



the SPILLIKIN

Christ College Newsletter

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A NOTE FROM DEAN MEYER

In a relatively late poem by William Butler Yeats entitled "Vacillation," the narrator, having passed his fiftieth year, reflects on his past and thinks:

Things said or done long years ago,
Or things I did not do or say
But thought that I might say or do,
Weigh me down, and not a day
But something is recalled,
My conscience or my vanity appalled.

Having spent twenty three of my fifty three years at Valparaiso University, the past twelve as Dean of Christ College, I find myself in an equally pensive and reflective mood; and as I ponder the things I did or did not do as a teacher and administrator, and the things I said or did not say to students entrusted to my care, my conscience and my vanity are also appalled.

However, one of the "things" I recollect most clearly and most fondly about my tenure as dean is the contact I have had with Christ College alumni. I have always enjoyed working in a collegiate setting because of the regular interaction a teacher has with inquisitive students and stimulating professors. To enlarge that circle of colleagues to include alumni who are engaged in a wide variety of activities and professions in the world beyond academe has been a particularly enriching and satisfying aspect of being an administrator.

Until I became an administrator I did not realize how much you alums cherish your student years at Valpo nor the degree to which you have built your subsequent lives on your common undergraduate foundation. I am deeply appreciative of all the letters you have sent to me over the years, many of them containing reading assignments which I interpreted as a form of retribution. I am also thankful for the contributions so many of you have made to the Christ College Thursday evening symposia, to the Alumni Homecoming Symposia, and to **The Spillikin**, now in its seventh year.

Because Christ College students are drawn from every program of study at the University, Christ College alumni are active in almost every conceivable profession or vocation. Despite this variety, I have noticed that several common threads are woven through your rich and disparate lives. I would identify these threads as a commitment to truth, a dedication to justice, and a desire to serve and nurture others.

The contributions to this issue of **The Spillikin** are instructive. Diane Koester provides a personal account of what it means to cherish those closest to us in joy and in sorrow. In her review of Dan McAdams's new book, Julie Frederick focuses on the need for and the difficulty of achieving intimacy in our lives. Tim Clauss describes his involvement in an organization committed to establishing familial intimacy among all the people of the world. Karla Feeley challenges us to become more active in working with our local public schools. Heidi Michelsen calls our attention to the importance of personal choice and community in attaining social justice in El Salvador. And Arvid Sponberg's review of Jeff Smith's book reminds us that nuclear weapons are a product of our human history.

FOURTH ANNUAL HOMECOMING SYMPOSIUM

The topic for this fall's symposium will be "North and South: The Clash of Two Hemispheres, Two Economies, Two Cultures." Although much attention has been directed at the problems and opportunities arising from fundamental changes in Asia and East Europe, there has been insufficient focus on the relations between the world's developed nations (roughly speaking, the "North") and the underdeveloped nations (the "South"). We hope to draw on the knowledge and experience accumulated by 25 years of alums to produce some lively discussions on the issues our speakers will be raising. They keynote speaker will be Prof. Keith Schoppa, an alum of the Directed Studies Program and the author of two books on modern China. Other speakers will include alums who have taught and worked in Latin America and Africa. We are looking forward to free, wide-ranging examinations of the problems of rich nations versus poor nations, of the impact of global powers on local political and economic structures, and much more. Join us for a thoughtful and enjoyable reunion.

--Bill Olmsted

Homecoming Symposium
Christ College
Friday, October 5, 1990

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|-----------|--|
| 1:15-2:15 | Keynote Address by Prof. Keith Schoppa ('66), VU Department of History, followed by questions and discussion |
| 2:15-2:30 | Break |
| 2:30-3:00 | Presentation by Carolyn Seeber Rodea ('84) followed by questions and small group discussion |
| 3:00-3:15 | Break |
| 3:15-4:00 | Presentation by alums Steve Volz ('85) and Chris Schulze ('85) followed by questions and small group discussions |
| 4:00-4:15 | Break |
| 4:15-5:00 | Concluding panel discussion |
| 5:15 | Reception at the Schwehns |

In a four-line poem entitled "The Deepest Sensuality," D. H. Lawrence writes:

The profoundest of all sensualities
is the sense of truth
and the next deepest sensual experience
is the sense of justice.

May these sensualities continue to inform your lives.

--Arlin G. Meyer

A NOTE FROM DEAN SCHWEHN

The quality of the Christ College alumni is perhaps the most important legacy left by Arlin Meyer to me as the incoming dean. He has been largely responsible for the cultivation of alumni as an integral part of the distinctive community of learning that has been and will continue to be Christ College. I am most grateful to inherit such a diverse, intelligent, and devoted source of support.

During the course of my interview process, I stressed three objectives I hoped to pursue over the course of the next five years: the renewal and diversification of the Christ College community; the cultivation of a deepening sense of thoughtfulness among both faculty and students; and the development of new sources of support to insure the continued excellence of the college. I fully expect alumni to be active in helping the college to achieve all three objectives.

Some measures have already been undertaken in pursuit of these goals. First, I am happy to announce that Margaret Franson has agreed to accept the newly created position of Assistant to the Dean of Christ College. Margaret comes to us with considerable editorial and managerial experience in a private enterprise devoted to the preparation of educational materials for all sorts of clients ranging from young people to professional groups. Over the course of the last three years, she has become one of the outstanding teachers in the English Department. Her Freshman Seminars have been consistently among the most rigorous and popular (a rare combination) on campus.

Margaret's duties will be many and various. She will continue to teach. She will do most of the academic advising in Christ College. And she will plan and administer a CC sponsored cultural arts program for the entire campus. This program will consist mainly of trips designed to take advantage of the rich cultural opportunities in Chicago. Please do take the opportunity to meet Margaret whenever you come to Valpo. I am especially proud of this appointment.

The second undertaking already underway is the creation of a CC alumni advisory board. This board will meet annually in connection with the CC Homecoming Alumni Symposium. The board will advise the dean about the overall program of the college, assist in developing strategies for student recruitment, and help to develop new sources of support for CC programs. After consultation with Arlin and the CC faculty, I have invited twelve alums to serve on this board. We had to start somewhere. At our fall meeting, we will immediately enlarge our number to include some of you who indicate, by letter to me, an interest in serving on this board. Please know that such service will come at some expense to you: we cannot afford to provide travel or housing support for you when you come here for the annual meeting.

I hope that many of you express an interest in serving CC in this way. We will try, I think, to distribute membership fairly evenly across the twenty-plus years of the college's existence and to strive for diversity of perspective and occupational background. Please know that I realize the diverse ways that alumni have served and will continue to serve the interests of the college. Agreeing to serve on the advisory board is only one of them. I ask you all to continue your generosity and faithfulness, for without them we cannot continue our good work for long. Thanks.

--Mark Schwehn

ANNUAL HOMECOMING OPEN HOUSE

Christ College invites you to attend an Open House in Mueller Hall on Saturday, October 6, at approximately 11:30 a.m. The Faculty hopes to see many of you at that time.

WALKING THE LINE FOR YOURS AND MINE

I remember the moment of my first insight about public education. I was a green student teacher, and a ninth grader needed my help. She didn't "get" what a noun was. I didn't "get" how anyone could not know about nouns. I had always known, just as I'd always known two plus two equals four. Didn't everybody?

Years later I visited a public high school on the Laguna-Acoma reservation in New Mexico. The building was old and dirty (the wind blew dust and debris through and the staff had given up trying to fight it), the students were poor and looked nothing like those I'd taught in Indiana. Most unsettling of all, I couldn't read the graffiti on the rest room walls. It was in two languages and neither of them was English.

I am the product of Lutheran schools where, as I remember it at least, almost everyone was like me: pretty smart, middle class, white and secure at home. There was nothing wrong with my parochial schooling. My parents' choice for me was a Christian education. But viewed through the lens of my own education, the public schools of today are alien.

In many cities, minority students are now a majority of the school population. In some, a majority of children enter school speaking little or no English. Far too many children bring to school the emotional and physical ills of poverty, neglect or violence.

Public schools are about to face even bigger challenges. Last year, 350,000 children were born to drug addicted mothers. These "drug babies" will need intensive developmental help as infants and toddlers to have any chance of success in school. Only a handful of these children are getting any help at all.

More and more of the nation's students are less and less like us and more and more frightening to the politicians who will decide whether or not public education survives. The very strengths of America's unique system of education--that it is free, universal, and public--now endanger its existence.

Americans in the '80s have pretty much agreed that education is important if our nation is to compete in a global economy. Math, science, and foreign language should be emphasized. Children must be pushed to excel.

But another issue is far from settled: Which children are we talking about here? Yours or mine?

Every year in the Phi Delta Kappan poll of public attitudes toward the public schools citizens say, "Mine are OK; yours are in trouble." They award high grades to the schools in their own communities and give failing marks to public education generally.

We're good at taking care of our own. In Oklahoma, we lead the nation in establishing private foundations to support local public schools. The foundations do some wonderful things. One of next year's Christ College freshmen won \$1,000 from a foundation for her academic achievements. What about the students in communities without foundations, without affluence?

My niece's public school in the Los Angeles area is OK. Parents there recently collected donations for school supplies. I regret that I wasn't very gracious when I grilled my brother about whether or not he also attends school board meetings to make sure all the children in the district have supplies and if he writes or calls his state legislators and member of Congress to insist that public schools be properly funded with public money.

Communities can win, "mine" can win while America loses when the fortunate and well-educated--people like us--decide to take care of their children and leave everybody else's to manage as best they can. Or when the 70 percent of Americans like me who have no school-age children decide we have no vested interest in public education.

A recent education report quoted Lester C. Thurow: "I am willing to pay for, indeed insist upon, the education of my neighbors' children, not because I am generous but because I cannot afford to live with them uneducated." Enlightened self-interest was the founding principle of public schools in America. It still compels us to the action necessary to ensure their survival.

There is reason to hope. I just had the privilege of helping to run a successful four-day teacher walkout in Oklahoma. It was a privilege to see 25,000 teachers willingly put their careers on the line rather than continue to be party to providing an inadequate education. It was a privilege to hear thousands of parents, business people and citizens of all kinds tell legislators they wanted to pay for public education without worrying about whether or not another community might benefit more than theirs.

Of course, there must be mementos of an event so important as the Oklahoma teacher walkout. The buttons and T-shirts I like best are the ones that say, "I walked the line for yours and mine."

[Karla (Jutzi) Feeley received her B.A. (1971) and M.A. (1978) from Valparaiso University. After teaching for several years in Indiana, she moved to Arkansas to become Assistant Executive Director for Programs for the Arkansas Education Association. Currently she is an Associate Executive Director with the Oklahoma Education Association where she manages communications, membership, research, and bargaining.]

REFLECTIONS FROM A CITIZEN DIPLOMAT

In 1974, while attending Christ College, I had the privilege to be part of the Reutlingen, Germany experience. Little did I realize the impact my semester abroad would have on my current life's work. At the time, I thought it was fun, adventuresome, and educational. Now I know it seeded an eye-opening perspective that would have me continue to bridge with those who seemed different and separate. Specifically, my reconnecting with relatives in Alsace, France after 68 years served as an important catalyst for sharing my experience of family with everyone.

Sixteen years have passed since that wonderful moment when I first met family that I never knew existed. They had features, mannerisms, feelings, and hopes quite similar to my family at home in America. In the joy of the moment, it seemed uncanny to me. Real people, just like you and me, living and working for the same things as their American counterparts. The only real difference was language, culture, and geography--slightly important when hearts and minds were powerfully open to a mutual experience of connection.

Today, I am part of a growing grassroots network called Global Family. We are a non-profit, international peace group in 17 countries, supporting a worldwide shift in consciousness from separation and fear to unity and love. Realizing that most of our environmental, social, economic, and political problems are caused by a sense of separation, Global Family serves as a bridge for people around the planet who desire peaceful cooperation and co-creation as part of our common future. Specifically, we form supportive "core groups" to connect people at the heart and activate their creativity, promote global peace events that demonstrate a new way of celebrating and working together, provide special educational processes for group alignment, and link people and projects to effect positive change in the world. Integral to this work is reconnecting people to the Source of Life itself--the loving Spirit that binds us to each other and to our home, planet Earth.

As part of this heart-to-heart partnership, I have had the opportunity to become a citizen diplomat. Global Family has been my vehicle for travelling abroad and participating in numerous international conferences. I've witnessed the power of individuals who open their hearts and walk their talk--people like Dr. Robert Muller, former Assistant Secretary General of the United Nations, His Holiness the Dalai Lama, and President Oscar Arias of Costa Rica. They know the potential of convergence and working together with common citizens. More and more, global forums are opening up for people to express their ideas, their gifts, and their commitments to world peace. The old form of government officials and experts leading the way is being transformed. I've seen ordinary people, citizens of planet

Earth, take charge and co-create joint projects that benefit all of us, coming from our relatedness as extended family. There is a merging taking place of leaders and innovators with the grassroots citizenry to more fully deal with our shared concerns and crises. All of us are being asked to participate in our planet's future as part of it.

I feel it's important to remember that each of us has a role to play while we experience the restructuring of our collective and personal realities in the 1990s. In our travels to the Soviet Union, Central America, Europe, and the Middle East, citizen diplomacy seems to be making the difference in bringing down the walls and focusing a new global consciousness on our problems. Through increased travel, improved technologies for communication, cross-cultural gatherings, and home stay programs, our stereotyped enemies are turning into friends through firsthand experience. I can now easily fax my partner, Elena, at the Soviet Peace committee in Moscow with a visa request or call my friend, Eric, in Costa Rica about a local children's project. Many of us can travel abroad to support emerging economies with our prosperity, or stay in foreign homes to deepen relationships and create mutual understanding. We can also now participate in international conferences designed to reunite global citizens and address the problems we face as global neighbors. Even at home, we can reach out and broaden our perspectives on the way we relate to minorities, ethnic groups, new immigrants and the family next door, who we may feel are "different." What a wonderful time we live in to be able to experience the rich diversity of peoples and regions and our ability to impact each other and our common future!

To be a citizen diplomat today, the challenge is simple. All we really need to do is open our hearts and see the similarities in people. As the Dalai Lama said recently, "On a family level, a national level, and an international level, compassion is the key thing. It is the key to success and happiness." For this technological age, love and compassion are not very original . . . almost boring. But it's this experience that makes the impersonal personal and creates a lasting bond like the one I felt across the ocean back in 1974. From this ability to step into another's shoes and connect to feel their feelings and understand their thoughts, we can care and choose to become involved in helping others--just like family. I now know there's not much else that will assure a positive future.

And so I'm grateful . . . grateful for my semester abroad that led to meeting my relatives, grateful to Global Family for the opportunity it affords me to grow in consciousness as a citizen diplomat, and grateful to God, who sourced this wonderfully interconnected planet for us to reunite. There's nothing more fulfilling!

[Tim Clauss ('76) is an organizational consultant, seminar leader, and peace activist. He is co-author of **The Success Factor, Managing for Extraordinary Results**, and **Social Creativity and Cooperation for the 1990s**, workshops attended by thousands of managers, key networkers, and citizen diplomats. Tim serves as Administrator and Education Coordinator for Global Family at its central office in San Anselmo, CA.]

FULBRIGHTS GALORE

During the past year three Christ College alums have won Fulbright Scholarships to study abroad. Paul Kapfer ('89) has spent the past year at the University of Geneva in Switzerland. Jonathan Brockopp ('84) will spend the next academic year at the University of Amman in Jordan and Kurt Sames ('90) will study next year at the University of Cologne in West Germany.

THE ORDINARY SPECIAL PARENT

I write this while sitting out a high-risk pregnancy, or, more literally, while lying-on-my-left-side out a high-risk pregnancy, my second. The fact of this second pregnancy, the present hopes and anxieties and the hours of enforced "leisure" reawaken memories of the first with a vividness that is at once frightening and healing.

I remember in all this certain sentences with a clarity as if they were newly spoken. Another preemie mother back then mentioned her fears of returning to work. Feelings that she would be unable to handle the demands of her role as an up-and-coming insurance executive along with her role as mother of an 800-gram baby in the neonatal intensive care unit? No. She was worried about how to talk with her co-workers. "People only want to hear the good stuff." And she needed to tell--and to have them hear--the bad stuff as well.

Something in us or our culture leaves us hopelessly inept in speaking to the bad stuff. Even after my own experiences I cannot do it well, and I revert to the types of speech I hated and resented utterly as the receiver: the Stiff-Upper-Lip-Denial, the Ignorant-Advice-out-of-Inadequacy-Assertion, and several other strategies of inept helping. "People only want to hear the good stuff" because we can neither handle nor help others handle the bad, and if I had heard one more story of Aunt Hattie who was so small that she fit into the palm of your hand and was cradled in a shoe box next to the wood stove and is now 83 with a hundred grandchildren--one more story about any Aunt Hattie, and I would have gone mad. I manage to squelch my own Aunt-Hattie-type comments to other new parents of premature or severely handicapped children, but I do persist in "you should . . ." or "Never . . ." or "Always . . ." advice. Always unwanted advice. I, too, don't know what to say. At best we would-be comforters have no words at all, and in our helplessness we can only listen, and that's the best comfort strategy of all, as it happens.

Some of the comments I endured tended to the overtly theological. Suggestions that there was some punishment of God in all this were easy to handle. For not-so-close acquaintances: smile and suggest that they read Harold S. Kushner's *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*, noting that it is a great help for just this very problem, and send them on their way. For closer friends: draw on reading of feminist and liberation theology as a front for articulating my real though limited experience with God, as a force present in all things and suffering in all things and growing in all things, even or especially with and in this tiny human being in struggle, premature birth as a metaphor for divine creation. Yes, suggestions that I was somehow at fault or in sin were relatively easy to handle, even for me of German and Lutheran background.

The opposite type of suggestion was more difficult, those exclamations along the lines of "What a special person (parent, woman, Christian) you are that God chose you to mother this tiny (poor little, difficult, deficient) infant." Again I could bring my own theology to bear, my experience that whatever I might call "God," if that "God" does "choose" or does harbor emotions I would recognize, did not and does not "choose" what I might call misfortune, or, if choosing, then chooses to bear and nurture what is and to sorrow over the growth that has not come. As for being a special person, I am not. I am, like all parents of differently abled--"special"--children, nothing but ordinary.

Moreover, my situation as a parent is ordinary. The task I undertake is the same task as any parent faces, to cherish the child and to move and act from that cherishing. Every parent must do that and does to different degrees, the high-powered academics with the kid who's mediocre in school, the bookworms who got a jock, the jocks who got an artist, just the standard parents when their kid tells them, "I'm gay," the people like me who get a--oh this would be hard--fundamentalist sexist who smokes. I do not say "accept," I do not mean "accept": I mean "cherish." And it all flows from that.

That kind of cherishing is, after all, nothing more, or less, than one of our primary tasks as human beings. In a workshop to plan a conference on feminism and spirituality at Cornell University some years back the theologian Peggy Way noted that some form of enfolding of The Other is the next great theological and religious task that we as Christians face. She called it "welcoming the Stranger," be that stranger that horrible callow youth who is marrying our daughter; that, well, you know, who looks to be wanting to come to our church; that female who wants to be ordained there . . . We start with our own children. One could presume that ties of blood and familiar association might make the cherishing easier--or harder. The act of cherishing our children is the act that we extend to other strangers, and we are never finished.

I do not claim to cherish very many people, in a way that really receives them beyond my bleeding heart liberal's presumption of tolerance. After all, M. Scott Peck in *The Road Less Traveled* notes that one's capacity for genuinely loving--godlike--relationships may be limited to only a few people, and if only one's spouse and children, a praiseworthy achievement. I can only claim to love my son, my charming special son, and to be preparing to cherish his little sister on the way in my fear and trembling, lying on my left side. This is no special deal, or the ultimate special deal, for us handicapped parents all.

[A 1970 graduate of Valparaiso University, Dr. Diane Koester is an Assistant Professor of German at Wells College in Aurora, New York. Much of her teaching and scholarship is in the areas of Linguistics and Women's Studies.]

MARTYRDOM IN EL SALVADOR

Reflections on the 10th Anniversary of the Assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero

The word martyr has gotten a bad rap in standard North American usage. We use the word flippantly, to refer to someone who passively accepts their fate. Battered women, church workers, and those in the helping professions are sometimes said to have a "martyr complex." In fact, I myself was accused of having one of these dreaded syndromes when I asked why my seminary would not reinstate my internship in El Salvador. Mainstream North American Christianity is so far removed from suffering persecution for its beliefs that it mistakes prophetic witness for media-hungry exhibitionism, or worse yet, that common buzz-word in the counseling circuit, co-dependency.

In El Salvador, there is nothing of the sort. Oscar Romero, Rutilio Grande, Sister Silvia, Maria Cristina Gomez, Norma Herrera, Febe Velasquez, these women and men were (are) anything but passive or self-seeking or co-dependent. Rather, they are fierce fighters for the cause of life and justice.

I remember a conversation I had with a group of "Mothers of the Disappeared" at a Christian base community near San Salvador. When I entered the worship space, the first thing I noticed was the iconography. In the middle of the chancel, front center behind the altar was a crucifix. Then, off to the right, a large picture of martyred Archbishop Oscar Romero. A little further to the right, in a much less prominent position stood a statue of the Virgin Mary. I figured that this fit their ideology, to replace the traditional symbol of passive acceptance with that of one who from the cathedral pulpit ordered the soldiers to disobey their masters, to stop the killing.

All during the meeting the women told stories about Romero. Finally a friend of mine who is rather mischievous when it comes to theology decided to ask these women straight out what many of us had been wondering: Who is more important for you, Monsignor Romero, or the Blessed Virgin? Shudders of embarrassment went up from the other North Americans in the group, for the audacity of the question. But it didn't faze the women. "Our bishop Romero is one of our martyrs and liberators," they replied. "He followed in the road that our Lord Jesus walked. And

the Blessed Virgin Mary is also very important for us. She was a poor woman who yearned for the liberation of her people. You can see her spirit of resistance demonstrated in her song,

My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord . . .
For God has cast down the mighty from their thrones,
and has lifted up the lowly.
God has filled the hungry with good things,
and has sent the rich away empty handed"

I should have expected it. No passive acceptance here. They are reinterpreting all the old symbols to give meaning to the present reality.

These women were Amazon-strong, courageous, invincible. But would they qualify as feminists in North American circles? They are rarely heard talking about sexism, or criticizing their companeros. For them the most destructive sin right now is the unjust economic order, and men and women must work side by side to overcome it. After ten years of war, able-bodied men are not taken for granted. It has fallen to the women, then, to organize their communities to fight for clean water, decent salaries, medical care, education, and the right to organize. And many have paid with their lives.

In North America feminist circles these days, anything that has the slightest hint of giving oneself for another is condemned as co-dependent. I know one feminist former Christian who has gotten rid of all her liberation theology (along with all other theology) books because she considers them part of the patriarchal church and destructive to her personal well-being. And I who consider myself a feminist have read my share of the literature encouraging women to think of themselves for once, to seek personal wholeness through self-development.

I remember quite well the inner struggle when I got out of detention and was forced to think about the fragility of my own life. I visited the grave of Jean Donovan, the North American lay churchwoman raped and murdered in 1980. The seminary, my family, church, and friends in the U.S. were concerned about my safety and begged me to get out while I could. They seemed to equate my situation with one of physical abuse and found it very difficult to understand why I would want to stay. It made a certain amount of sense to me, too, because self-preservation is an important value in the culture in which I was raised. But just a few months of living and working in El Salvador had already taught me that there are some things for which it is worth risking your life.

Two elements are crucial. One is the element of choice. Those who are still working inside the country deal with the probability of their own death every day. Many have been captured and tortured numerous times, others receive repeated death threats. Some choose to go into hiding or to leave the country. But others see those options as giving in to the forces of evil. Buoyed by a lively Easter faith, they take up the most powerful arms around: the Bible and the words of Romero. And so women and men who have just been released from weeks of brutal torture return to the work of the churches and the popular movement with more determination and commitment. Yes, somehow there is strength and redemption in the suffering freely chosen on behalf of others.

The other crucial element is that of community. After a while one ceases to be concerned so much with one's personal safety. The survival of the community becomes more important. One learns to trust in the promise of the resurrection for everyday sustenance. And it is not so much a sense of personal resurrection in the distant future, but of communal resurrection right now; i.e., that one's work and commitment will be remembered in the community just as Romero's is, and one's memory and name will be invoked as a source of strength for others.

Now that I am safely back in San Francisco, I find that I've left my heart in El Salvador. Do I miss the feeling of danger, the sub-machine guns constantly pointed at me? No, but I miss the faith and the commitment which their presence has created in the Christian community.

And I search for ways to foster that same spirit among the churches of North America. The words of Oscar Romero ring in my ears.

They can kill the prophet, but they will never silence the voice of justice Let my blood be a seed of liberty, a sign that our hope will soon be a reality. If they kill me, I will rise in the Salvadoran people.

The blood of The Martyr has touched me anew. I am changed forever.

[Heidi Michelsen, '85 (theology major, deaconess program) is a third year master of divinity student at Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary in Berkeley, CA. She was serving an internship with the Lutheran Church in El Salvador when she was captured and detained by the governmental armed forces. She is now working with Salvadoran refugees as an intern at St. John Lutheran Church in San Francisco.]

RECOMMENDED SUMMER READING: TWO RECENT BOOKS BY CHRIST COLLEGE ALUMS

The first is a book on nuclear arms by Jeff Smith ('80). Jeff received his M.A. in English from the University of Chicago where he is also completing his Ph.D. He has been a Fulbright Fellow at the British Film Institute in London and has taught at the University of Illinois in Chicago and Bowling Green State University. Currently he teaches in the Writing Program at UCLA.

The review of Smith's book which follows was written by Dr. Arvid Sponberg, Professor of English. Although Professor Sponberg's specializations are Irish literature and the American Theatre, he has read widely on the topic of nuclear weapons.

Thinking the Unthinkable: Nuclear Weapons and Western Culture

30 pages from the end of **Thinking the Unthinkable: Nuclear Weapons and Western Culture** (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1989), Jeff Smith (VU 1980) makes the following statement:

. . . if we misunderstand the conditions that produced our world or, worse, if we fail to see that it **was** produced in the first place, we will have no idea how best to act.

And nine pages from the end, he writes:

One reason I prefer discursive analysis over sociological and economic vocabularies that have sometimes pointed in similar directions is that the idea of discourse preserves a sense of the human role in making history That which precipitates out of discourse, especially if it is something troublesome or evil, becomes something to talk about and the talk changes history. At any historical moment, many different discourses are all crossing and recrossing. This is precisely why people . . . are able to disagree with each other. And . . . with themselves: that is, change their minds. So it matters how people are thinking, how they've made up their minds.

These passages imply the purpose and method of Smith's analysis of how nuclear weapons entered western culture and came to dominate our public life.

Smith has accomplished a remarkable feat. He has written an interesting and humane book on nuclear weapons. This is no place to tabulate the number of writers who have been defeated by this subject but, take my word, it is large. I know because I teach a Freshman Seminar on nuclear weapons and I have been looking for a book like Smith's for over ten years. The rhetoric of nuclear discourse is only slightly less alarming than the weapons themselves. With very few exceptions, even the weapons' savviest opponents wade into the turbid slough of nukespeak. Smith avoids the slough but not by ranting down the panicky streets of protest or skydiving from the foggy crags of idealism.

Make no mistake, though, this is a learned book, an academic book, and it suffers from some of the defects of those virtues. But it is engrossing, rational, and hopeful, and for those reasons deserves a much wider reading than it will probably get.

Smith assembles an interesting cast of characters. God, St. Augustine, Pelagius, Freeman Dyson, Jonathan Schell, Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth, Ronald Reagan, and George Orwell take the leading roles. Thomas Hobbes, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Thomas Jefferson, Karl Marx, Herman Kahn, Stanley Kubrick, Robert McNamara, Richard Rorty, Ted Koppel, George Schultz, and Oliver Stone have supporting parts. Twice their number from the realms of religion, literature, politics, philosophy, and the media make cameo appearances. On the whole, Smith admirably directs the talents of this cast.

The book addresses a problem that a student of mine unwittingly dramatized only this spring. He tried to end a discussion by saying, with weary condescension to pals disputing matters that wiser heads had settled long ago, "somebody has to build nuclear weapons, so it might as well be me." Smith asks how such a statement can be made? That is, what has transpired in history to induce any person to think of nuclear weapons as he would a force of nature instead of as what they are: ". . . not autonomous metaphysical ultimates, but historically contingent products of certain cultural (hence discursive) conditions."

Smith's analysis of these conditions is too rich to summarize here. Instead, I would highlight two themes, one fearful, the other hopeful. Smith fears that the synergy of technology, the state, Augustinian ethics and Pelagian metaphysics has led to "a kind of relativistic skepticism toward nature combined with an insistence that human works have some certain, fixed quality instead of vice versa . . . Nuclear weapons complete a process of abstraction inherent in both the modern state and modern technology . . . Both processes tend to cast doubt on the world's concreteness apart from human formulations of it. And people uncertain how to formulate the world are inclined to accept the state's formulation of it . . ."

Smith hopes that by keeping "cultural discourses going," the desires embodied in nuclear weapons can "wind up undercutting themselves . . . the political task is to shift the favorable elements to the fore. The world needs people's intuitive respect for the physical self but not their attaching of this to the state. It needs the state's pursuits of collective goods but not the state as a fetish. It needs open-mindedness that is not mere relativism; it needs truth to nature that is not mere technique. But the point is that, somewhere, it already has those things."

These excerpts cannot convey the aptness of Smith's use of literature and film nor the freshness of his political analysis, even of such a hoary subject as Reagan's faith in SDI. "You may well ask," said Hans Bethe, who demystified the Sun and helped to build the bomb, "why people with kind hearts and humanist feelings would go to work on weapons of mass destruction." Smith tells you. His answer is concise (190 pages) and complex, and it's true.

--Arvid Sponberg

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The second book is entitled **Intimacy: The Need to be Close** by **Dan P. McAdams** ('76). Dan has his Ph.D. from Harvard and is currently on the faculty of Northwestern University. He has authored three professional books and more than thirty articles on intimacy and identity. Dan received the Alumni Achievement Award from VU in 1988.

Reviewing the book is **Julie Frederick** who graduated from VU in 1983 and received her Ph.D. in clinical psychology from the University of Wyoming. She worked for the Girls' Clubs of America for two years as head of a national research project and author of books for GCA on drug use and program evaluation. Currently she works at a mental health center in Lawrence, Kansas, specializing in the treatment of sexual abuse in very young children.

Intimacy: The Need To Be Close

The desire for intimacy is the desire to share one's innermost self with another.

Psychology is among the most popular majors for undergraduates, perhaps because students hope to gain an understanding of their own wants and motivations as they study human behavior. Dan McAdams' most recent book, **Intimacy: The Need To Be Close** (Doubleday, 1989), could serve many students in this task far better than most introductory psychology courses. In these days when self-help books about women, men, and relationships fill the shelves of airport and check-out aisles, McAdams' book is a refreshing change. It is an impressive synthesis of psychological research and theory about human relationships that is presented in a smooth, clear style with a full appreciation for the complexity of the individual and a respect for empiricism.

McAdams' work is based on the work of his mentor, David McClelland, who proposed that personality consists of four basic features:

skills--what a person does well

traits--how a person behaves

schemata--how a person sees the self and the world

motives--what a person wants.

Of the many motives McClelland and his colleagues investigated, McAdams has focused this book on power and intimacy. Describing over 12 years of his research into the intimacy motive, McAdams skillfully guides the reader toward an understanding of what the intimacy motive is and how it develops; how it contrasts, competes with and complements the need for power; how intimacy is measured in psychological research; the relationship between the desire for intimacy and overt behavior; and the link between the intimacy motive and psychological and physical health. McAdams is true to his pledge that this book is not a scientific report; it is a story of intimacy in people's lives. He describes the methodology and findings of psychological studies without use of statistics and in everyday language while preserving their complexity. He encourages the reader to contemplate the difficulty of measuring human motives with empirical methods and to draw independent conclusions. Realism is maintained throughout the book through the use of accounts of personal experiences, case histories, examples from Greek myths and literary works, and the integration of spiritual concerns. He successfully links psychology to human experience.

In the final chapter McAdams presents and interprets differences between women and men in intimacy motivation and intimate behaviors. This chapter was the most compelling, and also the most complex, true to the history of debates among psychologists over gender differences. The reader may find that this chapter inspires the most self-reflection about lifestyle, choices, and relationships. McAdams presents his findings to confirm and disconfirm hypotheses in current psychological theories about the ways that women and men differ in their desires for and perceptions of intimate relationships. McAdams also suggests some new hypotheses of his own. He suggests that relationships are important to men in a functional manner, reminiscent of early attachment experiences, as a sort of "home base" from which to explore the world. In contrast, he argues that relationships are important to women as a means of achieving and maintaining an identity, similar to childhood friendships. The exploration of these hypotheses, one suspects, is on the agenda for McAdams' future research.

After exploring the significance of the intimacy motive to life choices, and reviewing findings suggesting that intimacy is related to health and happiness, McAdams provides no suggestions or self-help guide to developing intimacy in one's life. In fact, his conclusion is somewhat sober: "Both men and women commonly fail to experience intimacy in its truest and richest form . . . even their closest and warmest relationships." Intimacy, claims McAdams, however desirable, is a rare experience. Yet if we stand ready and watchful, we may seize it in fleeting moments when it occurs.

--Julie Frederick