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About the Issue

An editor, if he is worth his salt, can sense when he is onto something special. He can literally feel something good happening. That's how I feel about this issue. It is a magazine full of wonderfully interesting people. It is a magazine that, I hope, reveals a little of life at Notre Dame today.

The student art section is a good example of what I mean. The six artists included are delightful personalities. They are extremely sensitive, colorful young people and Notre Dame is the better for having them as students.

It is such a potentially interesting story that an editor must feel some apprehension about his ability to report it adequately. If only there were a way the reader could get to know each student personally. Their personalities and interests are so varied that it is impossible to include everything about each in a single article. How can one adequately tell the story of Sister Jane Pitz whose mother died while we were preparing the issue? Jane was deeply hurt but she didn't miss a single interview with the editor. How can one do justice to Dan Molidor who lives in a converted firehouse and uses huge wash buckets to collect the rainwater that is unimintimidated by the roof that covers his studio? How does one capture the uniqueness of Greg Wolff who refuses to wear a coat even on the coldest of Indiana days? Each student has his own story that must go largely unreported. We can only touch the surface. We can only hope that what we have reported captures some of the excitement of the story.

The issue also includes a fine piece of student journalism by sophomore Jim Holsinger. Jim's journal of life at Notre Dame is delightful reading. We hope it will bring the reader closer to Notre Dame for the 15 minutes it takes for a careful reading.

A feature by Richard Conklin on Catholic secondary school education, two faculty sketches and the usual potpourri of campus news, round out the issue.

Notre Dame is indeed a special place and we hope we have managed to catch a bit of that special magic in this the fall issue of *Insight: Notre Dame*.

Ronald R. Parent

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insight

young artists

by Thomas S. Fern

"During most of our hundred years at Notre Dame, the art department has been situated where one usually finds art departments in colleges—in vacated coach houses, remodeled garages, etc. Before the summer of 1953, we were perched in the garret of the Administration Building, four long flights of stairs above the campus level. But now we have the best possible facilities in the new O'Shaughnessy Building . . ."

Father Anthony J. Lauck's optimistic view of the art scene at Notre Dame was published 16 years ago. Today Father Lauck is still deeply involved with art at Notre Dame, the art department is still in O'Shaughnessy and the artists are still looking for additional space.

But Father Lauck had every reason to be optimistic 16 years ago. For one thing, the new quarters in O'Shaughnessy were designed specifically for the art program. They included handsome art galleries and complete facilities for an art program.

One can imagine, then, the excitement and goodwill among art students and the faculty during the first year in O'Shaughnessy, not only because of the new quarters but also because of a growing recognition of the visual arts on campus.

But all was not good news even then. Professor Stanley S. Sessler, head of the art department when the move was made to O'Shaughnessy, noted that the new facilities were outgrown the day the department moved into the new building.

Today, space, or lack of it, is still a problem. Growing numbers of art students and increasing interest in the arts by society account for some of the pressure. Because of these and related factors, the art department favors recent efforts to relocate its activities and facilities to the old Notre Dame Fieldhouse, which had been scheduled for razing.

A plan to save the building was presented to the University in April of 1969. The University Arts Council (UAC) was established to formulate an "Art Center" concept which stressed the importance of a single location on campus where creative activity could be fostered and encouraged.

The "Save-the-Fieldhouse" campaign climaxed last December when the University decided to delay the razing of the Fieldhouse to give the art department and UAC time to raise the \$1.5 million needed to renovate the structure.

While the future of the building is still in doubt, much of the Fieldhouse now is being used for the arts. Eight classes meet there in former boxing and fencing rooms. Students use its various nooks and crannies for independent studio work. Holy Cross Brother Joe Faul, a special student, who is carving a 21-ton block of limestone on the dirt floor of the main arena, is proving to be a center for campus "sidewalk" superintendents. UAC has established a general studio for community use and has refurnished a former locker room into a student art gallery. The Council has recently sponsored



Dan Molitor likes Rome, art and people who don't take life too seriously. He dislikes war (he won't go if he's drafted), Richard Nixon and people who don't have a sense of humor. Dan is from LaGrange, Ill., he is the third child of nine and he plans to make a career out of art. He can't understand people who ask him why he majors in art. He just does! He is not a political person although he does have definite views on personalities in the political arena. He spent his junior year studying in Rome and says that is where he learned what America is really like. He contends that Americans have the best of everything, but they don't know how to live. He found the relaxed life style of Rome to his liking and hopes that Americans will someday learn to relax and enjoy themselves.

"The art department is one of the few uncontrived and natural places on campus. Uncontrived because classes are small and the faculty is really interested in students as people. Natural, because the art department is years ahead of any other branch of the University in coeducation, class structure, grading and lack of tokenism. However, the department is hindered by a lack of adequate facilities. The fieldhouse represents a beginning, but perhaps I'm too young and/or idealistic to ever believe that it will amount to much. I have been exposed to too much technological 'advancement' to accept the attitude that 'We're doing all that we can.' Perhaps that is what growing old is all about. Notre Dame has great potential for those who are aware and want to learn. This is the link between what my art is striving for and what I hope to accomplish here . . . awareness. Art is living awareness of humanity."



Sister Jane Pitz is a nun, teacher and artist. She teaches art at a high school in Green Bay, Wis., but is on leave for a year to finish graduate study at Notre Dame. Jane thinks of herself as a teacher first, then an artist. However, she admits that teaching restricts her artistic freedom. She believes that she cannot teach art well if she is not satisfied with her own development as an artist. She wishes that personal convictions could be more effectively expressed in her art and views her life as one of dedication and service to people.

"Creative works must be alive with vitality of life itself. They must reflect the larger life of the artist's time and the deeper life of the artist's convictions. The question of the function of the university and the place which art holds in it, then, becomes for me this: as a temporary stand-in for the larger less-ordered world in which it, in turn, exists and through which the larger world immediately relates to me, does the university world inspire a creative dissatisfaction which will stimulate art, and more personally, my art?"

"If the university body expresses an interest in art works produced, then I am moved to produce."

"If the art department moves in an atmosphere of seriousness and of visionary activity, then I am inspired to make steady attempts to develop."

"If the faculty opens doors of experience while putting forth creative efforts, then I am moved to experimentation and discovery."

"If the art students enjoy a healthy competition while pursuing honestly their own convictions, then my efforts confront both the actual and the real."

"If the personal contacts I make each day stimulate with their broad and varied views, then the world upon which my imagination draws becomes richer."

"And then: if I assimilate and make choices, on this campus I have a place."



"happenings," music groups, poetry readings and art exhibitions and experimental theatre.

Interest in art at Notre Dame, then, is alive and well. But it wasn't always as lively. In fact, it wasn't until the 1920's that a full-fledged department of art existed at Notre Dame. Prior to that time, art students took courses that were part of the liberal arts milieu. A degree program was introduced in the 1930's and the department remained small but active until the beginning of World War II. At that time, the art program was interrupted when both instructors went off to war. The department resumed activities in 1945 and has flourished since.

Today, with approximately 11 staff members, the department averages more than 70 majors during the regular academic year, including about 30 graduate students. Enrollment in art classes during recent years exceeds 600 students a semester. The summer school in art has many more majors, most of them high school art teachers working for advanced degrees.

But the art department is more than just buildings and numbers. It is people who are interesting and the art student, by his very nature, is a most interesting creature. The Notre Dame art students come in all modes. Some are stylistically conservative, others are among the avant garde. Some work with traditional media, while others experiment with lights, plastic, or new materials from industry. This spread and diversity exist within the department because the art faculty tries to impart basic art principles to the students rather than a particular method or style. Consequently, the student is free to find his own direction more quickly and thus is able to spend more time exploring the expressive potential of his own style.

Not all art students are working artists. Some develop scholarly interests and gravitate toward the history and criticism of art. Some inventive and skillful students retain a firm hold on the practical world around them. Such a student often finds industrial design to his liking because it permits him to work successfully in both art and business.

The common factor among Notre Dame art students is a kind of professional zeal and attitude. Art students at Notre Dame are particularly serious about their work. They intend to be artists and they assume a professional stance early in their college career.

If the Notre Dame student is a unique character, so is the Notre Dame faculty member. Faculty members are artists first and teachers second. Each professor maintains his own productivity and experimentation with artistic materials, not at the expense of teaching but to enrich it. The education of young artists, the faculty believes, is greatly enhanced when the teacher himself is directly involved in the creative process and on top, so to speak, of the current art scene.

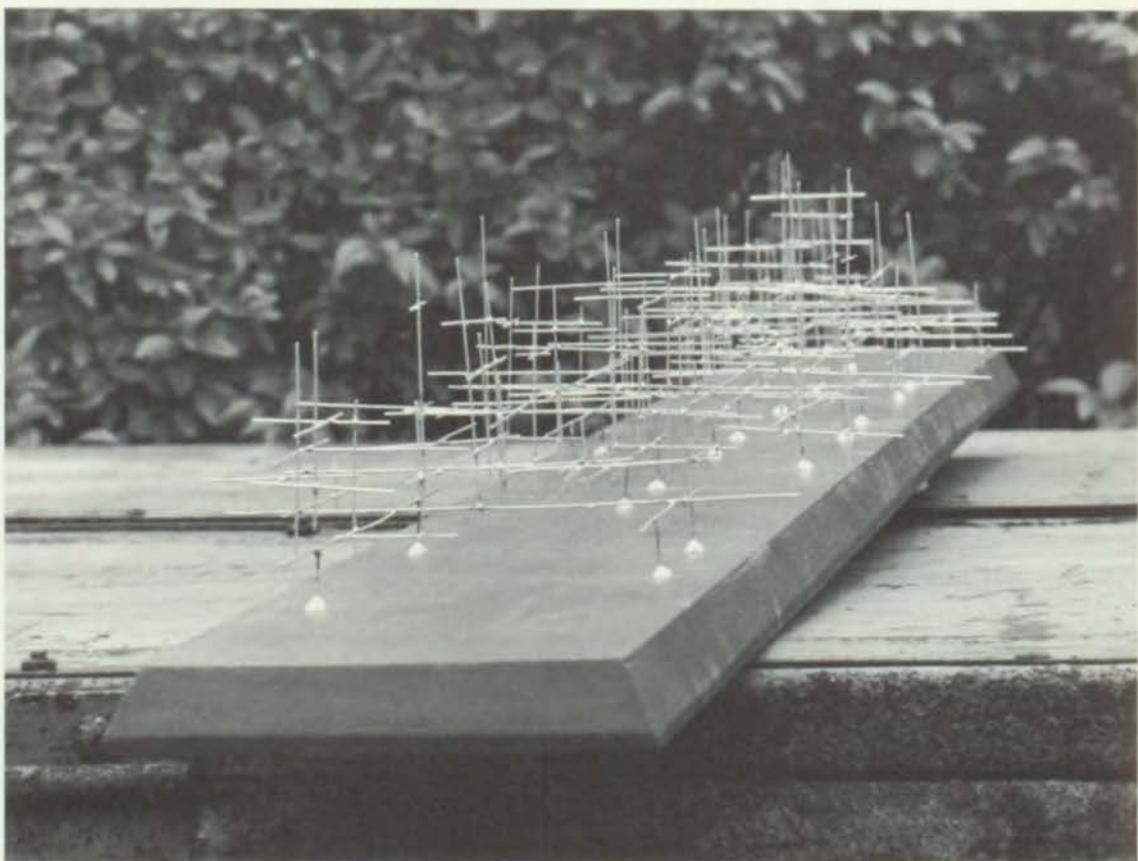
The Notre Dame art faculty and students are now operating under a new curriculum. It differs from any known model and represents an improved method for

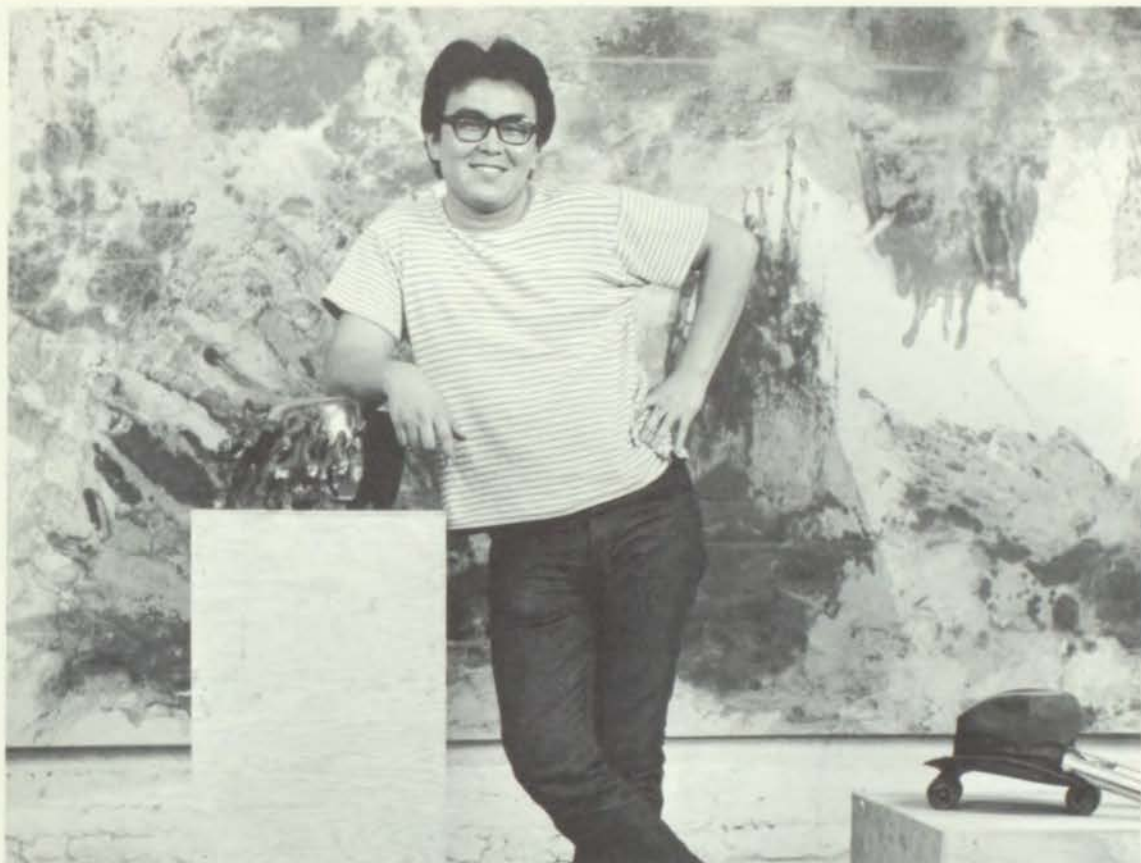
Paul Rampson is an electrical engineering major with enough talent to be more than just casually interested in art. Although he had taken only two art courses at Notre Dame before this fall, he confesses that his interest in art extends all the way back to the sixth grade. The 20-year-old native of Lisle, Ill., became interested in metal sculpture when he heard about a popular course taught by Notre Dame's sculptor-in-residence, Konstantin Milonadis. He never seriously considered art as a major, although his fellow students and professors believe he has ample talent to become a successful artist. For the time being, he plans to enjoy art as a hobby and to concentrate on a career in computing science.

"You should see the look on the faces of some of my engineering buddies when I tell them I have art class. 'Art—why art?' It's funny, I've sometimes asked myself that. Everybody has something. Some of the engineering boys are in the band. 'Why the band?' It's a lot of time and work.

"The band isn't for me. However, I've found something that is. Art is something—someplace for me. I guess you'd call it my hobby. I like to think that I have some talent, and I enjoy working with my hands and have a knack for doing so. But working with my hands isn't the whole story. I mean, I could build bookshelves with my hands. Art really interests me. I don't mean that every aspect of art is for me. I certainly know very little of art history and I probably wouldn't know a Picasso if I saw it. But my interest in what I can do or try in art never stops.

"Art gives me a chance to put my slide rule, pencil, and paper aside and do something completely different. I can do what I want and how I want to do it. In a sense, I'm completely free."





Dave Ripley thinks art should not be serious. Dave, an American Indian, was born at the Fort Berthold Indian Reservation in Whiteshield, North Dakota. He freely admits that his art has a high casualty rate. Those works that do survive, he may turn over to friends for their entertainment. Dave is doing graduate work at Notre Dame and hopes to eventually teach on the college level. First, however, he plans to gain more practical experience, perhaps in commercial art. He also would like to return home to work with his own people. Dave is 23 years old, married, and the Ripleys expect their first child early next year.

The artist is a "mediumistic being" who does not really know what he is doing or why he is doing it. It is the spectator who, through a kind of "inner osmosis," deciphers and interprets the work's inner qualifications, relates them to the external world, and thus completes the creative cycle. . . .

—Marcel Duchamp

P.S.: Art is beauty, beauty is art.

Plato?



training artists within the university environment. The new curriculum is part of the studio program and is for those students intending to become artists or designers. It does not apply to the art history major.

Before this major change took place the department offered courses in drawing, painting and the usual media at prearranged hours of the day, certain days of the week, and at varying levels of complexity from freshman to graduate years. The time and location of these classes were determined by the art department in cooperation with the registrar. This kind of curricular structure and procedure is the usual one at most colleges, but it is not really conducive to creative activity. Such scheduling assumes that all artistic effort will take place at, say, 8 to 9 a.m. Monday-Wednesday-Friday or 1 to 3 p.m. Tuesdays and Thursdays. Moreover, this kind of compartmentalization is artificial and inimical to the arts. Therefore, the art department decided that a different arrangement was needed.

The department was also dissatisfied with the traditional system of teaching basic processes and theory during the student's first years. This method introduced fundamentals and some skills abstractly, in theoretical form, with little relationship to artistic form. The student, within the traditional academic structure, was expected to acquire the principles and skills first and later apply them to his sculpture and painting. Little of the basic knowledge was transferred because the separation was artificial. It overlooked the organic relationship between all parts of a work of art and it stifled the ingredient of creativity or inventiveness. That is, process, material, elements, idea, artist's experience and technique cannot be separated from artistic form.

Specific courses in basic design, painting, sculpture and others at advanced levels were eliminated. They were replaced with a unit system. Units are numbered I through VI, each corresponds with the amount of college-level experience an art student has had. Within any one unit a student elects his medium or media and the number of credit hours. To a large extent he initiates his own projects, works at his own speed and on his own time. From the beginning of his unit of study, he faces the totality or oneness of the art form and its attendant problems.

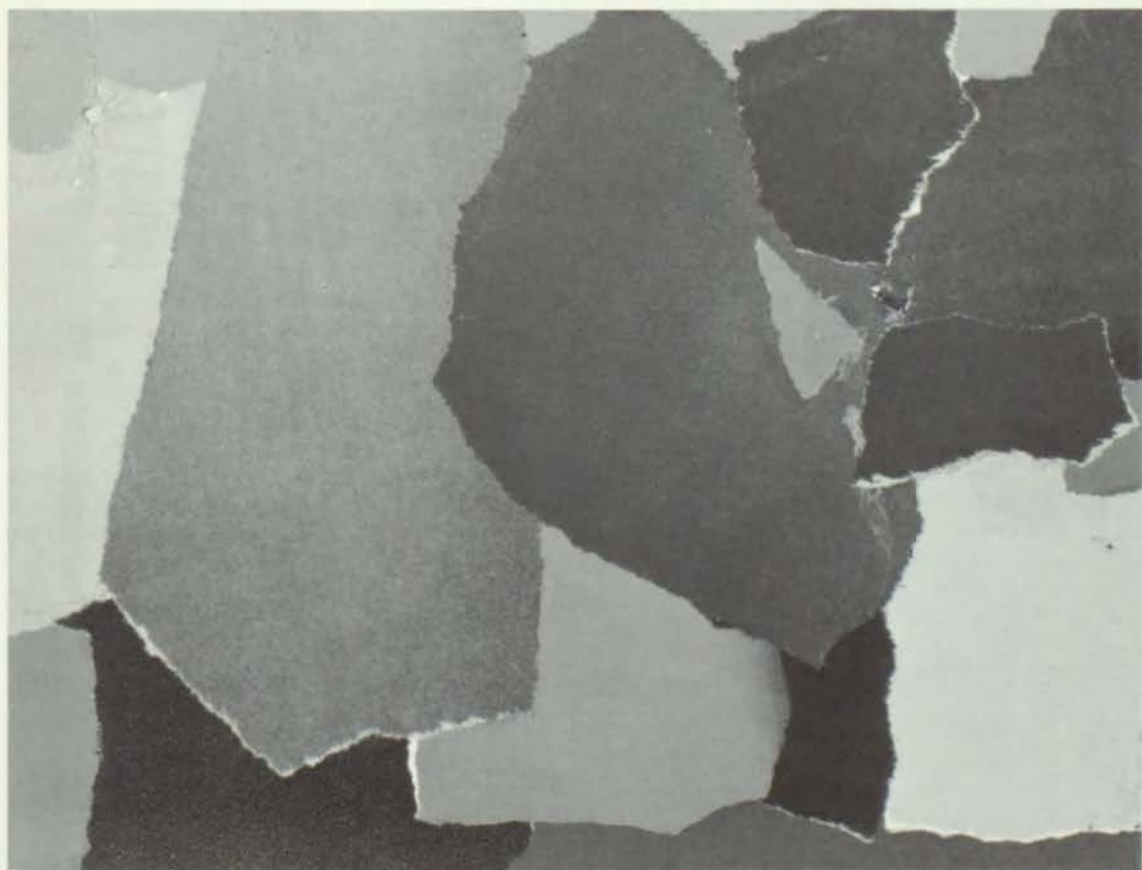
Under the unit system, the student begins his career at the artistic level he has already reached, enabling him to build from there. The extent or even the nature of his previous experience doesn't really matter. He starts where his own concepts of art are at the moment. This method also enables the faculty to capitalize on the student's personal style or point of view and to foster its growth. The new system is individually tailored and functions like a tutorial program.

A typical program in the unit system for a beginning art student would look like this. He would enroll in Art Unit I for six hours of credit, although the credits are variable according to need and the amount of time the student can give to the unit. In this case let's say the student elects to work in painting for three credits and



Joe Theismann majors in sociology, is an honor roll student and is a very sensitive and human individual. Joe likes the art department because he is accepted there for what he is and not what people think he should be. He hopes to combine his more than casual interest in art with a career in advertising. The course he is taking in industrial design is ideally suited to that purpose. Joe is from South River, N.J. Oh, yes, he also plays football.

"Art is the only subject offered in the college curriculum that gives you a chance to express your feelings and attitudes without the fear of being called either a radical or a traditionalist. Art gives the student an opportunity to choose a particular field and to follow up on it. In art your work reveals the type of individual you are. If someone sees your art he can assume certain things about you. Artists become a part of their work. I decided to take an art course for those reasons. Yet they were not the only ones. The course I am taking is in advertising layout. It provides me with exposure to the art of advertising. I hope to get into that business someday. To be successful in business one must make people aware of a product. Advertising is one way to do this on a large scale. Art, then, is a very important part of my future."



Greg Wolff has been interested in art since he was six. He plans to "stay loose," as he puts it, the rest of his life so that he can support his art rather than have his art support him. He likes to just "let things happen" and confesses that his work is important but so is he and everyone else. He applied for conscientious objector status this year because he has been leaning in that direction since grade school and because he firmly believes that he could never serve in the Army. Greg is 21 years old and is from Park Forest, Ill.

"To be fair to Notre Dame, art, the reader, and, of course, myself, I will record in a list my impressions of art and life at Notre Dame.

"Notre Dame and art are, with the rest of me, One.

"All things are experiences while I am life.

"Or, all things are alive—full of God.

"Life is full of equilibrium, is harmony. It is perfect in Beauty, Equality, Love, Truth and Justice. I believe every moment we adapt to is this perfection. That is our struggle, purpose and reason.

"Notre Dame, of course, is part of this scheme.

"The Divine Plan is Unity full of Love.

"I praise God every moment.

"This is life, and, sometimes, it is 'art.'

"In praising everything, I know I praise God.

"All I need and desire is the Present.

"So there you have one Notre Dame artist."



sculpture for three. He is assigned appropriate instructors who are, in effect, his tutors for the semester. His initial meeting with each instructor is a get-acquainted period during which the instructor ascertains the student's previous experience, his present interests and goals, and the extent of his artistic awareness. The student is then asked to define his first project, his *modus operandi*, and then encouraged to begin it at once. This is a crucial part of the new curriculum, it sets the pattern of independent study which is necessary for the creative person.

As soon as production is under way, a schedule of critique sessions is established between instructor and student. One critique a week is usually sufficient. Between these sessions the student works at his projects at his own speed, on his own time, and uses any studio facilities. Upper and lower classmen now work side by side, even graduate students and undergraduates share studios, benefiting from each other and sharing experiences.

At each critique session the student presents the work accomplished since the previous meeting. When a student encounters a problem in drawing, or color, or whatever, the instructor helps the student "discover" the problem and its source. Once there is some awareness of the problem a series of exercises, readings, or other approaches may be tried to correct the difficulty. The student may halt his initial production to gain the needed experience that, in turn, will increase his confidence and command of the medium. He returns to his original goal when he is ready.

The important thing is the organic relationship of the problem to the student's immediate goal. The one directly interferes with the other and the student knows it right then and there. Motivation to correct the problem is high and the worth of fundamental skills and concepts becomes more apparent. The new curriculum sets the stage for this kind of exciting challenge and, best of all, permits the student to correct deficiencies, even those involving a change in medium, without having to wait until another semester or until an appropriate course is offered.

This procedure is maintained throughout the semester for all students operating within the unit system. At the end of each semester, during final week, each student exhibits his production for the entire studio faculty of the art department. They, as a team, review his records, hear the comments of his instructors, and then judge the quantity and quality of the art work. The student's grade is determined by the staff as a group.

So, as we consider portions of the history of Notre Dame, there is evidence that this community has been a fertile ground for inventive minds. The atmosphere of the place, the intellectual environment, and the support of the administration have fostered beauty and encouraged the arts from near the school's beginning to the very present.

Dr. Thomas S. Fern

is chairman of the department of art at Notre Dame. A native of Minneapolis, Minn., Dr. Fern received his B.S. and M.F.A. degrees from the University of Minnesota. He earned his doctoral degree at New York University. Under his direction, the Notre Dame art department has moved into an exciting new era in its history. In the following article, Dr. Fern examines the innovations in the art world at Notre Dame and the people who make it all so interesting.



student journal

by Jim Holsinger '73

The high drama of the campus which flashes over the television screen and sinks into the front page of the newspaper obscures the way a university is experienced day-by-day by its students. Rather than something lived on the razor's edge, the life of a student is compounded of small things—balky radiators and a girlfriend's smile—and probably bears a good deal more resemblance to the student life which preceded it than is generally perceived. At least that's one impression among many which can be gleaned from the following, a diary of Notre Dame sophomore Jim Holsinger. Jim is a native of Wyckoff, N.J., and majors in theology.

October 2

I was sitting on an old green bench with Marilyn today in that wooded area near Carroll Hall where you can look across St. Mary's Lake to the dome and the crown of the library and the spire of Sacred Heart Church. We were watching the squirrels chase each other around the trunks of trees and listening to the ducks speak the only thing they had on their minds. The red and gray evening sky and the tinge of the leaves should have given the whole scene that phoney postcard feeling, but we felt strangely a part of the picture, relieved and at peace.

I thought at the time that the scene, and the feeling, might make a good beginning to my journal, but the thought of writing about it made me uneasy. How could I be presumptuous enough even to hope to be able to relate adequately the perfect peace and beauty of the moment? I wasn't sure I liked the idea of trying to record the peace Marilyn and I shared with the squirrels and those senseless ducks. It would be impossible for anyone to find our feeling, no matter how eloquently it could be told, if he hadn't been a part of the countless, confusing joys and frustrations of even one day at Notre Dame.

It really would have been nice to have stayed on the bench until the tons of Indiana snow buried us there, but Marilyn had to get back to St. Mary's to pack. She was hoping to take a 9:15 train home to Michigan City for the weekend. Michigan City is only 35 miles west of South Bend, so lucky Marilyn makes it home more often than those of us from the East Coast. We walked back a little sooner than I thought was necessary, but Marilyn felt this strange obligation to have her room clean when she left.

I walked back to Notre Dame along St. Mary's Road instead of taking the shuttle bus. I'm sure the bus was jammed with people starting on Friday night dates and I couldn't see standing in the hot bus on such a nice night. Besides, I always feel funny inside the bus when it's so crowded. The mixture of all that perfume and aftershave with the bus fumes becomes overwhelming after a while.

When I got back to my room the phone rang. My friends from Sorin were in Louie's Bar and wanted me to join them. They had formed

L.A.U.G.H. (League of Antics and Unparalleled Gales of Hilarity) and were conducting the organizational meeting. The only point of L.A.U.G.H. is to get slowly smashed on Boone's Farm Apple Wine and laugh. I really believe in L.A.U.G.H.'s principle, not to mention its method. Not enough people know how to laugh these days, mostly, I guess, because there isn't much to laugh about. I expect the membership to increase by leaps and bounds, and I'm sure Louie has no objections.

I dragged myself back to Sorin at about two o'clock, but I sat around Jeff's room until nearly four talking and laughing.

October 3

Jeff came to my room this morning and woke me to ask me if I wanted to go with him to St. Louis. With only five hours of sleep I really didn't know what to say, but I think I managed to mumble a "What?" Jeff's father was flying from St. Louis in a private plane he had borrowed from his company, and Jeff asked me if I wanted to fly back with them for the weekend. I got excited and said, "yes." I didn't really have anything planned, and I wasn't far behind in my courses.

I never had flown in anything smaller than a commercial jet before, and the plane Jeff's father had was like a Volkswagen with wings. You can see what seems like all of North America from it. It was a beautiful day with some fluffy white clouds, and I kept hearing Judy Collins' version of "Both Sides Now" during the flight. "Bows and flows of angel hair and ice cream castles in the air and feathered canyons everywhere." I'll never forget it.

I took an Art Traditions course from Professor Leader last semester, and I remember how excited he got about Saarinen's "Gateway Arch." He told us that the arch always would be that shining stainless steel, impervious to everything but atomic fission. With so many uncertain things in the world, men can build such permanent sculptures.

October 4

Another five hours of sleep. Jeff's mother woke us early for breakfast. We had to hitchhike back to Notre Dame, and we needed an early start.

I enjoy thumbing and being out in the open, but I never realized how much Southern Illinois there is. Farmland is so boring. Everything is galvanized, the roofs of houses, barns, silos and the highway guard rails. The coating of zinc makes things almost as impervious to rust as the Gateway Arch, but the shine just isn't there.

I think the people there have the same type of coating. I can't say for certain that they're galvanized and impervious, but rides were few, and Jeff's beard drew some mean side-glances.

We got back at nine o'clock, and I could have studied, but between talking with Marilyn about the weekend and then just sitting around in Jeff's room, I was completely unproductive.

The weekend away, though, was really what I needed. I become lost here at times. It is easy to idealize or to study or just to have fun at Notre Dame, but you can lose track of where you are and lose a sense of time. Even reading the newspaper isn't the same when you're removed from the situation. (Unless, of course, the campus is the situation, like last spring.)

The time away passes quickly, and it's nice to be reminded that there are also little old ladies and children in the world, not just students.

October 5

Yes, the weekend away was what I really needed, but I would have been hard to convince of it this morning. I dragged myself out of bed at eight o'clock for classes. I have classes all morning on Monday. What a pain.

At nine I have biology. The class meets in the Engineering Auditorium where all 260 of us hear an amplified lecture from Professor Thorson. By amplified I mean that it comes over a microphone which hangs around his neck, not that it's so stimulating. The atmosphere sours me on the course. Almost everyone in it is a science or pre-med major taking the course as a requirement. I don't think anyone really listens to the lectures, we all just furiously copy notes from an overhead projector. It's all "test material."

The lighting in the class is strange, too dim, and the room gets stuffy quickly. At the end of the 50-minute period heads are dipping and it's a struggle to stay awake. The fresh air smacks you in the face as you leave, popping your eyes open for the next class.

Russian is next. I have Sister Sophie, a crazy little nun who finds all sorts of enthusiasm on Monday mornings. I often wonder if she does anything at all on weekends. At first you just groan in the face of all that vitality, but she keeps you awake to a difficult language.

She announced a grammar test on Thursday.

Then to psychology. There are about 250 students registered for the class, but they all haven't been there at the same time since the first few classes. The professors in the psychology department team-teach the course. Lately, we've had Dr. Farrow. He looks like the typical psychology professor, baldheaded, bearded, a cigar smoker and a flashy dresser. The lectures are amusing, but no one ever seems to get too serious about what's in them.

Apparently, they're feeling guilty about something in the psychology department. We're having a reckoning on Wednesday and Friday. One hundred objective questions in multiple-guess format, easy to take, easy to correct. One problem, there are 254 pages of "test material" in a textbook to study for it. How depressing.

Morning classes finished. Back to bed. I really need some rest.

I woke up just in time to hustle over to Nieuwland Science Hall for my math class. Close to 100 students in the course, another requirement,

mostly pre-meds. Mr. Ryan announced a test on Wednesday.

I have a dead hour after math during which I usually go into Jeff's room. We have a lot to complain about by this time, so we vent our spleens and emphasize until 4:30.

My four-thirty class is the reward for a day's labor, Professor Frank O'Malley for Philosophy of Literature. He's a beautiful man, full of wisdom, beauty, and truth, and devoid of the academic hangups about tests and "test material." He doesn't advocate note-taking, just listening and thinking. "The artist must draw on something deeper than his consciousness. This source cannot be tapped at will, but will respond only to the correct stimuli."

Hearing that was sufficient for the day's trouble, and I walked home from class thinking about the tests in the week ahead.

Dinner, my only meal today, was a mere formality.

I made an effort to study tonight, but I had trouble getting into it and didn't accomplish much.

October 6

Thanks to the Sorin maintenance man and his leviathan vacuum cleaner, I woke at a reasonable hour this morning. Frank, the janitor, jarred me out of bed by bumping my door with the sweeper, sending pounding vibrations through the walls and floor into my brain.

Tuesdays are nice for me, no morning classes. I started to accomplish something after doughnuts and coffee in the dining hall. I felt a sense of urgency and guilt over not having studied well last night.

All afternoon I had a biology lab period. We looked at prepared slides through the microscope and were supposed to draw what we saw. It was monotonous.

Dinner was no good.

I have two tests tomorrow, psychology and math. I am "up" in math, which I don't find too baffling, but in psychology I haven't the foggiest notion what's going on. I missed a few classes, mostly for lack of sleep compounded by lack of interest.

I called Marilyn. We're in the same psychology class, but she knows what's happening. We studied together in Augusta Hall in the laundry room, which was the only empty room downstairs. We study together often, it keeps the loneliness away.

Having this test embitters me. I can't remember covering all this material in class. In fact, I seldom heard anything I thought I really should write down or remember. It seems absurd to cram "test material" now. Something has to be done about tests and grades.

I took the last shuttle back to campus at 12:15. You can enjoy yourself as you ride reading the advertisements over the windows in the bus. One of the ads, a Peace Corps recruiting poster, had

"... It's nice to be reminded there are old ladies and children in the world, not just students."

"The psychology test was a multiple-guessing game. It's not over either, we're going to play again on Friday."

a picture of a palm with another hand pointing to a wrinkle in the palm. It read: "This is your life line. If you're not doing something with your life, it doesn't matter how long it is." The poster was aptly wedged between "Take Stock in America. Buy Savings Bonds" and "Ghettoes. If you think there's nothing you can do to help, think harder." My favorite was the one for Mrs. Weiss' egg noodles. All it said was, "Mrs. Weiss' Egg Noodles."

October 7

The psychology test was a multiple-guessing game. It's not over either, we're going to play again on Friday.

I went to dinner with my friends from Sorin. The meal was good, I was astonished. *The Observer*, the student daily, came out at dinner today. You can usually read it over lunch, but it was late. There was an article in it about a new government regulation in South Vietnam banning long hair. We made jokes about it and decided which of us would go first under the ban, but under all the kidding we were alarmed. We all have been led to believe that we are protecting the South Vietnamese from a Communist incursion. What happens when we "win"?

I'm fed up with all the rhetoric about defending democracy. I'm sickened by the mentality that applauds repression. I am really mad. The first good meal in so long and it has to be ruined by news like that.

I studied until about 10:15, then I went to Mass in Augusta Hall's student lounge. The reading was from Paul's Epistle to the Romans, about loving and giving. We talked about it.

October 8

I don't want to write about what I did today. It was a blah day, and everyone is down. Marilyn's roommate Cindy is homesick for her family. This is the longest she's ever been away from home. Lefty needs a girlfriend, but he has given up hope of finding one against the stacked odds here. Jeff was kicked in soccer practice and is limping and groaning. Bob's disgruntled. Phil's out of money. Everyone is out of patience. And the weekend is still a day away.

On top of it all, about half the people in Sorin have either nausea or diarrhea. Mike, a freshman down the hall, is feeling bad and says that he thinks it was the beef at dinner that made him sick. Other people are saying that too. I didn't eat it and I'm okay, so it must be the meal.

October 9

I cut biology class this morning which gave me until eleven o'clock to study some more for part two of the psychology test. The second half was easier. I discovered that I may have messed up someone's system by putting my name on the paper on Wednesday. We were supposed to write only our ID number, I put only my name. The computer now has nausea and diarrhea.

I came out of the test at noon, but I haven't done anything since then. The campus was noticeably more busy than usual, busy with students rushing from class to lunch and with some of the football fans and parents arriving early for tomorrow's game, but I didn't think about it. My mind is boggled from a week of classes and tests. It's early, so I'm just going to finish this paragraph and go to Louie's.

October 10

I really don't know what time I came back from Louie's, I just went to bed. It's the greatest feeling to go to bed without setting an alarm clock. You can curl up and feel perfectly relaxed about sleeping. When you have the whole weekend ahead of you, the academic dread disappears. It's easy to kid yourself into believing that you will catch up on all your work. The sun on my window woke me.

Football Saturdays have a circus atmosphere for any game in any weather, and today was Homecoming and sunny and warm. The campus was a circus tent.

Sixty thousand people is quite a crowd. They were all talking and laughing and singing and cheering, and there were bands out in front of some of the halls. (Sorin had the best band on its porch.) Everyone was strolling around pointing at the buildings, ogling the dome, and watching the squirrels and the students. A complete corps of hustlers was selling popcorn, programs, pennants, tickets to the game, garters, hats, and flowers, not to mention the people collecting for charities. In the bookstore, business was booming. Anything with "Notre Dame" on it went at twice the price. Yet the entire 60,000 people and all the hustle disappeared into the stadium for the game.

The game was a bore though. It had its usual color and noise and spirit, but we licked Army so badly that it became monotonous. People celebrated our victory anyway, as if the Crusaders had just ended the Holy War.

It was great to have all the people here. Everyone meets an old friend or a relative, and there are parties and good times, but in another way it's sad. The people who came here today who'd never been here before have a wrong impression of the place, and many of the alumni, the ones who only come on football weekends, never find out about the changes that have transformed this university. They never talk with the students or come to look around when it's quiet, so that they find it easy to criticize when there's a strike or a demonstration, or when students ask for parietals or coeducation.

One professor coined the term "Notre Doters" to describe the people with the football and party attitude toward Notre Dame. "The only trouble with students is that they become alumni," he said.

Football at Notre Dame is a confusing clash of values for me. I know it must place a tre-

mendous burden on the admissions office. It must be difficult in the face of football and with the shortage of scholarship funds to attract anything but a homogeneous student body. Notre Dame is 98 per cent white, 93 per cent Catholic and most of the students are the products of suburbia. I would really like to see more diversity here, but I think the attraction of football for the type of students who would apply to ND, coupled with the burden of recruiting ball players, makes it impossible. But then I see 60,000 people who all paid nearly eight dollars for their seats, and I can only hope that the problem can be solved some other way.

Tonight I talked with some cadets who were here for the game. One of them was the brother of a girl we know, so she brought the cadets to Jeff's room to meet us and to party. I was depressed by them. They're molded and really misguided. They are rocks to new and unconditioned influences. What is depressing is that even here at Notre Dame, which bombards its students with a conflict of values and influences, there are rocks, and some of the rocks will graduate.

I stayed up talking with Jeff and Bob after the partying all over the dorm had fizzled to silence. Then I went to bed, again without setting an alarm.

October 11

Today I relaxed, read and even studied a little. I didn't leave Sorin at all until dinner, which wasn't worth the trip.

Tonight I went to St. Mary's. I took my books with me, but I didn't really expect to get anything done. Marilyn and I walked along the cinder road that winds through the woods in back of St. Mary's. It's so dark and quiet there. The sky was clear, and the moon was bright, making shadows in the dark. We looked into the St. Joseph River for a long time. We played on the swings and in the leaves. There were no problems anywhere in the world tonight, there couldn't have been.

October 12

With a pain in my stomach, a frown on my face, a tear in my eye, and a groan, I turned out of bed this morning to the Monday morning blues. Headache number 885.

I missed this morning. All I remember is that it was raining, windy and cold. I dragged myself through classes, including biology and psych, through lunch, including the food, into sometime this afternoon when I found myself awake and confronted with another week.

I ran errands this afternoon. I stopped at the bookstore to trade my life's savings for some soap and a pen to replace the one I lost this morning. I went to the laundry and the post office. My mother had mailed me a box of cookies. I felt a twinge of homesickness which I let sink in a moment before eating a cookie.

Rainy days are great for studying. I lounged

on my bed and actually made some progress in Russian. I even read a chapter in my psychology book. I've turned over a new leaf since that test. I'm determined to be ahead of the game next time.

The way students study, and what they study, is controlled by the principle of most proximate danger. If a test is not looming over your head, you relax and study at your own pace. The wailing and gnashing of teeth come when there are two tests on the same day, when you've just finished one, and there is another and another and another with no end in sight.

Most students study the subject in which they have the next test. Something is wrong with the academic structure when that's the way things operate. It would be such a joy to just read and study and learn without the tests. I really think I'd learn more without them. If we have to have them, then for God's sake ban the multiple-choice objective test. The only thing to do for them is cram all the tiny details. You wind up taking the test and then forgetting anything you have crammed. Essays and papers are the only way.

October 15

In late afternoon today, I noticed how beautiful this campus is in the fall. I was out on the fire escape, and the sun was low enough to make long shadows of everything. There was a pattern of light and dark on the grass, and where the sun struck it directly, the grass was a rich green. The trees are all colored now, many are already brown or bare, but with the sun that low the colors were in dazzling contrast, yellows and oranges and cherry reds in the sunlight mixed with dark patches of more somber colors in the shade.

Looking one way from our fire escape you can see the lake and the Architecture Building. The other side overlooks the basketball courts in back of the bookstore. People were shooting baskets and enjoying the last of Indian summer, they all know that it can't last.

I couldn't do anything but take a walk. Around St. Mary's Lake the trees arch over the path and give you a cathedral feeling. The leaves and branches break the light like stained-glass windows, and you find an awe closing in on you. I was walking slowly, shuffling through the leaves. I love that sound. There are problems walking through the leaves, though. They crumble and get inside your shoes. After a while they stick and itch so badly that you have to stop to empty your shoes.

I wound up at the bench Marilyn and I have claimed. I laid on my back with my hands under my head, closed my eyes, and just listened and smelled. Each season has its own particular beauty here. It's the beauty you can enjoy without feeling that you have to trap it with a camera. You don't need to take pictures because you know it will be there tomorrow.

I've visited state schools and big universities. They're cities, with streets and traffic and all the rush and fuss that go with them. It's great to

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have a campus like ours. Most people live on campus, so there's no rush to catch a subway, there are no cars and no city noises. People can sit on the grass or play touch football without having buses blow diesel fumes in their faces.

Just as I was typing this page, Marilyn came up with the two grammar school children she tutors. Stacey and Ellen are from South Bend. Marilyn sees them twice a week. They have some sort of tutoring going on every day, and a lot of students are involved in it, either with the children from South Bend or the retarded people at Logan School. They were so quiet in my room and acted so afraid. Marilyn says that I must be spooky or something because they are really gabby when they're with her. A lot of the tutoring isn't in the children's courses. Once a week they meet on campus and walk around and see things. They're not really allowed in the dorms, you're supposed to be 18, but everyone just turns their backs. It was fun to meet them, little girls are cute. They made me feel old, though.

October 16

Today was rather routine as days go. Since there's no home game this weekend, it isn't so obviously Friday. No one was throwing toilet paper all over the quad and there weren't as many beer blasts as on a football Friday.

I had classes most of the day. Russian doesn't meet on Fridays, so I had a free hour between biology and psych. It's funny not to be in a hurry at the class change. Class changes are strange phenomena. For 15 minutes there are 6,000 people walking on the campus, then all of a sudden they disappear, and there are only a few students strolling over to the post office or the bus stop or the bookstore. The squirrels take to the trees for the class changes. One old professor, in a moment of anger against the limitations of the academic structure, said that he looked out his window between classes and "saw packrats moving from cardboard box to cardboard box."

It's the same professor who once suggested that he would like to offer a course in silence. Everyone would just come in and be quiet for an hour. I bet they'd make him grade it though. Who was most silent?

I frittered away the free hour in Jeff's room. I waste more time talking and paging through magazines. I mentioned the waste to Jeff, and he commented that nothing was going on anyway, so I couldn't be disturbing anything.

This afternoon in math class a student asked the existential question. We had spent the whole class defining the tangent plane to the graph of a torus, the three-dimensional graph with the same shape as a donut. It's a strange concept, to say the least, but apparently this guy was really bothered by it. Near the end of class he raised his hand and asked Mr. Ryan, who has a doctorate in differential geometry, if "all this meant anything." "Is this just mental exercise or is it really good for anything? Does it really have any

value?" Mr. Ryan said, "I can't really answer that without some frame of reference. Has anything we've done this semester meant anything to you?" Rather than have an identity crisis ruin my weekend, I just forgot about the whole thing.

October 21

Midweek depression has set in. People have been dragging around all day with their heads down, scowling and frowning. Classes were boring.

I just couldn't face dinner at the dining hall after a day like today, so I decided to eat at the Burger King on Dixieway instead. I called Marilyn and invited her to a romantic meal at the "home of the whopper." She was really excited, which made me realize what a scrounge I was for never taking her anywhere. Guilt overcame me, so I borrowed a car and we got dressed up and went to dinner at Cira's in South Bend.

I really enjoyed it. It had been an age since I had gone out to dinner. I had liver and Marilyn had chicken. It was yummy.

October 23

It was a quiet day. Attendance in class has really dropped, mostly because so many people are going home for the weekend. There is no football game tomorrow.

I liked going to class today. We have a new professor for this series of lectures in biology. Dr. Fuchs lectures without a microphone and most of the time he uses the blackboard rather than the overhead projector. Since he doesn't use the screen, he can keep the lights all the way up. He walks around the auditorium while he talks, takes questions and generally keeps you awake. Dr. Thorson, who sits in the back of the room for the lectures, is still going to compose the test though.

We had a film in psychology class about training psychotic children. Math was interesting, and Frank O'Malley's class was beautiful and powerful today. The day made me happy to be a student.

Dinner was really good, but that angered me in a way. Every once in a while they prove that they can do it, that dinner can be appetizing. Then there is never an excuse for having a bad meal.

I spent the evening writing letters. I wrote four, including a long letter to my family. I write home every Friday, and mail the letter in time for the Saturday morning pickup. That's so that my mother always receives the letter on the same day in New Jersey. My brother graduated from Notre Dame in 1969, and I know from having lived at home while he was here, that Mom should get mail regularly. She cries when the mailman passes the house if there's no letter on the day she's come to expect one.

October 24

I slept very late, almost until noon, which would have been around the clock. I stayed in bed and

read biology in the afternoon. By dinnertime, I was famished. I stuffed myself and had to lie down after dinner for a while.

"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" was in the Engineering Auditorium tonight. I went with Chuck. I had seen the movie before, and I was telling Chuck all week that it was the saddest movie ever made, but I'm sure he didn't believe me until the ending. It was just so, so touching. Anyone who was not crying on the way out has no heart.

The opening scene of "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" shows a fat, retarded deaf mute playing hopscotch. We decided to go to Louie's after the movie to recover our composure with a beer. We were almost to Louie's front door when we came to the place where someone had marked the sidewalk with chalk to play hopscotch. It was like holy ground. We couldn't say anything, and couldn't walk across it. When we got to Louie's, Sharon, the waitress, asked us what was wrong. We must have looked ghastly.

After Louie's, Chuck and I went to the midnight Mass in Grace Hall. Father Whelan, rector of Grace, is the celebrant. Mass is in the lobby of the hall. It always means a lot to me. Chuck and I stayed and talked with Father Whelan until three o'clock.

My room was freezing when I got back. I tried using my radiator. I'm always reluctant to do it. Even the slightest opening of the valve broils anything in the room, but I tried to control it tonight. I failed. Whoever installed the monstrosity should be burned at the stake, better yet just tie him to his creation and crack the steam valve.

Good grief. It's morning already. We change to Eastern Standard Time today and add an hour. I can't keep my eyes open any longer.

October 27

I just couldn't write anything yesterday. I saw Marilyn last night. Things did not go well with us last week. We couldn't get along when we were together, and phone calls failed to communicate.

Marilyn has a home-town honey. They're serious, and I have trouble relating to that. Last night, we decided that it simply would be better not to see each other again. We'd been dating off and on since last year, and I thought we'd reached a point where we could stop playing games about our relationship. I was wrong.

This morning I was helping Jeff do his delivery route for *The Observer*. He drives a truck to Niles, Michigan, picks up the papers, and delivers them to Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Marilyn was sitting on the steps of Lemans Hall when we stopped there. We smiled at each other, knowing that the breakup was absurd, and that the games are not bad, they're only the beginning.

My entire day today consisted of only one moment, only a smile.

October 28

I had a phone call from my brother tonight. I

was surprised that he called, I was stunned at his news. He is getting married. He asked me to be the best man at his wedding in August. He seemed ecstatic, it brought a tear to my eye.

There was other good news. Last June, my father suffered a stroke. He was hospitalized until mid-August and has been home since then recovering from the paralysis. He is going back to work on Monday. It's on a half-day basis at first, but it's a beginning, and the doctors predict that he'll recover further quickly.

I'm going home this weekend. I didn't expect to go home until Christmas. I just mentioned on the phone that it would be nice to go home this weekend. They told me to go ahead and fly.

I'm excited and really edgy. I never went home on just a weekend, and never on short notice. It really is a good time to go home, though. Thanksgiving is too close to finals to go home. I'll need that time to study. This way the semester is evenly split.

I was running all over tonight, sharing the good news. Students get excited about letters from home, a phone call is really cause to celebrate.

October 29

The Sorin maintenance man did it again. At 8:30 this morning, he decided to wash my window. Assuming that I was not in the room, he inserted his passkey in the lock and clacked the bolt back and forth and rattled the doorknob trying to get in. I finally woke up and opened the door from the inside. It's a good thing I did, too. The door was unlocked when he started, and between the bolt and the doorknob he had become trapped in the myth of Sisyphus. He was startled when the door opened, and very apologetic.

I don't envy him the job of cleaning my window. For one thing, it's seven feet by four feet, but it's also 30 feet off the ground. When he finished, the 82-year-old ring of dirt was still around the outside of the glass. The room is brighter on the inside now though. It was dirty enough to shade the room before.

I made a decent showing on my Russian test, in spite of my excitement about going home.

I talked a lot with Chuck this afternoon. He was in the middle of his daily crossword puzzle when I went into his room. He had written more poetry yesterday and wanted to try it out on me. I liked it. There are so many creative people at this university. They're not blatant about it though, which I think is good. It's more a quiet reflective creation.

November 2

What a miserable day. There was only a slight chill in the air in New Jersey when I left, but in South Bend this morning it was raining. It has now changed to a heavy snow. This is the only place on earth where it slushes.

I guess fall is over. The first snowfall makes me feel funny, I know what follows it.

"We smiled at each other, knowing that the breakup was absurd, and that games are not bad, they're only the beginning."

catholic education

by Richard W. Conklin

Let's take a 10-point true or false test on Catholic education.

1. *Enrollment declines in Catholic elementary schools are attributable to the increasing burden on Catholic family incomes.*
2. *Catholic schools have not been particularly successful in inculcating Vatican II theological attitudes in their students.*
3. *Catholic schools are not as efficient as public schools.*
4. *There is no demonstrable difference between the educational effectiveness of a religious and lay person in the classroom.*
5. *Poor people contribute a higher portion of their income to support Catholic schools than do the rich.*
6. *There is no consensus on the goals of Catholic education between parents, teachers, pastors, and so on.*
7. *CCD programs and Parish School of Religion approaches are successful substitutes for the parochial school.*
8. *Male Catholic high school seniors are more open-minded in terms of their belief system than their female counterparts.*
9. *Family background is more important than the quality of instruction in determining educational outcomes.*
10. *Adult education is the solution to the theological gap in the Church.*

False. Costs are an increasing problem at the high school level, but grade school enrollment drops are related to demographic changes (diminished birth rates, for example) and to the quality of available public education as seen by Catholic parents.

True. Surveys reveal that a pre-Vatican II understanding of religion is still widespread.

False. While comparisons are hazardous due to the selectivity factor present in Catholic education, indications are that Catholic schools on the whole are performing about as well as their public school counterparts—while spending much less per pupil.

False. The presence of religious teachers has been identified as a positive factor in pupil achievement, even after allowances are made for all other factors.

True. If families in wealthier parishes contributed at the same rate as those in lower income parishes, financial problems would evaporate in many dioceses.

False. There is an agreement on goals, but conflict emerges over methods and the means of evaluation.

False. While data are limited, indications are that such programs do not provide as effective a religious education as the traditional parish school. Parents perceive this fact, but many also point out the customary discrepancy in the parish per-pupil outlay between the school and the CCD operations.

False. Boys seem to be more dogmatic than girls.

False. While this assumption has been supported by some research, a recent study of Catholic education showed that the quality of education in a parochial school was just as significant as the social or economic class of students.

False. The problem here is that everybody is for adult education—except the adults everybody wants to educate.

If you are disappointed in the score you achieved on this informal examination, don't be. The widespread lack of knowledge about Catholic education—from state legislators to parish ushers—is one reason why the University of Notre Dame has established what is probably the most experienced group of researchers on the subject to be found in the country.

Notre Dame's development as a national center for research in Catholic education got its start on Nov. 22, 1961, with the announcement by the Carnegie Corporation of a \$350,000 grant to the University to study Catholic elementary and secondary education. Commissioned at a time when enrollment in the Catholic school system was more than five million and was still rising, the study was designed to bridge a factual gap with the gathering of data on curriculum, administration, number and training of teachers, quality of academic achievement, academic goals and physical facilities. Dr. George N. Shuster, who had just returned to the campus after retiring as president of Hunter College, and Reginald A. Neuwen, who later assumed directorship of the study, were key figures in the research. The Notre Dame-Carnegie report was issued in 1966 to the accompaniment of a good deal of national publicity and, along with the Greeley-Rossi study released a short time later, became a landmark research work.

With this Catholic school data housed in the University's computer memory, with a staff of trained researchers available, and with the first signs of a crisis in Catholic education appearing, the decision was made to establish the Office for Educational Research (OER) to continue the work of the Carnegie study. OER was subsequently incorporated under the academic umbrella of the Institute of Studies in Education, formed in 1968 under the Rev. Neil G. McCluskey, S.J. Dr. Robert Hassenger, a specialist in the sociology of education, the Rev. William B. Friend, former assistant superintendent of schools in the Mobile-Birmingham diocese, and Dr. Frank J. Fahey, a sociologist who formerly was associated with the University's Social Science Training and Research Laboratory, guided the office in its first two years.

Today studies are being made of the educational efforts of an estimated 45 archdioceses and dioceses but it was only two years ago when Notre Dame reported on pioneer studies of Catholic school systems in Denver, Colo., and Saginaw, Mich., which pointed to trends which would be confirmed over and over again during the next two years.

In both Denver, with 21,980 students in Catholic schools, and Saginaw, with 6,458 students, enrollments had shown decreases—7 per cent in Denver and 3 per cent in Saginaw. And in both areas there were some common recommendations made by Notre Dame study teams, including:

- Consolidation of at least those schools which indicate the possibilities of economies of scale while improving quality.
- Increased teacher specialization, particularly in the provision of centralized services to many schools.
- Improved teacher quality through hiring practices requiring and paying for appropriate academic degrees while encouraging personnel to acquire advance degrees, perhaps through subsidizing teacher education.
- Continual economic evaluation of possible cost-saving teaching aids and other innovations to improve the quality of Catholic education.
- Establishment of Regional Councils for Catholic Education, which would be advisory to school boards and serve both as information agencies in reaching the broad public and as grassroots reflectors of opinion.
- Shift of parish high schools to diocesan control to be financed through the diocese by means of weighted parish assessments established by a lay-controlled board of education and based on the financial ability of the individual parish.
- Establishment of tuition and fees common to all elementary and secondary schools in the diocese or archdiocese.
- Formation of an equalization fund to help poor parishes support their elementary schools.
- Greater attention to the potential of cooperative action between public and Catholic schools.
- Consolidation and cooperative use of elementary facilities as dictated by enrollment.
- Development of an adequate program of religious education for children not affected by the formal Catholic school.

In short, the future of Catholic education, the Notre Dame researchers pointed out, involved increasing centralization of planning, programming, and budgeting.

It was obvious that Catholic education faced a crisis of confidence among those parents who in the past had sent their children to the parochial

school, justifying the goal (never realized) of "every Catholic child in a Catholic school" set down by the nation's bishops in the 19th century.

The issue was clearly drawn in the Denver study when parents of Catholic students were asked to rank, in order of importance, reasons their children were attending either a Catholic or public school.

Catholic parents sent their children to Catholic schools because they felt these schools:

1. Trained children to be honest, truthful and moral.
2. Taught children about God, Christ and religion.
3. Taught children to practice their religion.
4. Disciplined children to respect authority.
5. Trained children in self-discipline and hard work.

Catholic parents sent their children to public schools because they felt those schools:

1. Had more effective and qualified teachers.
2. Had more adequate facilities and educational tools.
3. Were more conveniently located.
4. Provided transportation for schoolchildren.
5. Relieved them of the serious financial burden Catholic schools place on the parents.

In short, 70 per cent of Catholic students in the Denver area were being educated in public schools apparently because their parents tended to place greater value on the perceived overall educational quality, convenience, and lower cost of public schools than on the religious education and discipline of the Catholic schools. The end of the "siege mentality" which nurtured Catholic schools for many years coupled with Vatican II's stress on involvement in the world by Christians was also a psychological factor affecting the situation.

The Denver report also warned that "as Catholic parents become increasingly better educated, it is probable that more of them will value the qualities of public education over the qualities of Catholic education." It emphasized that the views of parents did not necessarily represent an objective assessment of academic programs in Catholic or public schools. But, as is often the case, the way in which persons perceive a situation is more important than the way the situation actually exists. This has been a persistent irony present in Notre Dame research: the dissatisfaction of some Catholic parents is no less real simply because it is difficult to find objective justifications for it. As they say on Madison Avenue, the parochial school "has a PR problem."

While OER was studying individual dioceses, another group of researchers, under Dr. Richard L. Metzcus, assistant professor of education, went after some national statistics in a survey of the country's 148 diocesan school superintendents. What they found was headlined from Montgomery, Ala., to San Francisco, Calif.—an estimated

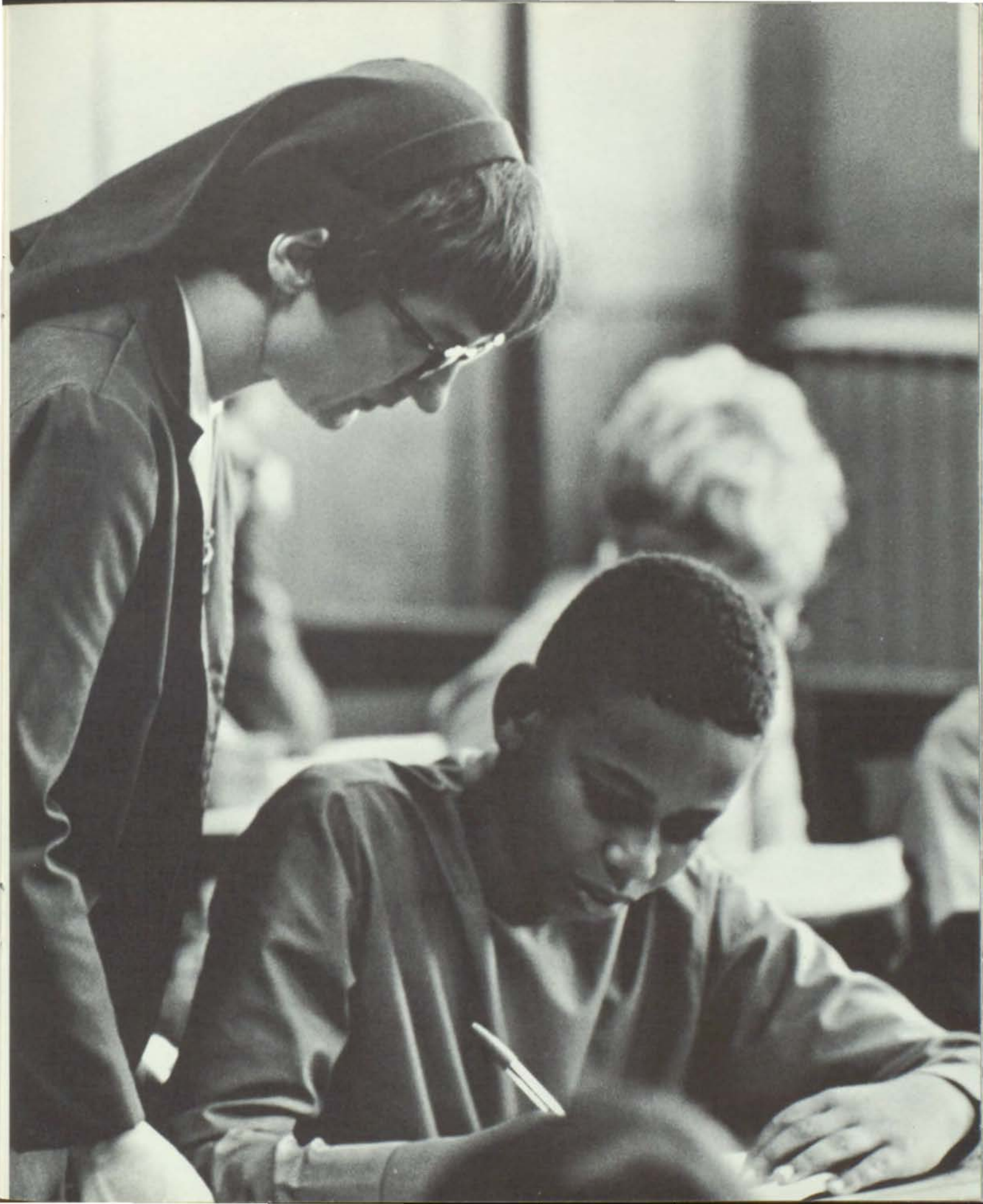
60,000 students would be displaced in 1970 from closed or consolidated Catholic schools, costing the U.S. taxpayer \$38.2 million.

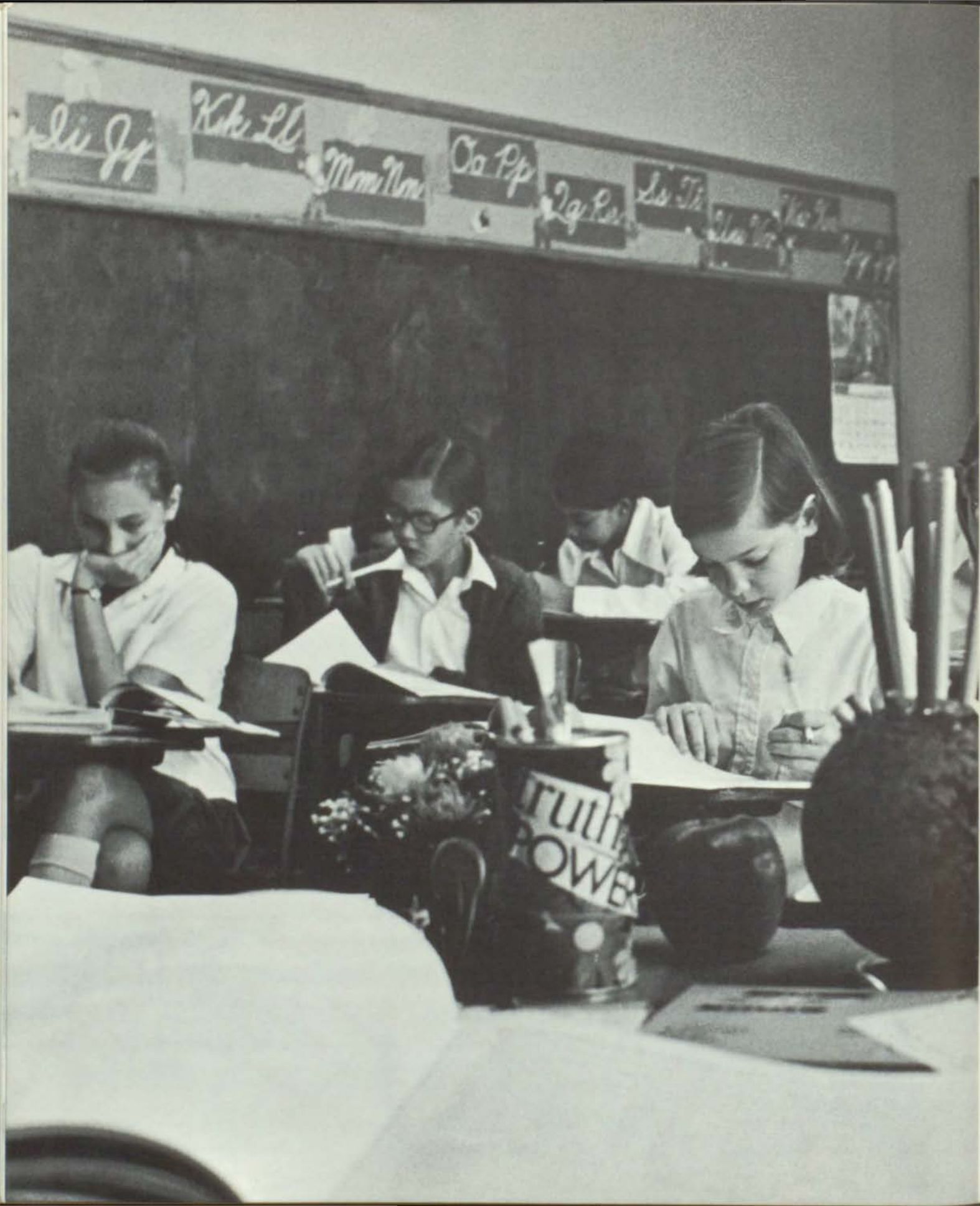
The Metzcus study, called "Project Schoolhouse," also concluded that Catholic school closings and grade eliminations were:

- Largely the result of emergency measures and not flowing from an overall educational plan.
- Most prevalent among small, parish-controlled elementary schools handicapped by size in trying to provide a quality education.
- Generally decided by a combination of administrative levels, with diocesan authority mentioned most often and school boards rarely cited, leading to the report's conclusion that "existent Catholic school boards were not perceived to be policy-making units."
- Frequently attributed to an insufficient supply of religious as teachers, poor financial support, and dwindling enrollment, but more realistically described as a result of the inefficiency of a decentralized "system" of education.
- Usually effected without firm plans for utilization of abandoned facilities.
- Indicative of "the inability of Catholic schools to confront current educational problems."

In February, 1969, OER took on its most ambitious task—a \$100,000 comprehensive study of Catholic education in the Archdiocese of St. Louis which involved processing the opinions of 17,000 laymen, clergy and teachers and the testing of 1,000 eighth-graders and 1,000 high school seniors. The 1,456-page, 10-pound report, the most extensive ever done of a parochial school system, praised the performance of St. Louis Catholic schools but predicted continued decline of enrollment and rapid escalation of financial problems. Its various sections were a gold mine of both interesting and significant information, from which were drawn the true-false items at the beginning of this article. Again, however, the communications problem was evident. "There is," said one member of the Notre Dame study team, "an unfortunate rumor circulating in Catholic circles that public schools are better places to send your children. We found no evidence to indicate that Catholic schools are inferior."

The St. Louis study now goes to an Archdiocesan Education Study Commission which will





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consider the data and make recommendations. It was, however, a ray of hope to diocesan school officials, who felt its crucial endorsement of the parochial system would help restore confidence among Catholics.

While researchers at Notre Dame are working on the problem, others are searching for the solution. Brother Anthony Ipsaro, a Marianist who formerly served as superintendent of schools in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, has launched a pilot program in Catholic education which deserves the description "innovative educational program."

An \$83,344 grant from the Frank J. Lewis Foundation in Chicago will underwrite the initial phase of the project, which involves an in-service program for the faculty and non-instructional staff of Mishawaka's Marian High School. "Many attempts at new educational approaches have failed simply because they were imposed from without by 'experts' while the very persons who were expected to implement them—the faculty—were not convinced of their effectiveness," Brother Anthony said. "Our approach is to work initially with the faculty in determining just what kind of educational framework they think the contemporary Catholic secondary school should have."

The method used with the Marian faculty is a group approach with trained leaders from Notre Dame's counseling program assisting them in developing a sense of cohesiveness and in projecting educational programs. Faculty and staff members will meet frequently in small groups. Results of the faculty-staff program at Marian will be carefully charted and evaluated throughout the year by Notre Dame educational researchers, who will compare Marian data with that obtained from South Bend's St. Joseph High School, which in terms of the study is a "control" institution which will not have a similar in-service program.

Brother Anthony is rather a maverick among Catholic educational theorists. For one thing, "What Catholic education needs, perhaps even more than financial aid, is a new approach to the old philosophy of the 'education of the whole man,'" Brother Anthony commented. "We can use the insights of contemporary social science to help create a total Christian environment."

For the diocesan school superintendent who cannot afford a comprehensive St. Louis-style survey and who lacks a large staff, OER recently announced two new services—a model for the analysis and projection of school enrollments and a model for financial analysis. The former, by projecting changes in the number of Catholics, in the rate of births, and in educational preferences, derives a prediction of school enrollment for a period of five years hence. The latter provides analysis of the current financial status of the diocese on a school-by-school basis.

In addition to completed studies in Denver, Saginaw, St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Mobile, Tampa, and Natchez-Jackson, the 16-member

OER staff is now engaged in research for the Dominican Sisters of Newburgh, N.Y., the Diocese of Birmingham and the Archdiocese of Atlanta.

The future of Catholic education? Brother Anthony has his vision of Christian education in the 1970's. But OER staffers, as is the habit of their profession, are reluctant to go beyond their work, which, as we have seen, points to some common problems and possible solutions. One thing is certain: the traditional parish elementary schools and diocesan high schools must develop a style of education which appeals to a new generation of post-Vatican II parents. How successful this adaptation will be only time will tell, but Notre Dame's Office for Educational Research is in a position to do the important job of chronicling—and perhaps influencing—the process of change in Catholic education.

Professor John Mooney

Most of his students meet Professor John Mooney in the cluttered work-in-progress atmosphere of his studio in the Arts Center. Dressed casually and quietly, he is hardly an imposing figure among the colored canvases and constructions, and his manner could never reveal him as their prime influence. Working with his students or alone, guiding, stimulating, and creating, John Mooney is quiet.

A quotation from Jean Luc Goddard over the door of his studio summarizes Mooney's outlook on art. "Art is not the reflection of reality, but the reality of reflection."

In an open and personal approach, Mooney awakens his students to the artist's reflection. Mostly by inspiration, and somewhat by suggestion and demand, Mooney has his students experiment with different forms. "It's a relationship of communication," one of his students said, "a guiding relationship, in which he always wants you to try something else, something new, and try to accomplish something." One girl, a graduate student, has taken courses from John Mooney for three years. "A lot of the art professors here are all wrapped up in their own style and pull you into that style, but John Mooney does all kinds of things, and helps you do what you want to do."

His classes are flexible and loosely structured. Mooney believes in a personal approach and makes himself available for help, and criticism, which his students say is "always right on the button." Mooney demands that his students produce, and then motivates them by his own production.

"I am concerned with the visionary" Mooney says. "The world of art is the world of ideas made plastic, and I want to give my students the vision necessary for their personal aesthetic statement."

Mooney does do all kinds of things, and he sets an almost unmatched pace in his own production. "I need at least eight to twelve hours a day just for my own work. The artist is a selfish person, he wants to see his work and see it mature."

His own creations are a striking contrast to his manner. Just inside the door to his home in South Bend stands "Snoopy," an imposing sculpture which projects a black glass enclosure full of flashing tubes and spheres at all his guests. In another room is his "Light Sandwich." The "bread" is two black prisms, eight feet long and seemingly oblique to everything else in the room. Lights between the angular forms can be adjusted to emphasize different angles and edges of the sculpture.

His painting is reflective and sensitive, and shows the maturity and experience of Mooney's background. Although he is against what he calls "inbreeding," Mooney did his undergraduate work at Notre Dame. He took his bachelor of fine

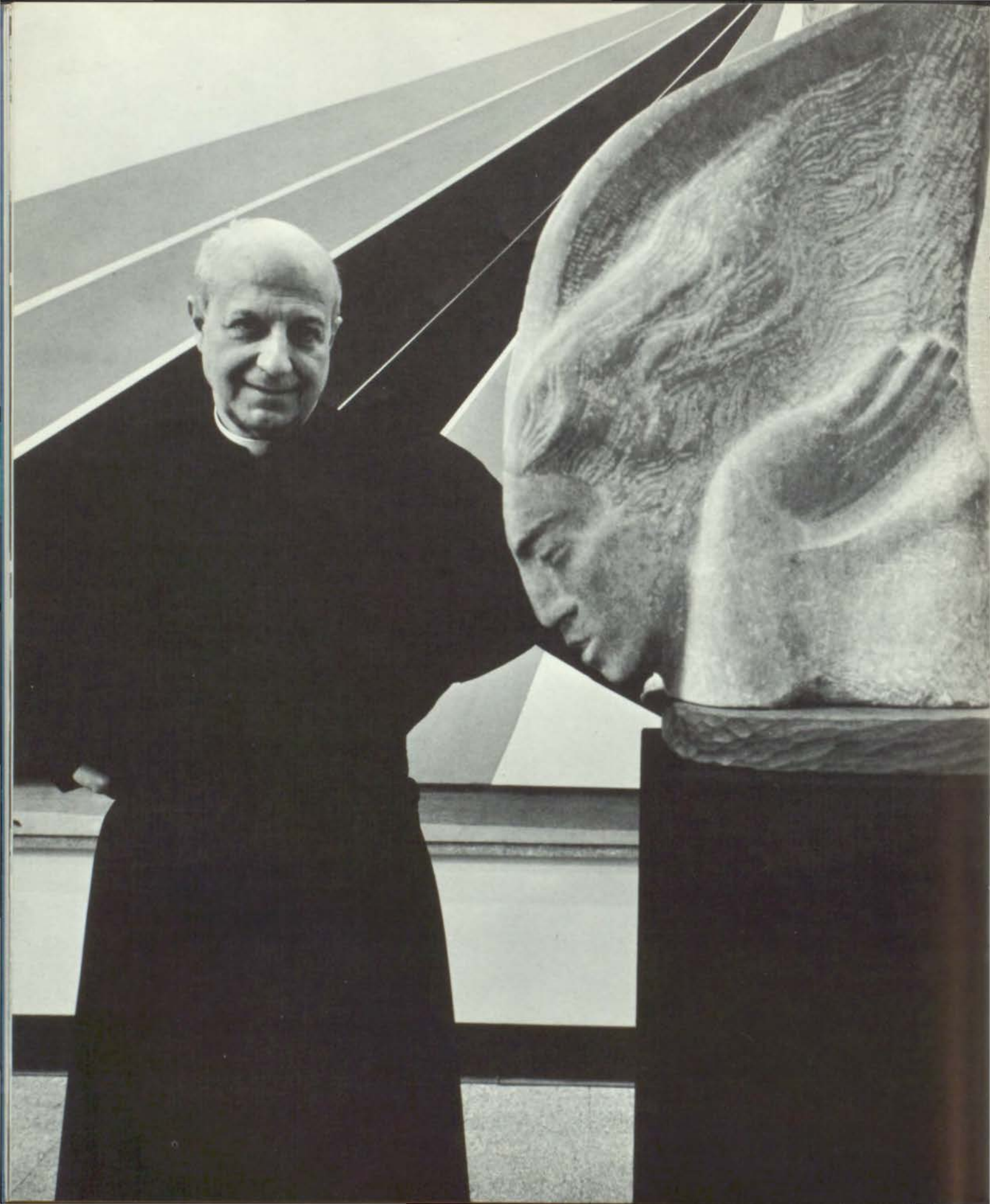
arts degree to the University of Illinois where he received his master's in painting and printmaking. He stayed at Illinois and taught painting, then taught in Florence, Italy, and at Murray State University in Kentucky before returning to Notre Dame in 1968. He was commissioned as an artist for the fourth session of Vatican II, and many paintings from the council are in his home. He is presently working with "plasma light sculptures" on a commission from the Center for the Study of Man in Contemporary Society.

Besides the painting and printmaking, he teaches in the Arts Center. This semester Mooney is also leading a freshman seminar in the fine arts, which he says is "a challenge and a joy."

"It's teaching awakening, which is really what undergraduate education is all about. I want to help them find their existence through an exposure to the reality of beauty. You can appreciate an art object for the suffering that went into it, find strength and excitement in a thing of beauty. It's awakening a visual perception, so that sensing and knowing the world around them is a part of the routine of their daily lives."

His students like him. Jim Dahl, a senior in economics, met Mooney in an art history class last semester, and now spends most of his free time in Mooney's studio as his teaching assistant. "He gives you an insight into art, not only in the sense of line, color, shape, but into his own love of art," says Dahl. "That's the secret of his effectiveness as a teacher. He confronts you personally with your own attempts. I'm just really, really high on the guy."





"I'm not an art historian," he insists, "I'm not an esthete. I'm an artist."

Father Anthony Lauck, the 61-year-old director of Notre Dame's art gallery, is a sculptor who has molded simplicity and transcendence into definition, of himself and of his work.

In him is visible the yearning for what Professor Frank O'Malley says is true of all great art: "an endeavor to rediscover eternity and to solidify it in one point in time." And for Father Lauck, the key to such a rediscovery lies in form. Ordered form. "When I was a seminarian," he says, "I was really taken by philosophy—in it the whole world seemed to have an organization, a plan to it. The same was true of theology."

He brought his art with him to the Holy Cross Novitiate in 1937, having just been granted a professional diploma in fine arts as a layman from the John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis. "I wanted to be a priest," he recalls, "and I didn't insist on staying in art—but I thought it would be good to enter a congregation with as deep an interest in art as Holy Cross had at the time."

After his introduction to philosophy and theology, Father Lauck returned to art as the imagery of prayer. "I discovered a much more intense impression of things like the mysteries of the rosary through art," he says.

He describes the simplicity of today's liturgical rubric as "great," but longs for some of the form and imagery of the past. "There's one thing I don't like to see," he admits, "and that's a priest scratching his head or something when he's approaching the altar. He would appear to be a bit more aware of what's going to happen if he had his hands folded." Form. Reflective form.

He's been happy to see much of what he considered "third-rate art" removed from the churches, but feels things have gone a bit far. "The churches are too severe now," he believes. "I like simplicity, but I don't get as severe with myself as architects are trying to become with churches."

The problem behind this relative vacuum in present liturgical art, he suggests, is that "artists simply have failed to realize that the chains are off—no longer will they be told by the church how and what to create."

Father Lauck's art has given him a patience he puts to use in discussing many contemporary attitudes toward art. His contention that many young artists today lack sufficient respect for tradition is restrained, yet persistent. "Art students today really want to know what's going on in their own period," he observes, "but some of them don't care a bit about what has been done before."

And this is a man with transparent pride in what has been done before, in what he has done, and won. A life devoted to expression, he believes, is in some measure inspired by recognition.

He describes the many prizes his work has received as sources of confidence, roots of encouragement to continue what is most difficult: to create. "It's not something I really enjoy," he says of his work. "It is something I must do."

He reflects a certain uneasiness with the present preoccupation with technique. "In areas such as plastics, welding and hard-edge painting the emphasis is often placed on how clean a job has been done. The question I want to ask the artist is this: 'Do you give us a peep at your soul through the colors, through the design you've chosen?'"

For Anthony Lauck, that is finally the most important question; the soul is both the inspiration and object of his art. In simplicity and transcendence, he would mold his life and work toward what is lasting. In form. Transcendent form.



Letter to Nixon

In a letter to President Nixon, Father Hesburgh, has suggested a voice for the nation's higher education community in setting national priorities.

The letter was in reply to President Nixon's recent mailing to some 900 university administrators, trustees and others of a copy of an article written by Dr. Sidney Hook, a professor of philosophy at New York University, which charged that demands of student militants were a threat to academic freedom.

Observing that he had endorsed publicly many of the positions taken by Hook, Father Hesburgh wrote, "one must still seek for the roots of student unrest. My own best opinion is that, while students often talk about basic problems, such as war and peace, civil rights, poverty, environment, and quality of life, basically they are questioning the priorities of our nation as reflected in the national budget. On this point, they have some valid objections with which all of us should be concerned."

The Notre Dame president elaborated his thoughts on national priorities in a memorandum he enclosed and to which he called Nixon's attention. The memorandum, which grew out of a discussion last May between the board of directors of the American Council on Education and the President's adviser, Dr. Alexander Heard, suggests that if the American academic community wants to be heard in the White House, it should have some positive suggestions.

Noting that the nation "cannot be run by 2,500 institutions of higher education, nor should it be," Father Hesburgh points out that the higher education community—faculty, students, administration, trustees and alumni—represents at least 30 per cent of the nation's population.

"I fully realize," he writes, "that it is rather difficult to organize a totality as great as this, but it would seem to me that we could set up consortia of universities and colleges having similar backgrounds and concerns, and, within these institutions, form bodies which could devise sets of priorities, or national values, or scenarios for the future that would be acceptable to the majority of our members."

The memorandum predicts that the President and the Congress would find such distillation of ideas helpful and that the willingness of the higher education community to tackle the nation's problems might "restore public confidence in the university as an institution integral to the progress of this nation."

Campaign

While the so-called "Princeton Plan" for a 10-day recess was voted down in Notre Dame-St. Mary's faculty-student referenda, a few hundred students from both campuses joined in the fall political campaign.

Hundreds of hours were put in at the headquarters of congressional candidates in South Bend and at least one group of students left the campus for the final weekend of the campaign to aid workers in their home district. A New York contingent went by bus Thursday before the election to join in the campaign of Allard K. Lowenstein for re-election to Congress.

Lowenstein, the 1970 Senior Class Fellow who spoke on the Notre Dame campus May 5, was the Democratic nominee for representative from the Fifth District of New York which encompasses Nassau County on Long Island. An early critic of the war in Vietnam, Lowenstein told an overflow audience at Washington Hall that he viewed the "completely unexpected reversal of American opinion of the war, primarily by efforts of students during the spring and early summer of 1968, as an indication that once again the country's thinking process can be changed."

Vance Hartke, Democratic nominee for re-election as U.S. senator from Indiana, apparently attracted the largest number of student volunteers from both campuses. His "Friends of Hartke" office reported that approximately 200 students did office work such as typing, telephoning, checking lists of registered voters, mailing and conducting registration of voting age students on the campus.

The "Citizens for Brademas" headquarters had an estimated 150 student volunteers who did similar service in behalf of the campaign to re-elect Democrat John Brademas as U.S. representative from the Third District of Indiana. Some faculty members and wives of faculty also assisted.

The headquarters of Don Newman, Republican nominee for Third District congressman, listed approximately 35 Notre Dame and Saint Mary's workers along with about 100 high school students and others from the South Bend campus of Indiana University.

The proposed recess would have suspended classes between Oct. 24 and Nov. 4 with makeup sessions later in the semester. It lost by a vote of 3,200 to 1,027 cast by the combined student bodies and a vote of 382 to 61 by the faculties of the two institutions.

An absolute majority of both groups was required for the recess, but only 42 per cent of the students and 52 per cent of eligible faculty members voted. In a separate referendum conducted by the Law School, where special scheduling problems were faced, the recess proposal lost by a 278-45 vote with approximately 76 per cent voting.

potpourri

Prison Classes

Thirteen Notre Dame students and a Saint Mary's nun spend at least one evening a week conducting adult education classes inside prison walls. These volunteer instructors make a 90-mile round trip to Michigan City, Ind., for two weekly classes in one of the few such programs in this country involving a university and a prison.

It started about a year ago when a section of Dr. Robert H. Vasoli's criminology class in the sociology department returned to the campus from a field trip to the Indiana State Penitentiary. Students who had commented on the "waste of human potential" were challenged by Vasoli to offer recommendations or alternatives. N. Joseph Gagliardi, then a junior, sought the advice of Dr. Eugene Campanale, of the office of Teacher Preparation, and drew up a proposal for an education plan which he showed to officials at Sing Sing while home in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., on Christmas vacation. They liked it and suggested that he pursue it with Indiana prison authorities.

Gagliardi credits the recommendation of Assistant Warden Charles Moore, a Notre Dame alumnus of the Class of '57, for acceptance of the project by Warden Russell Lash.

The next step for Gagliardi and Stephen R. Mysliwiec, who graduated in June, was to button-hole a few of their friends to finish out the 1969-70 school year teaching at the prison and to serve as a nucleus for the traveling faculty this year. Now a senior, Gagliardi is trying to make certain that some juniors are involved to assure continuation of the program.

The nun, Sister Mary Margaretta Reppen, C.S.C., is the only member of the group who has full education credentials. She volunteered her services when Gagliardi asked her for the names of Saint Mary's students who might be able to provide a refresher course for the men teaching reading.

Inmate instructors, who augment the prison's staff of professional daytime teachers, are themselves students in Gagliardi's Wednesday night seminar. Problems that arise in the prison classroom are discussed, solutions proposed and an insight into modern teaching technique is given. One of the staff instructors is Charles M. Cauley '52.

The prison's director of education, Melvin Wenzel '63 is enthusiastic over the success of the project, according to Gagliardi, who reports that benefits are twofold since the teachers are returning to the campus with some well-backed ideas on prison reform.

Instruction is provided on various levels of mathematics, in English and reading in the classes held on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. There is also a social problems seminar.

Minority Students

The University has doubled the number of minority group students in its freshman class.

Sixty-nine minority students are members of the 1970 undergraduate class of 1,737, compared with 34 in the 1969 entering class of 1,650. There are 58 black students (exactly double the 1969 freshman total), 10 Mexican Americans and one American Indian.

"Our minority students are characterized by a very good demonstrated performance at the high school level," commented Dr. Peter P. Grande, director of admissions. "The average high school in rank in class is in the top 20 per cent, and the group has a diversity of extracurricular activities and personal backgrounds."

Helping the scholarship picture for minority applicants was \$160,000 from the Cotton Bowl. The University broke a 45-year ban on postseason football appearances with the understanding net receipts would go to minority student aid. Forty-one minority group freshmen received Cotton Bowl-funded awards totaling \$40,600. (Awards are renewable and amount to a four-year commitment of \$162,400.) A total of \$101,104 in student aid funds was given to minority group freshmen. This figure includes scholarships, loans and Educational Opportunity Grants, but not grants-in-aid given to minority group athletes. It also represents 26 per cent of all such freshman awards, 8 per cent above the average for Mid-western colleges.

Grande emphasized that "there still is much to be done" in the area of minority enrollment at Notre Dame, noting that in 1969 the University's undergraduate black enrollment was under the average for comparable private institutions of higher learning. A stepped-up recruiting program is, however, raising the number of minority applications. This fall, 368 blacks applied for entrance and 181 were accepted. Sixty-eight Chicanos applied and 39 were accepted.

