

University of Notre Dame
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An Appeal To Notre Dame Ideals

The Bulletin is not so naive -- and neither are you -- as to be unaware that the public condemnation of a movie is a signal for patronization by certain elements. And so Cardinal Spellman's blast at the film, Baby Doll sounded the trumpet to the sub-normal clique: "If you have a filthy mind, you'll love this!" Maybe you think you should go, too -- "just out of curiosity." The truth of the matter is this: the film is not a work of art; it's more like poking your nose into the neighborhood garbage cans. Note what the impartial reviewers have to say:

Time Magazine: "It is just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited." Columnist Louella Parsons thinks it won't help at all to restore a drooping box-office. The Hearst Examiner reviewer, Tom Reddy, says: "Don't waste your time. It's dull. It deals with moronic people and is thoroughly unpleasant." The New York Times labels it as "morally repellent." And Irene Corbally Kuhn, in her syndicated column, calls the characters portrayed in the play, "cretins and creeps ... representing the smallest element of the population on the lowest levels of intelligence and morality. To charge admission for the equivalent of keyhole-peeping on lust among the lower orders is not my idea of an evening of entertainment." The Hollywood Citizen's News commended the Legion of Decency for "performing a public service" in condemning this movie.

These secular reviews indicate there is something more to Cardinal Spellman's condemnation than mere Catholic pressure. Yet they will help you to understand why Catholics in some dioceses have been forbidden under pain of sin to patronize it. Some vigilant bishops regard it as a proximate occasion for sin, and so must warn their people accordingly.

This, then, is the movie beginning today at the Avon theatre. And the Bulletin is desirous of informing you honestly -- that there be no Notre Dame "goof" in the crowd. If you go, you're in for an evening of sordidness and brutality; you'll witness the mauling and the mewling of a moron and her mate. There's no love story here -- just lust. If this is what you are looking for, you'll find it here in abundance. And if you have no conscience there will be no one, so far as we know, to prevent your attendance.

But don't be surprised if you find yourself surrounded by other morons bent on the same mission -- to discover who else in the neighborhood are on the same low level as they are. Remember too, that your dollars will lend encouragement for future productions devoid of decency. Remember, too, that your dollars go to a theatre that leers and smirks at your Catholic teachings in showing such a picture, and **in effect** cries out: "Catholic standards be damned. The Almighty Dollar is more -- far more -- important than your Immortal Souls!" This is what you will support, and subscribe to, by your presence.

But don't wear your Notre Dame jacket to the Avon. Why? Because when you go into this theatre you leave your Notre Dame teachings, and ideals, and loyalty to Our Lady behind you. You also tell the neighborhood that you are not the typical Notre Dame man they have admired and respected for 115 years -- but something less, to fall for this rot. You also part company with all the noble Notre Dame men of the past century, and your contemporaries, by selling your birthright for two hours in this sordid atmosphere. The scandal given by your presence is not to be ignored.

Go ahead. But don't plead ignorance. This sort of thing is strictly for boys from the country -- bumpkins and yokels devoid of judgment, and ideals, and morals.