rise! 5:07 the day he goes over 5 minutes I'll eat the stop watch, what does he do for a 100 anyway, :47?"

If these were jokes, they were cruel jokes, because

John had to shoulder the burden of his own unearned inadequacy.

It seems incongruous in the age of the "pass-fail", where men are afraid of being judged, that someone would allow himself to compete when doomed from the start. It seems stranger that the judges should be his old rivals, and the jury his old friends. It seems even stranger that people say "I'm sorry" or "What's wrong" when they should be celebrating with joy and congratulations.

John was unable to qualify in either the 50 or the 500. It has been a hard couple of months.

It doesn't take much of a man to win all of the time, and it doesn't take much to lose always either. But it takes phenomenal courage to win when he should lose, and to lose when he should win.

"Blessed be the men who don't have to win all the time"

"That relay from Notre Dame of Kane, Krathaus, Meagher, and anchored by John Sherk set a new Varsity, Pool and Meet record."

"Hey John, that time would qualify us for High School All-American again."

"Yeah, brings back old memories."

—george block



the last word

Nancy is one of the few people who have looked to me, faithfully, for my opinions and advice. We have watched each other over the past eighteen years from the unique vantage point of sisterhood. She is pretty and gentle and smart; she wants to know if I think she would like Notre Dame. She's been here, she's talked to people, and she'd like to hear what I have to say.

Though it is perhaps as difficult to recapture the past as it is to foresee the future, I find myself trying to understand what Notre Dame has meant to me these past four years. My education here has been, I think, outstanding. It eludes grade-point measurement and other widely understood gauges of value, yet I think I have become educated, well and liberally. It is difficult to assess this formation; even more difficult to do so with a minimum of schmalz.

The key to my answer lies in the men who have given substance to my tentative meanderings. Men like Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Storey and Mr. Evans have served as guides, opening themselves to my fears and doubts and the inanities that accompanied them. They have met my questions with their questions, my ideas with their own; they have drawn me out. They have shown me that education is the painful process of asking uncomfortable questions and proposing unpopular solutions.

With vision and a keen eye for hypocrisy they have talked about greatness and suffering; they have dedicated themselves to bringing me and all of their students to challenge the given and to penetrate the surface of what seems to be. Each of these men, in very distinctive ways, has shown me that to teach is to elicit greatness.

I have come to love Notre Dame essentially because

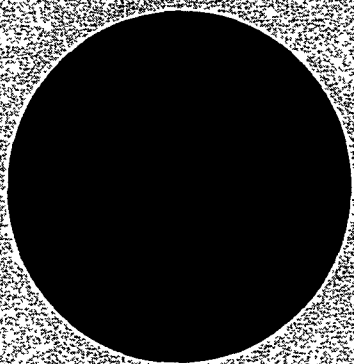
of these men and men like them. Though I am satisfied with the quality of the education I have received here, I have reservations about the Notre Dame that will be educating future students. There are distressing trends developing, some of which have been cited during interviews for this issue.

There is a Notre Dame surfacing which is a university run by self-proliferating administrators. It is an institution caught up in bureaucratic concerns: the necessity of perpetuating itself, the fiscal state of the corporation, the adherence to predetermined schedules. These are goals alien to the education of *persons*, they are ends which exclude imagination and flexibility. They give rise to the supremacy of the computer and the inviolability of red tape.

There are, it seems, two Notre Dames: one which exists in the minds and hearts of those who envision the education of men and women as a great undertaking, one which defies and antagonizes technocracy; the other views education in terms of the survival of the University, regardless of the price exacted from faculty and students.

They are two Notre Dames dramatic in their opposition to each other. The former might be worth encouraging someone to seek out as a school which can justify its demands. It is *that* Notre Dame which I will find hard to leave. It is that potential which gave rise to the frustration and anger I felt at being denied a Notre Dame degree. It is on that premise of greatness that I feel pride in my education and affiliation with this school. And it is only on that vision that I could ever say to Nancy, "I don't think you would find a better education."

—mary ellen stoltz



Juggler

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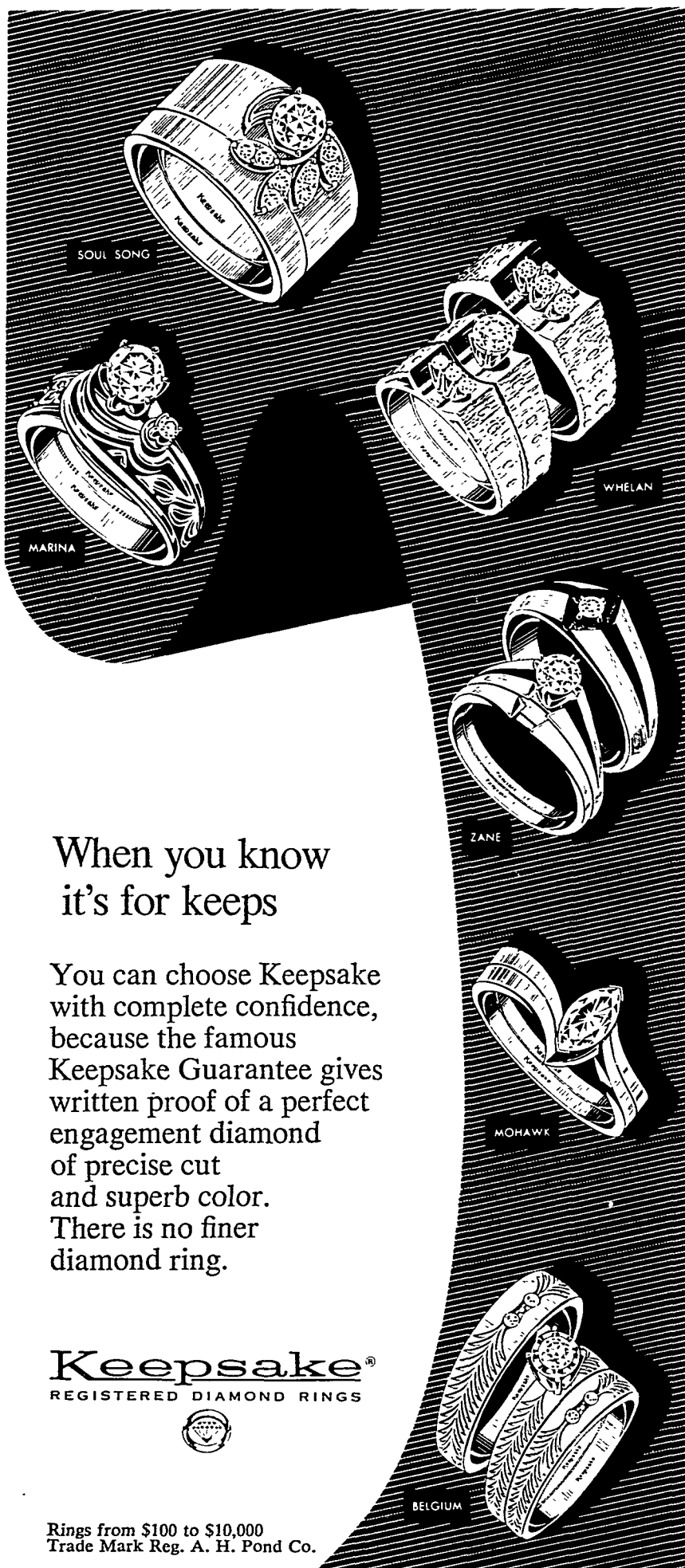
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