Where the heart is

By Michael J. Ballway
CRUSADER FEATURES COLUMNIST

As we pack up our bags and take our semester exams, there seems to be one overriding thought on everybody’s mind. No matter how much that P-Chem final may stress you, no matter how know that English paper weighs upon your mind, no matter how often you, gentle reader, are driven to the brink by the demands of your professors, you share in common with your classmates one image, one concept, one underlying unity upon us, even if it is 70 degrees late, vanilla, Krank 2.0 & crushed coffee intake – 8 shots of espresso, yes.

It’s where the heart is, and be it ever so humble, there’s no place like it. It stretches before us as the reward for months of hard work, beckoning us with the familiar and the comfortable.

“...what a lousy deal this is,” he suddenly remarked. “I mean, to taunt you with the glories of home and then kick you back out again, and for what? For a few measly weeks to torture you until you’re able to get back home again?”

Far from celebrating the landing at Plymouth, Joey seemed to be taking a fairly dim view of Thanksgiving break. But the kid had a point: what student doesn’t return from home in late November, dreading the exams and papers ahead, and wishing for just one more night with the big-screen TV in the rec room, or one more meal of mom’s cooking, or one more ride around town with the old gang? What student doesn’t treasure that short, late-November snapshot of the old stomping grounds when the stress of early December takes its toll?

We launched into a loud discussion over the merits of Thanksgiving break, and whether the school had the moral right to taunt us in this fashion. If the Church is going to take a stand against infringements upon human dignity, is it too much to ask that we, students at a college embracing a Catholic, Jesuit identity, be spared this yearly episode of “nyah, nyah, here’s the home that you’ll be missing while you’re cramming for the Calculus test.”

At this point, Joey, overcome with emotion by the overwhelming Holy Cross, page 12

Comments on the Passing Parade

What’s Happening in Worcester

A ‘whoop’ for Worcester

By Julia Crowley
CRUSADER FEATURES EDITOR

I’ve just realized why the newsprint issues just before Thanksgiving break. I feel braindead, and have spent the entire morning speaking in fractions of sentences, making no sense, and wishing this would spare this yearly episode of “nyah, nyah, here’s the home that you’ll be missing while you’re cramming for the Calculus test.”

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‘Bathwater’ creates a splash

By Matthew Connolly
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Christopher Durang’s play “Baby with the Bathwater,” staged this past weekend at Holy Cross by the department of theater arts, is a darkly foreboding “Imperial March,” (borrowed from “The Empire Strikes Back”) which acts as the show’s overture, we are introduced to the baby’s parents. We quickly discover that their behavior does not differ greatly from that of an infant’s. It seems that John, the baby’s father, can’t take more than two steps across the room without a Quaalude or a pull from his Vodka bottle. Helen (played by Rachel Fagella), the mother, instructs the child not to become a man – even though between the two of them, they can’t figure out what sex the child is.

John-David Johnson’s performance of John is reminiscent of Johnny Depp’s portrayal of Hunter S. Thompson in “Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas” – absolute insanity laced with a kind of twisted- est satire. He literally hides from his problems under a blanket, and uses toys to defend himself from Nanny, Durang’s version of a Mary Poppins from hell. Despite the very funny physical comedy, we still have the knowledge that the baby’s father isn’t the brightest. Nanny, played by Megan Sheehan, gives momentary hope of order in the house (and in the infant’s life), but hope that she will be a virtual presence is quickly dissolved when she ushers Helen out of the house in order to seduce John.

Patrick Finley’s direction of the play allows the actors to use the set as a funhouse, which is exactly the way it appears. A slide in the corner is the preferred means of transportation from the bed to the living area, and John’s care of the child is a great way of imagery it up and down the piece of playground equipment. Every character’s flaws come shining through, despite there being little-to-no reason for their lack of morals or responsibility. The homeless baby-kidnapper (Mary Gauvin) quickly meets a twisted kind of justice under a bus, and when John and Helen return with the baby, we wonder if perhaps it would have been better off on the bus to Florida.

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