

The Church: 1970

If I Had A College . . .

By Fr. Andrew Greeley



After the columns I have written recently on the state of higher education, it would not be unfair to ask of me how I would run a college if I had one of my own. It is relatively easy for me to answer this question because there is no more prospect of my having a college of my own than of having a parish of my own or anything else but IBM printouts of my own.

However, I subscribe to the "college as grove" theory of my colleague, Howard Becker. If I had a college of my own I would assign each of the professors a tree. The professor would at certain specified hours each day, or several days a week, appear in the shade of his tree accompanied by his secretary and research assistant, the former to bear him copious supplies of tea (warm in the morning and iced in the afternoon) and the latter to bring him computer read-outs, books from the library, and a daily copy of *The New York Times*.

While he was sitting under his tree, the professor would talk to his secretary, to his research assistant, to himself, and to anybody who might happen by. He would talk, as most professors do anyhow, of the things on which he was working or in which he was interested. Presumably, he would be joined by students who would be interested in talking about these same subjects and listening to the professor talk.

If the students were interested in doing further reading in the subjects about which they and the professors had conversed, the professor would present them with a reading list. Furthermore, if the student's interest in the subject was so great that he was moved to write a paper on the matter in hand, the professor would be delighted to evaluate the paper and make constructive recommendations for its improvement.

When the appointed time was over the professor would gather up his books, his readouts, his secretary, his research assistant, and return to his ivory tower with the promise to the students that he would return to the shade of the tree on the next appointed day at the appointed hour and they might then continue their delightful discussion.

He might even recommend to some of the students that

there are other professors in the grove who are likely to be talking about related subjects, and that the students might be well advised also to seek out the shade of the trees of some of his colleagues.

The student would be guaranteed four years of free wandering through the forest, though at the end of four years (of elapsed time; he would certainly take a year off, or two years, or three years, or five years anytime he wanted) the student would be barred from the forest save for occasional social or ceremonial visits to his old teachers.

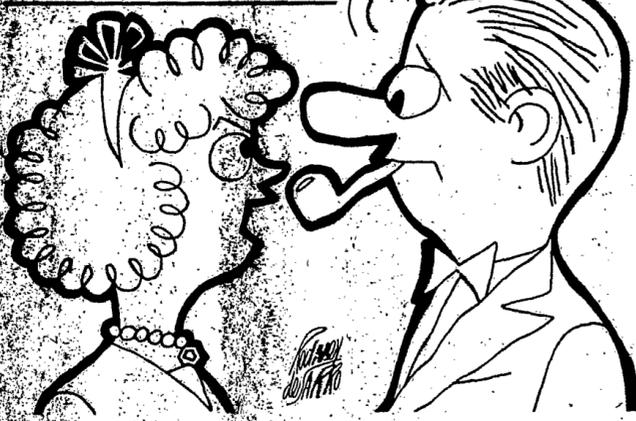
It would be assumed that if in a four-year period he did not acquire the knowledge and skills for which he had come, then he never would. Since the A. B. is considered important in our society, we would promise the student that after he has spent four full years wandering through the forest we would give him the A. B. degree.

"Aha," you say, "but how would we be able to measure his competency? How will we know that he has really acquired the skills and the knowledge that he has claimed to have acquired?" The answer to that is we would know it the same way we really know it now, and that has nothing to do with his grade point average. We would look at the work he has done and we would read the letters of recommendation from those professors under whose tree he has sat.

The principal assumption on which my academic grove is based is the notion that people learn only because they want to learn and not because they are forced to do it in order to obtain grades, credits, and degrees. If somebody does not want to learn, then there isn't much point in his coming to the forest, save perhaps to encounter members of the opposite sex also wandering through the trees. And there is no point wasting his time or the faculty time in anything else if the student's only reason to come to college is to find a mate.

But to repeat, even if considerable numbers of them never venture into the forest save at night, the educational effects would certainly be no worse than the present system of higher education, and the students would have no pent up animosity and anger which would make them want to burn down the forest.

MARRIAGE LICENSE!



"What do you want to do this evening... take me dancing or clean the cellar?"

Courier-Journal

On The Right Side Woolgathering At Mass

By Father Paul J. Cuddy



Modern Catholics say they love the Bible. Of these, many really do. But there is a spiritually debilitating tendency to join the "in" thing, just to be "in." Among Catholics it is rather "in" to be "biblically oriented", even if they don't quite know what that means. God grant that our people will really love the Bible.

St. Jerome wrote: "Ignorance of the Scriptures is ignorance of Christ." Obviously he didn't mean reading the Scriptures because most Christians couldn't read in the fourth century. He meant that we must understand the message of the Bible.

I admire St. Jerome for his scholarship, and like him for his flaming temper. He is the greatest of the early Bible scholars. Born in Dalmatia about 340, he studied in Rome, Gaul, Constantinople, and spent his last 33 years in Bethlehem, dying at 80.

He had a violent temper which erupted when heresy raised its head. A contemporary, the priest Helvidius, attacked the doctrine of the virginity of Mary. Jerome replied with a vitriolic letter to Helvidius. People often think the saints were born patient and kind. A biographer of St. Alphonsus Liguori wrote: "No man can be a great saint unless he has the capacity to be a

great sinner." Jerome's passionate love of truth and hatred of heresy finally molded him into a passionate lover of the Word made Flesh, and the Word of the Book.

With the new form of the Mass, there is great emphasis on the Scriptures, with wider and more readings. There are three on Sundays. This is good, if our people know what the Scriptures mean.

Father Otto Vogt, whom I assist Sundays, provides his Canisio and Rexville parishes with a Sunday monthly missalette which does have the Scriptures of the Sunday printed in the booklet. The missalette suggests: "Do not read the Scripture along with the priest, but listen to the Word of God."

This I think is pedagogically unsound. This illustrates why I think so.

One Sunday a few years back I was celebrating Mass in Clyde: both the 8:30 and 10:30 hours. The priest who was giving the homily also read the gospel while I stood at "the president's chair." Now, the priest-homilist was a skilled reader, far better than the average priest or lay reader. He read with intelligence, with clarity, with unction, and without affectation.

At 8:30 Mass I stood and

heard the gospel read by the priest with the aforesaid intelligence and unction. At 10:30 I heard the Gospel a second time. It jolted me to discover I had heard the words of the Gospel narration at the 8:30, but I hadn't listened at all I had been wool-gathering. The psalmist's words struck home: "Ears they have and hear not. Eyes they have and see not." (Ps. 113:6) I hadn't heard any more than the stone gods, and I think I was not alone in my wool-gathering.

It is a sadness to me to raise my eyes from the Scripture texts at Mass, especially Old Testament non-stories and New Testament complicated epistles of St. Paul, and to realize that many hearers of the Word are hearing without heeding, and frequently are gathering wool rather than the Message. They have been deprived of the missal text or of the custom of reading the text by the precipitous unloading of the new Mass rite without the instrument they once had, namely their own daily missal.

Try experimenting—with the ears only, or with ears and eyes used to experience the Spirit of the Word of God. You'll find it enlightening.

In the second part of this article next week, Father Cuddy will discuss how to get the most out of the scriptural readings.

The Morriss Plan Female Equality Here's How!

By Frank Morriss



I think promoters of the nation-wide female equality strike set for Aug. 26 need a good male adviser, if one could be found. I think enough to the masculine cause. As it is, the strike's originator couldn't have come up with ideas more to the liking of the male side of human activity if she had actually been a front for the men—which I sometimes suspect she is.

Mrs. Betty Freidan's trouble may be, of course, simply that she cannot escape thinking like a woman, which as I say should warn her to get some Benedict Arnold's masculine advice. Take, for example, her suggestion that women on that day "sit in" and "rap." Don't you see, Mrs. Freidan, it is a common male suspicion that that is what women do almost 365 days a year, with just the exception of those days when he wants to sit quietly and rest. Then, of course, she wants to hit the road for somewhere or other. And not on an equal basis, either, but with him as chauffeur, as it were.

And then, too, Mrs. Freidan tells the ladies to stop vacuuming on Aug. 26. Unfortunately, that is not a Saturday or Sunday, or you would hear a unanimous shout of acclamation from male America. As for a Wednesday, which it is, what man has the tiniest doubt that not a vacuum is moved from its moorings on a Wednesday—or, for that matter, on a Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, or Friday. I ask you, isn't vacuuming an activity saved for when the

game is on, or when he wants to sit over late Saturday morning coffee?

Mrs. Freidan may have sent a major chill down the spines of retailers with her threat of an economic boycott starting with a "don't buy" movement on Aug. 26. But if the women are faithful to Mrs. Freidan's call, you will hear revelry by night on Aug. 26 as men make wassail, and herald the dawn of THEIR liberation from budget and the unrestrained charge account.

Nor do I think that even in this case will retailers have much to worry about—for what women may save their husbands in the form of dresses and jewelry unpurchased, hair-do's undone, and poodles unclipped, the husbands will more than balance with anchovies, Macadamia nuts, imported salami, Dijon mustards, chutney sauces, kiwi fruits, etc., tossed into the baskets when they get the groceries.

There will be some economic benefit, too, when men celebrate women's liberation day by getting a midweek chance to visit the pub as their wives respond to Mrs. Freidan's clarion call to "march and demonstrate." Even the milkiest milquetoast will be able to slip away to the corner, while the Mrs. for at least one day of the year pretends she is once again a Miss.

Any man could tell the lady what she should really do to

boost female equality. If you really wish to distress the males, insist they treat you as a buddy on Aug. 26. Demand that you make a threesome with his best friend at a round of golf, and insist that you carry or wheel your own clubs. Visit the 19th hole and match the men drink for drink, and story for story.

Or go to the racetrack with him, and you pick out the winners and bet his money, not your own. Throw your feminine conservatism and common sense to the winds. Play the long shots, and if you happen to be lucky, buy drinks with the winnings for all in sight. The masculine thing to do is make sure that, win or lose, you go home without a penny and smelling of strong drink.

You may think I'm not taking this women's liberation thing seriously. I'm taking it just as seriously as Sister Margaret Ellen Traxler and her 1,800 nuns who are supporting Mrs. Freidan.

I am deadly serious, for example, when I say that Mrs. Freidan's insistence on free abortions for all who want them is a step in the very opposite direction of liberation. See how free you feel as you are strapped down and a male doctor prepares to probe into you and yours without thought or compassion. Only a woman could try to fool you into thinking that such an invasion is a step toward freedom and equality.