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Chancellor

REMARKS  
Seventh Annual Commencement  
Indiana University at South Bend  
Morris Civic Auditorium  
May 16, 1973

Distinguished platform group, colleagues, ladies and gentlemen, and--most importantly--students of the graduating class: let commencement seven at IUSB suggest once again the symbolic richness of that number. On the seventh day of Christmas, the singer's true love gave the graceful gift of seven swans a-swimming; in the Bible, seven years of lean were followed by seven years of plenty; and--most telling of all--the six days of creation were followed by the Sabbath, when God Himself rested from his labors.

While all the years before 1966 were not totally lean years for our campus, the relative plenty we now enjoy derives from the first faint stirrings of the preparations we made nearly seven years ago in getting ready for the commencement of our first class in 1967. In the intervening time, we have come to know that there is much about IUSB, its immediate past, and its certain future, about which we can be justly proud. We are in many ways a new and unique kind of institution, particularly fitted to respond positively to what can be foreseen as both continuing and emerging higher educational needs in the last quarter of this century. Rooted as we are in the august intellectual traditions of Indiana University, although our local history is short and we presently operate in fairly modest scope, we have the stability and security born of the proper

expectation that our school will not long countenance anything which is haphazard, shoddy, or mean. Set as we are in an urban environment, the constant opportunity to know the diverse pulses of the city protects us from becoming insular or provincial. Staffed as we are with an increasingly cosmopolitan and variously trained faculty, and with a student body representing a salutary mix of youth and age, we can relate flexibly to many different life-stages and circumstances. Favored as we are with unstinting support from the local news media, our sister institutions, and every flourishing civic and cultural agency in St. Joseph and surrounding counties, we have a climate of acceptance that sustains our efforts and dignifies our professional and student life.

As our seventh ceremony gives us especially ripe time for retrospect and prospect, we devoutly hope that our collective efforts at IUSB in recent years have been helpful in bridging the artificial divisions long fostered between the intellectual community and the larger political community; or between the business world, the arts and sciences, and the service professions.

In support of that hope, President Ryan's opening remarks have recognized knowledge itself as the fountainhead of liberating ideas and the source of society's hope for eventual improvement. Thus, despite the variety of degrees which will shortly be conferred upon you, we trust we have been able to help you sense the fundamental unity of the ideas which come from that single fountain. For over-specialized or particularistic knowledge alone leads to personal separation and estrangement, the secular equivalent to that ultimate alienation which some of you will remember described

in Dante's Inferno, where each obsessed soul is sealed forever in the prison of its fatal defect. So we must hope that to the mental and professional competences you, our students, have gained in your years with us, has been added what the American man-of-letters, Lionel Trilling, calls "something like a sense of intellectual honor" in thinking about your studies, a sense that helps lead one to a tender awareness of the transience and fragility of human life.

As sober example of those uncertainties of our mortality, this joyful day cannot pass without mention of the accidental death last Sunday of one of your graduating classmates, Mrs. Carol Chunn, 28 years old. I wish to pay special tribute to her memory, recalling Sir Thomas Browne's words of 300 years ago, that "since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches... therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes...."

And now, Mr. President, on this green and golden day, this resplendent May afternoon, I take great pride and pleasure in presenting to you the Class of 1973 for the conferring of degrees.