

# PROGRAMMA

A Newsletter for Graduates of the Program of Liberal Studies  
The University of Notre Dame  
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## A VIEW FROM 215

Henry Weinfield

At the end of last semester I was invited by Professor Steven Affeldt to a “SymPLoSium” that he had organized for his Philosophical Inquiry students and for any others who wanted attend. The idea was that students would give recitations from their own original writing or from the writings of any authors they wanted to present; in addition, they would perform plays, sing songs, or do anything else they wanted to do to amuse or enlighten us. I heard some terrific poems, some very funny one-act plays, and some beautiful recitations, including a marvelous rendition of Ahab’s soliloquy in *Moby Dick*. This was an extremely moving experience for me: it was fun to interact with PLS students outside of the classroom, when they weren’t “buttoned up,” and it brought home to me just how gifted our students are and how fortunate we on the faculty are to have the opportunity of teaching them. So I begin this installment of “The View from 215” with a paean of praise for our students.

As college professors we are concerned with intellectual values and with the intellectual development of our students. But the intellectual life is not cordoned off from social concerns or from spiritual and religious concerns, and one of the things that makes PLS so wonderful is that we are attuned to the ways in which these different spheres of life overlap. Many of our students do a year or two of service after they graduate because they believe in the intimate connection between what the medievals called the *via activa* and the *via contemplativa*. One of the members of last year’s graduating class, Claire Hoipkemier, is presently living and working at the “Farm of the Child” in Honduras, and every so often Claire has been keeping us *au courant* with a series of marvelous letters. Claire’s essay on Swift’s *Gulliver’s Travels*, the winner of last year’s Cronin Award, is contained in this issue of *Programma*.

Speaking of the Cronin Award, this issue also contains a number of moving reflections by PLS faculty on Ed Cronin himself, who died on Christmas Day 2004. Some of these reflections were read at last year’s Cronin Award dinner. On that occasion Professor Julia Marvin gave us a stirring recitation from James Joyce’s *Ulysses*, which Ed taught alongside *Hamlet* for so many years in Lit II; so, together with the reflections, we have included the selection from the novel that Julia read.

Dr. AnnMarie Power, who teaches in the Sociology Department and is married to our own Clark Power, was kind enough to offer us a Reflection at our last All Souls’ Day Mass. Her lovely meditation on the various meanings of “remembering” is included in this issue of *Programma*.

Last year the Willing D. Nutting Award was given jointly to Allison Murphy and Justin Halls. Allison is currently a graduate student in philosophy at the University of Leuven in Belgium. Justin has an interesting story to tell. He began the year working for Teach for America in New Orleans, and he is now working for FEMA. (Maybe that beleaguered agency could use a smart PLS grad as its director.) *His emails sent to PLS in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina are included in this issue.* The Bird Award was garnered by Elizabeth Burke for her fine essay, “Aristotle’s Civic Friendship: Possibilities in Form,” which was directed by Professor Felicitas Munzel. Finally, the Susan Clements Memorial Award was won by Bridget Harrington, who plans to attend graduate school in English in the coming year. Because of the generosity of our alumni, we are now awash in awards. This year we will have a new one: the

Stephen Rogers Endowment for Excellence, which will be given to a PLS grad (not necessarily a senior) who plans on attending graduate school. So, if any of you recent alums are interested in attending graduate school and would like to apply for a Rogers Endowment for Excellence grant, please write to us.

Last November we held a retirement party for Professor Katherine Tillman, who had taught in the Philosophy component of the Program for more than thirty years. In addition to Katherine's colleagues in PLS, a number of her friends, from both within and outside the University, were present. Katherine had forbidden us (on pain of excommunication) to make speeches, but we were allowed to offer toasts, and her colleagues, friends, and students past and present managed to bring in some tributes and accolades through the back door. When she began teaching in PLS, there were very few other female professors at Notre Dame – this was right around the time when the first female students were admitted. As chair of the Program, I frequently hear from alumni (and, above all, from alumnae) how important Katherine Tillman was to their development. This issue of *Programma* contains the moving "Retirement Remarks" that she offered us at the conclusion of the dinner in her honor.

This past year marked a number of other important events and milestones. Professor Stephen Fallon and Joan Wulff, both of whom had been widowed, were married in Oak Park, Illinois. Steve and Joan are now living in South Bend along with their five children. In addition, we welcomed two new faculty members into the Program this year: Jessica Murdoch, a theologian writing a dissertation on Karl Rahner at Fordham University, and Bernd Goehring, a philosopher focusing on the medieval period who is writing a dissertation on Henry of Ghent at Cornell University. Jessica, who had been with us last year as a Senior Erskine Peters Fellow, was recently married to Jim Murdoch, a

philosopher, who is now teaching courses in the ND Philosophy Department. Those are the only two nuptials, as far as I'm aware. However, during the past year PLS faculty published books and received prestigious awards. Gretchen Reydam-Schils's book, *The Roman Stoics: Self, Responsibility, and Affection*, was published by the University of Chicago Press. Clark Power co-edited *Character, Psychology, and Education*. Thomas Stapleford won a National Science Foundation grant and Robert Goulding won one of four National Endowment for the Humanities grants that Notre Dame faculty received this year (his wife, Professor Margaret Meserve of the ND History Department, also won an NEH; so, kudos to the entire household). Finally, congratulations are due to Julia Marvin, who was granted tenure and promotion to associate professor.

Last year's Summer Alumni Symposium was very successful, and we are beginning to get excited about next summer's version. As the announcement in this issue indicates, the symposium this year will be centered on Steve Fallon's week-long seminar on *Paradise Lost*. In addition, there will be one-three day seminars on related topics given by Professors Sloan, Goulding, Nicgorski, Mongrain, Affeldt, Marvin, and yours truly. We look forward to seeing you in South Bend next summer.

I began by offering a paean of praise to our current students, so let me close by expressing my appreciation to all of our PLS alumni, a great many of whom are doing wonderful things in the world. One of you, Kevin Becker ('88), has recently been contributing a tremendous amount of time and energy to our recruitment efforts. A few days ago, he and one of our current juniors, Jack Calcutt, created "The PLS Roadshow." Kevin and Jack went to every one of the twenty-seven dorms on

campus (which in the meantime had been amply supplied with pizza) and got our message out to prospective students, many of whom had previously known very little about PLS. Not only that, but on his own initiative Kevin arranged to have a collection of essays on the practical benefits of a PLS degree printed up for all of the dorms he and Jack visited. It's entitled: "We Called It the Program of Liberal Studies." We still have some copies left, and if you'd like to have one, please let us know. There are discussions of PLS and careers in law, science, humanities, and business, with essays by John Breen ('85), Francis D'Eramo ('82), Thomas Schwietz ('54), Timothy Buckley ('86), Thomas Durkin ('68), James Carolan ('96), Elaine Cassidy

('93), Kelly Gleason ('98), Richard Spangler ('77), Charles Boudreaux ('86), Michael Crowe ('58), Erin Flynn ('01), Jeffrey Speak ('97), John Zygmunt ('77), Coni Rich ('89), Joe Bellavance ('89), Robert McNeill ('63), Margaret Raddatz ('90), Michael Schierl ('84), Ginger Zumaeta ('90), and Kevin Becker himself. Again, if you'd like a copy, please contact the office; we'll be very glad to send one to you. It's an extraordinary compilation, and, on behalf of the department I would like to thank Kevin and all those who participated from the bottom of my heart.

Henry Weinfield

*Programma* (the Greek word means "public notice") is published once or twice each year by the Program of Liberal Studies for its graduates.

Faculty Editor

Robert Goulding

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# REFLECTION FOR ALL SOUL'S DAY MASS Dillon Hall Chapel

November 2, 2005  
AnnMarie R. Power

I would like to thank Henry for this opportunity to share a reflection with you. Clark has said that this particular Mass each year is one of his favorite traditions in the department. It's one of mine too. And I must add that I think it's consistent with PLS's "community" spirit. You value community and coming together, face-to-face: to learn, to study, to pray, to celebrate, to mourn, and to remember.

Each year, at this Mass, we remember those who were once among us but who have passed on into what I believe is the "Communion of Saints." — You can't tell me that people like Nancy Fallon and Susan Clements, or Stephen Rogers and Ed Cronin are not among the saints. Maybe a more fitting day for us to come together is Nov. 1 — if we were only remembering those whom we have known and who have passed on. But they are not all, I think, that we are reminding ourselves of, and maybe that's why you choose "All Souls' Day" rather than "All Saints' Day." I think we also remind ourselves, on this evening every year, that we are all "souls" joined together here, and by virtue of our participating together and coming to know one another here, in this life, we are bound together for eternity.

One meaning of the verb **to remember** is "To retain in, or recall to, the memory." Another meaning is "To put together again." And I think on this evening every year, this community's actions reflect *both* definitions.

I am not surprised to see PLS performing this latter function, because PLS makes a habit of "remembering" its community – not

just through events like this evening's or those held over alumni weekends, but also through your gatherings around seminar tables — because in every instance you not only bring together again your living community but you bring together the spirits of those who have gone before you – the authors of the great books, the fathers and mothers of the Program, fellow colleagues, and former students – all of whom have left their indelible impressions on your work and on *the works*. Furthermore, I would venture to say that each of you has experienced a foretaste of the kingdom's "great banquet" through at least one or two, if not more, of your seminars. And through this, you have had an inkling of the magnificence of the "Communion of Saints."

I truly can't think of another major on campus that so consistently remembers its learning community and so carefully attends to its members' growth of mind, body, and spirit.

You students, after you leave here, will come back for alumni weekends during which you will once again share in a seminar and feel once again a part of your heart and soul fulfilled by the experience that no other activity can quite do for you. You, along with the faculty present, will remember yourselves as the PLS community that spans all ages and time periods.

As I said earlier, this Mass every November 2<sup>nd</sup> serves to "remember" us with particular members of our learning community who have moved into the kingdom. As my time here has lengthened, I know increasingly more people on the deceased faculty and

family members list. Some old, some middle-aged, some young. At some point, each of us gathered here will be on that list. A sobering thought, yes; but one that we can face with hope because we have faith in the fact that here is not “*it*” and that the veil between here and the hereafter is a thin one indeed.

I have a favorite reading, a meditation from a small book I love, called *God Calling*, which I want to share with you tonight because it helps elucidate that thin veil. It’s entitled, “Your Loved Ones”<sup>1</sup>:

Your loved ones are very safe in My Keeping. Learning and loving and working, theirs is a life of happiness and progress. They live to serve, and serve they truly do. They serve Me and those they love. Ceaselessly they serve.

But their ministrations, so many, so diverse, you see no more than those in My time on earth in human form could have seen the angels who ministered unto Me in the wilderness.

How often mortals rush to earthly friends who can serve them in so limited a way, when the friends who are freed from the limitations of humanity can serve them so much better, understand better, protect better, plan better, and even plead better their cause with Me.

You do well to remember your friends in the Unseen. Companying with them the more you live in this Unseen World the gentler will be your passing when it comes. Earth’s troubles and difficulties will seem, even now, less overwhelming as you look, not at the things that are seen but at the real, the Eternal Life.

“And this is Life Eternal that we may know Thee, the Only True God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.”

Learning to know Me draws that Kingdom very near, and in Me, and through Knowledge of Me, the dear ones become *very* near and dear.

I take heart in these words and the thinness of that veil. Tonight I ask those who are no longer physically here with us to pray for us, to continue to inspire us, and to protect us. I believe all of this is possible because I have no doubt that we are all united in a faith that claims another, eternal life awaits us in the kingdom and that promises the “Communion of Saints.” And this promise has been fulfilled through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. And to that I say, Amen!!

<sup>1</sup>“Your Loved Ones” is September 6’s entry, on p. 145, of *God Calling* by Two Listeners (edited by A.J. Russell), NY: Jove, 1978.

**ANNOUNCING THE EIGHTH ANNUAL  
PLS/GP SUMMER SYMPOSIUM  
JULY 2—JULY 7, 2006**

We are happy to announce that the Program of Liberal Studies will hold its eighth annual Summer Symposium on campus the week of July 2-7, 2006. Once again, we have an exciting line-up of courses. The theme this year is

**Milton and the Early Modern World**

John Milton (1608-1674), one of the world's greatest epic poets, consciously set out to do for English speakers what Homer had done for the Greeks, what Virgil had done for the Romans, and what Dante had done for the Italians. His interests extended beyond the literary. He was actively engaged in political and social reform and in theological and philosophical speculation. Exploring together several of Milton's works along with works by his contemporaries in natural philosophy and theology, we will open a window onto a revolutionary century.

Week-long Seminar

Steve Fallon — Milton's *Paradise Lost*

1-3 Day Seminars

Phillip Sloan — 3 sessions on "The Sciences of Life in the Age of Milton" William Harvey

Robert Goulding — 3 sessions on Sir Francis Bacon, including selections from the *New Organon*

Walter Nicgorski — 2 sessions on Milton's *Areopagitica*

Kevin Mongrain — 1 session on a 17<sup>th</sup>-century Arian text (Milton, like Newton, was an Arian)

Steven Affeldt — 2 sessions on Milton's works on marriage and divorce

Julia Marvin — 2 sessions on Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* (tentative)

Henry Weinfield — 3 sessions on "Regaining Paradise: Gray, Blake, and Wordsworth"

Our best gauge for the success of our Summer Symposia has been the remarkably high percentage of students who have returned year after year. We look forward to seeing returning students and to welcoming new ones for a week of conversation, exploration, and fellowship.

We hope to see you this summer,

Felicitas Munzel and Steve Fallon  
Summer Symposium Coordinators

**If you would like to receive announcements about future Summer Symposia and other alumni events via e-mail, please send your e-mail address to [pls@nd.edu](mailto:pls@nd.edu).**



**WHO: PROGRAM FACULTY, ALUMNI/AE, FRIENDS, AND FAMILY**

**WHAT: EIGHTH ANNUAL PLS/GP SUMMER SYMPOSIUM**

**WHEN: JULY 2-7, 2006**

**WHERE: NOTRE DAME CAMPUS**

**WHY: TO SHARE BOOKS, REFLECTIONS, FRIENDSHIP**

Housing will be available in an air-conditioned dormitory on campus. Dorm rates for summer 2006 are \$44 per day for single air-conditioned rooms. Double rooms are \$32 per person.

We need to collect a registration fee to cover costs for the week. The cost will be \$400 for the week, or \$600 for two. We will try to make arrangements for those eager to attend but for whom the registration fee would be an obstacle.

If you think that you might be interested in the 2006 Symposium, please mail the form below to Summer Symposium 2006, Program of Liberal Studies, U of ND, Notre Dame, IN 46556, or e-mail the requested information to [al.pls.1@nd.edu](mailto:al.pls.1@nd.edu). The course is open to friends of the Program as well as to alumni/ae, so if you have a friend who would jump at the chance to be involved, feel free to share this information.

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### **2006 Summer Symposium Questionnaire**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ I am interested in attending the July 2-7 2006 Summer Symposium.

\_\_\_\_\_ I already know that I want to attend.

\_\_\_\_\_ Number of participants attending.

\_\_\_\_\_ I am interested in a room in an air-conditioned dormitory on campus. We anticipate that our participants will be clustered together.

I have the following suggestion for future texts or topics. (The reading for single-day sessions should be manageable.)

You may mail this form to PLS, U of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, IN 46556 or e-mail responses to [pls@nd.edu](mailto:pls@nd.edu).

## OPENING CHARGE 2005

### *On Tradition*

August 30, 2005

Gretchen J. Reydams-Schils

I have a confession to make: every time I hear the words “opening charge,” something in me cringes, and the first image that comes to mind is a neighing and rearing horse. Human beings, however, would not be what they are if they did not have conflicting impulses. So I have a second confession to make, in contradiction to the first. When Henry Weinfield, the current chair of the program, gave his first Opening Charge some years ago—and it was not a poem—he mentioned how he had often wondered in anticipation about what he would say when his turn came. I confess secretly to have done the same. It is an exciting, and perhaps unusual, feature of the program that we are all, students and faculty alike, asked to reflect on the broader implications of what we are doing. We do not merely go through the moves of teaching and taking a certain number of courses towards a degree, crossing items off a check-list as we go along. To be sure, we do this too, and get caught up in the technical details of an always too hectic semester. But it is a privilege to be able, at least on occasion, to take a step back and to try to capture something of the spirit of the program.

I changed my mind several times about the topic, but the break through came only a few months ago, in a conversation with a friend who happens to be a painter and who situates himself very much in the avant-garde of the most current art trends. As he put it, he had gone through a classical training, which included a serious component of art history, because of the assumption that before one can pursue new avenues, one first has to know what to retrieve, transform, or overcome. (Ask Descartes: he was already advanced in

years, and had read everything on which he could lay his hands, as well as the book of the world, before he pushed his radical doubt as far as he could in order to try to find a more secure foundation for philosophy.)

Yet my friend, who is showing signs of being troubled by anxieties of growing older, was also awestruck by the lightness of being of younger artists who seemed quite happy to move ahead without the burden of tradition. Perhaps he had allowed himself to be slowed down too much and he had lost precious time. I replied that tradition in itself does not have to be conservative, nor is it straightforwardly progressive either. It defies those categories, it just is what it is, in an existential as well as a sacral sense.

Did you ever experience one of those moments when you surprise yourself by what comes out of your mouth?—and I do not mean in a negative sense, which is common enough, that we sound sillier and more incoherent than we assumed ourselves to be. No, I mean it as a positive surprise. Did I just say that? Where does it come from, and what on earth does it mean? The minute you make the statement, it feels like something that has been at work inside you for a long time, even though you may not have been aware of the process. As soon as I had said what I said, I realized that the Program for years had kept the issue of tradition alive on the other side of my brain. So, what did I mean, and could this be true?

If we leave aside sacred texts, which are a special case in their own right, there does seem to be, at first glance, and from the perspective of etymology, a strong

connection between tradition and conservatism. What else is there, after all, to be handed over (Latin: *tradere*) to future generations except that which has been carefully preserved (Latin: *conservare*). Yet tradition and conservation (to use this term for now, instead of conservatism) are not as inseparable as one might expect.

Actually, efforts at conservation can be remarkably at odds with the vicissitudes of transmission. Take for example this remarkable story: in a dispute over the succession of Aristotle's school, the defeated rival, Neleus, in his resentment made off with the master copy of Aristotle's work (To this day we have only about a fifth of Aristotle's works, and only snippets of his dialogues which he allegedly composed for broader audiences.) The disgruntled Neleus is said to have buried the filched texts in a hole in the ground near his home in Asia Minor. In a rather mysterious manner Aristotle's writings literally resurfaced in Athens some two centuries later and reentered the intellectual scene in Rome because the general Sulla brought them home in a trunk of his war booty.

This retrieval would constitute a miraculous survival against the odds of impressive efforts at destruction. Some scholars have staked their academic careers on this story. But perhaps the relative absence of Peripatetic ideas from Hellenistic philosophy in the third and second centuries BC can also be explained on the grounds that Aristotle failed to continue to capture interest, and that after Theophrastus the Peripatetic school was not up to much. That, admittedly, is not a good yarn. And what about the assumption that the great Aristotle could ever have met with relative indifference? This period in Antiquity was not the only time when the knowledge of Aristotle, especially in the West, was threatened with extinction, but the man proved tougher than weeds (and just about as dry and thorny too).

The ancient Greeks and Romans themselves were aware of the hazards of transmission. Plato built this theme into his story about the lost continent of Atlantis. In this story, the Greek poet and lawgiver Solon visits an Egyptian priest who makes fun of the Greeks because of their short cultural attention span and compares them to children in this respect. (I wonder how he would judge us!) In most places, the priest says, periodic cataclysms, both fires and inundations on a massive scale, wipe out all traces of history and culture. Because of its advantageous location and climate, the story goes, Egypt has been spared such disasters, and thus Egyptian records go back much further in time than their Greek counterpart. This explains why the Egyptian archives contain an account, which Solon has never heard, of a victory by the Athenians' ancestors against the superpower Atlantis. So convincing is Plato's yarn that people never stopped looking for the lost Atlantis. Now that I am an editor of an electronic Plato journal, I knew it was bound to happen sooner or later: this summer I did indeed receive a paper announcing a spectacular rediscovery of Atlantis (the *nth*, I should add). Do we not have enough other losses, or cannot we not bear to face the real ones, I wonder, that we have to direct our attention to the imaginary kind?

Paradoxically, even catastrophes and tragedies can have their own dynamic of conservation. The eruption of the volcano Vesuvius, in 79 AD, has sealed for us in time the daily life of Pompei and Herculaneum, buried for a long time under a thick layer of debris and ashes. Papyrus is a reliable but very fragile writing material; yet the charred scrolls of Herculaneum managed to keep their content. In our day the most sophisticated technology comes to the aid of making that content once again accessible. But the process of reading the scrolls started already in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The biggest challenge then proved to be the unrolling of the scrolls, which are so brittle that they

simply come apart in the attempt. Our other main fund of papyri comes from Egypt, where the dry desert climate conditions were favorable to conservation (in that sense the Egyptian priest of Plato's story had a point). But many bits of text that have made papyrologists leap for joy come from ... rubbish piles, or from mummies of crocodiles and other animals (when they are unwrapped; one can see a conflict of conservation arising in this case). One of the most spectacular rediscoveries in ancient philosophy are fragments of the Presocratic Empedocles found in a book binding at a library in Strassbourg. Such examples are not rare.

Among the most interesting cases of the potential tension between tradition and conscious efforts at conservation is the one between repressive and totalitarian ideologies that try to control records and the flow of information, and individuals who risk their lives to hold on to alternative views and accounts. And one of the most moving instances of this type, to me, are Victor Klemperer's diaries. As a Jew married to a Protestant woman he was protected for a while during the Nazi era, though his existential space became more and more restricted. He lost his job as a professor of Romance Languages, and the Anglo-American networks that were operative at the time to provide ways out of Germany for academic Jews were much less interested in the humanities scholars than they were in the scientists (with some notable exceptions). He lost his house and was signed up for forced labor. Spouses such as Victor's came increasingly under pressure to divorce their Jewish partners, in order to facilitate their deportation. Victor Klemperer managed to hold on, but at the end of the war he did find himself on a deportation list. He and his wife were saved because of the bombardment of Dresden by the allied troops, and the ensuing chaos, which paradoxically allowed them to flee. He recorded that bombardment in the same

manner as he had recorded everything else. His diary survived the fire bombs too.

Klemperer is an unlikely hero. He stands on the edge of annihilation, always on the brink of being drawn in, mutters and muddles his way through, is inescapably bourgeois, in spite of his unconventional intellectual hunger and his contempt for coziness. He and Eva at times appear to hold each other imprisoned, apart from the war conditions, and theirs is not a great and romantic love story. Yet their bond also resists the Nazi pressures. No matter how difficult and dangerous it became to find forbidden books, or any books at all at times, Victor kept up his hour's long daily reading to Eva—that is how they read together. No matter how dangerous and difficult it was to write his diary, with barely having a spot to hide it towards the end of the war, he kept writing, on whatever scrap of writing material he could find and salvage. No matter how depressing the details of daily life became, he had to write.

An important feature of the diaries too is that they are not limited to the Nazi era. Klemperer started writing in this form when he was seventeen, and he continued up to 1959, under the communist regime of former East Germany. A Germany in which he did manage to get his academic position reinstated and did play a public role, but about which he nevertheless also had serious misgivings. In the Anglo-American world, the two diaries from the Nazi years are most well-known, and these have been translated. But the title of the diaries of the subsequent years, also written in hiding, is quite telling too: *And Thus I am Falling Between the Cracks...* (*So sitzte ich denn zwischen allen Stühlen...*).

So much for the tension between tradition and conservation. This tension raises all sorts of interesting questions about a canon such as the Program's Great Books lists. Individual and collective memory cannot

hold on to everything. As Nietzsche pointed out, and Jorge Luis Borges developed so strikingly in his short stories, to be recognizably human, we have to engage in active forgetfulness, shaping memory and bringing some things into relief rather than others—otherwise we would become raving mad, or divine. How do cultures, then, shape their collective memory?

At crucial junctures in cultural history we can witness increased efforts at organizing knowledge, as well as attempts to distinguish between the essential and the superfluous. Late Antiquity appears to have been such a period, steeped as it was in a rich commentary tradition, not only on Aristotle and Plato, but on all of philosophy as well as of other writings, notably Homer's epics. In the 4<sup>th</sup> century BC and towards the end of his life, Plato too seems to have intended his *Timaeus* as a depository of all the knowledge available to him, including sciences such as mathematics, astronomy, and medicine. It was understood to constitute this kind of depository by Calcidius, the 4<sup>th</sup> century AD Latin translator of and commentator on the *Timaeus*, who managed to bequeath this legacy to the Middle Ages and beyond, because his work constituted a powerful canon together with three other texts: Boethius' *Consolation of Philosophy* (often read in the Program), Macrobius' commentary on Cicero's *Dream of Scipio* (notice, another commentary, on a text currently on our Seminar II reading list), and Martianus Capella's *Marriage of Philology and Mercury (or the Seven Liberal Arts)*. Think also of the great project of the so-called Encyclopedists of the Enlightenment era, among whom Diderot and d'Alembert stand out.

But if in addition to conscious decisions and efforts, chance events, in the Aristotelian sense of an intersection of different chains of causality, play such an important role in what comes to be constituted as a tradition,

the criticism of so-called revisionist history misses its mark. It becomes legitimate to ask who? what? when? where? how? and why? And whereas we cannot recover everything, we should have the reflex to ask whether there is another side to a story, much along the same lines as a well-informed person nowadays cannot take for granted the first media report that comes along—regardless of whether it runs counter to one's own views, or, on the contrary, happens to confirm them. (The latter case is much harder.)

As solid as the Great Books reading lists appear, they are not set in stone. The faculty in the Program over the years have developed an elaborate consultation process whereby we can decide to add and remove texts. Discussions of readings, much like the seminars, are part of that process, so that we all partake in a kind of ongoing education. It is typical of those deliberations that it is much easier to suggest a text worthy of being added than to come up with one to remove. Why? On most texts currently read the faculty agree that these are exceptional. But much more controversial would be the claim that because a text is not on the lists, limited as these are by practical constraints, it is thereby of lesser value.

When I mentioned chance, I smuggled in Aristotle's definition, rather than one that is current among us now. For those of you who did not fall asleep, you may have noticed that chance for Aristotle does not amount to complete randomness; there are causes involved. And we can use Aristotle's perspective to register the point that in spite of the complexities of cultural transmission, the selection of great books is not random. Drawing attention to those complexities does not diminish the value of works. On the contrary, one could argue, these books are all the more precious and powerful because they are fragile, and do not simply

fall from the sky. They are not to be taken for granted.

Because of its complexities, tradition defies simplistic binary oppositions such as conservative versus progressive. In order to be able to handle tradition, however, we have a tendency to simplify matters. Take the case of Dionysius the Areopagite: this Athenian disciple of Saint Paul was thought in the Middle Ages to be the author of works on topics such as being, causality, divine names, and celestial hierarchies, works that had a very strong impact on the Christian tradition. As it turns out, behind this label stands a much later unknown writer who managed to smuggle a considerable dose of Neoplatonism into Christianity.

Calcidius, the author of the influential Latin commentary on the *Timaeus* to whom I referred earlier, may or may not have been a Christian. This question is much harder to settle than scholars have tended to assume, because in Calcidius' era the categories "pagan" and "Christian" were not as clearly delineated as one might expect. Be that as it may, then, it is very funny to track the career of Calcidius and his addressee, Osius, in the manuscript tradition: over the course of time, and as the text became more and more part of a well-established tradition, Calcidius and Osius rose ever higher in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Eventually Calcidius was promoted to archbishop, and Osius to pope. The more established the text's influence became, the stronger the urge not only to baptize its author, but also to draw him into the Church's highest circles.

When one hears a plea in favor of "a better knowledge of our tradition" (whoever the "our" in that phrase may be), one can reply "All of it?" (that is, to the extent that we have been able to save or retrieve a tradition.) Deliberately selective history and approaches to tradition could well be more problematic than no sense of history at

all, and that is a tall order. It is tempting, for instance, to describe the origin of the Nicene creed, admittedly the heart of Catholic faith, either in a-historical terms, or as the inevitable result of a clean and abstract dialectic, in which the best ideas won out by the sheer power of reason. This is not exactly how it happened. In reality, cultural wars were fought over the creed, of a kind that makes ours look like parlor games. These conflicts did not end with the adoption of the creed, and the stakes were often very high: the defeated party could lose everything, including life. In the early part of the 20<sup>th</sup> century the official Church initially resisted the movement now known as "resourcement," which encouraged a philosophical and theological return to the Church Fathers. Close readings of these and other texts, which also had played an important role in the protestant Reformation, shall we say... complicated matters. It is worth recalling here too that when the Program started, more than fifty years ago, many of the books on its reading lists were still on the Church's "Index of Forbidden Books." Taking on a Great Books program was a positively revolutionary and bold thing to do for a Catholic university.

When we try to weigh tradition by assessing a given work's reception and influence, do we concentrate on its immediate aftermath, on a later, or on a current perspective? Late Antiquity and the Middle Ages both had a very strong sense of a ladder of knowledge and of an ordered sequence for teaching philosophy, in particular Plato's and Aristotle's work. There would be different texts for beginners, for those making progress, and for the advanced pupils. Arguably this curriculum made sense. But this implies that according to the Ancients' model we should start our study of Plato with his *First Alcibiades*. Or if we like to use the broadest range of influence as a criterion, including the Latin tradition, the *Phaedo* would probably win out as the most powerful introduction to Plato's thought. Or

would such a line of reasoning get entangled in historicism, as opposed to a legitimate historical perspective? But assessing a text's impact merely from a current perspective has its problems too. After all, many of the texts we do read are not necessarily part of the common cultural stock anymore. Witness the Program's fund for republishing texts that have gone out of print.

Assimilation is one of the biggest dangers of a merely current perspective, as exemplified also in the cases I have mentioned so far. Assimilation happens when we impose a framework or cherished views on a text rather than work from the texts themselves as a starting point. The danger can easily elude us. To those among us, for instance, who think and live from a Christian perspective the claim comes easily that whatever was of value in the Judean, the Greek, and the Roman traditions has not only been assimilated by Christianity, but also surpassed. Yet by endorsing such a claim, consciously or unconsciously, we end up giving a raw deal to all four traditions (not to mention any others), so that their power (including that of Christianity!) is diminished. There are sound hermeneutical reasons for resisting the temptation, should it ever arise, of reading Christ-imagery into Homer's *Iliad*.

Now that I am about to teach Seminar One for the first time, I am relishing the possibility of seeing jaws drop of those of you who have seen *Troy*—the movie—(my then thirteen year-old dragged me along to go see it) and who will read for the first time Homer's original account of the Trojan war, his *Iliad*. When we enter Homer's world, we may just as well, at times, find ourselves on a different planet, both disoriented and enticed. Close encounter of the third kind. Who needs Martians? Homer's stories create a shock of the unfamiliar, even while evoking familiar traces of the all too human.

Another of my favorite examples of anachronistic projections is the role that images of Greek temples played in literature and art in Romanticism and beyond. Think of the evocative power of those stark white marble ruins, against an almost liquid blue sky, hardly distinguishable from the sea, and located in spectacular landscapes. The problem with this projection, however, is that original Greek temples were not virginally white; they were painted, and in very lively colors at that. So, should we reject as seriously misguided the projection that proved so fertile for literature and art? No, but we can add a dimension to our understanding by combining what we now know about ancient cultures with later perspectives. We can never rid ourselves entirely from our viewpoint—our existential embeddedness in history, space, and time—and in any attempt to do so we may even stand to lose more than we can gain. Yet we can become conscious of that viewpoint and subject it to scrutiny rather than take it for granted or consider it self-evident.

Such a scrutiny can result in confusion and puzzlement at times, but those symptoms are a good indicator that we have genuinely opened ourselves up to what the texts are trying to tell us, especially when this message is very unfamiliar, perhaps even outrageous, to us. It is not an uncommon experience that after having given one's best effort at reading—as opposed to skimming a text or bluffing one's way through seminar—one still feels as if one has not quite “cracked the code” (of the Martians' signals, to continue my earlier metaphor). It is tempting then to turn to a seminar leader for an answer and a resolution of the tension. Yet, we, the faculty, cannot give those answers, not only because we do not know them, but also because even if we did, we would be doing injustice to the works as well as to the process of a seminar discussion.

One of my own Classics teachers and mentors from graduate school who has made a lasting impression on me—actually, it would be more accurate to say that I was awe-struck—is Bernard Fenik, an eminent Homer scholar of his generation. When he taught a graduate seminar on Homer, whom he did know through and through, and many verses by heart, he regularly would intersect discussions with remarks such as “I had not noticed this angle before...” or “This point never occurred to me.” He was not trying to tell students politely that they were clueless, with an irony that only the ones who knew could understand; no, he meant what he said, and would often follow-up with some further research in subsequent sessions. This was a demanding teacher whom one did not want to disappoint, but who also truly empowered his students and respected them enough not to go the easy route of pre-packaged learning.

I have referred to many examples of the unlikely survival of fragile writing materials such as papyrus and paper. But oral traditions can be even more astonishing in their ability to resist time and the loss of memory. By convention, we continue to attribute the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to Homer, but Homer is hardly an author in the sense now familiar to us. Behind these two epics stand generations of oral story-telling, which accounts for quite a number of their narrative techniques. The so-called Homeric question cannot be closed yet. Where does Homer fit into the transmission chain? When and why were the stories committed to writing, and was this feat accomplished by a single author, or by a group of people? The oral tradition did not come to an abrupt end with the arrival of written versions; live

narrations of the stories would continue long afterwards. The epic cycles used in such declamations contained much more story material than we now find in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and continued to inspire poets of such stature as the Greek tragedians. The versions we now have possibly resulted from a political campaign on the part of the 6<sup>th</sup> century BC Athenian tyrant Peisistratus to enhance his city’s political and cultural prominence, as well as legitimize his own leadership position. Schoolchildren—well, boys, actually—learned to read and write on the basis of Homer. Small wonder, then, that in the battle for young and eager minds, Homer represented for Plato both an admirable model and a formidable enemy, a rival who somehow had to be neutralized. The arts of philology and text editing, implying a concern to prevent mistakes from creeping into a tradition, were given a crucial boost by scholars working in the library of Alexandria in the Hellenistic period, with Homer being among the primary test cases.

As I said to my painter friend, “Tradition just is.” He looked a bit taken aback and overwhelmed by the monologue and avalanche of ideas that followed upon that enigmatic declaration. My exposition was not as elaborate and structured as this sermon—I mean, Opening Charge—is, but it surprised us both. “Tradition by itself is neither progressive nor conservative; it just is.” That tiniest, most common, and most irregular of verbs, “to be,” is a very potent and often hotly contested vehicle of meaning—and, as a philosopher I can say this, it is by no means the exclusive domain of theologians and philosophers.



## RETIREMENT REMARKS

November 17, 2005  
M. Katherine Tillman

I write this little retirement piece on December 15, 2005, my 65<sup>th</sup> birthday. Over past decades, whenever I saw the 2005 retirement date on various forms and documents, it seemed so unreal. Yet here it is for me right now, arrived and real. Where did all of those years and decades go? Why, I realize now, they slipped by almost unnoticed, while I was engaged in the gifts and challenges of each moment. It is the “now,” wrote Paul Tillich, which, in shedding its two faces of “past” and “future,” opens us to the “eternal now” of perfect presence.

Whether time is the measure of change, as Aristotle said; or an a priori form that structures experience, as Kant thought; be it cyclical, as many of the Greeks and Romans held; or linear, as Judeo-Christian tradition reveals; be it infinitely divisible or composed of discrete moments or an aspect of a more fundamental space-time continuum—it is not the philosophical meanings of time that make their home in my mind as much as a memorable line I read in my college days, in a book on spirituality by a Father Gleason: “Time is given us that we may grow in love.”

The main feeling I have at this particularly reflective time of my life is one of deep gratitude for the very gift of time (my father, the first “Professor Tillman,” died at the age of 48), and for all within time that has been given me, especially for every “thou” who has come into my life: my students, my colleagues and friends, my family. In this spirit, I requested of Prof. Phil Sloan that any retirement celebration for me be located around Thanksgiving time. And so it was.

We have a neat faculty custom in PLS, that the one who will be the next to retire gets to

plan and carry out a celebration of choice for the one who is actually retiring. Accordingly, I coordinated the beautiful Communion breakfast for Fr. Nicholas Ayo and his guests. I myself chose a special dinner with my PLS colleagues and their spouses; with three cherished women friends; with Fr. Marvin O’Connell, historian and Newman scholar, who represented all of my Newman colleagues around the world; and Fr. Jim McDonald, CSC, now executive assistant to Notre Dame’s president, who (together with Fr. Jeff Schneibel, CSC, of our PLS faculty) represented all of my beloved students from thirty seven years of college teaching. Prof. Sloan deserves kudos for preparing a truly enjoyable occasion for all of us, with flowing bubbly, good food, very chocolate dessert, humbling toasts and gifts galore.

A very special gift of the evening was the beautiful “memory album,” which contains all of your wonderful tributes, my dear students, together with those of my colleagues, and fun photos from over the years, all of which Prof. Sloan and Ms. Debbie Kabzinski so attractively arranged for me. Because I knew of the strongly emotional impact your many messages would have upon me, I waited several days to open the album and begin to read. And all I can put into words now, in this general and thus largely impersonal way, is an affectionate thank you so very, very much. Every extravagant word and sentiment of your special communications will remain among these treasured pages to bring me joy in reading again and again. May God bless each of you, and all who are in your own heart, now and always.

## NEW FACULTY INTRODUCTIONS

Robert Goulding

We are delighted to welcome **Bernd Goehring** and **Jessica Wormley** to the PLS faculty.

Bernd is originally from Bruehl, Germany, a picturesque town between Cologne and Bonn, not far from the Rhine river. He specializes in Medieval philosophy, but his interests include Ancient philosophy, theories of knowledge and mind, theology, and Italian literature. He will be teaching the Great Books seminars and the philosophy tutorials.

Bernd first became fascinated by philosophy during his years at St.-Ursula-Gymnasium in Bruehl, where he enjoyed learning languages – Latin, English, French and Italian – and important analytical skills by focusing on philosophy and mathematics. He received his further philosophical and humanistic training on both sides of the Atlantic – in Germany, Italy, the UK, and the United States. At Bonn University he completed an M.A. in philosophy, theology and Italian philology with a thesis on “Aquinas on Self-Knowledge,” part of which he published as a separate article. He gained hands-on research experience by working for two years as a research assistant at Albertus-Magnus-Institut in Bonn, which publishes the critical edition of Albert the Great’s *Opera Omnia*.

Bernd spent the year 1994-95 at the University of Florence to study Renaissance humanism, and was awarded a Europaeum fellowship for study at Oxford University in 1997-98, where he worked on topics in Medieval and analytic philosophy with Fr. Herbert McCabe, Sir Anthony Kenny and others. In 1999 Bernd moved to the United States to pursue a doctorate in Medieval Studies, with a specialization in Medieval philosophy, at Cornell University under the guidance of Scott MacDonald. His dissertation explores the views on knowledge and mind espoused by

Henry of Ghent, a late 13th-century thinker at the University of Paris.

Bernd reports that he very much enjoyed teaching Ethics and Seminar III this Fall, and that he finds discussions in and outside of class intellectually stimulating and highly rewarding. For his seminar he organized trips to the Dante collection in Notre Dame’s Hesburgh Library and to the collection of Medieval art in the Snite Museum. He has been eager to get to know current and former PLS students at various events such as the Opening Charge, the Career night, the All Souls mass and dinner, and a trip to the Lyric Opera in Chicago, with Julia Marvin and the juniors, to see *Carmen*. And some evenings Bernd has even been heard playing some jazz on the new “PLS piano” in 221 O’Shaughnessy.

Jessica is currently an Instructor in the Program of Liberal Studies at the University of Notre Dame. She will receive a Ph.D in theology from Fordham University. Her area of specialization is fundamental theology, with a focus on the theology of Karl Rahner. Her intellectual interests center around the interface of continental philosophy with theology, particularly regarding epistemological and hermeneutical questions. She has won several external fellowships as a doctoral student including a research fellowship from the Fund for Theological Education and selection as an Erskine Peters Fellow at the University of Notre Dame. She has delivered lectures at a number of colleges and universities including Chestnut Hill College, the College of St. Elizabeth, and the University of Notre Dame. She is the first Erskine Peters Fellow to be hired as a regular member of our faculty.

## FACULTY NEWS

Professor **Otto Bird**'s most recent book is *From Witchery to Sanctity: The Religious Vicissitudes of the Hawthornes*, which he co-authored with his daughter Kate Bird, and which is published by St. Augustine's Press. It tells the story of religion in the family of the famous American writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of whose daughters established an order of Catholic nuns, which continues to this day. Professor Bird, now 92, has had some serious health problems over the last two years and although he is now recovering, your prayers would be appreciated.

**Michael Crowe**, who became emeritus in 2002, has been enjoying his retirement. In Spring of 2004, he and his wife traveled for a couple weeks in the Scandinavian countries. In Fall, 2005, he taught a graduate course in the History of Modern Astronomy. He continues to work on two books. Green Lion Press will be publishing his *Mechanics from Aristotle to Einstein* in 2006. He is also finishing his *Source Book for the Extraterrestrial Life Debate: From Antiquity to 1915*.

**Steve Fallon** reports that he's had a busy year, completing two scholarly projects, a book on the Milton's self-representations and an edition (with two co-editors) of Milton's complete poetry and selected prose. In May he married Joan Wulff of Oak Park, Illinois, and since then he and Joan have been happily blending their two families into a family of seven. He is looking forward to teaching *Paradise Lost* at the 2006 Summer Symposium.

At the beginning of the Fall semester **Bernd Goehring** participated in the first annual Teaching and Course Development Workshop, a stimulating, week-long seminar organized by Notre Dame's Kaneb Center for Teaching and Learning. In December Bernd

presented a paper on "Henry of Ghent on Intellectual Cognition" at the Eastern Division Meeting of the American Philosophical Association in New York, in a session sponsored by the Société Internationale pour l'Étude de la Philosophie Médiévale.

**Robert Goulding** presented a paper at the Princeton University conference "Renaissance Magic: Performance, Technology and Theater," where he introduced a little-known Elizabethan university professor of logic, whose enthusiasm for Aristotle was only rivalled by his interests in necromancy and swimming. In October, he organized a conference at Notre Dame on "Alchemy and Matter Theory." In the Fall, he was awarded a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship for the academic year 2006-7 – as was his wife Margaret, who is a professor of Italian history in the History Department. They are looking forward to a fruitful year of research in Europe (though, with research interests divided by the Alps, also more than a little travelling to and fro!).

**Julia Marvin** earned tenure and promotion to associate professor in spring 2005. She is slowly adjusting to the idea that she is now "part of the academic establishment," as a congratulatory letter from the dean's office told her. She published several articles in 2005: on the legendary figure of Havelok the Dane, on the prophecies of Merlin in the prose *Brut* chronicle, and on the ways in which the appearance of medieval manuscripts can tell us how their original audiences understood and used them. She has at long last completed her edition and translation of the prose *Brut*, which will be published by Boydell in 2006. Over the summer, she spoke at conferences and

conducted research in Northern Ireland, England, and the Netherlands, and in the fall she did her best to fill Ed Goehring's shoes by teaching the Fine Arts tutorial – she couldn't have done it without Prof. Goehring's generous moral and practical support, all the way from the University of Western Ontario, where he is now teaching. Prof. Marvin is looking forward to a quieter time in 2006, with plenty of time in the garden and her first opportunity to teach at the PLS summer symposium.

**Phillip Sloan** was on a research leave in the spring of 2005 working on a book on the history of the "molecular" revolution in biology. He plans this for an undergraduate audience and it will draw on some of his experience over the years teaching in the Program. In addition to this research, he delivered one of the Friday night lectures at St. John's College in Annapolis on the issues of reductionism and the new biology. He continues as the President of the Association

for Core Texts and Courses ([www.coretexts.org](http://www.coretexts.org)), an international organization devoted to the cultivation of primary-text humanities education. In this capacity he visited the Technologia Universidad in Cartagena, Colombia in October at the invitation of President Patricia Martínez Barrios (class of 1979), and gave a talk at a conference she had organized with the general theme "Why Read the Great Books in the University." Patricia will be delivering one of the plenary addresses at the ACTC conference in April in Chicago. She may be able to bring a team from Colombia to Notre Dame to visit the Program after the conference. He has also been working on bioethical questions and has introduced a unit on biological development into the senior natural science unit this semester that will allow students to deal in an informed way with such issues as stem cell research.

**Brother Edmund Hunt, C.S.C.** died on July 24, 2005. He taught in the Program from 1968 to 1974, teaching seminars, fine arts, and literature. Born in 1910, he graduated from Notre Dame in 1935 and received his Ph.D. in classical languages from the University of Chicago in 1940 and later studied at the Sorbonne. He was a member of the brothers of the Holy Cross for 73 years. From 1946 to 1952, he served as the first brother president of St. Edward's University in Austin, Texas.

**EDWARD J. CRONIN MEMORIAL**  
**November 4, 1916—December 25, 2004**

**REMEMBERING EDWARD CRONIN**  
**Remarks Delivered at the Annual Cronin Award Dinner**

23 March, 2005  
Professor Phillip Sloan

When Professor Henry Weinfield asked me to make a few remarks on Professor Edward Cronin at this first Cronin dinner that Ed is not with us to make this award, many memories flooded to mind and I was not exactly clear where to begin.

When I came to the Program, for Ed always GP—"General Program," not the new-fangled PLS— as a young assistant professor in 1974, Ed was a member of the CAP and a senior professor in the Program. He was also an academic the likes of which I had never met before.

My first year here involved me in a steep learning curve. Although I had taught before coming here, I had never had any personal contact with a Great Books program, nor with a Catholic university, nor with American Irish culture, nor with the world of the Cubs and Sox, nor with Chicago Ward Politics. All of these were new experiences—even cultural shocks—for me and for Sharon and our children, who had spent all our lives to that time west of the Rockies, and no one more fully exemplified all of these new cultural encounters than Edward Cronin.

From comments in faculty meetings, it was clear that Ed had a particular take on the world of great books, and on teaching in the Program, one that I could not quite get hold of. I was also a bit nervous as a young faculty member because of a distinct sense I got from Ed

at this time that one shouldn't be doing much research because it took time away from teaching.

It was in the second semester that I came to know Ed more intimately. In those days, it was still possible to put young members of the Program in a team-teaching situation in the seminars with more experienced faculty members. I had been put in the senior seminar alone in the first semester—a somewhat terrifying experience, since the students had completed four previous seminars by this point. Although I had taught elsewhere before coming to the Program, this had been in a standard lecture format where I had control of the class and the material. Good teaching was giving organized and up-to-date lectures. But in the PLS seminars, the students were seizing the class from my hands and carrying on their own discussion, making reference to books I had not even read! So I decided to ask the Chair to put me the next semester in an apprenticeship situation. When I suggested Ed, some raised eyebrows and I came to see why.

In the second semester in this team-teaching situation, the class was clearly Ed's. He brought a thermos of tea and his pipe to class and told me early on that I also should smoke a pipe, since this gave an excuse to do something after asking an opening question to allow the discussion to develop. This was part of his way of conducting the seminar—

ask a question, and then fiddle with his pipe, maybe pour a cup of tea, and just let the class discussion develop.

I was one of those who came to the seminar with a set of carefully outlined notes, moving from point to point to develop a structured discussion about the text at hand, and I was spending until the wee hours of the morning reading secondary commentaries and trying to master this new world of discussion learning with texts that were very new to me. None of this worked in this seminar. Ed simply started up a discussion on directions that may not have occurred to me, sometimes following this by interrogating the students, sometimes expressing dismay at the answers given. This was interspersed with pipe lighting, and often with digressions into comments on the Sox and democratic politics. It was a painful semester for me, as Brian Cronin, who was in the class, probably remembers, and I think I got my most disappointing TCE's ever from that class.

But there were things that I took from this encounter with Edward Cronin that gradually began to affect me. One thing was certain: the books we read that semester—by Voltaire, Weber, Marx, Freud, Goethe, and Dostoyevsky to name a few—were not simply scholarly artefacts for Ed and the students about which one mastered the surrounding literature and developed accepted scholarly readings, as I was trying to do. They were instead components of an existential engagement with life's great questions. Ed was not interested in context, nor in the latest scholarly opinions, nor even in the texts themselves. He used the texts as occasions for a discussion of the big

questions. When one read Dostoyevsky, as we did, it was to engage the existential struggles of faith and doubt; it was to feel the draw of the earthiness of life manifest by Dimitri Karamazov. It was to appreciate the “sticky green leaves” in the spring that Ivan loved in the face of his general nihilism. And Ed was a master in drawing these issues out of the texts.

His required novel class, taken in the junior year in the Program, always dealt with *Ulysses*, and I sensed that he drew from students this same kind of deep existential engagement in these classes. This was a phenomenally popular course, whose affect still can be measured by comments from alums at our annual reunion weekends.

This sense of engagement with the great questions I came to see was one of the reasons why Ed was known then, and continued to be known, as one of the great teachers at Notre Dame. His impact has been deep and abiding on so many of our graduates. He was the first of the Program faculty to win in 1977 the prestigious Sheedy Award, the highest award given by the College for teaching excellence. Like other great teachers from that era whose names are remembered by a long line of Notre Dame graduates such as Joe Evans and Frank O'Malley, he was not known as a research scholar, but rather as one who truly saw his vocation to be that of a teacher of the young.

His conception of teaching had little to do with syllabus planning, clear and organized lectures, or quantitative measures of learning assessment. He treated the recently-instituted TCE's with contempt and refused to have them

administered in his classes. He was known as “B-” Cronin because he almost automatically gave students a B- grade on their first writing assignments, and then spent the rest of the semester in long office hours in the basement of the library, amid clouds of pipe smoke, working with them on writing during what were known as his “confession hours.” The Cronin Writing guide, of which there are still copies around for any interested, was an extensive list of do’s and don’ts, delivered in his dictatorial style, that helped many of our students become fine writers.

I said he was not known as a publishing research scholar. But this is not the same as not being a scholar. One should not take from my remarks that he did not know his area of work. He had received an MA in English from the University of Chicago in 1940, and then his Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota in 1952. Most here, even the senior faculty, probably would be surprised to know that his doctoral dissertation was not on James Joyce, but was instead a moral analysis of Joseph Conrad, done jointly in English and Philosophy (*Dissertation Abstracts* AAT 0184151).

In his later years on the faculty, as Notre Dame began to talk more about research and publication, he turned to writing up some of his material on Joyce, and out of this came a series of articles—nine to be exact—in such top journals as *Renascence*, the *James Joyce Quarterly*, the *Journal of the American Academy of Religion*, and the *James Joyce Newsletter*. I remember being quite amazed by the quality of this scholarship when in a faculty seminar we read some of his articles along with the reading of

Joyce’s short story trilogy “The Sisters,” “Araby,” and “The Dead.”

Since retiring in 1982, Ed taught first year seminars for the Program regularly until health issues finally caught up with him in the late 1990s. Those of us who have been entertained each year by Ed’s famous opening of the award letter of the Cronin prize winner at this banquet know how he has become more and more frail these last years, and many of us I am sure felt that last year was to be his last one with us, as it proved to be.

Many tragedies were to strike Ed in his last years. Our hearts and prayers of course go out to Brian and his siblings for the series of deaths that in a few years were to take three of Ed’s six children and then Ed and Serena in the early months of this year.

To the end he retained a deep commitment to his life-long loyalties that enabled him to weather these tragedies. He sported the first Kerry-Edwards button I saw this last election season. When Katherine Tillman, Debbie and I visited Ed and Serena in the nursing home last Thanksgiving, he was dressed in green with a Notre Dame sweatshirt and cap, affirming another deep loyalty, both to Notre Dame and to his ethnic Irish heritage. And in spite of the many shocks that these last years must have been to him, he never failed to manifest in small, but unmistakable ways, his deep and thoughtful Catholic faith and his appreciation for his family. I wish to share his thoughts on these issues in an undated testament written in the recent past that I use with the permission of Brian Cronin:

To be made known to the appropriate persons:

No man has been blessed as I have been blessed with the Catholic Faith that was the gift of Grace; with good health that I did nothing to deserve. I have been blessed in marriage not once but three times. I have been blessed with the “job” I love at the school I love. And how I have been blessed with all my children! I hope that all parents are as happy in their children as I have been in mine, for no one who ever lived in this blessed world ever had better children than my six children—Dennis, Patrick, Mary Colleen, Michael, Brian, Ann. Of course I count among my “children” all my grandchildren and all the so-called sons and daughters in *law*. Rather, *in love*. Their constant love and concern for me—a love and concern far above that required by mere duty—has given me the substance of the blessing I would wish for them: that their children be to them as mine were to me.

I could not ask more for those I love  
Love and God Bless,  
Dad, Grandpa, Grandpal, Pops, Da-ee, Paw, Finky  
Faddahhhh

When I last saw Ed at Christmastime, clearly close to death, he said one thing to me—“tell Katherine Tillman what a great teacher she is!” So I will end this on a note of praise passed on from one generation of teachers to another who recently retired from active teaching. It was characteristic of Ed to think even in these last days of the Program and of the people he had mentored.

To the winner of tonight’s award, I regret that you will not know Edward Cronin personally. Perhaps you will want to see his writing guide and you may even learn from it. Appreciate the person for whom this award is named, and how he was truly one of the great teachers of your own teachers.



# THE CRONIN FUNERAL MASS HOMILY: A Reconstruction

February 14, 2005

Rev. Nicholas Ayo, csc

Edward Cronin's death was not anticipated by the university community, and when I was asked to preside at the funeral mass, I thought whatever I said at the homily of the mass should be brief. Less is more was a lesson that students learned from Professor Cronin, as he would pare their prose to the essential bone. I thought I would make two points, and prayer would be the first.

Prayer is the attention of the soul; the attentive person is prayerful naturally. Thoughtlessness and amnesia are the banes of the spiritual life. Professor Cronin paid attention to his students and to their writing. Say what you mean and mean what you say remains advice he would have applauded. I think he read the life of his students much as he read their essays. He paid attention to them. He cared about what he saw and what he encountered in what they gave to him of themselves. And for that they loved him.

The second point I wanted to make gave recognition to Professor Cronin's lifelong devotion to James Joyce's masterpiece novel, *Ulysses*. A long and admittedly difficult read, the book had been banned in Boston and elsewhere, because of its too explicit and vivid depiction of what human beings think, feel, and do on any given day. That cornucopia of human life in one brief day in Dublin town fascinated Ed. In his faith, he knew that Jesus was born in a stable and died on a cross. Human life might be messy, but God had not deigned to avoid the descent into Dublin. Joyce himself saw the perduring beauty and yearning in human life even amidst its astonishing buzzing sham and confusion. In the end, to be human was to be good. Even God thought it so and came to join us. Professor Cronin knew in his bones that mystery of being human, and he professed that conviction in the way he taught, in the way he lived in family, and in the book he loved.

## EDWARD CRONIN REFLECTION

Stephen Fallon

It will be hard to follow what we've just heard, Professor Sloan's reminiscences of Professor Cronin, Father's Ayo's eloquent homily, and, most of all, Professor Cronin's moving letter to posterity and his family. I console myself that my remarks will end with Shakespeare, and he's a pretty good writer. And also that I have an advantage on Professor Marvin, who will follow me. Shakespeare, or his editors, punctuated his plays. Professor Marvin will be on her own with Joyce.

When I first arrived at Notre Dame, now twenty years ago, Ed Cronin was the last link to the Program's beginning, the only one of the founders still teaching. And he continued to teach for the next sixteen years. As a young literature teacher in the Program, I found Ed to be both an inspiration and a challenge. He was legendary for his love for literature and teaching, his work with student writing, and his affection and concern for his students. It seemed impossible to even begin to live up to the legacy of teaching that he had left and was still leaving. It seems no more possible after twenty years than it did then. Thank goodness teaching is not a competition. Over the years I came to know Ed Cronin as a man who lived for his faith, his family, and his teaching, and I am richer for having known him.

It took eight years or so before something happened that told me that I had found a home at Notre Dame and in the Program. It wasn't receiving tenure; that came earlier. For my first years here Ed called me Vince. I'll never

forget the day I walked into the PLS office to have Ed greet me as "Steve." I knew then that I had arrived.

The poetic oration that graces the Cronin Dinner began years ago. The tradition gave rise to a competition between Ed and me. Each of us was loyal to our own candidate for the worst poet in the English language. Ed favored Julia A. Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, and I had my money on the egregious Scot William McGonagall. We enjoyed trading execrable verses, and neither of us managed to change the other's mind. If you come to a future Cronin Dinner, you will most likely be treated to work by one or both of these deeply incompetent writers.

But tonight you'll have to settle for Shakespeare. I've chosen three passages from *Hamlet*. It is a death-obsessed play, and it was difficult to choose passages fitting for this occasion, so close to Ed's death. But I've settled on three passages, each briefer than the last, because each reminds me of Ed.

I chose the first because of Ed's love for literature and for thinking about and teaching literature. It is a speech in which Hamlet teaches three players the art of acting, of making words come alive on the stage, as Ed made words come alive in the classroom:

Speak the speech, I pray you, as  
I pronounced it to you, trippingly on  
the tongue: but if you mouth it, as  
many of your players do, I had as  
lief the town-crier spoke my lines.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. [I can imagine Ed saying something like this in his "confessions" in the basement of Hesburgh library.] . . . Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For any thing so o'erdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having th' accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. (III.ii)

The next passage comes shortly afterward. In it Hamlet speaks to Horatio, telling him why he admires him and counts him a fast friend. Hamlet's description of Horatio reminds me of the kind of man Ed was:

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice  
 And could of men distinguish, her election  
 S' hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast  
     been  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those  
 Whose blood and judgment are so well  
     commingled,  
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that  
     man  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
 As I do thee. (III.ii)

In the final passage Hamlet contemplates his imminent death. Ed was old for quite a while, and he had time to think about what comes to all in the end. Because of the deep faith about which we've heard tonight, Ed faced the end squarely and with dignity, as Hamlet does here:

We defy augury: there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man of aught he leaves knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be. (V.ii)

**JAMES JOYCE, *ULYSSES***  
**(New York: Vintage, 1961), pp. 781-83.**  
**2005 Cronin High Table Dinner**  
Reading by Julia Marvin

I love flowers I'd love to have the whole  
place swimming in roses God of heaven  
there's nothing like nature the wild  
mountains then the sea and the waves  
rushing then the beautiful country with  
fields of oats and wheat and all kinds of  
things and all the fine cattle going about  
that would do your heart good to see  
rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts of  
shapes and smells and colours springing  
up even out of the ditches primroses and  
violets nature it is as for them saying  
there's no God I wouldn't give a snap of  
my two fingers for all their learning why  
don't they go and create something I  
often asked him atheists or whatever  
they call themselves go and wash the  
cobblestones off themselves first then they go  
howling for the priest and they dying  
and why why because they're afraid of  
hell on account of their bad conscience  
ah yes I know them well who was the  
first person in the universe before there  
was anybody that made it all who ah that  
they don't know neither do I so there you  
are they might as well try to stop the sun  
from rising tomorrow the sun shines for  
you he said the day we were lying  
among the rhododendrons on Howth  
head in the grey tweed suit and his straw  
hat the day I got him to propose to me  
yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake  
out of my mouth and it was leapyear like  
now yes 16 years ago my God after that  
long kiss I nearly lost my breath yes he  
said I was a flower of the mountain yes  
so we are flowers all a woman's body yes  
that was one true thing he said in his life  
and the sun shines for you today yes that  
was why I liked him because I saw he

understood or felt what a woman is and I  
knew I could always get round him and I  
gave him all the pleasure I could leading  
him on till he asked me to say yes and I  
wouldn't answer first only looked out  
over the sea and the sky I was thinking  
of so many things he didn't know of  
Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and  
father and old captain Groves and the  
sailors playing all birds fly and I say  
stoop and washing up dishes they called  
it on the pier and the sentry in front of  
the governor's house with the thing round  
his white helmet poor devil half roasted  
and the Spanish girls laughing in their  
shawls and their tall combs and the  
auctions in the morning the Greeks and  
the Jews and the Arabs and the devil  
knows who else from all the ends of  
Europe and Duke Street and the fowl  
market all clucking outside Larby  
Sharon's and the poor donkeys slipping  
half asleep and the vague fellows in the  
cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps  
and the big wheels of the carts of the  
bulls and the old castle thousands of  
years old yes and those handsome Moors  
all in white and turbans like kings asking  
you to sit down in their little bit of a  
shop and Ronda with the old windows of  
the posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid  
for her lover to kiss the iron and the  
wineshops half open at night and the  
castanets and the night we missed the  
boat at Algeciras the watchman going  
about serene with his lamp and O that  
awful deepdown torrent O and the sea  
the sea crimson sometimes like fire and  
the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in  
the Alameda gardens yes and all the

queer little streets and the pink and blue  
and yellow houses and the rosegardens  
and the jessamine and geraniums and  
cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I  
was a Flower of the mountain yes when I  
put the rose in my hair like the  
Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a  
red yes and how he kissed me under the  
Moorish wall and I thought well as well  
him as another and then I asked him with

my eyes to ask again yes and then he  
asked me would I yes to say yes my  
mountain flower and first I put my arms  
around him yes and drew him down to  
me so he could feel my breasts all  
perfume yes and his heart was going like  
mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

*Trieste-Zürich-Paris, 1914-1921*

**FAVORITE AND TRUE TALES  
ABOUT MY SPIRITED COLLEAGUE AND FRIEND  
EDWARD J. CRONIN**

Walter Nicgorski

Most of what follows is excerpted from an address I delivered in the presence of Professor Cronin and his wife Serena at the 2003 Cronin Award Dinner. Entitled “In Praise of Professor Edward J. Cronin,” the address recalled the reasons for his justly deserved reputation as an excellent and very successful teacher. I was able to speak on this matter as a long-standing colleague, as his chairman for six years and as a parent. Two of my children experienced his skilled and spirited tutelage.

Beneath his academic degrees and professional accomplishments and awards, there was the wonderful human being marked by down-to-earth honesty, simple determination and a distinctive wit and wisdom. What follows comes chiefly from the part of the address illustrating these features of his living presence. I hope they help readers recall similar and special moments in his classes or in the “confessional” of his office.

—My first meeting with Ed occurred in the summer of 1964 on the first or second time I entered O’Shaughnessy Hall after moving to South Bend and Notre Dame. I had been hired by what was then called the Department of Government and International Studies and was still six years away from becoming Ed’s colleague in what was then called The General Program of Liberal Studies. As he sat in the outer offices of one of the Deans, I was introduced to him as an experienced faculty member having just recuperated from a heart attack. In the conversation that followed Ed made not so subtle efforts to impress on me that moving from the University of Chicago to Notre Dame was a clear step up. He also mentioned that despite

his recent health difficulties he had just returned from “the holy land.” I thought that was quite marvelous. It took a few years of experience with Ed and then the kindly clarification by another colleague to discover that by “holy land” Ed meant either the South Side of Chicago or Ireland; most often the former. Ed hated usages like “the latter” and “the former,” and later as his chairman, I scrutinized my memos to the faculty carefully against his “checklist” lest (oh, he is turning in his grave over that archaic term) he find reason, in addition to my politics, for coming after me.

—During the remainder of the 1960s Ed and I often ate our brown bag lunches together in the dungeon (basement of the Hesburgh library) where the Arts and Letters faculty was domiciled in those days. On the football field, it was the beginning of the “Era of Ara,” an earlier “return to glory.” Ed had, I believe, been involved for some time in the tutoring and academic counseling of athletes. One day he came to lunch very disturbed. He had had some kind of angry disagreement with the extremely successful young coach, and it sounded like it had been stewing for some time. Parseghian was in his second or third year, as I recall, and had been defeated but twice and tied once. Ed came to the point of slamming down his fist and saying “Walt, I am going into the boss (Father Hesburgh, President and Ed’s classmate in ND’38), and I want to let him know that either the coach goes or I go.” I said, “Ed, let’s talk about it a little more.”

—Though Ed did remove himself soon after from that counseling and tutoring station, he of course maintained the fervor of his love of Notre Dame including Notre Dame football.

Under doctor's orders there was a time when he could not watch the games for fear of his heart. He would go to his office to work, I'm told, and inquire about a game's outcome later. During this time and into the 1970s Ed was a member of the Faculty Board in Control of Athletics. Sensitive to the fact that a lot of administrators sat on this board and that its powers were limited, Ed called it the "So-Called Faculty Board in So-Called Control of Athletics." During this time Ed was strongly opposed to Notre Dame breaking its tradition of not participating in bowl games after the regular season. He was among those who opposed change of the policy and who prevailed for a time. When the tradition was broken and Notre Dame began to accept bowl invitations, Ed reported to me that he regularly voted against accepting all specific invitations. One day, however, he observed that he was finding himself in a very favorable position. As an invitation came before the Board, he voted against acceptance, and this left his conscience at peace. Having been defeated in the vote, he then proceeded to enjoy the "perks" of the so-called Board, and those included going along to the bowl as part of the official University party.

—How patient, thorough and demanding he was as a teacher of writing. How well he knew what he was about in his vocation as a teacher and in his dedication to literature and in particular to the study of the works of James Joyce. As his chairman who made at most gentle efforts to hold him accountable for his research time, I recall him telling me that if I did a little analysis and reflection on the term "research," I would realize ("use your Latin, Walt!") that "re-search" means to search again. He was ever searching again and again into the great books. Indeed he was, and especially those of Joyce who, I

later discovered, had actually written that "the only demand I make of my reader is that he should devote his whole life to my work." Joyce in fact sounds perverse when he writes specifically of his "easier" major work, *Ulysses*, that he "put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant, and that's the only way of ensuring one's immortality." Figuring out Joyce may be endless, but it attracted many and very good students to Ed's special evening seminars.

—Ed thought all of us faculty who didn't smoke pipes were at a disadvantage as seminar leaders. Now the law of the campus, of course, forbids it if we should be so inclined. Ed's point was that a seminar leader had to have something to do when the opening question is posed and silence descends on the group. Ed thought that was the time to fumble into your pockets for your equipment and engage in a good pipe-cleaning.

—One of the last times I saw Ed was at the 2004 Cronin Award Dinner. He was sporting a very large John Kerry button, and I suspect he thought I was going to sit across from him as I had in the previous year. He was up to provoking me, for he could never understand how I could wander off the reservation of that united faith in the Church, Notre Dame, the USA, Chicagoland, the White Sox and the Democratic Party. In that faith, he was easily dear to me for, save for Chicago and the White Sox, it was the faith of my own parents who, like Ed, were unbending New Deal Democrats with similar experiences in the 30s and 40s. Ed must be relishing, at the least, not just this year of triumph for the White Sox but also the growing distinction of his beloved Notre Dame in all its facets.

## A REFLECTION ON ED CRONIN

M. Katherine Tillman

There are many stories about the “character,” Professor Edward J. Cronin (“never ‘Doctor,’ Katherine, *that* is for a physician”), and among them are a few of my own, which often had to do with my being “a female of the opposite sex.” In the early years, that is, the ‘70s, Ed would look me up and down and shake his head in dismay whenever I wore a pantsuit rather than a skirt. He always had some comment on a new hair style “You look like you put your finger into an electrical outlet.” I believe the “young ladies” in his classes of yesteryear were told always to wear skirts, and the “gentlemen” never to wear hats indoors. Mind you, Ed insisted again and again over the years that he had been a “women’s libber” long before it became popular, because of how he’d always loved and respected women. “On a pedestal, yes, that’s where women belong.” He relished my once having told him that when it came to women, he was from some other planet. Ed and I argued once over something about the Blessed Mother, I can’t remember just what, with me arguing from my of-course-advanced theological perspective, and he from his deeply rooted devotional viewpoint; I from the head and he from the heart. Silly, when we both knew we were both right.

Ed, Steve Rogers and I considered ourselves a fine threesome as “General Program” colleagues and we would commiserate after faculty meetings when things hadn’t gone quite our way. Our special comradeship seemed based on our mutual conviction that good teaching

was what mattered most in the “GP” (“you have to get the hay to the horses, Katherine”) and that literature was the best way to learn and instill what philosophy knew to be good and true. My mentor, Ed, loved my mentor, Cardinal Newman, and he often said how he considered Newman’s *Idea of a University* the best book he had written, and how that book was sometimes used in state universities for its commanding example of eloquent prose. I can hear them conversing right now in heaven, Ed pouring tea from his thermos and puffing on his pipe, spicing the dialogue with: “But here’s the way I see it, Cardinal Newman. . . .”

Each winter, as the northern Indiana temperatures fell, Ed would keep a solicitous lookout, then phone me at home the night of the first hard freeze. “Now, Katherine,” he would say every time, “be sure to open the cabinets beneath your kitchen sink so the pipes don’t freeze.” And if need be, he would add, turn on a little flowing water just to keep it moving. I could always count on a birthday card from Ed, on its backside a huge arrow pointing to the circled price of the card.

Ed invited me to his home now and then, where I would experience his deep love of his family. His teasing laughter and corny jokes always and only betrayed his affection for his children, his wife, his guest. His unabashed tears in recent years were always over the tragic losses of his dear children. Though he’d say it only with nods, sighs and smiles, I believe that Brian, whom I had the



privilege of teaching, was Ed's favorite. After all, he is most like Ed, in looks and in goodness, weekly driving the span of miles to and from Chicago, faithful to his beloved father to the end.

Yes, Ed the "character." But it is the *character* of Ed Cronin that meant the most to me and that I shall always remember with deep affection and singular gratitude—sure, steady, rock solid and loyal to a fault. Loving his "students" as they loved him, he was tough and unyielding in his principles, be they of his religious faith, his politics,

or of perfect writing. But it was Ed's compassion that, to me, was his most salient feature—a compassion which stemmed from his profound awareness that human beings (including himself) are of the earth and not of angelic nature, that understanding and forgiveness are a matter of course among such sinners as we are, and that, contrite, we can always begin again afresh. He never pretended to understand what he did not, be it of the mind or the heart, but if it was human, it could neither amaze nor repulse him. Ed was awesomely human, a man to the core.

# SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF EDWARD J. CRONIN

—Charles Titus Boudreaux, Ph.D.

Counseling Psychologist

PLS, Class of 1986

I remember being referred to Dr. Cronin's Freshman Seminar in lieu of a long shot at an advanced English course. Anne Cordesman, my Freshman Year adviser, said "I'll put you in Ed Cronin's class—he'll teach you a thing or two." This seminar was a major factor in my decision to join PLS as a sophomore, where I was graced with additional semesters of Dr. Cronin's teaching.

I remember the very first class in which Dr. Cronin introduced himself by saying "I am a Professor Emeritus—that means I can do *anything I want!*" He chortled "ho-ho!" as he rubbed his hands together in anticipation of the trepidation he had just sparked. One never knew how serious or playful Dr. Cronin was at a given moment—he liked it that way. Other first-day admonitions included a dress code (a lengthy list for "young men"—trousers, shirts with buttons, no caps—but "young ladies will of course dress as young ladies," said with the thickest of Irish charm) and a prohibition against the mere impression of falling asleep in class (with the threat of purchasing coffee for all). He once taught in a classroom with a dilapidated desk—he was delighted to find that a piece of metal, hanging from the underside, could be employed as a gong against the heavy-lidded.

The process of teaching was, above all, about the process of writing. One would type one's "Theme" and submit it, having first consulted "The Check List." This legendary document was the summation of Dr. Cronin's efforts to reform the writing of generations of students. On the front, it bore the following dedication: "THIS

"PHAMPLET" IS DEDICATED TO ALL MY FORMER "STUDNETS" WHO MADE IT NOT ONLY POSSIBLE BUT NECESSARY." A couple of days later, the themes would appear again, in a box labeled "Garbage Out" in the hallway next to Dr. Cronin's office, with the admonition to pick them up quickly because South Bend's civil code prohibited garbage in public hallways for more than 48 hours. One would then correct Dr. Cronin's corrections, re-submit the themes, and Dr. Cronin would correct them—*again*. God help the student who did not address one of the good Doctor's corrections (or, as he put it, "the spilling of Irish blood" upon the paper)! Any remaining points of dispute would be handled in "confession" (office hours). I remember one fateful day when I submitted a theme suggesting that priests ought have the option of celibacy. It had the predictable effect on the Irish Catholic from the South Side of Chicago, and he wrote at the bottom something like "You of course know that I strongly disagree with your premise. But the paper is well-reasoned and well-articulated." He awarded it a B plus —no small praise from "B minus Cronin"—and I considered it a personal victory.

Dr. Cronin's office was something of a legend. Buried in the bowels of Memorial Library, the walls were yellow from pipe smoke and faded newsprint, mostly touting the White Sox. Dr. Cronin would be hunched over his desk, grading, drinking his tea. One would tap on the door frame and he would peer over his glasses, wave vaguely towards a chair, and boom "Well? What's on your mind?" I spent hours there, discussing themes and readings and ideas.

Dr. Cronin loved the Great Books, especially the greatest of the great, James Joyce's *Ulysses*. He had already studied it 40 years when he escorted my classmates and me through it. I still remember that he had just annotated a fresh copy, likely spending days color-coding with a system only he knew. I had lost touch with Dr. Cronin after beginning graduate school. When I went to Ireland in 1999, I canvassed Dublin for its Joyce sights and took many pictures, sending him the duplicates, along with a letter expressing my gratitude for his teaching and mentorship (which was clearly the relationship, long before I knew what the word "mentor" meant).

He wrote back a long letter. It must have taken him a while—he wrote of a stroke, of how tired he was, and the pen color changed a couple of times, suggesting writing that occurs over several sittings. IN his letter, he wrote of Ireland, "The Holy Land": "I cannot begin to tell you what it did mean to me—what it *does*: it is the home of my religion, my name and, of course, of Joyce Himself." Dr. Cronin's life is not without some fitting tributes at its conclusion. He died in 2004, the year of the hundredth anniversary of Bloomsday (June 16, 1904,

the fictional day in the life of Leopold Bloom chronicled in *Ulysses*).

I visited with Dr. Cronin and his wife several times in his final years, most recently in May, 2004. Despite ever-increasing bodily weakness, his mind remained clear, and we spoke of his love of teaching and of Joyce in that final meeting. His was not a life without pain: he suffered the deaths of his first two spouses and of three of his children, with two sons dying within months of each other a scant year before his own death. That sense of bitterness was present back when I was at Notre Dame in the form of the sudden death of another of my professors, Stephen Rogers. Dr. Cronin told me that he had asked Dr. Rogers to be one of his pallbearers when the time came; instead, it was Dr. Cronin who bore Dr. Rogers' body to its final rest.

I remember that Dr. Cronin once said "in Heaven, we won't talk—we'll sing. We won't walk—we'll dance." It pleases me to picture him, singing and dancing, freed from the burden of his imperfect body, sharing a pint of Guinness with Joyce Himself.

## THE 2005 EDWARD J. CRONIN AWARD WINNER

### Epilogue to *Gulliver's Travels*

Claire Hoipkemier

Class of 2005

I now return, patient reader, to give you a completed account of my life as a traveler, though strange and distant lands are no longer my destination. I write you from this sickbed, which has confined me of late from my work among the children of Redriff. The work is certainly my only thought now that I have discovered the tenacity of the *yahoo* child's mind to soak up truth without hesitation. You may wonder at this radical change in activity, for I will admit to you that I have always had an insatiable curiosity for the vast unknown. Had I not met Ponto... but there is much to recount, so let us not tarry over speculations. I am in my sixty-third year of life on this earth, and a more full and interesting existence I could not have asked for from our Bounteous Creator. It strikes me as odd that I who once scorned my very reflection can look back upon these last twenty years with great satisfaction and even a little hope. Hope. Yes, my life travels and subsequent reflection and action have taught me to hope, though it has taken me a long spent years and a mighty struggle against my own mind to realize it.

I will start up where I last left you, in the seaside town of Redriff, where I was bemoaning my very kith and kin that were detestable to me. A more deplorable state of despair and despondency one will be hard pressed to encounter. I had scorned the entire species of *yahoos* save one, my stable boy, whom I called *Ylnhniamkhy* for his scent, which reminded me so startlingly of my beloved *Houyhnhnms*. Having been so recently and brutally severed from the land of that magnificent race, I took my refuge in the stables with two Stone-Horses and this stable boy. I was to discover later that his Christian name was in fact Ponto, meaning "Bridge" in his native Italian tongue. He had been sold

by an Italian merchant to a ship in Lisbon, the very same upon which I had been forced in my exiled state. When the two of us had both been vomited upon the shores of England to fare as we may, I allowed him in my carriage on the condition that he would do my bidding upon arrival in Redriff. He agreed and continued to live and work in my stables for quite a number of years.

Being utterly estranged from my *yahoo* family and unable to find any consolation outside my own home, I took to spending four hours a day in the company of this stable boy and my two beautiful Stone-Horses, which had been purchased shortly after my return. Initially, it was the companionship of these two creatures and their perfect understanding as they listened attentively to my tales of wonder and woe that kept me from misery. Our friendship was a most amiable one, which began to include Ponto as he went about his duties observing our interactions. He began to question me eagerly on all kinds of subjects concerning my perilous adventures and my exile from the *Houyhnhnms*. I answered each of his questions with great zeal, for inside I was longing to speak of such wonders which had opened my eyes so entirely to the beauty and wisdom of my former Master and the loathsome state of the *yahoos*, by which I was now entirely surrounded. Ponto was especially curious about my description of the *Houyhnhnms*, having grown up surrounded by the beasts and rustic people of the Italian countryside. Though he learned to comprehend me whenever I lapsed into the neighing of the *Houyhnhnm* tongue, he was astounded at the capacity for thought and governance, which I assured him the *Houyhnhnms* possessed so completely. He would stare at great length, sometimes for

hours, into the faces of the two horses, searching for what, I did not know. Then he would remove himself to his stool in the hay and sob wretchedly at his inability to draw answers from those noble brows, within which I informed him were held the secrets of the universe and perfect happiness. I attempted on several occasions to comfort him, but he was inconsolable until I would begin to speak of some perilous feat that I had undertaken in order to ward off imminent death in the land of the *Lilliputians* or the *Brobdingnags*. These two nations especially captured his fancy, due to their extreme disproportions in size. Like other *yahoos*, he more easily identified with those civilizations whose characteristics were most like his own. Once, when recounting to him an unfortunate experience I had bathing in a river in the land of the *Houyhnhnms* in which a female *yahoo* passionately embraced me before I could defend myself, he jumped up angrily and accused me of saying the *Thing that was not*. He had an ardent and unwavering affection for his young mother who had raised him with great tenderness and sacrifice until he had reached the age of six. At this time she had died suddenly of tuberculosis, leaving him to the mercy of the streets and ruthless businessmen, always on the lookout for an opportunity for making money. I tried to explain to him that females were often flimsy in their love and weak in their minds but gave up after nearly being struck in the face by his determined fists. Having no other relation to the female sex, Ponto stubbornly revered all mention of women out of love for his dear departed mother.

Ponto and I spent two years in this amiable state of learning and teaching, maintaining very little interaction with any other *yahoos* except by dire necessity. I grew daily in fondness for the lad whose many attentive questions and curiosities revealed in him a sharp wit and a ready understanding of matters far above beyond both his tender years and the world of Redriff. He began to show me that though outwardly he resembled

the *yahoos* I sought to avoid, his mind was far superior to any that I had encountered among that race. Slowly I came to value his conversation more than that of the horses, for however long they gazed at me with knowing eyes, they never paid much attention to my discourses on justice and the benefit of reason over passion. They even allowed Ponto to mount their backs and ride them to the fields where they would run with great speed and little purpose. They were not the clean, even-tempered creatures I was accustomed to, and despite my best efforts to instruct them, they continued to defecate in their straw without thought or concern for Ponto or myself.

On the sixth of February, 1764, a strange and marvelous occurrence so shook me as to alter my carefully formed opinions of the world and introduce in my person *the Thing that has no name*. Ponto had made a remarkable statement that morning which he had been thinking about for quite some time. Though only a boy of ten, he had concluded that I had been saying *the Thing that was not* concerning a certain portion of my tale of the *Houyhnhnms* and the *yahoos*. He could not understand how an entire nation of creatures who claimed such wisdom and virtue would allow the breeding of offspring without *the Thing that has no name*. He called it Love, but I knew that what he was describing was not anything like the Love I had previously known. He remained firmly in this view even after I fully explained to him the faculty of reason and the concept of population control so dear to the *Houyhnhnms*. He looked at me oddly and said that such notions meant nothing to him. The only thing he knew as certain in the whole world was *the Thing that has no name* of his dear mother who had given him life and raised him to fear God and care for his neighbor. He said that though he had been but a small child of six when her influence had been sadly taken from him, he would never give up hope of finding *the Thing that has no name* again. Such was the hope his mother had given him.

Shortly after this exchange had taken place over a breakfast of oats and apples, I took Ponto into my family's home to retrieve a bar of soap from the wash stand. We found Mrs. Mary Burton, my *yahoo* wife, crying over a large pot of stew, which she was periodically sniffing and tasting. I turned from the sight in disgust, but Ponto ran to her and threw his little arms around her saying as he did, "Mummy, do not cry, Ponto is here!" She was so touched by this gesture that she scooped him up without thinking and planted a mighty kiss on his dusty cheek. As I watched this astonishing scene, something in my being stirred and for one moment I forgot that these *yahoos* were grotesque and loathsome. I suddenly recalled my dear *Glumdalclitch* who had cared for me so ardently, and though my reason fought heartily to gain control, slowly I *felt the Thing that has no name* creep into the way I looked at young Ponto. My affection for him no longer relied upon his *Houyhnhnm* scent, and I realized that I no longer marked his *yahoo* appearance. Though merely a child, he exhibited a wise and remarkably virtuous character that was both reminiscent of and divergent from the *Houyhnhnms*. After carefully thinking it through, he had firmly resolved never to *say the Thing that is not*, and his devotion to his dear mother never waned. I found myself rejoicing at his amusements and sorrowing at his hurts. This curious rise of emotion both troubled and delighted me at the same time.

Another year passed by in the stables in which I both longed for the adventures of travel and discovered myself bound to the boy Ponto, for the more I knew of him, the more I realized that his capacity for Good was much deeper and livelier than his will to do Evil. His Judgments were not always as ready and reasonable as those of the *Houyhnhnms*, but I dedicated the majority of my time to his instruction, beginning with the ways of Practical Knowledge as shown to me by the *Lilliputians* and the *Brobdingnags* most effectively. I steered away from the

Sciences of the academies found in *Laputa*, *Balnibarbi*, *Luggnagg*, and *Glubbudubdrib*, for I had seen the error of their thinking though they were often blinded to it. I saw that the Separation of higher, metaphysical thought and practical advancement was both Limiting and even Dangerous to the people of these nations, and I told Ponto as much. I must confess that when I spoke to him of some of the worthy experiments being conducted in those academies, he erupted into a fit of laughter that caused him to choke quite decidedly on his oats. I was distraught until I saw his little smile beam out at me through his streaming tears.

For matters of a transcendent nature, I recalled the lessons of my wise, old *Houyhnhnm* Master, whose balance and reason seemed to provide the proper tools to answer any important questions Ponto might have. We discussed the government of the *Brobdingnags* as the correct model to which he should adhere. The more I understood little Ponto, the more I realized that in order to cultivate the kind of virtue I had been privy to with the *Houyhnhnms*, I ought to take into account his nature and weaknesses in relation to the ideal state. The *Houyhnhnms* remained my source of wisdom concerning all matters of morality, save one. This was the very point that Ponto had heatedly raised with me on the matter of family life. I recognized that the *Thing that has no name* could not be found in the kingdom of the *Houyhnhnms*, that in fact, it was an idea that they discarded. This was the only thing I will ever hold up as a disagreement between that worthy race and myself. The general love they held for all members of their kingdom was both admirable and impossible for the human *yahoos* who could barely treat a small fraction of the population as brothers much less the entire country without discrimination. Among close relations, I observed some measure of affection, but ever more seeds of adversity and malice. Interactions of strangers in the market place

seemed both shallow and disgusting to me, for the acquisition of goods seemed to be all that was of import to any of them. Yet in little Ponto's eye I saw a gleam of hope, and I knew that with *the Thing that has no name* present between us as well as the hard work of disciplining our *yahoo* natures, I could actually teach Ponto the secrets that I myself had traveled to the ends of the earth and back again in order to acquire.

One thing that continued to trouble me was the increasing amount of time Ponto wished to spend with my wife, whether it was gathering sticks for her fires, helping her hang out the wet linens, or simply sitting in the sunshine and playing with the baby (who was now a robust child of five). I tried to take up as much of Ponto's time during the day as possible with lessons and experiments and proposals for government, but somehow, he always managed to sneak away when I was occupied elsewhere. I would find him busily engaged in the kitchen or giggling hysterically at the antics of our child who was called Jacob. After failing in my attempts to forbid this activity, I asked Ponto what he could possibly see in such amusements but a waste of time. He looked at me with a grave expression of wonder and slowly a smile spread across the far reaches of his face. All he said was "Come with me."

Though initially reluctant to reenter the world of *yahoos* that I had scorned for so long, I gradually began to follow Ponto into the house without too much disgust. My wife would patiently coax me to various tasks, smiling through her sadness at my inability to remember the most basic realities of household life. The feelings of foreignness and aversion lessened as I became more accustomed to the way that she would bend over the bread as she kneaded it or the gentle swivel of her hips as she swept the boarded floor. Ponto would eagerly implore me to teach my wife some of the secrets of *Houyhnhnm* virtue, his favorites being the

exercise of silence in conversation and the total abhorrence for *the Thing that is not*.

At first I looked contemptuously upon her ability to learn such notions, but after a few weeks I deigned to speak to her. She surprised me with her remarkable aptitude for learning as Ponto had, and each day I would tell her something new about the laws of the *Lilliputians* or the morality of the *Brobdingnags*. She had once thought such tales ridiculous, but as we became more aware of one another and more at ease with one another's habits, she became increasingly interested in my stories. Finally I ventured to tell her of the *Houyhnhnms*, for whom I still harbored the greatest admiration and zeal. Just as I had expected, she flatly refused to believe that a Horse could be capable of all that I assigned to my Master's abilities. I stomped from the house in anger, vowing never to place any more stock in the likes of such *yahoos*. I would have abandoned the pursuit entirely, had not Ponto himself begun to speak to the woman of the *Houyhnhnm* race as persuasively as if he himself had been a guest to their land.

After a week of taking my meals in the stable and avoiding all contact with her, I began to experience another curiously unpleasant emotion that had rarely affected me in my days of fiercely independent traveling. When I explained it to Ponto, he leaped up and grabbed me excitedly by the wrist, pulling me out into the grass of our stable yard. It was close to the hour of midnight, and the night was clear and brisk. He lay down on the ground, bidding me to do the same, and pointed to the heavens. As I gazed upwards, I was filled with amazement, for never before had I seen such an abundance of stars and planets as were visible that night. He began to speak of finitude and infinity, spilling over with his own thoughts from his own solitude. Never before had he waxed so eloquent, and I found myself listening in rapt attention. He spoke of his mother and her many merits. He told me that she had taught him to say his

prayers each morning and evening and to always give thanks to God for *the Thing that has no name*. These were such strange ideas that I could scarcely think fast enough to comprehend them, but slowly my mind began to give way to a deeper sensation which had filled me so often while in Ponto's presence. I let *the Thing that has no name* change the way I looked at the stars, for prior to this I would have been examining the heavens as one would a map, in order to chart the irregularities and thus advance science. A deep sense of my own place in the universe began to form within me and I discovered that I was nearly bursting with *the Thing that has no name*. For what or whom, I did not know, though I assumed it to be Ponto or the stars. The more he talked of such abstractions as faith and hope, however, I realized that even the *Houyhnhnms* had no words for such things, and that in fact, I was almost relieved to hear him speak of *Things that cannot be known*, or mysteries.

The Ponto led me to the stars, and they carried me even higher to a place where I found comfort for my exiled heart. As I met and embraced *the Thing that has no name* and *the Things that cannot be known*, my mind entered a journey down a path that I am still exploring. It is not so different than traveling abroad for there are many new discoveries and countless storms that nearly cause me to break upon my own arguments. I have taken to speaking to my wife of these Explorations, for she herself admits to having a great deal of curiosity about *the Things that cannot be known*. I have started a school in our village in which I teach the children as I taught Ponto. He is now my assistant and is famous for his unusual antics in the schoolyard, in which he demonstrates the lopsided figures of the *Laputians* or the abominable postures of the *yahoos*. Every child is responsible for a horse in the village, and I continue to take many lessons from

these beautiful creatures. From time to time I will hear news of a pocket-sized goat turning up in some child's meal sack or an enormous artifact being brought into port from an adventurer to the *Brobdingnags*, but these no longer cause great scandal. Others have seen with their own eyes and touched with their own hands the marvels of which I often speak, and Much Good has come from these exchanges. I still shake my head when I observe some of the chaos of the market place or hear the rumors of war that still abound, yet I know that the children that Ponto and I teach will have a keener understanding than the general population of *yahoos* concerning the tasks of life and wisdom in this blessed country. I have a secret hope that some day the *Houyhnhnms* will come to our village and see the remarkable change that their wisdom has caused, as well as the need in their society for *the Thing that has no name* and *the Things that cannot be known*. I do not think that they would now balk quite so violently at these *yahoos* who have chosen the Good. Perhaps my old master might even sit at Ponto's feet, listening to his stories of his dear Mother. I thank my Creator for *the Thing that has no name* and would greatly desire to bring this back to all the lands from which I have come, though I know that such a gift will ever remain one of the most beautifully magnificent *Things that cannot be known*, and of this gift I would not always know how to speak.

Thank you gentle Reader for bravely seeing this work to its completion, and I beg your forgiveness for any words I have put down that hold not the very soul of truth. I seek only to assist the betterment of mankind, and should my own pride be an impediment to that task in any way, I willingly subject myself to a punishment most severe. God bless you in your travels toward virtue and truth.



## Hurricane Katrina

In the days following Hurricane Katrina, the Program received several emails from a recent alumnus, **Justin Halls** ('05), who had been teaching at a New Orleans public school under the Teach for America program. With his permission, we are republishing the letters that we all read at the time with concern and interest – and with gratitude that a PLS graduate was doing his part to help those most in need.

*The first email arrived on September 1, two days after the hurricane made landfall in Louisiana:*

This is Justin Halls. I thought you and maybe some others might be wondering about me (so feel free to share this email) – I made it out of New Orleans in time, and I am safe in Houston now. I've accounted for all my friends who have cell phones, but none of my students – I don't have their numbers with me. It looks now like our classrooms and homes are pretty much destroyed.

As for personal damages, I've lost most of my belongings, and sadly- almost all of my books. I managed to save Milton and Melville, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, Keats and Stevens, and my diploma. The rest, with all those underlinings, are lost. Other things I managed to keep are my work shirts and ties, a painting, and my souvenirs from India. Everything else is under water right now – so it looks like I'll be out shopping for cutlery, and dishes before too long.

But all this detail about my materials is really inconsequential, although it does help people to picture what the survivors of New Orleans are going through. I can't really speak for those who lost family and friends. I can only report the unfortunate news that most of the lives robbed by this storm were those of the poor who had no cars, no money, and a socio-economic situation that gave them little ability to leave the city despite the danger that was coming. The violence you hear about now is heightened no doubt, but it is the same violence that torments the city without natural disasters.

It's a result of poverty, and now this storm has only piled loss upon loss on those who are already among the poorest in our entire nation.

It looks like Houston is going to make the sacrifice and welcome New Orleans' students into their already crowded schools. I am trying to see if ND will do a book drive – books for kids K-12 – but I'm not sure how they want to handle it. It seems like it is easy for ND to collect money and give it to Catholic Relief Services, which I myself donated to during the Tsunami, but as a teacher I see a connection between the loss of life, the poverty, and a failure to educate the students coming from non-educated backgrounds. I think it is important to fund the immediate relief efforts, but that is the band-aid. Efforts against poverty are the cure. But I'll step down from my stump now. We all do what we can.

I hope this email informs those who were wondering what ever happened to – Justin Halls. Best wishes to you all. Most of you are missed, and the rest I've never met.

*The following day, Justin wrote with news of his efforts to set up a book-drive for affected schools, and with thanks to the Program for putting out a call for assistance.*

*Towards the end of October, Justin provided another glimpse of chaos and humanity from the deep south:*

Dear PLS Constituents,

I deeply appreciate your generosity, and the connection you are creating between the “clouds” (the world of ideas and conversations) and the ground below. This seems especially important now, in a time when most folks’ recent interaction with the literal clouds has been destructive and negative.

When I last wrote to you, I could not really predict what was coming my way – and as it turns out, what ultimately came my way was wholly unpredictable. The school in Houston for which we were recruiting students did indeed open up, but in the end we didn’t have enough students for all the teachers, as Hurricane Rita spurred yet another exodus of sorts, and a number of the New Orleans students left Texas for Arkansas and Georgia on one-way flights and bus rides.

Because of the shortage, TFA asked some of us to do something completely ridiculous: They asked us to work for the federal government: for the Department of Homeland Security, that is, for the infamous FEMA itself. And I thought it was just a cliché when PLS professors and alum said you really never can know where a Liberal Studies degree will take you. Hah! A year ago I would have expected to be imprisoned as a revolutionary before I found myself working as a minion for the federal government. But, *c’est la vie*, it’s interesting to see the system from the inside out, and I’m doing my best to advocate for

people who are in need and facing a massive bureaucracy. When I was handling cases with applicants directly, they were so surprised that the person behind the computer cared enough about them to explain the logic behind the status of their application, that even those who left empty handed still had their sense of dignity. In addition, I have had a number of people come back to thank my co-workers and myself for helping them so much, and one woman even cooked us about 5 gallons of the best Gumbo this side of the Mississippi.

I’ll get to the grand point. I appreciate the donation the PLS community has given in a spirit of generosity for those in need. I’m going to spend it on books regardless of the present circumstances, and we’ll supply one of the classrooms that start up in New Orleans come January, or we will ship them to Texas to a classroom out there.

It’s funny ... when I was at Notre Dame I felt a bit like Forrest Gump because of the great minds that surrounded me. Now I just feel like him because I’m starting to see myself as a poster-boy for his life-motto: “You never know what you’re gonna get.”

So, from the Department of Homeland Security:

Sincere Thanks to the PLS Faculty, Staff, Student, Alums, and Friends.

Justin Halls

*Justin would like to thank all of those who contributed to an Amazon gift certificate, which will be used in a New Orleans classroom.*

## ON GOOD TASTE:

PLS Commencement Brunch

Sunday, May 15, 2005

Henry Weinfield

For the last few days I've been racking my brains, thinking of what pearls of wisdom I might have to offer to this year's PLS graduating class. I'd like to say something profound that will stay with you the rest of your lives, so that at odd moments, when you are grandmothers and grandfathers, you will recall this moment and say to yourselves, "That's what Professor Weinfield said at the Commencement Brunch so many years ago." But it's hard to say something in the context of a Commencement Brunch speech that won't sound like a series of platitudes, and, as Gilbert and Sullivan's Bunthorne says in the operetta *Patience*, "I'm not fond of uttering platitudes / In stained-glass attitudes."

I have a particular horror of clichés because they're all around us, and it's easy to get swallowed up by them and lose one's sense of authenticity. Television and the newspapers are full of them, unfortunately; that's their stock in trade. But not everything is a cliché. The classics, or what we in PLS call "the Great Books" (even though that phrase is a cliché) contain writing and thinking that are always fresh and, for that reason, always enduring; therefore they teach us how to distinguish what is authentic, original, and profound from what is mediocre or just plain *fake* (what the Germans call *ersatz*). That's the point, in the end, and that's why PLS graduates will have opportunities to shape the world in important ways. We always say in PLS that "the Great Books are our teachers." It's a cliché, but it contains an important ingredient of truth. A PLS education doesn't prepare you for a particular job or a cozy life – you're all going to have to make your way in the world – but it teaches you how to make

distinctions and, in the process (although we don't usually talk about it), it gives you a sense of *good taste*. At the risk of sounding elitist, which is not my intention, I'd like to insist that there is such a thing as "good taste" and that this is one of the things our education provides. (With your training in PLS, you may end up starving, when all your friends in Accounting have become millionaires, but at least you won't do so in bad taste.) Allison Murphy and Justin Halls, our co-Nutting Award winners, may disagree on a lot of things, but they've both read St. Augustine, Montaigne, and Nietzsche (to take some disparate examples), Plato and Virginia Woolf, and whether or not they agree or disagree with these writers and/or with each other, they have a sense of what makes writers and thinkers such as these part of the "eternal conversation," as we say. They may not *like* them in every respect, but they understand why they are important. And this ability to make distinctions, which is part of what one calls *good taste*, is crucial to us, perhaps now more than ever.

I know I'm supposed to reassure you that PLS students, like everyone else, will find lucrative careers in Plato's Cave, but you can hear that from someone else. I'd rather tell you about something that Jacqueline Pallardy said to me last Monday night at the Senior Dinner, because it's important. She told me that she was worried about being *typecast* after graduation, made to fit into a series of pre-assigned roles, in the workplace and as a wife and mother. She was frightened that our society does this to people – especially to women. I think I understood what she was saying. And here I feel I can offer a little bit of advice, and maybe even be of use to you. When you

leave these “hallowed halls” (I know that’s a terrible cliché), the demands of material reality are going to press in on you and exert their influence – in such a way as to *narrow* you and take away (or make you want to give up) your inner freedom. You’re going to have to be practical; you’re going to have to make your peace with the world – there’s no getting around it. And in doing that, you’ll be expected to identify yourself with a job, first of all, and then with all of the other things that go into formulating a social identity. Why? It’s not only that people want to be successful and live comfortable, bourgeois “life styles” (that’s a phrase that I think ought to be stricken from the language, along with “interface” and “access” as a verb). People don’t narrow their horizons only for base, mercenary reasons, although of course that comes into it as well. Actually, it’s *love* that makes them do it. That’s the sad truth of the matter. George Eliot writes about this in her great novel *Middlemarch*, which Bridget Harrington wrote about in her senior essay. People fall in love, they get married, they have children; they want “the best” for their children, they want them to go to Notre Dame and to the Program of Liberal Studies. It doesn’t come for free, unfortunately. Your parents know that perfectly well, and they’ve made plenty of sacrifices for you because they love you. I know it: I have a daughter finishing her sophomore year in college. So it’s all very well speaking about going up into the light and seeing the pure forms, but eventually one has to go back down into Plato’s Cave. And it’s not only a matter of necessity: as Socrates himself observes, one has an obligation to go back down again. If one has been fortunate enough to receive a PLS education (and think of how few people in the world have that opportunity), one has an obligation not only to live well oneself but to help others do so.

So what do you do? What does it mean to live well? What am I counseling here? Unfortunately, there are no formal solutions

to the problem of how to live and there isn’t a template I can offer you. Socrates had his *daimon* and old Kant had his categorical imperative, but nobody can tell you, except in the most general terms, what you, as an individual, should make of your life or how you should negotiate your relationship to reality. But even as you make your way in the world, no doubt through trial and error, a world in which shadows are too often taken for reality, you have to hold onto your values and you have to hold onto *yourself*. Don’t let yourself be typecast, don’t give up your inner freedom, and don’t lose the good taste that you have begun to cultivate during these years in PLS. Just because you’re a graduate, doesn’t mean you have to stop reading or thinking. Continue to sustain yourself on whatever you find beautiful. Follow your star. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,” as the preacher says in Ecclesiastes, “do it with thy might.” Whether it’s being a lawyer or a doctor, a teacher or a parent, or even a CEO or (heaven help you) a university professor, as we used to say in the sixties, “Keep the faith, baby.”

And keep in touch. As the years unfold and this moment becomes distant, we’re going to want to know where you are and who you’ve become. You’ve had a real impact on us and we hope that we’ve had an impact on you as well. We’re going to hold you to the highest standards, not only because we think you’re worth it but because we don’t want our own lives to have been in vain. You’ve had the privilege of conversing with the greatest minds in the tradition, and we, as teachers, have tried to mediate that conversation. But now you’re on your own. “I’ve brought you here through intellect and art,” Virgil tells Dante when he bids him goodbye in the Earthly Paradise, and then he adds: “from now on, let your pleasure be your guide” (27.130-31). It’s your job now to keep the eternal conversation going into the future. If, as we hope, you’ve developed

good taste, you can let your pleasure be your guide.

I've been speaking in prose, but before I send you off into the future, I want to conclude with two poetic passages that emphasize freedom and the essential *openness* of human life. The first, which

you'll recognize, comes at the very end of *Paradise Lost*, when Adam and Eve are escorted out of Eden by the Angel Michael. It's a very strange moment because one would expect it to be unequivocally sad, but instead there is a marvelous sense of hopefulness and opening out onto the future:

The World was all before them, where to choose  
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:  
They hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,  
Through *Eden* took thir solitary way.

The second is from the great German Romantic poet Friedrich Hölderlin, the last two stanzas of his poem "A Life's Course" (in the Christopher Middleton translation):

This have I learned. For never, as mortal masters do,  
Have you, heavenly powers, sustainers of all,  
To my knowledge ever with caution  
Led me along a level path.

Let man test everything, they say, the heavenly powers,  
And learn, from that strong food, to give thanks  
For all things, understanding the freedom  
To get up and go, wherever he will.

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## ALUMNI NEWS

The editorial staff of *Programma* welcomes contributions and reserves the right to edit them for publication. For information about becoming a class correspondent, please contact the Program of Liberal Studies Office.

### **Class of 1954**

### **Class of 1955**

(Class Correspondent: George Vosmik, 21151 Lake Rd., Rocky River, OH 44116-1217, e-mail: flyty@apk.net)

### **Class of 1956**

### **Class of 1957**

### **Class of 1958**

(Class Correspondent: Michael Crowe, PLS, 215 O'Shaughnessy, U. of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, IN 46556)

**Dr. Robert G. Bowman, M.D.**, passed away June 22, 2005. He was awarded a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and chose to pursue graduate education in philosophy at Yale University. Subsequently, he attended the Boston University School of Medicine where he completed his medical studies in 1963. Dr. Bowman moved to Pittsburgh in 1965 for his residency at Western Psychiatric Hospital at the University of Pittsburgh. After completing his training, he was awarded a grant from the National Institute of Mental Health for research in law and psychiatry. Upon completing his education, Dr. Bowman spent time in the military. He attained the rank of captain in the U.S. Army, serving as a physician in Germany. Leaving the armed services in 1968, he went on to a distinguished career in psychiatric medicine in Pittsburgh and the surrounding communities. Dr. Bowman's professional career included positions at the Veterans' Hospital in Oakland, the Allegheny County Behavior Clinic, St. Clair Hospital and Mercy Hospital. He worked as the medical director of the Forensic Unit at Mayview State Hospital from 1981 to 1987.

For the past 19 years he has been the medical director of the psychiatric service at Highlands Hospital in Connellsville. He was on the consulting staff at Uniontown Hospital, Frick Community Health Center and Westmoreland Hospital. In addition, he maintained a private practice throughout most of his professional career. He was a lifetime member of the American Psychiatric Association, the Pennsylvania Psychiatric Society and the Pittsburgh Psychiatric Society. He served more than 30 years as an assistant associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of Pittsburgh. In 2001, the University of Notre Dame recognized Dr. Bowman as a distinguished scholar and graduate of the Great Books Program. Over the course of his life, he spent much of his free time reading and studying foreign languages. He was an avid music lover all of his life. He spent over 30 years as a season ticket holder to the Pittsburgh Symphony and he loved to play classical piano. He is survived by his wife, Clare (Hanrahan) Bowman, a son, Patrick G. Bowman, of Pittsburgh, and three daughters,

### **Class of 1959**

### **Class of 1960**

(Class Correspondent: Anthony Intintoli, Jr., 912 Georgia St., Vallejo, CA 94590-6239)

### **Class of 1961**

### **Class of 1962**

(Class Correspondent: John Hutton, Box 1307, Tybee Island, GA 31328)

**Class of 1963**

**Class of 1964**

**Class of 1965**

(Class Correspondent: Lee Foster, P.O. Box 5715, Berkeley, CA 94705)

Added by the PLS Office:

Michael Joseph Hoffman was ordained into priesthood on June 5, 2005.

**Class of 1966**

(Class Correspondent: Paul Ahr, P.O. Box 1248, Fenton, MO 63026-1248)

**Class of 1967**

(Class Correspondent: Robert Mc Clelland, 584 Flying Jib Ct., Lafayette, CO 80026-1291)

**Class of 1968**

**Class of 1969**

**Class of 1970**

(Class Correspondent: William Maloney, M.D., P.O. Box 8835, Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067-8835/2023 West Vista Way, Suite A, Vista, CA 92083 619/941-1400 ph. 74044.2361@compuserve.com)

**Class of 1971**

(Class Correspondent: Raymond Condon, 4508 Hyridge Dr., Austin, TX 78759-8054)

**Class of 1972**

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

**Class of 1973**

(Class Correspondents: John Astuno, 16 Meadowview Lane, Greenwood, CO 80121, and John Burkley, 200 Law Road, Briarcliff Manor, NY 10510, burkley@optonline.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, 4605 Aberdeen Avenue, Dublin, OH 43016)

**Class of 1976**

**Class of 1977**

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

Added by the PLS Office:

**Anne M. Dilenschneider** writes: "I've been hired as the first chaplain (ever) for the Kaiser Permanente Hospital & Medical Center in Santa Clara, CA. I start working there on October 3rd. Meanwhile, I'm still working on my PhD in Clinical Psychology at Pacifica Graduate Institute. The work with Kaiser will count towards graduation and licensing requirements.

Also, I just had two poems published by *Between: The Pacifica Graduate Institute Literary Review*, and a third published in *Presence: The Journal of Spiritual Directors International*, and a fourth won an Honorable mention in the *Presence Poetry Contest*. leadwithsoul@mac.com."

**Class of 1978**

**Class of 1979**

(Class Correspondent: Thomas Livingston,  
517 Fordham Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15226-  
2021)

**Class of 1980**

(Class Correspondent: Mary Schmidlein  
Rhodes, #9 Southcote Road, St. Louis, MO  
63144)

**Class of 1981**

(Class Correspondent: Tom Gotuaco, World  
Marketing Alliance, 2234 A Westborough  
Blvd., S. San Francisco, CA 94080-5405)

**Class of 1982**

(Class Correspondent: Francis D'Eramo, 1131  
King St., Suite 204, Christiansted, USVI  
00820, ithaka@earthlink.net)

**Class of 1983**

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

**Class of 1984**

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

**Class of 1985**

(Class Correspondent: Laurie Denn, 5816  
Lyle Circle, Edina, MN 55436-2228)  
Added by the PLS Office:  
**Kim Pelis** writes: "I'm a visiting assistant  
professor in the history department. My office  
is in 407 Decio; phone 631-2792; email is  
kpelis@nd.edu. And my courses, of course,  
center around the careful reading of primary  
source texts: if situated in historical context..."

**Class of 1986**

(Class Correspondent: Margaret (Neis) Kulis,  
1350 Coneflower, Gray's Lake,  
IL 60030)

Added by the PLS Office:  
**Michael Leary** writes: "Greetings and  
felicitations to all there at the Program (and I  
hope to Margaret as well). I haven't updated  
the Program on my whereabouts and goings  
on in quite a while and since my 20th reunion

is just around the corner of the calendar, it  
strikes me as a propitious time to do so.

Too much time has elapsed to give you the  
full version while dashing off an email  
during work time; but I'll do my best not  
be confusing. I left active duty with the  
Marines in 93 for law school (ND 96).  
Became a local prosecutor in Philadelphia  
and then in Boston. Married my wife  
Mary a double Hoya in 99. Had a  
daughter, Flannery, in 2001.

I just returned home to Alexandria, VA  
from being mobilized for 8 months as the  
Deputy Operations Officer of the 1st  
Marine Division in Iraq a couple of  
months ago; just in time for the birth of  
my second daughter, Connell. Flannery is  
much pleased that Mary and I took her  
advice and got her a baby sister as  
opposed to baby brother. All are doing  
great and looking forward to a long  
promised mecca to the Golden Dome next  
year (a trip that can, frankly, come none  
too soon given the insidious and perverse  
effect of living in such proximity to that  
secular wasteland of a university on the  
river or my wife's pernicious drone of  
hoya saxa, hoyo saxa in the impressionable  
ears of my future PLS '22 & '27 grads and  
All Americans in fencing, or possibly  
ballet if I can get that approved.)

I have also returned to my job in  
Washington, DC as an attorney with the  
Department of Homeland Security. Mary  
and I left Boston (and our respective  
prosecutor's jobs) shortly after 9/11 to  
allow me to join the federal counter  
terrorism effort in DC. We tell ourselves  
that DC is a temporary gig, and that we  
will eventually return to the land of  
obnoxious Red Sox and Patriot fans, but I  
think we will be staying in DC for a while  
longer anyway. Temporary is so  
subjective.

In the coincidence department, My wife Mary(nee Graw) worked with Colm Connelly (now US Attorney for Delaware) when she was a federal clerk in Wilmington and he was just an Assistant US Attorney . I have meant for a few years now to send Colm an e-mail, but I am no better a writer or any less a procrastinator now than I was 20 years ago for Professor Cronin.

Regardless of the lack of correspondence, hardly a day goes by where I don't think about our time together and how much I value those days and what I learned. (What I wouldn't do sometimes for a cigarette and a cup of coffee on an empty stomach in the Nazz at two in the morning and good healthy discussion about the relationship of Moby Dick to Hobbes' Leviathan.) I still get questions, some with a tinge of envy, about my "Great Books" education. Questions that I still struggle to answer fully.

I truly hope that I see all of you next year -  
Classmates and professors alike."

2407 Cavendish Drive  
Alexandria, VA 22308  
h 703 780 0674  
MPLeary@msn.com

PS: Drop me a line or stop by if you are in the area.

#### **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)

#### **Class of 1989**

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

#### **Class of 1990**

(Class Correspondent: Barbara Martin, 45  
Westmoreland Lane, Naperville, IL  
60540-55817,  
barbnjohn@wideopenwest.com)  
Added by the PLS Office:

#### **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, 411 Brookside Dr., Columbus, OH  
43209 JenRoe@insight.rr.com)

#### **Class of 1993**

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

#### **Class of 1994**

#### **Class of 1995**

(Class Correspondent: Andrew Saldino,  
586 Greenleaf Dr., Lavonia, GA 30553-  
2124 saldino@excite.com)

#### **Class of 1996**

(Class Correspondent: Stacy Mosesso,  
351 Ayr Hill Ave. NE, Vienna,  
VA 22180-4726)

Added by the PLS Office:

**Jamey Wetmore** writes: "I just finished up 2 years at the University of Virginia as a postdoc working in the STS department. It was a great experience. I worked with Deborah Johnson to find ways to link STS and ethics. MIT is currently reviewing a book we developed that could serve as a textbook to teach engineering undergraduates about the relationship between their work and the world around them.

In August I had a great week at a summer school in Switzerland where I ran into one of your students - Justin Biddle.

Beginning in September I moved to the Consortium for Science, Policy, & Outcomes at Arizona State University. I'm very excited to be a part of this program which is really trying to think proactively about technology and science as they are envisioned and produced. This position is also a postdoc, but I just received word that I have to prepare a job talk for a possible tenure track line here, so I may be here longer than 2 years.

Finally, one reason why I was thinking of you today is that I just received word from IEEE's Technology & Society Magazine that they are going to publish an article I wrote on the Amish and Technology. I really have no excuse for why it took this long to publish something on this topic, but I am excited that it is finally going to happen. I did do some work on it after I left Notre Dame, but 80% of it is from the Senior Project you helped me with. In addition to the journal, there are a number of colleagues of mine who are really excited about it. Three professors at UVa use it to teach engineers and a few friends at other Universities have begun to use it as well."

#### **Class of 1997**

(Class Correspondent: Brien Flanagan, 1211 SW Fifth Ave., Suite 1600-1900, Portland, OR 97204, bflanagan@schwabe.com)

#### **Class of 1998**

(Class Correspondents: Katie Bagley, 259 Rayford Farm, Earlysville, VA 22936-2224 (804) 984-6666, ksbagley@hotmail.com, and Clare Murphy, 848 El Quanito Drive, Danville, CA 94526-1829 cmshalom@hotmail.com)

Added by the PLS Office:

The opportunity to combine a passion for both the ocean and history led **Kelly Gleason** to pursue a career in maritime archaeology. Following a Bachelors Degree at the University of Notre Dame in the Program of Liberal Studies, Kelly spent a year teaching junior and high school literature before pursuing a masters degree in Nautical Archaeology at the University of Saint

Andrews University in Scotland. This led her to pursue a PhD at East Carolina University in the Coastal Resources Management Program, an interdisciplinary program where she was able to focus on submerged cultural resources. Prior to attending East Carolina University, Kelly participated in a University of Hawaii field school surveying a portion of "Shipwreck Beach" on the north shore of Lanai. While at East Carolina University, she focused on the interdisciplinary management of shipwreck sites and her dissertation research focuses on the British warship HMS Santa Monica, sunk off the coast of St. John, USVI while patrolling British colonies in the Caribbean during the American Revolution. She is the recipient of NOAAs Dr. Nancy Foster Scholarship Award and plans to complete her doctoral work at ECU in the fall of 2005.

As a maritime archaeologist with the Pacific Islands Region of NOAA's National Marine Sanctuary Program, Kelly participates in the activities of the Maritime Heritage Program in this Region. These activities include the discovery, inventory and archaeological assessment of heritage resources, protective management of resources within sanctuaries, archival research into the historical background of heritage properties and maritime archaeology fieldwork in the Hawaiian archipelago and American Samoa. Her work also includes planning and logistical support of field activities, as well as updating web outreach from field surveys. Public outreach is an important follow up to field operations and Kelly is involved in the development of educational materials for the Maritime Heritage program in the Pacific Islands. In support of the education outreach mission of the Maritime Heritage Program, Kelly has given talks at local schools and participated in local lecture series in addition to contributing to several professional symposia and conferences.

Kelly's job requires collaboration with other state and local officials including the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Park Service. Her work with the National Park Service includes participation in annual monitoring and survey dives on the USS *Arizona* with the NPS Submerged Resources Center. She recently participated in survey dives to the Japanese Midget Submarine sunk outside of Pearl Harbor by the USS *Ward* in 1941.

#### **Class of 1999**

(Class Correspondent: Kate Hibey Fritz,  
10642 Montrose #2, Bethesda,  
MD 20814 kefritz@gmail.com)

**Kate Hibey Fritz** writes: "about my daughter, Delia Rose...She's already 9 months old (born April 23, 2005)—crazy how big she is, crawling & standing on everything now.

**Stephanie (Thomas) Stecz** & her husband, Ryan, had a boy, Thomas Ryan, on January 4, 2005. They are in Chicago where Steph is teaching 8th grade.

**Hunter (Campaigne) Townsend** & her husband, Jeff, had a girl, Viola Anne, February 16, 2005. They will be living in Savannah for about 6 months while Jeff finishes up his time with the Army.

I have spent time with all these babies—and they are just beautiful! They are also being read all the classics by their moms!"

Added by the PLS Office:

**John Infranca** writes: "After four years of social service work and teaching in Portland, Oregon; Houston, Texas; Washington, DC; and Tijuana, Mexico I returned to Notre Dame in 2003 to begin the Masters in Theological Studies Program. While back at Notre Dame I enjoyed conversations and chance encounters with a number of PLS professors. I also had the chance to intern for a summer with an NGO in New Delhi, India, furthering my commitment to three very important things: social justice, religious studies, and tasty

Indian food. As an MTS student I concentrated on Moral Theology and my work culminated in an independent study on Theological and Philosophical Conceptions of Human Rights. This project nicely segued into my current studies as a law student at New York University. At NYU I plan to focus on human rights, international law, and philosophy and law. Anthony Perri (PLS '01) and I are also interested in starting a Great Books Seminar among program graduates in New York. Anyone interested can contact me at [jjj213@nyu.edu](mailto:jjj213@nyu.edu)."

#### **Class of 2000**

#### **Class of 2001**

#### **Class of 2002**

(Class Correspondent: Ricky Klee, 4504 NE Cleveland Ave., Portland, OR 97211  
[rickyklee3@hotmail.com](mailto:rickyklee3@hotmail.com))

#### **Class of 2003**

#### **Class of 2004**

#### **Class of 2005**

Added by the PLS Office:

Carl Bindenagel writes: "I finished my first semester as a Master of Public Policy at Pepperdine University in Malibu, Ca. If the truth be told, the semester was a difficult one, for many reasons. Without indulging in all the details, Pepperdine was not quite prepared to receive the number of students who accepted admission to the School of Public Policy this year. The program is young but the field is growing, and the accommodations required of the faculty to teach a larger student body strained the capacity of both. The professors presented the material in the time they had, but the students had to teach themselves much of the material, which was required but which it was impossible to cover in class. Many of my

classmates made the adjustment to teaching themselves rather than being trained poorly, and they complained bitterly of the organization of the program or attacked the competence of the faculty. This year, I am grateful for the excellent education my parents have helped me to acquire, especially at Notre Dame, which has made me intellectually independent and flexible enough to succeed this semester in grad school.

On the graduate campus, there is not much of a community, because many students commute and all the administrative and supportive systems of the university are two miles down the hill. There is I think an expectation that graduate students should be more independent, and the housing is designed to reflect that assumption, with the result that students are independent as well as atomized and isolated. There is no dining hall and nothing else on that campus, so creating a community without an infrastructure is difficult.

I have especially enjoyed visiting friends in San Diego and relatives in Santa Barbara. Otherwise, trips into LA and Santa Monica offer much more to do than Malibu, and I have occasionally gone to lunch or dinner with classmates. Malibu itself lacks community, because so many wealthy inhabitants are atomized and even antagonized to each other. There is a program headed by a parishioner at Our Lady of Malibu who is trying to build community in Malibu, and I hope to work on his project next semester.

At the end of the semester, after lunch and a nap, I visited Colorado on the generous invitation of a friend of mine. We went skiing and ice skating and saw a concert and fireworks, all for me. I returned to Chicago, and promptly went back to the airport the next day to pick up my sister who was coming in from South Africa, only to depart the following day for Notre Dame. There I visited some friends who have managed somehow not to leave “home” yet, and thoroughly enjoyed being back again, snow and all. I decided to

join a PLS Christmas party, which turned out to be a faculty party. It was a lot of fun visiting professors, whose comments about my studies in the “Baconian Sciences” cracked me up. I felt like one of them, which was kind of scary, since I’m not sure I have it in me to go for a PhD, and I don’t plan on it now. Three more semesters of a student’s life is probably all I can take.

Well, I guess I oughta be used to it, being a Cubs fan and all. Still, that loss to Ohio State was hard to take. Our team looked fantastic all season, but we followed it with a bowl in which we looked and played our worst. My poor dog didn’t understand what all the shouting was about. He’s a sympathetic creature who knows when a family member is in pain or sick, and if someone is down and secludes themselves to their room, he’ll come in and lay by their chair. He took me out for a walk after the game. And so with that disappointing end to the football season, it is indeed time to leave football behind and look forward to spring, and baseball season.

If the Cubs don’t win it this year, they will have lost 98 years in a row. It isn’t as though they have to extend their losing streak just in order to beat the Red Sox and the White Sox, that superfluous team from the other league on the other end of town, at finally breaking the longest losing streak in history. They could have won a World Series a decade ago and still beaten the two Sox in that silly contest. Maybe they’re working on a centennial victory in 2008. Anyway, when I walked around campus, I noticed that at the Pepperdine baseball diamond along the outfield wall there is an impressive display of NCAA World Series Champion banners from recent years. Since all the early games in the baseball season have to be held in the West where it’s warm enough to play, it might be fun to see some games there.

While in Chicago, the snow melted away, and the ice melted off the lake, and then the fog descended on the city, shrouding the buildings and dimming the lights in a cloud. White turned into grey: the lake and the sky are grey, and they are not distinguishable from each other at the horizon; they just melt into each other, inspiring wonder in a walker on the lakeshore while creating a strangely disorienting effect. Leaving the steel and glass of the loop for the older stone or concrete of some older parts in the North, one feels so powerfully as though swimming in the fog along the water of Lake Michigan, that the ground actually feels unstable. Such weather has persisted for two weeks or so. It seems as though it's 5 pm all day long, although dark actually falls at that time.

We spent the holidays peacefully at home, enjoying each other's company. We toured the Field Museum to see the exhibit about Pompeii. Although we have all visited the ruined city, we saw many artifacts that had been recovered that cannot be seen among the

ruins. We were again amazed at the level of Roman civilization, and at the skilled craftsmanship of its artisans. We also toured the Museum of Science and Industry. Since my model railroad work-in-progress of 17 years has been put on hold and packed in crates for the past 3 years, I enjoyed the huge model of Chicago, the countryside, and the port of Seattle. The layout had electric lights and the overhead lights were shut off occasionally to give the viewer an impression of night and day. So in museum days, we took three days and two nights to see everything from Chicago and back again. They even included the South Shore Line and the Indiana Dunes!

It's taken us a while to see some of what Chicago has to offer. If any of you are in Chicago for any reason, please look us up. We'd be glad to host you, help you, or show you around."

Carl



## MANY THANKS TO CONTRIBUTORS

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

#### 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 1,900 alumni/ae all over the world

Kevin Becker	Jacob Mooney
Mary Ellen Stoltz Bianco	Ann Mariani Morris
John Bransfield	Thomas Neuburger
Ned Buchbinder	Thomas Pace
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Emily Locher	Jameson Wetmore
Courtney Miller	Peter & Amy (Brecount) White

#### 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.

Cathleen Cole  
Mr. & Mrs. George Macor

## **Contributions to the Otto A. Bird Fund**

This 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 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.

Mark Kromkowski

Rev. Michael Kwiecien, O' Carm.

## **Contributions to the Susan Clements Fund**

Susan was an extraordinary student and a remarkable young woman who graduated in 1990 and met an early and tragic death in 1992. This award is presented each year at the Senior Dinner, to the Program of Liberal Studies female student who exemplifies outstanding qualities of scholarly achievement, industry, compassion, and service.

Margaret Clements  
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Clements  
Mr. & Mrs. Walter Clements  
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Richardson

Mrs. Dana Rogers  
Mary-Skae Sturges  
Professor David L. Schindler

## **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 the course of 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.

Gilda Montalvo Bradford  
Dr. David Carlyle  
John McGinnis  
Gary Raisl

Michael Richerson  
William Sigler  
Richard Spangler

## **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.

Anne Marie Janairo Lewis

## **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."

Thomas Kwiecien  
Thomas Livingston  
Robert McClelland

William Rooney  
Albert Schwartz

## **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.

William Brittan  
Dr. David Carlyle  
Thomas Fleming  
Patrice Horan  
Patrick Mannion

Daniel Smith  
Richard Spangler  
Gregory St. Ville  
Mary Elizabeth Wackowski Wittenauer

## **Contributions to the Stephen Rogers Endowment for Graduate School Studies**

The endowment will be used to support Graduate School Studies for students of the Program of Liberal Studies.