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NOTRE DAME
COLLECTION

South Bend

To The Editor:

Faust's Leadership

To the Editor:

I feel privileged to continue the introduction of the campus' newest leader Gerry Faust as begun in the article, "Faust and Notre Dame's Football Future" (*Scholastic*, February, '81).

I look to Faust as a twofold leader. His enthusiasm and coaching ability will definitely lead the football team, but I look forward to Faust's reviving the spirituality of the Notre Dame student body. I believe he is well-qualified in both categories.

As a former high school athlete, I appreciate Faust's emphasis on "fundamentals: detail, discipline, organization, and efficiency." As a committed Christian, though, I see the need for these same assets in developing a deeper and more open spirituality at Notre Dame. As a Catholic university, Notre Dame should definitely have more to offer than national championships. Made to think about the value of Christianity, most students will admit that a life in Christ is the finest life to live.

You may be asking what this has to do with coach Faust. Well, the article stated that Faust has a reputation for "developing individuals of the finest caliber." I can attest to this fact by my friendship with Harry Oliver, one of Faust's Moeller graduates. Harry's faith in God was plain to see after his miraculous field goal which won the Michigan game last fall. Harry is a fine individual and a good example of the type of men Faust can produce as coach.

As coach, as leader, Gerry Faust has a fundamental Christian character trait—willingness to share his faith in God with others. He sees no obstacles in putting his faith in God at the center of his personal life, his idea of the family, and his job as head football coach at Notre Dame.

If Gerry Faust can win the respect of the varsity athletes as effectively as he has the students' respect, Notre Dame will certainly retain its enthusiasm for football. In addition, Faust's open dedication to the Lord may encourage students to openly share their Christian lives with each other. As Christians, many students

pray every night in dorm chapels, attend Mass, and reach out to Christ with their whole hearts. Unfortunately though, when they get back to their rooms they are unwilling to share Christ with their roommates, with the people next door, or with the many lonely freshmen.

The article quotes Faust as saying, "Players will give 120 per cent on the field, I guarantee it, but I also promise you they'll be quality young men off the field." It seems clear that Faust has given his pledge to develop the lives of his players on and off the field. Beyond that, I hope he can develop the spiritual lives of the students as well. He can do so by his example as a family man, his enthusiasm as coach, and his open faith as a Christian man.

In conclusion, the article mentions Faust's saying, "There's so much tradition here that I just want to add to it, not take anything away." I think Faust can give a lot to Notre Dame. He knows what it takes to add to tradition. It takes hard work, enthusiastic leadership, and it takes faith in God. Faust thinks Notre Dame is "phenomenal." Well, representing Notre Dame, I think Gerry Faust fits in perfectly.

Sincerely,
Jim Mysliwiec '82

The Last Word

To the Editor:

Your "The Last Word" article in the December '80, issue of *Scholastic* was especially touching to me in two ways. First as the son of a father (now dead some six years) toward whom I felt the same way as you do toward your father, I regret that I never had the sense to tell him so. Second, as the father of a seventeen-year-old daughter and a fifteen-year-old son, your words were especially poignant to me. You have, in my opinion, exhibited a great deal of insight. Congratulations on a moving and well-written piece.

Yours sincerely,
Morton S. Fuchs
Professor of Biology

Our Call to Eucharist

To the Editor:

I found Mr. Zuehlke's article, "A Call to Eucharist" (*Scholastic*, December '80), to be very thought-provoking. I thank Mr. Zuehlke for providing me with the incentive to catch up on some basic Eucharistic theology. The following is a discussion of some of those reflections made after reading his article. Perhaps it would be beneficial for Mr. Zuehlke to consider the following:

We are indeed called to Eucharist and all which that call implies. We are called to join in the heavenly banquet; to participate in the mystery of the Risen Lord; to enter into the new creation. The Church is His body, we are his point of entry into the world.

We do not answer our call to Eucharist by making some private devotion out of the daily reception of Communion, but rather by daily living out the full implications and obligations which Communion in the Eucharist demands. Our call to Eucharist does not ask that we confess to some great unworthiness, but that we recognize the beauty and worth of all humanity and diligently work for the protection, preservation, and acceptance of that worth in all people.

The Eucharist is made present not only by the actions of the priest, but by the faith of the whole community. It is not only a reflection of that community's faith experience, but a primary means of intensifying and strengthening that experience so that it can be lived out in our daily lives.

We are called to Eucharist, but in a much broader sense than Mr. Zuehlke's article implies; in a much more radical stance, a much less secure posture. Our call to Eucharist is not only a call to sustenance, but a challenge as well; not merely a call to nourishment, but a call to growth; not a passive participation in ritual activity, but a dynamic interplay with the whole of creation. The call to Eucharist is a call to the responsibilities of living the Christian life.

Sincerely,
Mike Hay

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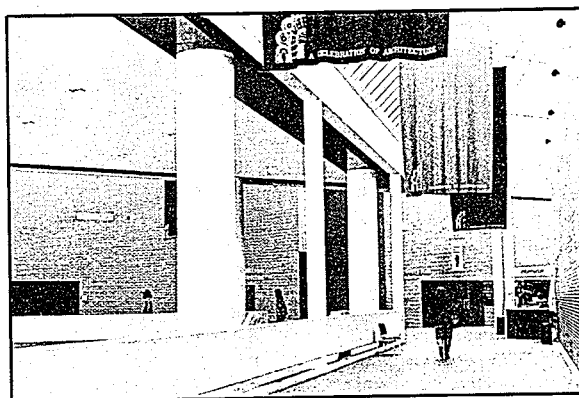
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South Bend, Indiana---

A Pleasant Surprise

by Paul R. McGinn

Though many Notre Dame students consider South Bend a veritable entertainment wasteland, the city indeed provides some outstanding cultural activities. Considering its population, South Bend provides a more than adequate variety of symphonic, artistic, and dramatic events. Included among these functions are presentations of the Music Division of Indiana University at South Bend, the South Bend Symphony Orchestra, the South Bend Civic Theatre, the wide range of events at the Century Center and the many small art galleries located throughout the city.

The Music Division of the Indiana University at South Bend sponsors various concerts, recitals, and competitions throughout the year. Held in either the Campus Auditorium or Recital Hall of the university, the performances usually commence at 8:15 p.m. Music student concerts this spring include the Wind Ensemble (March 12), the Philharmonic Orchestra (March 13, 14; with the South Bend Symphonic Choir on May 3), and the Jazz Ensemble (performing with the Penn High School Swing Choir April 8). A piano competition (March 20, 21, 22), a composition recital (April 21), and a chamber music recital (April 28) round out the students' season.

Musical arrangements by Ejnar Krantz, Piano (March 17), Celia Weiss, Piano (March 27), the Chester String Quartet (April 11, 12) and James Lawson, Bass (April 24) comprise the faculty-sponsored events for the spring semester.

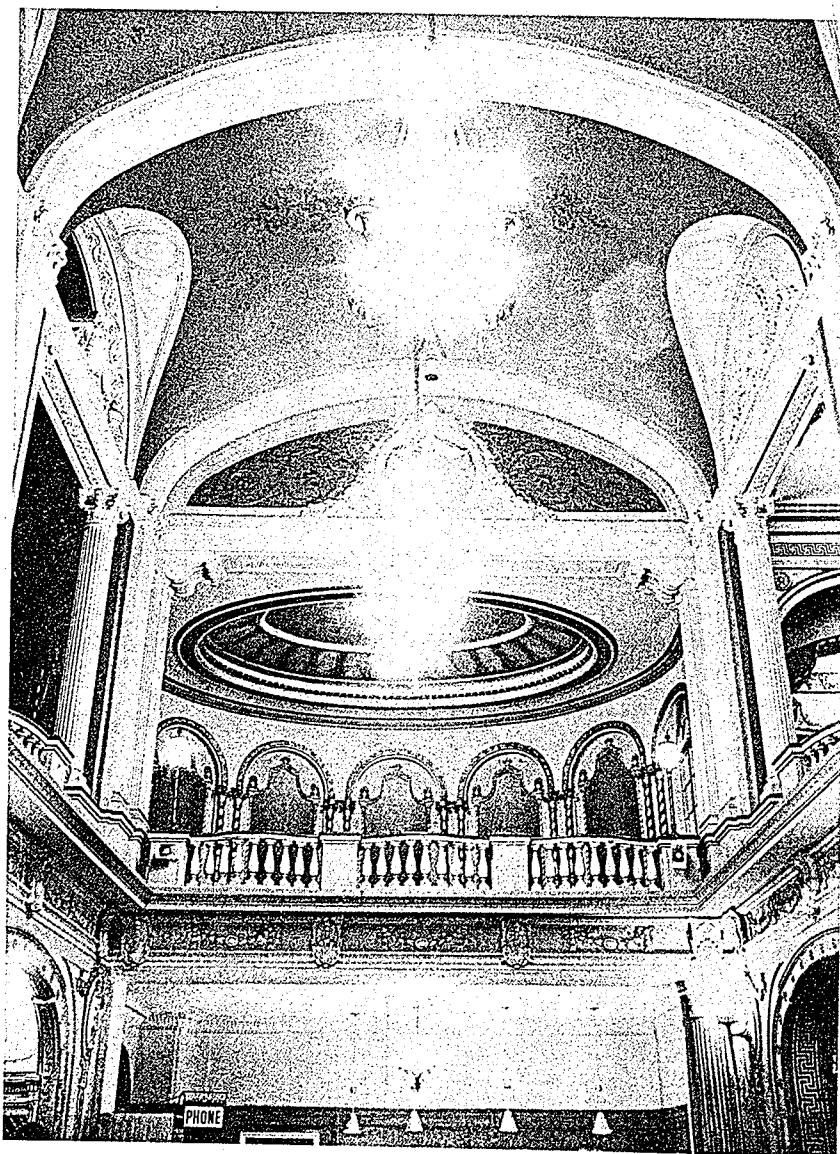
The university also plays host to the South Bend Youth Symphony (March 8), the South Bend Symphonic Choir (March 20, 21), the Michiana Area Composers Recital (March 22), and the South Bend Recorder Society (April 14).

In its forty-eighth season, the South Bend Symphony plans two performances for the remainder of

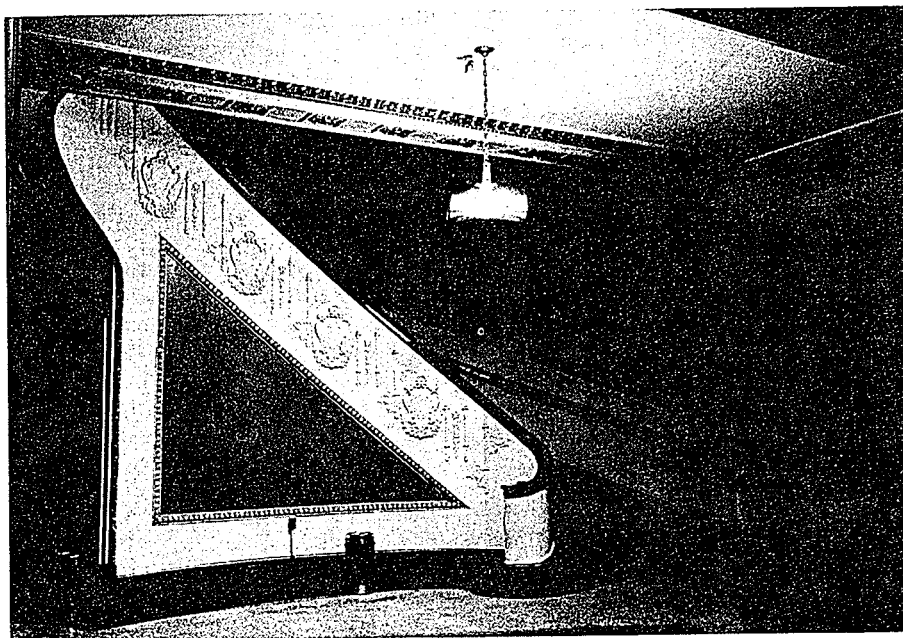
the 1980-81 season. To be held at the Morris Civic Auditorium, these performances include an appearance by Barry Tuckwell, an eminent French Horn player, and a joint recital of tenor James McCracken and mezzo-soprano Sandra Warfield.

Barry Tuckwell appears Saturday, March 28. His scheduled repertoire

includes Vaughn Williams' "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis for Double String Orchestra"; Richard Strauss, Concerto Number One in E Flat for French Horn and Orchestra, Opus 11; and Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*. A Melbourne, Australia, native, Tuckwell is the only French horn player in the world to have



The Morris Civic Auditorium



The Morris Civic Auditorium

established a career as a soloist instead of maintaining an orchestral seat or holding a professorship. Each year, Tuckwell makes close to two hundred appearances, traveling 200,000 miles in the process. His talents take him to every major music center in the world, and to such little-known areas as Brunei and Sarawa.

After playing with the Victoria and Sydney Symphony Orchestras, Tuckwell went to Great Britain, where he first joined the Hallé Orchestra, the Scottish National Orchestra, and finally, the Bournemouth Orchestra. By 1955, Tuckwell was a soloist of the London Symphony where he remained for thirteen years. In 1968, he began his solo career by performing all of the solo horn parts of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelungs* at Covent Garden.

Since the Covent Garden appearance, Tuckwell's repertoire expanded to include the horn concerto works of Wolfgang and Leopold Mozart, Richard Strauss, Weber, Telemann, Beethoven, Saint-Saens, as well as many others. Critics term Tuckwell's playing "bel canto elegance" and cite the "silken sheen" of his tone. One critic in the *Stuttgarter Nachrichten* stated: "If the hunter from Kurpfalz had been able to play like Tuckwell, the deer would have died from ecstasy."

The husband-and-wife team of James McCracken and Sandra Warfield come to South Bend May 2 to render selections from some of the most popular oratorios of all time. Included in the night's display is Verdi's overture to *I Vespri Siciliani*, selected pieces of Puccini, Bizet, and

Saint-Saens, as well as a performance of Strauss' *Til Eulenspiegel*.

McCracken began his career in Gary, Indiana, where he sang in his high school's Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. During his tour with the Navy, McCracken joined the Blue Jackets Choir as a soloist. On encouragement from an officer, McCracken sought an operatic career upon discharge. After singing in some Broadway musicals and performing limited operatic numbers, McCracken signed with the Metropolitan Opera. Four years of minor roles failed to encourage McCracken who left for Europe in 1957. The turnaround of McCracken's career came when he received the part of Bacchus in Richard Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* for the Vienna Staatsoper. After building a strong reputation in Europe, McCracken returned to the Metropolitan Opera for a rarely seen second debut in 1963.

James McCracken's first star performance at the Metropolitan was the leading role in Verdi's *Othello*. To most critics, McCracken's debut was no less than stunning as "the very walls trembled" and as "he tore down the house."

Recordings have also brought fame and accolades to McCracken. His rendition of *Othello* for EMI-Angel merited a Grand Prix du Disques and a performance of Don Jose in Bizet's *Carmen* won Deutsche Grammophon a Grammy Award in 1974.

Sandra Warfield began her musical career selling peanuts, popcorn, and hot dogs with her concessionaire father in a Kansas City, Missouri, park. After playing small parts in

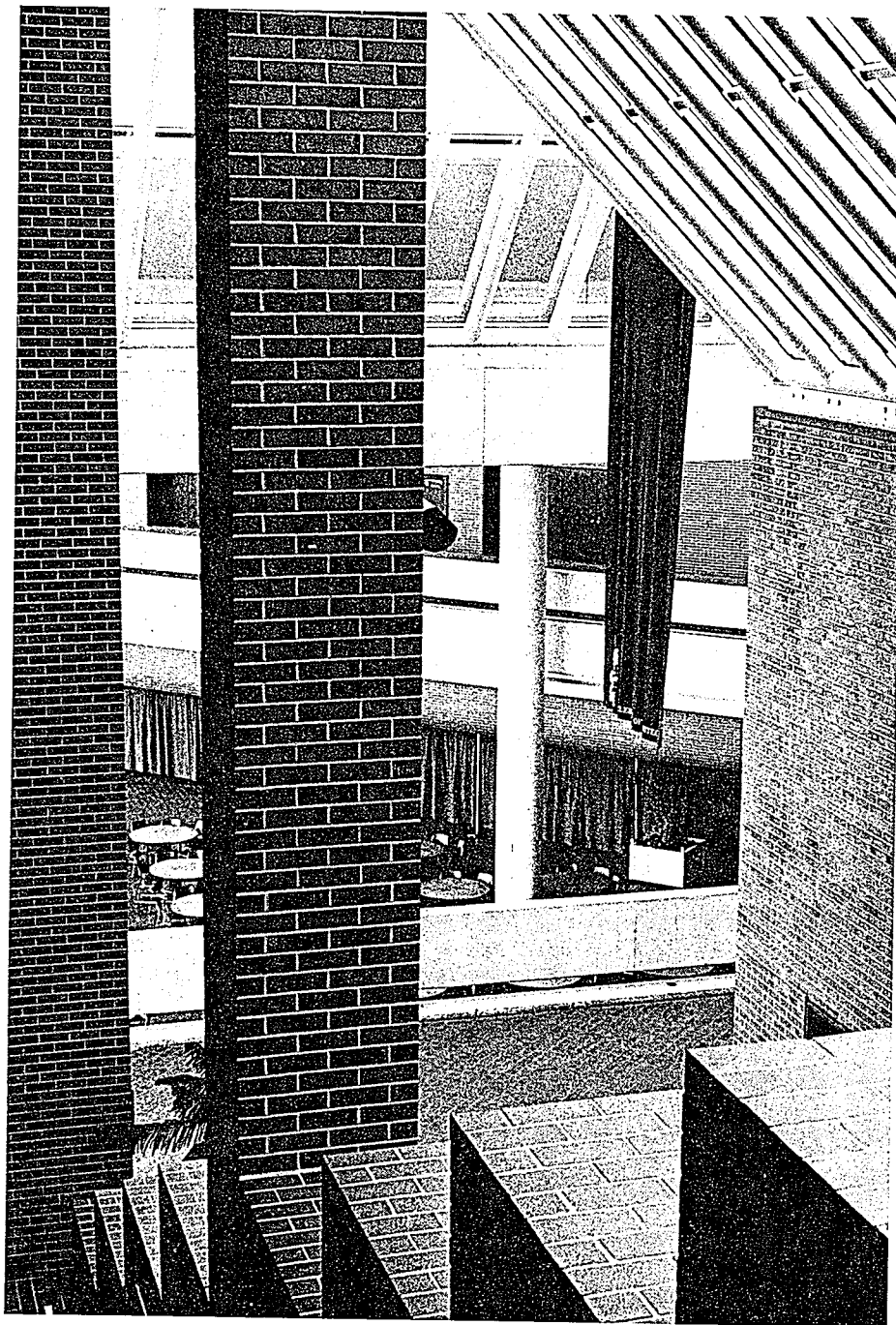
local playhouses, Sandra Warfield auditioned for the Metropolitan Opera in 1953. In the two years from the signing of her contract, Sandra Warfield moved from a peasant girl in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* to La Cieca in Puccini's *La Gioconda* and finally as leading role of Ulrica in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

Deciding to leave for Europe with her husband, Sandra Warfield received a position at the Vienna Staatsoper where she again played the character of Ulrica. After the Vienna episode, she moved to the Zurich Opera where she played the part of Katherine in Martinu's premiere of *Greek Passion*. Before her return to the United States with McCracken, Sandra Warfield toured Italy, Germany, Great Britain and Yugoslavia and recorded "Duets of Love and Passion" with her husband for London Records.

Returning to America in 1963, Sandra Warfield made her debut as Dalila in Saint-Saens' *Samson et Dalila* with the San Francisco Opera Company. In 1968, Sandra Warfield rejoined the Metropolitan Opera Company and in the 1971-1972 season, sang *Samson et Dalila* with her husband to fulfill a much-cherished dream. Sandra Warfield's new career consists of operatic performances throughout the United States and includes many joint recitals with James McCracken.

Overseeing the South Bend Symphony Orchestra this year is music director-conductor Herbert Butler. Through Butler's efforts, the orchestra has become a well-respected addition to the cultural mainstream of the Midwest. After receiving his bachelor's and master's degrees from the School of Music of Indiana University, Butler served as the conductor of the Western Michigan University Symphony Orchestra. Since that time he served as a guest conductor with a few of the local symphony orchestras before receiving his present position of associate professor at Western Michigan University.

The greatest cultural attribute of the City of South Bend is the Century Center, located downtown, on the banks of the Saint Joseph River. A mammoth three-story structure, it serves as the home of the Midwest Pops and contains the Warner Art Gallery for large exhibitions; the Women's Art League Gallery for intimate showings; the Art Center Inc., for instruction; Discovery Hall, an industrial museum; the 718-seat Bendix Theatre; and 25,000 square feet of convention floor space. Next



The Century Center

to the Athletic and Convocation Center, the Century Center stands as the largest enclosed meeting place in the area.

Winding up its 1980-81 season Sunday, April 26, the Midwest Pops presents Manfredo Fest, a superior keyboard artist from Brazil. Touted a Latin America Festival, the evening plans to be a survey of the fascinating music and rhythm of Brazil, Argentina, Mexico and Cuba. Accompanied by Rich Wolff on bass guitar and Alejo Puveda on percussion, Fest combines American jazz music with the models of Brazilian popular music. This date in South Bend marks the trio's first perfor-

mance in the United States in over a year.

Born with only ten percent of normal sight, Fest, who first studied under his father, was a conductor and concert pianist in Germany. Graduating from the University of Rio Grande do Sul, Fest built a reputation as a jazz star in the Sao Paulo area. After cutting five albums in Brazil, Fest moved to the United States. Calling Minneapolis his home, Fest now tours the world as the leader of the Manfredo Fest Trio.

Arranging the score for the performance is the Pops conductor, Newton Wayland. In his first year as conductor, Wayland brings with

him a truly diverse musical background. Guest appearances include the South Bend Symphony, the Minnesota Orchestra, the Boston Pops, and the National Symphony. His musical scores have been used by ZOOM and NOVA; he also worked and played under Arthur Fiedler as well as directing and arranging the music for the off-Broadway show, *Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill*.

The Warner Art Gallery, located on the second level of the Century Center, is devoted to exhibitions of a regional, national, or international flavor. As the gallery possesses only five hundred permanent pieces, Warner relies mainly on traveling shows, loaned pieces, and art competitions. The appearance of the gallery is no less than excellent, for it is technically and aesthetically well-designed. The lighting and background techniques afford the viewer an elegant view of the displays and give him a true appreciation of the works.

Through March 1, the Warner Gallery is sponsoring an exhibition of Indiana artists entitled, "Hoosier Artists: Family and Friends." Among those displayed are: Robert Indiana, William Chase, Daniel Garber, Otto Stark, and J. C. Steele. Many of these painters studied under European impressionists of the early twentieth century and returned to their native states to display their acquired techniques.

March 8-April 12, the Gallery presents a collection of the works of photographer Alfred Steiglitz. Known in most circles as the father of modern photography, Steiglitz is responsible for the recognition of photography as an artistic expression. The exhibit indicates the artist's meticulous choosing of deeply moving and sensitive events and of his care to reproduce those occurrences as truthfully as possible. Steiglitz's photographic genius lies present in each of his close-up or distant shots, as he captures the essence of the moment. As Steiglitz wrote in a 1923 exhibition catalog, "Art or not art that is immaterial, there is photography. I continue on my way seeking my own truth ever affirming today."

On April 18, the Twelfth Biennial Michiana Local Art Competition takes place. Competition and exhibition artists from the South Bend area plan to display their works in the forms of painting, prints, and sculpture.

Complementing the Warner Gallery is the Women's Art League Gallery, located on the Center's third level. As a small gallery, it is most commonly used for one-man or one-

theme shows. Recently the Women's Art League Gallery played host to the monographs of Notre Dame's Douglas Kinsey.

Scheduled February 28-April 5 are historic quilts from the Indianapolis Museum of Art. As a part of Indiana's cultural past, this quilt exhibition circulates throughout the state in an effort to build an appreciation of the woven arts. April 11-May 10, the Women's Art League Gallery will hold an exhibition of the photographic works of Gary Cialdella, a prospering artist from Kalamazoo, Michigan.

As a center for cultural development, the Century Center is also the home of the Art Center. As a community center for the public experience of art, the Art Center sponsors classes, workshops, and seminars to further the appreciation of art in the area. Weekly course offerings include drawing, watercolor, oil painting, photography, printmaking, sculpture, ceramics, jewelry, metalsmithing, commercial art, art appreciation, and combined media. Each semester, these fourteen-week courses are taught by local art teachers, most of whom hold permanent art instruction positions in the South Bend area.

Another facet of the Century Center is Discovery Hall, devoted to the study of local industrial history. Tracing the industrial growth and expansion of the area, Discovery Hall presents the machines, products, and philosophies which brought South Bend into the twentieth century. Presently under renovation, Discovery Hall plans to reopen in the spring of 1982.

The Joseph Fischhoff National

Chamber Music Competition will again be held in the Bendix Theatre of the Century Center this year. As one of only two national chamber music contests, the Fischhoff competition attracts some of the nation's finest musicians to South Bend this February 28-March 1. John de Lancie, director of the Curtis Institute of Music, along with violinist Urico Rossi of the Indiana School of Music and pianist Beveridge Webster of the Julliard School of Music will judge the contest.

Also in the South Bend area lie a few small art galleries devoted to regional or thematic showings. Among these are Gallery Aquinas, Artwurks Gallery, and the Isis Gallery. Hoping to fill a need for display area and studio space for area artists, Gallery Aquinas was founded as an artist cooperative. Gallery Aquinas has become the most recognized display space of exceptional works by the leading artists of the Michiana region and beyond. As an art center, Gallery Aquinas constantly seeks proposals for new showings of progressing artists in all media forms, including all arts and letters endeavors. Sponsored by workmen and -women, Gallery Aquinas is open Saturday and Sunday from 12 to 5 p.m.

Showing February 21 through March 8 in the large display area of the gallery is Ruth Sinclair. An art teacher from Elkhart, Sinclair specializes in paperworks of sculpture, painting, and prints. During the same time period, Rebecca Schroeder of Chicago will display her oil paintings. An open art exhibit, entitled "8½×11," will be held March 14-March 29. Open to any person wish-

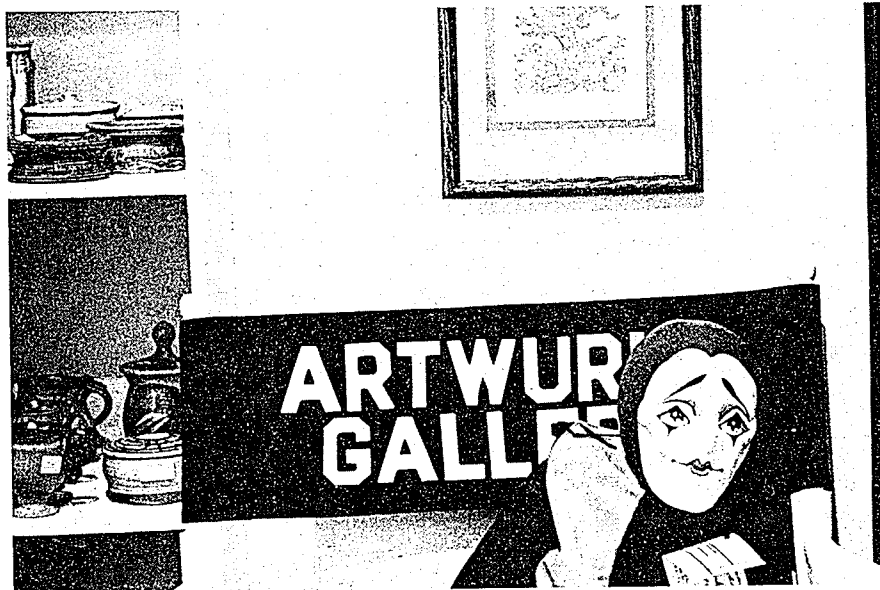
ing to display his artistic abilities, the showing requires that the work be 8½×11 and that the artist pay a \$5.00 hanging fee. The showing expects to attract many enterprising artists from the area and give a display area without the anxieties of a judged contest. In the smaller gallery of Aquinas, the color photographs of local man, Keith Gates, will be displayed. April 4-April 19, Joan Gallagher, an M.F.A. from Notre Dame, will present pencil abstracts, works which involve the use of such natural objects as twigs and stones. In the small gallery, Kathy Reddy's pastel creations will be exhibited. Coming April 25 through May 9 are paintings and drawings of local artist Janet Steinmitz. Entitled "In Collaboration with Myself," the show presents the artist's conceptions of her different personalities. A photographer, Ruven Sanderfore, also will display his works.

The Artwurks Gallery, owned and operated by Donald and Irenke Horning, devotes itself to the finest examples of contemporary art pieces in all media. Besides a fine permanent collection, the gallery regularly hosts groups of artists or traveling shows which the Hornings deem to be high quality. An example of the quality of these productions is an exhibition on display through March 22. "Contemporary Containers with Asian Accents" includes four clay artists, Barbara Takiguchi and Ted Lobinger of California, Randy Benjamin of Illinois, and New Yorker Martin Klaus. Each production of the artists is in some way affected by Asian forms, glazing, firing, or brush stroke techniques. Items such as tea jars, image plates, vases, scarab beetle jars, and bowls are featured in materials of porcelain, stoneware, bamboo, crystalline porcelain, and raku fired ware.

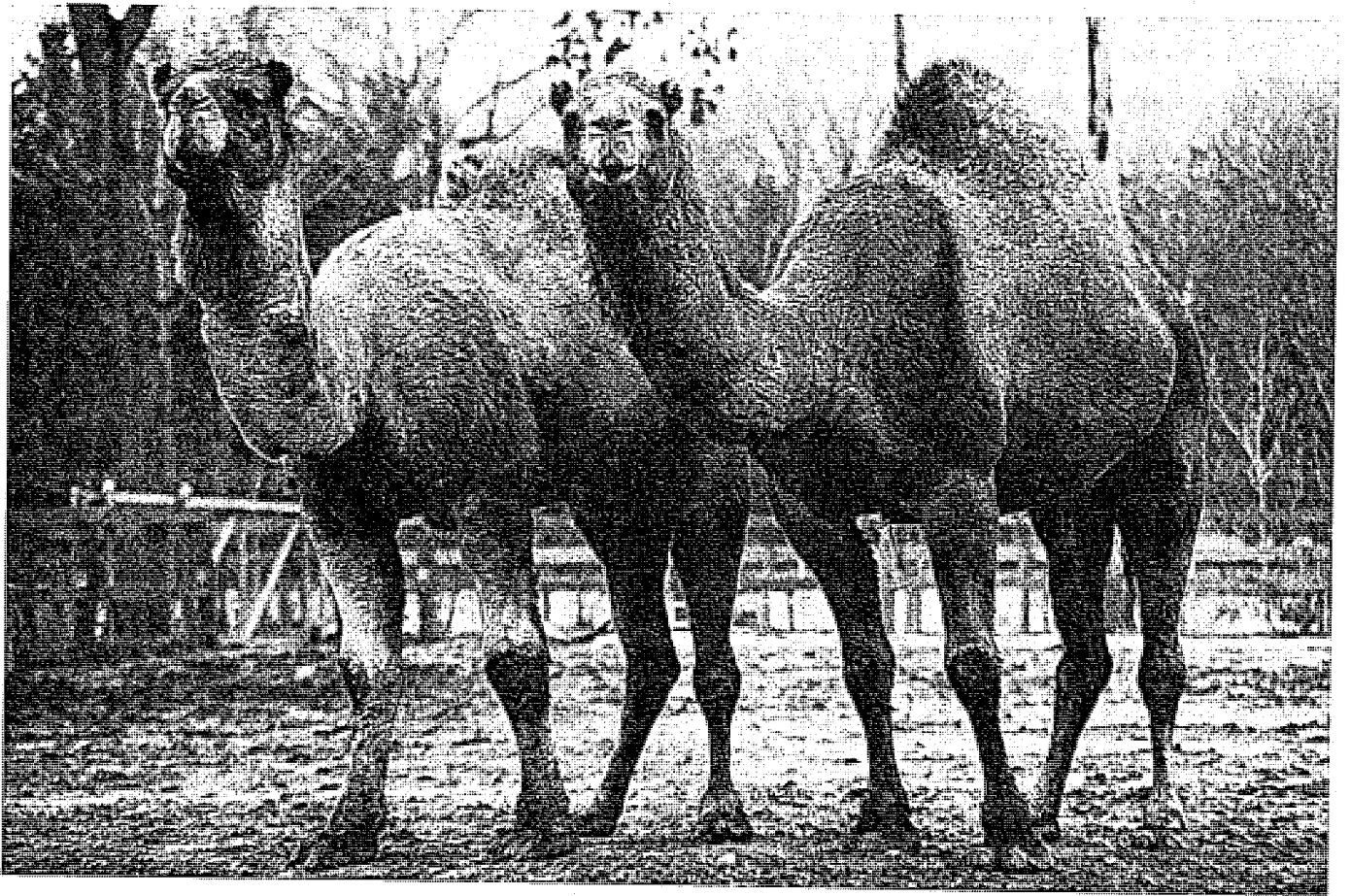
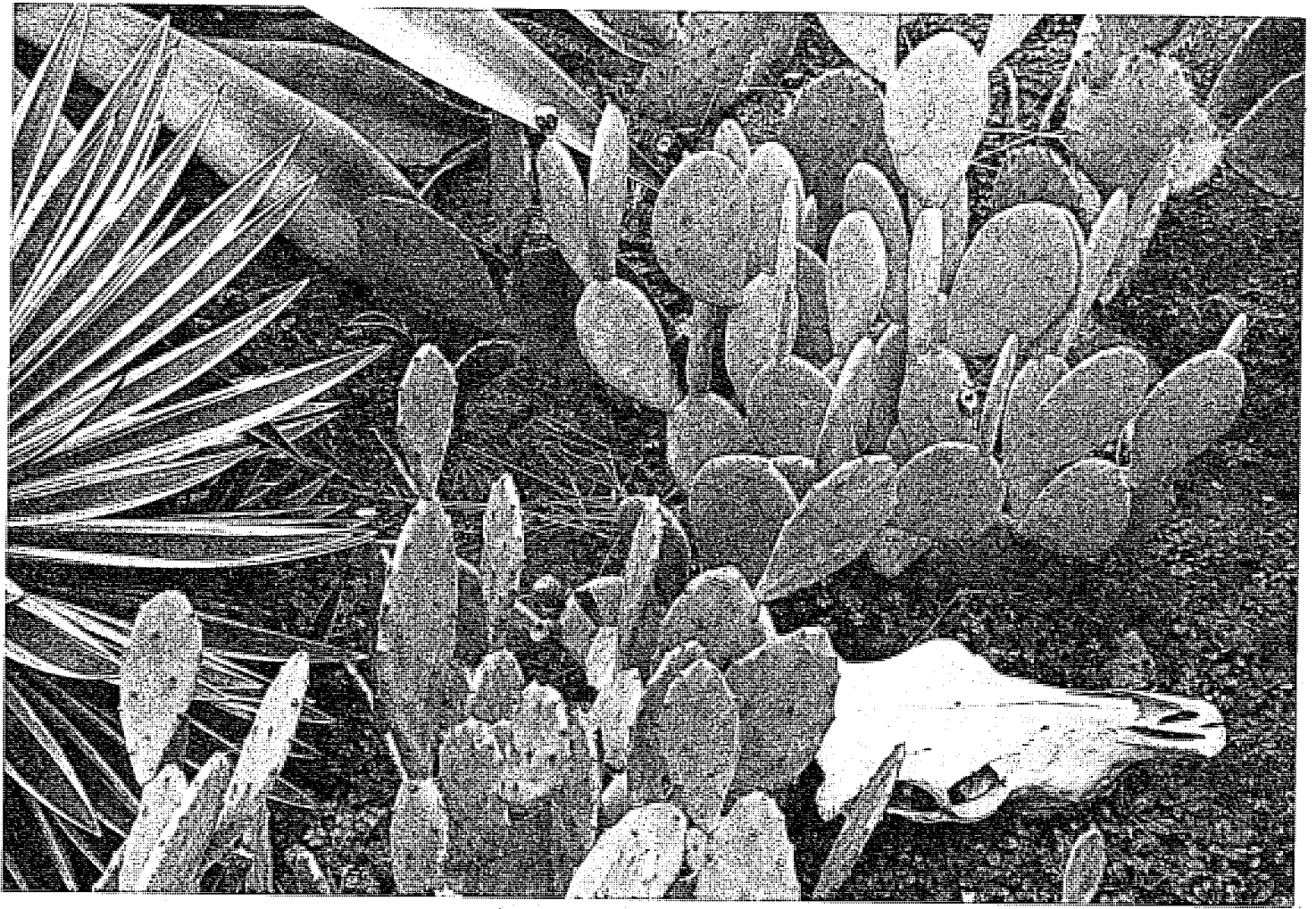
Truly, South Bend provides a vast assortment of cultural diversions; to deem the city devoid of culture is to hamper one's own cultural growth, as much lies beyond the shadow of the Dome. For some, South Bend remains a distant entity. For others who have come to appreciate the culture of this city, South Bend is very much a part of everyday life. □

Program Biographies: Barry Tuckwell, James McCracken, Sandra Warfield, Herbert Butler, Manfredo Fest, and Newton Wayland. Norman Dorothy. *Alfred Steiglitz, Volume 3, The History of Photography*. Millerton, New York, Aperture Inc., 1976.

"Noteworthy." *Today in Michiana*. Volume 1 (December, 1980), p. 3.



The Artwurks Art Gallery

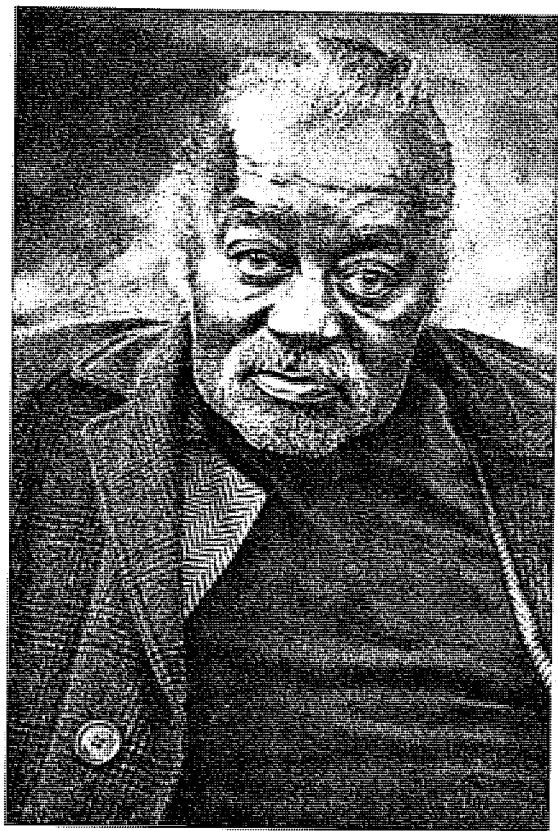


Winter at Potowatami Zoo and Botanical Gardens

photos by Sue Thornton



South Bend



People

Photos by Eileen O'Meara



Fiction

I suppose I like working the week-ends best, especially Friday nights. Mario's gets real busy on Friday nights. The two little rooms out front are always packed and they're usually standing three deep at the bar. During the summer they set up some tables outside and those fill up right away too. Mario—we call him Mr. Forano when it's busy—Mario says that a good night is when they stand three deep at the bar and there is a thirty-minute wait for a table.

have to take off for a couple games a week. It was good though because I didn't start work until six and practice was always over by that time. But he never minded letting me off, just so long as I worked hard for him. Mario's clever when it comes to business things and I told him that I wanted to learn it all. The first day I started work he takes me aside and says, "Ray, this job is just like basketball. All you have to do to be good is hustle." Always the philoso-

out and bought beer cups. Then on the day of the contest he got to work early, which he never does, and watched out the window all night as the city was buried under a foot of snow. He took it real bad. The streets were closed and the contest was called off and Mike was cussing and all, but I figure we got a break because Giovanni's was using three drivers at the time and we were only using two. Since then Mario has changed the boundaries some—

Traveling

by Mark Traverso

Those nights can get pretty crazy. The waitresses are all busy getting drinks and pizzas and trying to hustle tips with their "yes sirs" and "yes ma'ams" painted all across their faces. In back the phones ring right off the wall and Mario is there screaming and hollering to get the orders out on time. But I don't mind because the busier it is the more I'm out on the road and the more money I make. On a good night I'll deliver to maybe thirty-five or forty houses. A great night is forty-five, and once I even hit fifty-three. But then I've been here for three years and I'm the best driver that Mario's got.

I was lucky because Mario took to me right from the start. He was a basketball fan from way back and I was playing on the Wesley High team at the time. I had never worked before during the season, but seeing as I was a senior I needed the extra money. Mario was good enough to hire me even though he knew I'd

pher Mario is, even while he's chewing on the end of his cigar and giving me those pay-attention-or-else dark eyes.

We go with three guys on most nights. Next to me Mike's been delivering the longest, about two years. We've been together on Friday nights for a long time, and between us we figure we've carried more pizzas than any two drivers in the city. Mike is a good driver—not as good as me mind you—but he has all the streets memorized and he's real fast at making change. And I've never seen anyone so damn proud of being a good driver as Mike is. He even went so far as to challenge the drivers from Giovanni's to a contest one time. Six hours on a Friday night, most deliveries (we all had to keep our tickets), for a keg of Bud. They set it up two weeks ahead and Mike, he got so excited that he got the old Chevy tuned up and lined up people to call in and he even went

"expanding business" as he calls it—so we had to add a third driver. The new guy's name is Bob. He's been here a couple months now I'd guess, and he's been doing pretty well. He knew that he was moving in on a great team working with me and Mike, and he was a little nervous at first, but we helped him right along.

Bob's sort of the quiet type and I know what he means when he says that he likes delivering. He's got a wife and kids and all and he works at the warehouse during the day, so driving gives him a little time to be by himself. There's something nice about getting away from the noise and confusion of the kitchen and doing some serious thinking. In the car, with the city all lit up and the radio down low, I feel real relaxed. Some nights they have ball games on the radio so the time goes by fast.

On the weekdays I spend a lot of time in the kitchen. There's never many deliveries and sometimes it can

get real boring so I usually help the guys by answering the phones or sweeping the floor. I don't make much money on the weekdays but once in a while Mario will come back in a good mood and everybody will have a good time. He'll be humming and chewing that fat cigar and he'll ask Dave if he's heard the one about the waitress who likes to roll in the dough, and Dave'll say no and Mario will tell the joke and we'll all laugh, even though we've heard it a thousand times before. Then he might ask me if Marcie is still writing from California. I always feel funny talking about Marcie because I know that Mario thought that me and her were the real thing. Whenever we would come in after a game he would sit down and talk to us, even if it was busy, and buy us a Coke or something. We were getting along real good and the next thing I know she's moving off to the West Coast with her folks. The last letter I got from her she said she's getting married to some guy in real estate.

I think she helped me get my head together about basketball more than anything else. I never really got to know her until senior year but I guess she was sort of sweet on me back then and she'd sit in the front row behind the bench every game and scream like hell for Coach to put me in. Coach was a stubborn one and he pretended like he never heard her. Oh, I'd play some every game but it was always for four or five minutes early on and then I'd sit for the rest of the game. It bothered me a little, the not playing much, because I figured I was as good as the rest of them and I hustled more. Even Parsons, who was the best player I ever played with, even he thought I should be a starter.

Some of the guys used to sit down at the end of the bench and tell jokes and clown around and look at the cheerleaders. But me, I'd nudge right in there as close as I could to coach so that when he needed somebody I was the first one he'd see. Sometimes it would work, sometimes it wouldn't.

I'd get down a little bit and some of the guys told me I should just quit the team, with having a good job and all. But I'd say no, that I liked work but basketball was in my blood and I wanted to do both.

After a while some of the waitresses will start to wander back, those without any tables, so we'll have to clean up our act. Most of the girls are a lot of fun and they'll sometimes party with us after work. There's always a lot of new faces and

people to get to know because Mario likes to hire college girls when they are on their breaks. He says the young pretty faces bring in more people. Aside from the waitresses though I don't get a chance to see many women. It's tough working weekends all the time. I used to think that once I got out of school and had some time it would be easier, but there just aren't many girls I'm interested in. Besides, my car smells like pepperoni all the time.

I'm not planning on staying here forever though. I see this job as just temporary until something better turns up. I'm a hustler and I know I can travel right up the ladder. But I don't mind driving because like I said I've been picking up some pretty fancy tips and with Dad being laid off we can sure use it at home. Plus

... I'm a hustler and
I know I can travel
right up the ladder ...

it's fun being around a restaurant where I can see a lot of people and once in a while even run into an old friend.

The other night one of the waitresses came back talking about this big handsome guy in the corner booth. So Mario takes a walk out there and he comes back all excited and says it's Scott Parsons. "You remember Scott. Best player Wesley ever had." And he tells everybody about how we should have gone downstate our senior year except Parsons had a bad game against Kennedy in the Sectionals. And Mario gets that look in his eye, like he's disappointed all over again and he looks at me and says because I was on the team I should tell the story. Now some of the guys working that night went to Wesley and they remember the game, but a few of the girls seemed real interested and Mario had got me going so I said what the hell and started in on it.

We had beaten Kennedy during the season and were up about eight on them at the half. I hadn't gotten in yet but Morris was looking real tired so I thought I might get a chance. Well Kennedy started to get hot in the second half and they cut the lead to five and then two. When they tied it up their bench was jumping up and down and the ten or twenty fans they had behind the bench were waving those damn green pompons. We hadn't lost at home all season so the crowd was getting pretty quiet by the time Kennedy had gone three up. Parsons was having an awful game and he looked pretty tired and coach told us to suck it up and do the job. They were still up by two with about three minutes to go so they call time out to set up a stall. Coach needed a quick lineup and he knew that I was quick and I was sitting next to him with my legs bouncing back and forth so he put me in. "You guys have got to want it now. You've got to work like dogs." Well we were hustling and fighting through the picks and the crowd was getting real loud but we still couldn't get it away from them. With about thirty seconds left I just reached out and slapped a guy so he would have to shoot the free throws. That guy was shaking so much there was no way he could make the shots. But the rebound came away long and right back into his hands and the clock was down to fifteen seconds and they still had a two-point lead and the ball. But just then Parsons went and slapped it away and we had the ball and a chance to tie. Coach called time and we set up a play for Parsons and Marcie reaches over and slaps my back and I'm ready to run through a brick wall. Everything went just as planned and Parsons got the ball with six seconds left and he took that soft jumper of his from the corner and the ball looked in all the way but on the way down it caught the front of the rim and kicked out. I had been hustling in there and the ball kicked off right into my hands and I was all set to lay it right back in when I felt someone else tugging at the ball. Well that ball was mine and the game was ours and so I pulled as hard as I could and I looked and it was Parsons who had followed his own shot. The ref saw it too and he blew his whistle and signaled traveling and we lost the ball with one second left and the little green pompons were waving around and I felt real tired. □

The Music Box

A Welcome Alternative

by Mike Mlynski



Don Nace

One way to beat the blues (winter, school, or whatever type you have) is to check out some live music. Today, the main place to do this is in Mishawaka at the Music Box. It is even easy to find; right on Mishawaka Ave. Since its opening on October 31, 1980, it has attracted prominent jazz, blues, and country musicians.

The Music Box is a versatile establishment; it provides more than just musical entertainment (though music now dominates the present scene there). A local theater group is scheduled to present stage plays. The management is trying to book some comedy acts. The large kitchen and seating arrangements make it possible to have banquets, receptions, and private parties. There are even "teen" dances on the first Sunday of each month.

Drinks and cover charges (yes, you somehow have to be twenty-one) are reasonably priced. Admission ranges from \$2 to \$6 depending on the group, of course. Two different year-long club membership plans are money-savers for dedicated patrons. "Attitude Adjustment Hours" bring down the price of beer and wine. They are not serving liquor yet due to the difficulty in obtaining a license. If you're hungry, snacks and light meals are available: pizza chicken, egg rolls, etc.

Don Nace, the owner/manager (actually he leases the building), has tried to create an outdoor atmosphere in the converted theater; the building was the North Side Theater which closed down in the late '60s. "People don't expect this atmosphere when they walk in; it really opens up for them." It is the opposite of Vegetable Buddies smoke-filled darkness for those who remember that. If one uses some imagination, the pretentiousness of the plastic trees and old-fashioned street lights is

eventually replaced by an open and relaxed outdoor sensation.

The thirty-foot-high ceiling is painted a dark blue to allow the small lights scattered in it to appear as stars. A fiery comet streaks across the sky—no kidding. Anyway, all the tables have a clear view of the large stage which is set three feet off the ground. A two-tiered balcony which seats over fifty people also offers an unobstructed view of the stage while providing more intimacy than the main-floor seating. Rhythm-filled patrons have plenty of room to dance.

Two hundred and fifty can comfortably watch performances though the capacity is four-hundred. According to Nace: "If people don't feel comfortable then we're not accomplishing our goal."

However, the atmosphere should not be valued above the music. Nace must find quality performers. He isn't having many problems with that these days. A major reason why groups and/or their agents are now calling Nace for bookings—it is booked several months in advance—is that the Music Box occupies a prime position between Chicago and Detroit. Bands traveling between these cities can conveniently fill a couple of dates on their schedules. They are also pleased with the treatment they receive at the M. B. Nace does not like to pressure the performers in any way. As a result, many shows have gone beyond the time limit specified in the contract. Another advantage is the high-quality sound system, a permanent fixture soon to be improved!

Most of M. B.'s patrons enjoy upbeat country music or blues. The Jump'n the Saddle band typifies the former and Son Seals/Luther Allison the latter. But rock and jazz bookings are common. Nace strives to bring in national acts whenever pos-

sible. The setting is large enough to satisfy the more eminent bands and the audience catches the act in a familiar and friendly atmosphere.

Most people who come to the M. B. are between twenty-five and thirty-five. Nace also pointed out that people much older than this have been frequenting the place. It is also refreshing to hear that more women than men are found there on the weekdays. On the weekends it tends to even out. (Nace said they keep close track of this in case you think anyone's making it up.)

No one "should feel like they're being hustled" is the message from the management. It is a place where people can meet and talk. There should be no pressure—and rarely is—of being eyed solely for the easy pickup. Nace wants regular customers; for that is where the money comes from in hard times. He wants to treat people like friends instead of customers. More P.R. work is done by customers and a mailing list than by large-scale advertising. You even get a free pass to another show if you have a just gripe against the entertainment.

Nace claims he's "in it for the long term." Let's all work for that. The area cannot afford to lose another place that promotes communion on various levels. The sharing of blue notes or small talk in a music club is important for many of us. I remember Vanessa Davis (a young blues singer from Chicago) singing "one kiss . . ." at Vegetable Buddies shortly before it closed last summer and I doubted that the second kiss would be shared while I was in South Bend. Ah, maybe it will. □

Mike Mlynski is a Senior English major This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Scholastic South Bend Questionnaire

We have all heard the moans and groans from students about how Notre Dame is a social wasteland and South Bend a cultural void. Well, we will not try to change your questional opinion about the former in this issue, but the latter is a differnt case. Hopefully, this issue will help inform you of many alternatives to campus blues.

In the quiz below, see how many of the questions you can answer. No peeking!

Correct Answers:

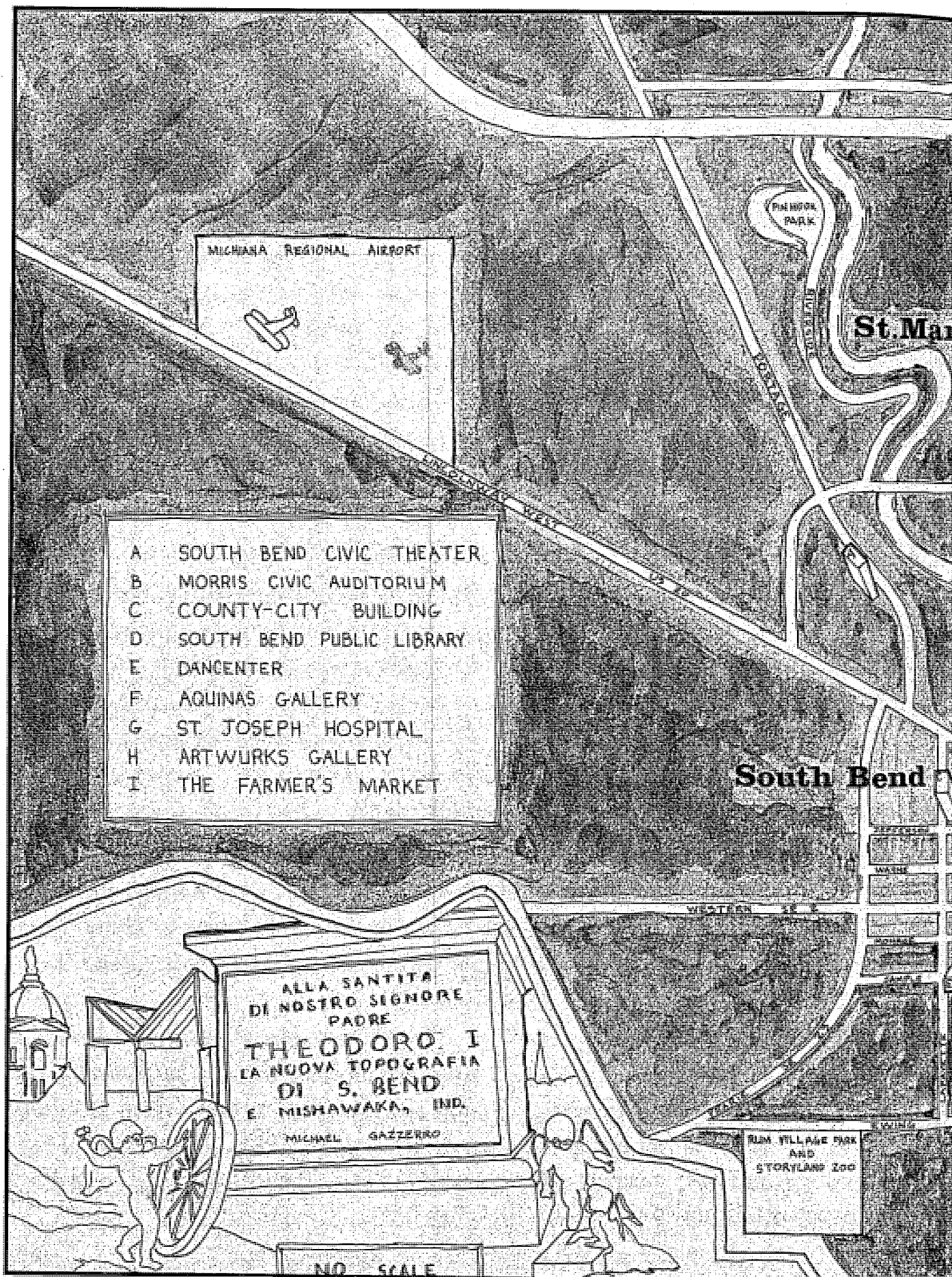
Five or less: You are the type of student that finds South Bend a bore. Wake up and smell the coffee!
Six to eight: Your have some potential.
Nine to eleven: Incredible performance! Have a drink at the Anchor Inn on us.
Twelve: No fair: you are a townie.

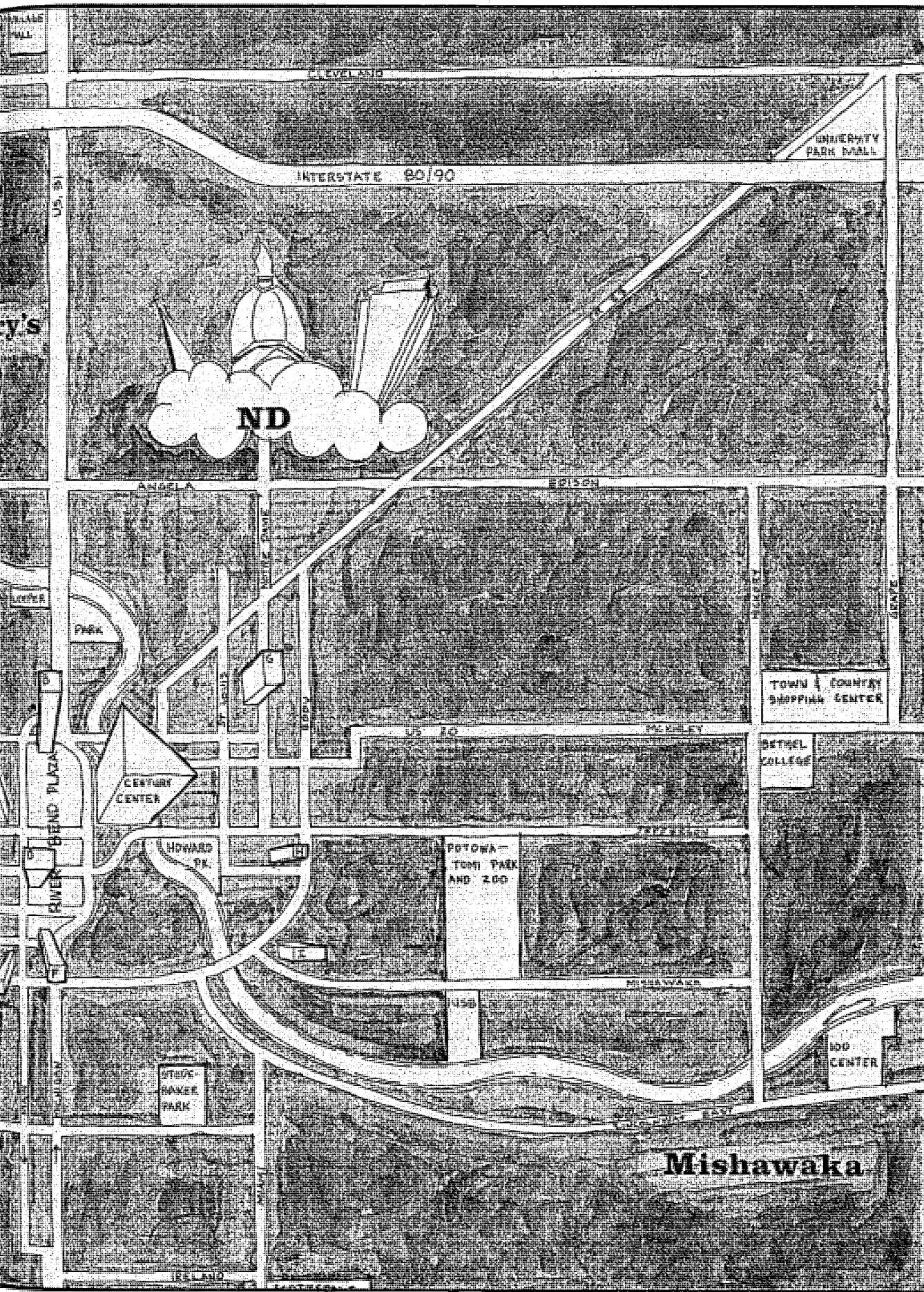
Questions:

- Q: Where can you find botanical gardens, boa constrictors, wild buffalo, wallabies, lions and tigers and bears?
- Q: Who is the mayor of South Bend?
- Q: Could you direct a visitor to: the Police Station? the Historical Museum? Aquinas Art Gallery? the Airport?
- Q: Why is the configuration of trees at Bendix park so unusual?
- Q: What color is the diSuvero on the river near Century Center?
- Q: Where can you find farm fresh vegetables, home made noodles and bread, and fresh rabbit?
- Q: Do you know what county you're in?
- Q: Name three South Bend high schools.
- Q: Who designed the Century Center?
- Q: Identify the cultural activity which has replaced: a fire station; Hoffman's Auto Painting; Kamm's Brewery; a church.
- Q: How can you get to Chicago for \$3?
- Q: Why is our fair city called South Bend?

Potowatami Park; Roger Parent; (see map); the trees were planted to read "STUDEBAKER from above; orange; the Farmers Market (see map); St. Joseph County; i.e., LaSalle, Adams, Riley, St. Joseph's, Marian, Clay, Washington; Phil Johnson; South Bend Civic Theatre, the Artwurks Gallery, the 100 Center, the Dancenter; take the South Shore; it is south of the bend in the St. Joseph River.

Answers:





DOROTHY DAY

and

NOTRE DAME

by Dr. Julian R. Pleasants



Tina Sipula

Dorothy Day

Dorothy Day received Notre Dame's Laetare Medal in 1972. Was that all? Was it just a recognition from the outside, and a belated one at that? The connection between Notre Dame and Dorothy Day is much older and closer than a 1972 award. There was a time, 1941-1944, when Notre Dame was actually part of her Catholic Worker movement, through a South Bend House of Hospitality for men out of work. I can tell you about it because I became a middleman between the University—students, faculty, staff, administration and alumni—and the men who needed help.

The first issue of *The Catholic Worker* hit the streets on May Day of 1933. When I came to Notre Dame in 1937, there were already people at Notre Dame who knew of the Catholic Worker movement and welcomed Peter Maurin on his occasional stopovers here. These were people whose own ideas on subjects like the dignity of work, the values of rural life, and the possibilities for cooperatives and credit unions gave them an immediate rapport with ideas expressed in *The Catholic Worker*. These were people whose sense of social need was always part of their awareness of persons; a type of integrity Dorothy Day exemplified so well.

The two Father Wards, Leo R(ational) and Leo L(iterary), were putting their writing talents to work on these same ideas. Prof. Willis Nutting was exemplifying the dignity of manual labor and the values of rural living on his little homestead north of Notre Dame and writing about it as well. That was where Peter Maurin would stay on his ND visits. Frank O'Malley was already shaking up his first generation of Catholic college students with the same wild writers who had influenced Dorothy Day toward her own radical Catholicism: Leon Bloy, George Bernanos, Paul Claudel, Nikolai Berdyaev, writers she constantly quoted in the paper.

Father John Cavanaugh, Vice President of the University, gave the first opening sermon that I heard at ND. It was on the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew: the last judgment would be entirely concerned with the works of mercy. In his own mind, Father Cavanaugh had resolved the problem of how to reconcile pursuit of academic excellence with concern for the needy. He would later demonstrate it more vividly in the march for civil rights at Selma, Alabama.

It was with high hopes of finding people like that, that I came to Notre Dame in 1937. I had been subscribing to *The Catholic Worker* for over a year before I came here. Those, you will remember, were Depression days. Roosevelt was introducing unprecedented changes in his own dramatic fashion. The Holy Cross Sisters who taught me in high school used a new series of religion texts emphasizing the social encyclicals of the Popes. Yet it seemed that no Catholics were concretely doing anything for the unemployed or the employed poor.

I came upon *The Catholic Worker* by a rather unlikely route. Our *Sunday Visitor*, at that time the epitome of a diocesan paper, had an ad for a new magazine called *The Catholic Digest*. Here I thought was a chance for an overview of what was happening in the Church for social justice. In the first issue I received, the first article was entitled "Primitive Catholicism in New York City." It described *The Catholic Worker*, and gave its subscription

address. For twenty-five cents a year I subscribed, and have never been the same.

In my first year of college, at the Norfolk Division of William and Mary, I found other students, Protestants, who had heard of Dorothy Day. I met a Jewish student who had even visited the New York house. Surely a Catholic college would be astir with such ideas. Therefore I went to Notre Dame in 1937 hoping to find and read all the books Dorothy recommended (along with majoring in Chemistry at the University made famous by Father Nieuwland). Yet I was hoping especially to find people to talk to about *The Catholic Worker* and its ideas, people who could help me decide what even academic and professional people could do about those ideas.

It wasn't easy. ND of South Bend was not the N.D. (Norfolk Division of William and Mary) where the students could stage a one-day rally against the Franco regime in Spain. ND of South Bend thought Franco was a savior of the Church. I later discovered that among Catholic journals, only *The Catholic Worker* and *Commonweal* opposed the Franco regime. ND students, at least those in the cheap halls where I lived (\$693 a year for room, board, and tuition) had been sent there at great sacrifice by their parents so that they could rise successfully in the present society, not so they could reform the present society. They were trying to escape the problems of the workers, not to share and overcome them.

But not all of the students were like that. In their own lives and families, if not in their apparent aspirations, many were still close to the people and the problems that Dorothy wrote about. I saw *The Catholic Worker* on a student's desk and found that his mother collected clothes regularly for the New York house. Another student came from a small farming community and planned to go back there. He told me I had to go to hear his professor, Father Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. From him I learned what Catholics were doing for social justice since he was already investigating it himself and writing about it.

Father Ward introduced me to Willis Nutting after class one day. A little while later I walked north of Notre Dame through what was then called the bird sanctuary, crossed Judy Creek at Juniper and walked into a microcosm of the kind of world that Dorothy Day hoped to bring about the 2¾-acre homestead of Willis and Eileen Nutting where values could be regained that were as lost to the usual academic as to

ideals of St. Francis than the Catholic Worker house of hospitality, voluntary poverty, sharing the very life of the poor?

It is a tribute to the power of Dorothy's journalism that we could make up our minds to start such a project without ever having seen a Catholic Worker house or having met Dorothy Day or Peter Maurin. After we had made up our minds to start such a house, we did make some visits to existing houses in Toledo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and New York; Nory Merdzinski spent part of the summer of 1940 at the Catholic Worker farm in Easton. But it was with a sense of déjà vu. So well had Dorothy described the life of a Catholic Worker House of Hospitality in the paper, so well had she prepared us for its people and its problems that we could probably have managed on that alone about as well as we managed anyway.

In the fall of 1940, our moment of truth had arrived. When and how could we get started? It was then that Dorothy said she would come

not even put posters on the boards on campus. That would make it a public talk. So we had to rely on postcards to all the people we thought would be interested and could announce it in class.

Even with that handicap, several hundred showed up and were thoroughly captivated, so much so that we knew we had people we could count on for help. ND president Father Hugh O'Donnell spoke with her privately and gave her a contribution. Faculty began collecting money to help the house get started. Father Michael Mathis agreed to act as a chaplain for the house, and in his deceptively simple way worked behind the scenes to see that the idea would be well received by religious authorities.

It was Dorothy's birthday, November 8, when she was here. We had a list of South Bend subscribers to *The Catholic Worker*, and one of them operated the Rose Marie tearoom. There we celebrated her birthday, with the students who were involved, with Father Leo R. Ward, Willis Nutting, Father Mathis and

CATHOLIC WORKER

the urbanized worker. He in turn knew other faculty families who sympathized with the concerns and approach of Dorothy Day and *The Catholic Worker*: the Corbetts, Hasleys, Rauchs, Sullivans, and also Father Philip Moore and Father Raymond Murray. He also introduced me to the budding liturgical movement at Notre Dame, directed by Father Michael Mathis, C.S.C. It was a movement in which the radical idea of lay participation in the liturgy seemed to go along with the radical idea of lay leadership in the social mission of the Church.

There was also a flourishing Third Order of St. Francis at Notre Dame in those days. For those who may never have heard of such a thing, it is a strictly lay group with rather minimal requirements for membership which nevertheless opens people up to the ideals of St. Francis as they might affect their own lives. It was in that group, especially after I met fellow student Norbert Merdzinski, that the idea developed of starting a Catholic Worker house in South Bend. In twentieth-century America, what seemed closer to the

and speak at Notre Dame to get support for a house in South Bend. It seemed such a fine and obvious solution to our problem.

Initially, however, it turned out to be a problem in itself. ND of 1940 was ambivalent about Dorothy Day. People were already saying what they said even more as time went on, that she was a saint. But *The Catholic Worker* was still against Franco, and an anti-Franco Notre Dame professor, Francis McMahon, was already in hot water over his stand, and some of his students were already in cold water (the lake or the shower) for defending his position to their fellow students.

Besides, there were still people who regarded any concern for the poor and the workers as an indication of Communist leanings, despite the fact that *The Catholic Worker's* program was about as far from centralized authoritarian communism as it was possible to get.

In any case, the Notre Dame administration was glad to have her talk, and would give her a room and meals, but they did not want the outside world to know about it. We could

others whom my present memory cannot recall. From that high point of warmth and idealism we descended to the harsh reality of slogging through the snows of December to find an appropriate place. It turned out to be a twelve-room flat at 403½ Chapin St. The area had once been the downtown of South Bend, but was now a transitional area with blacks moving in along one side, and with the remains of a Polish and Hungarian business district on the other side.

We were fortunate that the businessman directly underneath us was an ND pharmacy school graduate. He was Ladislaus Kolupa, and until his death a few years ago, he was ND's oldest living alumnus. "Ladi" had to be a saint to put up with some of the hazards of our presence above him. Once, water ran all over his prescription table after rats chewed a hole in our lead plumbing. Another time his drugstore was burglarized, and it turned out that someone had cut his way into the store from our back stairwell.

But some other neighboring businessmen were not so self-sacrificing.

They saw business affected by shabbily dressed characters standing in the street outside their shops, waiting in line for a chance at a free meal. They worried because there were blacks in our dinner line and among the thirty-two who slept there at night, and that was on the wrong side of Chapin. So local business, with some sympathy from ethnic clergy, started legal proceedings to make us move elsewhere. Father Mathis worked his quiet magic again, giving our case to Paul Butler, former national Democratic chairman. The case never came up. Father invited Bishop Noll to visit us. He came late in the evening, stepping over prostrate forms sleeping on the floor for lack of beds. The bishop left us a donation but more importantly disposed of any clerical opposition that might have remained.

We had hoped for a lot of regular student volunteer help at the house, but ran up against a relic of ND paternalism. Students were not allowed to go south of Wayne or west of William, and we were both. They had to get special permission, and while this was always granted, it posed an obstacle to casual dropping in and becoming interested. We did not become a center of Round Table Discussion as Peter always wanted, and our house lacked the gracious touch that Dorothy always wanted, and that Saint Mary's students might have given it. We took care of basic physical needs primarily, feeding up to 150 at a meal and sleeping at one time about seventy. Later we reduced the number to thirty-two, the number we had beds for, on the advice of those who ran the houses in Toledo and Detroit. We had an attempted knifing at the house, and they warned us that there were physical limitations on how much you could crowd people without creating more stress than they could handle.

At first we met those physical needs with the help of the money collected by the faculty, collecting leftover food from town businesses and buying what we had to. Dishes, pots and pans, and bedding were collected by local women like Lucy McCullough, still active in such concerns. St. Vincent de Paul and Holy Name Society people helped to renovate the apartment for its new purpose. Once word got around of our place, however, the numbers coming were soon too much for our resources. The war in Europe had created a local boom (the U.S. was not yet at war). People were coming here from all over to find work since

the Depression was still going on in many places. They all ran up against the same problem. Once they got a job—how did they get a place to stay and eat until they got paid? Besides, the police had a policy of running people out of town if they had no address, threatening to jail them. Also, how did these people get a job if their clothes carried the look of failure?

ND students took care of the latter problem. The Third Order of St. Francis people carried out clothing drives on campus, spearheaded by one of them named Mark McGrath. He is now Archbishop Marcos McGrath, C.S.C., of Panama, a leader in the social concerns of the Latin American hierarchy. We opened a clothing room, and men switched from the skid row to the college look overnight.

The ND administration came to our rescue on food and bedding. Older-style ND double-deckers went to Chapin St. Father Cavanaugh arranged for us to pick up leftover food from the dining halls, and the dining hall personnel went out of their way to help us find it and load it in our \$15 Model A pickup. We had the reputation among our clientele of having the best coffee coast-to-coast. We usually had a sufficient quantity of food but often in odd combinations, since we got what was least popular among the students.

What did we have to offer the even greater spiritual needs of our men off the road? Regrettably, we hadn't enough time to give them the friendship they needed, especially since we didn't get all the volunteer help we hoped for. We did want them to have religious opportunities available, but we had to do this with great delicacy, because the traditional "mission" which these men were expecting from us, exploited their physical need in order to force them to listen to religious services. At the Salvation Army and the like, they had to go to services to get a meal and a bed, and if they wanted to stay on longer, they might have to "get religion" or "spill their guts," telling of their former wicked ways and how they wanted to reform. We did have night prayer, or read something out loud, but only *after* they had eaten and been assigned a bed, and *after* constant reminders that they did not have to come, and that we were not impressed with people who walked in for dinner with rosaries around their wrists.

It turned out that Sunday Mass was a real problem for that minority of our men who were Catholic. They

felt ill at ease going to a parish church. Father Mathis arranged for us to have Mass there, and the Holy Cross Brothers made us a collapsible altar, while Brother Boniface took care of supplies. Again we had to emphasize that attendance was not required, but it turned out to be so fascinating that some came out of curiosity. Father Mathis, Father John Cavanaugh, and Father Louis Putz came down early on. There was a lot of participation, and we read out everything in English (since the priest was still doing it all in Latin). Then we had our regulars: Father John Burke of the Math Department and Father Leo R. Ward. Father Ward was an early experimenter with facing the people at Mass, and he did not hesitate to interrupt the Mass to show what he was doing and explain why. Our men may not have known it, but they were in the vanguard of the liturgical renaissance.

After the U.S. entered the war, there was first a surge in numbers coming to the house, and then a decline as the war boom absorbed the unemployed left from the Depression. Those now left at the house were not so much the immediate victims of a failed economic system, as the victims of their own problems, such as alcoholism. These were no less deserving of our concern. Perhaps the best lesson Dorothy Day taught the world was her love for the "undeserving" poor. For generations the desire of many people to help the poor had been paralyzed by their fear that they might be helping the "undeserving" poor, those who had helped create their own poverty. Dorothy showed that their needs might be the greatest of all. What they especially needed was a friend. We also discovered that what alcoholics generally needed were friends who were ex-alcoholics and we were not.

In any case, the need for the house declined, and financial support for it seemed to decline even faster. Nory went into the service and sent back most of his \$50-a-month pay check. I should mention that pacifism sort of grew in *The Catholic Worker*. It was not prominent when we entered the movement, and about half of us in the movement did not become conscientious objectors. This was a new idea for Catholics and had to grow on us. Besides, I am still not sure how nonviolence would have stopped Hitler. At any rate, after a bout with pneumonia in late 1943, I had to close down SS. John and Paul's Hospice in early 1944.

(cont'd on page 30)

THE OUTCASTS ARE BACK!

by Mary Pigott

I walked into the publicity office, sat down and waited for Adri. I slowly pulled my yellow legal size pad out from my backpack and at the top of the first page wrote "Outcasts—Women's Improvisation Group." I was not sure exactly what was going to fill the rest of the page. I wrote, "The Outcasts are nine women who do improvisational comedy," but then I crossed it out because it seemed so bland and boring.

Adri bustled in smiling, sat down, swung her feet up to rest on the desk and immediately started talking about the Outcasts. As entertaining as this rambling rapid-fire speech was, I realized that it would be very difficult to transcribe onto the legal pad which was resting on my knees.

"Adri," I interrupted, "I thought of three questions. Listen—Who are the Outcasts, What have they been cast out from and Is it funnier on the outside?"

She stared at me blankly.

"Has a nice ring to it, don't you think?" I asked.

"Yeah, yeah, it's good, O.K., all right, here, how about this—" She took a deep breath. I clutched my pen tightly and tried not to look at her large glass rainbow-colored clip-on earrings. Adri then continued her lively rambling speech . . .

"I don't think the Outcasts were

ever in. What separates them is their individuality. I saw something in each person that was completely different from what my expectations of them were. They look at the world differently from other people and they're funny. When I came here to St. Mary's I thought I had to fit the mold. Then I realized the mold is self-inflicted. It doesn't exist. I even went on a date. Yes, my freshman year I went on a date. He took me to a graveyard."

"What did you think about it? The date, I mean," I asked her.

"I thought, 'doesn't he want me seen among the living?' Then I thought the whole thing was boring and stupid. Put this in. Say that the Outcasts don't blame anybody. We don't have any bones to pick. We aren't anti-anything."

"We're anti-mold," I interjected.

"We just notice things different in the world and we talk about it in public," she continued. "Another thing I noticed that separates the Outcasts is that they don't watch TV."

"Adri, no one watches TV these days," I informed her.

"Yes, they do," she screeched, "people don't go out to the bars until 11:00 on Fridays because they watch *Dallas*. Anyway, the thing about the Outcasts is that they know they're

different. I love the different frames of reference everyone works from. Regina grew up on a farm in Indiana, but she's an inspired actress. Annie was Miss Drill Team Minnesota, but spends hours working for the Democratic party and all of their most liberal causes. Kathleen used to jump roofs in Detroit, but she's content to sit at home on a Saturday night listening to Al Jarreau. You were a juvenile delinquent."

"Wait," I said, "before you go on think of something to say for everyone else so it'll be fair."

"They won't mind," she said. "What was another of your questions?"

"Is it funnier on the outside?" I asked her.

"Yeah," she answered, "it's inspiring. It's funny because it's not like everyone in the group is close friends, we're not a clique, but we love each other. The event brought us together. It's the kind of thing some people try to find their whole lives: being able to work in a group without feeling inhibited. Olivier says it isn't any good unless you love everyone on the stage with you. All the influences I've had were seeing teams work together."

"Adri," I said, "you're beginning to sound like an interview in the
(Cont'd on page 30)



From top left to right: Regina Pratt, Annie Patterson, Mimi Commons, Adri Trigiani, Kathleen Maccio, Katie Willson, Angela Wing, Mary Pigott, Anne Slowey

How We Lost Patsy Coash

by Tom O'Toole

And who, you ask, IS Patsy Coash? Why, a tennis player, by gosh, a girl who not only played First Singles of Saint Mary's the past two years, but won the Division III singles title in the process. Though she is the closest thing we've had to a professional tennis prospect on either campus, even a tennis buff like myself knew little of her fame, and that was only through the little clippings all of her "o and o" (tennis jargon for a two-set shutout) conquests were getting in *The Observer*. But even my one year of ND junior varsity tennis experience was enough for me to know that anyone who wins at "love" that often has got to be pretty special, so I decided to check it out.

It was on the first day of finals week that I finally got a chance to chat with Patsy. I was a little leery at first, figuring I'd be interrupting the intense competitor tearing apart a textbook or something. Instead, I found the petite blonde lolling in front of a television set tuned in to a soap opera off the Holy Cross lobby. She was very pretty and was one of those persons who never seemed to stop smiling, and I couldn't help thinking that a find like this, whether she plays tennis or not, is a very rare thing anywhere. I asked her how her finals were going, and when she was going home, and she said "fine" and "Saturday," but that she was flying to Florida instead. "A nice break from South Bend," I replied, but instead of agreeing with my common comment, she shook her head, and then shattered the dream. "But I'm not coming back," she smiled happily. "I'm transferring." With those last two words what I had thought to be too good to be true once again was.

Though quite tempted to end the interview right there, the Holy Spirit saw me through my moment of discontinuity and the conversation continued. Coash discussed much of her tennis life, beginning at age nine in an excellent program in her home town of Kalamazoo, where for six years coaches drilled her with drills such as rallying back and forth one hundred times in a row, as many as ten times in all. Later, after these skills were "drilled" into her, she took to the summer circuit and "hooked" (more tennis jargon, mean-

ing "cheated") up with such noticeable tennis prodigies (or "brats," whichever you prefer) as Susy Jaeger.

While in high school Patsy "had a blast" while blasting opponents with a 76-2 record. She was so popular and respected at her high school that when she had a fallout with the coach and quit the team, the principal made the coach apologize. "She (the coach) wouldn't though, so they made her resign. She eventually wound up in an insane asylum. No, really. So I don't think you should mention her name."

The tell-tale tennis player told me how she had decided to give up competitive tennis in college and concentrate on studies, and in this vein she chose Saint Mary's. It was the right vein, all right, but The Kalamazoo Kid had no idea how vain the academic ideal can truly become once one enters college. But at Saint Mary's, one soon finds out.

"I remember when I was being interviewed before coming to Saint Mary's and the Director of Admissions was going over my records." Patsy reminisced. "She was noticing that I had lettered twelve times in three different sports, and she asked me if it was true, and I said yes. I thought she was going to give me a compliment, but instead she scowled at me and said, 'Why weren't you using all that free time to study?' I thought she was kidding, so I smiled." Needless to say, no one smiled back.

Nevertheless, Coash kept her resolution to attend Saint Mary's, and still intended to hit many books and few balls that fall. But the tennis bug, a virus that all former top players can never quite shake, began to plague her terribly. When Saint Mary's coach Ginger Oakman asked her to go out for the team, Patsy jumped at the chance. Although Patsy had played little competitive tennis that summer, Oakman could easily tell that she was far more skilled than the best of the other Belles, and the only way Patsy would truly excel was through practicing with top-flight competition between matches. Oakman did her best to obtain such players for her star to hit against, often relying on area pros and Notre Dame's men's team to keep her on her toes.

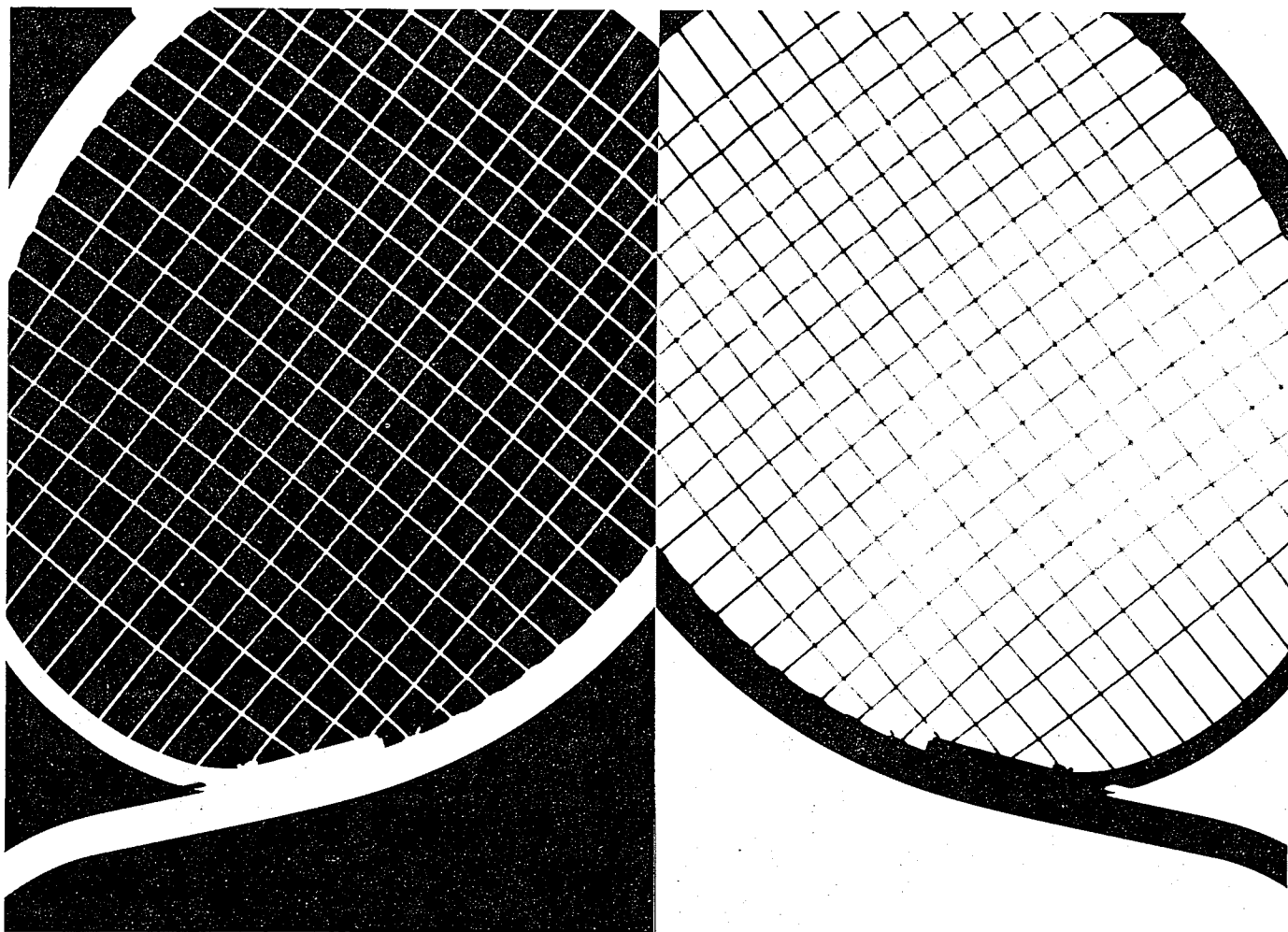
As usual when a dedicated coach and determined athlete get together, the extra practice pays off, and Patsy took third place in the Division III First Singles competition despite her summer layoff. Thus, with the help of a coach who was a friend, tennis became important in Coash's life once again. She courted the game seriously that summer with hopes of another great season. She came back to find her friend Ginger gone, however, and her game was never quite the same.

Saint Mary's does not keep its tennis coaches forever, and in 1980 Oakman was replaced by Sandy Fry. Fry hid behind the facade of "teamwork" and virtually ignored Patsy's plea for additional, more talented competition. Forced to dally through the season, rallying with the far inferior fifth and sixth singles players, Patsy resolved to make the best of the situation and win one for her teammates, who had always been understanding and sympathetic to her special situation.

Though by her own admission she played pitifully, Patsy won the first singles title and placed second in doubles with the help of Maureen (Blond Mo) O'Brien. All told, Coash only lost one singles match the entire season, the lone loss coming when she was plagued by a sprained wrist (which she nevertheless refused to use as an excuse). In fact, the only reason Patsy gave that the season didn't pan out better was Fry. "The coaches on the OTHER teams helped me more with my game than she did. The woman had zero motivation."

So after two seasons of tennis, Patsy proved to herself and to the Saint Mary's faculty that she could handle both studies and sports successfully at the same time. After winning her titles, she finally was able to walk across campus free from stares at her racquet and tennis dress during a time of day when most are decked out in books and monogram sweaters. "They (the admission directors) don't even ask why I'm not studying anymore." And when she smiled, they now had to at least TRY to smile back.

But if the social picture was improving, the tennis scene surely wasn't. Fry still was doing little in the way of finding quality players to



quench her star's thirst for competition, and Coash's athletic endeavors were reduced to running and racquetball. Finally, it was Sharon Petro, Notre Dame's all-purpose coach (both women's tennis and basketball coach at one time), who tried to line Patsy up with some Notre Dame men players, but it was too late. Patsy felt that Saint Mary's just didn't seem to really want a top-notch tennis player, so she transferred to a place where her talent would be appreciated. And I must admit Patsy's choice, the University of Southern Florida, sounds perfect for her. For there she could pursue not only nursing and tennis to the best of her abilities, but also her fiancé, who just happens to be playing and studying there also.

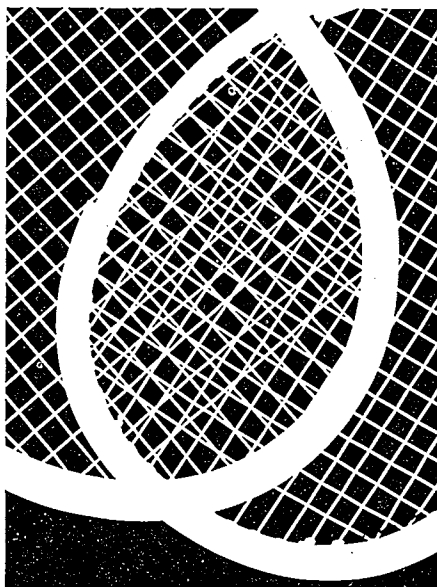
Now some may argue that a player like Coash would never really be happy with the quality of competition at a school the size of Saint Mary's, and was bound to leave eventually. Yet she was perfectly content with the way things were run her freshman year, and it was more out of a feeling of total neglect of her talents the next year that Patsy lost respect for the system. Others may reason that Patsy never

really tried to appreciate the positive effects a nose-to-the-grindstone load of studying can have on one's soul, especially when one is done with it. True, I did find Patsy taking time out to watch *General Hospital* on the usually tension-crammed first day of exams, but I think this can be excused as preparation for her future career in nursing. Of course, I do not mean to suggest that sweet

old Saint Mary's College should become a jock haven like its cousin across the lake. But there is always the special case, and I fear that the Belles will always be a bunch of athletic "patsies" if they do not learn to accommodate an occasional ace like Coash.

As Patsy puts it, the once "big fish in a small pond" will miss the personal atmosphere she found in a small school setting when she becomes just another "little fish in a big pond" at a tennis hungry school ten times the size of Saint Mary's, but it is, at least for now, the only way that her specialty can render its proper "service." "Saint Mary's has to get out of the dark ages about athletics," Coash concluded. "They have to realize there is more to college than studying."

"More to college than studying!" I gasped, for one could not have dreamed of a more shocking statement from a Saint Mary's woman on the first days of finals. Surely I must have been mistaken. But she didn't answer my echo. She didn't have to. For there was something in her smile, her wink, and the way she walked away which told me she probably was right. □



The Right to Life:

Where They Stand

by Ed Kelly

Several weeks ago, twenty-nine students of Notre Dame-Saint Mary's boarded a bus and left the Bookstore parking lot, bound for a Washington, D.C., march. It was two days after the inauguration and the release of the hostages, but the marchers were not coming to commemorate a happy event. Rather, the date chosen for the march was January 22—exactly eight years after the 1973 Supreme Court decision proclaiming the constitutionality of abortion. The following is an account of their trip by one of the Notre Dame participants.

"Fourteen across: 'pismire.' What's a pismire?"

"I think it's a mountain range in Asia. . . ."

"If you'll support my attack on Bohemia, I'll promise not to attack Munich."

"Not on your life."

"Are we almost there?"

Such conversations were typical of our twelve-hour bus ride to Washington, D.C., beginning at 7 p.m. Crosswords and a tenuous game of DIPLOMACY in the bus' aisle were two of my attempts to while away the hours. Eventually, however, these comparatively pleasant distractions lost their appeal, and the pitiful futility of trying to sleep in a seat designed for a short munchkin led inevitably to the stupor of travel mesmerization.

Some years later (7 a.m.) I pulled my knee out of my chest and stumbled gratefully out of the bus into the nation's capital—and almost crawled back in: it was freezing. Nevertheless, "march we must," so a number of us slipped into a convenient Great American Tradition (or so they tell you at McDonald's) to get some coffee, to warm up, and to examine the day's schedule. Some



of the more enterprising students took advantage of the four hours of free time before the march to get a quick pedestrian's view of the capital, while the more politically inclined among us trudged up "the Hill" to the Dirksen Senate building to meet at the scheduled brunch with Indiana senators Dan Quayle and Richard Lugar.

Once inside it was evident that the political atmosphere was vibrant. Both Indiana senators were bubbling with childlike excitement over the new Republican Senate majority and the inauguration of a Republican president. The \$4.00 charge must have been for the privilege of talking with the senators (it couldn't have been for the food . . .), but it was worth it to see firsthand the display of political finesse exhibited during the meeting.

Senator Dan Quayle arrived in the hearing room first and fielded (I darn't say "answered") our questions and those of representatives of "Right to Life" from all parts of Indiana. Quayle began by asserting his general support for anti-abortion

legislation, and expressed his admiration for the dedication of the groups such as ours which traveled so far to attend the march. However, Quayle disconcerted his audience somewhat by his refusal to support actively a constitutional amendment, the action so ardently desired by the "Right to Life" group.

Instead, Sen. Quayle advocated legislation which would remove the abortion issue from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, thereby invalidating the 1973 ruling and turning regulation over to the individual state. Given the political realities, this compromising approach, said Quayle, is much more "practical" than pressing for an amendment whose chances for success are dubious at best.

Needless to say, the Indiana "Right to Life" groups did not agree. Removal of jurisdiction over the issue to the state level would not guarantee the constitutional sanctity of human life sought by the pro-life groups. Instead, such action would merely localize the country's abortion legislation without securing

positive results. As one dismayed woman told Quayle, "You can't compromise a human life." Quayle's handling of the session was masterful, but when the Senator exited shaking hands and paying compliments all around, most of our group's positive initial reaction was tempered by this seemingly contrary stand on the issue.

By contrast, Senator Richard Lugar swept confidently into the room, introduced his stand on the issue, quoted with relish the text of "the proposed amendment which I co-sponsor," an amendment which has as its only moderating clause a provision for "medical procedures required to prevent the death of the mother." This performance was followed by a truly all-American impromptu speech on family togetherness and human values, in which Lugar expressed total agreement with the pro-life movement. Then he gave his regrets that he could not stay longer but had to attend a senate meeting, and left the room smiling, shaking hands, and well-wishing as many individuals as possible.

Approval of this last speech was universal, and a jovial mood was set for the informal brunch, right there in the senate hearing room. Following brunch, Mary Ann Hughes, president of ND-SMC "Right to Life" and C.A.M.P.U.S., a nationwide right-to-life organization, gave an impressive introduction of our group, emphasizing its continuing growth and citing the 80,000 signatures obtained by St. Joseph County Right to Life for the pro-life petition published in the *South Bend Tribune* (which she presented personally to John Hilmer after the march).

Immediately following the brunch meeting, we began to assemble on the White House Ellipse. Fortunately, the cold had moderated by noon, and the day turned out to be sunny and downright pleasant. Mingling with a boisterous crowd complete with all the colorful and noisy accoutrements of any legitimate march on the capital, we listened to the impassioned speeches of pro-life leaders from all over the country and awaited the gathering of the full assembly of marchers.

Aligned behind the ND-SMC banner (with the necessary fighting Irishman thereon), we stepped off at 1:30 p.m. and made the traditional circuit, ending up at the Capitol building about two hours later. Official estimates put the number of marchers at 50,000, but most of us agreed that this was highly



inaccurate. If there were fewer than 80,000 people participating in that march, I'll eat my shoes. Either way, it was the biggest crowd in the eight-year history of the annual march.

The end of the march, however, wasn't the end of our efforts, as the next stop for about a dozen of us was Rep. John Hilmer's congressional office. Differing from both Lugar and Quayle, Hilmer first admitted humbly that while he supported our cause, he was not highly informed on the issue. Forty-five minutes later, he was considerably better informed. The forty-five minute discussion made Rep. Hilmer aware of the four general forms that an amendment might take.

One is the amendment (supported by Sen. Quayle) that would remove jurisdiction from the courts and give it to the states. Another would, if passed, guarantee the right to life of the unborn except in cases of rape and incest. Still a third (supported by Sen. Lugar) would include a clause with provision for protection of the life of the mother. The fourth, the Hyde Amendment, is universally accepted in pro-life circles. It states, simply:

With respect to the right to life guaranteed in this Constitution, every human being, subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, or of any State, shall be deemed, from the moment of fertilization, to be a person and entitled to the right to life.

We asserted, to Rep. Hilmer's surprise, that the "Right to Life" Movement would lobby against the second

type of amendment prohibiting abortion *except in cases of rape and incest*. This, says the pro-life group, is not a true assertion of the sanctity of life, but would merely punish some unborn children for the mistakes of their fathers, as well as invite considerable abuse of the law through the loophole of false rape claims. Furthermore, conception in rape cases is so rare that such a law would be practically a farce. Hilmer recognized this point and seemed to approve personally, but mentioned also his opinion that the rape-incest exception will probably be the form the amendment will take after congressional haggling. He added his personal approval of our point of view, but expressed doubts about the outcome.

Despite such sobering commentary, the atmosphere of the march was hopeful, and with reason: this was the largest response in the march's eight-year history, the movement is growing steadily, and for the first time, the party in power is favorable to the pro-life issue. Maybe not this year, or maybe not the next, but soon. . . .

After twelve hours on the bus and nine hours in Washington, it was time for another twelve hours on the bus. No one looked upon this prospect with relish. However, I was considerably edified in discovering that a "pismire" is merely an ant—and I *did* finally conquer Munich. □

Ed Kelly is a junior at Notre Dame majoring in government and French. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Gallery



Kodaliths are fun!

by Christine McCrory



Books

Escaping with

Graham Greene

by Lance Mazerov

The Nobel Prize for Literature, it is safe to assume, will escape Graham Greene again this year. After fifty years of traveling all over the world and writing about those travels in twenty-one novels, Greene has yet to receive the Nobel Prize. In the preface to *Ways of Escape*, his latest piece of nonfiction, Green tells the reader that all that traveling and all that writing may not have been for the sake of art. "I can see now that my travels, as much as the act of writing, were ways of escape. As I have written elsewhere in this book, 'Writing is a form of therapy; sometimes I wonder how all those who do not write, compose, or paint can manage to escape the madness, the melancholia, the panic fear which is so inherent in the human condition.'" The reader, however, recalls some sound advice: Trust the tale and not the teller.

To appreciate fully *Ways of Escape*, the reader should be familiar with Greene's novels; without this familiarity the reader may be lost throughout most of the book because *Ways of Escape* is essentially a series of personal essays chronicling the real-life experiences that the author has transformed into his fiction, or that would have made for good fiction. The reader familiar with Graham Greene may have seen *Ways of Escape* before. Many of the essays, in abridged form, have served as introductions to Greene's novels.

At the same time, however, *Ways of Escape* is a book about writing and the frustrations of writing. "Writing a novel," states Greene, "is a little like putting a message into a bottle and flinging it into the sea—unexpected friends or enemies retrieve it." Because he could not get his first two novels published, Greene expected his third novel, *The Man Within*, to be his last. Fortunately for his readers, *The Man Within* was a "temporary success that a first novel sometimes has through the charity of reviewers," though he adds quickly, "if I had been a publisher's reader, which I became many years afterwards, I would have turned it down unhesitatingly." Greene admits even that he suppressed his next two novels because they deserved to fail.

Greene, however, enjoys writing because, like his travels, it is a form of adventure, though he admits he approached both subjects with a bit of naïveté. "We were a generation brought up on adventure stories who had missed the enormous disillusionment of the First World War, so we went looking for adventure, much as in the summer of 1940 I used to spend Saturday nights in Southend, looking for an air raid, with little thought that in a few months I should have my fill of them in London day and night."

One adventure takes Greene to Liberia where he discovers his joy for living. He catches malaria and almost dies. After sweating out the fever, Greene tells the reader, "I had made a discovery in myself during the night which interested me. I had discovered in myself a passionate interest in living. I had always assumed before, as a matter of course, that death was desirable. It seemed that night an important discovery. It was like a conversion, and I had never experienced a conversion before. (I had not been converted to a religious faith. I had been convinced by specific arguments in the probability of its creed.)"

This confession cannot be overstated. Much has been made of Graham Greene, the Catholic Writer. Here is an occasion where one should trust the teller and not the tale because throughout *Ways of Escape* Greene separates himself constantly from the epithet, the Catholic Writer. After the publication of *Brighton Rock* in 1937, Greene,

was discovered to be—detestable term!—a Catholic writer. Catholics began to treat some of my

faults too kindly, as though I were a member of a clan and could not be disowned, while some non-Catholic critics seemed to consider that my faith gave me an unfair advantage in some way over my contemporaries. I had become a Catholic in 1926, and all of my books had been written as a Catholic, but no one noticed the faith to which I belonged before the publication of *Brighton Rock*. Even today some critics (and critics as a class are seldom more careful of their facts than journalists) refer to the novels written *after* my conversion, making a distinction between the earlier and the later books.

Many times since *Brighton Rock* I have been forced to declare myself not a Catholic writer but a writer who happens to be Catholic.

And after the publication of *The Heart of the Matter*, Greene finds himself "regarded as a Catholic author in England, Europe, and America—the last title to which I had ever aspired." Throughout *Ways of Escape* Greene refutes the critics who make too much of the religious symbolism they find in his fiction.

Earlier, he adds, "I had not been emotionally moved, but only intellectually convinced; I was in the habit of formally practicing my religion, going to Mass every Sunday and to confession perhaps once a month, and in my spare time I read a good deal of theology—sometimes with fascination, sometimes with repulsion, nearly always with interest." The Socialist persecution of religion in Mexico and the Fascist attack on Republicanism in Spain force Greene to examine more carefully the effect of his faith on action. He discovers, "Catholicism was no longer primarily symbolic, a ceremony at an altar with the correct canonical number of candles, with the women in my Chelsea congregation wearing their best hats, nor was it a philosophical page in Father D'Arcy's *Nature of Belief*. It was closer now to death in the afternoon."

Some may be offended by Greene's Catholicism, which has been said often to border on heresy. Indeed, the Holy Office condemned earlier Greene's *The Power and the Glory*, the story of a whiskey priest who continued to pass on life. Greene recalls his meeting with Pope Paul VI, who had read *The Power and the Glory*, despite Greene's reminder

that it had been condemned by Cardinal Pissardo. The Pope then "repeated the name with a wry smile and added, 'Mr. Greene, some parts of your books are certain to offend some Catholics, but you should pay no attention to that.'"

Besides being a way of escape, writing, for Greene, is also a dangerous profession. "The career of writing," he says, "has its own curious forms of hell." On the lighter side, Greene recalls the time Twentieth Century Fox sued him for libel because in a movie column he had suggested that Shirley Temple "had a certain adroit coquetry which appealed to middle-aged men." The nine-year-old actress, who had never read Greene's column, was awarded in damages 2,500 pounds sterling.

On a more serious note, Greene writes that there was an urgency to escape the boredom and depression he encountered during middle age. "But I had no employer from whom to escape—only myself, and the only trust I could betray was the trust of those who loved me. I asked a psychiatrist friend of mine to arrange for electric-shock treatment, but he refused." Greene, however, did not have the courage for suicide. Life would have been so much easier, he says, if he had been a bank teller planning to abscond to Latin America. But because he is a writer, "it became a habit with me to visit troubled places, not to seek material for novels but to regain the sense of insecurity which I had enjoyed in the three blitzes on London. . . ."

Disaster proves to be a way of escape, and he escaped to disastrous places all over the world. He escapes to Masaryk's Czechoslovakia while the Soviets parachute into Prague. He escapes to Malaya during the Emergency. That, writes Greene, is the war much of the world forgot because it was too busy with Korea. He escapes to Kenya during the Mau Mau uprisings. He recalls some advice given to him that world leaders today should heed: "Those who don't love the African had better get out of here. It's not a country for them." Ironically, these three escapes provide no setting for any of Greene's novels.

Other escapes, however, Greene incorporates into his novels. Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier's nightmare republic of Haiti provides the background for *The Comedians*. Greene takes special delight in capturing the wrath of Dr. Duvalier, the only

chief of state to review one of Greene's novels: "A liar, a *cretin*, a stool-pigeon . . . unbalanced, sadistic, perverted . . . a perfect ignoramus . . . lying to his heart's content . . . the shame of proud and noble England . . . a spy . . . a drug addict . . . a torturer." Greene responds to Papa Doc's criticism, finally realizing his worth as a writer. "I am proud to have had Haitian friends who fought courageously in the mountains against Doctor Duvalier, but a writer is not so powerless as he usually feels, and a pen, as well as a silver bullet, can draw blood."

Angering dictators seems to be a hobby of Greene's. He writes unfavorably of Paraguay in *Travels with My Aunt*, the only book Greene says he has written for the fun of it. Ten years later at the Organization of American States party thrown in celebration of the Panama Canal Treaties, Greene, a Panamanian delegate, offends one of Paraguay's ministers simply by having himself introduced to the harbinger of Nazi war criminals. "I," writes Greene, "felt some pride—as I had when Papa Doc so furiously attacked me—that a mere writer could irritate a dictator so irremovable, and a regret for that sad and lovely land to which I could never return so long as these men lived."

Greene also looks back with glee on his deportation in 1954 from Puerto Rico. "Life," he says, "is not rich in comedy; one has to cherish what there is of it and savor it during the bad days." It seems that under the McCarran Act Greene had become a prohibited immigrant to the United States because he had, for the lack of anything else to do at age nineteen, been a member of the Communist Party for four weeks. Greene volunteers this information at customs in San Juan. He then recounts how he and two immigration officials get drunk and tour the city, all at Uncle Sam's expense. Though the United States tries to deport him to Haiti, the pilot of the plane befriends Greene and takes him to Havana. It turns out that the pilot was a Hollywood actor who had been blacklisted a few years before. Greene did not try to improve on this adventure with a piece of fiction, though he did use much of its absurdity in *Our Man in Havana*.

Greene is of two minds concerning professional espionage. During World War II he had worked with Kim Philby, the agent who would

later defect to Moscow. But it is Batista's Cuba that provides the background for *Our Man in Havana*. "Suddenly it struck me that here in this extraordinary city, where every vice was permissible and every trade possible, lay the true background for my comedy," he says.

Some of those vices that Greene enjoys are gambling, watching porno movies and live sex shows, smoking marijuana, and trying to sniff cocaine—it seems Greene was sold for the price of cocaine nothing but boracic powder. Though *Our Man in Havana* is a parody on spying and though it minimizes Batista's arbitrary torture and imprisonment, Greene comes to fear Batista's perceived social charm. "Often when day broke a man's body would be found hanging from a lamp post. That," writes Greene, "was a lucky victim."

Even the British government refuses to acknowledge that there is a civil war in the making. And the American ambassador is reprimanded by John Foster Dulles for breaking up a police riot, because, Greene says, "In the eyes of the United States Government terror was not terror unless it came from the left." After the revolt of schoolchildren, Greene expresses his disdain for journalists, a profession to which he once belonged. "What seemed strange to me was that no report of the children's revolt appeared in *Time*—yet their correspondent was there in the city with me. But perhaps Henry Luce had not yet made up his mind between Castro and Batista." Greene, however, has made up his mind: he even smuggles some clothes into the mountains for Castro's representatives. "By that time," Greene writes, "I had finished *Our Man in Havana*. I had no regrets. It seemed to me that either the Foreign Service or the Intelligence Service had simply merited a little ridicule."

One criticism of Greene's other spy novel, *The Human Factor*, is that there is not enough violence in it. Espionage is presented as relatively free from violence, quite unromantic, almost downright boring. Greene, however, insists that his intention is to portray the British Secret Service as accurately as possible. Being a former agent, he should know, though he admits that some of his material might be outdated. This was one piece of fiction Greene in-

(cont'd on page 30)

Green (cont'd from page 29)

tended to suppress; he wanted his children to publish it posthumously. But because he did not achieve his purpose—there is a murder in *The Human Factor*—Greene admits that it may have failed as a factual spy story. He, however, thinks that it succeeds as a love story. Greene even sent a copy to Philby in Moscow.

Graham Greene's most revealing and enlightening essay is the one on French Indochina. It is a good piece of personal history. It is also one essay where the reader need not be familiar with the fiction to appreciate it. What comes from this escape is *The Quiet American*, a novel which did not endear Greene to the American Establishment. Greene's Indochina is a lost Indochina. His description of Vietnam is unlike anything the American public ever saw during the late 1960s and early

1970s on the nightly news:

In Indochina I drained a magic potion, a loving cup which I have shared since with many retired *colons* and officers of the Foreign Legion, whose eyes light up at the mention of Saigon and Hanoi.

The spell was first cast, I think, by the tall elegant girls in white silk trousers; by the pewter evening light on flat paddy fields, where the water buffaloes trudged fetlock-deep with a slow primeval gait; by the French perfumeries in the rue Catina, the Chinese gambling houses in Cholon; above all by that feeling of exhilaration which a measure of danger brings to the visitor with a return ticket: the restaurants wired against grenades, the watchtowers striding along the roads of the southern delta with their odd reminders of insecurity.

The Americans are only observers in Greene's Indochina. It is the French who are fighting the Viet Minh. General De Lattre boasts, "I am returning now to Saigon, but I am leaving with you my wife as a symbol that France will never, never leave Hanoi." Less than a year later, the proud general would be dying of cancer in Paris, dying convinced that Greene is a spy.

Greene sees into the future when he writes, "I suspect my ambivalent attitude to the war was already perceptible — my admiration for the French Army, my admiration for their enemies, and my doubt of any final value in the war." One of his fondest memories of that tragic place is the opium that he was smoking at least three times a week. He also recounts how he gave Ho Chi Minh an ultimatum: meet with me
(cont'd next page)

Outcasts (cont'd from page 21)
entertainment section of the Sunday paper."

"Yeah, you're right. O.K., how about this. The people that are great made it because they had teams. Jackie Gleason always had a team behind him. Mel Brooks doesn't make a movie without a team, Bruce doesn't move without his team. An audience can tell how we feel about each other when we're up there on the stage. It makes an audience terrifically uncomfortable if they sense that the actors don't like one another. Improvisation stresses the audience. They're a part of the show. When you're improvising you gotta trust the people you're with. We trust each other and once you find that kind of chemistry it never goes away."

"Remember Zahm?" I asked her. "Yeah, well, comedy is mostly instincts and sometimes instincts are wrong. The idea of going to a coffeehouse at night sounded good for what we were doing, but, we got there and it was like trying to perform in a wok. It was my fault. I don't always make the best administrative decisions. But we wouldn't trade that Zahm experience for the world. They were a wonderful audience, make sure you put that in, and we learned to differentiate between what we did that was good and what wasn't."

"Why did you want this group to be all women?" I asked.

"Women are outcasts in a way that men aren't. I'm not comfortable

with the way women are always represented in our society. I may be a raging feminist, but I'm also a raging humanist."

"Careful, Adri, we don't want to sound too defensive."

"O.K. What I'm interested in is telling stories. I got lots of those. When I was thirteen I walked in the door and I said, 'Ma, there's a boy in school who I like but he doesn't know it.' 'He'll catch up,' she said. When I was sixteen I walked in the door and I said, 'Ma, there's a boy in my class who I like but he doesn't know it.' She said, 'That's all right. Wait till college.' A week ago I called my Ma on the phone. I said, 'Ma, there's this boy at school and I like him, but he doesn't like me.' 'Well then just wait till he's a man,' she said. I learned that the most important thing is loving someone and being loved. If art is truly self-expression then you gotta do things that you feel. The Outcasts is my grown-up perception of what I am. I never fit in and I never will, but somehow I'm gonna be happy. It's O.K. to be an underdog. People respond to that. I always had the idea that for every time you cried or you hurt that that was going to give you a hundred opportunities to make someone laugh. And that's what we do, and that's the glue that holds us together." Walking out of the publicity office I realized how happy I was to be an Outcast. I was also glad that I could write fast. The Outcasts will be performing March 7 in Washington Hall. □

Dorothy Day (cont'd from page 20)

Later, with fellow ND graduates, my wife and I began a rural way of life that Dorothy Day and Peter had helped to inspire, building our own houses on an 80-acre farm east of Notre Dame. This is a project eternally unfinished. When Dorothy Day made her speech accepting the Lactare Medal, she acknowledged that she herself had received inspiration from Notre Dame people like Father Leo R. Ward and Willis Nutting and she was pleased that their and her traditions were going on in our own community on the land.

When I see what a large proportion of ND and SMC students now take part in volunteer services, especially those very personal services that Dorothy Day so much emphasized, I see how ideals which already had a home here at ND have become even more at home here because of her influence on American Catholicism. Students who have never heard of her are doing things because she made us aware of other people and their needs. Perhaps her death itself will bring others to go to her writings to become aware of her, and through her, of the needs and the dignity of others. She would like that. □

Dr. Pleasants is a Professor of Microbiology.

Green (cont'd.)

tomorrow or you will never get the chance. It worked, though Greene reveals that he had to smoke a few pipes of opium before he could sit down for tea with the man who would become a household word in America during the 1960s.

Ways of Escape must have been a difficult book for Graham Greene to write. Writing, he says, gets harder

with practice because a writer can become the prisoner of his own style. A writer, he says, does not choose his subjects; his subjects choose him. And an author develops with his characters; he may be a different person when he finishes his work. The novelist, Greene states, works alone. *Ways of Escape* must have recalled some lonely memories for

Greene, but it also brought back the times when he wanted to escape to do as much as possible. One escape to Israel during the Six-Day War perhaps sums up how Greene feels about his life of traveling and writing: "I said to the Colonel, 'I have a reputation for bringing trouble with me,' but I didn't mean it seriously." □

The Last Word

by Chuck Wood

Though extraordinarily sunny, this winter has been hiking boot and down jacket weather, as usual. We've seen more blue and bright skies than is customary, so the February doldrums haven't been quite so ponderous a blanket over campus as they have in past winters. Such pleasant surprises from the weather can make us thankful. But sometimes they seem cruel jokes when the warmth that the sunlight promises cannot break through the freeze that has clamped down on us.

Snow falls without any warning, obtains blizzard proportions, and stops as hurriedly as it began. Wind swathes the campus and makes our wrappings useless. People blame the Lake Effect, curse the Wind Chill Factor, and wish Fr. Sorin had turned south somewhere along the line.

Because we, far beneath the clarity and apparent warmth in the sky, are still drenched in slush and biting cold, some ordinary practices around here have become surprising, and intriguing to me. One encouraging sight that has become pleasantly amazing since winter fell is students at the Grotto. When it's warm, or it's Finals time, pilgrimages to the Grotto are commonplace. But while bathroom tile floors chill us, and frigid treks to class annoy us, something draws many students to that place of worship and petition.

Now between the people and the cars passing by on the road, and the ducks holding forth on the lake, the Grotto is, objectively, not the most serene place to pray on campus. So, a large part of what draws us there must be from within us. There lies inside a desire to maintain a fundamental spirituality in our lives.

Students at the Grotto surrounded by icicles and snowdrifts, at various prayer meetings around campus, and at the Eucharist during the week as well as on Sunday . . . this is just a list of the more visible acts that represent the desire to have a firm, vital Christian base to grow on. We are looking for the personal truth in the truths of dogma and Tradition which have been taught to us.

The desire I'm talking about is further beneath the surface of some people's personalities than that of others. Often, signals from our peers and our superiors lead us to bury the desire even further within. Other students have talked with me about the way things spiritual seem to be stifled and thrust aside. Last spring a freshman said that he had expected more prevalent expressions of Christian ideas and concerns than there seemed to be at this Christian institution. (Some may say that it's not the way of the real world to have much

of a concern for the spiritual life. However, Christ calls Christians to be in the world but not of the world.)

Taking a look at what I consider the more negative aspects of the signals students get from each other, there seems to be a huge commitment to escaping the tight grip of dogmatic Rules and Regulations. Our parties, conversations, and treatment of each other are often such belabored attempts at being uninhibited, offensive, "of the world," that we all appear to be putting on so many poses. We get caught up in performing imitations of immorality. Such activities can obtain such high proportions that a layer of detachment starts to fall on our desire to understand our faith as effective and primary from day to day.

Of course, such detachment is not peculiar to this University nor does it originate with that which we receive here. But something happens here. We take up too quickly the mood of the times and our surroundings. The promises and teachings of our Christian churches are often seen as just so many innocuous or cruel jokes.

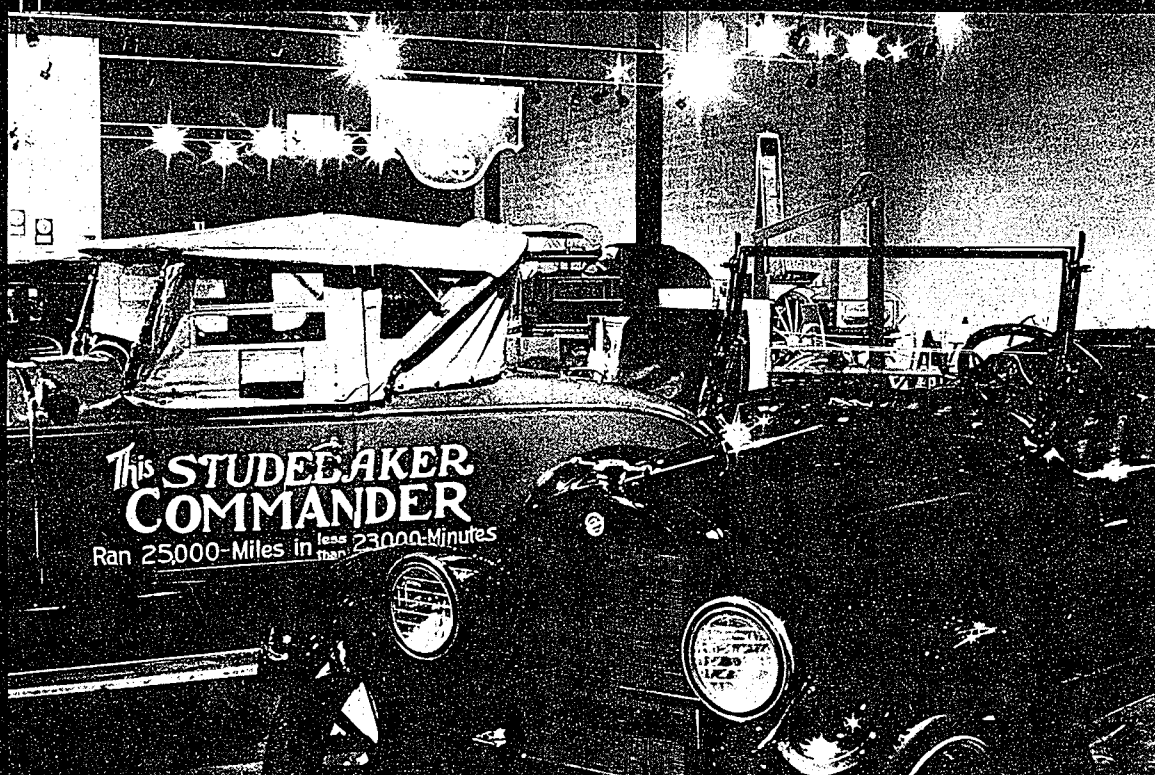
If we students do not consider faith as the foundation of our lives it may be because this idea is not adequately presented. We end up uncritically accepting the whole spectrum of "modernism." Along with the great strides of progress from which we should benefit, contemporary systems of thought (in any age, but especially in ours) can swathe us in cynicism and the chill of alienation. And while apostasy may not be encouraged at all, a lukewarm attitude toward genuine Christian living is, I'm afraid, not discouraged either.

The desire for understanding faith gets crusted over by many things. But the desire is still there. We are concerned about the place of Jesus and His message in our lives yet we are unwilling or afraid to admit it to friends, roommates or even ourselves. If we do not learn to overcome that uneasiness among other Christians, we won't have the boldness to speak against the actions and beliefs of an unchristian world. Then, all that we are taught here will be but so much straw.

If I seem extremely negative, some of that may be due to that part of the February/winter doldrums which clear skies cannot dissipate by themselves. So I hope for the time when the heat which those skies promise can get through to us. Meanwhile, people will continue to go to the Grotto, to the chapels all over campus, and, I hope, will be more open and supportive of one another; perhaps then we can learn the vitality of Christianity that can break through the indifference, detachment, and fear that clamp down on us. □

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