1966

Loyola University Rome Center Yearbook 1965-1966

Loyola University Rome Center

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DEDICATION

A priest is an authorized administrator of the sacraments, but a holy priest is a servant of God. A counselor is a giver of advice but a wise counselor is a source of truth. A leader is a guiding force, but a prudent leader is a service to all. In each of these capacities, holiness, wisdom and prudence, are ideals of which a man can attain only a part. But there is a man we know that has encompassed such a part of the ideal in his roles as priest, as counselor and as leader, that we feel he is not only worthy of our respect, but deserving of our admiration. And so we dedicate our book for the year 1965-1966 to that man, the Rev. Thomas F. Walsh, S.J.
CONFRONTATION

AND

EDUCATION

Tell us my guest, she pleads,
From the beginning, all the story.
Virgil, The Aeneid, Book I

What was that year? What were those months of study in Europe? What was that experience all about? Just what was Loyola Rome Center in 1965-66?
The answer is so elusive, so complex. Each of 250 students has his own solution. For some, the year was a break from monotony. For others, it was a chance to grow up. But for all of us, it was more, something much more.

Sometimes it was a dream, a surrealistic fantasy world. We waited anxiously to wake up and regain things known to us. And when we did wake up, somehow everything was different. Somehow, we saw through that dream into reality.

Sometimes the year was giddy merry-go-round, a blur of sights and sounds and faces. It was a whirl. But after the ride was over, when the spinning had ended, we were left with something solid. The blur became clearer and the sights and sounds came together. A pattern formed. And we had learned something.

And the year was experience. It was simply doing things, going places. It was needing something or someone. It was seeing for ourselves. It was being disillusioned and repulsed. It was failing. And it made each of us aware.
The year was people—a lot of people we had never met and may never meet again. It was each other—clutching to each other for stability. And it was all those strangers we saw and met, all those inhabitants of exotic places. We found we were different. And in the end, we found we were the same.

For each of us, our year was change. For all of us changed in those magic days. We came from a variety of backgrounds, with a variety of attitudes. But one attitude was present in all of us. We were all curious.

We left with some different notions, with a whole new outlook. We left a little older, a little wiser, a little more concerned.
The year was the first leg of a trip, a life-long journey of seeing and learning, a quest for enlightenment, a voyage of confrontation and education.
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History
At last, with one great leap, in all his armor,
He plunges into the stream, and Tiber takes him.
Virgil, The Aeneid, Book IX

In the fall, we were searching.
We were restless, inquisitive.
New worlds were opening up to us, and they didn’t fit together.
We lacked perspective. We were eager to find out what had made us come to Europe. We thirsted for sights, for experience. We wanted to see for ourselves. Our fall was a time for enthusiasm.
Our first big trip of the year, our first trip across the Alps was the Oktoberfest in Munich. It was a maddening affair — jostling crowds, no hotels, and that long train ride back to Rome. It was a rollicking, carefree weekend. We had our first taste of German culture, and German beer.

But amidst the din, many of us took time for a side trip to Dachau, the former Nazi concentration camp. It was a shocking, moving experience.
Travel became our goal in life as we swarmed over the continent. We began consulting maps, travel guides, tourist offices, and financial resources. Halloween and Thanksgiving were spent far away from home in strange surroundings. We found ourselves in a variety of places—Spain, Germany, Switzerland, and France. We climbed the Eifel Tower, climbed the Alps, climbed the bell tower in Seville. It was an exhilarating, exhausting time.
His Excellency John Patrick Cody, newly-appointed Archbishop of Chicago, visited our campus in the fall. He was received with cordiality and curiosity, and he left behind a crowd of admirers.
Seize the moment
While it can be seized, and hurry, hurry!
Virgil, The Aeneid, Book IV

In the winter, we were finding. We were busy, breathless. We viewed fabled sights, and somehow sensed a pattern to the whole spectrum. We began to realize why we had come. We experienced; we saw for ourselves. We formed our own individual lesson from all that we did and saw. Our winter was a time for discovery.
The Christmas season was the busiest time of the year. As soon as final exams and attendant worries were over, our holiday festivities began.

That legendary gridiron struggle, the Powder-Puff football game, turned out to be a bloody encounter, ending in a 13-6 win for Coach Paul Smith's Roman Ruins. All-American Peggy Burns tallied twice for the victors, while Trish Reynolds scored the lone goal for the losing Mistletoes. The game was notable for its fabulous half-time activities, featuring Tom Zmugg as CIVIS Football Sweetheart for 1965 and Jim McCarthy as the last of the red-hot somethings. Also notable was the extremely relaxed state and high quality of the cheerleaders of both teams. It was truly an amazing show.
The Christmas dance was a roaring success. Social intrigue was at its keenest as dates were made and broken. Suits and formal dresses made one of their rare appearances of the year. It was a hectic affair, but it was an important part of the year when we needed each other, when we didn’t want to feel alone.

Christmas time also brought out some hidden talent among the students in the form of a variety show. Some of the results were pleasantly surprising, and the acts were genuinely good. All of this was appreciated, but what was appreciated even more was the spirit in which they were presented. It was a simple, honest spirit; and it was this enduring spirit which helped to unify us in the holiday period.
One of the most inspiring moments of our Christmas season was provided by a midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. It was a moving ceremony which was attended by many foreign students, and the mood was heightened by choral singing. We all felt a part of the eternal brotherhood of mankind. There were quiet moments during the Mass when we felt a little homesick, but it was a blessed kind of uneasiness. This was the time when Christmas had its greatest meaning.

No Christmas is complete without the smile of a small child and the sight of Santa Claus. The smiles were provided by a group of Italian orphans who were brought to our campus for a Christmas party. Our Santa Claus just appeared, and no one really wanted to know from where. It was a fitting end to our Christmas activities.
The day after Christmas, the Middle East tour began. It was an exotic dream tour that never seemed real, especially after it was over. We were in strange, magic places that impressed or discouraged us. It was a serious learning experience, and it was fun.

The trip, and the close quarters it demanded, pressed us into a world we had not expected. In the microcosmic life of planes and hotels, we saw each other as never before, through relations with each other, and the communications with those we met.
The first stop was Athens. We were eager and thrilled at the legendary sights, and we were impressed by the Parthenon. Our trip through the Greek islands to Hydra presented some memorable scenery as well as some outstanding aquatic exhibitions. We found Athens to be a beautiful place, and few of us will ever forget the view from the St. George Hill.

Istanbul gave us an insight into the Moslem world, and it was a different world. Istanbul was the Hilton and New Year's Eve. And those among us who can remember, will never forget that particular New Year's Eve.

Beirut was the turning point in the whole year for many of us. We had a hotel by the sea, and the sea did strange things to us. It made us want to walk alone and think things out. It formed us into people. After Beirut, it didn't matter to us whether or not our actions were approved by everyone else. All that mattered was our personal convictions and ideals. We finally became individuals; and throughout the year, we became a stronger group of stronger individuals.

Jerusalem was a true Christian experience. We saw the sights of Christ's life on earth, we swam in the Dead Sea, we saw abject poverty, and we saw the barbed wire and drawn rifles of an open border war between Israel and Jordan. Many of us saw the lost city of Petra. Indeed, the Holy Land was a place full of history, full of Christianity, full of hate, and full of love.

Cairo was the last stop on the trip. We rode camels and horses, we climbed the pyramids, and we fell in love; with the Sahara. Many of us felt the magic of riding an Arabian horse across the desert sands with the pyramids as a backdrop. Sometimes we felt hate and antagonism in Cairo, but we learned that being an American entails responsibilities and duties, as well as privileges.
The Middle East trip ended and we flew back to Rome with another ten days free to visit Europe. Some of us took to the ski slopes on the school-planned trip to Innsbruck. Most of us took to the road and toured. Some of us stayed in Rome and rested.

However, not all of us went to the Middle East during the Christmas vacation. Many of us traveled independently through western Europe. It was a constant learning process and an orderly system of sights and sounds which added up to a broader viewpoint. All of us were changed by that month of travel, no matter where we went.
In the spring, we had found. We were pensive, quiet. We stopped and began to realize something about ourselves, about our lives. We began to respect each other's individuality. We became a little kinder, a little more tolerant. We were profoundly moved, and we came to know that we really didn't know very much. We paused and took a breath before going home. Our spring was a time of reflection.

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Keep on, go forward
Where the path leads
Virgil, The Aeneid, Book I
In the spring, we had found in ourselves and in our fellow students a deeper respect and a more earnest liking. We had finally learned to accept the fresh ideas and innovations of a new world. Many of us stayed in Rome, and fell even more deeply in love with the city. It was a Roman spring, with all of its romance and beauty. We left with pain softened by the hope of return.

Of course, travel was still a constant presence, and the weekend trips were frequent. Easter vacation came and we again visited the glittering capitals of Europe. Some of us were able to take advantage of a tour to Russia and the satellite countries, and many of us were able to re-live our first moments in Europe through the eyes of our parents when they came to Rome.
Father Felice became an American citizen in the early spring, and we welcomed him into the Great Society with an impromptu series of skits. Throughout the entire program there prevailed the spirit of pride and gratitude that we felt for a man who did so much for us.
A Beautiful park area, with a winding stream, overlooked by Etruscan ruins, was the sight of our spring picnic. Predictably, several of us managed to land in the stream. Predictably, our enthusiasm was exceeded only by the volume of our noise. Predictably, we all had fun.
ACADEMICS
Any legitimate academic life is nurtured first in the classroom, through the dedication of men and women who give of their knowledge. In the student-teacher communication, the individual encounters new ideas, and in free discussion with other students, those ideas are expanded and developed. This is, of course, the aim of education, the attainment and growth of knowledge. But in Rome, and in Europe, those ideas, when confronted with the reality of a different world, are not given the graceful acceptance they receive at home. And so, we are forced to struggle, to yield, to compromise, and to reaffirm. The result is a person better equipped to function in his own society and better prepared to understand the world in which he lives.
At night, a quiet, sensitive man is sitting at his desk. A single lamp whitens the sheets of paper spread before him, brings out the wrinkles in his face, reflects in the moisture of his tired eyes. With his pen, he is trying to bring alive an idea, a design combining grace of form and the medium of steel. Towards dawn, he rises from his chair, walks slowly to the window, and looks out into another age. There, centuries earlier, a man is standing in a courtyard crowded with blocks of stone. He too is looking at the dawn. The cold morning air makes him shake, causing his firm muscles to ripple nervously. He rubs the bridge of his broken nose, curses the lazy sun and waits. Finally, there is enough light. The giant cut of marble before him glows pink and then creamy white. The man throws off his cape, cautiously explores the marble, pats it with his hand, strikes it gently with his hammer. I can use it, he thinks, and he smiles. Before him, in time, another man is also standing in the first light of day. He clutches the gold crucifix hanging from his neck and rubs it firmly across his chest. With his foot, he smooths and then pokes at the dirt beneath him. Later the others will come, but he is there early, to be alone and dream of a soaring tribute to God.
They were three men, who in different times, did their work and died. But today, the efforts of their genius lives on, in a tower, in a statue, and in a church.
We have been taught, in the classroom, the beauty of line, the perfection of human form, the meaning of social architecture. With this knowledge, and confronted with the creations of the hands and minds of those three men, and all men like them, we have hopefully joined our understanding to the subtle communications of genius gifted in the language of art.
A recurrent theme in western literature has been the quest for truth, symbolized by a voyage. For Ulysses and Aeneas, the two greatest figures in the writing of antiquity, the search demanded pain and struggle of epic proportions, acted out in the Mediterranean, the sea in the middle of the earth. Ulysses is the powerful, rugged and intelligent hero who transcends the nature of men while representing man. But for us, Aeneas has more meaning. Dreaming of escape, he faced responsibility. Preferring peace, he fought only when necessary. Born of a goddess, he was simply a man. And as a man, he was looking for an answer, found on the shores of Italy, at the site of Rome.

The English, in their turn, have maintained the symbol of voyage, not only in their literature, but in their lives. From Chaucer to Shakespeare through the Romantics to today, Italy and the Mediterranean have provided stories and characters, images and inspiration.
Through the eyes of poets and playwrights, the familiar is given new meaning. What to us is often commonplace, becomes beautiful in the imagination and words of great men.
The landscapes of the continent and the sea, from the extremes of rugged majesty to graceful nobility, have inspired the British mind for centuries.

Blessed with a literary tradition of genius, the myriad of images in our own mind has a meaning deeper than the bare reality from which it is produced.
In every man's beginning,
His luck resides, for good or ill.
Virgil, The Iliad, Book X

In the last two centuries, the writing of history has developed into an orderly and meticulous study and its natural outgrowth, Political Science is as thorough, as detailed, as unending as history itself. And we have been saturated with that knowledge. The traces of our civilization, the great river societies of Mesopotamia, and of the river Nile, the Greek city-states and the Roman Empire, are familiar to all of us. We have at last some understanding of the growth of nationalism and the modern state, our debt to British law and to European political theories, and the structures of governments in the east and west and their part in the cold war.

But this has been a year of confrontation, a year when what we have learned, becomes what we are, a year when theory gives way to practice.
Standing before the Sphinx or staring into the pitted remains of the Colosseum, the past becomes present. The great monuments of history live as tributes to the ages gone by.

Yet man is a political animal. To appreciate his nature fully takes more than an understanding of what he has done in the past. How he expresses his feelings and structures his life, and why he separates himself from others are puzzles of today.
The answers will come only when what we are living now becomes the history of tomorrow.
Oh, Italia, you are so confusing. How can we say what we feel? You are never the same, and yet nothing changes. You pour workmen into a project like ants from a jar. They shout and wave their arms, pile materials to the sky and begin an endless discussion on something entirely unrelated. Someone cuts a ribbon, someone breaks the tired soil and you are still using a bridge two thousand years old. Tomorrow, you say. We stand aloof and criticize until we too are caught by the spell and "tomorrow" we utter, first cautiously, and then with a shrug and then with a smile. Tomorrow is for bridges, today is for living life. The sun is too warm, the flowers too sweet, the wine too smooth. Oh, of course, we try the language. But you're so understanding. You listen and nod, usually tell us in English what we are trying to say, take us where we want to go, show us what we want to see. It is good? you ask. Yes, it is good.

But there are those other moments, Italia, my pet. Don't deny it. The times when you won't understand, the times when you look cruel at us and at yourself, when the clouds come in from the sea and your streets are wet and bleak, and you are cold and in bad temper. But is does not last. It is only because you are human and care too much. Or is it because we don't care enough? We do now, you know. You have taught us that, to care a little more. And we're sorry for the foolish things we've done and hope you have learned something from us. We will look at you one more time and then we must go. Ciao, dear. It has been a wonderful affair.
Philosophical considerations, in a textbook study, are difficult, often confusing, seldom satisfying. The psychology of the human mind produces challenges met only by understanding, experience and compassion. In college education, the theory is to give the student a philosophical and psychological insight into his own nature and that of other men: a sincere attempt to soften and deepen an essentially pragmatic mentality. But the task is hindered by the very structure of our lives. Pressured into specialization, prodded by the demands of an affluent and ever-growing society, we seldom are able or willing to devote the energy necessary to make a study of the human mind truly rewarding.

However, our year abroad has divorced us from the influences of home. It has given us a chance to communicate, to think, and to weigh ideas. Perhaps the most important gift of the program has been this opportunity, a time and place for developing more meaningful directions in our lives.
The development has taken many forms. In Athens, it was a spirit of communion with a triumvirate of philosophical thinkers, who in antiquity, gave birth to the spirit of western man.

Often it was an enlightening dialogue, discovering that people very different, were so very much the same.
But most of all, it was being alone, and simply understanding ourselves.
All other creatures were easing their troubles
In slumber... not so the Trojan leaders
Meeting in council. Here were things of moment
Virgil, The Aeneid, Book VIII

Nietzsche, in his well-known and now well-worn phrase, said that «God is dead». Not the God of Love, not Christ with His gift of freedom from the Old Law, but the orthodox, rigid, complacent god, a god created through years of neglect, carelessness, and placid consent to a credo of «I'll believe unless it hurts». And it seemed that nowhere was that god more evident than in the giant of orthodoxy, the Catholic Church.

In December, at the close of Vatican II, many things were the same. St. Peter's square was filled, as in the past, with thousands of people. The same brilliant sun shone on the Basilica, gave luster to the fountains and color to the colonnade. The familiar cry of «Il Papa» brought the familiar reaction: shouts of joy, arms waving, hands clapping. Of course, there were signs of progress: television cameras, spot lights, and nuns with Kodak Instamatics. But there was something new, something deeper. There was a silent cry of hope. Perhaps it was knowing that at last the god Nietzsche so hated was really dead, exposing to all the external God of Life.
The Council, however, did more than expose something that was always there. It provided something that too long had been missing, a spirit of ecumenism. Given impetus by Pope John, the Vatican Council directed its efforts not only to the Roman Church, but to the whole Christian community and to the entire world of man. It was with this spirit that we viewed other religions encountered in our travels. It enabled us to respect the soul bowing to Mecca, to feel the love built into a mosque, to renew our understanding of the monotheistic tradition inherited from the Jews. It was, for us, a year of living theology.
STUDENTS
It came and went. And it can never come again. Our student year in Europe became a memory. And memories fade. But something didn't fade. We all took something away with us.

We came away with some friendships, perhaps with a love. We met a group of people with a similar longing to see. And we saw together. We met a group of people with a similar longing to learn. And we learned together. We met a group of people with a similar longing to know. And, in the end, we knew together.

We came away with a new awareness of ourselves. We found who we were, who we had been, who we wanted to be. Nagging uncertainty gave way to emerging confidence in our own capabilities. Unresolved direction gave way to a vibrant sense of goal. Hazy confusion gave way to a startling clarity of purpose.

We came away with a realization of duty. We learned what we had to do to become what we had to become. We had gained, a commitment to ourselves, to our brothers, to our God.

We came away. But we had been confronted. And we had been educated.

And so be told the story, a lonely man,  
To eager listeners, his destiny and voyage,  
And made an end of it here; ceased and was quiet.  
Virgil, The Aeneid, Book III
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

As long as our revelry calls to mind our college days, there will always be a part of us so individual, so far removed, yet so personal, across a vast expanse of ocean - a year of our lives was lived in Rome.

Through the efforts of many people, we are left with a concrete presentation of this, and that year - LUPA, 1966.

It can hardly hope to represent the many personal aspects of that year for everyone; it only hopes to be a lasting stimulation for meaningful reminiscence.

We now wish to extend our never-ending gratitude to all those, be they advisors, staff members, printers or patrons, for making this book possible.

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