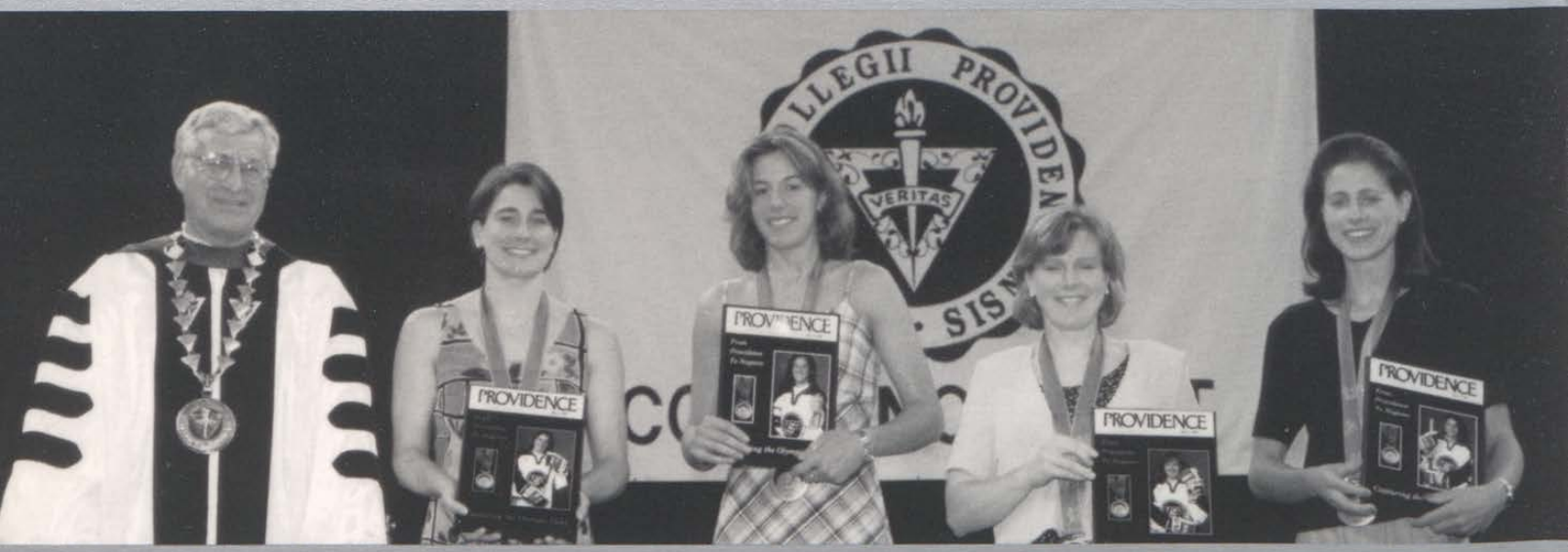
providence

summer 1998



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From President Rev. Philip A. Smith, O.P. in his commencement introduction of the PC women on the U.S. Olympic Women's Ice Hockey Team:

"The power of a dream is enormous. Dreams refer to visions of life that are powerful enough to focus our energy and direct our efforts. Dreams refer to visions of life that are worth the effort. They are never impossible of achievement, nor are they certain of accomplishment.

"The seven young women we honor today from the Women's Olympic Ice Hockey Team shared a bold and daring dream: to win the Gold Medal the first time it was offered in Olympic competition. It was a dream that was months in the making and required expertise and stamina, dedication and perseverance. You played with skill and courage; you conducted yourselves with class and charm off the ice.

"By winning the Gold Medal at Nagano, you captured the hearts of millions of people and made us at Providence College proud that you once wore the colors of black and white. We were also proud of our Women's Ice Hockey Program because more members of the Olympic team were from Providence College than from any other institution. A warm welcome for our Olympic Champions!"

Above: To commemorate their first return to campus after winning the Gold Medal at Nagano, President Rev. Philip A. Smith, O.P. presented special plaques to (left to right): Vicki Movsessian '94, Sara DeCosta '01, Lisa Brown-Miller '88, and Alana Blahoski '96.

On the Cover: The seven past and present Friars on the U.S. Olympic Women's Ice Hockey Team reunited on campus during Commencement Weekend to share their stories about winning the first-ever Olympic Gold Medal in women's ice hockey. Gathered around the zamboni machine outside Schneider Arena are (clockwise from top left) Vicki Movsessian '94, Team Captain Cammi Granato '93, Chris Bailey '94, Laurie Baker '00, Alana Blahoski '96, Lisa Brown-Miller '88, and Sara DeCosta '01.

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"...the only ones among you

who will be really happy

are those who have sought

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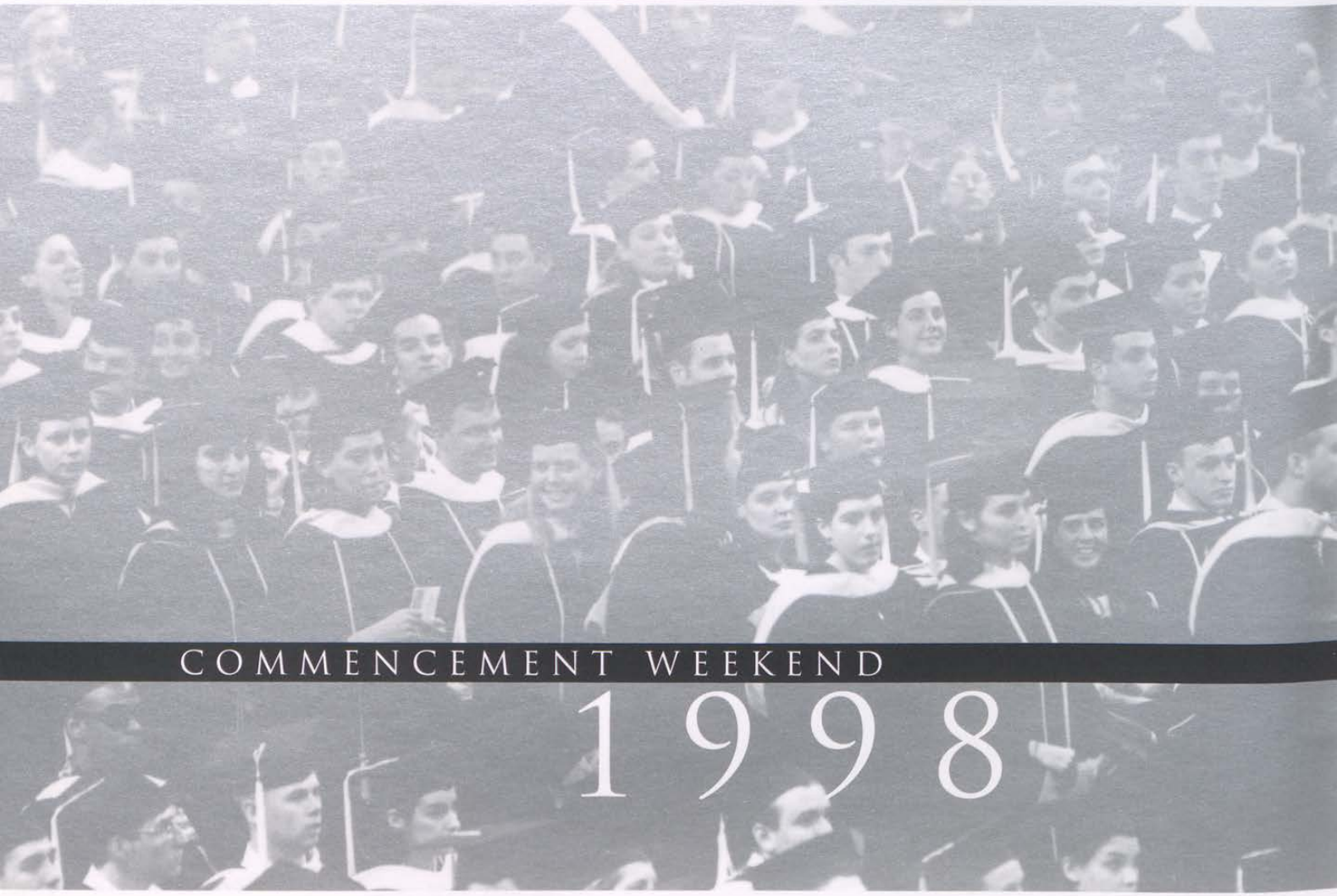


COMMENCEMENT WEEKEND 1998

A time of joyous celebration... a time for words... a time for prayer and reflection... a time where the end is the beginning.

In the pages that follow, ***providence*** *has captured in words and pictures brief moments from the Eightieth Commencement ceremony itself to the activities leading up to it – the Awards Ceremony, the ROTC Commissioning Ceremony, the Baccalaureate Mass, and the Fifteenth Annual Pops Concert – traditions which bring together graduates, alumni, faculty, families, and honored guests to celebrate Alma Mater. We hope that you enjoy the inspirational excerpts that follow.*

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENCEMENT MESSAGES

By Rev. Philip A. Smith, O.P.
President of Providence College

THE WELCOME: *Take the time to "live well"*

I bring greetings and congratulations from all to the Class of 1998! I congratulate you for your efforts, your parents and families for their support and sacrifices, and your professors for their guidance toward excellence during your academic journey. We are very proud both of what you have accomplished and of who you are. We are grateful that you chose Providence College for your Alma Mater and that you shared four special years of your lives with us.

…Your class will always have a very special meaning for me. You began your journey at Providence in the same year I became President of the College. It has been a great joy for me to watch you grow and develop during your four years with us….

College classes completed, you are the architects of the future…. I hope that you will not be so caught up with "making a living" that you do not take the time to "live well," time for other people, time for cultivating important relationships in your life, time to help the less fortunate in your midst. As Albert Schweitzer once remarked, "I do not know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know, the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who have sought and found how to serve."

…As you did on the campus of Providence College, I challenge you to devote some of your time and talent, energy and effort to making the community where you live a better place and the people around you more human. Above all, I hope that you will find personal fulfillment in what you do and that you will be happy with who you are. ▼

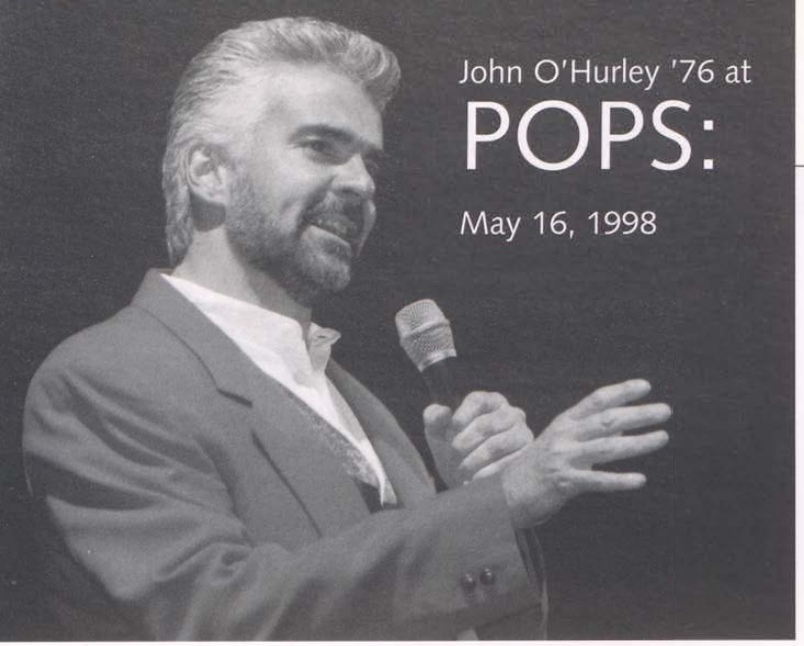
THE HOMILY: *Peace begins with Jesus*

The message of Scripture is that peace begins with Jesus. However, it does not end there because Jesus had a dream that His followers would be ambassadors of peace, bringing His peace to people in turmoil and a world in conflict. Tomorrow, you "commence" from Providence and join the ranks of those making history. What you and your generation are, this nation will be for the next fifty years.

Your choices will set the direction for the next generation and will influence the shape of history itself. If you and your children do not want to live in a land where children die of starvation and abuse, where hunger and homelessness are a way of life, where poverty destroys and disease kills, where violence rages and hope dies stillborn, you will have to make choices that enhance human dignity and human values and foster community. You can bring no greater gift than peace to the people you meet and the place where you labor and live.

But, to be ambassadors of peace, we must be people of peace. We are part of the "world" Jesus conquered, the world of division and discord created by sin. We must be freed from our inner turmoil and sinful attitudes by Christ. We must be transformed and reconciled by Him. A heart at peace is a heart at one with Christ. We cannot promote peace by identifying acts of hostility, hatred and violence and railing against them. We can bring peace to troubled people and a hostile world only in the way Jesus did: by touching people and the structures of the world with the peace Jesus has left with us, with the communion with God that has made us new persons.

I do not challenge you to change the whole world. However, I do challenge you to influence some of the people around you and to shape some of the events where you work and live: Will the bitter and the angry be touched by your love? Will those in darkness and doubt find light in your faith? Will you breathe hope into the despairing and the depressed? Will the unloved and the unwanted find a friend in you? Will the lonely and the ill be comforted and supported by your compassion? Will the hungry, for food or affection, find nourishment in you? Will some people laugh freely because you have swallowed your pride? I have high hopes that you will be effective peacemakers. ▼



John O'Hurley '76 at

POPS:

May 16, 1998

The end is my beginning

By John O'Hurley '76

Editor's Note:
One of the popular traditions of Commencement Weekend is the annual commencement eve Pops Concert featuring the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra and a noted guest artist. This year, the fifteenth annual concert featured stage and screen star John O'Hurley '76, whose reminiscences about his Alma Mater are reprinted in part below.

One of the most important gifts that I ever received from this great institution was the gift of language. It was at Providence College that I learned to love the words, the turn of a phrase, the story…. And, oddly enough, that's how I kind of make my living today…. That's what this character that I play on *Seinfeld* is all based on…. It's all based on language. It's all based on the story. It's all based on the words.

I learned it right here, but not without some resistance…. Many, many, many hours with Father Paul Seaver reading with him *New Yorker* magazine. Then it was Father Thomas Coskren who realized that after four years, I really had not learned a blessed thing here. He grabbed me and took me kicking and screaming down to the arts honors program. And he ran me through a course called "The Modalities of Religious Consciousness in the 20th Century." I don't know what that meant, but it was during that one course that I learned more than anything else I've learned…and it stayed with me as an actor today because it introduced me to the works of Chesterton, the works of Peter Shaffer, the works of T. S. Eliot. It still stays with me today, and oddly enough as I am writing this book right now, which is called *The Peterman Diaries*…, I frequently quote Shaffer, Eliot, Chesterton…because of the language, because of the stories. The stories are everything.

…To the graduates…at one point in life you have to make a choice to have an ordinary life or an extraordinary life…. And it has nothing to do with money and it has nothing to do with power…. It just has to do with the strength of your choices.... And if you leap, I guarantee the net will appear…. And I know the next few years of your life are going to be chaotic as you jockey for position…. But I know that when the choice comes up, leap and the net will appear....

I will end with this thought in mind and I will borrow once again from T. S. Eliot. He said "In my end is my beginning"..."In my beginning is my end...." "And the end of all our exploring / Will be to arrive where we started / And know the place for the first time…." I have a feeling that he was talking about this moment in time. I hope there's a time that you can come back to this college and be as proud as I am today. ▼

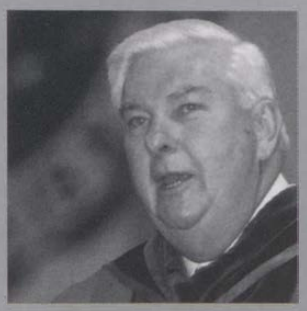
GREETINGS FROM THE GOVERNOR

"Without question, Providence College is an uplift to our state. As graduates, you know it, and so do I.

"It was once said that the shortest answer is doing. That's something that you've come to know very well because this college has always celebrated the time-honored tradition of promoting community service. Graduates, throughout your four years here, you've been there every step of the way, doing for others, doing for the betterment of this state, and making a difference.

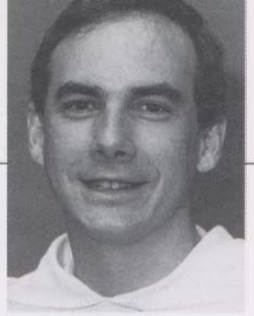
"Father Smith is deeply committed to this ideal and his outstanding leadership sets a positive example for us all to emulate. He has inspired so many of you graduating today to lend a helping hand.

"I want you to know that I appreciate your efforts, and I encourage you to take Father Smith's message home with you – continue to step up to the plate and do your part to make our world a better place."



Lincoln C. Almond
Governor of Rhode Island

A Time for Words...



AWARDS CEREMONY FACULTY ADDRESS – MAY 15, 1998

By Rev. Joseph J. Guido, O.P.
Assistant Professor of Psychology

Commencement is a time for words, words of greeting and congratulation, of welcome and farewell, of inspiration, advice and admonition....

In the academic world, whether as students or teachers, words are our stock and trade, what we are good at, what we prize, the source of our pride and all too often the way we hurt and dominate and exclude one another. But largely our words are our inventions, what we impose on reality, how we seek to control knowledge and make it comfortable and amenable to our purposes. But ... as poets and mystics have long recognized, the more important words may be those that invent us and change us....

...Although we as your teachers may have given you words and taught you to use them well and ably, we should not have done so to excuse you from the particularities of your lives but to give them voice. If we have done our jobs well, the words you now speak and write will hew close to your hearts and lives and history....

Much of the advice given to graduates and certainly what is esteemed in our culture today entails the importance of competitiveness, drive, initiative, effort, achievement and success, as if life is lived well when it is lived by command. Again, I would urge you to resist such advice. As a psychologist, as a priest, as a believer and as a man, I have learned that the life lived well is the life lived under the tutelage of grace, the promptings of something deeper, richer and more sustaining than either ambition or anxiety. This tutelage is not harsh but it is demanding and requires attention to a sense of calling. Hard though you must work and difficult though the choices are likely to be, they are worth what they require if they are what you are called to, what uncannily meets what you need and obtains what you desire even if it had not been anticipated.

If as your teachers we have done our jobs well, we have given you the words by which you can have voice and reason and hope close to your hearts and rich with your history. But if we have also done our jobs wisely, we will have given you the capacity to hear and understand that Word which invents all others, and makes them redemptive. ▼

GREETINGS FROM THE MAYOR

"All of you, members of Providence College's proud Class of 1998, are distinguished in some way. I notice that 37.5 percent of you who receive undergraduate degrees today are graduating with honors.... And across the board, there's an innovative, stimulating, provocative, Dominican education that is complemented by the opportunities you've had to study in this innovative, stimulating, provocative Independent City.

"In the area of community service, Providence College's star shines equally as bright. Offering the nation's first bachelor's degree in public and community service through the Feinstein Institute for Public Service, PC students in that program, working closely with the Smith Hill Center, provide great help to our Camden Avenue Elementary School – where there are more minority students in one second grade classroom than in the entire Barrington school system – to Esek Hopkins Middle School and Mt. Pleasant High.

"But so many more of you reach out to Providence residents, with your hearts, heads, and hands. You mobilize to repair homes and nonprofit facilities through Christmas in April ★ Providence. You volunteer at the Providence Children's Museum. Elmhurst Extended Care. The Genesis Center. Hasbro Children's Hospital. Our public libraries. Summerbridge. San Miguel School. Smith Hill Day Care. South Providence Neighborhood Ministries. Travelers Aid. And many more. You make my job easier. You improve our City. You bring light into the lives of the immigrant, the refugee, the economically poor, the children, your peers, senior citizens....

"I'm here to salute you for your passion and compassion, for your accomplishments and achievements and, most of all, for having made a great City even greater."

Vincent A. Cianci, Jr.
Mayor of Providence

HONORARY DEGREE RECIPIENTS

Maryanne C. Bach '78
Assistant Director, Program Analysis Office,
U.S. Bureau of Reclamation,
Department of the Interior
Doctor of Public Service

"...in the years since the completion of your baccalaureate degree...you have served your profession and your country in senior managerial positions in the development of national science policies.... For your contributions to America's national science programs, Providence College is pleased to present to you...the honorary Doctor of Public Service."

Edna Hibel
Artist and Curator, Hibel Museum of Art
Doctor of Fine Arts

"...painter, sculptor, graphics and porcelain artist, in a career that has spanned more than sixty years, you have pursued excellence in the arts, embodying in your work the positive humanism that has defined and individuated your approach to art and life.... Providence College is pleased to acknowledge your artistic gifts to your country and the world...."

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

"In you and the pride of

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS, MAY 17, 1998

...Congratulations! Very few of life's experiences can compete with the sense of accomplishment and of nervous anticipation that attends college graduation. Today, I would like to both celebrate your success, and add a little to your anticipation. In particular, I want to talk about the personal responsibility each of you must assume for the economic and social success of our country as you begin your lives as college graduates.

You are a remarkable group of graduates, almost 1200 strong, representing a broad swath of the United States and nine foreign countries, and reflecting the diversity of our country and the world. You are highly intelligent – almost 40 percent of you will graduate with honors and nearly a third of you have been inducted into a national or international honor society. And you are incredibly successful with virtually all of you going on to jobs with major private-sector companies, into public service or to graduate school. In you we see the face, the hope, and the pride of America.

You Providence College graduates are vital to the future prosperity of this country. And you have an obligation, not just to be successful yourself, but to help to make the economy successful more generally. I want to elaborate on this point with three statements:

- First, it ain't over till it's over.
- Trees don't grow to the sky.
- And Noah had it right.

It ain't over till it's over.... The new economy requires highly skilled workers. And, more importantly, it requires workers capable of dealing with constant technological and competitive change. Familiar as you are with the Dominican tradition of teaching, it should not surprise you that further education – professional schools and on-the-job specialized training of all sorts – is the rule now not the exception.

TELLS GRADUATES,

we see the face, the hope, America"

By Cathy E. Minehan
President and CEO, Federal Reserve Bank of Boston

And the forces that require continuing education are not just technological forces. Society is more complex than when I first started working 30 years ago; your colleagues will come from more diverse backgrounds, your suppliers, partners, and customers will live in many more countries, and you will probably work for a greater variety of organizations than we ever dreamt of when I graduated.

Negotiating this complex world requires thoughtful responses, tailored to the changing environment. Thus, even in the face of accelerated technological change, and the greater emphasis on specialized skills, there is a critical, and I would argue, growing need for the well-rounded and well-reasoned approach to decision making, whether that be in the public or private sector. In my own view, anyway, the knowledge of technology, while valuable, will become a commodity; the wisdom to deal with the challenges technology presents is much rarer and ultimately more necessary. You have been given the foundation to develop such wisdom at Providence. But let me emphasize – this is only the beginning and not the end.

Trees don't grow to the sky. It's tempting to look at the performance of the financial markets and the economy more generally in recent years, and to believe that everything from the down payment on a house to retirement will be taken care of by steadily rising good fortune. Trees don't grow to the sky, but many people seem to think they do, if the decline in the savings rate is any indication....Our consumption – of things such as ever bigger homes, new cars, and services galore, just as examples – has been going up faster than our incomes.

One symptom of our declining savings rate is this country's soaring balances of payments deficit, one of the few dark clouds on the country's bright economic horizon. While serious economic problems in Japan and Southeast Asia have aggravated our trade gap recently, the rapid growth in U.S. demand for all manner of goods has already led to years of deteriorating trade accounts. In the end, a country runs a payments deficit because its citizens

Cathy E. Minehan
President and CEO, Federal Reserve Bank of Boston
Doctor of Business Administration

"Currently the President and Chief Executive Officer of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, you have been entrusted with the responsibility of securing the continued prosperity and future growth of the nation's economy.... Providence College is proud today to recognize your contributions to your profession and society..."

General Barry R. McCaffrey (USA, Ret.)
Director, Office of National Drug Control Policy
Doctor of Political Science
Accepted in his absence by LTC Randy Golonka

"...Director of the White House Office of National Drug Control Policy and member of President Clinton's Cabinet, you have had a distinguished career in service to our nation and its allies.... Providence College is proud today to offer you... its praise through the presentation of the honorary degree of Doctor of Political Science."

His Eminence Cardinal Jaime Lucas Ortega y Alamino
Archbishop of San Cristobal de La Habana, Cuba
Doctor of Divinity

"Challenged by social and political obstacles, you worked tirelessly to establish new parishes and to reconstruct scores of churches.... Appointed Cardinal...in 1994, your recent efforts have been directed toward the encouragement of vocations and the securing of human rights for your people. Providence College is proud today...to present you the honorary Doctor of Divinity, acknowledging your extraordinary work on behalf of the Church, the Cuban people and the people of Latin America."

Joseph A. Mullaney, Sr.
Former head basketball coach, ABA, NBA, and Providence College Friars
Doctor of Physical Education
Accepted in his absence by his son, Thomas Mullaney

"...in your distinguished career as coach in college and professional basketball, you have exemplified the high standards of personal integrity and commitment.... You led the Providence College Friars to three NCAA berths and six NITs, including championships in 1961 and 1963. Four times in your career in collegiate sports, you were named New England Coach of the Year and, in 1961, you were awarded the recognition of National Coach of the Year."

are consuming more than they produce and invest domestically, and foreigners are willing to lend them the funds needed to cover the gap. At the moment, foreigners view the dollar and the U.S. stocks and bonds as very attractive assets, but the world's investors are unlikely to go on financing U.S. appetites forever. Make no mistake, the United States and the rest of the world's economies would be healthier if America increased its own savings rate to finance a larger share of its investment and consumption. Moreover, if we are to meet our growing financing needs for retirement, for the education of our children and grandchildren, then the U.S. savings rate has to increase....

Finally, **Noah had it right.**

In the midst of this country's growing prosperity, a dramatic divergence in incomes across our society has developed. The trend slowed a bit in the late nineties, but the fact remains that today the top fifth of families in the United States is at least seven times as wealthy as the bottom fifth.

This is a problem not just for those caught at the bottom of the economic ladder, but for all of us. A society that relegates some of its members to poverty, while others garner vast wealth, is one that cheapens us all, morally as well as economically. Economic progress must be a tide that raises all boats. Those of us most capable must become boat builders – like Noah – or, more relevantly, like Cardinal Ortega here with us today.

There are countless ways. Indeed, at Providence College, your Pastoral Service Organization and your Feinstein Institute are distinct and effective models of community service. I also know that many more than half of your class have been very active in serving the community of Providence. As you move into the wider world, there will be other opportunities through your place of worship, through local nonprofits, and even in business. Many employers now allow, and even encourage, their employees to devote some time to charitable work.

As you depart this beautiful morning from the Providence College community, and move into the broader worlds of graduate school and work, you take with you an incredible array of skills and a growing self-confidence that this caring and supportive environment has helped you build. It is now your task to build the broader communities that make economic progress possible. Surely, you will succeed in academia or professional life, but personal success is not enough. Continue to build on the foundations of wisdom so well laid here at Providence, contribute to the task of making this nation more self-sufficient, but, most of all, learn to build the boats that will create the civil and human society that enriches us all.

The Journey to Commencement

Anita Morawski '98

Class Oration, Awards Ceremony – May 15, 1998

By Anita Morawski '98

When I was in seventh grade, I told my dad that he needn't worry about financing my college education because I wasn't going to go…. Well, somewhere along the line, I must have changed my mind, because, here I am! But that doesn't mean that when I arrived at PC four years ago I thought that it would be no sweat!

I remember the horror I felt when I discovered that one of my first Civ assignments was to read Homer's *Odyssey* in its entirety and then write a paper with some novel take on the age-old work. I tried hard to appreciate the value of Odysseus' seafaring journey from Troy to Ithaca while I felt that I was drowning in my own ocean of assignments and responsibilities, and I wasn't even going anywhere. Little did I realize at the time that I was embarking on a voyage of my own.

While Odysseus encountered the hungry Cyclops, had to guard against the lustful Sirens, and faced the threat of capsizing amidst the tidal waves and torrential winds, I, along with other freshmen, came face-to-face with our own obstacles which tested our endurance: exams, long reading lists, and that notorious syndrome common to students called procrastination….

These were all parts of the process and a process can be no fun unless it is mounted with challenges. You see, a journey has two parts to it: the voyage, and the destination. Oftentimes, we get so caught up in the final goal that we lose sight of the value of the process. The beauty of Homer's *Odyssey*, is that the focus is on his journey. Once he arrives in Ithaca, rescues Penelope and Telemachus, and secures his place as king, the epic is over. It is to the growth of character and strength in person that Homer calls his reader's attention. So too with our journey here at PC – the value lies in the process and the development in character that goes along with it.

Ultimately, we came here to get a degree. But the actual degree itself is only a piece of paper. It is what is behind that degree that is of greater importance. The knowledge we have gained is more than book-knowledge; the growth we've undergone is more than intellectual; the love we've acquired is more than one for wisdom. The knowledge, growth, and love behind our four years here is one of life.

As members of a liberal arts institution modeled after the Greek Academy, we have been exposed to the numbers, the letters, history, and the arts. Our minds have been trained to think logically and critically. As a member of a community, we've learned about relationships, about giving and receiving. As a member of the human family ...we've learned about succeeding and failing; about standing up to the truth and humbly silencing ourselves when in the wrong; about changing what we can, and accepting what we cannot; about foregoing certain pleasures and awaiting something greater; about equanimity in the face of tribulation, and euphoria in times of joy; about the injustices which surround us, and the love which counters it; about friendships which are contingent on this, that, or the other, and friendships which know no bounds; about faith which comes only after understanding, and a higher understanding which follows faith.

Though I leave this institution, the mark it made on me will remain.

It is only in retrospect that we can look back on the journey and recognize that the rocks which we encountered on the path were not stumbling blocks, but stepping stones, bringing us to where we are today and building our character in the process. In a philosophy class last year, I picked up a quote by Gabriel Marcel that has impressed itself upon me, and I'd like to share it with you: "Life is not a problem to be solved, but a mystery to be lived." Every minute of our lives here at PC was a part of that mystery which continues to unfold and challenge us. It is the attitude we engage and the spirit we arm ourselves

From the Class Oration
by Trisha Holland '98

Awards Ceremony
May 15, 1998

"...Providence College has been instrumental in molding and developing my love and passion for teaching. My professors exemplified a devotion and affection for teaching. They put forth an energy behind their knowledge and made it relevant to individual students.

"...my teachers each knew me personally. They were always available to discuss topics of interest or debate, areas of difficulty, or even personal issues. I believe that they truly illustrated the multi-faceted role of a teacher.

"...I would like to thank Providence College for a wealth of knowledge and experience that I will carry with me for the remainder of my life."

Editor's Note:
Trisha plans to begin her career as an elementary school teacher this fall and will pursue graduate studies in education next year. She and Anita Morawski shared the highest academic rank, Class of 1998, and the honor of Class Orator.

Stephen Bugner (left) earned the highest grade point average among 238 Bachelor of Science degree recipients. "Graduating" with him was Milo, his seeing-eye dog companion. Bugner has been blind since eighth grade.

with when confronting those challenges that define who we are and how we will fare.

Something that I've realized more and more over the four years is that we cannot do it on our own. John Donne once wrote, "No man is an island entire of itself." What truth there is to that statement. As human persons, we are social, interdependent beings. We turn to one another for nurturance, sustenance, comfort and support. In addition, we are gifted creatures. Our intelligence and free will allow us to choose to use our talents for the well-being of others. Ultimately, we are called to love, to unselfishly foster the total good of one another.

In my years at PC, I have been shown countless types of love. I'd like to take a moment to acknowledge those persons. On behalf of the Class of 1998, I'd like to thank the professors who nourished our intellects and shared with us their love of learning; the Dominican Friars who instilled in us a greater awareness of God's part in our everyday lives and an appreciation of the solidarity of all persons through Jesus Christ; our friends, whose comfort, love and support taught us the value of both giving and receiving, friends who taught us as much about ourselves as about the world around us; friends who became a part of us while allowing us to remain our own persons. And everyone else at PC who has influenced our journey: the administration, security, the cafeteria workers, and the UNICCO workers, whose hard work often goes unnoticed. Thank you all for your kind acts of love.

Finally, for those persons who were not a part of the campus but nonetheless have for us an unending love, patience, and understanding, our families. Without you, we would never be here tonight. To my dad, sorry I broke my promise from 10 years ago about not having to finance a college education for me.

I can confidently say that I feel ready to embrace the next phase of this wonderful journey called life, keeping in mind that the strength of love can overcome all obstacles. When I was a freshman, my mom sent me a copy of *The Little Prince* for some pleasure reading. I read it again last week. Though I have grown and changed, my favorite line remains the same: *On ne volt bien qu'avec le coeur. L'essential est invisible pour les yeux.* "It is only with the heart that one can see well. What is essential is invisible to the eye." ▼

Editor's Note:
Anita is spending this year as a volunteer with the Redeemer Ministry Corps in Philadelphia before embarking next year on graduate studies in a health care-related field.

Hockey rules their Hearts

providence *recently spoke with the parents of Team USA Women's Hockey players Laurie Baker '00 and Sara DeCosta '01 about their experiences as parents of Olympic Gold Medalists. The Bakers and the DeCostas talked about the challenges their daughters faced, the family sacrifices made, and the tremendous gift hockey has been to the strength of their families.*

As young girls, both players participated in children's leagues – sometimes called "mites" or "midgets"– and worked their way through a male-dominated sport. Their years of hard work paid off when they were selected as members of Team USA Women's Hockey. Since winning the Gold Medal in Nagano, Japan, Baker and DeCosta have both decided to return to Providence College to complete their degrees. Sara DeCosta will continue to play ice hockey for PC, while Laurie Baker elected to give up her NCAA eligibility during the Olympics. She plans to continue to train for international competitions.

Above: Sara DeCosta '01 (center) and Laurie Baker '00 (far right) gathered outside Schneider Arena with teammates (left to right) Lisa Brown-Miller '88, Vicki Movsessian '94, Chris Bailey '94, Alana Blahoski '96, and Cammi Granato '93. Sara and Laurie's ice hockey experiences – as shared by their parents, Nancy and Frank DeCosta and Sharyn and Dave Baker – are not unlike those of their teammates.

Q: *When you were watching your daughters receive the gold medal, what were your emotions at that moment?*

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: It was just unbelievable…. It was probably the biggest sporting event in the world, and even to this day, that's the hardest question. We've asked the girls the same question, and they just can't answer it. You didn't want it to end because you knew the girls were having such a great time and such a great experience, but you wanted it to go quicker because the score was three to one and we wanted it to be over.

There was the joy of being at the Olympics those two weeks, a lot of nervousness, a lot of anxiety, but the Gold Medal was really the climax of the whole experience, and it was like, "It's over." You sigh. Your daughters have just won the Gold Medal. They're the best team in the world.

They weren't favored. There was a lot of tension, and then suddenly, bang, your daughters are getting a Gold Medal. The thing that really hit us was when the flag was going up, when we stood there and saw the American flag on top and they played our National Anthem.

Mrs. DeCosta: Well, as soon as the buzzer went off, I just sat down and closed my eyes. I started crying. It just meant that they finally made it… I don't think any of it sinks in until you get home and start to reflect on it. And it still hasn't.

Q: *Have you had any chance to think about what it was like when they first put on the hockey skates way back when?*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: We certainly didn't think she would go to the Olympics. We were just thinking of competition and letting her have fun…That's all it was at that point, but as she got older we were just fighting acceptance [of her as a female player]. For us, there was no girl's league that was real competitive…so it was the acceptance of her getting on each team. Each level was a battle.

Frank and Nancy DeCosta

We had a situation when she was a mite. She tried out for the mite travel team, and it went down to two goalies left, however the coach decided to carry one goalie, even though our league has a rule that in most tournaments you have to have two goalies. So the board of directors called us in and an older gentleman, who has no children in the league, said to the coach, "Can she play?" The coach said, "Yes, but she's a girl."

The older gentleman, who is well-respected on the board, said, "If she is good enough, then, she can play." Sara doesn't realize how important that meeting was to her career. She had the blessing of the board. They voted and said that she should have the opportunity to play if she was considered the second best goalie in that league.

Q: *How did Laurie get started? Was your experience similar?*

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: We started her with figure skating, because, obviously, twenty years ago 'boys play hockey and girls figure skate.' She started skating when she was about five. She lasted maybe a year-and-a-half....Making circles doesn't make it – and every girl on that team probably started in the same way. They started figure skating, and it didn't last.

Laurie played in the local Assabet Valley Girls Program when she was about seven; the only team that was available for her to play on went up to twelve years old. She played a year there, and then we switched her to the boys Assabet (Assabet Valley, MA) team.

She played with the boys that year. Then one day we were at the Winthrop Rink. The other team was just ready to come on the ice, and one of the fathers on the other team pulled his son off to the side and said, "Number 12's a girl; get her!" So that's the type of thing we had to deal with.

Q: *Given the fact that, at the time, there was a perception that hockey is a male sport and not a female sport, did you encourage or discourage your children from playing?*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: We never discouraged her. We had three children skating, two boys and Sara, and once she made the decision, we were there to support her. We were always at the rink anyway, so it made no difference to us. We were a hockey family. It was just our life, every night, six nights or days a week we were at the hockey rink.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: It was something that Laurie liked to do, so she just did it. It wasn't that, "You can't," or that it's impossible. That just never came up. A couple of times she would ask us why people would say things to her or why boys would say something to her. We just never told her that she was a girl playing in a boy's sport.

Q: *How do you account for each of them having such a desire to play hockey at such a young age ?*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: All our girls are competitive. You take the whole team, they're all just competitive girls…and that's their makeup. That's what gives them the edge.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: Laurie would go to hockey camps. She'd be the only girl, and she was one of the fastest ones out there, and the parents in the stands would be yelling, "Catch her! Catch her," to their own sons. "Don't let a girl beat you."

And I'll bet the DeCostas would say the same thing. If you ask some of the parents whose goalies were cut off of those teams, the mothers would say that they allowed "a girl to take a boy's spot on a boy's team." There are a lot

of comments like that, and I think it made our girls work even harder.

Q: *Did the challenges change at all when they got to high school? As teenagers, did their boy/girl relationships change as well?*

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: Laurie had more friends who were boys, because the boys would respect her. The girls were more jealous of her, so she probably had more male friends than she did female friends.

She did transfer after two years at the public high school to a private high school that did have girls' hockey, Lawrence Academy, and that was probably the best thing that ever happened for Laurie, school-wise as well as athlete-wise. But she gave up a lot of things. A lot of social and family things.

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: It was a little different for Sara. She went to a public school, Toll Gate High, which participates in the Rhode Island Championship Division, which is the most competitive division. No girl had ever played in that division. We just told her, "Go out and try and do the best you can," and from there, it's history. She made the Toll Gate High team and was the varsity starting goalie her junior and senior years. She played. She's an All-State hockey player in the state of Rhode Island and she gained the respect of a lot of hockey people. They would say they didn't believe that she could do what she did. And she had fun with it.

As far as her social life, it was different from most other girls. She was in every Friday and Saturday because they were game nights. She missed out on all those years of high school social interaction with her peers.

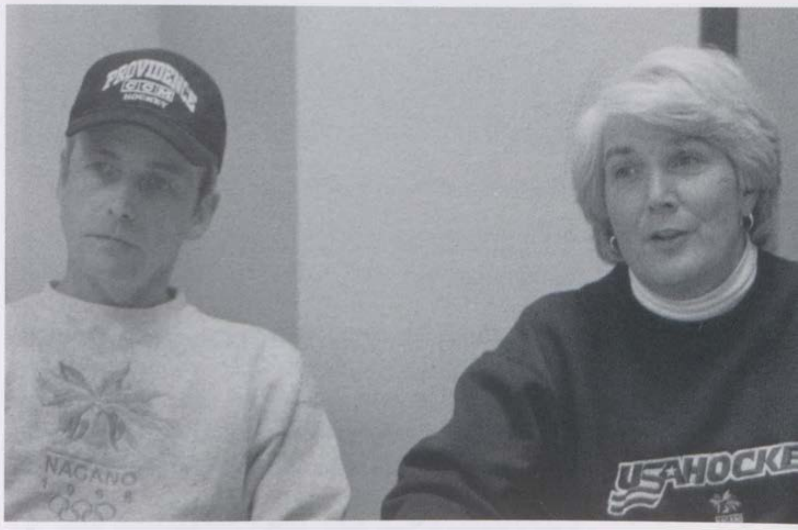
At the Toll Gate hockey banquet, Sara got up and gave the traditional senior speech, and part of the speech was, "I have a brother on the team," which at that point was Mathew, our youngest son. "In reality, I have 25 brothers." Most of her good friends are the boys, because I think there's a respect that our girls have gained from participating in the male-dominated sport of hockey.

Q: *You've talked about the commitment and the sacrifices that the girls had to make. Let's talk about some of the sacrifices you've had to make as parents. Hockey is an expensive sport.*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: Cost for a goalie is phenomenal. You work deals out with sport shops; you pay on time. The cost for the leagues is substantial, as is the travel when you go away and take the family. We have friends today who think we're crazy, even after all the good that has happened. They can't understand that on a Friday night, we might go to a high school hockey game when they want us to go to the theater or go out to dinner with them. Our kids will never play without our being in the stands.

Our fees for our three children – summer fees, fall fees, and then again spring hockey fees, and the camp fees – could have easily been a vacation home in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: We hadn't been home for



Dave and Sharyn Baker

Easter for twelve years in a row because the largest girl's / woman's hockey tournament was in Toronto that weekend. But we were with our extended family. Your hockey team becomes your extended family. I don't think you'd ever meet the type of people or the amount of people that we've met if it wasn't for hockey. Hockey is an expensive sport but we always thought of it as a family activity and we always have fun together.

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: Our hockey friends are so important. The Bakers are important to us. Picture a hotel – you've got to get the kids in bed because you've got a game, and then all the parents sit in the corridor and you've got a bottle of wine and some crackers and cheese, and you just sit outside the room and you kibitz. That makes for great friendships.

Hockey became the vehicle from which we grew as a family. Brothers go to the sister's game; sister goes to the brothers' games. This weekend we're at the brothers' tournament. The next weekend we're at a sister's tournament, but it's together. Their friends become the

Friars forward Laurie Baker '00

other one's friends. We think it really, really has made our family a unit.

Q: *What other sacrifices did the family have to deal with in order to get to this point?*

Mr. Baker: Our two children were playing at the same time. The year that Laurie played on the boys' team, she would have a game down the Cape, and my son would have a game in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Baker: And Dave coached, so he had to go with the one that he coached. Our weekends were mostly that way, both Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: Our kids never played together, so they were always on three different teams. One year, two different children made regional championships. One of us was in Vermont and the other New Hampshire, and there was no way we could get to each other. We would just phone tag, "How'd they do?" People thought we were crazy.

Q: *Was the price you paid worth it?*

Mrs. DeCosta: Absolutely. I think that children need to have a focus, and if you find something that sparks a child's interest and keeps them going, and on the right track, you just do it. You don't even think about what it costs or what the time commitment is.

Certainly, we enjoyed it – hockey parents just love to watch their kids play. Especially when you get into those levels where you know that there is some potential or that they're good or that they're fun to watch. The kids pick up that enthusiasm and I think it makes them want to do well and want to move on to the next level, too.

Q: *How have you, as parents, helped your daughters separate their being excellent as athletic performers and who they are as people?*

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: By never putting pressure on Laurie to play. We always told her to, "Just go out and do the best you can." You just told her, "Go out and have fun. Do the best you can, and if you go to a tryout and you don't make something, as long as you can look back and say 'I tried, I did the best I could,' you've got nothing to feel bad about." We always emphasized this same philosophy in her social relationships as well as her education.

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: We have to definitely second that. We always told Sara from day one, "You did a good job. It's how hard you try." When she was a young goalie, she never even looked at the score, but she would know whether she was winning or losing. We would say "Go out there. Do what you can do. Do your best."

Winning or losing isn't important. You can loose on a fluke goal after playing the best game of your life. We had a rule. We'd talk about hockey on the drive home. When we got home, it was over. We would never bring hockey up unless the kids asked us a question about a game, how they did, their performance. The self-esteem, in Laurie and Sara and a lot of the girls, is tremendous in their athletic ability, and we truly believe that as they get older, it's going to just pour right over into whatever they do. They're going to become more and more confident in their ability to speak, to do a job. The hockey's going to be a great start for a bunch of great kids to have a great career.

Q: *A critic would say, "Your daughters are so immersed in hockey that they couldn't possibly be well-rounded girls." What's your comment about that?*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: You have to work on them being well-rounded. Athletics is the focal point of their lives, but definitely our family stresses academics. Not that she has to be an A student. Again, that she does her best. Sara loves spending her down time with her close friends. Shopping is one of her favorite pastimes.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: Laurie removes herself from hockey very easily. Sometimes she loves to be by herself, or just with somebody who doesn't have any interest in sports, and just go to the mall.

And when hockey season was over, she put her equipment away and she didn't play all summer. They put everything they have into it at that time. They're dedicated. They're focused, but when the time is over, it's over, and they do move on.

Laurie may be dedicated to hockey, but it has also taught her so much about team play and how the individual contributes to a team. We think she is as well-rounded a young woman as you could meet.

Q: *How have you and your families dealt with this new celebrity status?*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: It's been a joy and a tremendous responsibility at the same time. Not only did Sara have a city that's very proud of her, she has an entire state, so she has invitations from South Kingstown to Woonsocket to Dartmouth, Massachusetts.... I have to say it is subsiding now slowly, but we would have twenty to thirty messages and equal amount of mail everyday. As parents, we're just so proud, and we want her to make an appearance everywhere; however it was virtually impossible to be everywhere and see everyone.

Q: *Give us the range of commitments that you've been dealing with.*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: She is doing fund raisers. She is doing personal appearances. She has been announced as both the National and the Rhode Island Spokesperson for Highway Safety. She'll be traveling with Highway Safety. They're running a Bike-a-thon in her honor and Benny's is donating 100 safety helmets to the Bike-a-thon.

She does everything from going to kindergarten classes to high school classes. She's been asked to speak at banquets. She goes off every day. We weren't prepared for this. We had no idea.

Q: *How about the Baker family, how has celebrity affected your family and your kids?*

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: Laurie hasn't been bombarded as much as Sara because we live in a small town. There were messages when we got home, "Will you, will you, will you?" She's doing the schools around the town. They had a great weekend for her, a beautiful dinner that the town sponsored and they started a scholarship fund for her so that she can give money to other girls' programs to help start their hockey, help them with some equipment. She has had to become a little selective because it was impossible to do everything people have asked. She loves to do

Friars goalie Sara DeCosta '01

guest appearances with the kids. They are just so happy and in awe of what these women have accomplished.

We set up another computer just to handle sending letters and pictures to the little kids. We've made 500 copies of those pictures. They have whole schools writing to her wanting pictures and things. We've been getting letters from across the country and around the world.

Q: *Why Providence College, with all the opportunities your daughters had? Was it just coincidence?*

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: Laurie had been to PC while in high school. She knew all of these girls who had gone here from Massachusetts. She felt very comfortable. She knew Cindy Curley '85 who had been a top player at PC. She had many other attractive offers but liked the hockey coach, the program, and the school.

Q: *How did Sara choose PC?*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: She went to all the schools. She did overnighters. She did the NCAA visitations – you go with the team, look around, have dinner, sleep in the dorms – and she just felt comfortable with the girls at Providence College.

Sara had been playing in the rink at PC from the time she was six years old, so she knew PC, and after the other visits, she felt the most comfortable with the girls here and the coach. We were driving in, before school started, to do something with Jackie [Barto, PC women's ice hockey coach], and she turned to me and said, "You know, I've always wanted to go here." It's a great campus and

The Bakers (left) and the DeCostas have developed valuable friendships with other hockey parents and credit hockey as an important family activity shared by their sons and daughters.

scholastically we couldn't be happier. It was a great decision for her.

Q: *Has this panned out for Laurie as well?*

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: Yes. She has had to work very hard. The student academic assistance is readily available. The priests on campus are great. The faculty here is tremendous, and we know when the kids need help, it's there.

Q: *What's the future for your two daughters?*

Mr. and Mrs. DeCosta: Sara's coming back for three more years, God willing. She's going to graduate from college. It was a tough year. There were some battles. Future? We're praying for 2002 [Olympics] for Sara; it will be a different situation, hopefully, and then we're hoping for a great career.

You know, this has opened a lot of doors for our daughters. If they get that degree in their hands, that first job's going to come real easy. The first job is always your hardest, and we think they've got a lot of doors that are waiting to open for them. When you ask Sara what she wants to do when she graduates, it's hockey-oriented!

Q: *And for Laurie?*

Mr. and Mrs. Baker: Laurie decided not to play hockey at PC after the Olympics. She is returning to PC this fall. We see her working with kids, maybe coaching. She's taken some Special Education classes here, and she'd probably be an excellent teacher. She's already been offered coaching jobs. It just comes.

People just want to be a part of this accomplishment. They want the girls to be a part of their companies. When they graduate, they're not going to have any problems in the working world because employers know they can work well as part of a team.

At present, Laurie intends to continue to train for the World Championships in Finland in March 1999 and for the Olympics in Utah in 2002. We know that if she does decide to compete, she will work even harder to accomplish her goal. ▼

MAKING LIFE TRIUMPH OVER DEATH

Maureen Cawley Porell '81

By Amy Ferguson Rayner

In early September 1997, Jim Porell '80 and his wife, Maureen Cawley Porell '81, welcomed their fourth child, Kara Maureen, into the world. Unexpectedly, two weeks after Kara's birth, Jim Porell found himself at Maureen's bedside in the intensive care unit at Boston's Brigham & Women's Hospital.

Soon after the baby was born, Maureen developed vision problems. Ultimately, a local doctor in their New York state community, where the Porell family still lives, diagnosed a brain tumor. Their research revealed that the best surgeons were in Boston. Although Maureen successfully underwent fourteen hours of surgery at Brigham & Women's to remove the tumor, she suffered two strokes while still in the hospital recovering from surgery. Doctors told Jim they faced an impending declaration of brain death.

Confronted with the imminent tragedy of losing his wife of fifteen years, Jim Porell made a courageous and compassionate decision. He approached an intensive care nurse about donating his wife's organs for transplantation.

"We knew brain death was a foregone conclusion," Porell says. "It was just a matter of waiting for all the medications she had been given to clear her body." During this waiting period, Porell, his parents, and in-laws discussed his decision at length. "It was very difficult. But she was a very giving person; she had been a blood donor for many years. I don't think anyone would debate that she would have supported it and would have done the same for me," he says emphatically.

In volunteering Maureen's organs, Porell was unique. "The hospital was dumbfounded," Porell explains. "Nobody volunteers. They read me my rights and I said, 'I'm the one coming to you. I want to do this.'"

The Process

Generally, organ bank representatives like Karen Libutti '90, hospital development coordinator for the Rhode Island office of the New England Organ Bank, work closely with the physicians after they have referred a patient as a potential donor. "Once the patient begins to meet certain criteria, we will discuss the patient's history and establish a plan of action," she says.

For organ donations, declaration of brain death – a condition in which the patient has lost all neurological function but the cardiovascular system continues working through mechanical support – is a medical prerequisite. "Very few people meet that diagnosis medically," Libutti says, part of the reason why there are nearly 56,000 people waiting for organs across the country. Roughly 5,000 people a year become organ donors.

Once it is established that the patient is a candidate for donation, Libutti approaches the family. "I talk to families to try to explain the process and dispel any myths about organ donation they may have, then gain their consent," she says. "This is the hardest but most rewarding part of what I do because I can offer the family something positive to think about."

In addition, Libutti discusses funeral preferences and time frames, and tries to help orchestrate the logistics of donation to meet those desires. "Once brain death is declared, it will take about 24 hours to do the required testing to determine organ function and suitability, and then do the recovery, before we can release the body to the funeral home."

It is during this 24-hour period that Dr. John Conte '81 goes to work. As head of the heart/lung transplant program at the University of Maryland Medical Center,

Karen Libutti '90

Alan Woodworth '88 with his son, Brendan, a heart transplant recipient.

Conte often travels around the Baltimore-Washington area after hours to assess a heart or lungs for transplant. Prior to recovering the organs, Conte and other transplant teams have little or no contact with the donor and his or her family. "We don't ever want it thought that people who would stand to benefit would in any way impair the care on the donor end," Conte explains.

But when the patient is cleared for donation, Conte steps in. A cardiothoracic surgeon who performs heart, lung, and heart-lung transplants, Conte is often first in line among teams waiting to recover, or harvest, organs, since the lungs survive the shortest amount of time outside the body. Conte's work schedule is grueling, with late hours the norm, calls in the middle of the night inevitable.

"And it definitely has its emotional ups and downs," he adds. "My boss likes to say this is the big leagues. If I win here, people get better. If I lose, people are dead. By nature, what I do is either a home run or a strike out – there are very few singles or doubles."

Conte takes comfort in lessons he says he learned in college. "At PC, you're taught that you are morally responsible to do right, for your family, yourself, your country, your work, whatever. I know that what I'm doing is right, it's doing good," he says. "The thing that keeps you going through the hard times is the realization that you are doing good, but that there is only so much you can do."

This sense of humility and recognition of a larger plan is one of the greatest gifts Conte gives his patients. "When I'm talking to families, I say 'This is what I can do, and the rest is up to the big guy.' And people appreciate that, they appreciate that you acknowledge that there's a big picture and someone else who determines what's going to happen."

On the Receiving End

Alan Woodworth '88 and his wife never expected to have to consider that kind of statement when their son, Brendan, was born in 1995. But after a few weeks of slowed weight gain and decreased appetite, Brendan ended up in the pediatric cardiology unit at Massachusetts General Hospital. At seven weeks old, their son was diagnosed with endocarditis, a virus of the heart.

Even with drug therapy to support his heart, twelve separate IV lines and a ventilator, they saw no improvement in his heart function. The Woodworths were told Brendan would not survive more than two weeks without a heart transplant.

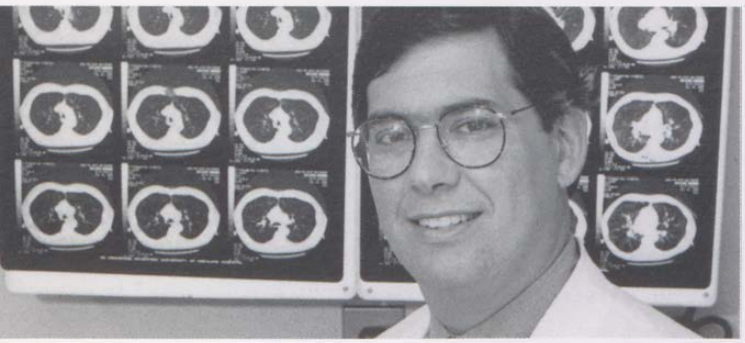
Agreeing to place Brendan on the transplant waiting list was a difficult decision for the couple. "Heart transplantation wasn't completely foreign to me," says Woodworth, whose mother had been transplanted due to the same cardiac problem five years earlier. "I had a very positive outlook because my mother had done so well." At age 55, the transplant gave her a second chance and a greater life expectancy than she would have had otherwise.

" With a seven-week-old it was a very difficult decision. 'What is this going to mean for Brendan's future fifteen or twenty years down the road?' " Woodworth says. "But eventually we realized, it was either 'no Brendan' or 'maybe Brendan,' " and they immediately placed him on the waiting list.

Brendan Woodworth was lucky. The average waiting time for an infant heart is several months, time Brendan didn't have. The baby boy had been transferred to Children's Hospital on a Friday. About one o'clock on Saturday, the wait began. Eight hours later, the Woodworths learned there was a donor. By 3:00 a.m., Brendan's transplant surgery had been successfully completed. Today, he is a healthy three-year-old.

PC Roots

A former sales executive for an environmental services company, Woodworth is now the community education coordinator for the New Hampshire office of the New



Dr. John Conte '81

England Organ Bank. His move to the organ bank was serendipitous, although he had been considering a career change from sales into the nonprofit sector prior to Brendan's transplant. After working in sales and marketing for several years, Woodworth simply wanted to return to the values instilled in him on campus.

"The importance of community service is the kind of thing that really flourished in me at PC," Woodworth says. "And I wanted to put those same values to use in my career. I use my education and experience in sales because I work with a lot of different kinds of people, from businesses to schools, to promote organ donation."

Libutti, who says her career has "danced around the medical industry," also feels her organ bank work brought her full circle back to "the values the school teaches you, the commitment to things you do, the whole influence of the school on me as a person. I wanted the end result of my work to be something that I could see was good," she explains. "What we do is going to help save someone, give them the gift of life. Knowing my efforts help a physician make a recovery, a good donation that helps some recipient somewhere, and knowing that even though we never see their faces, that they're grateful – that is worth it to me."

Conte agrees. "I have transplanted people who've gone on to have families, and to me that's what it's all about. The work is interesting and motivating and energizing, but the gratification comes from things that are not going to buy you beachfront property," a lesson Conte says was strongly reinforced for him at PC.

The Real Heroes

"The real heroes are the donor families who, faced with the tragedy and despair of losing someone, can make this awesome decision," Woodworth says. "Brendan lives because another family allowed life to triumph over death, because of their awesome sense of humanity." ▼

MAUREEN PORELL'S LEGACY OF LIFE

Typically, most non-related donors and recipients don't know one another. But both sides are tremendously grateful, both for the anonymous gift and the opportunity to give.

After two months, the organ bank makes limited donor/recipient information available to both sides. All the Porells know are the circumstances and ages of the people Maureen's donation helped.

A 55-year-old man suffering from chronic heart disease who was forced to take early retirement received Maureen's heart. Ten days after his transplant, he was discharged from the hospital and is now reconsidering his retirement.

Maureen's liver went to a 54-year-old woman with gall bladder disease that had spread to other organs. The Porells learned that she was able to recuperate in the comfort of her own home.

One of the most dramatic recipient stories came through her kidneys. A 41-year-old male teacher with four young children received Maureen's left kidney. Her right one went to the man's 59-year-old mother. Both have been able to discontinue dialysis.

Two corneally blind recipients received Maureen's corneas, and several others have benefited from skin grafts. After completion of normal quarantine, the Porells expected others to receive bone transplants from Maureen's donation.

In his moving eulogy of Maureen, Jim Porell summed up his feelings about organ donation with these words:

"Why take the time to donate in the first place? We are fortunate that Maureen was able to donate. You may never know how much your gift of life could do for someone else. But on the other hand, they'll never forget your generosity. It may allow someone else to see many sunrises that they didn't think would be possible."

Editor's Note:
For a free brochure about organ donation, call The Coalition on Donation at 1-800-355-SHARE.

Since the completion of this story, Karen Libutti has begun a new career as a sales representative with UCB Pharma.

The Pope in the Land of Fidel

By Rev. Edward L. Cleary, O.P.
Professor of Latin American Studies

When a New York colleague arranged a personal invitation to visit Cuba during the pope's visit, I readily accepted. I joined three hundred persons in a Cuban pilgrimage sponsored by the Northeast Catholic Hispanic Center which serves New York and New England. The diverse group included Cardinal John O'Connor, Congressman Charles B. Rangel, and writer William Buckley.

My colleague from the Center, Martin Poblete, and I have been working on a religious freedom study in Latin America; Cuba has been the scene of greatest tension over religious tolerance in the Americas. Further, I have been working for a year on a study on the Vatican in world politics; Cuba offered the opportunity to view that diplomacy at first hand.

Our sense of the historic visit increased by awareness of 3,000 journalists from around the world reporting on the event, often on the front pages of their papers. We had access to live and sustained coverage of all the Masses and commentary on Spain's TVE. Cuban TV, not normally on air during the day hours, used the same visual feed as Spanish TV. Cuban priests supplied theological explanations for the pope's liturgical actions ("Now Jesus is made present to us..."). This proved extraordinary. For decades the government had refused to allow outdoor religious ceremonies or professions of faith in Christ on its TV.

Tuesday, January 20, 1998: Kennedy to Havana

Our highly charged group – many psyched by decades of emotions and questions about Castro and Cuba – flew out on a Tower Air 747. Flight 100 was probably the first direct commercial flight from Kennedy to Havana in thirty-five years. We arrived a day before the pope and had a full week to travel, either with the group or on our own. As far as I could tell, no police agents trailed us or cared where we went.

Almost four decades of Cuban isolation, brought on by the U.S. blockade and internal news censorship, left most Cubans ignorant of what a pope is. In the weeks before the papal visit, Church and government cooperated in circu-

Father Cleary in Cuba, awaiting the historic visit of John Paul II.

Father Cleary in the land of Fidel.

lating a one-page flyer explaining who the pope is. The flyer also carried a short description of Jesus Christ.

Wednesday, January 21: Pope Arrives in Cuba

Small posters of the pope (alone or shaking hands with President Fidel Castro) hung on every sixth or seventh building in Havana. Larger welcoming placards festooned lampposts on the papal route through Havana. John Kirk, a frequent Canadian visitor to Cuba, told me that most Cubans understand the pope to be a distinguished foreign visitor, not much more.

When the pope disembarked at Havana's airport, and for the next day, we watched his every move and gesture. Reports from Rome seemed to confirm Parkinson's disease, to which a person might adapt for years, but his frailty might be more than that. His Spanish enunciation faltered slightly but no one complained that they could not understand him. As John Paul II seemed to be enjoying himself, our focus shifted from his health to watching Cuban reactions to him and to listening to what John Paul II said.

President Castro's message welcoming the pope at the airport began by condemning the cruelties Europeans wrought on Indians and Blacks through the centuries. One Cuban pastor whispered to me, "crudo." Then Fidel (everybody in Cuba calls him that) launched into praise for the Cuban revolution's rectification of those wrongs.

Would there be a strong papal response to the issues, especially religious intolerance, brought on by the revolution? The Cuban church, the weakest in Latin America before the January 1, 1959 takeover, had been reduced from some four percent regularly attending church to about one percent in 1990. Younger Catholics regard this professing remnant as heroic. They would bow their heads when greeting the oldest Catholics. Since 1992 many more Cubans have joined church ranks. Both the believing remnant and "new" Catholics needed to hear something strong from the pope.

Thursday, January 22: Mass at Santa Clara

Although the pope arrived on a weekday afternoon, Cubans by the thousands lined the entranceway to Havana. The next day the pope flew to Santa Clara for the first Mass. Our group left at 3:00 a.m. to be part of the outdoor congregation in this provincial outpost. By Latin American standards the Mass was subdued and response to the pope respectful.

Changes in Cuba had been occurring before the pope's visit. I re-read accounts of the Cuban church by longtime observers John Kirk, a Canadian academic author and professor of Spanish at Dalhousie University, and Margaret Crahan, history professor at Hunter College. I had an opportunity to trace in Havana marks of the revolution. Near the entrance to Havana's Colon Cemetery a plaque marked the place where Fidel, on April 16, 1961 (the month of the Bay of Pigs invasion), announced the socialist and Marxist character of the revolution. Catholics, some of whom had supported Castro, turned to street protest. Cuban government reactions followed quickly: two hundred Catholic schools were nationalized and some 130 priests and a bishop were put on the ship *Covadonga* for exile in Spain.

The church was decimated in three short years. Further, all over Cuba Committees for the Defense of the Revolution (CDR) reported on Catholics who attended church regularly. Such persons were not eligible for Communist party membership. Without party membership few could expect to move to higher levels of education and to enter the professions.

Slowly and with great pain, the small Cuban church began to come to terms with its mission in a socialist society. Several factors promoted this outward stance. The Vatican took the lead in assigning Monsignor Césare Zacchi as papal nuncio. Zacchi arrived at his posting through Yugoslavia. This gave him a useful framework for judging a potential role of the church in a socialist society.

In Havana the Vatican reduced its representation to chargé d'affairs. It hardly mattered to Zacchi and the impact he was to have. An Irish politician visiting Cuba remembers him as a "tall, slim, quite un-Italian figure, who speaks Spanish, English, and French with considerable fluency; his comfortable home in the Vedado section of Havana is, in its own way, as important as the Russian or Chinese embassies… History was created at one reception when Castro, in a moment of levity, tried Monsignor Zacchi's skullcap for size." If Castro felt at home with the pope, he had been made so by Zacchi's approachability.

Church officials, encouraged by Latin American bishops' social teaching at Medellín and Puebla conferences, reassessed the church's role in a revolutionary society. Castro found himself deeply affected by Christians active in Nicaragua. Dominican Frei Betto's *Fidel and Religion* (1986) sold a million copies and shows changes in Castro's thought about the church. Eventually Cuba changed its constitutional status from an atheist to a secular state. Catholics found more public space in the early 1990s.

Friday, January 23: Mass at Camaguey, watching with fellow Dominicans

Mass for young people at Camaguey changed Cuban reception to exuberance. The pope was then hundreds of miles away from Havana at Camaguey. If phone directories exist for Havana, I never found one. Through the Franciscans I found the Dominicans and watched the Camaguey Mass on Cuban national television surrounded by my brothers and sisters at San Juan de Letrán, Havana. Somehow the pope, seated and bent over, left hand shaking, right hand holding the text pages against the strong breeze, broke through to fifteen- to eighteen-year-olds. If Cubans did not know how to react to a pope, young representatives from Colombia and El Salvador did. Single "vivas" started coming from them during the homily and then swelled to unified "si" and "viva." We, watching in Havana, cried with gratitude for the response.

John Paul II's capacity to reach the young was on view later when he visited the University of Havana. This institution was started by Dominicans in 1721 and is now controlled by Marxists. University officials, President Castro, and hundreds of students gave the pope a standing ovation.

Saturday, January 24: Mass at Santiago

Fidel, or his recently designated successor, Raúl Castro Ruz, attended all the Masses and many other ceremonies. What listeners heard from the pope at the third Mass at Santiago, the birthplace of the revolution, grew more pointed. John Paul II called for free expression, free initiative, and free association within Cuba; encouraged the Cuban church to fight for recognition of human rights and social justice; and stated that Catholics "have the right and duty to participate in public debate."

"In this way, each person enjoying freedom of expression, being free to undertake initiatives and make proposals within civil society, and enjoying freedom of association, will be able to cooperate effectively in the pursuit of the common good," he said. Nothing like this had been heard in public for decades, certainly not in the presence of 150,000 persons.

John Paul also called for the release of "prisoners of conscience." Later in the day, Ricardo Alarcón, president of the National Assembly, told foreign interviewers that Cuba has no prisoners of conscience. Meanwhile Cardinal Angelo Sodano, papal secretary of state, was quietly handing the Cuban foreign ministry the names of many prisoners in whom the Vatican had "special interest." (Two hundred prisoners were released two weeks later.)

AP/Wide World Photos

His Eminence Cardinal Jaime Lucas Ortega y Alamino assists John Paul II with Mass. The Cuban cardinal was awarded an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree by Providence College in May.

Sunday, January 25: Mass at Havana

Papal teaching on human rights was never more clearly or forcefully stated than the following day. At the pope's concluding Mass, in Havana's Plaza of the Revolution with Ché's picture on one building and Jesus' on another, John Paul laid out strongly a political theology (or, if one prefers, a theology of justice, human rights, and service) as clearly and succinctly as he probably ever will. (The pope's Cuban homilies are available in English on the Internet.) The specifics and the moral force of the homily stunned observers. Christiane Amanpour, the main CNN commentator, called the homily "incredibly direct" and "electrifying." The latter was the word I would have used. For anyone working in human rights, this homily reinforced convictions that frequently need bolstering.

Fidel, seated with the congregation and not on the liturgical podium, waited for the pope to descend after Mass and shook his hand and the hands of Cuban bishops. I walked the streets that afternoon and heard almost universally favorable reactions. In one of the neighborhoods, a thirty-year-old man and three children were systematically visiting neighbors to tell them what they had heard at the Mass.

Grassroots Interest and Cuban Society

Lay outreach is going strong in the Vedado section of Havana. This is the section of Havana that, after the 1898 War with Spain, North American interests developed businesses, restaurants, and hotels. Now 130,000 people live within its many city blocks. There the Dominicans, six men and three women, have their hands full with opportunities. From mostly empty churches in 1990, the two Dominican churches (Sagrado Corazón and San Juan de Letrán) are full in 1998. Perhaps as confirmation of active Catholic outreach, no Pentecostal churches were known to be located in Vedado. Almost 300 persons are currently receiving instruction for baptism, communion, or marriage.

Father Manuel Uña, pastor at San Juan, explained that persons appear at the parish office, asking: "Who is Jesus Christ?" He continued: "We ask that they receive instruction for two-to-three years, so profound is their ignorance and fundamental their questioning." Similar accounts were told to me at Jesús de Miramar where Capuchins baptize fourteen or fifteen persons at each of the two Sunday Masses. Context alone does not explain the conversions. The *Miami Herald* was reporting at this time that new immigrants from Cuba were swelling instruction classes in the U.S.

Hundreds of lay volunteers assume roles in the Dominican parishes as teachers and "evangelizers." The latter go door-to-door telling Cubans about Jesus and the Church. The San Juan convent and church offer an annual lecture series and extensive choral concert series that draw overflow crowds. Fr. Uña, a former provincial, found a way to publish the lectures by prominent Cuban authorities as *Cuadernos del Aula Bartolomé de las Casas*. Through collaboration with Colombia, Dominicans published for Cubans last year a book-length account of the presence of Dominicans in Cuba, *Presencia de los Dominicos en Cuba.*

These activities contrast to the early days of the revolution when José Manuel Fernández del Valle manned the convent alone, just months after finishing theological studies at Aquinas Institute, Dubuque, Iowa. At one point, when *milicianos* (soldiers) entered the convent to take it over in the name of the revolution, Padre Manuel convinced the paramilitary men to leave. In this trying period a younger Cuban, Alberto Rodriguez, was able to leave Cuba to complete his studies and then be elected provincial of St. Martin de Porres province in 1993.

A good friend from Bolivia, Fr. Adalbert Sprinkmeier, O.P., volunteered for service at San Juan. He arrived just a week before the pope. Adalbert radiated the kind of pastoral enthusiasm I heard from him when I picked him up at the La Paz airport, January 1, 1959. The date is also

remembered by all Cubans as the day the *barbudos* (bearded revolutionaries) marched into Havana.

If it is true, as Christiane Amanpour said, that religion is a genie that is out of the bottle in Cuba and cannot be put back, then skeptics can note how small Castro manages to keep the bottle. Fidel promised some years ago to let in 50 – 100 more priests. Most are still waiting for visas. Only 270 priests serve a total population of eleven million. Eighty priests minister in Havana, a city of some three million persons.

If evangelical Christians also are attracting large numbers of followers and many Cubans at times practice Santería, still Father Uña and the other Dominicans in Havana feel there is a "window of opportunity" now that is unexcelled. For the time being Cubans are not moving from K. Marx to K Mart, but from Marx to Jesus.

On Friday evening Cardinal John O'Connor, joining our group from the Washington pro-life march, led our group's Mass in the quiet environment of Las Carmelitas monastery. We needed that, especially the Cuban-Americans who, by then, had viewed their former homes and visited family graves. The cardinal is no stranger to Cuba nor to Castro, having had a lengthy late-night-to-early-morning conversation with Castro in 1988. At Mass, testimony of Cuban Americans centered not so much on their loss but on their sustaining faith. This "broke an emotional dam," many of them said afterwards.

When time allowed, I walked the main streets and side streets of Havana neighborhoods, some twenty-five miles during the week. I rode many more miles in buses. Life on the streets, without air conditioning to hold everyone inside, was impressive. After work, every block seemed to have twenty persons visible, playing games or visiting with neighbors.

Many homes and other buildings are crumbling. One estimate states that 88,000 buildings need repair, probably a low estimate. Three hundred buildings collapse each year, sometimes injuring occupants. However, Havana lacks the deep rings of shantytowns and open sewage ditches surrounding most Latin American large cities. Schools and clinics appear everywhere. One of the great achievements of the revolution is the availability of health care.

The small neighborhood shops are mostly closed. Pharmacies have almost nothing to dispense. The Dominican community in Havana had not seen bread for five days when I had dinner with them. The U.S. embargo has hurt common folk drastically. The pope characterized the U.S. embargo as unjust, ethically unacceptable. He did so in public statements and in private meetings with U.S. congressmen such as Charles Rangel, who accompanied us, and Joseph Moakley and three other Massachusetts congressmen, who arrived late in the week.

In ways that are not clear to me, some sixty percent of Cubans receive dollar payments from relatives in the United States and elsewhere. Forty percent of Cubans do not receive dollars from outside or trade with foreigners within Cuba. This may create a two-tier social system.

John Kirk estimates that 800 million dollars were received through remittances by Cubans last year. Sending back money to relatives is not historically new but economists recognize the current magnitude as important in global finance. Remittances going to Cubans are roughly similar to those going to the Dominican Republic. Another pillar of Cuba's economy, as the government is cautiously opening up, is tourism. New hotels have been built, older ones refurbished, and international management teams brought in. Middle-class tour groups from Europe and South America's southern cone routinely use U.S. dollars on the street. Their hotel buffets include forty choices. Their electricity and water function almost without flaw. Security guards, watching for bomb-planters, patrol their pathways from the elevator to the dining room and to the pool area.

Many tourists seemed only vaguely interested in major issues being contested in Cuban public for the first time. As I walked by one pool area where two dozen tourists relaxed, the disk jockey dedicated the next song to "atheists," perhaps a holdover from days when Soviet technicians filled the same hotels.

With the Russians and Eastern Europeans virtually gone, entirely new issues were on the table. Human rights, prisoners of conscience, more space for the church to operate in public, all these were now spoken in public. More clearly than ever, Catholics and Cuban socialists searched for common ground for improving Cuban society.

Monday, January 26: Leaving Cuba

On our way to the airport the day after the pope left, we stopped for Mass. Three cardinals (O'Connor, Bevilacqua, Hickey), four bishops, and some fifty priests concelebrated in Spanish with two hundred and fifty lay persons at Sagrado Corazó church. Leaving Cuba, we felt grateful for faith without borders, for a transnational church with a strong leader whose spirituality communicated directly to young Cubans, for profound joy. Touching down at Kennedy, we spontaneously clapped, recognizing our good fortune. ▼

Dominicans face new challenges in the Baltic countries and Belarus

A hot air balloon soars into the sky above Father Azaro's church in Vilnius, Sts. Philip & James.

Editor's Note:
Rev. Stanley Azaro, O.P., assistant professor of theology at PC, is in the midst of a leave of absence from the college while he resides at the Dominican priory in Vilnius, Lithuania. Lithuanian by ethnic origin, Father Azaro has even reverted back to his original family name – Stanislovas Zarauskas. In June 1997 he became the Vicar General of the Baltic-Belarusian Vicariate for a term of four years. On a return visit to Providence College, Father Azaro offered his observations on the situation of the four countries in the territory of the Vicariate: Belarus, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

By Rev. Stanley R. Azaro, O.P.
Assistant Professor of Theology (on leave)

Since the fall of the Soviet Union, the pace of change in the three newly independent Baltic countries of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania has greatly accelerated. They are experiencing a new situation of freedom and opportunity, yet they struggle to establish ethical government, civic culture, and a self-sustaining economy.

Little has changed, however, in the neighboring country of Belarus, where political and economic decisions remain in the hands of a Communist dictator. While the icons of a Communist regime – the red star, the hammer and sickle, the statues of Lenin – have disappeared in the three Baltic countries, they still decorate many public places in Belarus.

In a providential twist of history, since 1993 these four countries have comprised the territory of a new General Vicariate of the Dominican Order. In his letter establishing the Vicariate, Rev. Timothy Radcliffe, O.P., Master of the Order, remarked, "Our Order has a history in your countries of many hundreds of years, a history which is part of their very destiny. A renewed presence of the Order will be a valuable contribution to the spiritual and social welfare of your countries." But the challenges facing the Dominicans in their efforts to revitalize the Order in this region are truly immense.

I first visited Lithuania in 1993 together with Providence College's Rev. Anthony A. Jurgelaitis, O.P. to participate in the historic visit of Pope John Paul II to the Baltic countries. We stayed in Vilnius with Fr. Jonas Grigaitis, O.P. At 83 years of age, he is the only Lithuanian Dominican who

Fr. Azaro (far right) at a youth group celebration in Vilnius with Fr. Slavomir Bzozecki, O.P. (far left).

survived the years of Communist occupation. I visited Lithuania again in 1994 with Father Jurgelaitis to witness the first vows of three young Lithuanian Dominicans, the first time in over fifty years that young men had made vows as Dominicans in Lithuania.

At that time, the then Vicar General, Father Wilhelms Lapelis, O.P., asked me if I might be willing to return to Lithuania the following year for a longer stay to help reestablish the Dominican Order in Lithuania. I agreed, and in August 1995, began my current assignment in Vilnius.

Since becoming Vicar General, I have visited all of the Dominican houses within the territory of the Vicariate at least once and I am greatly encouraged by the progress that has already been made within the space of just over five years since the inception of the Vicariate.

New Dominicans in Lithuania

It was a memorable and heart-warming experience for me in January to witness the ordination of the three young Lithuanian Dominicans to the priesthood in our own church of Sts. Philip & James in Vilnius. These young Dominican priests are our hope for the future. Already they are drawing more young people to our church.

There is a youth group at the Dominican church which calls itself the Jokubeliai. The Lithuanian word for James is Jokubas. The best way to translate the name of our youth group in English would be to call them the Young Jacobins' Club!

The Communist government had confiscated the Dominican church and over the years used it as a garage, a basketball court, and a warehouse for the sets and costumes of the state opera and ballet. The Dominican priory became part of a hospital. Shortly after Lithuania regained its independence in 1990, the church and priory were returned to the Dominicans, but in a terrible state of disrepair.

The church and priory have been marvelously restored, and work on finishing the sanctuary of the church has just begun. An architect showed us the Soviet plans for turning our church into a symphony hall. I'm not surprised. The acoustics in the church are splendid. Now that the heating system has been repaired, the church is often used as the site for choral and orchestral concerts. The Lithuanian Academy of Music is a close neighbor. So is the former Soviet KGB building, which is now an appellate court. The basement houses the KGB Museum, in which former detainees guide visitors through a gruesome row of interrogation rooms, torture chambers, and detention cells.

Since there are few churches in the sprawling suburbs of Vilnius, many people travel by trolley or by bus from their Soviet-era apartment houses to attend church on Sunday downtown, where there are many re-opened churches. The large baroque-style Dominican church is full of people for its two Lithuanian masses on Sundays.

The only English mass in the capital city is offered at Sts. Philip & James. This mass, which I instituted and most often celebrate, primarily serves diplomats, foreign students, and tourists – along with some Lithuanian high school students who are studying English. Visitors are delighted with Lithuania. They are impressed with the progress that has been made and they are charmed by the old city of Vilnius.

Currently there are seven Friars living at the priory in Vilnius: four Lithuanians, two Polish, and one American-Lithuanian. I must admit that sometimes there are tensions between the Lithuanian and Polish Friars in the Vicariate. This is an age-old cultural animosity that is very hard to overcome. The Polish seized the Vilnius region in 1920, and the Lithuanians have never forgiven them for it. However, the relations between the two countries seem to be at an all-time high.

The sharing of a common Dominican ministry, however, helps overcome ethnic differences. In Vilnius, besides the

Dominican Ordination: Fr. Azaro (center) and Fr. Jonas Grigaitis (second from left), the oldest Dominican and only Dominican survivor from the Soviet occupation, at the January 1998 ordination of the three new Dominican priests in Lithuania at the church of Sts. Philip & James in Vilnius: Fr. Tadas Astrauskas, (far left); Fr. Pijus Eqlinas, (second from right); and Fr. Augustinas Ruzgys (far right).

daily sacramental ministry in the church, the Dominican Friars individually are engaged in teaching courses in Catholic faith in local public high schools, teaching dogmatic theology at the Pedagogic University of Vilnius, working in the local prison and hospitals, and helping with the neo-catechumenate movement. The priests are often invited to preach retreats and parish missions in small towns and villages.

I continue to teach, as well. This year I'm lecturing on Catholic social teaching at the Vilnius Archdiocesan Seminary, and on moral theology to catechists and teachers at the Archdiocesan Catechetical Center. In Lithuanian! I'll admit it's not always easy for me – or for the students! But it's a rewarding experience.

One of the highlights of the year for me is the annual St. Thomas Aquinas Summer School which is held during the first ten days of July. Professors come from the United States and Europe to lecture and to conduct seminars on texts of St. Thomas Aquinas, which are gradually being translated into Lithuanian.

This year an international conference on "Thomism: Past and Present" was held in Vilnius before the Summer School from June 27-30. I'm quite amazed at the interest in St. Thomas among Lithuanians. This has led to a renewal of my own interest, since I now lecture in the Summer School every year on the political and moral significance of St. Thomas's thought.

One of the scholars participating in the international conference will be Dr. John Knasas of the University of St. Thomas in Houston, Texas. His son is currently a freshman at PC. John joined us for the St. Thomas Aquinas Summer School last summer. An American-Lithuanian like myself, he loves the Lithuanian people and countryside. When we discovered the Providence College connection, we kept repeating, "Isn't it a small world?"

Since the vast majority (80 percent) of Lithuanians are at least nominally Catholic, the prospects for the growth of the Dominican Order in the future are quite good. Already there are several more young Lithuanians ready to be admitted into the Order. A Lithuanian student-brother is currently studying theology in Lille, France.

As Vicar General, I have negotiated with the Archbishop of Kaunas, Sigitas Tamkevicius, S.J. for the return of the Dominican church and priory in Raseiniai. The timetable is for the Dominicans to return there in May of this year. The Dominicans left Raseiniai in the 1940s, at the start of the Soviet occupation. Among those who left was Rev. Casimir Zvirblis, O.P., an American-Lithuanian who later taught at Providence College.

The signals are very good when a Jesuit Archbishop is eager to have the Dominicans back in his Archdiocese! He's a courageous man. During the Soviet years, Archbishop Tamkevicius was deported to Siberia for ten years as punishment for editing and publishing the underground *Chronicles of the Catholic Church* in Lithuania.

A growing Dominican family

Prospects are also good for the growth of the Dominican Order in Latvia, although Catholics are in the minority. Already there are two Dominican houses in Latvia, in the cities of Riga and Liepaja, each with a community of three Friars. But with six Latvian student-brothers in formation, I expect that the size of the communities will soon increase.

There are plans to build a new priory and church in Liepaja, where currently the Friars work in the cathedral church. In Riga, the Dominicans staff a small parish church, which during the Soviet era used to be a movie theater. In Latvia the Dominicans are involved especially in youth ministry, seminary teaching, and even television and radio ministry.

In Latvia and Lithuania the numbers of Dominican laity or tertiaries are increasing. There are also convents of Dominican sisters and nuns in these two countries. Some

Fr. Mariusz Wozniak, O.P. with parishioners in Baranowicze, Belarus. He is one of two Polish Dominicans ministering to the people there under very difficult conditions.

Dominican nuns from Minsk want to establish a cloister in Belarus. So the Dominican family is growing.

The Dominicans have one house in Tallinn, Estonia, where they help staff the only active Catholic parish in the capital city. Presently there are two Friars working in Tallinn, one Polish and one Czech. The Catholic community in Tallinn is quite small, but very international. Masses are offered in our church in Estonian, Polish, Lithuanian, Russian, and Latin!

The Dominicans first came to Estonia from Scandinavia in the thirteenth century. The former priory building is now a famous cultural center in the old city. Recently the city celebrated the 750th anniversary of the priory with a series of seminars and concerts. Many Dominicans, including myself, participated in the seminars and festivities. There are currently two Dominican student-brothers in formation from Estonia, so there is hope for the future.

The Challenge of Belarus

The country of Belarus presents the most difficult challenges for the Dominicans. The government of the dictator Lukoshenko is unfriendly toward Roman Catholics, the majority of whom are ethnically Polish. The Dominicans have two houses in Belarus. In Baranowicze, two Polish Dominicans, with the help of three Dominican sisters, staff a parish. In Vitebsk, Father Janusz, also from Poland, is pastor of the only Catholic parish within the radius of fifty kilometers.

When I visited Belarus, I felt that I had experienced something of the former Soviet Union. The economy is depressed, and the people look depressed. Our priests are working under very difficult conditions. The Baltic countries are paradise compared to Belarus.

There is the hope of reestablishing a Dominican house in the huge capital city of Minsk. The government is interested in restoring the old city section, and may even be willing to cooperate in the rebuilding of the Dominican priory, which is no longer extant. I'm looking forward to the ordination of our Belorusian student-brother, Michael, to the priesthood in May. Since he is a Belorusian citizen, he will experience less difficulty in negotiating with the government about a new house in Minsk.

In spite of the enormous challenges facing the Dominicans in this part of the world, they continue to minister to the local people and to make plans for the future. While living in the Baltic and Belarusian Vicariate and sometimes visiting Dominican houses in other parts of Europe, I am gaining a sense of the Dominican Order's international scope. Living there has broadened my own perspective and given me a sense of the global mission of the Dominican Order. Dominican life can take root in every country and in every culture. The exciting part is to see how Dominican life can have its own dynamic in each country where it finds itself. ▼

Fr. Oskar Jablonski, O.P., a Polish priest, conducts a baptism at St. Joseph's Parish in Riga, Latvia.

A THOUSAND TIMES I DIE, YET I STILL LIVE

By Amy Ferguson Rayner

Cambodian refugee Arn Chorn-Pond '92 relives the horrors of the years he spent with the Khmer Rouge on a regular basis. Not only in nightmares and flashbacks, but in telling his story to others around the world. It has helped him begin to wash himself clean of the memory, the guilt, and the thoughts of suicide that have been with him since he escaped through the jungle into Thailand in 1979. He has come a long way from that flight: adoption by an American family, a degree from Providence College, and initiation of several local, regional, and national human service programs have punctuated the years between.

Today, his will to live is sustained by his desire to keep the Cambodian youth in Lowell, Massachusetts alive. "If you get one person out of gangs, you saved one life this year. It keeps me going in my life, by helping other people, to change someone's life. One. Or two a year. Whatever is given to me," he says in his quirky, yet eloquent English. He began this effort in Providence. While a student at PC, Arn organized a teen peer leadership group, started a big brother/sister program, and served as a gang mediator – all for Southeast Asians.

His story and his work have won him numerous international human rights awards and earned him a place in a new documentary, "Strong in the Broken Places," about survivors of extreme trauma. He has traveled the world sharing his story and encouraging people to help one another survive their hardships. And he has returned to Cambodia many times, establishing a community volunteer organization to help revitalize the Cambodian people.

Survival

Arn was about nine when the Khmer Rouge killed the bulk of his family and took him to a work camp along with thousands of other children in 1975. For the next three years, he lived in the camp and in the killing fields – rice paddies where Cambodians worked from sunup sometimes until midnight, their bodies emaciated from work and malnutrition. Soup made from a handful of rice in a cauldron of water was his only food.

In time, Arn and a few other boys were singled out by the Khmer Rouge camp leader to learn to play musical instruments. "I didn't know how to play, but I learn quickly to survive," says Arn. An older man was brought from a nearby village to teach them. After a week, he was gone. "We knew enough, so the Khmer Rouge, they kill him," Arn explains. From then on, he was given lighter tasks than others in the camp: tasks like undressing children to be shot at the thrice-daily killings. The Khmer Rouge's ritual cracking of skulls with their rifle butts still rings in his head. His description of the act is vivid, yet stark, almost clinical. "They hit in the cerebellum," he says, pointing to the base of his own head. "Every kid they shoot, they hit."

He spent three years in the camp in this fashion, playing his flute and watching children die around him at the hands of the Khmer Rouge. Then, at about the age of twelve, he was forced to fight. "The Khmer Rouge took the instrument out of my hand and gave me a gun," he says. "I fight every day for five months."

They began in the rice fields. "We were forced by the Khmer Rouge to go to the front lines," to draw the Vietnamese fire. "Kids who don't want to fight, the Khmer Rouge shoot us from behind. They don't care." So Arn fought. And survived. Hundreds of children died around him, some by protecting him from enemy fire. Then the Khmer Rouge pushed them deeper and deeper into the jungle and Arn began planning his escape. "Most of the time, I was planning in my head to leave the lines and go live in the jungle by myself. In the jungle it's fifty-fifty chance if you live or die, especially by animals, but you not so afraid of being shot," he says.

He learned to follow the monkeys and eat what they dropped to the jungle floor. "Most of time, 85 percent, it's okay. I don't get sick," from poisonous or maggot-filled fruit. He learned to sleep in trees to avoid large predators, chasing animals from their beds who often returned later to find him still there. He learned to travel away from the sound of gunfire, which came mostly from the north. After three or four months like this, sometimes wandering two or three weeks in a circle, he reached the border with Thailand.

The Last Journey

"This was my last journey. I crossed a small river," he says. "The other side was so clear, people grew corn. My part was thick jungle. I crossed the border at night. I go into the middle of corn and eat corn, fall asleep there. In the daytime I go back to the jungle. I feel unsafe in open sky. I'm used to the jungle."

But by this point, Arn had developed malaria – cerebral malaria as it turned out. Girls collecting firewood from the refugee camp on the Thai side found him unconscious under a bush and brought him back to the camp. When he awoke, he simply walked onto a bus full of refugees and Thai soldiers. The bus took him to Sakeo camp, deeper into Thailand, where he again succumbed to the malaria and was expected to die.

It was there that Reverend Peter Pond, an American Congregational minister active in pro-democracy community development programs in Asia, found Arn.

"I came upon this person with this huge smile," recalls Rev. Pond. "He was all teeth because he was so emaciated – and I said 'Arn Chorn will you live?' and he said 'I will if you help me.' It wasn't as if I chose him. We bonded right there."

That was October 1979. By August the following year, Arn and two other Cambodian boys had come to live with the Pond family in New Hampshire. In total, the Ponds have adopted 16 refugee children and now live in Providence.

Beginning the Healing Process

In New Hampshire, the Ponds imposed a rigid structure they used with their own children to help Arn and his Cambodian "brothers" adjust to American family life. But it was difficult for them all. "The beginning three or four years we went through hell," Arn remembers. "I ran away from school. I spit on the teacher's face. I never had school before."

"There was a lot of acting out on all parts," Pond says. "But I knew they all bore the scars of traumatic stress and that one day it would come out."

For Arn it came out at dinner one night, his adoptive father recalls. "I was away in New York and my wife was presiding over dinner. One of my sons said to my wife 'You're Khmer Rouge,' and Arn jumped up from his chair onto the dining room table, knocked over a glass and went for his jugular. It took twelve people to keep Arn from killing him." Afterwards, Arn fled, running nearly 20 miles to a park in the New Hampshire hills. "The police found him at five o'clock in the morning and brought him home. That running uncoiled a lot of Arn's memories and it was after that that he began to tell them."

Arn soon learned to relate to teachers and other students by telling his story. A piece in his high school newsletter by Alan C. Morgan tells that the mutual tears gave him strength and direction. Soon afterwards, he began speaking to larger and larger audiences. In 1982, Arn joined three other child war survivors at the Second Annual United Nations Special Session on Disarmament's Witness of Children held in New York City. Arn told his story to a silent crowd of 10,000 people at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. By the time he was done, there wasn't a dry eye left, including his own.

From the East Side to Elmhurst: Brown to PC

Throughout high school – first in public school in New Hampshire, then at Gould Academy, a Maine prep school – Arn continued speaking and working to help others reconcile their experiences and rebuild their lives. He traveled back to the Thai refugee camps for the first time, using more than $2,000 he collected at school to buy blankets and shoes. It was also about this time that Children of War – a program which over ten years

Arn visits with the mother of Churn, a sixteen-year-old gang member and one of "his kids."

brought hundreds of child war survivors to speak in U.S. high schools – was born of a conversation between Arn and Judith Thompson, a Massachusetts peace activist and in-country community organizer who orchestrated Witness of Children.

Under the influence of his Maine prep school environment, Arn applied to Brown University. After three semesters, however, he found it was not the place for him. Shortly afterward, Arn transferred to PC, which turned out to be a perfect match.

"I think that at PC they recognized his uniqueness, that he's not a scholar, he's an activist who's very wise," said Thompson. "At PC, they demonstrated that they valued him." This kind of individualized attention was critical to Arn's success. "Providence was much better," he says. "I was being paid a lot of attention and that's one thing that helps me a lot. I didn't get lost."

The values of the students Arn met also made a huge difference. He says he felt PC students held greater "respect for other people," and that PC's environment cultivated a desire among students to understand him. To Arn, the Catholic surroundings also meant students and faculty were more responsive to his work. "At PC, you're taught to help others," a perspective which gave greater validation and support to his efforts.

The personal interest of PC faculty and staff were imperative to Arn earning the education he sought. "Arn's biggest difficulty as a student," recalls Assistant Dean Judy Jamieson, "was that he was so much in demand, from Amnesty International, from Children of War, you name it. Every day Arn could have been somewhere else besides here." Jamieson often urged Arn to study rather than accept travel or speaking requests that would take him away from school.

Balancing Act

His lifelong balancing act, begun with a tightrope walk through the jungle, continued as he struggled to reconcile the demands of work and education.

Whenever possible while at PC, Arn found a way to help young people navigate the difficulties of living between two cultures. Along with fellow PC student Ker Lee, Arn started a big brother/sister program for Southeast Asians in Providence. "It was a very successful outreach program between Asian college kids – from PC and other local schools – and kids in the community," Jamieson says. "They spent the better part of each week in South Providence matching kids, helping with the mentoring process, doing follow-up. It was almost entirely student-run."

In the midst of school and the big brother/sister program, Arn began working one-on-one with troubled Asian high school students to turn their lives around. Once on the straight and narrow, these students in turn became "Peace Makers," peer leaders who quietly encouraged and supported other teens to follow their example.

His more aggressive intervention work began soon afterwards, as Asian gang problems in Rhode Island escalated. Working in conjunction with the Providence Police Department and the mayor's office, Arn became a gang mediator, placing himself in the line of fire between Cambodian, Laotian, Hmong, Vietnamese, and African American groups. "He has been a very dynamic and positive force for the good of the Asian community here in Rhode Island," Jamieson says. "And I think most effectively while he was here at PC."

In addition, Arn found time to speak before Congress and the United Nations, lobbying to bring Pol Pot to trial before the International Court of Justice.

For political science professor Bob Trudeau, it was this erratic combination of experiences that made Arn a valuable addition to his classes and to the college as a whole. "He was a very impressive young man, and it was clear to me that those experiences had made him very sophisticated politically, more so than most students. And being relatively new to the U.S., he interpreted things differently than people who've lived here all their lives," Trudeau says, explaining that this difference in perspective was extremely important not only in expanding the perspectives of other students, but to the professor and to Arn himself.

Arn has often played his Cambodian flute for luminaries such as the Dalai Lama.

" To me it showed how important it is to have people with different histories and backgrounds and points of view here at PC," Trudeau says. "We can learn so much more about our own answers to questions we all have to deal with if we have people like Arn presenting their perspectives on these questions."

Jamieson felt Arn's extreme experiences – from surviving the Khmer Rouge to achieving international human rights fame – needed tempering. "I think a major impact PC had on Arn was to provide him a reality check of what the general process of young people getting an education and going about their adult lives is like," she explains. "I thought it would be very important for him in his future work to gain a broader experience of mainstream American life."

Trudeau also attempted to help Arn assimilate his Asian past, his more recent past, and his course work through an independent study project. "I hoped writing in a structured way about his experiences and what he had learned here might be an opportunity to get it all codified somewhat," Trudeau says. "It was important for him to make sense of what he was doing and where he had been."

Arn still strives to make sense of his life, to balance his past, present, and future, and to find meaning and purpose for his life. His trips abroad, his speaking engagements, and his work in Lowell all help to accomplish this.

Finding Reasons to Live, in Cambodia and Lowell

After his PC graduation, Arn returned to Cambodia, ostensibly on a one-month visit with his adoptive father, "but I stay three years," he laughs. He began a vigorous campaign to help Cambodians reclaim their country and culture. Although the United Nations contributed billions of dollars to rebuild Cambodia's economy, Arn feels much went to corrupt businesses that did nothing to stitch up the fabric of society. In 1993, with Peter Pond's assistance, Arn founded Cambodian Volunteers for Community Development (CVCD) to focus on the social ills that besieged the country.

The fledgling organization began with 30 people, offering free English classes and encouraging community service projects. Today, nearly 30,000 people, including Hmongs, prostitutes, the handicapped, and soldiers, participate. In exchange, they plant trees in a country denuded by the war and clean streets and public spaces that the government once took care of.

"We also sent computers to start a technology center," Arn explains. "Connecting them to the world, so they learn about other people, that's how you teach democracy. But you don't go telling that, you say it's to learn English, to get jobs." CVCD also has a big brother/sister component that Arn modeled on the one he began in Providence. In Cambodia, the program matches young adults with street children and orphans. (Cambodia's population dropped from 9 million to approximately 6.5 million from 1975 to 1979. Today, the number of Cambodians hovers around 10 million, but most of these are children, or adults handicapped by mines. Few adult men survived the war.)

When Arn returned to the United States in the summer of 1997, he went to work for the Cambodian Mutual Assistance Association, a nonprofit organization serving the 25,000 Cambodians in Lowell, Mass. As the youth activity and peer leadership coordinator, Arn finds helping young Cambodians caught between two cultures gives him a reason to live.

"In my whole life, I never had a chance to think about somebody else but myself," he says, having concentrated all his energy on survival for so long. "It's a good feeling. I want to live, to continue to help people out. If I'm not useful, I'm not going to want to live."

Many of 'his kids' are hard-core gang members. He points to a small boy in a photo who appears to be eight or nine. "He's already hard core," Arn says. "He told me he has a gun." Arn routinely deals with Cambodian youths who have been arrested, have attempted suicide, or have trouble at home. He works long hours, and often finds himself in the midst of gunfire on Lowell's streets.

During a conversation with the mother of one of 'his kids,' Arn is surprised to learn his programs are making a difference with her son, Churn, who is a sixteen-year-old gang member. Arn has been teaching him – along with numerous other Cambodian youths – to play traditional Khmer instruments. He also personally transports Churn and others to computer classes after school three days a week. "I'm surprised," he says, after translating for

Churn's mother. "She says he stay home now, if he doesn't have class. He got in lot of trouble too – hit teacher, hit other kids, smoke. She say he listen to classical Cambodian music, with her, now."

Arn hopes to teach them to deal with problems arising from what he calls the "cultural clash" between Cambodian parents' rules and peer pressure in school, using music and drama. "All I can do is pick them up and involve them in activities that maybe help them from inside. For example, the music class, they ask me why they carve these picture like that on instrument, and why the sounds are so soft, not like rap. 'Why so boring sometimes, Cambodian music?' And I say, you have to listen harder. These kinds of things are what help change them from inside," he says.

Simply keeping them off the streets helps. With the assistance of a local telecommunications company, Arn's kids have begun learning to operate television cameras. Already, the training program has produced two Cambodian talk shows, which have aired on a Lowell cable channel, featuring young adult role models answering questions from Arn's street kids.

Responsibility for Living

Thompson agrees with Jamieson's assessment that Arn still struggles for balance, especially in contemplating the contradictory roles he's played in the Cambodian conflict.

"What's different about Arn, from some survivors, is that he labors under the confusion of being both a perpetrator and a survivor," Thompson says. "He's still coming to terms with not knowing whether he's good or bad." Arn's adoptive father confirms this. "I think it's possible that telling his story has been helping him wash himself clean of some of the anger and fear and guilt he carries," Pond says.

Through telling his story and helping others "...he gains the sense that he can make some meaning of his life, it gives him a sense of contributing," Thompson explains. "But he still struggles."

His mental state, however, is some evidence that he is succeeding. Arn thinks of suicide less these days. For now, it is important to him to stay alive. "You feel responsible for living when somebody else dying for you. Kids dying for me during the war – kids who naturally don't know what idea of saving people was, but they are very, very unselfish of themselves, to the point they rather get killed saving my life," he says. "I have, compared to them, to do such a little thing: to go and help, here or there, trying to save somebody's life." ▼

ARN'S ACTIVITIES AND AWARDS

1984
- Co-founded Children of War, international program of gathering child war survivors to speak in U.S. high schools

1988
- Recipient, Reebok Human Rights Award

1990
- Founded big brother/sister program for Southeast Asians in Rhode Island

1990-1992
- Presidential Scholar, Providence College
- Founded Peace Makers, a peer leadership program for troubled Southeast Asian teens in Providence
- Gang mediator, Providence, Rhode Island
- Speaker, Yale and Harvard universities, on genocide and the aftermath

1991
- Recipient, Amnesty International Human Rights Award, presented by President Jimmy Carter

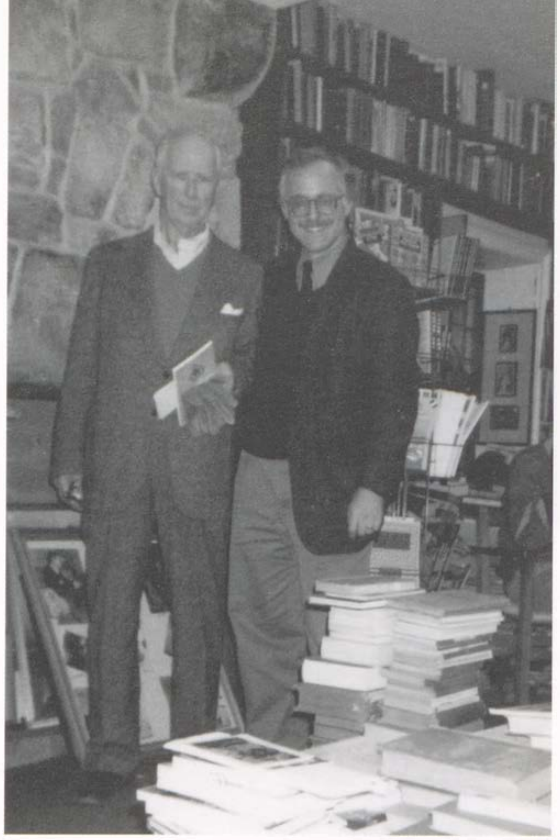
1992
- Bachelor of Arts, International Relations, Providence College

1993
- Recipient, Leadership Award, Cambodian Network Council
- Recipient, Khol Award
- Founded Cambodian Volunteers for Community Development, in-country community and human revitalization organization

1996
- Recipient, Spirit of Anne Frank Award

1997
- Produced four CDs of traditional and contemporary Khmer music with Cambodian youth in Lowell, MA

1998
- Presented Global Citizens Award to former First Lady of Mozambique in South Africa



Lindsay Waters (right) with his uncle, Joe Dolan, at Kenny's Bookshop in Galway, Ireland.

"If memories

were all

I sang,

I'd rather

drive

a truck."

Rick Nelson, "Garden Party"

Editor's Note:
This essay is based on the Distinguished Alumnus Lecture presented by Lindsay Waters '69 on October 17, 1997 in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the Liberal Arts Honors Program at Providence College.

"poetry. WELL-EDUCATED. pity."

By Lindsay Waters '69
Executive Editor for the Humanities
Harvard University Press

A couple of years ago I went to Ireland for the first time with my Uncle Joe Dolan. It was a wonderful thing. We met relatives in Galway, and down in "Sunny Southeast" Ireland at the Wexford Opera we even met Elvis Costello. I explained as best I could to my uncle why I was so excited to meet Elvis, one of the greatest singer-songwriters of our day. I explained to Uncle Joe that I thought this was the equivalent of meeting the W. B. Yeats of our time. Uncle Joe was polite.

I also had an experience there for which I was unprepared. I looked around and saw people with the same hair color as my mother and my children and it occurred to me for the first time that I belonged to an ethnic group. If I had been born in 1890 or 1920, I would have never been allowed to forget this. Child of the Fifties that I am, I don't think about this very much. But there I was, in My Israel, a country of four million People of the Book, just like Israel, every one of whom seems to know one another, and they could place us, too, amidst themselves when we explained we were members of the wider Kenny clan of the famous bookshop in Galway. It was, as they say, grand. Like being returned to a fold that you somehow had gotten some distance from, without your noticing it, but to which you really belonged. It felt so right to be there with them. And I feel that same rightness tonight being back here where I went to school, at Providence College, thanks to the kindness of Rodney Delasanta, here among the Irish, Italian, and Quebecois Catholics.

When I was here at PC, I read a play in Dr. Hennedy's class in Elizabethan Drama called *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. Could be tonight you'll be seeing *A Man Killed with Kindness*! I feel like a deer caught in your headlights. I want to thank Rodney for his white elephant honor, leaving me the task of singing for my supper as your Distinguished Alumnus Lecturer to the Liberal Arts Honors Program.

This sort of commission demands that you go back and rake over a lot of coals you thought were dead. Maybe you hoped they were dead. It was Kierkegaard who said that "It requires youth to hope, and youth to recollect, but it requires courage to will repetition." Courage – or the untimely request from one's *caro professore,* the one who makes you an offer you cannot refuse.

Kierkegaard goes on to say that "He who would only hope is cowardly, he who would only recollect is a voluptuary, but he who wills repetition is a Mensch."[1] I tried to get away from the task by doing the job of a voluptuary or a coward, but then found myself dragged in to the task of trying to recover and repeat my trail down some of the roads I traveled here at PC. Please take away this cup, I wanted to say to Rodney. At first – to cite one of the favorite poems of the esteemed founder of this program and our beloved teacher, Paul van K. Thomson – "I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways / Of my own mind, and in the midst of tears / I hid from Him." But now, here, "grimed with smears, / I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years –"; and "My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap."[2] It is getting close to Halloween. Let me see if I can make the bones move and shake.

No one better to get the bones and flesh up and dancing than Madonna. In Madonna's 1986 song "Live to Tell," we get a sense of how serious a job going back into the past for the sake of repetition can be. The singer says:

I have a tale to tell
Sometimes it gets so hard to hide it well...
A man can tell a thousand lies
I've learned my lesson well
Hope to live to tell the secret I have learned
Til then it will burn inside of me
And she says: *If I ran away*
I'd never have the strength to go very far
How would they hear the beating of my heart?

Dave Marsh writes about "Live to Tell" that "if there weren't such massive prejudice against Madonna's confident displays of her sexuality, 'Live to Tell' would be ranked among the greatest pop songs written in the past decades, a penetrating psychological portrait,"[3] a portrait of the drama that goes on between adults and youth.

Madonna's question is my question: Can I tell you a story, a secret, not a world-historical secret, but a secret, a secret from myself mostly, that I did not try to think through – I kept it hidden so well – until challenged by Rodney Delasanta to come home, home to the place I left home to get to? Can I tell you the story so that you can hear my heart beating, as indeed it did? Don't get the wrong idea: This is not an *X-Files* sort of story. The key to the plot does not hinge on you believing in alien abduction. This is a very Arts Honors, a very PC story, from back in the days when PC meant PC and not Political Correctness or personal computer. I may eventually wind my way back to what I am doing now and why going to Providence College was the best start in the educational world I could have gotten to enable me to do what I am doing, but for now I am going to just talk about what thoughts and especially what feelings this homecoming provoked in me.

Forced to look back, as I find myself, forced to look back at myself, I am not so happy with what I remember of the character who I was back then – detached from others but not detached from myself. I was right off the farm, literally, a farm way out west of Chicago. That's fine. I am proud of that, though I didn't have anything to do with choosing to lead a countercultural life before there was a "Counter-Culture," except getting up to feed the hogs every day. What hurts is seeing just how pretentious and obnoxious I was then once I got off the farm, and remembering that I really only wanted to be more pretentious and obnoxious. I was entirely self-absorbed. Who isn't at that age? But I think I excelled in this not entirely commendable behavior. Like Dion, "I lived in dreams," only in dreams. Taking a page from the Everly Brothers, whenever I wanted anything at all, all I had to do was dream.

[1]Soren Kierkegaard, *Repetition: An Essay in Experimental Psychology,* translated by Walter Lowrie (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1946), p. 5.

[2]Francis Thompson, "The Hound of Heaven," (1893), lines 3-5, 119-121, in Walter E. Houghton and G. Robert Stange, editors, *Victorian Poetry and Poetics*, second edition (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1968), pp. 723-725.

[3]Dave Marsh, *The Heart of Rock & Soul: The 1001 Greatest Singles Ever Made* (New York: New American Library, 1989), pp. 37-38.

On my way to college for my first semester I hitched a ride to the East Coast in the fall of 1965 with my Aunt Ceil Roncalio from Cheyenne, Wyoming. She was on her way back to Washington, D.C. with the kids, to join her husband, Teno, the one and only representative from the State of Wyoming in the House. Me? I was the King of the World; and, when she stopped to pick me up, I ascended into a comfy seat in her car. She kindly disrupted my reverie and who knows what dreams of grandeur to point out to me that my mother was seated over on the old swingset behind the house bent over and crying. Her firstborn was leaving home. And Ceil suggested it might be a nice thing if I would go back and actually kiss her goodbye instead of just disappearing into the East, the hero of my own dreams. I will be grateful till I die to my Aunt Ceil. The hit song of September 1, 1965 was the Lovin' Spoonful's "Do You Believe in Magic?" The answer to that one is affirmative.

Providence was so beautiful, so quaint, so old, so different, so foreign! Seven hills, just like Rome, a proud citizen whom I met at the bus stop in downtown on my way up to Smith Hill told me. And here I was to soak up the culture of Providence. Back then I always said that I was from Chicago, a big city, grander (surely) than Providence. The mayor of Chicago, Richard J. Daley, a very great man indeed, then in his glory, had been an employee of my grandad, Mr. P. T. Dolan, who smoked great big cigars while he said his rosary in the morning waiting for George his chauffeur to pick him up and drive him to work at the Stock Yards where he was Live Stock Commissioner. But I was really from the country, a farmer boy who sought solitude in tall cornfields and up wooded creeks. I was so disappointed when I got to PC and could not persuade my two roommates to join me in saying the rosary every night in our dorm room just like we did at home, all nine of us kids and my mom. You cannot imagine a more orthodox upbringing, but maybe you – you students of PC – maybe you can!

There were some of us back in 1965 who were so impervious to the obvious that when Bob Dylan sang "Like a Rolling Stone" we did not understand that he was offering what ought to be taken as criticism of the character who was being described in the song, maybe an earlier version of himself. The crack of the drum that ignites "Like a Rolling Stone" was the shot heard round my world in the spring of 1965. Through the night went Dylan's cry of alarm to every village and farm, a "cry of defiance and not of fear."[4] "No direction home" made even the prospect of hell seem like heaven. Who we might become was so completely unknown to us that the notion of being a rolling stone sounded like a great notion.

We were always savage at my family's home about those who left home. We told stories about them. How condescendingly, however lovingly, we spoke of my Uncle Joe who had left Illinois to follow his heart to Arkansas and became – of all things! – a Democrat. I, who had been there with my mom and Aunt Nita to hear Barry Goldwater give his acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention at the Cow Palace in San Francisco in 1964, was nonetheless willing to take the chance that I would never find the way back home by removing myself to foreign Providence. I wasn't just willing, I was eager to light out for distant parts.

The best way, perhaps, to convey to you my isolation and priggishness is to tell you that when I read James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* I took it not as fiction but as a realistic work of reportage. This book must come across to non-Catholics as fantasy, as fantastic as a medieval romance. I did not see irony at work in it at all. I could not imagine the amazing acts of imagination that it takes to achieve that powerful act of portraiture. I hated Stephen's enemies as if they were my enemies. "You're a born sneerer, Stevie," says Davin. I had been through soul-wrenching spiritual retreats back at Marmion Military Academy thanks to the Benedictine monks. The shrouding of the statues in our parish church every Holy Week before Easter hit me like a death in the family. Guilt racked me. I did not hear what Joyce was saying when he described Stephen's thinking as "a dusk of doubt and self-mistrust lit up at moments by lightnings of intuition" and summed him up as "an antisocial being." Stephen's destiny "was to be elusive of social and religious orders," and so was mine. "Non serviam: I will not serve" was his motto.[5] Let it be mine!

I had escaped "Maggie's Farm" back in Illinois. Now I would escape other masters. Some of it seems comical now. The PC dress code then prohibited the wearing of long hair. I remember campus disciplinarian, Father Wally Heath, noiselessly coming up behind me as a I sat at dinner in the Raymond Hall Refectory and allowing his fingers to crawl up my neck and through my hair, pulling on a clump of it, and saying "What's all this?" That did not seem very funny, but I did lead a comic protest in favor of loosening the dress code. And some things were not comic at all: The War in Vietnam was being expanded by the Best and the Brightest Harvard-educated minds down in Washington, and it was being fought on the ground by graduates of schools like PC. Good former

[4]Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "The Landlord's Tale: Paul Revere's Ride," in John Hollander, editor, *American Poetry: The Nineteenth Century* (New York: The Library of America, 1993), volume one, page 422.

[5]James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (New York: The Viking Press, 1964), pp. 202, 177, 162, 117.

ROTC member that I was – back at my high school, Marmion Military Academy, I was the champion speed-disassembler and reassembler of the M-1 Rifle with a record of 9.5 seconds – I linked up with anti-war activists at RISD and started the Providence College Students for Peace primarily to counsel students to think twice before joining ROTC.

But my heart was in the arts. I responded to Stephen Daedalus the way I responded to Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones, because they were engaged in what I was engaged in – "a rebellion of intellect."[6] As Mick sang, "What can a poor boy do, 'cep' to sing in a rock'n'roll band?" Exactly. Well, maybe not exactly. Mick with his full ride to the London School of Economics might not have qualified as a "poor boy," but he expressed the certainty and desire of millions of boys and girls who thought that it must not be necessary that we all become doctors, lawyers, and accountants. There must be a life for spirit on this rock.

What distinguishes Stephen and Mick is their stand of aesthetic defiance. The Stones especially created a space for art and spirit in their play-acting, in their mimicry of Blacks of the American South from Elmore James to Chuck Berry. Hedonism is only what the Stones seemed to be about, suggests one critic. And I think that critic is right: what they were chiefly about was being in favor of art, and they armed themselves with irony and detachment and any other weapon in the armament of the intellect to support "their awe-inspiring commitment to rock and roll itself." Like Stephen they are emotionally detached from everything, everything, but art. That is why they dance around issues of political commitment, because in 1968 they have to. But they don't engage in politics. I was more engaged in politics when I summoned up all the courage I had to leaflet people against the War in Gage Park in Chicago trying to do something more than just get "my fair share of abuse."

But I did not do that all the time, mostly I roamed the streets of Providence by foot and holed up in my apartment reading and listening to music. Only a highly intellectual rock band could sing the songs they do. They appealed to my snobbishness, snooty bohemians that they were. What's erotic about the Stones is their detachment as Mick plays the role of leering, sneering seducer.[7] (And to think: I will be seeing the Stones next Monday with my fifteen-year old daughter, Chloe, who won tickets to the show by being the 108th caller in to KISS-108.)

Guided mostly by my intellect and only in a subterranean way by my feelings, and insecure in my grasp of art and its hold on me, I thought that art belonged to the rich. I was wrong. Oh yes, they possess it, but such possession is like eating the husks of corn! But I didn't know I would never be closer to art than I was when I was listening to the Regents' hit single "Barbara Ann" over and over again in 1961 or to hit singles of the Stones and Dylan in 1965. How do we come to know our desires and put names on our feelings except through the process of engaging a work of music or literature? Art is the name we ought to give to this engagement, this process in which the things we call artworks are in the loop but only part of the loop. Today I read Dave Hickey write "Bad taste is real taste, of course, and good taste is the residue of someone else's privilege,"[8] and say yes, of course, but such a thought would not have been a matter of course for me then. At that time I thought there was an inside of art which I was on the outside of. My job was to get inside as quickly as I could and not let anyone know I had any doubts about my claim to a share of the cultural pie. I thought of living in art as a value of the highest priority and that living in it, as I sought to do, would be like living in a state of grace as defined by my *Baltimore Catechism* that I had memorized back with the Dominican nuns at St. Pat's grade school in St. Charles, Illinois. I thought snobbishness was an attitude that a person who "had" art would naturally and rightly possess. I thought that if I could gain the certainty that I walked in the ways of art that I would be

Waters with his father on the family farm in Illinois.

[6]Joyce, *Portrait*, 124.

[7]Simon Frith, "Beggars Banquet," in Greil Marcus, ed., *Stranded: Rock and Roll for a Desert Island* (New York: Knopf, 1979), pp. 29-39.

[8]Dave Hickey, *Air Guitar: Essays on Art & Democracy* (Los Angeles: Art issues Press, 1997), page 54.

characterized by not assurance but some sort of divine election. I thought that there must be rituals to which I would become in time an adept. I – and I was not alone in this – believed in progress in the arts. I believed that the arts could achieve an authenticity that freed them from the old artificialities and that the new pop arts of the sixties were sweeping away fakery and frippery. Dylan seemed to bring into rock from his years as a folkie the power of authenticity. When he plugged in an electric guitar down in Newport, he abandoned the pretenses of the advocates of the Folk Revival that they were mystically in touch with the "people" and something deeply rooted in authenticity, and probably he meant to throw over all the claims of the folkies, of whom he was one, to have reached ground zero of naturalness and to be bathing in aura. But that is not what it felt like to me. I was happy when he strapped on the machine, would never have found him unless he did so, but his activities then were still steeped in aura. I dare not speak for others, but I felt that progress was being made in the arts. Art was getting down, down to earth. As the Beatles, Stones, Dylan, Beach Boys, Supremes, and others strove for yet newer accomplishments, the notion of progress that emerges in such dynamic situations came to seem real to me, just as Vasari makes you feel excitement in progress when he recounts the history of Florentine painting from Giotto and Masaccio onwards.

And with progress in the practice of the arts came progressive politics – the idea that art and politics could be one. Thirty years ago in 1967, when I put on my Sergeant Pepper's moustache to the snickering of my mom and siblings, hope for the integration of Blacks and Whites seemed realistic because it was carried on a tide of sweet soul music, fusion music. I heard the Reverend King preach at Brown and followed him to New York City for the great rally in April that joined together the Civil Rights movement and the AntiWar movement. All along, the art of pop from Philly to Motown and Memphis had given expression to feelings of longing that Whites and Blacks could both acknowledge and thereby came to accept their commonality. We could know that when we fell in love both Blacks and Whites were filled with doubt and fear of being hurt. The vulnerability of a teenage Black girl from Philadelphia or Detroit was a feeling I shared. "Will you still love me tomorrow?" I was one with the Shirelles. Ever so indirectly Rock'n' Soul music reorganized society; I heard the message that "Ooh, child, things are going to get easier," as the Five Stairsteps sang. We were not to ascend to the top of the stairs, but we did not know that in 1967.

"Certain rules don't apply to the academic world," declares a placard created by the author for a campus demonstration in the Sixties.

I don't want to condemn myself as I was in the first and second years of college, fresh off the farm with a head full of songs, prayers, and books and wanting it to be yet fuller of songs and poems at the least. And when I heard it reported that Stephen Daedalus intended "to forge in the smithy of [his] soul the uncreated conscience of [his] race," it sounded to me like the greatest goal a young person could have; and I envied him for having such a clearly defined goal for his career. As a career objective that line would sound absurd on a c.v., but I was not thinking c.v.'s in those days and it sounded great to me.

As a young American, I felt entitled to, but not in possession of culture, so I felt anxious, as all parvenus do. There is something brittle about the pose I pretended to. Insecurity tries to conceal itself. The first book I was required to read at PC in the Arts Honors freshman course English 101 taught by Richard Murphy was Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*. Goodman, a volatile mix of Greenwich Village Beatnik and Neo-Aristotelian of the Chicago School, registered how the unsettled and unhappy youth of America in the 50s and 60s were growing up adrift. I thought reading this book was an unusual way to welcome us in to college, but I liked it. It was surprising. I gave little thought that the title of the book

could also describe not just what came out of the educational system of America but what came in, kids like myself, too serious by half. I am happy that our little insurrection on behalf of long hair at PC featured some irony and humor – as in signs that read "Jesus had long hair," so – dear college administrators – let us get on with the imitation of Christ, let us walk in his footsteps, and let us have the same "do" he did.

If we had truly had our wits about us, we might have protested to the college that they give us Aquinas back again, as protesting students at the University of Chicago in 1969 demanded – among other things – the reinstatement of intercollegiate football; college administrators happily agreed, hoping a little sense would get kicked into those eggheads when they hit the field. Shortly before 1965 when I arrived at PC, the reading of the *Summa Theologica* itself had been dropped in favor of summaries and commentaries on Thomas. And it had been dropped so recently that, several years after graduating from PC, I recognized the blue binding of the *Summa* on the shelf of my Italian professor Robert Dombroski at the University of Chicago when I took Italian 101 at the University of Chicago in 1971. I had just started studying with Dombroski and did not know him personally, but I could not resist asking him where he might have happened to have come upon this book, which was not often seen in North America far from Smith Hill. He tried to put me off by saying oh, he had gotten it at the small college he'd studied at. I said that was funny because I might happen to be a recent graduate of that small college if it went under the name of Providence College. Then it came out that Dombroski had indeed gone to PC and was one of the very first members of the Arts Honors colloquium we honor here tonight.

But I must get on to the tale I have to tell. The moralists of the present day who want to tame and control the arts complain about explicit rock lyrics and violent movies, and it is true what they say about art's power to provoke us. What those people say is more true than what the supposed defenders of the arts say when they tell us that it is "only" art, just a matter of formal properties, and therefore it is foolish to think art has any effect upon those who engage it.

When I was at PC, I took a class on seventeenth-century English literature, one in the sequence of courses on English literature, the "Survey," that was PC's greatest gift to me and to many others who went on to do more in the arts. This class on seventeenth-century literature was given by René Fortin, the legendary powerhouse of the Liberal Arts Honors Program in my time. On the poetry of John Donne, Fortin was magnificent. He really made me understand the power of the New Critical approach to literature with its attention to ambiguity, imagery, and symbolism. Each reading was a drama in which it was unclear how the words were going to cohere until Fortin helped us all – our fumbling fingers guided by his adept hands – pull the ears and then the whole rabbit out of the hat. Then we saw how the incarnationalist aesthetic that T. S. Eliot and all those who admired him appreciated in Donne worked in all its power and glory. The religious poetry of George Herbert also yielded much pleasure.

When we came to Milton, Fortin seemed less interested, a bit defensive, edgy. We students of the Survey did not consider the possibility that the curriculum that forced us to plow through some authors we did not appreciate also forced teachers to teach books that might not have appealed to them, such as books by the regicide John Milton. For me Milton was amazing. For the first time it dawned on me that I was living in a primarily Protestant country. As Keats writes, "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies/ When a new planet swims into his ken."[9] And it was not Mars, but the very planet I was living on. And I began to realize that there must be consequences for a person raised Catholic the way I had been. I began to see there were other ways of living in this country. I saw Adam and Eve naked enjoying themselves in the Garden:

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty seemed lords of all . . .[10]

I think Milton may have made the poem so long – so long no one ever wished it a line longer, noted Dr. Johnson – to try to conceal the nakedness of Adam and Eve after the fact. He wrote the poem to construct a poem the size of a Gothic cathedral so that there would be enough privacy in one side chapel for this unadulterated bliss. I don't care. I'm glad he did it.

Donne was beautiful and complex, but he was what I knew or could imagine. He seemed a High Church Episcopalian who would not have trouble pledging allegiance to the Pope. I was amazed at his lines but not his thought. Milton was different. I could not have imagined that paradise was achievable upon earth the way Protestants did in Milton's day and still do now in America until I had read Milton. I resolved to try to meet

[9]John Keats, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," lines 9-10, in John Keats, *Poetical Works*, edited by H.W. Garrod (London: Oxford University Press, 1956), p. 38.

[10]John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 288-290, in John Milton, *Poetical Works*, edited by Douglas Bush (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), pp. 281-82.

Protestants and think about trying to marry one. This was in the fall of 1967 and thus some time before Mick Jagger was going to sing "Sympathy for the Devil," but I was filled with sympathy for the sinners Adam and Eve and the romantic rebel Satan in *Paradise Lost*, just as Milton was. That year 1967 was the year that the most famous of recent commentaries on Milton appeared – Stanley Fish's *Surprised by Sin*. Fish argues that Milton's poem is a sort of elaborate mouse-trap to catch sinners having sinful thoughts so that they can learn the wrongness of their thoughts before they dare put them into action. "Be Lowly Wise" and all that![11] But Milton the Rebel was also teaching people to rise up. The poem may be in part what Fish says it is, but it is equally and more a how-to book for would-be sinners. The poem's deepest music has the steady beat of Satan's music inspiring a clash against any clampdown. As the rebel angel says, "And in my choice / To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:/ Better to reign in hell than serve in heav'n" (Book One, lines 261-263).

Milton was the Rousseau of English literature, giving rise to thousands of rebellious thoughts and actions. Eliot loathed both Rousseau and Milton, loathed them for all the Kurt Cobain juvenile romanticism that surges through their texts. Our contemporary moralizers about the arts would never put Milton on their Index of Forbidden Books – Heaven forbid! He is a classic, is he not? – but, if they were really serious about their work, they ought to. Remember the scene: Adam and Eve are brought down and subdued at the end of *Paradise Lost.* They exit, as it were, handcuffed. But in the famous Masaccio painting of their exile from the Garden in Santa Maria del Carmine in Florence, as in Milton's poem, they still have the looks of a Woody Harrelson and a Courtney Love about them:

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
(Book Twelve, lines 648-49)

Natural Born Killers, if I ever saw them. They are so attractive. Better to go down with them than stay in that little circumscribed garden (Talk about Maggie's Farm!). All Stephen Daedalus ever did by way of rebellion was to refuse to get down and kneel by his mother's bedside when she was dying and then allow his guilt about not doing so to torment him for the rest of his life! Talk about rebellion inside the head.

We were in the midst then of a full-scale Romantic Revival with a host of young rebels roving the earth – Mick, John Lennon, Jimi Hendrix, Sly Stone, Janis Joplin, and so on. I would choose Milton and flesh over Donne and spirit. And I was rebelling against my Professor Fortin. I remember once at the honors colloquium the question was put to Fortin: Did we have to just accept all the books the people before us in their wisdom had designated "classics" as classics and hence worthy matters of study at the colloquium? Fortin answered: Of course not, there were any number of books people had made required stops on the Heritage Trail of Western Civ that he did not appreciate at all. Like the works of Stendhal, he said. That remark stayed in my head, and I wondered what my own views of Stendhal might be, if I read him seriously. And I never did, until a couple of years ago when I was recounting to a friend an incident that happened to me on the farm when a piece of farm equipment had broken down. My dad was having a terrible time trying to fix it when he noticed me up in the corn crib sitting peacefully waiting to continue unloading the corn that could not be unloaded because the fool piece of equipment had broken. And I was up there, nose buried in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, and he could not contain himself and just yelled at me. My friend said, Oh, that's just like the incident in *The Red and the Black* where Julien Sorel's father jumps on him when he discovers him reading up in the sawmill. I read *The Red and the Black* and then I discovered why, perhaps, René Fortin had not appreciated me, because if you cannot sympathize with the plight of Julien Sorel – who bears a striking resemblance to Stephen Daedalus, except he goes a lot further before he crashes – then you could not feel great sympathy for the figure I was back at PC in the late 1960s. "Our hero," says Stendhal, "fell short of daring to be sincere."

Stendhal's narrator says that it was "not our intention to give a flattering picture of anyone." Indeed. It was not fun to see myself in the picture Stendhal painted. As it says in J. M. Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, "Them that kills their fathers is a vain lot surely."[12] It was particularly painful to see how egotism led to friction, how it caused a character like Sorel not to do the good he might do. At one point, failing, he asks himself "Am I a coward, after all?"[13] I asked myself this when I failed to step up and lead the Providence College Students for Peace that I had founded. Self-concern overcame me."Fear strikes out," to quote Jimmy Pearsall. Walter Benjamin writes that "no feeling is richer in variations than fear;" and "fear

[11]Stanley Fish, *Surprised by Sin* (London: Macmillan, 1967). Fish argues that Milton writes the way he does so that you as reader can discover again and again that there is no way of eluding God's justice. Fish's argument about how Milton's syntax trips up the reader of the poem so he realizes he is like the fly who will never escape God's Great Spider's Web is intellectually plausible but does not conform to this reader's experience. On Fish's view we readers ought to come to realize that there is no way out of the system, so there is really no point in sinning. No rebellion will do you any good.

[12]J.M. Synge, *Plays* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1968), vol. 2, p. 99.

[13]Stendhal, *Scarlet and Black: A Chronicle of the Nineteenth Century,* translated by Margaret R. B. Shaw (Baltimore, Maryland: Penguin Books, 1953), pp. 111, 68, 45.

COWL

WINTER SPORTS SPECIAL NOV. 29

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

E COLLEGE, PROVIDENCE, R. I., NOVEMBER 16, 1967 FOURTEEN PAGES

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE STUDENTS FOR PEACE staging a demonstration in protest of on-campus recruiting by the Central Intelligence Agency. —COWLists by FRED LUMB

PCSP Stages Protest Against CIA Interviews

Members of the Providence College Students for Peace, acting with the "sympathy" of the organization, held a small, passive demonstration against the Central Intelligence Agency last Thursday. The planned job interviews took place without incident.

Disgusted by what they called the "immoral and illegal"

Members of the dissenting group attended an open discussion with the CIA recruiter at 4:30 p.m., hoping to question the recruiter on matters of CIA policy. They were thwarted in

A 1967 protest by Providence College Students for Peace is front page news in The Cowl.

of responsibility is the most spiritual of all those kinds of fear."[14] (SW 1:318). I have felt ashamed of letting self overcome the need to do what I could have done well ever since. This oscillation between showing off and not showing up at all is not a pretty sight.

Joyce, Stendhal, and Milton were the sort of Northern Europeans who gravitated to Italy the way salmon go upstream at a certain time of year. I spent the summer of 1968 in Oxford, England, in a program run by the University of Massachusetts. At the end of the courses I took on Milton and English poetry and before I got on the boat-train to the Continent, I wrote a letter to René Fortin. It was one of those letters I have come to realize that it is OK to write if you don't send them and if you dispose of them to make sure you do not have to read them again yourself. My heart was beating as I put the aerogram into the pillar box. I do not know what I said in that letter, but you can bet that I must have been full of myself. The professors at Oxford had been so clever and yet modest in a Protestant way. They had no patience with the New Criticism in which I had been trained by Fortin – an American obsession like the hunt for the whale that they could not understand. Here I was on my way to Rome, but in search of art not religion. I no longer thought that the best art could coincide with the best religion, that it needed to be subordinate to religion. I had had a very successful time in Royal Oxford, despite Milton's reservations about it. He loathed the place, bastion as it was of his enemies in his day. To be setting off for Italy that August felt as good as when I got into Aunt Ceil's Cadillac back in 1965, and I was about as sensitive and in touch with my surroundings as I was then when Ceil kindly reminded me of the existence of my mother. I did not want to be in Chicago that August and instead watched the disgrace of my city take place on TV at the home of an English cousin in Rome.

What I said in that letter to Fortin is as lost in haze as the words of Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit." It looks and smells like teen spirit, all right, the incoherent vocalizings of a bunch of slackers who have been reading too much Dostoyevsky and want to pronounce two words on life as it appears to them – "A Denial." Nothing more articulate or less expressive than that.

From this distance I think the issue between Fortin and me was not personal. Maybe we were too much alike to like one another? Maybe. There is competition between generations. I do think there was a clash with roots in serious principles. We clashed because he thought of literature in terms of symbolism and I in terms of allegory. If I have been as a publisher unusually interested in the work of Paul de Man and Walter Benjamin, it is because of my wanting to see how the theory and practice of allegory can be elaborated. But it has taken me years to understand things this way and to foster and try to work out on my own a full-blown counter-aesthetic to the aesthetic of symbolism.[15] And I wish René Fortin were here today so we could talk about and he could challenge these ideas.

The important thing, I think, at this moment is to register that there was a clash and not to paper it over, and this was the site of that important and decisive clash, and so it is all the more important to me.

Dylan, as I said, has always been ahead of things. In 1967 he stepped back from the Romantic revival with its misleading ideas of progress and authenticity. He was not going to try to wave lanterns at runaway trains, but he did write some very interesting music that has just now been getting the critical attention it deserves. In 1997, Mick Jagger is singing about St. Augustine, but it is too little too

[14] Walter Benjamin, *Selected Writings*, edited by Michael Jennings et al., translated by Rodney Livingstone et al. (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1996), volume one, page 318.

[15] At the heart of a series of books that *The New York Times* and others have said is noteworthy, *The Theory and History of Literature* series that I started at the University of Minnesota Press with my friends Wlad Godzich and Jochen Schulte-Sasse, is the work of Paul de Man. We published four books of his there, and I have myself edited one of the volumes and written an account of the life and works of de Man. Allegory as a way to understand history is the issue in the books I have published at Minnesota and Harvard. This emerges clearly in the works of Greil Marcus, Roberto Calasso, and Karal Ann Marling that I have had the good fortune to publish. My current work includes publishing approximately three thousand pages of the writings of Walter Benjamin.

late. In '67 Dylan recorded the haunting, allegorical songs of John Wesley Harding and among them was "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine." Dylan's speaker, worrying he might be among the ones who had put Augustine to death, laments, bows his head, and cries. This is a far cry from the too studied effort of Mr. Jagger to issue a high-minded *apologia pro vita sua* and wrap himself in the cloak of the sinner-saint.[16] Does he want to exonerate himself. For what? For Altamont? Can't be done. I liked him playing the sinner. But in 1967 and '68 Dylan, John Lennon, and Van Morrison began to undermine the revolutionary elitism that was developing in the Counter Culture. Their rejection of the elitist vanguardism that had characterized earlier great upsurges of rebellious energies in the modern period is a most honorable part of the Sixties. Dylan must have felt that such vanguardism flew too far off the ground of the places where people live and die, that old "Weird America" Griel Marcus talks about that gets left behind by vanguards on the Left and the Right equally."[17]

When Dylan pulled back, he made a lot of music in the year of '67 that has dribbled forth into print under the name of the *Basement Tapes.* And he wrote a song, "Tears of Rage," that gives a voice to all those who might have felt the way René Fortin might have felt when he got my letter from England. "We carried you in our arms on Independence Day, and now you've thrown it all aside and put us on our way." What child can be so cruel to a parent? Maybe I had to rebel against Fortin because he had delivered to me that gorgeous poetry of Milton's that pointed out for me the way to go. It surely did point the way. Maybe I had to rebel against him because my father was – I guess – a rebel himself who had established a back-to-nature commune before the Sixties calendars were ever opened with all us kids the unwilling participants. It is hard to rebel against someone who is already rebelling – I guess he'd always been rebelling – and by the 1960s part of what my father must have been rebelling against was just the muchness of our family. We formed the status quo he currently needed to rebel against. Besides, my father had a capacity to ignore my rebellious gestures. Fortin kindly acknowledged mine. Maybe I felt I had to rebel against Fortin because I could imagine in our relationship the competition and aggressiveness of older generation against younger generation? This was no dream: I was not keeping the faith from generation to generation that he was hoping for.

Dylan fills in some of the story of the song of Madonna's that I began with. Both are stories of what Greil Marcus calls "forgetting, rejection, betrayal, and...abandonment."[18] Both artists agree that the important thing is the registration of the clash. This is the story that must be told. When we gloss over these stories, when we fail to pass them on generation to generation, we risk losing all we have. Perhaps there is no other story to tell. I have had the good fortune to publish books by so many people whom I deeply admire – so many it is not fair to name names. I feel very lucky in this. One book I deeply admire is Roberto Calasso's *The Ruin of Kasch*, a book about a city in the heart of Africa that falls to ruin when its inhabitants forget to pass on the stories of conflict and sacrifice that are the cost of living in this world.[19]

I had to put on a mask, and he had to put on a mask. I had learned much about the donning of masks from Mick Jagger, about how to treat my face as a mask – all his mugging and his Jumpin' Jim Crow act. Mick had put back on the mask that had slipped off the face of the English entertainer about the time of the Suez Crisis. His behavior was very instructive. There's using masks to hide things to others, to yourself; and then there's using masks to reveal things. What Fortin might have asked me is what the singer of Dylan's song so plaintively asks, "Why must I always be the thief?" Why do you make me go the extra mile to accommodate you? It's a parent's complaint that echoes through the ages. Walter Benjamin, in a short essay entitled "Experience" that he wrote for a student movement paper in Berlin in 1913, said that youth in its "struggle for responsibility" fights "against someone who is masked. The mask of the adult is called 'experience.' It is expressionless, impenetrable, and ever the same."[20] He says defiantly that if the cost of being so experienced is giving up the dreams and ideals of youth, however delusory, he is not willing to pay the price. That refusal is the mask he puts on in return. My friend Wlad Godzich says that Benjamin's message can be summarized as follows: "The present is responsible for the future and to the future; it owes the future to bring the past to it. This is the principle that animates all of Benjamin's thinking." And that is why I come to you with this story.

When I was a student, to show off I read Joyce's *Ulysses* and then hoped I would have a chance to quote it in a class sometime. Saul Bellow's *Herzog* was just out in those days and my professor Mario D'Avanzo said that he heard that the name "Herzog" came from *Ulysses*. I raised my

[16]The Rolling Stones, "Saint of Me," on *Bridges to Babylon*, produced by Don Was and the Glimmer Twins, Virgin 7243-8-44712-2-4.

[17]Greil Marcus, "The Old, Weird America," in his *Invisible Republic: Bob Dylan's Basement Tapes* (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1997), pp. 87-126.

[18]Marcus, *Invisible Republic*, pages 204-205.

[19]Roberto Calasso, *The Ruin of Kasch*, translated by William Weaver and Stephen Sartarelli (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1993).

[20]Benjamin, *Selected Writings*, 1:3.

A "pro-hair" protest of the Sixties.

hand and said yes, professor, it did and I had seen it there. No pushover, D'Avanzo said Where did you see it? I brought in the page citation the next day. I bring up *Ulysses* because it was a book which I failed to understand deeply. Books read us. We do not read them. Frequently they find us wanting. I had felt very sorry for Leopold Bloom and his wife Molly, pathetic creatures, and identified with Stephen Daedalus. In those days of the Vietnam War, Stephen sounded right when he said, "Let my country die for me," rather than the other way around. And I didn't need a dictionary to translate his line "I must kill the priest and the king" into language befitting my circumstances.[21] Identifying with Stephen might have been a reasonable thing to do when reading *Portrait*, but it was definitely the wrong way to understand *Ulysses* where the pathetic figure is Stephen.

When time for graduation came in 1969, there was a round of parties. On one particularly bright day that June the parties were non-stop. These were fancy things at the president's residence, a banquet for the literary magazine, and then a party at Professor Murphy's house. I had never had a martini before. They go down rather easily, and I was on my way down before the sun went down; but I stayed up. Big mistake. In the "Circe" episode of *Ulysses* Stephen gets so drunk and maudlin that Bloom has to pick him up and drag him home. Bloom comments tersely: "Poetry. Well educated. Pity."[22] In the middle of the banquet for the literary magazine, Mrs. Fortin came up to me and told me that she wanted me to know that no matter what I was indeed one of René's fellows. I thanked her for her reassuring words, but, in fact, I could only be included in the circle by an act of extreme courtesy. And that was and is OK. "Every distance is not near." "Life is brief," as the speaker of Dylan's "Tears of Rage" sings. We don't have time to waste disguising the truth. I got drunk that night and I made a spectacle of myself at Mr. Murphy's house. The evening ended with me exiting the scene suddenly, running down the street, and collapsing on someone's front step, someone who refused to let me use his phone to call my roommate for a ride home. John Hennedy performed the office of Bloom and rescued me and took me home.

And so I have come back to give a better book report on *Ulysses* than I did back in 1968 as a partial apology for being a show-off. I realize that the better way to understand the novel is to realize the centrality of Bloom. I also realize that my lot now is, I hope, with Bloom, a traveler and middleman of culture. Like him I believe that you can defy gravity and serve God and Mammon.

The taste issue I raised before is infinitely complex. One thing education ought to be about – but the time allotted to educating us is too short and we are usually too young when we are in school anyway to learn such a lesson – is how to turn your vices into your virtues. That snobbery and pretentiousness – let us call it an excessive passion to exercise the art of discriminating – that I had come to college with and that could not be knocked out of me is, I believe, central to my job as a publisher, where every manuscript that comes our way – be it from howsoever grand an office – must be judged on its merits; there is no presumption of worthiness. It was Walter Benjamin, who is a lot more like Bloom than people might expect, even if he did choose the Kurt Cobain way out, who said that a lot of people think that what is most important about Proust is the novelty of the form of his great novel, *Remembrance of Things Past*, structured around the act of remembering. Wrong, says Benjamin. What is central to the book is Proust's snobbery and his analysis of it.[23] Why such a vice might be a virtue for a publisher is that "the attitude of the snob is nothing but the consistent, organized, steely view of life from the chemically pure standpoint of the consumer," in my case the consumer of books. That is how it works when I am doing my job right. Both my grandfathers were middlemen, one for

[21] James Joyce, *Ulysses* (New York: Vintage Books, 1966), pages 591, 589.

[22] Joyce, *Ulysses*, page 608.

[23] "Proust's analysis of snobbery, which is far more important than his apotheosis of art, constitutes the apogee of his criticism of society." Walter Benjamin, "The Image of Proust," in his *Illuminations*, translated by Harry Zohn, edited and introduced by Hannah Arendt (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1968), pages 209-210.

produce and the other for livestock. I am a middleperson, if you will, for ideas and words – not that different from Leopold Bloom. And I am indebted to my mother as Proust is to his. I said we were savage on those who left home; we were just as merciless on things brought in to the home, like clothing. My mother – it is her birthday today, she would have been 76 years old – educated us in snobbery because of the way she examined fabric for quality and tested stitching on clothing to see if the sewing was well done.

But what about the lot of you? What about all you Daedali and Daedalae? What might I tell you? I would not dare recommend you avoid doing what Stephen did. Rather do what I hope I do now and was afraid to do then. A blasé knowingness manacles too many of the intelligentsia, today and always. Knowingness comes out in a will to not be fooled, not get snookered by any mystery trends or mystery tramps. To that I say: Dare to be dumb. Go beyond Immanuel Kant's imperative *Sapere aude* to dare to know what it is you don't know. There are too many people too hip to be cool, as a recent song by the Toasters puts it. I did not understand Dylan very well in the 60s. I thought his songs were the quintessence of hipness. In fact they offered a critique of pure hipness. In a line that put me off his work ever after, Saul Bellow makes fun of the striving bourgeoisie of Chicago for their feeble attempts to get culture, listening in to WFMT and learning about cheese fondue between smidgins of Smetana.[24] Had he forgotten where he came from that he could scorn such as these? I felt hurt. Just because you might fall if you try to fly is no reason not to try, no reason to give in to fear even if people like Bellow make fun of your feeble efforts. As Joyce says, "Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age."[25] Neil Young echoed his words in his tribute to Johnny Rotten, "Rust Never Sleeps": "It's better to burn out than to fade away."[26]

Living in culture is not like living in the state of grace. Remember that you were raised Catholics. You are not Puritans. That Miltonic desire to create heaven on earth has its ugly side, a desire to make word and object coincide that Catholics do not as a rule even think is an option on this earth. This is a fallen world. The Rule of Saints cannot be established here and it is idolatry to suppose so. For this reason Catholics tend to have a profound interest in symbols not as something to be worshipped but as means to an end, means to an end that take on a life of their own. Those raised Catholic tend to appreciate forms and icons. Protestants can make holy causes out of an effort to empty the world of all graven images. In the early days of this country, in 1717, Cotton Mather urged his readers to "Flee from the Idolatry of Popery" because they were such creators of images.[27] The scourge of Ireland, Oliver Cromwell, had made a march of devastation through Ireland to rid it of popery, first of all, by destroying churches and statues; but Milton had dared create images with which we might identify. Catholics tend to know that there is a necessary noncoincidence between signifier and signified, a gap that makes allegory possible and gives us some room to manoeuvre. If the difference between Catholics and Protestants is the difference between searching for forms and the throwing off of all forms to get down to ground level, then I have no doubt about what camp I am in. But that is too simple a picture. Although polemicists might try to limit our choices, the matter is much more complicated, and I find myself caught up in the conflicting ways of thinking about art that have been set in motion ever since the drama began between Egyptians and Jews about how or whether the gods can be represented, a drama we reenact time and again.

Living in culture is not like being in a state of grace. You cannot have it once and for all. You have to constantly re-experience it in negotiating the gap of allegory where we find the freedom, limited as it is, that we are always striving for. It may turn out that this paper is another version of my letter to Fortin, something it might have been OK to muse about but not something to send off for any one else to read. I am not sure. One thing I'm sure of is that living in culture means paying more attention to your feelings than your intellect, unlike young Stevie or Mick or me, and much more like Leopold and Molly. This talk is an effort on my part to do that. ▼▼

[24]Saul Bellow, *To Jerusalem and Back: A Personal Account* (New York: Penguin Books, 1976), pages 146-147. I had admired him so much, but in these pages he describes how he gladly escaped the world of Chicagoans grasping for a culture that would always elude them, contaminated as it is with the commercial realm, for the seminar room at the University of Chicago where David Grene was teaching Homer in Greek. This was the real thing, whereas at the other side of the city down 55th Street poor Lithuanian immigrants were never going to get it.

[25]James Joyce, *Dubliners* (London: Penguin, 1956), page 219.

[26]Neil Young & Crazy Horse, "Hey, Hey, My, My (Into the Black)," *Rust Never Sleeps*, 1979, Produced by Neil Young, David Briggs, and Tim Mulligan, Warner Brothers HS 2295.

[27]Cotton Mather, *Icono-clastes: An Essay Upon the Idolatry, Too Often Committed Under the Profession of the Most Reformed Christianity* (Boston, 1717). Quoted by Larry J. Reynolds, "American Cultural Iconography" in *American Literary History* 9 (1997), p. 386.

Above and on the back cover is the Olympic Gold Medal presented to Sara DeCosta '01 at the Winter Games in Nagano, Japan.

The power of a dream is enormous.