



# P..O.G..A.M..I..A

A Newsletter for Graduates of the General Program of Liberal Studies

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University of Notre Dame

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## The View from 318

After years of thinking about it and months of doing something about it, this first issue of what we hope will be a regular semi-annual publication comes to you, and to all the General Program of Liberal Studies alumni and alumnae for whom we have addresses.

The Program is now in its twenty-seventh year. It has flourished under two Presidents, three Deans, and does not even seem to have been seriously damaged by its fourth Chairman. Graduates of the Program number more than 850, while students currently enrolled amount to 105, with a graduating class of 33. Our student body has remained remarkably stable, even growing slightly, despite drastic reductions in the number of students entering the College of Arts and Letters at the end of the University's common Freshman year (e.g., College of Arts and Letters graduating class, 1976-77: 689; Arts and Letters Sophomores, 1976-77: 486). Despite the spectral job-market, increasing professional emphasis within the Academy, and student gravitation toward the College of Business Administration, we remain highly attractive to a remarkably talented and likeable group of students.

We labor under the same disabilities as ever: inadequate class facilities, figuratively denominated "seminar rooms"; no laboratory space for the Natural Science or music components; no meeting room for students and faculty; no visible sign of administrative benison from the forthcoming "Summa" campaign; no funds for faculty development . . . .

A year ago at this season we lost a man whom we all loved dearly, Willis Dwight Nutting, who gladly taught and gladly learned with us for a quarter of a century. We miss him particularly at this time. Then, in February, Ivo Thomas passed away. Though he had been Director of the Collegiate Seminar since 1973, and had taught there often in preceding years, his loss has also left a permanent scar on the fabric of our lives.

At the end of the last academic year, Brother Edmund Hunt, C.S.C., retired, and another reassuring presence was taken from us. (Brother is now at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, and rumor has it he is still teaching.)

But so many fine young faculty members have joined the Program in the last four years, that all have much to rejoice over. Katherine Tillman came to us from the New School in 1973; Bill Frerking (Oxford), Phillip Sloan (University of Washington), and Tim Lenoir (Indiana) in 1974; and Linda Ferguson (University of Missouri) in 1976. Brief introductory details by each faculty member are found later in this issue.

Much has changed since many of you were here, e.g., the introduction of Asian classics into the Seminars; the music tutorial; the revised natural science component; the history tutorial. Yet we trust that all of you would feel at home should you stop in any day, for any class--which you are indeed welcome to do.

About this time of the year, as all the pressures of the end-of-the-semester crunch tighten about us here; as mind reaches the end of its tether, and the pursuit of the intellectual quarry which began so light-heartedly on the plains in September moves to thickets and swamp-land in December; we all tend to wonder at times why we do what we are doing. At this point I have found it useful to ask myself, and my students:

What went we out into the desert to see?  
A reed, shaken by the wind?

We know it was not that, but something far more hopeful and someone far more substantial.

With such advent greeting I leave you, though Jordan shall be crossed and more before you receive this.

John Lyon  
Chairman

PROGRAMMA (the Greek word meaning "public notice") is published toward the end of each academic semester by the General Program of Liberal Studies for its graduates. The faculty editor, Katherine Tillman, encourages the written and financial support of its readers. We would like to know and share what you are up to these days, what you think of PROGRAMMA, what your present reflections are upon your General Program education and its relation to your life since graduation. And we ask your financial contributions to help defray publication and mailing expenses to over 800 General Program graduates. We need your help, too, with the addresses of alums whom you know, who may have moved recently.

We hope that future issues of PROGRAMMA will be filled with your contributions as well as those of the faculty. Among our regular features will be: "The View from 318" and a substantive article to which we invite reader response. Please address all replies to PROGRAMMA, The General Program of Liberal Studies, 318 O'Shaughnessy Hall, Notre Dame, IN. 46556. The masthead was designed and contributed by Mr. Edward Rees of Fowler and Rees Commercial Art Studio in South Bend, who is the husband of Mrs. Mary Etta Rees, secretary of the General Program.

## A Little Excursus on Translating: A Celebration

On the evening of October 7, the General Program faculty and students gathered for a symposium on LANGUAGE. The forum was organized and introduced by Tim Lenoir who pointed to the taken-for-grantedness of the phenomenon of language in our generally programmed lives. Three brief presentations were made by Otto Bird ("Mathematics as a Language"), Stephen Rogers ("A Little Excursus on Translating: A Celebration"), and Katherine Tillman ("Philosophy, Language and Me") followed by group discussion which included comments from two students (Barbara Smith and Scott Medlock) who had studied abroad last year. We share with you the presentation of Professor Rogers and we invite you to enter into a "seminar discussion" by mail if you would like to comment or raise questions.

I think of what follows as a lyrical argument. I call it lyrical because, instead of making good its ground step by step, it borrows the seven-league boots of intuition. But it is an argument all the same.

One school I went to seemed to me to be a savage place, where we treated each other very badly on the whole. But every evening I took refuge from the savagery. I had to do my quota of lines from the Aeneid. In a room apart I slogged through "mortal things that touch the mind"; and for a while, the weariness abated; the clamors of anger and resentment dropped away into silence.

There was comfort, of course, just in the story: reassurance in Aeneas's doubtful heart, consolation in his reluctant courage. But the really good thing was the encounter with the Latin itself, even if my translations were far from good.

The same thing happened later when I read Dante in Italian. It happened still later when I taught myself Greek and made my way through the Phaedo in Socrates's own language. I went so slowly that every sentence had time to catch me by surprise. Time seemed to stand still.

A long while passed before I realized that I had been singularly happy during these moments of intimacy with language. (The realization came one afternoon while I was teaching a seminar about the contemplative life.) I waited still longer before I knew the reason why. But that's what I want to celebrate tonight: the reason why studying a foreign language, translating, can make a person happy.

Notice, please, that I say nothing about the practical powers of language, though I certainly acknowledge their usefulness in getting and spending, or simply in finding the pissoir under certain circumstances. But my argument follows a somewhat steeper road. I want to say that working to understand a foreign language can sometimes take you up out of the cave to the higher reaches of the divided line as surely as mathematics or philosophy can, because in translating from one language to another you make contact

with one sure domain of truth and goodness in the world; and if you get wrapped up in that, you are folded in transcendence. Let me offer some proof of this extravagant claim.

I lay it down as an axiom that there are two main facts about symbolic systems that should concern us. One is that symbols in any system have reference beyond themselves. The other is that these symbols, by being in a system, have relations among themselves. The sign that points the way and names a place stresses reference. Mathematical logic emphasizes internal relations. All symbolic systems range between some such extremes. It is through reference and coherence that they achieve their meaning.

Without meaning, of course, there are no symbols. Without symbols there would only be the terrible claustrophobia of matter.

Therefore, though we could find no other truth and no other goodness in the universe, though the universe were entirely unfriendly to our purposes and needs, we can find both truth and value in our symbolic systems. Meaning matters. It matters whether directions are true or false. It matters whether the box labelled "salt" actually contains salt or lye. And when someone reasons, "if you loved me you wouldn't injure me; if you break my heart you cannot love me," it matters whether such reasoning be valid. Meaning itself establishes value as a fact, which our symbols preserve and create by their very existence.

Even Samuel Beckett, who says that we are trapped in a great barrel--we cannot tell why, we cannot cooperate or communicate--even Beckett has his say: he sings and goes weeping, though if he believed his own doctrine, he would be silent. And we who listen ask: is it true? is it right? We challenge the coherence of that doctrine. We match it against our perception of the facts. We check its inner relations and test its reference. And we say to ourselves--symbols require such questions--we say: is there not a better account, say in Plato's allegory of the cave; or in Jesus's report of the Kingdom of God; or even in the scientist's supposition that goodness is nothing but truth? To understand symbolic systems at all is to be on the lookout for their accuracy and their validity.

The key term here is "system," or, as I would prefer to say, "structure." To move among structures is to enter the domain of pure thought.

Now a structure is a set of elements, together with one or more rules of relation. In this sense a building may exhibit structure; so may a crystal; so may a galaxy. But really, such objects only copy or instance structures. Structure is an inhabitant of mind.

It is truer to say that sentences are structures. Metaphors, functions, models, maps, theorems, theories, myths, poems, religions are structures. The great task of the mind is to capture the world in structures. With them we master change, hold the flux still, and pin the serpent of chaos in one place, or else foretell his outbreaks.

A set of elements and rules of relation:--My students in the Ways of Knowing might tell you that mathematical groups are structures in this sense. Some of those students, though not all, I think, might say such objects of the mind are beautiful. And they would be right. But if you listened only to them, you might think that this idea had nothing to do with where we live. Actually, structure is where we live:

"All things, as many as they are, have order among themselves," Dante says, and he goes on: "this order is form, which makes the universe like God" (Paradiso, I).

Incidentally, the way Dante says it takes advantage of a rule of ordering in Italian which is not available in our language: "Questo è forma," he says, "che l'universo a Dio fa simiglante." See how the universe and God are set next to each other? Literally it says: "this order is form, which the universe to God makes likening." It's silly in English. But as the Italian says it, it is simple and splendid.

And for Dante form is the image of God. It means not only order but instinct that sorts out all creatures. It means the bowstring of desire and the impetus of love that impels all creatures variously through the great sea of being ("il gran mar dell'essere") and distributes them according to their natures and their kinds.

God translated himself into the world. What a strange language that is, whose words are electrons and the cry of the gull! The work of poets and mathematicians and scientists is to translate the world into symbolic structures, to make it conscious, and give it value again from within itself.

Our feelings are only intelligible through structures. Our lives touch significantly only through forms.

We say: "I love you" or "I hate you." The poet says:

Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate . . .

What are these but little systems--parts of great ones--elements and rules of their combination?

But to illustrate quickly, let me start from scratch. What follows is another passage from Dante:

Era già l'ora che volge il disio  
ai navicanti e 'ntenerisce il core  
lo dì c'han detto ai dolci amici addio;  
e che lo novo peregrin d'amore  
punge, se ode squilla di lontano  
che paia il giorno pianger che si more . . .

Nothing, right? Pure concrete--gravel and cement--elements and rules poured out of a sack--out of a windbag at that! At best there are a few beguiling combinations of sound: ". . . e  
'ntenerisce il core . . . ai dolci amici addio . . ."

But really, this is one of those exquisite passages by which Dante leads the imagination--invites the heart I would say--into a whole history of emotions. It begins the eighth canto of the Purgatory--the canto of the worldly men of power who still feel nostalgia for the earth. It says: "Already it was the hour that brings back longing in sailors and softens their heart /with memories of/ the day when they said goodby to their sweet friends; the hour that pierces the pilgrim of love, if he hears a chime far-off that seems to mourn the dying of the day."

Well, that's sort of what it means. Actually it gives you a double representation of homesickness: one from the sea--no turning back out there; the other from the land. Your mind must add the two together. And the picture from the land is of the pilgrim of love, that sad and heart-sick traveller in the Middle Ages--or perhaps in any age--who wanders through a cold world that is always about to be melted into comfort. And in the background, to be heard only or half-perceived, is the medieval church-bell whose ringing of the hours bespeaks a weariness while it betokens a hope of better things.

There is a whole lifescape in these relatively unimportant lines. It is an Italian and medieval lifescape--full of peculiar ways of understanding--full of values that are not necessarily ours. There is an Italian pilgrim and even an Italian heart. And as for the squilla di lontano, that is, the Italian bell through which somehow one hears--

But I cannot say what it is that one hears, though I think I can hear it. Each sensation is sui similis, you know. Sensations cannot be rendered literally or passed from one mind to another except if they are experienced through symbols, which are the community's say, and by which generations have preserved and even created a given lifescape.

With a passage like this the translator only reproduces the results as best he can. He finds corresponding but very different elements, to which he applies analogous but different rules. He tries to make a homomorphism, as the mathematicians express a thing which they can do far more precisely, though under severer limitations.

But the translator tries, nevertheless, to become at home in the habits of that other language, to perceive the world through those elements which have been tempered by centuries of usage. He perceives one structuring and carries it into another. And that is the great labor and characteristic power of the mind.

But by now you've no doubt divined an essential point: that in structures the whole is greater and vastly different from the sum of the parts. Words are mere counters, mere tokens, mere points where a spider web might hang. Rules are just promises of directions that thought can take. The sentence is like the atom; the argument, like the molecule. They are mostly pure space, where forces play in fields of signification. It is in these interstices, in these symbolic spaces, that we live.

The student who loses himself for a moment in the study of some foreign text stumbles into the circle of transcendent mind. He stands, without knowing it perhaps, in a tabernacle of truth and value. And that's a good place to stand in.

Stephen J. Rogers

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Greetings from the Faculty!

Although three of our charter faculty are with us today (Professors Otto Bird, Edward Cronin and Richard Thompson), many of you do not know many of us. Here we tell you a little of ourselves, of the personal and intellectual itineraries which have brought us to the General Program faculty.]

Edward J. Cronin

Like all my proudest boasts--my religion, my nationality, my Chicago, my very blood and name--my proudest boast about the General Program is accidental and had nothing to do with my intentions or efforts. And that is why, no doubt, they have all turned out so well. By the merest accident and through the sole virtue of endurance, I am the only continuous, practicing charter member of the General Program. And through the resignation this June of our founder, Dr. Bird, I shall become the senior member of the General Program faculty: senior in time or in dignity--I leave that to you.

Teachers must, first, have been students; and to continue as teachers, they must continue to be students. This is a good opportunity, then, to pay tribute--to thank--my former and present teachers. First of all, I thank all my former, professional teachers, for from all of them I learned something: perhaps from the worst I learned the most, for, by their example, they taught me what not to do. From my mother and two aunts, all of them first-grade teachers, I learned what it meant to put students and their needs above all other considerations. From Sister Theophane (the thunder of God) I learned (most helpful when I taught high school) the value of a good left-hook; from Mr. Victor Martzell, a teacher at Mt. Carmel, the good influence a Notre Dame man can have. From Father Leo L. Ward and Professor James Withey at Notre Dame, I learned what can be learned about the teaching of Writing; from Professor Clarence Faust, at the University of Chicago, how to understand what I read; from Professor Huntington Brown at the University of Minnesota, how to enjoy what I read. From, again, here at Notre Dame, I learned from Dr. Bird that one can have passions

for things of the mind as well as those of the flesh. From Willis Nutting I learned how to try to attempt to practice--occasionally--how to be a saint on earth without being a pain in the neck to those around me. Those around me say I didn't make it. From many generations of students I learned, I fear, as much as I taught: the connection between images in a poem of Donne's; a paper I read just yesterday that showed me a Leopold Bloom I had never seen in twenty years of teaching; above all, how to stay young on the inside while decaying on the outside.

And always--while I have only taught in the General Program, the General Program has taught me. Poets are better at words than ordinary human beings. Without his realizing it, Walt Whitman wrote about the General Program and how good and exciting a teacher it is:

The appointed winners in a long-stretch'd game;  
The course of Time and nations--Egypt, India, Greece,  
and Rome;  
The past entire, with all its heroes, histories, arts,  
experiments,  
Its store of songs, inventions, voyages, teachers, books,  
Garner'd for now and thee--To think of it!  
The heirdom all converged in thee!

Linda C. Ferguson

This 1976-77 academic year is not only my first in the General Program of Liberal Studies, but also my first full time professorial position. I come from Missouri where I grew up in a farming community. I studied music at the Conservatory of Music, University of Missouri, Kansas City Campus (formerly the Kansas City Conservatory). While my applied emphasis was piano, and later, harpsichord, I became interested, even as an undergraduate, in matters of musica speculativa, and consequently became known as quite an oddity among my colleagues who were directing their energies and ambitions toward the practical musics of singing, dancing, and playing instruments. As a master's student in music theory, I came upon a statement by Howard Mayer Brown, a musicologist whose work I hold in high esteem. He wrote, "Musicology will not grow up as a humanistic discipline until its practitioners learn to deal with ideas and music's position in the world of ideas." Learning to deal with "music's position in the world of ideas" became the focal point of my educational life, even though I found myself doing more study than my fellow graduate students (or so it seemed to me at the time).

Still, it has always been important to me to keep in touch, at least nominally, with applied music, and to that end I practice my harpsichord and clavichord as time allows. There is a popular (and probably fictitious) account of the musicological convention where no one in attendance was capable of performing the musical examples to supplement the papers. I do attempt occasionally to

utilize such skills as I can maintain in performance situations. I am married to Ralph Klapis, a bass-baritone who is pursuing an opera career, and together we find a balance between musics speculative and practical.

When I applied for the position I currently hold, that of teaching the Fine Arts component and Great Books Seminars, I requested more precise information than the placement service had supplied. I received the General Program brochure, and my immediate response was regret that I had not learned of the program ten years earlier! Since it was not practical for me to consider enrolling as a student, I proceeded with my application for the faculty position. Since arriving here I have consistently found the environment to be mentally invigorating, and rewarding in terms of friendships formed. The welcome I have received is a testament to the very real community which exists at Notre Dame in general, and in the General Program in particular. I like it here.

Michael J. Crowe

Having been a student in the General Program during the mid-1950's and having taught in the program since 1961, I have had the pleasure of knowing most of its graduates. Thus most of the recipients of this first newsletter will know of my interests in all aspects of the General Program and especially in the history and philosophy of science. Earlier graduates may however be interested to know that since 1973 when I retired from the chairmanship, I have had the opportunity to do more teaching, research, and fishing.

Besides doing the junior seminar, I am currently doing the Ways of Knowing course, known to students from the 1960's as Methodology and to students from the 1950's as Philosophy of Science. In the natural science area, most of my recent teaching has been concerned with the development of sidereal astronomy and cosmology. My current research, which served as the occasion for a trip to London, Oxford and Cambridge in 1975, has been directed to writing a book on the history of ideas of extraterrestrial intelligent life.

The many graduates of the program who have met my children may be interested to know that Patty, the oldest, is now a senior in high school where she is much tormented by her two underclass brothers, both of whom now stand but a shade under six feet. Our youngest, Cathy, is now in seventh grade and wondering about a new third grade teacher at her school--her mother. My best regards to all of you.

Richard J. Thompson  
Assistant Dean, College of Arts and Letters

Born and educated in Canada, I received a B.A. degree from the University of Toronto with a Philosophy (English or History) major, a program that calls for but will not get an explanation. Graduate work was done at the Institute of Mediaeval Studies, under Gilson and Maritain, inter alios. I had my first teaching position at St. Louis University, followed by one at the University of Detroit, where I was when I received by "Greetings" from President Roosevelt. After three years in uniform, I returned to Detroit and spent another few years there before coming to Notre Dame in 1945.

I had two years in the Department of Philosophy here before moving to the General Program when it was begun in 1950. The cultivation of flexibility, essential to a layman in philosophy in Catholic institutions before the war, was invaluable to me in the first years of the Program, for we were flexible if we were anything. Among the things all of us taught were composition and literature in Latin, French and English, philosophy, theology, and mathematics, as well as the other disciplines encountered in the Seminars. I don't think we harmed the students very much and we did acquire a liberal education for ourselves.

I stayed with the General Program as a full-time teacher, with occasional forays into the Department of Philosophy, until 1962, when I became a member of the academic bureaucracy. I continued to teach regularly until 1965, when I began and directed the Upward Bound Program on the campus. Since then, my attachment to the General Program has been marginal, but my fondness for it has not lessened.

William Preston Frerking

I remember coming awake intellectually and, indeed, spiritually, through two questions. The first was Job's: Why is there evil? And what fascinated and drew me greatly was the suggestion in the Book of Job that there was a knowledge more worth having than anything in the world, a knowledge that would make one blessed even in suffering, a knowledge which was somehow of the nature and order and beauty of the world, and of the one who created all of that. What was that knowledge? Where was it to be found? The second question was: What is life? I wanted to know the "secret" of life. As I look back now, I think that what I wanted to understand was the world of the spirit--spiritual as opposed to material being. But I did not see that clearly then; by the end of high school I thought the answer to my question was to be found in biochemistry. The first question in the meantime led a kind of "extracurricular" existence.

By the time I was within a semester course of completion of my B.A. in chemistry, it had become clear to me that the answer to my second question was not to be found in the natural sciences. My search led me to change my major to philosophy; in my graduate years I was led on to a deeper study of this subject, and to theology. During the same period my search for the "truth infinitely worth knowing" more and more gave direction to my intellectual and academic endeavors. I wanted to use my mind for working out and elaborating, insofar as it was able, that unified view of the world and its source, that wisdom which was one. The learning of any truth could serve this purpose; and so I was glad that I had studied the natural sciences, even though my search led me beyond the questions they raise. During the same period I came also to see that the wisdom I was seeking could be taken as the end and goal not only of intellectual endeavor, but of human life as a whole. What concrete demands would be made on a life given up to the search for that wisdom which makes blessed? Thus ethics, and moral and spiritual theology, entered into the sphere of my central concerns.

As far back in my intellectual life as I can remember I have had such a sense of the urgency of the need for wisdom that it has been impossible for me to devote myself to any question except insofar as it is related to the search for that wisdom. For the same reason I have always found myself being drawn back again and again to the study of the works of the greatest teachers of man, whose vision was always the sharpest, whose doctrines were always the most fruitful, who always had the longest thoughts and the deepest.

I came to the General Program by chance; I came to know of it only a few days before I was to be interviewed for a teaching position in it, and had supposed I would be moving in other directions. I hope what I have said will make clear why I soon came to see this as indeed a happy chance. For here I found that I could continue the very search I had become ever more devoted to, through the same world of humane sciences and liberal arts through which I had taken my own way, under the tutelage of the same great teachers, and as part of a community of colleagues and young friends who understood the love of the "synoptic" view, from whom I could learn much, and with whom I could share whatever I had to give.

Walter Nicgorski

A Wisconsin native, I attended Georgetown University and received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1960. My primary interests were in the classical languages, philosophy and political science in which I majored.

Interested in settling a recent version of the conflict between the ancients and the moderns (this being in the form of the contention between political philosophy and behavioral political

science), I returned to the Middle West and planted myself at the University of Chicago right in the middle of what was sometimes warfare between the camps but what was usually a stimulating intellectual exchange about what was really worth studying and how to do it. I took the M.A. and Ph.D. from Chicago, having there the good fortune to work closely with the late Leo Strauss. When well into a doctoral dissertation on Cicero, the Roman orator, statesman and political philosopher (I specify only because some behaviorist friends remain convinced that I must have studied downtown Cicero, Illinois), I came to Notre Dame (1964) and taught for several years in the Department of Government before being asked in 1969 to join the faculty of the General Program of Liberal Studies.

The General Program's curriculum offered the integrity, in both the senses of wholeness and of soundness, that I longed to see in American undergraduate education and very much wanted to be a part of. As a teacher in the Program, I am able to teach courses that pursue questions of moral philosophy, the nature of man, the way we know and metaphysics--questions that for me initially grew out of their bearing on important political issues. And this all happens in classes of modest size, where some approach to dialectic is possible, and in the company of the world's best books and supportive colleagues who are committed to broad learning and liberal education. Only my faith and inflation are left to remind me that this is not paradise.

#### Timothy Lenoir

When was it, O Sophrosyne, Muse of the Liberal Arts, that you entered the narrow confines of these finite spaces revealing the torturous but sweet path to your clear and distinct ideas? Perhaps it was that evening in 1966 when as a high school senior I was visited by your servant, the recruiter for the Integrated Program at St. Mary's College in Moraga, California. Having heard the Siren Call of your Great Books I made the leap of faith and renounced all cares of the world, particularly Wealth (which, thanks to you, O Sophrosyne, I have never known nor have expectations of ever knowing). Well you know how arduous was that first year when as a novice and penitent bearing your yoke, I studied Mathematics, Greek, the Sacred Scriptures, Astronomy and the Great Books in the forum of the Seminar. I was more fortunate than some of my present colleagues, for as a neophyte I had already received the Grace of your illumination without having to tread the dark and iniquitous paths of intellectual pride which seeks to glorify itself in Departments of Philosophy, Departments of Mathematics and the like, which sow the seeds of intellectual dissonance and tyranny rather than glorifying you, O Sophrosyne, the source of all illumination.

But even though I had been led directly to you, and perhaps for that very reason, I was untried, weak and unable to persevere

in your pursuit. The She-Wolf of intellectual incontinence dragged me unwittingly but deservedly down into the dark wood of despair. At the end of my second year I left the Integrated Program and chased the fantoms of learning offered by those Faustuses at Berkeley in the Mathematics and Philosophy Departments. Two years spent in pursuit of you, however, had allowed the sweet Music of your Republic to penetrate my soul and I was not long detained by those deceptions. That day when a ridiculous T.A. in mathematics could not explain why "everything always goes to zero in the limit" set my spirit quaking, and asking for your guidance, I heard a voice crying out "Take up and read." I happened to be on Telegraph Avenue, that den of intellectual fornication, and had just purchased a copy of the Berkeley Barb. I opened it randomly and there I read "semper ubi sububi." That was surely a sign from you, O Sophrosyne, telling me to get back on the True Way. I immediately rejoined my brethren at St. Mary's in pursuit of you and remained unshaken in my faith until graduation in 1970.

Having been so moved by You, I decided to become one of your Guardians. But in order to do that, I had to make the trial by fire and ice and descend into that Inferno of graduate studies. Four years I wandered the halls of the Departments of Philosophy and History in which the souls of those who refuse the grace of your illumination receive their just desert, being forced to sing the dissonant Departmental Chant in perpetual torment. Hardened against sin by these labors, I emerged from that death-filled pit in 1974 with a Ph.D. in the History and Philosophy of Science, having written a dissertation on the Social and Intellectual Roots of Discovery in the 17th Century Mathematics.

Once again you intervened in my life, allowing me to forego the Purgatorio of teaching in a History or Philosophy department. In 1974 you called me directly to the Isles of the Blessed at Notre Dame in the General Program of Liberal Studies, where I now discourse with others daily, praising your name through our reading of your Servants, Aristotle, Galileo, Descartes and Newton among others.

#### John Lyon

The itinerary which brought me to Notre Dame once more, and to the General Program of Liberal Studies for the first time, is probably quite unexceptional.

Though I graduated from the University of Notre Dame with a B.A. in History in 1954, as the old canard has it, some of my best friends were GP'ers. Tom Campbell, Andy Bauer and I lived together and froze through one winter here in an essentially unheated and facility-less apartment above a garage in "Dogpatch." Dave Burrell, Jim Cannon, Tom Field, Buck Hennigan and others of the Class of 1954 I knew less well. Tom Wageman (GP, 1956) and I grew up together in the Garfield Park section of Chicago's west side.

After a M.A. in History at Notre Dame in 1955, and a stint at Emory University (Atlanta), I repaid part of my debt to society --and nature--by serving out a four-year term as a high school teacher in a small town in Ohio. Graduate study at the University of Pittsburgh (History, History of Science, Literature) led to the Ph.D. in 1966. After teaching seven years in the History Department at Duquesne University, I came to the General Program of Liberal Studies in 1967, and in 1973 was appointed Chairman.

The mental quarry which I pursued seemed always to come to bay in those areas where two or more "disciplinary areas" overlapped. The simple inhumanity of "education" in the humanities which combined massive sections of undergraduates in "survey courses" at one end of the spectrum with ever more arcane and specialized graduate courses at the other drove me to seek again a via media which would restore some ratio to the "studiorum" I pursued. The awkwardness of working with students who had read the latest textbook in history, but never Thucydides, or Tacitus, or Vico, or Hegel, or Gibbon, combined with the growing sense that what was intellectually alive in me would be buried soon unless the opportunity to be educated by colleagues and students accompanied by structural necessity the process of teaching, led to a search for some alternative academic order.

At this point the opportunity of joining the faculty of the General Program of Liberal Studies arose, in large part facilitated by the Chairman, Fred Crosson, who as a young teaching assistant in Philosophy had years before piloted me through the shoals of a discipline subsequently to become virtually extinct: natural theology.

It is hard to imagine being with finer colleagues, or better students, or in a more commodious academic home, than here.

Stephen J. Rogers

When I was a kid, there was a song called "Don't Fence Me In." It was just a piece of flotsam in the pop culture, nothing worth remembering; but I can still quote some of the verses:

I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences,  
Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses . . .

It was silly stuff; but it stuck because it was a fanciful antidote to a recurring fantasy that must have had to do with frustration. I imagined, time and again, that I was swimming through deep water, which was divided up by a network of fences; and at every stroke I had to ease my body over the pickets which were just below the surface.

I thought college was going to open gates, but as I neared Notre Dame on the train, with my schedule all mapped out--speech, logic, freshman English, and the rest of the standard traps--I had misgivings, though I didn't know what these subjects really

were. Then my friend who was with me read the G.P. description. It promised that I might meet the great authors of the West; that my classmates and I would figure out what those authors were saying to us; that in the process we would learn to speak cogently, to write clearly, and above all to reason judiciously; and in the course of all this I would come into an acquaintance with the seminal ideas of western thought--with the sources of tradition. The next morning I persuaded Dr. Bird to let me sign up.

I think the G.P. has kept its promise in more ways than I could have supposed it would. I never have really found it wanting, though I have sometimes complained about the slowness of the journey and its hardships. The G.P. certainly didn't let me down when I went to graduate school. (Comparative Literature was just more fence clearing.) And since I have come back to teach, I have become more and more intent upon the journey toward that elusive ridge, more and more aware of some remarkable companions--both the literary ones and the living.

#### M. Katherine Tillman

Being in the General Program at Notre Dame is like coming home. My mother is a professor of languages at St. Louis University, as was my father; my grandmother, all three of my aunts and my only uncle were or are educators. When we were very young, my sister, three brothers and I made a pact that none of us were ever going to be teachers; teachers were always telling you what to do. Yet here I stand, the single renegade, joyfully unfaithful to my childhood trust.

What were all those funny sounds that mother and daddy called "languages," we wondered. What did they have to do with us, and how horrid of our parents to try to foist those strange words upon us. We resisted with all our might, and succeeded--on the home front, anyway. But my mother must have smuggled a magic potion into my cereal, or else I simply had language in my genes, for I flourished on four years of high school Latin and spent an extra year in college so that I could major in French and German. I was beginning to see that language has a lot to do with me, with who I am, with how I think, with my tradition.

It was the love of language and of the worlds of meaning and connection that language had opened to me that urged me toward a master's degree in ancient philosophy at St. Louis University. I guess it was as simple as being fascinated by the relationships of things, words and meanings--and of myself with all of them. I had discovered that linguistics and literature are entries to thought-structures, and that philosophy (Parmenides' aleitheia) could unveil for me some of the connections between mind and world, between myself and my tradition. Alfred North Whitehead's words had sunk deep in me, that all real learning is in seeing the connections, in understanding the relationships. Analogously on the

existential level, Martin Buber's words had spoken to me, that all real living is in meeting, is in the in-between. I wanted to teach.

I taught philosophy for a few years at Clarke College in Dubuque and at Mundelein College in Chicago, then decided to go on for my doctorate in philosophy at the New School for Social Research in New York. There I studied the western philosophical tradition, minoring in sociology and anthropology, and concentrating on phenomenology, which attempts to describe the inseparable inter-connections between human consciousness and its world. For two of those student years I was an instructor of philosophy at Rutgers University in Newark. (For the other two I was a secretary for a marketing research firm on Fifth Avenue--a woman needs bread as well as roses.) Then I ~~came~~ home. Well, I came back to the Midwest, to Notre Dame and to the General Program. Home means a place where you are comfortable--intellectually, spiritually, personally. It means a place where you are free within your tradition. And it means a place where there can be connections and meetings--lots of them--with and among ideas, values and people. Je suis chez moi.

Phillip R. Sloan

I entered the "madness" (sensu Phaedrus) of the General Program by what may appear as the most complex route of any of the faculty. It all began with an interest in chemistry as an undergraduate, which eventually led me from chemistry to pre-med, and then to theoretical zoology. From there I entered graduate studies in Marine Biology and Oceanography (M.S. Scripps Institution of Oceanography, 1964). In what then could only seem as a rash act, I then entered into the graduate study of Philosophy, which I presumed to undertake literally without any undergraduate training in the humanities or liberal arts, save one Great Books course. This led to an M.A. (1967) and Ph.D. (1970) in philosophy, with a speciality in the history and philosophy of the biological sciences.

After teaching for five years in the department of Biomedical History at the University of Washington Medical School in Seattle (history and philosophy of the biological sciences), I came to the General Program in 1974. Needless to say, this is the one place where I can feel that not a minute of any of this diverse educational background has been wasted!

More than this, General Program is the only place in all this educational experience where I feel that the right questions and issues are finally being addressed in the way they should be in all our education. I only regret that I didn't start out here.

Otto A. Bird

I can trace my interest in the type of education represented in the General Program to three sources: (1) the last three semesters as an undergraduate at the University of Michigan most of which was spent in English Honors reading and discussing classics of world literature; (2) the year 1936-37 at the University of Chicago, where I studied under Adler, Buchanan, and McKeon, who were then engaged in drawing up the curriculum that became the St. John's Program; (3) the years 1947-50, when under Adler, I was engaged as an associate editor in helping to compile The Syntopicon of Great Ideas that constitutes the systematic index of Great Books of the Western World.

But that this preparation led to the formation of an institution was due to the fortunate meeting of Fr. John Cavanaugh, then president of Notre Dame, with Mortimer Adler, who was a frequent lecturer at the university in the 30s and 40s. Fr. Cavanaugh became convinced of the educational value of reading and discussing great books through his own participation in seminars sponsored by the Great Books Foundation. To demonstrate that value to students and faculty, he asked Adler and his four associates on the Syntopicon to put on demonstration seminars during the fall of 1949. I remember that I led a discussion on the Meno. In January 1950 I was invited to become the first director of a great books program as an integral part of the College of Arts and Letters.

Professor Bird's recently published book contains, in his words, the raison d'être of the General Program: Cultures in Conflict, An Essay in the Philosophy of the Humanities, University of Notre Dame Press, 1976. 232 pp. \$13.95.

Otto Bird, founder, first Chairman, and guiding spirit of the General Program of Liberal Studies for many years, will retire at the end of the current academic year to the bucolic isolation of Martin County, Indiana, where, rumor has it, he plans to raise grapes. Though we are in the process of searching for a replacement to fill the vacancy on our Staff created by his departure, in a most real way, that vacancy can never be filled. For the inspiration he gave to two generations of students, and for the firm foundation he laid for the General Program of Liberal Studies, we are immeasurably grateful.

IN MEMORIAM

Ivo Thomas (1912-1976)

The General Program lost a good friend and one of its most learned and urbane members in the death of Ivo Thomas, February 2, 1976, after a relatively short illness. He was buried from Sacred Heart Church with a eulogy by his old friend, Rev. Philip Hanley, O.P., formerly of the theology department, and rests now in Niles, where he had made his home since 1972.

Herbert Christopher Thomas was born in London, Eng. Jan. 17, 1912, of an upper middle class British family, Scots and Welsh, as well as English. After early schooling at one of the most eminent of the "public schools," he went to Queen's College, Oxford, from which he graduated with first class honors in Litterae Humaniores, the "Greats" program. He had become a convert to the Catholic Church while still in "prep" school and on graduation from college entered the Dominicans, was ordained, and received his theology licentiate. His first duty, from 1942-44 was as chaplain to the Catholic Student Union at Edinburgh where during those war years he became acquainted with many American soldiers and developed a love for the States. After teaching philosophy and theology for the English Dominicans from 1942-58, he came to Notre Dame as a visiting professor of logic. He joined the General Program faculty in 1963, becoming professor in 1970 and director of the Collegiate Seminar in 1973.

He was a man of extremely wide interests; a classicist in the old sense (he began Latin at the age of six); professionally trained in philosophy and theology; a research specialist in logic. The bibliography of his publications runs to 211 items. It was compiled by Dr. Deirdre La Porte, who became his wife after his laicization in 1972. R.I.P.

by Otto A. Bird

Willis Dwight Nutting (1900-1975)

As I believe all of you know, Willis Nutting died on December 6, 1975 after an illness of two months. Since Bob Heinemann and the other organizers of the 1975 gathering in his honor sent all of you a copy of the essay I wrote on him for the Scholastic, there seems no need to repeat the information therein at this time. Thus it has seemed best to provide instead a bibliography of his writings, for many of you have mentioned to me a desire to read some of his essays and books. I compiled this bibliography mainly from a box of his writings that Mrs. Nutting loaned to me. It is possibly not complete and I would appreciate additions and corrections.

Should you wish to read some of his writings, I would suggest that the essay on his conversion in the Road to Damascus is the best starting point. It is richly biographical and shows the centrality of Christianity in his life. The Commonweal essays are the best introduction to his educational philosophy and hopefully will lead one on to his two books on educational philosophy. His Reclamation of Independence is the most important of his writings in the agrarian movement whereas his How Firm a Foundation? shows him at his philosophic best.

Many of you will be interested to learn that Mrs. Nutting recently showed me the manuscript for a fifth book which was probably written around 1971 and which has never been published. Called My Neighbor and Myself, it is the fullest statement of his religious views. Both Mrs. Nutting and myself feel that it is his best book and we hope to find a publisher for it. We would be helped in this regard were those of you who would be interested in reading it to write to me indicating that you would purchase a copy of it were it to be printed. This would help us in finding a publisher.

by Michael J. Crowe

## A Bibliography of the Writings of Willis D. Nutting

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How Firm a Foundation? New York and London, 1939.  
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### PAMPHLETS

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Note: Ave Maria Press published a boxed set of eight pamphlets entitled The Beatitudes. WDN wrote six of these, covering the last six beatitudes. The date and place for each was Notre Dame, IN., 1965. Their titles in order by beatitude were: Those Who Mourn; Hunger and Thirst; The Merciful; Pure of Heart; The Peacemakers; Persecution for Justice.

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As a living memorial to Willis Nutting, two courses and two lectures were contributed this semester by General Program faculty to the Forever Learning Institute in South Bend, to which Willis was dedicated as an advisory board and faculty member from its inception in 1974. Stephen Rogers, who established the memorial, taught a course entitled "Myths of Our Times: The Stories We Actually Live By," and Katherine Tillman taught a course called "What is Philosophy?" The two lectures were given by Walter Nicgorski ("How We Elect the President: The Founders' Intention and the Present Practise") and by Michael Crowe ("Willis Nutting: Some Recollections").