



PROGRAMMA 2016

The Program of Liberal Studies
University of Notre Dame

PROGRAMMA

A Newsletter for Graduates of the Program of Liberal Studies
The University of Notre Dame
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Faculty Editor

Jennifer Martin

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THE VIEW FROM 215

Gretchen Reydams-Schils

February 18, 2016

This is my last reflection as chairperson of the Program. The time has come to pass the baton to Tom Stapleford, who will take over as Chair as of next fall. As chairperson of a department such as the Program one has the sense of being merely the steward of a much larger legacy—and while the same could be said of other departments, I do think this sense applies especially to PLS. I'm very happy to report that the department is alive and well, with a very strong new generation of faculty in place. And whereas other humanities departments at Notre Dame and elsewhere have seen declining enrollments, our sophomore classes have witnessed an impressive increase.

Just the other day Pierpaolo Polzonetti and I got involved in a discussion about the value of a new outreach effort, spearheaded by Steve Fallon. The outreach program, initiated by Bard College, involves teaching the liberal arts in a prison context, in our case in the Westville Correctional Facility in Indiana. (Phil Sloan has also taught in the same context.) Some might be tempted to say that such attempts constitute the ultimate elitist presumption of imposing 'high culture' as the normative

standard on those who are less privileged.

But, as we discovered also through the Great Books program in the South Bend Center for the Homeless, the exact opposite may well be true. Any view that holds that we shouldn't 'impose' 'high culture' marginalized populations like prison inmates or the homeless is the ultimate put-down and act of contempt. People taking these courses have themselves expressed dismay over others' decision on their behalf that such works are 'not for them.'

If these works of art have the power still to speak to us, as, of course, we believe in PLS, then they have the potential to speak to all of us—precisely not merely to an elitist minority. Or to quote Pierpaolo Polzonetti himself: 'by granting opportunities to all people to be exposed to different cultures and cultural differences we promote and enhance human dignity and freedom.'

Gretchen Reydams-Schils
Chair, Program of Liberal Studies

**ANNOUNCING THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL
PLS/GP SUMMER SYMPOSIUM
JUNE 5-10, 2016**

**Purgatory and
The Relationship between Religion
and Science in the Modern World**

Dear PLS Alumni and Friends:

Here is the roster of seminars that we will be offering at our annual alumni symposium next summer. The dates of the symposium are Sunday, June 5 through Friday, June 10, 2016. We have two more or less separate themes for next summer's symposium, both of which were suggested by last summer's participants. The first theme is "Purgatory" and the second is "The Relationship between Religion and Science in the Modern World." As always, we look forward to seeing you. Please direct questions to Henry Weinfield at hweinfie@nd.edu or to Debbie Kabzinski at pls@nd.edu.

Prof. Christopher Chowrimootoo

Redemption in Wagner's *Parsifal* (1882)

In this two-day seminar, we will explore the theme of redemption in Richard Wagner's operatic swan song, *Parsifal* (1882). We will examine this topic through a detailed study of the text and music associated with three central characters: Amfortas, Kundry and Parsifal. In preparation for discussion, we will read Wagner's entire libretto and his 1880 essay "Religion and Art." We will also watch some key scenes together as part of an evening screening during the symposium week. (two sessions)

Prof. (Emeritus) Michael J. Crowe

Expanding Universe (AKA Big Bang) Theory, Including Some Religious Issues.

The two classes on this topic will center on the Expanding Universe Theory, arguably the most important theory developed in the twentieth century. Also called the Big Bang Theory, it centers on the claim (now established in detail) that 13.8 billion years ago an explosion occurred in a tiny region of space, which led to the formation of the material universe as we know it. We shall not only discuss the implications of this theory for other areas of science, but also its relations to religion, including Catholicism. We shall find out that the creator of this theory was not the person to whom it was long ascribed, but another individual, who only in the last fifteen years has been accorded the credit he deserves. (two sessions)

Prof. Stephen Fallon

T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*

T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* (1935-1942) explores the intersections of the divine and the human, the transcendent and the mundane, and the eternal and the temporal. They record the intimations of the paradisaical and the painstaking and ultimately purgatorial struggle to inhabit those intimations. More than a century earlier, in *A Defense of Poetry*, Percy Shelley wrote that poetry "arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or [i.e., either] in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind.... Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." In *Four Quartets*, Eliot, unlike Shelley a Christian believer, asks whether the poet has a role to play in capturing, sharing, and holding on to visitations of divinity in our world. (four sessions)

Prof. Robert Goulding

Approaching Einstein

This seminar will introduce the study of space, by reading the first book of Euclid's *Elements*. In the first two classes, we will work closely through the text of Euclid, considering the questions raised by the editor of our edition. The remaining sessions will be devoted to thinking through some questions about the relationship between mathematics and reality, and the nature of mathematical objects. To that end, we will discuss:

An article by the physicist Eugene Wigner, entitled "The Unreasonable Effectiveness of Mathematics in the Natural Sciences" - first published in 1960.

Then, a pair of very accessible readings that express two of the historically significant philosophies of mathematics. The first is a modern "Socratic dialogue," written by the Hungarian mathematician Alfred Renyi in the mid 1960s. Despite its Platonic feel, this dialogue expresses very well what one might call the *Aristotelian* philosophy of mathematics.

The other is an excerpt from an autobiographical work, by the great English mathematician G. H. Hardy, *A mathematician's apology* (written in 1940). Hardy could be called a mathematical *Platonist*. I have uploaded the entire book here; please just read chapter 8, and chapters 22-26.

At the end of the week, we will begin to think about the issues that will be raised (I hope) in subsequent summer symposia. If participants want to make a start on these readings, they should look at the article by Clifford, entitled *Postulates of the Science of Space*, from the Pesic book.

Set texts: Peter Pesic, *Beyond Geometry: Classic Papers from Riemann to Einstein* (ISBN: 0486453502)

George Gamow and Russell Stannard, *The New World of Mr. Tompkins* (ISBN: 0521639921)

Dana Densmore, *Euclid's Elements Book One with Questions for Discussion* (ISBN: 1888009462). (four sessions)

Jennifer Newsome Martin

“Stuck in the Middle with You”: Liminality, *Purgatorium*, and the Fire of Divine Love

The Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory, formulated dogmatically at the Councils of Florence (1438-1439) and Trent (1545-1563) but having deep roots in the early Church tradition for far longer, is often insufficiently understood or caricatured. This two-day class session seeks to advance a theological reading of purgatory as continued spiritual transformation in a human life: to this end, we will read and discuss a sampling of texts which address the nature of purgatory across multiple genres, including discursive theology, Scripture, conciliar statements, medieval mystical poetry, and the private diary entries of an early Christian martyr. The first class will consider both the biblical data and historical developments of the doctrine of purgatory, specifically with respect to its connection with the practice of prayers for the dead. The second class will treat Catherine of Genoa’s mystical text *Purgation and Purgatory* along with selections from her *Spiritual Dialogue*, which connects the experience of purgatory deeply with the “pure love” of God.

For Day 1, please read:

Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, “Hell, Purgatory, Heaven,” *Eschatology: Death and Eternal Life*, 2nd ed., trans. Michael Waldstein (Washington, DC: The Catholic University of America Press, 1988), pp. 215-238. A PDF of this chapter will be provided if participants do not wish to purchase the entire book.

From the Scriptures, 2 Maccabees 12:38-46; 1 Corinthians 3:15, and 1 Peter 3:18-19 (may be accessed online at www.biblegateway.com)

“The Passion of the Holy Martyrs Perpetua and Felicity,” accessible at <http://www.newadvent.org/fathers/0324.htm>

For Day 2, please read:

Catherine of Genoa, *Purgation and Purgatory, The Spiritual Dialogues* (The Classics of Western Spirituality), trans. Serge Hughes (New York: Paulist Press, 1979), pp. 70-87 and 134-150. (two sessions)

Prof. (Emeritus) Walter Nicgorski

Skepticism and Affirmation in Cicero's *On the Nature of the Gods* (*De Natura Deorum*)

In this major dialogue, Cicero explores the strengths and weaknesses of ancient theologies. The reader is brought to wonder where Cicero himself stands on the limits of reason and how he comes to approve or affirm a position concerning divine matters, including the very question of the existence of God. The Enlightenment's effort to replace the authority of Revelation with that of reason brought great attention to this text of Cicero. Voltaire was ecstatic about it, and it was admired by Rousseau, Diderot and Montesquieu. Earlier it had deeply engaged the first Christians and Church Fathers. This book was a favorite of the late Fred Crosson, beloved of so many of us; it was also a favorite of David Hume whose challenges to reason and science run so deeply.

There are three books within this work; the last two are tied together in a way that will become clear. We will plan to discuss Book I at our first meeting and Books 2-3 at the second. *On the Nature of the Gods* is available in the bilingual Loeb edition for those who would like to have the Latin text at hand. Good English translations from Penguin Books and Oxford are available in

paperback. All three versions utilize standard section-numbering; thus all are acceptable for our seminar. I recommend the Oxford edition for the quality of its introduction and notes as well as for its having a useful overall summary of the argument of the entire work. (two sessions)

Prof. Joseph Rosenberg

Purgatory Without End: Henry Green's *Party Going*

For a novel that is, for all ostensible purposes, about little more than the neurotic anxieties and erotic maneuverings of a few conspicuously spoiled bright young things as they wait for a train interminably delayed by fog, Henry Green's *Party Going* is strangely filled with premonitions of doom. "What targets for a bomb," mutters an unnamed character as he surveys the packed train station; "my darling, my darling, in this awful place I wonder whether we aren't all dead really," complains another. The train station hotel is hung with pictures of Nero fiddling while Rome burns, and throughout the course of the novel we are witness to the slow mummification of a dead pigeon. However, while the fog-drenched, crowded cityscape of the novel would seem to link it to earlier visions of Purgatory, Hell, and Limbo, such foreboding signs are as foggy as the train station itself, where promised departures are forever postponed. In this one-day seminar, we will discuss how *Party Going* creates a sense of the portentous, but with no sense of what is being portended, parodying the purgatorial visions of earlier writers as little more than so much make believe. (one session)

Prof. (Emeritus) Phillip Sloan

Revisiting the Evolution-Creation Debate

The so-called "evolution-creation" debate, while seemingly old and stale, nonetheless remains with us as a major issue in the common perception of the relations of science and religion. The historical formulation of these issues in the period from 1650 to the present continues to generate a discussion that shows no signs of cessation. In this evening seminar, we will examine this issue in light of some select reading from Darwin's *Origin of the Species* and two chapters from the recent book by Michael Hanby, *No God, No Science? Theology, Cosmology, Biology* (Oxford: Wiley-Blackwell, 2013). My article, "Evolution to 1872," in the online Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy (<http://plato.stanford.edu/entries/evolution-to-1872/>), will form general background reading. (one session)

Prof. Henry Weinfield

Dante's *Purgatorio*

This three-day seminar will involve a reading of Dante's *Purgatorio*, the second canticle of his tripartite *Commedia*. Here, in the mildest and most lyrical of the three canticles, as we climb the purgatorial mountain, along with Dante and his guide Virgil, we are charmed by the many hymns being sung by the repentant sinners. Here, through Virgil's discourses on love, we learn that "love is the seed in [us] of every virtue / and of all acts deserving punishment." Here we encounter a great many poets, some of whom have been influenced by Virgil, though the latter's place is in Limbo. And here, when we finally arrive at the Earthly Paradise, Dante is reunited with his "old flame" Beatrice. We shall study *Purgatorio* in Allen Mandelbaum's translation, which, in the Bantam Books edition, has the Italian *en face*. (ISBN: 0-553-21344-X) (three sessions)

WHO: PROGRAM FACULTY, ALUMNI/AE, FRIENDS, AND FAMILY
WHAT: SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL PLS/GP SUMMER SYMPOSIUM
WHEN: JUNE 5-10, 2016
WHERE: NOTRE DAME CAMPUS
WHY: TO SHARE BOOKS, REFLECTIONS, AND FRIENDSHIP

Housing will be available in an air-conditioned dormitory on campus (\$53 per night for single, \$41/person/night for double).

We need to collect a registration fee to cover costs for the week. The cost will be \$500 for the week (or \$750 for two people). We will try to make arrangements for those eager to attend but for whom the registration fee would be an obstacle. After April 30, the rate will increase to \$600 per participant.

If you would like us to reserve a space for you at the 2016 PLS Summer Symposium, please fill out the online registration form on this website. The course is open to alumni/ae as well as friends of the Program, so if you have a friend or acquaintance who would be eager to be involved, feel free to share this information.

Symposium website:
<http://pls.nd.edu/alumni/summer-symposium/>

Direct link to registration:
https://notredame-web.ungerboeck.com/coe/coe_p1_all.aspx?oc=10&cc=ALLREG

NOTICE: Stipends now available for attending the Summer Symposium!

The PLS Office now has funding available for a number of small grants to cover expenses related to our annual Summer Symposium, thanks to the newly established Richard Spangler Fund. Richard Spangler (Class of 1977) was an enthusiastic and dedicated participant in these seminars, and family and friends have established this fund to honor him.

If you are interested in receiving such a stipend, please contact the office at pls@nd.edu.

ALL SOULS MASS

November 4, 2015

Rev. Nicholas Ayo, C.S.C.

We are here this afternoon to pay our annual visit to the dead, to those PLS students and faculty and family who have gone before us into eternal life. We wish in spirit to be with them especially at this time of year. We hope forever to be with them ourselves when our time to die has come.

In our hearts we descend unto the dead. It is a descent unto the dead long known in the great literature of the Great Books. Odysseus visited the dead, those shades mere shadows of themselves, bloodless and barely to be heard. The future could not be comprehended without a reconciliation of the past. The future could not be accepted without making peace with the past. Hence, the descent unto the dead. The dead of the world are absent but they are not gone from here and now. The past made us who we are. As St. Paul reminds us: "What have you that you have not received"? (1 Cor. 4:7) In the footsteps of Odysseus, Aeneas will visit the dead in Hades, and Dante will travel deep and long through the *Inferno*, that underworld that must not be thought of as a sadistic God at work, but rather a picture of this world as it would be were our sins to run their unchecked and full extreme. Our streets would run with blood; our hearts would freeze in darkness but for the grace of God that illumines our human minds and enkindles our human hearts.

Jesus Christ descended into hell and on the third day rose again from the dead. In our scapegoat fantasies we imagine Judas at the bottom of hell, where Dante puts him along with Brutus and Cassius. I would think of the

kiss of Judas with a different spin. I think Judas loved Jesus, and the kiss in the Garden was a whisper in the ear of Jesus to trust the Judas hoped-for and strike-the-moment insurrection in Jerusalem. Israel, God's people would thus be freed from the ever-resented yoke of Rome. Thereby Jesus would be established as the Messiah, come to save his people. The time was ripe; Palm Sunday a triumphant crowd. The arrest of Jesus would be the spark for insurrection. It all went horribly wrong. In his remorse Judas would have crucified himself, but you need someone else to crucify you. You can, however, hang yourself.

In my imagination of the "descent into hell" Jesus goes first to Judas and greets him with a kiss, and then whispers in his ear: "I told you that your manipulative plot was not going to work." One might recall the kiss Jesus gives the Grand Inquisitor in Dostoyevsky's *Brothers Karamazov*. Judas is by no means a hero, but he may well have thought he could relieve some of the pain in the world, as have thought many a crusader or reformer throughout history determined to remake the world without the pain.

In sum, I think we will greet each other in the world to come with a kiss, and all will be explained and reconciled. We will know each other's good intentions underneath even bad behaviors. We will have mercy to give and mercy to receive. Most of all, we will be grateful knowing what God, through each other on this earth, has given to all of us in the Communion of Saints for all eternity.

OPENING CHARGE 2015
On Lyric Poetry and Philosophy
September 10, 2015
Henry Weinfield

I'm honored to be delivering the opening charge this evening. The only other time I gave the opening charge was seventeen years ago, in 1998, and at this rate I'll be completely senile the next time around. (Don't worry, colleagues; that's not going to happen.) My title on that first occasion was, "How the Wandering Jew Found a Home in the Program of Liberal Studies at Notre Dame, and Other Ironies (Not to Say, Minor Miracles) of History." My title this evening, "On Lyric Poetry and Philosophy," is shorter and considerably more decorous, but for me, at least, the topic at hand conjures up historical ironies that are no less significant.

I begin from two points of departure. The first, which you will probably have guessed, has to do with the "ancient quarrel between poetry and philosophy" and the fact that Socrates banished the poets from his Republic. It seems that since Plato's time poetry has always had to be defended. In my talk this evening I shall refer to the two greatest defenses of poetry in the English tradition: Sir Philip Sidney's "Apology for Poetry" (which was written in 1583 and published in two versions in 1595) and Percy Bysshe Shelley's "Defence of Poetry" (which was written in 1821). Plato's attack on poetry mainly concerns epic and dramatic poetry, but my focus will be on lyric poetry, which since the Romantics has been the dominant poetic genre. This brings me to my second point of departure, which has to do with the dangers confronting poetry—especially lyric poetry—today. The title of my talk echoes that of an important essay by the German-Jewish philosopher Theodor W. Adorno entitled "On Lyric Poetry and Society" (1957). Adorno defends lyric poetry in this essay, but in an earlier work,

Cultural Criticism and Society (1951), he had famously declared that "lyric poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric." The dangers that confront poetry in our time, as Adorno recognized, do not emanate primarily from the challenge posed by philosophy or theology, as they did in earlier epochs, but rather from what one might call the *trivializing* of poetry; for in modern democratic societies, the challenge to poets is not primarily from the state but from the marketplace—that is, from the indifference poets encounter and the consequent isolation they endure. The problem today is not that the poets have been banished from the Republic but, on the contrary, that having been granted a certain status and thus effectively *neutralized* as an opposing force, they have taken up residence in what looks to be another version of Plato's Cave. Ironically, in order to defend poetry from her so-called "friends" (but with friends like these one needs no enemies), we are going to have to invoke the spirit of Plato once again. There is nothing surprising in this, however; for in fact, all of the important defenses of poetry—no less than the attacks on poetry—turn out to be Platonic in their fundamental inspiration. Certainly this is true of the essays by Sidney and Shelley I mentioned, and in offering my own modest contribution, I hope to remain within this tradition.

The best known aspect of Plato's attack on poetry comes at the beginning of Book 10 of *The Republic* and has to do with his treatment of poetry as *mimetic*—that is, as imitative or representational. Poetry, asserts Socrates, is an imitation of the material world; and because the material world is itself an imitation of the transcendent forms,

poetry is an imitation of an imitation, and hence doubly removed from reality. It doesn't take too much digging into Plato to recognize that this argument is something of a red herring in that it has already been forestalled by a discussion that occurs earlier in *The Republic*, in Book 7. There, in the context of a discussion of the education of the philosopher, which in turn emerges from the Allegory of the Cave, Socrates asserts that "the activity of the arts . . . has the power to release and leads what is best in the soul up to the contemplation of what is best in the things that *are* . . ." (532c). In other words, as the Neoplatonist philosopher Plotinus would later emphasize, poetry is capable of bypassing the material world and leading us directly to the forms.

So the question arises: if poetry, as Plato himself acknowledges, has this kind of power on the soul, then why is he so bent on attacking the poets? The attack on poetry occupies center stage in Books 2, 3, and 10 of *The Republic*, and is alluded to in some of the other books, so obviously it's at the heart of what is going on in the dialogue. The reason for this obsession with poetry, I think it is clear, has to do with what for Plato is the problematic way in which the poets—Homer and Hesiod in particular—depict the gods. Indeed, as Eric Havelock emphasized in a book entitled *A Preface to Plato* (1963), Homer was so central to the Greek *paideia*, or educational system, that in order for Plato to inculcate his own moral conception of the cosmos, he had to sweep aside the Homeric gods and the poetic edifice on which they stood. "[Let] us not believe, or let it be said," asserts Socrates in Book 3, "that Theseus, Poseidon's son, and Perithous, Zeus' son, so eagerly undertook terrible rapes, or that any other child of a god and himself a hero would have dared to do terrible and impious deeds such as the current lies accuse them of. Rather we

should compel the poets to deny either that such deeds are theirs, or that they are children of gods, but not to say both, nor to attempt to persuade our youngsters that the gods produce evil and that heroes are no better than human beings. For surely, we showed that it's impossible for evil to be produced by gods" (391d-e). Plato, in short, wanted, if not to get rid of the gods, at least to change the conception of them in the Greek mind, and in order to do that, he had to get rid of the poets.

Yet the irony, as Shelley expresses it in his "Defence," is that "Plato was essentially a poet." "[The] truth and splendor of his imagery and the melody of his language," Shelley asserts, "is the most intense that it is possible to conceive. [Plato] rejected the measure of the epic, dramatic, and lyrical forms, because he sought to kindle a harmony in thoughts divested of shape and action. . . ." Indeed, as Julius Elias (the teacher with whom I first studied Plato as an undergraduate) argues in a wonderful book entitled *Plato's Defence of Poetry* (1984), whenever Socrates reaches the limits of dialectic, he resorts to myth. Thus, in *The Republic* alone, we have the Myth of the Metals, the Allegory of the Cave, and the concluding Myth of Er. And what is a myth, at bottom, but a poem, or at least a poetic representation of some kind? Plato calls the poets liars, but he substitutes his own "noble lie," the Myth of the Metals, for Hesiod's story in the *Works and Days* of the different ages of man (gold, silver, bronze, iron). That takes some nerve, if you ask me. And by the way, given that the purpose of the noble lie is to provide ideological support for what is essentially a caste system, it isn't exactly so noble—at least in my humble opinion.

The argument that poets are liars, coupled with the claim that poetry leads to

immorality, has pursued us through the centuries. In the sixteenth century, the Puritan Stephen Gosson attacked poetry along these already hackneyed lines in his *School of Abuse* (1579). Gosson was answered by Sir Philip Sidney in the “Apology for Poetry,” to which I have already alluded. “[Of] all writers under the sun,” Sidney insists, “the poet is the least liar . . . for the poet . . . never affirmeth. The poet never maketh about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writes.” Sidney’s argument is that poetic assertions are always couched in what we immediately recognize to be a fiction, but his statement that “the poet never affirmeth” strikes me as a bit hyperbolic, and even problematic, because in defending the poet from the charge of being a liar (“A poet and not an honest man,” wrote Pascal), it has the effect of insulating poetry from reality and from the possibility that the poet is not creating fictions but has something to say about the world. Moreover, can we be certain that ancient creeds and foundational texts did not first come into being as poems before acquiring the religious authority that conferred on them their factual status? For Shelley, at least, in the famous concluding sentence of his “Defence of Poetry,” “Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the World.” (That’s probably going too far too, but it’s nice to feel important once in a while.)

For Shelley, just as “Plato was essentially a poet,” so too “Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton . . . are philosophers of the very loftiest power.” This is an important observation and one with which I wholeheartedly agree. Although the kind of thinking that occurs in poetry is different from what occurs in philosophy, great poets are thinkers just as much as philosophers are. I can’t agree with Shelley, however, when he asserts that “[the] distinction

between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error.” It seems to me that verse—that is, the organized system of recurrences produced by rhythm, meter, and rhyme (when it is employed)—is absolutely crucial to poetry, and that therefore the distinction between verse and prose needs to be upheld—especially now, in our own time. But this brings me to my focus on lyric poetry and to the second part of my talk.

As many of you know, the word “poetry” is derived from the Greek verb *poiein*, which means “to make” or “to do.” So the poet is a “maker,” as in fact he was called by Scottish poets in the fifteenth century (William Dunbar, for example, entitled his great elegy on the poets, “Lament for the Makers”), and poetic composition involves a kind of weaving together of *making* and *saying*, a dialectics of making and saying, one might say. Among the ancient Greeks, lyric poetry, as its name implies, was often sung to a lyre. Where in the drama the poet spoke through his characters, and where in the epic he spoke both through his characters and in his own person, in the lyric the poet spoke only in his own person. (I say “his,” using the generic pronoun, but the best known and most important of the ancient Greek lyric poets was a woman, the astonishing Sappho, whom we have just added to the Seminar I syllabus.) Modern lyric poetry in the West becomes established in the eleventh and twelfth centuries with the troubadours in southern France and the minnesingers in Germany. The troubadours and minnesingers wrote highly ornate and technically accomplished poems, mainly on love, which were usually accompanied by music and sung, either by the poet himself or by his minstrel, the *jongleur*. By the time we reach the Renaissance, however, lyric poetry has more or less emancipated itself from music and—except for songs, such as we find in Shakespeare’s plays, for

example—is no longer sung or accompanied by music. Yet the element of “music,” at least in a metaphorical sense, remains integral to what lyric poets are striving to accomplish: the careful weaving together of sound patterns and thoughts, the shaping of precise ideas and nuances through the process of measuring and balancing the horizontal relations of verse (those involving meter and rhythm) against the vertical ones (those involving stanza length and rhyme scheme)—all of this serves to transform language, the vehicle of ordinary communication, into a kind of music.

Reflecting on the process of poetic composition in his poem “Adam’s Curse,” Yeats writes: “A line will take us hours maybe; / Yet if it does not seem a moment’s thought, / Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.” The purpose of all this “stitching and unstitching,” in other words, is to bring the language of the poem to a state of harmonious perfection, consonant with what we call beauty, in which the labor that has been expended has disappeared because, paradoxically, it has been expended for the sake of making the poetic utterance appear spontaneous—a “moment’s thought.” Yeats was fond of likening poetry to the dance because the latter symbolized for him what he called “unity of being,” a state in which we are no longer burdened by the mystery (to paraphrase Wordsworth in “Tintern Abbey”) but are at one with ourselves and our surroundings. This does not mean, of course, that lyric poetry avoids the sadder or harsher aspects of life or is an escape from the human condition and immediate reality; on the contrary, nothing human (or inhuman) is alien to it. But whatever is transpiring on the level of content, no matter how harsh or dismal or tragic the poem’s vision may be, on the level of form there is always this transformation occurring in which language is in the

process of being turned into music. Form and content mirror each other, moreover, in such a way that, though the poet’s vision may be of our fallen world, through the poem paradise is symbolically restored to us.

Since the Romantics, especially, lyric poetry has been associated with solitude, but the “I” of the lyric has a quality of universality that transcends ordinary boundaries and contingencies. When I read a sonnet by Shakespeare—or a poem by Emily Dickinson, for that matter—which employs the first-person pronoun, I do not experience the lyric-I as belonging to a man in London in the mid-1590s or a woman in Amherst, Massachusetts in the mid-nineteenth century; I can, of course, grasp the various ways in which Shakespeare and Dickinson are different from me, and how remote their circumstances are from my own; but still, existentially, if I am experiencing the poem as a poem and not as an historical document, it is my own “I” that I am hearing—my own and not my own. In one sense we lose ourselves in the poem, but in another we take on the power of the poem as our own. What art gives us is not only knowledge but creative power—that is, the power to become creative in our own right.

In an essay written during the 1880s, “Crise de vers” (“The Crisis of Verse” or “The Crisis of Poetry,” depending on how you translate it), the French Symbolist poet Stéphane Mallarmé wrote: “The pure work [of poetry] implies the disappearance of the poet as speaker, in that he cedes the initiative to the words themselves.” What Mallarmé means by this is that the thinking that occurs in poetry is not only in language but *through* language. I think this is more or less what T. S. Eliot has in mind in his great essay of 1918, “Tradition and the Individual Talent,” when he asserts that “the poet has,

not a 'personality' to express, but a particular medium . . ." And it is what Theodor W. Adorno, in the essay to which I alluded earlier, "Lyric Poetry and Society," calls "[the] paradox specific to the lyric work, a subjectivity that turns into objectivity," which for Adorno is tied to what he calls "the priority of linguistic form in the lyric."

I would like to stop theorizing for a moment and, as a demonstration of the priority of linguistic form, present you with an actual lyric poem. I could have given you any fine poem, really, but the one I have chosen is "The Death of the Bird" by A. D. Hope, an Australian poet who was born in 1907 and died in 2000. "The Death of the Bird" is a recognized anthology piece in Australia but is not very well known here.

For every bird there is this last migration:

Once more the cooling year kindles her heart;
With a warm passage to the summer station
Love pricks the course in lights across the chart.

Year after year a speck on the map, divided
By a whole hemisphere summons her to come;
Season after season, sure and safely guided,
Going away she is also coming home.

And being home, memory becomes a passion
With which she feeds her brood and straws her nest,
Aware of ghosts that haunt the heart's possession
And exiled love mourning within the breast.

The sands are green with a mirage of valleys;
The palm-tree casts a shadow not its own;
Down the long architrave of temple or palace
Blows a cool air from moorland scarps of stone.

And day by day the whisper of love grows stronger;
That delicate voice, more urgent with despair,
Custom and fear constraining her no longer,
Drives her at last on the waste leagues of air.

A vanishing speck in those inane dominions,
Single and frail, uncertain of her place,
Alone in the bright host of her companions,
Lost in the blue unfriendliness of space.

She feels it close now, the appointed season:
The invisible thread is broken as she flies;
Suddenly, without warning, without reason,
The guiding spark of instinct winks and dies.

Try as she will, the trackless world delivers
No way, the wilderness of light no sign,
The immense and complex map of hills and rivers
Mocks her small wisdom with its vast design,

And darkness rises from the eastern valleys,
And the winds buffet her with their hungry breath,
And the great earth, with neither grief nor malice,
Receives the tiny burden of her death.

I've written on this poem in the past, but on this occasion I want to make a single, rather ordinary, observation about its relation to form. If we consider the poem's opening line, "For every bird there is this last migration" (which must have come more or less spontaneously to the poet, as it could have done to any of us), we notice that the perfectly simple and straightforward statement it makes falls into iambic pentameter, the most common metrical pattern in English poetry. Iambic pentameter, as those of you who have taken the Lyric Poetry course know, is normally a ten-syllable line, consisting of five feet, in which each foot usually (but not always) contains an unaccented followed by an accented syllable. But note that in the opening line of "The Death of the Bird," instead of the line ending with an accent, as it normally would, there is an extra, unaccented syllable, giving the line eleven syllables. This is (or used to be) called a "feminine" ending. (Forgive my use of what is undeniably a sexist term, but for the purpose of this demonstration—for reasons that will eventually become clear—I want to retain it instead of the rather bland substitute term, a "duple" ending.) Now, given the fact that "The Death of the Bird" is organized around stanzas of four lines that have alternating rhymes (a form of the quatrain that is extremely common in English poetry), the presence of the feminine ending in line 1 necessitated that the poet come up with a feminine rhyme in

line 3—and of course that is what we have with the word "station." (I'm oversimplifying the process somewhat: it's not that the poet in the abstract would have wanted a quatrain with alternating lines, but rather that something in the raw material and working out of the poem made him shape his conception in this way.) Anyway, the problem with feminine rhymes is that they are extremely difficult to handle in English: first, because with feminine rhymes two syllables, the second-to-last and the last (as in "migration" and "station" in the opening stanza) have to rhyme, not just one; and, secondly, because our language (unlike the Romances languages) is very poor in rhymes. Now, Hope could very well have avoided using feminine rhymes in the remaining stanzas, but something in the nature of the material with which he was working made him want to continue the pattern all the way through. My hunch is that there are two reasons for why he keeps the feminine rhyme in the first and third lines of every quatrain: the first is that the use of feminine rhyme corresponds to the fact that the bird is gendered female in the poem, and the second is that in Shelley's ode "To a Sky-Lark" (1820), which I think probably influenced "The Death of the Bird," we also have feminine rhymes running through every stanza.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert—
That from Heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

In any event, we can see how in “The Death of the Bird” the felt necessity not only of rhyming but of arriving at feminine rhyme in the first and third lines of each stanza has shaped the poem from beginning to end—not only its narrative but the quality of its emotion. In terms of the poem’s technique, this is one of the things that distinguishes it as a unique work of art. The difficulty of controlling the feminine rhyme has been offset in this case by the poet’s use of slant rhyme (rhyme in which the consonantal ending remains the same but the vowel changes slightly); so we see in the third quatrain that “passion” rhymes with “possession,” in the fourth that “valleys” rhymes with “palace,” in the sixth that “dominions” rhymes with “companions,” and in the last that “valleys” (again) rhymes with “malice.” The use of slant rhyme imparts a quality of spontaneity to this very carefully crafted poem and, at the same time (if you agree with Colin Devine, who wrote his senior thesis on slant rhyme), heightens its irony.

The priority of linguistic form, which gives the lyric its intensity and very often its brevity, is also, in the case of great poems, what makes them not only memorable but memorizable. For the ancient Greeks, the Muses were the daughters of Memory (the goddess Mnemosyne), and while poetry in general is characterized by a system of recurrences and symmetries that make it easier to remember than prose, this is especially true in the case of lyric, where what is said can never be separated from the way in which it is said. But while this is what allows the poem to transcend the limits of ordinary communication and approach the condition of music, it does not mean that poetry—even what the Symbolists called “pure poetry”—has no social utility and can be relegated to the Ivory Tower. On the contrary, even though the poet’s devotion is

to the beautiful, the larger task of the poem, as Mallarmé asserts, is to purify the language of the tribe (“donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu”). Human language is always in the process of being corrupted; no doubt things have ever been thus, but today we can see this process occurring everywhere—in the posturing and dissembling of bureaucrats and politicians, in the platitudes and banalities of sportscasters and other media types, on “sites” such as “Facebook” and “Twitter” (the very words present us in an ugly light), and so on and so forth. We communicate with one another, insofar as we are still able to do so, like the denizens of Plato’s Cave. Only by reading great literature do we have any hope of acquiring a relation to language that will lift us out of the Cave; and this is a task that is especially entrusted to lyric poetry.

But—and here I reach the saddest part of the story I have to tell—the problem is that in our time, many of the poets have themselves taken up residence in the Cave. There is good work being done, but too often contemporary poetry seems less interested in beauty (a word that now tends to sound hopelessly old-fashioned to our ears) than in reflecting and echoing the ugliest and most cynical aspects of our society. Why is this happening? There are all sorts of reasons, to be sure, but, at the risk of oversimplifying an exceedingly complex situation, I want to draw your attention to two historical circumstances, one of them purely technical, involving the craft of poetry, and the other sociological.

In the early twentieth century, some of the poets whom we now refer to as “modernists” wanted to create a revolution in poetic language. Although most of the American modernists were influenced by the Romantics and the Victorians in various ways, these writers polemicized against the Miltonic/Romantic tradition and argued for the implementation of “free verse”—that is,

for a kind of poetry making use of speech rhythms but in which the traditional mediating formalisms of lyric poetry, especially meter and rhyme, had been stripped away. The most important of the American modernists—Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, and T. S. Eliot himself (although Eliot always had an equivocal relationship to the movement) produced work of great significance, but in some ways their influence on subsequent generations has been baneful. For one thing, the modernist revolution had the effect of cutting poetry off from the living tradition of English poetry; for another, it tended to sever poetry from the realm of ideas.

The idea that poets should not express ideas in the abstract but only in terms of images is almost a shibboleth of modern poetry, one that we see embodied in Imagism, a tendency that was spearheaded by Ezra

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens.

It's a decent enough poem, in what we now recognize as a distinctly minimalist mode. But in poetry of this kind, so much depends upon images, upon the power of suggestion, and upon the registration of minute details as a way of compensating for the absence of ideas. I suggested earlier that poetry involves a dialectic of making and saying; but in the absence of meter and rhyme, it is difficult for this dialectic to take hold. Poetry is reduced either to speech without composition or to a kind of composition without communication. As a matter of fact, in the two most dominant (and competing)

Pound in the early decades of the last century. The ideology governing this tendency is articulated by William Carlos Williams in his long free-verse poem *Paterson* (1958) when he repeats, as a kind of *mantra*, "No ideas but in things!" In retrospect, I think we can see that Williams was making a virtue out of necessity; for in the absence of meter, rhyme, and an elevated diction—without the *protection*, so to speak, of these traditional mediating formalisms—ideas must inevitably seem *prosaic*. Indeed, I would go so far as to argue that in the absence of meter and rhyme, the only way of preserving a sense of poetic boundaries from the infiltration of the prosaic world is to cut poetry off from ideas. To be sure, this kind of poetry had its successes, though in my opinion they were always in a distinctly minor key. Here, for example, is Williams' well-known poem, "The Red Wheelbarrow" (1923):

tendencies of contemporary American poetry, we can see this breakdown of the dialectic of making and saying made manifest: confessional poetry, on the one hand (sometimes associated with the Iowa School), in which the aim seems to be mere self-expression, and so-called "language poetry," on the other, in which the aim seems to be not to communicate at all.

The last English poet who was a "best seller" in his own time was the Victorian, Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Before him, Byron's writings sold extremely well, as did

Sir Walter Scott's, especially *The Lady of the Lake*. Wordsworth never had a large readership during his lifetime, and Shelley and Keats died without knowing that their work would have any impact on succeeding generations. By the time we reach the twentieth century—except for a very few figures, such as Yeats and perhaps Robert Frost in this country—the relationship between the poet and his audience had become more and more tenuous. With the advent of modernism, and then what is sometimes called post-modernism, this trend has continued—to the point at which now, in our present circumstances, the only readers for contemporary poetry seem to be other poets, or academics focused on those poets, or persons (such as myself) who have the misfortune of belonging to both groups. At the same time, there has been an extraordinary burgeoning of poets. After all, it's a free country, so anyone is entitled to hang out a shingle designating him- or herself as a poet, and if the traditional boundaries that distinguished poetry from prose have been eviscerated, then anything and everything can be called poetry: poetry becomes, in effect, a distinction without a difference. We, as a society, certainly aren't threatened by poetry, as was often the case in earlier times, and is still the case in certain totalitarian regimes; rather, we are indifferent to it because, with the stripping away of its traditional riches and resources, its language has become so utterly commonplace and diminished. And so we don't banish our poets from the Republic; on the contrary, we relegate them to Creative Writing departments, where what is written is read only by other "creative writers." Oh, for the days of Plato when poets were at least taken seriously! You have no idea how much I would have relished being thrown out of Plato's Republic. But alas, under the conditions of late capitalism, poetry becomes a commodity, organized, like other commodities, around the rules and norms of mass production.

Under these circumstances, it's especially pathetic to see poets attempting to break out of the Iron Cage in which they are imprisoned (here I am borrowing a metaphor from the great sociologist Max Weber, whom you will encounter in Seminar VI) by perpetuating the worn-out gestures of the avant-garde—by using profanity, for example, as if those old Anglo-Saxon words, which once were forbidden to polite society, hadn't long ago been incorporated in television sit-coms and hadn't long since lost the power to shock us. Maybe those words were shocking when D. H. Lawrence used them in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (a beautiful book, by the way), or even when Allen Ginsberg did in "Howl" or in his poems protesting the Vietnam War, but surely no longer. Nowadays, all of this is old hat indeed. It's a long time since the so-called "avant-garde" in this country became an extension of the Fashion Industry, and thus a branch of the Establishment.

I'm sorry to paint so bleak a picture of our current situation, but I've wanted to tell the truth as I see it, so as to give you my sense of where we stand and what work needs to be done. Today, what remains radical, as far as poetry is concerned (radical in the etymological sense of going to the root of the matter), is beauty—which, in the case of lyric poetry, begins with the love of language, both for its own sake and for the sake of communicating truth about the world. Oscar Wilde said that beauty is useless because he wanted to protect art from conventional moralizing and from the prevailing utilitarianism of his day, but in our time it is only a return to beauty that will save us. Not a beauty that is divorced from truth but one that is essentially allied to it and that extends its domains. Keats (or his *Urn*) was right, after all: our commitment, at least in principle, must be to a condition in which "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." This is certainly not all we know on earth and all we need to know, but it's a start. It's not a question of nostalgia for the past or of any

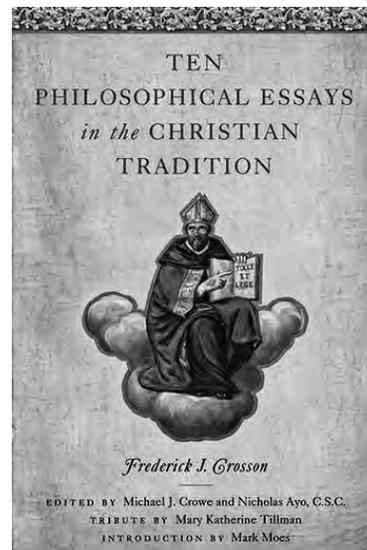
kind of conservative antiquarianism, but rather a commitment to the future through the preservation of a living tradition.

This of course is where PLS comes in. We, students and faculty alike, instinctively share a commitment to a living tradition—that's why we're here. But the challenge for us is to bring the great works we study in our courses into creative alignment with our lives, rather than simply accepting the popular culture (so much of it debased) confronting and surrounding us. It is only in that way that we have the chance of purifying the language of the tribe (to return to Mallarmé's phrase). It falls to those of us who have had the benefit of a PLS education

to take this as our responsibility. So, PLS students, here is my charge to you as we open the new academic year. If you want to create a new renaissance, if you want to become the legislators of the future, as I hope you do, take your studies (poetry, philosophy, theology, music, science, history) seriously—and by seriously I mean not merely as an academic exercise, or a passport to a good job, but as a way of creatively shaping your minds and your relationship to the present. Think of what you are reading and studying not only in terms of the past but of the present and future as well. If you open yourself up to inspiration, it may eventually happen that you will be the one to inspire others.

**BOOK LAUNCH (OCTOBER 1, 2015) FOR PROFESSOR
FREDERICK J. CROSSON'S
Ten Philosophical Essays in the Christian Tradition
(Univ. of Notre Dame Press, 2015)**

As editors for this volume, it fell upon Father Nicholas Ayo and myself to organize for the Notre Dame community a book launch, which would offer a chance to learn of this last contribution of our cherished colleague who died in 2009, not long after he had first conceived the idea of collecting his best essays into a volume. The challenges that Fr. Nicholas and I faced in organizing this event were that Fred could not be present to launch his book and also that memories of his extraordinary talents were fading at Notre Dame. We decided to invite two speakers to make comments on Fred's three chapters on St. Augustine. To this end, we selected two Notre Dame experts to comment on these seminal chapters. We could not have been more pleased by what they said. Because their comments were so memorable, we suggested the inclusion of these essays in *Programma*.



The speakers were Professor John Cavadini, who was in that semester teaching a graduate course on St. Augustine, and Father Kevin Grove, C.S.C., who had just completed a doctoral dissertation at Cambridge University on Augustine. Professor Cavadini, who has been Chair of Notre Dame's Department of Theology and now is Director of Notre Dame's Institute for Church Life, has long been recognized as one of Notre Dame's most prominent theologians. In asking him to speak, we had no idea of his long personal involvement with Fred, which made his remarks doubly memorable.

Father Grove in one sense is a newcomer, but someone whose intellectual gifts Nicholas and I had already encountered and who had provided us earlier an important endorsement of Fred's Augustinian writings. Father Kevin had just finished his doctorate in Theology at not only the university ranked first in the world in one recent study, but also had completed his work at the most prominent of the Cambridge colleges, Trinity, known for having produced 32 Nobel Prize winners and six British Prime Ministers. Father Kevin had then returned to Notre Dame, spending this year as a fellow in Notre Dame's new Institute for Advanced Studies. Fr. Nicholas and I were delighted by the commentaries of both scholars and believe readers of *Programma* will also find them memorable.



Professor Michael J. Crowe

REMEMBERING FRED CROSSON

by

Professor John C. Cavadini

I am honored to have been asked to speak about my colleague emeritus, Fred Crosson. I know I have been asked to speak about his essays on Augustine, and I will, but I would like to put my comments into a larger context of remembrance.

I knew Fred when I was a junior professor at Notre Dame, and actually, even before I came to Notre Dame 25 years ago. I do not know how it happened that I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa at my alma mater, Wesleyan University. I spent my undergraduate years in relatively unaccomplished amnesia, perhaps what Karl Jung refers to uncomplimentarily as “dreaming innocence,” and I did not even know what Phi Beta Kappa was until I got notice that I was elected to it. But that unlooked for and uncomprehended serendipity meant that I would, 13 years later when I finally finished graduate school, get to know Fred Crosson, for before I came to Notre Dame I worked at two schools that were trying to get chapters of Phi Beta Kappa on their campuses. As soon as I was hired at these schools, I instantly became part of these efforts and travelled to conferences where – thinking I was going to meet a large number of pleasantly elitist persons or elitist wanna-be persons like my own now less-dreamingly-innocent assistant professor self – I met, instead, Fred.

Unlike Ambrose in the hinge book of the *Confessions* (as Fred reads them), Fred was not too busy to talk to me. I discovered that you could actually be involved in these kinds of academic political conversations and still have ideals. It was a pleasant surprise, another serendipity, like finding a spot in a room near a window where the sun was shining in, where it is a little bit cozier and a little bit more cordial than the rest of the room. That was what it was like when Fred was talking. Instantly a sunny spot in

the room opened up, and talking to him was like standing in the sunny spot in the room that he had created.

One of the main things I learned from reading Augustine is that it matters in what spirit you say something, whether in charity or in pride, and that the spirit in which you say something is not just an add-on to what you are saying, but the word spoken in the right spirit is the word that teaches that very spirit. Fred performed this Augustinian insight.

When I came to Notre Dame I was delighted to discover that that sunny space for conversation I had encountered at Phi Beta Kappa meetings was here and always open to me. As Augustine reports in Book 5 regarding the warmth of God, it seems that very warmth began to melt away some of the ice in my junior professor heart about what the academic profession, and within that, education, was all about. And wasn't this, in some ways, the same “ice” that Augustine reports had frozen his heart, buying in to a culture that valued prestige – or “praise” as he put it – over truth? Fred's essay links Book 5 of the *Confessions* to Book 1, where Augustine describes in detail the pathologies of an educational culture that taught him to seek praise just as insistently and at the same time as it taught him to seek excellence in rhetoric, to the point where he forgot that there was any difference between seeking academic excellence and seeking praise or prestige, in fact, to the point where seeking prestige became the main motivation for excellence. “O hellish river,” Augustine says of this educational culture, “human children are still pitched into you, clutching their fees!” That, if you missed it, is not exactly an endorsement.

At any rate, it was not only Fred's essays on Augustine, but the way in which he himself

performed what you could call, and what he does call, the “hidden” work of education, which, like grace as depicted in the *Confessions*, gently melts away the anxiety about one’s career and one’s fortune that can attach oneself to such a pathologized view of one’s profession. A conversation with Fred was at hand to provide the warmth of a mobile sunny spot where you could afford to think for a minute without worrying so obsessively about line items on one’s *c.v.*, where one started to experience the spirit of a liberal arts education that was instinctively, quietly if relentlessly, and without fanfare, ordered towards truth and an ideal of communion in the truth.

As an assistant professor here at ND, I remember how just seeing Fred at a distance introduced a moment of repose in my day, because it was seeing a living witness to an idea of education that seemed to be fast streaming away in the American academy and perhaps too in my own heart. The construction of academic job descriptions and educational curricula across the country more and more emphasizing specialization, implying that the best education is the one that accelerated one’s progress towards specialization as fast as possible, seemed to be hard at work in eliminating the moment of repose, of contemplative pause, of a training in an art that, as Fred recognized in Augustine’s text, often succeeded best when it hid itself, when it both performed and evoked a texture of depth that resisted easy assimilation and that required an increase in sophistication to interpret.

So how do you convey both? That is, a sense that both what is on the surface is true, and a sense that what art has hidden in the depths, perhaps something that seems contrary to what is on the surface, is also true?

Fred’s article on the literary structure of the *Confessions* is as much an attempt to contemplate this essentially educational issue, as it is to talk about how the

Confessions holds together as a unitary composition.

On the one hand, the world in which our students live, the world of nature and the world of human stories, seems self-evidently independent of God, without need for a creator, and thus religion comes to seem a kind of superfluous add-on, a mystification of what can be seen and known in other ways, and more clearly. But on the other hand, there is a way in which the world does not finally give an adequate account of itself or of the questions we might bring to it, and yet it is the same world:

No event related in the *Confessions* is brought about by a situation inexplicable in terms of natural causes. Nature is a self-enclosed whole, not independent in its being from God, but a whole whose course is adequately explainable in terms of immanent natural causes. Even the telling of the extraordinary event in the garden of hearing, in a child’s voice, the overtone of a divine command, never questions that the voice comes from children playing next door.

This is a specific illustration of the problem, stated in more general terms, as follows:

The problem confronting Augustine may be posed in the following way: to tell the story of a man’s life in such a way that the sequence of events related is adequately accounted for, and yet to tell that story in such a way that those events are not adequately accounted for.

This sounds like the project of a liberal education at a Catholic university exactly as Fred saw it. First of all, it takes time, patience, a space of warmth and repose, as it were, to create enough experience even to see that this question is not nonsense. This warmth or repose is not simply a passive reality, but, as the *Confessions* shows us, it involves active resistance to the temptations to foreclose the search and to replace it with the quest for prestige and success that seems to render these kinds of questions otiose, a kind of waste of time, unless, of course, one can become famous for solving them. More likely, in the rush to publish and to be praised, as Augustine would have it, one would settle for a solution that was a truncation of the question or even a rejection of it.

“It is a measure of the inadequacy,” he says, “of the understanding of the modern period that Augustine’s great work should have become the ‘autobiography’ of a sinful, guilt-ridden soul.” The depths are rendered invisible, the questions erased, the sophistication of the reading attenuated to the point of caricature. Fred’s sunny spot on wheels was always saying, resist that, you can in fact resist that, and he never did it by scolding but by preserving in his own person, with all the effort it must have required, that sunny spot of warm repose where the frozen ice of a heart loving the surface of everything and despairing to find the depth in anything, let alone lead students to do so, provided an opportunity to learn how to recover a depth dimension without too much risk, at least not at first.

To quote Fred once again on the *Confessions*, “The problem then of the literary form of the *Confessions* as it confronted Augustine meditating through those ten years of its gestation, was the problem of speaking to his readers on two levels, so that the admonition of the child’s voice, *Tolle, lege*, could be applied to the text of his life and to the text of the *Confessions*, as well as to that of sacred scripture.” When you talked to Fred about a text, let’s say Cicero’s *de natura deorum*, there was always the double admonition, that is, take up and read this text – yeah, and more closely than you actually *did*, John (though he would never actually say that) – but also, take up and read the text of this life, or, less dramatically, this conversation, this space that I have created, yes, this space that I who was once Dean of Arts and Letters created. Can’t you help make the college such a space?

And, yes, the admonition towards the reading of sacred scripture was there, implicitly, too, for part of the “space” that Fred created was the space to be directed to the Christ, and the Christian life, which is always and irreducibly “hidden” in this

world, here with the emphasis on “hidden,” – “for you have died, and your life is hid with Christ in God” (Col. 3.3).

But the emphasis was also placed on the “in” at times too, namely, hidden *in* this world, and not apart from it in a special place, such that you’d have to leave the world, and yes, that includes the classroom, the department and the college, in order to find the spiritual, or the depth dimension. Just as Fred shows that in the structure of the *Confessions*, it is books 11-13, the commentary on the *Hexameron* (the six days of creation), that “rejects the classical problematic” – not just the answer, but the problematic – of how the world could on the one hand exist autonomously, with no God of the gaps, and yet desperately need God – and offers a solution that transcends it. Training students, and therefore myself as a teacher, in the ability to make distinctions so profound, to recognize questions so subtle and to see revelation not so much as offering a foreclosure of inquiry as energizing and empowering it – can you “take this up, all of this, and read?” And can you cultivate an academic environment, in which that sunny space in which one can afford to “take up and read,” is reliably present? Can you teach a student that to say, “You are great, O Lord, and greatly worthy of praise,” is not to say, therefore I don’t have to learn anything else, or, even worse, therefore I don’t *need* to learn anything else?

But to say, rather, “I put my question to the earth, and it replied, “I am not He”; I questioned everything it held, and they confessed the same. I questioned the sea and the great deep, and the teeming live creatures that crawl, and they replied, “We are not God; seek higher.” ... And to all things which stood around the portals of my flesh I said, ‘Tell me of my God. You are not he, but tell me something of him.’ Then they lifted up their mighty voices and cried, “He made us.” (*Confessions* 10.9).

Thank you.

FREDERICK J. CROSSON
Ten Philosophical Essays in the Christian Tradition

By
Rev. Kevin Grove, C.S.C.

It is a joy to be able to participate in this book launch. My sincere congratulations go to Professor Crowe and Fr. Ayo for their labor of love in bringing the late Fred Crosson's philosophical essays to publication for the rest of us. That we should all be blessed with and ourselves be such generous colleagues. This book, moreover, is a credit to Notre Dame Press for upholding its long tradition of academic publication in Catholic philosophical and theological thought.

We have the moral dictum in this land that books are not to be judged by their covers. But, I can't resist a brief word to the contrary. This cover meets and challenges us before we even crack open the text. The reason is the image of St. Augustine chosen. It was painted by the 19th century Italian painter of the papal household, Luigi Gregori. Its location, however, is our very own Sacred Heart Basilica, right near the high altar. Augustine, the heavenly bishop, is in the church at the location of the very heart of mystery—at the high altar. And from there the bishop seated in his regalia is doing two things: his gaze is to the heavens, but his hands point to the text. *Tolle et lege*: take up and read. Those famous words, as Crosson shows numerous times, point to the moment of Augustine's own conversion, when he threw himself down in the garden—the rhetorician without words—in order that he might take up, read, and learn to speak in God's words. Yes, it was the moment when Augustine laid to rest the notion that Scripture was not to be judged by its rather ordinary and sometimes inelegant Latin—that it was *unphilosophical* and unsophisticated. It became the heart of the intellectual enterprise: philosophically, rhetorically, and pastorally. The Latin words

on the book in Augustine's hands are in the imperative form, but are now a command for the entire gathered Church in the Basilica. Take up and read; learn a new language; dare to engage a mystery. This book of essays takes up that adventure with precision and intellectual heft yet in language clear enough for an undergraduate to read.

Though the book will be the subject of much discussion, I am going to limit myself to three points.

First, Crosson presents a truly interesting and challenging account of the disclosure of truth. Both as it immediately presents itself and as we find it in looking back, like Augustine did when he wrote his *Confessions*. There can be latent truth in our own narratives that we didn't even realize was there. On this point, Crosson's opinion is clear. Augustine did not write an autobiography as we might expect to find one in book stores today. Instead, he wrote a text to God and his readers about the unfolding of God's Providence—how it was that in looking back Augustine was able to grow aware of God's care for him at each moment of his life. Christ disclosed in his person much of the meaning in the Old Testament. Christ disclosed in Augustine that speaking the truth about his past was not merely an exercise in the presentation of facts, but the act of becoming true himself.

Second, this is a philosophy text, so a little bit of symbolic logic only seems fitting. Crosson, in his essay on Hume and natural religion, explains "If someone says, 'Do you believe in God?' we commonly take that to mean 'Do you think *that* God exists?' Faith is often taken...as tantamount to the belief *that* God exists." So, Crosson suggests, the

logical formulation that people often mistakenly make is that faith is a propositional attitude: that *p*. But faith is not believing *that p* at all; it is “believing God when he speaks to us in the words of men, as St. Augustine discovered in the garden” (177). Philosophically then, faith is believing *G* that *p*. And, that’s a capital *G*. The presence of such a capital “*G*” runs through Crosson’s texts not as a disturbance or a distraction but as that which makes inquiry possible. He writes, “It is not that human teaching about timeless truths is impossible but that it is not a self-sufficient dyadic relation of speaker and hearer. I do not show you the moon, as if it were not there to be seen before I draw your attention to it by words or signs. I do not show you the difference between knowing and believing, as if the meanings were not discernable before I spoke. But I can draw your attention to the difference only because the two of us stand together under a Light which opens up all truth to our understanding” (82). In this case, we are not talking about a capital *G*, but a capital *L* Light. The point remains—the ground for logic, is the ground for truth, is the ground for our true relations with each other in search of knowledge. Crosson is the brave sort of philosopher who—like Augustine—puts God up front and tries to understand. Many would argue this method is the ultimate conceit; but in reading Crosson’s essays one is rather convinced it is the most profound of humilities.

My final and third point is that Fred Crosson’s articulation of understanding and faith is both beautifully written and intellectually challenging. He says it this way, “Faith cannot enter into the *reasons* for affirming a philosophical thesis, but it can lead—and historically has led—

philosophers to look at the data in a certain way, to gestalt the problem being explored in a different way, even to discover a problem” (96). He says that concepts like person in theology, image and likeness from Genesis, and communion of persons, have brought about the best of philosophical thinking. And it brings Crosson to a final sentence in his essay on philosophy and belief that I think is worth all of our time: “Understanding is the reward of faith, Augustine says in his commentary on John. Understanding alleviates, without dissolving, the unsatisfying nature of faith. Faith seeks that alleviation because we were made to see” (96).

I recently sent this essay to an interlocutor and friend over the last few years who is a physicist at Stanford. He thinks he’s lost his faith but proves unable totally to kick the habit. Often in our conversations I find myself trying to convince him of a proposition: that *p*. So, I sent Crosson’s essay with only one question. If he buys the relationship between understanding and faith that Crosson sets forth—and it does indeed make a great deal of theoretical sense, even to secular readers—my question was: how can one go through life seeking understanding without exercising the regular practice of some sort of belief? And, in light of Crosson, I said it is his turn to convince me.

Let me close simply with another word of gratitude to our editors and UND Press. These are the essays of a thinker with a command of philosophical traditions, deep grappling with God, and precise rhetoric. Of both Fred Crosson’s book and the texts on which it draws, we are now the recipients of Augustine’s messenger’s word: take up, and read!

FACULTY NEWS

Fr. Nicholas Ayo is about to publish his fifteenth book, “The Mysticism of the Golden Rule.” It is a small book and more spiritual reading than academic theology. Of the book, Fr. Ayo says, “I think it might be my last, even though I was trying to catch up with the late John Dunne of Notre Dame. Just teasing” However, there is something to the maxim that we all have only one book in us, and we recycle it in other words.

Michael J. Crowe graduated from PLS in 1958 and taught full time in PLS from 1961 to 2002. He continues to be active in research. For example, in 2015 he published a paper on the history of estimates of the percentage of planets that attain intelligent life in Douglas Vakoch and Matthew F. Dowd (eds.), *The Drake Equation* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press), 163–180. Later this year *Zygon*, a prominent journal on science and religion, will publish his “William Whewell, the Plurality of Worlds, and the Modern Solar System,” a version of which he presented at last year’s PLS Summer Symposium. Along with Fr. Nicholas Ayo, he edited Frederick J. Crosson’s *Ten Philosophical Essays in the Christian Tradition* (Univ. of Notre Dame Press, 2015). He is finishing a book on the dramatic structure of Conan Doyle’s Sherlock Holmes stories and searching for a publisher of the volume. He is delighted that his granddaughter is a first year student at Notre Dame majoring in neuroscience. He and his wife are taking a river cruise in May in southern France.

Steve Fallon is back in the PLS fold after a year chairing the English Department. He was thrilled with his large and talented sophomore sections of Lyric Poetry in Fall 2015, the product of the Program’s success, unique among Notre Dame’s humanities departments, in increasing enrollments (thanks belong to our Director of Undergraduate Studies, Joseph Rosenberg, and our Chair, Gretchen Reydams-Schils). He is now enjoying working with

seniors in Seminar VI. As president of the Milton Society of America, Steve presided over the annual January dinner meeting this year in Austin, Texas; a highlight was a reading by **Henry Weinfield** of a marvelous poem, “Paradise Lost, a Poem in Twelve Books: The Shorter Version,” which was received enthusiastically by the scores of Milton scholars in attendance. Conferences this spring and summer will take him to Boston, Montreal, and London; at the London meeting of the International Association of University Professors of English he will appear on a “Milton & Wordsworth” panel with our own Henry Weinfield and with Sandy Budick, another close friend and colleague who teaches at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. Steve has an essay on the shared anti-Trinitarianism of Milton and Isaac Newton about to appear in a collection published by Cambridge University Press. He is busy co-editing his own collection, destined for the same press, on “Immortality and the Body in the Age of Milton.” More important than any of these academic matters, last year saw the wedding of his son Sam, and next year will bring the wedding of his daughter Claire.

Jennifer Newsome Martin, who teaches in the theology component of the program, is happy to announce the publication of her book, *Hans Urs von Balthasar and the Critical Appropriation of Russian Religious Thought* (University of Notre Dame Press, 2015), as well as an article, “The ‘Whence’ and the ‘Whither’ of Balthasar’s Gendered Theology: Rehabilitating Kenosis for Feminist Theology,” *Modern Theology* 31:2 (April 2015): 211-234. Forthcoming essays in various edited volumes include such topics as sophiology in von Balthasar, French Catholic *ressourcement* theology, and modern poetry and apocalyptic.

Pierpaolo Polzonetti has been awarded the H. Colin Slim Award for his essay “Tartini and the Tongue of Saint Anthony.”, an award which “honors each year a musicological article of exceptional merit, published during the previous year (2015) in any language and in any country by a scholar who is past the early stages of her or his career” (<http://www.ams-net.org/awards/slim.php>).

This is what the selection committee had to say about the essay: “The winning article is both richly imaginative and firmly rooted in documentary evidence. This beautifully written essay illuminates the connections between the religious rituals of the Basilica of Padua and the performance of Tartini’s concertos. What seems at first a highly specific study of music at one Basilica throws new light onto the relationships between instrumental music and language; between musical works and the beliefs that animate them. This virtuosic study will surely inspire others to take scholarly risks. We are happy to commend Pierpaolo Polzonetti for “Tartini and the Tongue of Saint Anthony,” published in JAMS in summer 2014.” (2015 Slim Award committee)

Phillip Sloan, has remained active both in teaching at the graduate and undergraduate level, and will offer again in the Fall of 2016 a section of the ICH course. In the spring semester he is offering a course in the History and Philosophy of science in the Westville Prison Initiative, introducing several of the PLS Natural Science units he developed over the years into this novel curriculum (syllabus on request). In 2015 Notre Dame published the book of which he was the primary editor and contributor, *Darwin in the Twenty-First Century: Nature, Humanity and God*. He has also been active in the Notre Dame Institute for Advanced Studies. He and spouse Katherine Tillman reside in nearby Holy

Cross Village, and he enjoys being the “Papa” to six great grandchildren.

Katherine Tillman’s book, *John Henry Newman: Man of Letters*, was published in the Marquette Studies in Philosophy by Marquette University Press (2015). She taught a course on “The Soul in Plato’s Middle Dialogues” at André Place in Holy Cross Village, where she lives with her husband, Phil Sloan, and where she also delivered a Spring lecture, “What is Wisdom? Jewish, Greek and Christian Perspectives.” She continues to serve on the Board of the Newman Association of America and on the Editorial Board of the *Newman Studies Journal* and she is a Scholarship Consultant for the National Institute for Newman Studies.

Henry Weinfield writes that in the past several years he has received a number of poetry commissions and that he enjoys writing poetry on commission (especially if he gets paid). Most recently, he was commissioned by the Milton Society of America (aka Steve Fallon, who was serving as its president in 2015) to write a poem about Milton or his works. He spent much of last summer writing a poem entitled “Paradise Lost. A Poem in Twelve Books: The Shorter Version.” He recited an excerpt from it at the Milton Society Dinner at the Modern Language Association convention in Austin, Texas (where it’s much warmer than South Bend in January). Henry doesn’t expect that his poem will replace Milton’s in the PLS Shakespeare and Milton course, but he enjoyed writing it nonetheless. He adds that he is very pleased and excited to be directing the PLS Summer Alumni Symposium once again and looks forward to seeing old friends and new next summer.

STUDENT AWARDS

2015 Willis Nutting Award

Molly E. Porter

The graduating student who contributed most to the education of classmates and teachers.

Molly will work at Epic Systems in Madison, Wisconsin while applying to graduate school.

2015 Otto Bird Award

Christine J. Gibbons

The senior thesis judged to best exemplify the ideals of liberal learning.

“In Mirrors More than One”: Spenser and the Challenges of Representing Elizabeth I
in *The Faerie Queen*

Directed by Joseph Rosenberg

Christine will be working as a paralegal while applying to law school.

2015 Susan M. Clements Award

Caitlin C. Peartree & Erin Portman

A female senior who exemplifies outstanding qualities of scholarly achievement, industry, compassion and service.

Caitlin would like to attend graduate school in either French or Comparative Literature.

Erin will go to Boston College to receive an M.A. in English.

2015 Edward Cronin Award

Molly E. Porter 2015

For the best paper submitted in a PLS course.

“Art and Artifice in the Figure of Natasha Rostova”

This paper appears in this issue of *Programma*.

2015 Stephen Rogers Endowment for Graduate Studies

Peter J. Hochstedler

Peter is attending the School of Social Work at Michigan State University.

2015 The Monteverdi Prize

Ann Gallagher

THE 2015 EDWARD J. CRONIN AWARD WINNER

Art and Artifice in the Figure of Natasha Rostova

Molly Porter
Class of 2015

Whether she is waltzing, rhapsodizing, singing, chattering, or just existing, Natasha Rostova of the 1869 novel *War and Peace* is one of Lev Tolstoy's most vibrant creations. This woman is vital in more ways than one: in terms of personality, she is full of life, and also develops significantly as a character over the course of the work. But, this development, while removing stasis from her character, also paradoxically makes Natasha less vital, as she increases in dullness while she matures. Most evidently, the endlessly musical Natasha chooses not to sing when she matures into a grown woman. In these pages I will argue that Natasha's development displays the tension between Tolstoy's artistry and moral philosophy. While she becomes more morally grounded, she loses her artistry, both in her conscious self and in Tolstoy's depiction of her. I contend that Natasha's renunciation of singing in favor of moral maturity displays Tolstoy's choice of philosophy and morality over art.

In contrast to the jaded, faded Andrei and the waffling Pierre, Natasha emerges in this work as a strong, grounded, vital force. This is evident in her first description: "This black-eyed, wide-mouthed girl, not pretty but full of life... burst into such a loud, ringing fit of laughter that even the prim visitor could not help joining in" (41). Initially, Natasha's scenes are Tolstoy at his most vibrant and lyrically engaging. Natasha is not alluring because of her physical beauty, but rather is ignited by an inner fire. This fire extends to those around her, including the reader, and serves as a vital force in the opening years of the story.

This youthful, pure vitality is associated with Natasha's singing throughout her life. As the years go on, Natasha begins to sing not just for recreation, but seriously, with purpose and audience. Still, her voice is not wholly mature, as it is full of youthful, endearing, vital flaws: "In her voice there was a virginal freshness, an unconsciousness of her own powers, and an as yet untrained velvety softness, which so mingled with her lack of art in singing" (367). Her singing notably is completely lacking in art or artifice. Natasha's musicality is thus defined as a natural, positive force removed from the ills of society and the world; an antidote to both the falseness of society and the deadened nature of the country during the Napoleonic wars.

For example, Natasha's brother Nikolai, while previously wearied by the war, is motivated and revitalized by the gloriously natural music of Natasha that seems separate from the horrors and monotony of the rest of the world: "Oh, how that chord vibrated, and how moved was something that was finest in Rostov's soul!" (367). Again, Tolstoy associates music in the figure of Natasha with true, vital joy, a vitality that originates in but transcends this world, and allows others to rise in joy with it.

Her first encounter with Andrei further reveals this vitality. When he stays at the Rostov's estate, one night a sleepless, cynical Andrei overhears "two girlish voices s[inging] a musical passage—the end of some song" (451). Tolstoy describes this scene with effortless, profound lyricism (which resounds much more beautifully in

Russian, in my opinion): “Farther back beyond the dark trees a roof glittered with dew, to the right was a leafy tree with brilliantly white trunk and branches, and above it shone the moon, nearly at its full, in a pale, almost starless, spring sky” (450). Here, Tolstoy’s profoundly simple poetic skills are in full force, both in his descriptive prose and in his unforgettably vibrant portrayal of Natasha: ““Ah, how glorious! Do wake up, Sonya!” she said almost with tears in her voice. “There never, never was such a lovely night before!”” (451).

As with Nikolai, Natasha’s influential power of vitality is further emphasized in relation to Andrei: “In his soul there suddenly arose such an unexpected turmoil of youthful thoughts and hopes, contrary to the whole tenor of his life” (451). Though Andrei had spent the past years of his life dulled by the pretense of society and an unfulfilling marriage, and troubled by unanswerable metaphysical questions, his encounter with Natasha allows him to view his life and the world in an entirely new light.

Music continues to play a central role throughout their relationship, as Natasha vibrantly dances with Andrei a few months later at a ball. It is this purely joyous musicality that attracts Andrei to Natasha, and influences him to become engaged to her. When he later calls on her, Natasha sings for Andrei and again fills him with tumultuous, vital emotions: he feels “a sudden, vivid sense of the terrible contrast between something infinitely great and illimitable within him and that limited and material something that he, and even she, was” (499). This passage introduces an important ambiguity in the novel’s portrayal of music, a duality of the aforementioned revitalizing musical force and a hint of something much darker.

Thus, as the novel progresses, Natasha’s singing is not solely associated with pure vitality. This tension is emphasized again

later, as the Countess Rostova thinks thus as she listens to her daughter sing: “there was something unnatural and dreadful in this impending marriage of Natasha and Prince Andrew” (559). The vitality of music perhaps reminds us of our own lack of eternal vitality, or as Andrei calls it, “our limited material substance.” Though Dimmler notes that her voice possesses “softness, tenderness, and strength,” Natasha’s singing is still not quite an eternally good force (560). This voice makes Countess Rostova uncomfortable: “Her maternal instinct told her that Natasha had too much of something, and that because of this she would not be happy” (560).

Thus, Tolstoy implies that some sort of oversaturation of music can lead to something potentially evil. Though music, such as folk music and the simple songs of the teenage Natasha, is often associated with purity in this work, it becomes clear that for Tolstoy, music is not inherently a natural, earnest phenomenon. Even Natasha, perhaps the closest we can come to a human embodiment of music in the work, is not impervious to sin and falsity. Natasha develops and makes mistakes, the most significant of these mistakes being deciding to elope with a rogue named Anatole. As she meets this man at the opera, her fall is connected to music in what is perhaps its falsest, most theatrical form. Tolstoy humorously comments on the absurdly artificial nature of opera compared to his idyllic ideal. In describing the painted, flimsy sets and exaggerated costumes, Tolstoy notes the falsity that musical art can display: “After her life in the country, [the opera] was so pretentiously false and unnatural,” and it discomferts Natasha (602).

So in the context of opera, music takes on a radically different life, or rather, lack of life. Here, music is no longer a sincere outpouring of the soul, but a deadened and deadening force. Henceforth, music is

connected to this fall. Eventually, Natasha realizes the errors of her ways and repents for her bad decision. But singing is no longer a revitalizing force for Natasha and those around her. Its power for goodness has disappeared, and a corrupting force has largely replaced it. In the aftermath of her short-lived romance with Anatole, her musicality is forever changed and she can sing no longer: “As soon as she began to laugh, or tried to sing by herself, tears choked her: tears of remorse...No wish to coquet ever entered her head (705). This may seem to be just a reaction to a traumatic event in her life. This disdain for the artifice contained in singing, however, continues into her later life.

As she grows older, marries Pierre, and becomes a mother, Natasha transforms into a more mature, moral, natural, and restrained woman. Her character loses its vitality, and Tolstoy’s poetic descriptions of her become similarly dull as she fades into the background of the tale. Spending time on coquetry, hair, makeup, and singing are all linked together as false: “Natasha on the contrary had at once abandoned all her witchery, of which her singing had been an unusually powerful part” (1245). Though it defined her character for so long, Natasha notes that singing is not essential, or even a positive force in her life. Tolstoy abandons the goodness of music, the lightness, the vitality, the true beauty, and only focuses on its artifice. Thus, for Tolstoy, art is ephemeral, while morality is eternal and more worthwhile.

This theme, however, is not only associated with the story of Natasha, who is just one of hundreds of characters. Rather, the figure of Natasha manifests and helps to enunciate the renunciation of the artifice of art in the course of the work. By the end of *War and Peace*, Tolstoy as narrator gives up fictional art for a purely philosophical conclusion, as the last chapters contain no story or art. The narrator gradually becomes more and more

prominent as the work goes on, and in his last chapters, the prose becomes completely nonfictional, declarative, and unambiguous: for example, “History is the life of nations and of humanity...” (1270). Like Natasha, his writing style loses most of its seductiveness, its emotionality, its lyricism: in short; the prose denies any sense of poetry. In both cases, Tolstoy seems to have chosen the moral-philosophical over the artistic, for art and moral purpose cannot coexist in his work for long. The figure of Natasha helps us to see why.

In Natasha’s story, the power of art leads her to behave immorally, as the seductiveness and falsity associated with art are linked to her actual seduction and breaking of her vow of engagement to Andrei. Her vitality is later defined as coquetry, which leads to her tryst with Anatole. And even after her fall, this connection of musical art to artifice and evil is still strong: “To fluff out her curls, put on fashionable dresses, and sing romantic songs” are all actions associated with false seduction (1246). Thus, art is purely artificial, distracting from the truth of philosophy and morality.

Of course, the novel is a bit more complicated than a simple choice of philosophy over art, of the eternal over the ephemeral. Tolstoy’s fictional characters do not only detract, but help to illustrate his philosophical message. His argument against the “great man” is given greater force in a fictional context. By telling the stories of hundreds of people (one of whom is Napoleon) in the course of the work, Tolstoy emphasizes the fact that all humans play a role in the enfolding of history; this conclusion is bolstered by artistic creations such as Natasha, who strongly affect countless other characters in the work. Moreover, art is not constantly associated with artifice, but rather the opposite. Natasha’s use of art is not wholly bad; as I noted earlier, her singing revitalizes the

jaded Andre several times during the course of the novel.

As *War and Peace* was not written as a fully-formed, concise statement of his worldview, but rather written and published serially over the course of several years in the 1860s, we may view the work as a complex, developing portrait of its author. Though Tolstoy does craft the characters in the novel to some extent, his method of describing them changes as much as they do. As Natasha's singing transforms from "virginal freshness" to "witchcraft," perhaps the shift is not simply in the described object, but in the describer. And this describer, Tolstoy, certainly did shift over the course of his life, as he became a very extreme ascetic, celibate, vegetarian, Christian anarchist who came to view art as a generally corrupting force (and even art he himself had written, like *War and Peace*). Similarly, in his writings, Tolstoy moved from almost purely artistic fiction to philosophy and morality tales.

Furthermore, later works develop this problem more explicitly and decisively. These implications about the falsity of art that are hinted at in *War and Peace* are fully realized in a later work of Tolstoy's, his 1889 novella "The Kreutzer Sonata." In one of this work's central themes, he states that music has a transformative quality, but for the bad: "Under the influence of music I

have the illusion of feeling things I don't really feel, of understanding things I don't understand, being able to do things I'm not able to do" (96). In this work, two musicians feel inspired by the emotions evoked by the Beethoven sonata they are playing to give in to their lust for each other. This leads to an even worse sin, as the violinist's enraged husband then kills her. Thus, music is a truly and explicitly destructive and immoral force for Tolstoy later in his career.

The narrator's message in "The Kreutzer Sonata" makes Tolstoy's shift away from art to philosophy in *War and Peace* all the more clear. The character of Natasha manifests this shift and displays its causes and ramifications. In the hundreds of complicated pages, characters, events, and ideas of *War and Peace* (and of his many other works), it is difficult to grasp a concrete image of the viewpoint of its author. Though we may not fully understand him, in the complex musicality and morality of Natasha we can see the tension, complications, and development within Tolstoy as an author.

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2015 SENIOR THESIS TITLES

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Caroline Fullam	Control of the Press and the People	Francesca Bordogna
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Nicholas Muench	Distinctions between the Philosophical and Operative Definitions of Liberty and Equality: Their History in the United States of America	Felicitas Munzel
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Added by the PLS Office:

Bill McDonald wrote: "Greetings to all
my General Program alums. I enjoy
reading the Liberal Studies Program
(which just arrived) and seeing all the
initiatives that have been started regarding
the Program. While I have not returned to
ND for any of the Liberal Studies summer
programs, I did organize a reunion in 2012
for the alums of the CILA (student
activists) group to which I belonged --
which included former President, Monk
Malloy. Among other things our group
went to Mexico or Peru in 1962 and built
houses for the poor (in Tacambaro). Our
group included another General Program
alum, John Kostishack.

John used to be Stephen Rogers' reader.
So John and I arranged a visit with
Stephen's wife, Dana, whom we both
knew from those days. (See picture.) I

used go to Stephen and Dana's apartment once a month with another GP-er, Brian Dibble, to engage in some literary analysis. Dana always prepared some *Constant Comment* tea for us. It was great.

Those are fond memories.”



Class of 1965

(Class Correspondent: Lee Foster, P.O. Box 5715, Berkeley, CA 94705-0715, lee@fostertravel.com)

Class of 1966

(Class Correspondent: Paul Ahr, 8020 East Drive #318, Miami Beach, FL 33141, 305-965-9303, paulahr@cpcontext.com)

Class of 1967

(Class Correspondent: Robert McClelland, 584 Flying Jib Ct., Lafayette, CO 80026-1291, rwmag@aol.com)

Class of 1968

Class of 1969

Class of 1970

(Class Correspondent: William Maloney, M.D., 3637 West Vista Way, Oceanside, CA 92056-4522, 760-941-1400, MaloneyEye@yahoo.com)

Class of 1971

(Class Correspondent: Raymond Condon, 4508 Hyridge Dr., Austin, TX 78759-8054, rcondon1@austin.rr.com)

Class of 1972

(Class Correspondent: Otto Barry Bird, 15013 Bauer Drive, Rockville, MD 20853-1534, BarryBird@hotmail.com)

Class of 1973

(Class Correspondents: John Astuno, 16 Meadowview Lane, Greenwood, CO 80121-1236, johnastuno@earthlink.net and John Burkley, 3621 Lion Ridge Court, Raleigh, NC 27612, burkley2@verizon.net)

Class of 1974

(Class Correspondent: Jan Waltman Hessling, 5613 Frenchman's Creek, Durham, NC 27713-2647, 919-544-4914, hessling@mindspring.com)

Class of 1975

(Class Correspondent: David Miller, 66 Welshire Court, Delaware, OH 43015-1093)

Class of 1976

(Class Correspondent: Pat Murphy, 2554 Rainbow Drive, Casper, WY 82601, 307-265-0070 W, 307-265-8616 H 307-262-2872 C, pmurphy@wpdn.net)

Class of 1977

(Class Correspondent: Richard Magjuka, Department of Management, Room 630C, School of Business, Indiana University, Bloomington, IN 47501, rmagjuka@aol.com)

Class of 1978

Class of 1979

(Class Correspondent: Thomas Livingston, 300 Colonial Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15216, skiponfordham@hotmail.com)

Class of 1980

(Class Correspondent: Mary Schmidlein Rhodes, 9 Southcote Road, St. Louis, MO 63144-1050, mvsr3144@sbcglobal.net)

Class of 1981

(Class Correspondent: Tom Gotuaco, 21 Galaxy St, Belair 3, Makati City, PHILIPPINES, tom@gotuaco.com)

Class of 1982

Class of 1983

(Class Correspondent: Patty Fox, 902 Giles St., Ithaca, NY 14850-6128)

Class of 1984

(Class Correspondent: Margaret Smith Wrobel, P.O. Box 81606, Fairbanks, AK 99708-1606)

Class of 1985

(Class Correspondent: Laurie Denn, 5816 Lyle Circle, Edina, MN 55436-2228)

Class of 1986

(Class Correspondent: Margaret (Neis) Kulis, 1350 Coneflower, Gray's Lake, IL 60030, kulis.hom@sbcglobal.net)

Added by the PLS Office:

Our Condolences go out to Rev. Daniel Groody, C.S.C. for the loss of his father, Edward Groody. Please keep their family in your prayers.

Class of 1987

(Class Correspondent: Terese Heidenwolf, 49 W. Church St., Bethlehem, PA 18018-5821, heidenwt@lafayette.edu)

Class of 1988

(Class Correspondent: Michele Martin, 3106 Voltaire Blvd., McKinney, TX 75070-4248, mmmartin99@hotmail.com)

Class of 1989

(Class Correspondent: Coni Rich, 1529 South Lake George Drive, Mishawaka, IN 46545, 574-271-0462, conijorich@aol.com)

Added by the PLS Office:

James Harrington's book *Time: A Philosophical Introduction*, was published in September by Bloomsbury Academic. The

book introduces all of the major debates in the philosophy of time from pre-Socratic debates about being and becoming to contemporary issues involving wormholes and time travels in relativistic physics.

Class of 1990

(Class Correspondent: Barbara Martin Ryan, 45 Westmoreland Lane, Naperville, IL 60540-55817, jbryan45@att.net)

Class of 1991

(Class correspondent: Ann Mariani Morris, 101 Raymond Rd., Sudbury, MA 01776-3454, annie@rickmorris.com)

Class of 1992

(Class correspondent: Jennifer Adams Roe, 642 E. 3rd Street, Newport, KY 41071-1708)

Class of 1993

(Class correspondent: Anthony Valle, 147-55 6th Ave., Whitestone, NY 11357-1656)

Class of 1994

Added by the PLS Office:

Rebecca Lubas writes, "I wanted to share the good news that I have received a Fulbright Specialist grant to continue my work with The National Library of Kosovo. The focus will be on improving their catalog database and hopefully connecting it with other libraries in the country and then ultimately WorldCat, so the Kosovo national bibliography would be accessible to scholars worldwide.

The trip will be in March [2016]. This will be my third visit since 2006, and the longest visit.

Class of 1995

(Class Correspondent: Andrew Saldino, 125 Sun Haven Lane, Boone, NC 28607-8922)

Class of 1996

(Class Correspondent: Stacy Mosesso
McConnell,
50600 Woodbury Way, Granger, IN 46530,
smosesso@aol.com)

Class of 1997

(Class Correspondent: Brien Flanagan, 2835
NE Brazee Court, Portland, OR 97212-
4946, bflanagan@schwabe.com)

Class of 1998

(Class Correspondents: Katie Bagley, 1725
New Hampshire Avenue NW, Apt. 201,
Washington, DC 20009-2541,
Katie.bagley@gmail.com, and Clare Murphy
Shaw, 4448 Frances, Kansas City, KS 66103-
3533)

Class of 1999

(Class Correspondent: Kate Hibey Fritz,
11424 Rokeby Avenue, Kingston, MD 20895,
kefritz@gmail.com)

Class of 2000

Class of 2001

Class of 2002

(Class Correspondent: Ricky Klee, 2010
Hollywood Place, South Bend, IN 46616-
2113, rkle3@gmail.com)

Class of 2003

Class of 2004

Class of 2005

Class of 2006

Class of 2007

Class of 2008

Class of 2009

Class of 2010

Class of 2011

Class of 2012

Class of 2013

Class of 2014

Class of 2014

Caitlin Peartree wrote, "After interning
for the Senate Committee on Health,
Education, Labor and Pensions (HELP), I
accepted a job with the Winston Group, a
polling, research and data analysis firm
here in DC..."

DC is great, but I do miss my PLS
community quite a bit!"

MANY THANKS TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS

Contributions Received at the PLS Office for Support of *Programma* and the Program of Liberal Studies since the Last Issue

The Program of Liberal Studies is home to a distinguished group of scholar-teachers committed to a vision of the power of a liberal arts education centered on the Great Books. Program faculty members strive to establish an intellectual, social, and spiritual community for students. These efforts often rely on the generosity of the University's alumni/ae to meet with success.

We are fortunate to be at Notre Dame, a university that receives enthusiastic support from its alumni and alumnae. Many of our graduates, however, may not know that it is possible to earmark a gift by specifying the unit to receive it in a letter accompanying the donation.

As I have written to some who have contributed to the Program in recent years, I am deeply grateful not only for the financial support but for the continuing vote of confidence in the department, its faculty, and its students. I have been asked to tell potential contributors that, if you wish to have your gift recorded in the current tax year, you should time the contributions to arrive before December 10. After that point, Debbie is likely to be on vacation, and checks might not be processed until the New Year.

When responding to the Notre Dame Annual Fund, please consider donating to the Program of Liberal Studies.

If you would like to make a gift of any kind, contact:

Gretchen Reydams-Schils
Chair, Program of Liberal Studies
215 O'Shaughnessy Hall
Notre Dame, IN 46556
prlibst@nd.edu

We heartily thank you for your support of our programs.

Contributions to the Rev. Nicholas Ayo, C.S.C. Award

A new award established to honor Nicholas Ayo after his retirement from teaching in the Program.

Initiation of Frederick Crosson Scholarship Endowment

In honor of this *éminence grise* and beloved teacher in the Program,
a scholarship endowment in his name has been initiated by Paul O. Radde, Class of 1962.

For an endowment of this type, a minimum of \$50,000 (in hand, not just as pledges) will be
required by the end of December 2015. If by that time the minimum amount has not been
reached, the funding will be transferred to the PLS general purposes account.

As with the other PLS funds, contributions earmarked for the Crosson Scholarship Endowment
can be sent in care of the Program of Liberal Studies to the department's address, 215
O'Shaughnessy Hall, Notre Dame, IN 46556.

Brian Collins
Edmond Collins
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Gullickson William
Kane John Kearney
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Paul Radde
Brian Rak
Robert Redis
J. Patrick Shirey
James Skahan, Jr.
Jeff Speaks
Frederick Weber
William Wendt
Jamey Wetmore
Michael Wilsey

Contributions to the Otto A. Bird Fund

This fund is a tribute to the faculty member who worked with Mortimer Adler in founding the
General Program. Otto A. Bird started the department in 1950. This award recognizes the
graduating senior who wrote the year's most outstanding senior essay. The announcement of this
award is keenly anticipated each year at the Senior Dinner, when students and faculty gather to
celebrate the completion of the final requirement for graduation.

Annemarie Sullivan Hitchcock

Contributions to the Calcutt PLS Excellence Fund

Established by the Calcutt family for the purpose
of student recruitment and allowing for team-teaching in the Program.

**Contributions to the
Program of Liberal Studies
Center for the Homeless Project**

In 1998 the Program of Liberal Studies began a community outreach seminar with students from the South Bend Center for the Homeless. The World Masterpieces Seminar runs for the entire academic year. Contributions help defray the cost of the books and outings to plays, concerts, and operas.

**Contributions to the
Susan Clements Fund**

Susan was an extraordinary student and a remarkable young woman who graduated in 1990. She was preparing for a career as a scholar and teacher when she met an early and tragic death in 1992. This award is presented each year at the Senior Dinner to a woman among the Program of Liberal Studies graduating seniors who exemplifies outstanding qualities of scholarly achievement, industry, compassion, and service.

Wendy Chambers Beuter
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Clements
Rev. Michael Kwiecien, O.Carm.

Margaret Bilson Raddatz
Mrs. Dana Rogers

**Contributions to the
Edward J. Cronin Fund**

The Cronin Fund both honors a legendary teacher and helps to reward (and thus to encourage) undergraduate efforts to write lucidly and gracefully. The Award is for the finest piece of writing each year by a student in the Program of Liberal Studies. This is a distinct honor; it constitutes the Program's highest prize for writing in ordinary course work. Your gift will help us to recognize Program students who meet the high standards for writing set by our invaluable senior colleague.

Thomas Pace
Annemarie Sullivan Hitchcock
William Sigler

**Contributions to the
Jay Kelly Memorial Scholarship**

The Jay Kelly Memorial Scholarship was established in memory of a PLS student who came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1988. He battled cancer for two years and passed away after his junior year of college. This award, commemorating Jay's spirit, is awarded annually to a junior in the Program who is in financial need.

Contributions to the Willis D. Nutting Fund

The Willis Nutting award was established to memorialize one of the great teachers in the Program. Those who taught with or studied under Willis remember his gentle style, his clever wit, and his deep faith. The Willis Nutting tree outside the Art Department bears this motto from Chaucer: “And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.” This was his style, and we hope that it will always be yours as well. The Award is for “that senior who has contributed most to the education of his or her fellow students and teachers.”

Contributions to the Stephen Rogers Memorial Fund

Stephen Rogers graduated from our department in 1956. He later became a remarkable asset to our department faculty. Steve was physically challenged; he was blind. In 1985, Steve died during the final portion of senior essay time. We can't think of a better way to keep Steve's ideals alive than to fund a scholarship in his name. The Stephen Rogers Fund helps us to assist worthy students facing unexpected financial difficulties. The fund is given to the PLS student with the most financial need. On more than one occasion, the Fund has allowed students to remain in school when otherwise they would have had to withdraw.

Elizabeth Drumm & John Muench
Thomas Fleming
Maureen & Paul McElroy
Daniel Smith
Gregory St. Ville

Contributions to the Richard T. Spangler Fund

This newly established fund in honor of PLS alumnus Richard Spangler (class of 1977) is designated for stipends to cover part of the cost of attendance of our yearly Summer Symposium for alumni/ae, in which Richard has been an enthusiastic and dedicated participant. For more information regarding the stipends, please contact the departmental office at pls@nd.edu.

Laura Carlyle Bowshier
Thomas Coffey
Joseph Connelly
Thomas Devine
Joseph Erpelding
John Marcotte

Contributions to the University Designated for PLS since the Last Issue

These contributions provide the department funds for the many faculty and student functions (Opening Charge, Christmas Party, Senior Dinner, Senior Brunch), office equipment, and much more. They also provide us the means to send *Programma* to over 2,200 alumni/ae all over the world.

Richard Allega	Thomas Kwiecien
Erin Bartholomy	Thomas Long
Theodore Becchetti	Martin Lutz
Laura Carlyle Bowshier	Robert McClelland
Nicholas Brandt	Michael McGinley
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Daniel Jukic	Jameson Wetmore
John & Patrice Kelly	Kevin Yoder
Paul Knipper	

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