

Rocks Roots Roano

Sacred Heart
University Library

NOV 5 1970

Cover Design by
Sister Mary Anita, C.S.F.N.

ROCKS AND ROOTS

The Magazine of Sacred Heart University

Winter 1968

Vol. II No. 2



ROCKS AND ROOTS, *The Magazine of Sacred Heart University*, is published biannually by the students of the University. Contributions may be submitted c/o *ROCKS AND ROOTS*, Sacred Heart University, Park Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06604. All submitted material becomes the property of The Magazine to be used with the discretion of the editors. Contributors accept sole responsibility for the views set forth.

At this time the staff finds it essential to reaffirm the original philosophy of *Rocks and Roots*; to publish a magazine which is representative of the intellectual activity of the entire University. In the past we have, of necessity, published a magazine whose format was that of a literary magazine; *Rocks and Roots* had not yet reached a level of sophistication harmonious with its ideals. It is our belief, however, that the University community is now capable of supporting a true university magazine.

This issue represents a step toward the production of a magazine whose content, we think, will appeal to a larger audience and better reflect Sacred Heart University. We hope that we have achieved this end, and that it will be met with your support.

Editor:	Ronald A. Sapiente
Assistant Editors:	Charlene Botha Rebecca M. Wallace
Publicity Manager:	Kathryn A. Schoonmaker
Staff:	Mary Egan Betty Felth Carolyn Bright Fernandes Richard Mueller Elizabeth H. Pataky John Rabuse Gene P. Shea Jeraldine A. Sulik
Faculty Advisors:	Ralph L. Corrigan Joseph F. Moran, Jr. Robert S. O'Shea
Moderator:	Joyce M. Holland

TABLE OF CONTENTS

HUMANITIES

Violence And Perception: H.D.'s Religious Thought	Joyce M. Holland	6
I Dream Of The Faery Moon	C. Betocchi	11
	(translated by Teo Senni)	
Of Summer	C. Betocchi	11
	(translated by Teo Senni)	

CREATIVE WRITING

The Reason Why	Richard Abbate	12
The August Meeting	Charlene Botha	20
Parachute	Albert Ruggiero	22
Freedom	Ronald A. Sapiente	23
Marble Players	Albert Ruggiero	24
4/5/68	Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan	25
Harry	Donna Highbridge	26
The Cleveland Christmas Trip	Paul J. Raleigh	33

Ghosts	Romanna Jakymic	34
Cadenced Religion	Raymond Hassett	35
“Oh little man . . .”	Margaret Davis	36
“reaches . . .”	Sr.Kathleen P. Deignan	37

DOCUMENTARY CONTINUITY

Right You Are If You Think You Are: A Conversation With William F. Buckley, Jr.	John J. O’Sullivan	38
--	--------------------	----

PHOTOGRAPHY	Gene Shea	44-47
--------------------	-----------	-------

SCIENCE

Thyroxin And Its Effect Upon Succinic Dehydrogenase Activity In Adult <i>Rana Pipiens</i>	Ronald A.Sapiente, <i>et al.</i>	48
---	----------------------------------	----

CONTRIBUTORS		53
---------------------	--	----

HUMANITIES

VIOLENCE AND PERCEPTION: H.D.'S RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

Joyce M. Holland

Not in our time, O Lord
the plowshare for the sword,

Not in our time, the knife,
sated with life-blood and life

to trim the barren vine;
no grape-leaf for the thorn.

This essay must begin rather awkwardly, because it is to be about a major poet of the twentieth century – and very few people have ever heard of her. The poet is Hilda Doolittle, or, as she always signed her work, H.D. She began to write at the time of the first world war, as a member of the Imagist movement, a group of young poets, led by Ezra Pound, who were trying to write what was then a new kind of poetry. Imagist verse concentrated, as the name suggests, on presenting an “image” – an immediate, sensory perception of some thing that the poet had observed or some experience that he had had. Imagist verse was free verse; it was economical, precise, and limited in its subject matter; and the movement served to liberate poetry from the Victorian tyranny of rhyme and meter and from the Victorian assumption that poetry, to be significant, had to moralize.

But Imagism was only a stage in the development of modern poetry: it did not persist as a movement after 1917, and the poets who were influenced by it – notably Pound and Eliot – applied the techniques they had learned to more complex themes. H.D., too, progressed. She stopped writing short poems about

the sea, mountains, and flowers, and began to deal with human experience and human psychology; and finally she moved from the psychology of the individual to the question of religious perception. Between World War II and her death in 1961, she published a series of works in which she explored the problem of belief in the modern world and presented a definition of the kind of religious awareness possible for modern man.

The lines I have quoted are taken from one of these later poems; they indicate what H.D. saw in her world. The first and the overriding reality for people living in this century has been war. War destroys life; it brings sterility in the place of fruitfulness. War destroys, or at least damages severely, the spiritual capacities of those it does not kill physically. A people oriented to war and defensiveness lose sight of human values; they become incapable of creating or affirming anything of lasting significance.

H.D. begins, like T.S. Eliot, in the "waste land," in a world where values have been destroyed and where grace is absent. But for H.D. there are other times than the present, other places than this; and the values which we have lost may survive elsewhere. The dislocation which comes when war destroys everything familiar to us can be the occasion for perceiving those values. So H.D. begins her long poem *The Walls Do Not Fall* by comparing two separate places:

An incident here and there,
and rails gone (for guns)
from you (and my) old town square:

mist and mist-grey, no colour,
still the Luxor bee, chick and hare
pursue unalterable purpose

in green, rose-red, lapis;
they continue to prophesy
from the stone papyrus:

there, as here, ruin opens
the tomb, the temple; enter,
there, as here, there are no doors.

The iron fences around the familiar "square" or park have been taken away to be made into guns, and London, damaged by war, becomes like Egypt, damaged by time. When the details of ordinary life are removed, however, we are able to perceive a new reality which exists beyond the everyday. The "bee, chick and hare" are hieroglyphs painted on the wall of an ancient Egyptian temple; presumably they say something of religious and therefore eternal significance. They have color, unlike the "mist-grey" of modern desolation; they have an "unalterable purpose." In other words, they have a real life of their own. Even though few moderns have the skill to read the hieroglyphs, their message is still available — they "continue to prophesy."

The picture-writing is symbolic, and, for H.D., the perception of transcendent reality must always be accomplished through symbols, because the symbol makes the infinite finite and thus available to human understanding. So the climax of *The Walls Do Not Fall*, the answer to the quest for true reality, comes in the form of a dream vision which unites the Egyptian and the Christian symbols:

Ra, Osiris, *Amen* appeared
in a spacious, bare meeting-house;

he is the world-father,
father of past aeons,

present and future equally;
beardless, not at all like Jehovah,

.....

yet he was not out of place
but perfectly at home

in that eighteenth-century
simplicity and grace.

Ra, Osiris, and Amen (or Ammun) are three names for the Egyptian figures of god-the-father and god-the-son. The god of the vision is not only a god of Egypt, however; because he appears in the meeting-house, he must also

be Christ. By uniting two separate points in space-time — ancient Egypt and eighteenth-century America — the vision of the *Amen* manifests the eternal reality of which the names Christ and Osiris are symbols. In the eternal, all time is simultaneous, all space is immediately present. And, moreover, says H.D., we have always had an intuitive knowledge of this unity:

We have always worshipped Him;
we have always said,
forever and ever, Amen.

The revelation of *Amen* does not take place until H.D.'s quester has suffered the confusion and destruction of war. Suffering is, for H.D., a necessary precondition for understanding. Only after we have been violently removed from the everyday can we perceive the eternal. But war is a human creation; those who suffer war are suffering the effects of human guilt. Moreover, no human being can be completely free of guilt; if one is to come to a state of awareness, somehow it must be done through the experience and acknowledgment of his guilt.

The necessity of guilt is the theme of H.D.'s last published work, *Helen in Egypt*. The central figure of this long narrative-reflective poem is Helen of Troy. Removed from Troy to an Egypt which is really a kind of other-world, she meets the ghost of Achilles. Because she was the cause of the Trojan War, Helen was indirectly responsible for Achilles' death, but in this timeless state where life and death meet, Helen and Achilles become lovers. And this seems to have been fated: somehow, the poem suggests, every event of the Trojan War had to be, so that this meeting could finally occur. Helen must try to understand the significance of her union with Achilles, to know why it justifies the suffering which preceded it. She recalls her own life and, by an act of the imagination, experiences Achilles'; and she sees that human needs — love, weakness, pride, self-interest — produced the events that led to the war. Again and again guilt is insisted upon; H.D. tries not to minimize or simplify war. But because guilt is inevitable, it becomes part of the pattern of events and cannot be removed without destroying that pattern. History, says H.D., was created by poets singing about a war; if there had been no war, there would have been no history.

Here is the significance of the meeting of Helen and Achilles: it is the epitome of all things human. It is, in the first place, violent. When he recognizes Helen, Achilles attacks her with murderous rage; then suddenly the rage becomes love. Second, Helen and Achilles stand for all the opposites which are united in their mystic marriage: woman and man, life and death, love and war. When opposite or separate symbols are united — as in the vision of *Amen* — the eternal is manifest. But human nature is such that the uniting must be violent, and the perception can proceed only from violence. The “pause” is that violent uniting:

now I know the best and the worst;

the seasons revolve around
a pause in the infinite rhythm
of the heart and of heaven.

Man creates his world because his perceptions organize it, and because man is fallen, he creates it according to his fallen perception. But fallen or not, he is still the perceiver, and what he perceives is a cosmic pattern in which he and his flaws have a necessary place. This is the “best and the worst.” H.D. has gone a step beyond *The Walls Do Not Fall*: there her seeker endured violence in order to come to perception; here the violence and the perception are inseparable.

These are difficult and paradoxical ideas, and it is not easy to judge them. We are dealing, in the first place, not with philosophy but with poetry, and poetry persuades the intuition, not the discursive mind. H.D.’s poetry reaches the intuition; her theme is conveyed through imagery and sound as well as through statement. Reading her poems, one feels that what they say is true for the author at least, and perhaps no poem can persuade a reader of more than that.

I DREAM OF THE FAERY MOON

I dream of the faery moon
patience, as from a candid spring
which sparkled in the heart
As if in a brimming cup.
But now that the years are many
Now, that I've drunk too much
There's but a broken ray, which,
from the bottom, sparkling trembles and departs
Before arriving to my lips.

(C.Betocchi)

OF SUMMER

Vain summer grows, even for us unseasoned sinners
The host of the wind weeps in the Magnolias
And the serene melody plays one, each leaf's stem,
Without tearing the leaf or leaving the tree
It splits the atmosphere to its core.

(C.Betocchi)

Translated by Teo Senni

CREATIVE WRITING

THE REASON WHY

Richard Abbate

The foot hills of the Maritime Alps were green and gold under a carpet of vineyards. The slopes had been cut and cleaved into thousands of terraces, each capturing enough soil to hold the roots of the vines. At its base each hill plunged into the cool, blue water of the Mediterranean. The sea was glazed and flat and on its rim floated the newly risen sun. In a cove below, the first fishing boats from a tiny village began to move outward from the land. Through the hills wound the modern roadway which had begun centuries earlier as the Romans' Aurelian Way. It flowed from Rome northward along the coast of the two Italian Rivieras, di Levante and di Ponente, the Rising and the Setting Sun.

Rob Allison had been driving for just over an hour. Genoa was behind in the dark and Savona had been cleared in the moments before dawn. Now as the old red Ferrari muscled its way down toward Spotorno and Noli he could look to another two hours of pleasant but uneventful driving. It was as it should be, he thought. Here it's always warm, always spring and sunny. The sun, Helios, it meant so much to him. "Dear Helios, just keep it up a few more days. There'll be enough days without you up north," he smiled.

It hurt him to think of the north. Soon the Gran Prix circus would be in full swing and the swing would carry him to Spa-Francorchamps on the North Sea and the damp of the Nurburgring in Germany's Eiffel Mountains. It's beautiful at Nurburgring but so cold. He shivered even in the warmth from the rising sun.

It was precisely because of the northern journey that he enjoyed the long delay between the first Gran Prix of the year at Kayalami in South Africa and

the next event at Monaco. A four month break. There had been other races, but none were of such pressing importance that one must go as one had to go to the Gran Prix. Still the call to compete was there, and the months had been filled with practice or races at Daytona and Sebring and LeMans. At least they were in the warm climates, he thought, the sun shining most of the time.

One could forget the business, he knew, but the competition lay hidden under the skin and every opportunity that arose called it out once more.

In spite of the other races, each year prior to the Gran Prix di Monaco, he enjoyed three weeks of leisure in Portofino. Now it was over and Monaco called. Still it had been lovely there in Portofino. Beppe Croce was one of his few friends outside the racing world. It was Beppe with whom he stayed each year. He had felt better from the moment he arrived. Beppe was waiting for him at the door.

"Ah, the Gran Pilote, he comes again to see us," Beppe shouted. "Did you enjoy your trip?"

"Yes, Beppe, it was fine," answered Rob, standing in the entrance to the Croce villa which stood on one of the points of land that jutted out to form Portofino's harbor. "How are you? The family? Umberta? The others?"

"Bene, bene, molto bene." Beppe poured a small glass of wine for Rob and a larger one for himself. "We all heard of your misfortune in the south. You are alright, eh? You will still be going out to do battle?"

"That is all you think of. You are a romantic old fool, but I love you just the same. There is too little of the romantic left." I do love these people, Rob thought. They are a lot like me, tied to life. At least that was how he saw it. They're passionate. It sounds so cliché but it's true. To be devoted to one thing with one's whole life takes a great passion. Passion or foolishness? "Yes, I will still do battle, as you put it, but next time I will win, just you watch me."

Time moved slowly in Portofino. Rob had read of this town when he was younger. This timeless little village on the Italian coast, with no cars and no change. Change was outlawed by the government. The whole town had been made a national monument in 1935. No modern hotel or tourist extravaganza

would ever set its concrete and steel foot here.

The people accepted the young American. He had been there before. "Was he not a friend of Beppe Croce?" He moved in circles which were closed to the members of the "jet set" and to others whose yachts were moored in the harbor. Rob was a "cognoscenti," he knew Portofino and those others did not.

For three weeks Rob forgot the pressures and strains of his job. Now he must return to work. It was a job he loved more than anything in the world. "More than any woman or man or anything. I love racing, it's the essence of my life," he had once said. But all the drivers say that. It is something you can't explain, he thought, like any other kind of love it's hard to explain. Still it's a dangerous job, difficult, demanding of time and energy. He needed that three weeks rest to let his body retune itself.

The road swept into a tight curve to the right. Rob swung wide on the approach; he had driven here before. The road unravelled itself in his mind like videotape on a screen. Each time he drove on a road its image in his mind became clearer. The apex came up and he closed in to it and now let the tail of the Gran Turismo track its way around. He steered with the throttle and moved the steering wheel only enough to maintain the tenuous balance. 4500 in third, a little more lock, that's it, that's it. Automobile I love you. He was satisfied, the car behaved predictably as it had all along, and he smiled, pleased with his reactions and remembrance of the curve.

A sign flashed by on his right: "Monaco 160 km." Only about ninety miles to go, he thought. Portofino drifted back into his mind. He had had an interview there in which he discussed Monaco. It was early in the morning, he and the interviewer were seated at a table on the quay. The man was from some sports magazine back in the states.

"Your next race is at Monaco, isn't it?" he had asked while writing in a small brown-colored pad in front of him.

"That's right," Rob answered. "This year it counts as the European Gran Prix also."

"Which is the most difficult race from your viewpoint?" The pencil stopped

for a moment as he waited for an answer.

“I’d say, and I’m sure the other drivers would agree, that Monaco is the most difficult. Spa is faster, Rheims is harder on the cars, but Monaco ... There isn’t any other place like it.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Well, all the other races are run on closed racing circuits designed just for that purpose. At Monaco you’re racing right on the streets which are used every day by the city’s traffic. The speeds are slow compared to those we reach on the other circuits but there you have open country all around. At Monaco you have the knife-edged corners of a building, glass shop fronts, trees, the water of the harbor waiting for you to make just one little error. At Spa, let’s say, you still have a fighting chance of getting the car back under control before you hit whatever it is you’re going to hit.” At Monaco, he thought, you either wiped out some poor man’s business or took a swim in the harbor. Either way you were dead.

“If it’s so dangerous then why do you race there?” the reporter asked.

“The challenge mostly, I guess. Why climb a difficult mountain like the Matterhorn or Everest? There are easier ones around. I think maybe I do it because I want to do this one thing, race automobiles, better than anyone ever has. I think any of us who are serious about racing feel this way. That’s why we keep pushing out the limits with a race as dangerous as Monaco.” Maybe that’s why we do it or maybe we’re just not smart enough to see what we’re doing. Who knows?

The sign for Albenga came up in his wind screen. I had lunch at a restaurant here last year. I think I’ll stop for breakfast. Let’s see ... it’s across from the railroad station. He geared down at the corner which had a sign with a railway engine on a red arrow. This way I think. Yeah, there it is. “Looks as provincial as ever.” Most of these places are tourist traps, at least this one has good food.

The warmth of the day had not faded yet. The moon had just risen and the street lights began to wink on as Rob drove along on the Avenue De Monte

Carlo. In the anchorage the yachts of the rich and famous had begun to slip in and moor for the week's activities. To him Monaco was always a stunning contrast to Portofino. It's like being in a hot shower and having someone turn off the hot and turn on the cold.

Several people shouted and waved to him as he drove along up the hill. He waved back but continued on without a pause.

Derek had called this afternoon. He was his usual cheerful self.

"Hello, you ole bastard," he laughed. "When did you arrive? I been waitin' all mornin' for you."

"I got in about an hour ago. Where are you staying?"

"I'm at the Concorde, just down the street from you. I'm transferin' over to your place later. Don't want that you should git lonely. How ya like that room I got for ya?"

"It's great." Rob looked around the room again. One thing you could say for Derek Shelton — he had good taste. "Can the team afford two rooms in the Hotel de Paris? I mean we aren't exactly making money hand over fist."

"Doan you worry 'bout a thing. I'm manager and I spend the money. OK?"

"OK. Now when am I supposed to meet you and get started working on the car?"

"Tonight will be fine. How about meeting me at eight o'clock at the garages? They're in the same place as last year so you shouldn't have no trouble."

"Alright, I'll see you at eight then. Take care."

Derek had once been a driver himself. He had started into racing on the West Coast and made a name for himself. Rob liked the old Texan and now that Derek was his boss he liked him all the more.

He came to a halt in front of the garages. Derek was waiting there beside

the big double doors.

“Where’ve you bin, man? Ah can almost set my watch by your bein’ late.” Derek always kidded him about his lateness.

“I got caught in the traffic down on the quay. You get the car set up yet?”

“We shore been tryin’. You can take it out for practice in the mornin’ when they open the course. We’ve got to sort out the cockpit yet. Hop in.”

Rob stepped over the side of the white, opened wheel Formula 1 car and slid down. “It’s a little snug along the sides.”

“Well, that bash down in Africa didn’t help any.”

It was the same car Rob had driven in the South African Gran Prix four months earlier. “The cars cost so damn much, we just got to repair this one,” Derek had said. Trevor’s got the other car, he thought, so now I’m second driver on the team. One crummy accident and I get demoted. Maybe it’s getting to be too much. Maybe I should start thinking about retiring. Others have gotten out early when they started to lose the touch. Crash at Kayalami, broken transmission at Daytona, fifth place at Sebring – the touch goes fast.

“We’ll take out the pads on the side, that should give you a little more room. How’s the gear level?” Derek’s question pulled Rob back to the present.

“Feels OK. What time does practice start tomorrow?”

“Eleven. We’ll be down at the pits with the cars. If you should see Trevor around remind him about the time.”

Rob moved to the crew of the Ferrari team. “I’ll see you in the morning.” There’s still a race to be run, might as well run as well as possible. The Ferrari boomed off down the street. Maybe the Ferrari boys will have a look at your engine, baby. You could use a bit of a tune.

Sixteen cars lined up in the sunshine on the starting grid. Practice was over, preparation was finished. It was too late to change suspension settings or gear ratios. Either it was right or it was too bad. The blast of the top minute warn-

ing gun obscured the shouts of the crowd. A mechanic dashed out with another pair of goggles for the driver on his right. The interviewer at Portofino had asked Rob about those moments before the start of a race. His words came back into his mind. "Some of the drivers are a bag of nerves before a race, others act as if they're about to take a drive to market. Juan Belmont, the bull fighter, said once 'If we had to sign the contracts an hour before the corrida there would be no one in the ring when the bulls came out.' I usually don't get too bothered by the start. I don't care in the least. I've done my practice, I guess I know the course, and I figure the car is ready. I can't make a plan, I can't foresee what's going to happen when sixteen of us pile into the first corner, so why should I bother thinking about it? Time enough for that when we get there."

The green flag dropped and the air was ripped by the roar of the sixteen three-litre engines. Up Avenue Albert I, down from third to second, brakes hard on, into the right. Sainte Devote corner flashed by. Still up hill on Avenue De Monte Carlo. It was so quiet here a week ago. Around the Hotel de Paris, Rob accelerated across the Casino Square. He had started in tenth position on the grid but Costin had missed the shift at the Sporting Club. Ninth, that's a good number, he thought. Third gear down to first for the station. His left foot stabbed the clutch twice, the toe of the right smashed against the brake while his heel speeded the engine up to match it with the car's speed for the lower gear. Flat out along the sea, through the bend of the long tunnel. Can't even see the other side. Gotcha. He ripped past the young Frenchman, Beltoise, as they came out of the darkness. Third gear for the chicane, hard left, brake. The car slid sideways using up all of the road. Flat down on the loud pedal, up to fourth, up to fifth just before the shut off at the Tabaconist's. The car slid through on the line, about two feet off the tail of the Ferrari of Surtees. Smoke — scratch one prancing horse. The Ferrari fishtailed sickly, its engine had blown for some reason, over-revving or just a loose bolt. I've had more cars die under me than I care to think about. Around the Gas Works hairpin, pass the pits for the first lap. Seventh place — not bad for the first lap.

On and on it droned. Ten laps, twenty, up to fifth place. Thirty laps, forty, on the forty-first he moved into second behind Trevor. Fifty laps, half-way the positions had not changed. What he picked up in the corners he lost on the straights. That car, that damn Trevor, just a bit faster. Trevor's newer car had just that tiny bit of extra acceleration, the difference between 145 and 140 on the longest straight. Either he's got to lose some speed or I've got to

find some.

Sixty laps, seventy, Clark had moved up into third. If Scotty gets by I'll never catch Trevor. Through the tunnel they roared, Trevor, Rob, and Scotty Clark. Now or never. Hold, hold, "Hold!" He waited till the last possible second to brake. Ten-tenths this time, nothing held in reserve. Trevor was well outside into the chicane – the book line, the way the experts "said" to take the corners. Rob was inside by six inches grabbing for the very limit of adhesion, the thin line where the road changed from pavement to ice. Hard brake, let her slide, let her slide. Trevor over-braked. Rob had shut the door in his face. The old car slid wide, grazing the hay bales that lined the edges of the quay. Ascari had taken a dip in the harbor at that same spot ten years before. Rob had the lead now. Come on baby, up to fourth, up to fifth, he's closing, shut off. Wide too wide, get it in, get in. Out of the corner the car had pulled about forty feet on Trevor's. Through the hairpin Rob got back what Trevor picked up on the straight.

Eighty laps, ninety, the crowd was in a frenzy. Derek had to turn away, it was too much to watch. Rob was holding off both Trevor and Clark, two faster cars and drivers. The pit board read "ROB +.09" as they came by for the last time. The Course Marshall had the checker in hand. One more round, all I have to do is keep you together for another few minutes. Clark came by Trevor for the final push. Through the tunnel again, past the chicane. Clark's coming on, just another hundred yards. Clark came alongside into the hairpin. Hold off, hold off. Clark braked just that fraction of a second before Rob. Out, wide, brake, change down, in, in. Around the turn they came, Rob up by about .03 of a second. Clark flattened the pedal, the V12 Climax screamed. The flag dropped; ten thousand people who had had the foresight to watch from the area near the start finish line saw the cars cross the line almost abreast. Almost abreast but not quite. Anout ten inches of nose crossed the line first, the nose was white, not British racing green. Rob had held, the car had held.

"You old bastard of a car. You clapped out old wreck."

Later, much later, after the call at the Palace, alone in the hotel room, it occurred to him. That was it. He had won. Not the car, not the team, not Derek, *he* had won it. "I do it to feed my ego, damn it. To be better. To be the best."

THE AUGUST MEETING

Once, it was in the heat of summer
I was far from the place I usually sleep at
and saw this girl
(or maybe she had her eye on me first)
and thought about her standing there lookin' so nice
and inviting me to go with her without saying a word
with just her eyes and that sweet-sad smile.

Okay, I said. Where?
So she showed me this old building
red-brick before but now more of a late-fall brown
and I climbed those five flights of stairs
'cause she said the elevator wasn't working again.
She had one big room
with the bed kind of screened off by a curtain of rattling beads
but I didn't come for that, and I guess she felt it
so she started to make me coffee
and gave me a piece of gingerbread that she made
(I really don't like gingerbread much, but I ate it and asked
for seconds, figuring she needed a compliment on such a woman thing
as cooking)

And we talked
Or, mostly she talked
about living
 and why we bother when there seems
 no way out of a dark hole
about trying
 to be good or kind or fair or
 a hundred other things that are easier not to be.
about loving
 did I ever? and did I mean it? and did I find it as
 hard and as hurting as she did?

And we went on like this for I don't know how long
Until I remembered the reason I was out in the first place
Some fool meeting that I was late for already.
Yeah, she said.
So I left her . . .
And later on I thought about going back there again
thought about it a lot
but I never did –
there were just too many of those meetings

Charlene Botha

PARACHUTE

Open! Open!
grasp a piece of the sky and
pocket it in your palm.

To see that white sheet
above me, billowing like a skirt
in the wind

Open! Open!

This cruel magnetizing mother –
pulling legs closer and closer
to her awaiting bosom.

I thirst to see tethers strong,
long and high above me.
hooked to that white blur in the
sky;

The time must come–. The Time Must
Come – when the jerk is felt
and I am pulled into the
oblivion of flight – legs dangling
to the tune of the wind.

open! open!

Albert Ruggiero

FREEDOM

A man
Once in his life-time
Learns the bitter-sweet experience
of finding freedom:

She's not a ten foot plaster figure
Covered with blue and veiled with warmth,
not the whore of Babylon,
nor the tender young thing
who gives the first kiss
demanding no return;

She's neither old and wise
nor incomparably young,
she's none of these yet
all of these;

But, each man meets her
in unique disguise
and as he sees her
so he lives or dies.

Ronald A. Sapiente

MARBLE PLAYERS

Such unlikely collisions occur
from such little marksmen
connoisseurs.

A drawn circle in the sand to
contain such precious diamonds,
soon to be in one marksman's hands.

A universe within a circle; colored
worlds within its midsts.

Explosion within their universe
rockets them hundreds of millions
of light years away.

A giant strides through the air
to lift worlds into his palm,
as he is seen through
diamond colors of green cats-eyes
and crystal clears.

Then with a catapult of his thumb –
he hurls them through space to
collide with a world at rest –
rocking continents upon its face.

Albert Ruggiero

4/5/68

flash

and a splash of blood.
black's what he hated –

now everything's
black.

and

in the midst of it
a lit

match

will do nothing

but

burn out

or sear some flesh – and there's stench
enough

already.

it could be

worse. we could

understand . . .

all join trigger happy hands

and

pull.

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan

HARRY

Donna Highbridge

“Son-of-a-bitch . . . son-of-a-bitch . . . Tippicanoe and Tyler t-”

Tom kicked the gold filigree cage stand with a bare foot, making the parrot inside fall from his perch. “Ouch! Shut up, Harry.” He gave a threatening look and hopped over to the couch, careful not to walk on his right foot which was already turning a delightful purplish-green. Sinking onto the couch, he picked up the note and instructions from Uncle Joe and re-read them more carefully:

Dear Tom,

Knew you wouldn't mind taking care of Harry for me while I visit an old army buddy. Will pick him up soon. Meantime, here's a few instructions you should follow:

- 1) 8:00 A.M. – put bird feed in cage and fill water cup 3/4 full
- 2) 5:00 - 5:30 P.M. – Harry's playtime . . .

Tom's eyes skimmed the rest of the instructions until settling on the 9:30 P.M. entry, underlined twice in red ink: “IMPORTANT – Peyton Place is Harry's favorite show. Position cage in front of T.V. set when show is on.”

Tom crumpled the note and instructions into a ball and threw it into the direction of the wastebasket, missing the target by a foot. “That does it, you garbage-mouthed parrot. ‘Position cage in front of T.V. set when show is on.’ Ha! Maybe you've got Uncle Joe wrapped around your little finger – I mean claw – but you don't have me. No, sirree. You may think you're actually human, but you're not putting anything over on me. To me you're nothing more than a green and yellow parrot who knows how to swear. Got that, Harry?”

Harry stood perched in his cage. With a haughty flutter of his wings, he looked down at Tom and gave an almost angelical “damn.”

Eye-to-eye now with Harry, Tom suppressed an overwhelming urge to give “Polly” a cracker—a firecracker. The sound of the doorbell quelled any further thoughts on the subject.

Limping now on his good foot, Tom managed to make it to the door. It was the landlord.

“You got that bird some guy left here for you this afternoon? He said you’d keep it for him for awhile so I let him bring it up.”

“Yes — he’s here. Thanks a lot, Mr. Breggerd.”

Crunching Tom’s sore foot, the landlord pushed his way into the room and stood before the cage. “That guy who brought up the bird . . . what’d you say his name was?”

“Joe — Uncle Joe.”

“Yeah, this guy Joe told me he taught the bird how to talk. Is that right?”

“Well, yes, but . . .”

“Awright then, lemme hear him.”

Expecting an onrush of obscenities, Tom nervously fixed his glance on Harry. “Come on, Harry. Speak for Mr. Breggerd.” Standing primly on his perch, Harry faced the two men. As they watched, he slowly and majestically closed the lids of his eyes.

Mr. Breggerd turned to Tom. “I thought you said this bird could talk. It sure don’t look that way to me. You and your uncle wouldn’t be putting me on, now, would you? I don’t like that, see.”

Studying the 250 lb., white undershirted Charles Atlas ad who stood before him, biceps bulging, Tom quickly thought of his own “let’s-kick-sand-in-his-face” build and determined to give it another try with Harry. “Maybe he’ll talk if I let him out of the cage. It must be about five o’clock anyway . . .

Harry's playtime."

"His what?!"

Feeling a warm flush come over himself, Tom quickly opened the door to the cage. "Okay, Harry – out."

Both watched as Harry tightened his claws on the perch. Angered, Tom reached into the cage and with a loud "damn!" withdrew his hand and stared at the beak mark imprinted on his thumb. Amidst a great flurry of wings, Harry then flew triumphantly from the cage and alighted on the mahogany desk, scattering papers and envelopes to the floor.

Muttering words to shame even Harry, Tom hobbled over to where the papers had fallen, and gathering them in his hand, he reached for the last one – a white envelope which had landed near the landlord. Bending down to pick it up, he was restrained by a heavy hand.

"Here, I'll get it for you." As the landlord picked up the envelope, first a deep red crept over his face, and then his biceps twitched as he read the lettering scrawled across the envelope: "Breggerd's Blood Money – rent for February."

"Whaddya mean by this? Blood money, huh. Ain't ya satisfied with watcha payin' here for rent?"

Tom's face turned ashen. "Oh, n-no – it's not that. Just a little envelope I keep my money in for the rent. Means nothing. I, uh, just wrote it one day to be funny."

"Yeah – it's a real scream, but here's somethin' even funnier; the rent's been raised five dollars more a month. Take it or leave it."

"Five more a month?! But I can't af-"

Shoving the envelope at Tom, Mr. Breggerd headed for the door. "Like I said – take it or leave it." With a backward glance he added, "Starting this month" – and slammed the door after him.

Perched now on the couch, Harry beamed up at Tom with a look resembling

an old Tom and Jerry cartoon when Tom is outwitted by the mouse.

Still holding the envelope in his hand, Tom sat down on the hassock and gazed at Harry. "Harry, you've done it now. Yes, you've really done it. Because of you my foot is swollen up like a balloon, my thumb is probably beak-marked for life, and now you've even managed to get my rent raised five dollars more a month. Yes, you're a mighty clever bird, mighty clever. But not too clever for me, understand? It's simply a matter of planning my strategy." And with a sigh, he leaned over on the hassock looking like a human replica of The Thinker.

Eyeing some chocolates, Harry flew over to the coffee table and began to nibble them, careful to pick out only the vanilla creams. With a loud snap of his fingers, almost making Harry choke on his third vanilla cream, Tom let loose with his plan of action.

"I've got it, Harry. I figured it all out what I'm going to do with you. I'm taking you downstairs to a friend's apartment until Uncle Joe comes back for you. Bill owes me a favor, anyway. So you see, Harry, this way you won't be able to get me in any more trouble and Bill gets a chance to repay that favor. How's that sound to you?"

Harry gave a noncommittal "what the hell" and continued eating the chocolates. Standing nobly on his sore foot now, Tom gave the final clincher.

"By the way, I'm sure Bill will really enjoy your company. He used to have a bird once. A parakeet. Had him for three years as a matter of fact. But that was before he got Shiva. You see, Shiva's a cat who doesn't like birds so one day when Bill wasn't around she crept up to the cage and — "

A sudden barrage of four-letter words from Harry broke off the remainder of the sentence. Just as the telephone rang, Harry flew back to the safe confines of his plush gold filigree cage, busily spewing curses at Tom. Tripping over the coffee table on his way to the phone, Tom managed, through gritted teeth, to get a muffled "Hello?" into the receiver.

"Is that you?"

"You who?"

“My son, my son, don’t you even recognize your own mother’s voice anymore?”

“Oh – it’s you, Mom. Sure, I knew it was you. How come you’re calling – anything wrong?”

“Does there always have to be something wrong for a mother to call her son once in a while?”

“No, I just meant that – ”

“Thomas, what’s that I hear in the background?”

“What’s what?”

“That – that drunken revelry I can hear. Oh, I knew it. I just knew it. I warned your father what would happen if you got an apartment of your own. Drunken parties every night. Loose girls. Oh, I was so r-”

“No, Mom – you’ve got it all wrong. There’s no party here. That’s only Har-”

As if on cue, Harry increased his volume and spiced up his monologue with a ribald version of Auld Lang Syne.

Tom’s mother continued. “Don’t make any excuses. I can hear your drunken friends. I’m not deaf. I never should have listened to your father in the first place when he agreed with your getting an apartment almost two hundred miles away. Now look what’s happened to you. Oh, my poor baby.”

“For God’s sake, I’m not a baby anymore – I’m twenty-three years old.”

“Don’t you dare raise your voice to your own mother. Before you finished college, you were a sweet, gentle boy. Now look at you. Next, you’ll probably tell me you’ve started smoking pop.”

“Pot, Mom – pot.”

“There. You just admitted it.” Now with even more determination than

before, she continued her verbal crusade to save him from the evils of the world. "Why don't you come home, son? You know we –"

"Shut up! No, not you, Mom. I was talking to Harry. If you'll only let me explain, this can all be straightened out." With a finger in one ear, he shot a murderous glance at Harry, who was by now interspersing his song with a few choice phrases of his own.

"Thomas, I'm coming down. I've just decided. I'll stay with you until you feel ready to come home."

"No, that's not necessary, Mom. I'm staying here and that's it."

With the severity of an old maid schoolteacher, Tom's mother ended the conversation with a final "We'll discuss it when I get there" and hung up.

Tom carefully placed the receiver back in its cradle and limped over to the now-silent Harry perched sedately in his cage. "You think you've beaten me, don't you? Now you've got my mother coming down. But we'll see who gets the last laugh. Just as soon as I get your junk together I'm taking you downstairs where you and Shiva can entertain each other."

Just then the phone rang. Hopping back three steps, Tom picked it up on the second ring. A booming voice blared out at him.

"Hey Tom – bet you'll never guess in a million years who this is. Go on, guess."

"Uncle Joe."

Still booming, Uncle Joe gave an appreciative snort into the phone. "Son of a gun! How'd you know it was me? Well anyway, I'm calling you about a little mix-up between me and my old army buddy. Seems we got our wires crossed and he wasn't expecting me at his place after all." He gave a dramatic pause. "Are you ready for the punchline?"

"I can hardly wait."

Unable to control it any longer, Uncle Joe burst forth with "He's at my

place! We both thought we were due at each other's, so he drove down here and I drove over to his house. When I got there, I figured that's what must've happened so I called my place and Sam himself answered. We finally got it all straightened out so I'm driving back tonight and I'll pick up Harry on the way. Okay?"

Realizing Harry had triumphed again, Tom had mixed feelings as he agreed to Uncle Joe's plan to pick up Harry that night. "Sure, it's okay with me. Too bad you went to all that trouble for nothing."

"Oh, it's not so bad. It'll give us something to talk about, at least. Say, Harry didn't give you any trouble, did he?"

"Oh, no – Harry's been just a barrel of laughs."

"That's what I figured. Well, be seein' ya in a few hours. So long."

Quietly, almost ceremoniously, Tom hung up the receiver. With a chastened look he turned toward the cage. "I concede, Harry. You win. You've beaten me right up to the end. I guess I underestimated you." As he turned from the cage, his eye caught the crumpled note and instructions from Uncle Joe, lying on the floor where it had missed the basket. Absent-mindedly, he re-opened it before throwing it in the wastebasket. As his eyes glanced over it, they paused briefly on the underlined **IMPORTANT** then shot quickly to his watch. Nine-thirty.

Racing with his good foot, Tom flicked the T.V. on just in time for the opening strains of the Peyton Place theme song. Harry's face brightened up as he recognized his favorite show. Tom moved the cage directly in front of the T.V. set. Then with a flourish, he looked straight at Harry and flicked off the T.V.

With an innocent look at his antagonist, he explained. "Harry, I'm only following Uncle Joe's instructions. It says right here: '**IMPORTANT – Peyton Place is Harry's favorite show. Position cage in front of T.V. set when show is on.**' And so Peyton Place is on and you're directly in front of the set. Correct? As you can see, there's nothing about leaving the set on, is there, old boy?" Then Tom, oblivious to the now hysterical cursing by Harry, limped triumphantly past the cage and into the bathroom to soak his foot.

THE CLEVELAND CHRISTMAS TRIP

Flying on the floor
flitting through the Christmas tree
it's all green where i'm sitting
near the door
i think i'm travelling far and
maybe i am
flying by car — no —
i think it was a bus to
Cleveland (there were chimes above the door)
Being on a warmless corner tryin'
to buy the New York Times — No —
local paper, TRAGIC CRASH in Marshall, Idaho —
nodding to the friendly police officer,
at once take back the nod, half
an ounce of hash in
my pocket (also broken watch, Hershey Bar
and loose change) range
of hollow terror in my eyes
walking away cold
avoid the shiny street and skies
tryin' to walk the middle road
lookin' for a new Christmas tree
in the (narcissistic) mirror
of the ice
to remind me twice over
of the freedom i've been missing.

Paul J. Raleigh

GHOSTS

Like cobwebs of the mind they appear
Unnoticed and unkempt.
Few see their coming,
Fewer still grasp their meaning,
But only one submits to their
Haunting recollections of dreams that were:
 Of days that sparkled in the glorious summer sky
 And nights that danced into morning's splendor . . .
 Life was blissful in those carefree hours.
 The heart longed for little – a meaningful look,
 A gentle touch, a lover's embrace.
 The senses responded to life and to hope – a
 Blossoming rose, a merry child's laughter,
 A verdant forest, nightingale's tune. . .

The spectres have gone now; yesterday's
Dreams return to their graves,
Perhaps to rise again in some melancholy hour.
Today is fleeting. Tomorrow's sun,
Ever mindful of the future, stands poised in the wings
With the culprit of the ages—Life!

Romanna Jakymic

CADENCED RELIGION

Little people march to prayer
their elvish hands
held in palms of giants, who
with clear glasses cannot see.

Little people being driven closer to prayer
Starched shirts and shiny shoes
model people for all to see
enter into the giant's den of prayer.

Little people in the house of prayer
Quietude and candled heat burn
into the hearts of the small.
Splendid noise of no sounds at all –
gentle people are smiled upon by
The eye of The giant.

Little people walking in the wood one day
discover rabbits and birds and flowers
and colors and laughing and each other
Little people no longer walk to prayer.

Raymond Hassett

Oh little man
so little can you do

Little wonder you go insane
within surroundings to remind you of your size

For who can be as big as the sky
as white as the moon
as bright as the sun
as distant as the star.

So they took a piece of all of those
a piece of sun, for heart
of moon, for soul
of star, for eyes
of sky, for head

And they made his mouth bitter with
the taste of burnt cedar

Margaret Davis

reaches,

like sands on beaches.
are as many as the thoughts
and times of

you:

of your coming at my calling,
of your silent understanding

of the distance,

that containing me,
contains you, too . . .

reaches,

in a mind of beaches,

breaks containers just enough,

perhaps,
to let us live

and give, for that brief moment –
all.

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan

DOCUMENTARY CONTINUITY

RIGHT YOU ARE IF YOU THINK ARE:

A CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following interview between William Buckley and John O'Sullivan of the Department of History took place in Mr. Buckley's New York office in July, 1968.

O'Sullivan: I'd like to get some opinions or impressions from you about some of the changes that are going on in Catholic higher education. One, the proliferation of Catholic colleges. Do you see this as being in any way advantageous? And secondly, turning the control and direction of the universities over to the layman more and more. Do you see any benefits in this?

Buckley: Well, to answer the questions in the order in which you raise them: on the first I should think that the more Catholic education there is, the better, provided the quality does not diminish. The way you say, 'Is proliferation good?': I can only answer by saying well, are the standards being kept high? I think it does no genuine service to Catholic education to have more and more colleges if those colleges renounce high standards. On the assumption that the standards remain high, I say well, obviously the more the better, is there's anything to be said in the first instance, which I think there is.

O'Sullivan: Well, based on your knowledge of what is happening, would you feel that the standards are not being maintained? I think the President of St. Louis University in a speech last year said that since 1951 over fifty Catholic colleges have been set up in America. I would assume that because so many of these schools are very small – without adequate endowments, with no hope even, of getting endowments – they would be committed, I would think, to mediocrity. Now, do you think there should be some sort of action on the part of the bishops to stop this? Or how about the point that has been made time and time again, of consolidating, of having three, four, or five major American Catholic universities that might compete with the major secular ones?

Buckley: Well, that's merely a reflection of the very old argument of pooling the resources of several colleges so as to provide for the best in every department for students lucky enough to attend that college. It isn't, in my judgment, a totally persuasive argument because what you then do, in effect, is dispossess people who don't get into that particular college of an opportunity for higher education at all. Obviously, there's got to be a level beneath which you don't fall, but on the other hand, one needn't take the elitist argument simply by rejecting the other one. Now, you ask me for my general knowledge; I have no general knowledge of the intellectual attainments of the average Catholic college. I don't know, for instance, how they would compare with the average secular university. I do know that they have obviously a much more difficult time getting money for two obvious reasons. One is that the state can't contribute to the building of those colleges, and the second is that there is a relative, progressive impoverishment of the Catholic community as the result of a number of factors. So that I'd say, if there is an argument for a single Catholic college there is an argument for fifty Catholic colleges, but it has to be done with some reference to the total resources of the community. But now, to get to your second question, because an answer to this, I think, clarifies the first. For what needs to survive is the distinctiveness of Catholic education. Those people who argue that Catholic colleges should be unrecognizably different from non-Catholic colleges, that it should simply happen that they are "Catholic" but not otherwise different, are, as far as I'm able to understand, completely missing the point. There ought to be a tone that is distinctly different in Catholic college education. There ought to be some conscious

effort to unite the intellectual experience in a single version and introduce always the spiritual dimension. I don't mean a *Hail Mary* every fifteen minutes in chemistry class, but I do mean that a student who goes through a Catholic university ought to understand himself as receiving a singular intellectual experience.

O'Sullivan: In regard now to this tone that should permeate a Catholic university, how would you create that? Let's assume that theology is not apologetics. It's an academic discipline and might be taught at Columbia or Princeton or Ohio State as an academic discipline, philosophy the same. In what sense would this tone be derivative from the intellectual climate of the university?

Buckley: Well, the question is a little bit like asking a conductor how shall he conduct this symphony so as to make it inspiring. It really has to do with the ingenuity of individual members of the faculty and of the administration. I don't think that you can do it simply by affirmation. Plato did a lot for mathematics by putting, emblazoning across his academy, that no one enter here who has not mastered mathematics, which was a good boost for mathematics. I'm not suggesting that you have over the archway that everyone who enters these portals remind himself that all secular disciplines are subservient to the final discipline; but I suggest that a well-run Catholic university, whether it's laymen making the decisions or priests making the decisions, is a school that is looking for teachers who are not merely virtuosi in their own secular fields, but who also understand themselves to be a part of a final experience. Now people, I think, manifest this in different ways. The great teachers taught in different ways, exhibiting different skills. Some people show their reverence and their piety and do so engagingly. Other people hide it. But occasionally, even almost furtively, it comes out and has an extraordinary effect on a student. I'm against prescribed formulae for making this kind of thing visible, because any effort to do that kind of thing is like writing a conductor's handbook, as I said, on how to interpret a piece of music. I don't think I'm ducking the issue; all I'm saying is, that if you and I, say, were teaching history side by side, and if both of us, believing as we do in Christianity, your style of communicating that might be very different from mine, might be much more effective than mine, and vice versa. But I would think it unwise to prescribe a single style for the two of us.

O'Sullivan: In regard to the point about the movement toward laicizing the Boards of Trustees, the administrations of many of the major Catholic universities. Do you see this to be advantageous?

Buckley: I think that there are a lot of advantages to it, for this reason: that the secular reflex is very valuable. People react most often to secular stimuli, and under the circumstances it makes sense to admit whatever it is the secular world has to inform you on such matters as psychology, student relations, parietals, and all these subjects that have been discussed so extensively by students, among students. Almost certainly, I think, laymen have a better feel, and should be expected to have a better feel, for that kind of thing than the clergy. At the same time, I think that clergy — and I have St. John's in mind, for instance, in an extreme situation of a couple of years ago — are entitled to insist that their participation in a college enterprise requires a minimum attachment to the explicit ends of Christianity, and under the circumstances they should reserve sufficient power to make certain decisions at that level.

O'Sullivan: Are you at all familiar with Sacred Heart University?

Buckley: Not beyond the letter I had, no.

O'Sullivan: I was wondering if you did know about it, what you thought about the idea of a diocese starting its own university. I wondered whether you felt this to be sort of extravagant, even to be thinking in those terms?

Buckley: Well, I don't know how great was the sacrifice of the diocese in starting it — I imagine very considerable. I know that often it's not a sacrifice. Fairleigh-Dickinson's total investment in its plant was something in the neighborhood of 59,000 dollars, because all the rest came from new grants from New Jersey, grants from foundations, grants from the federal government, etc. Of course, Catholics don't qualify for those, for the obvious reasons, and therefore I assume it was a considerable sacrifice. But I assume it's meeting a felt need and what few brushes I've had with it have been mostly through correspondence. People talk about it with very considerable enthusiasm, so it must have something. Maybe it has the Sacred Word!

O'Sullivan: One final question, which is not really connected with what went before. I've followed your writings and your career since I was in high school, and I've read, I think, pretty much all that you've published up to this point.

And the question that's bothered me right along, maybe it's too personal to ask even, but I wonder if whether looking back upon what you've accomplished, say, since *God and Man at Yale*, if you ever felt that you might have redirected your energies. Do you find that you are dealing with the same questions continuously, that you've been almost boxed into a position? What I had in mind is if possibly you could drop out for a while or if you could have, maybe even five, ten years before, to try to work out some larger analysis of the relevance of conservatism to American political realities? Do you feel you might still do that, or you should have done that?

Buckley: If your question is: 'Is there an awful lot of reading that you wish you had done?' my answer is absolutely yes. But I have a feeling the answer would be absolutely yes even if I had done that amount of reading, because all the reading that you do suggests all the reading that you have yet to do.

O'Sullivan: I think it's more specific than that. I think you have been cast into a unique position, possibly the reason being because there were so few articulate conservatives available back in the fifties and even today. And so possibly you have been over-burdened with this responsibility, which obviously you've freely accepted. But the idea of debating Norman Mailer fifteen times and Baldwin eight or nine times ... I wonder why you devote so much of your time to this sort of thing when it appears you can do far more seminal work than that.

Buckley: Well, I don't really know that seminal work is what I was born to do, or even am equipped to do, because I see my role as the cultivator of other people's seminal ideas. I don't have any particular ambition to be a seminal thinker perhaps because during the past fifteen years I have come to distrust neoterisms, which I think tend to be largely impudent. I think five, ten, fifteen years spent in digesting people like Voegelin and Strauss are five, ten very well spent years, and the likelihood that you would ever outpace them in terms of the diligence of their scholarly research is small. You can't be ambitious in all things and succeed, and meanwhile, one has to have journalism. And journalism acts as a conduit by which very exciting ideas, which otherwise go unnoticed, would remain that, unnoticed. I have incidentally, just about finished a text-book, a compilation of 20th century conservative thought, which I find is very interesting to put together, and people who read it will find it interesting, with

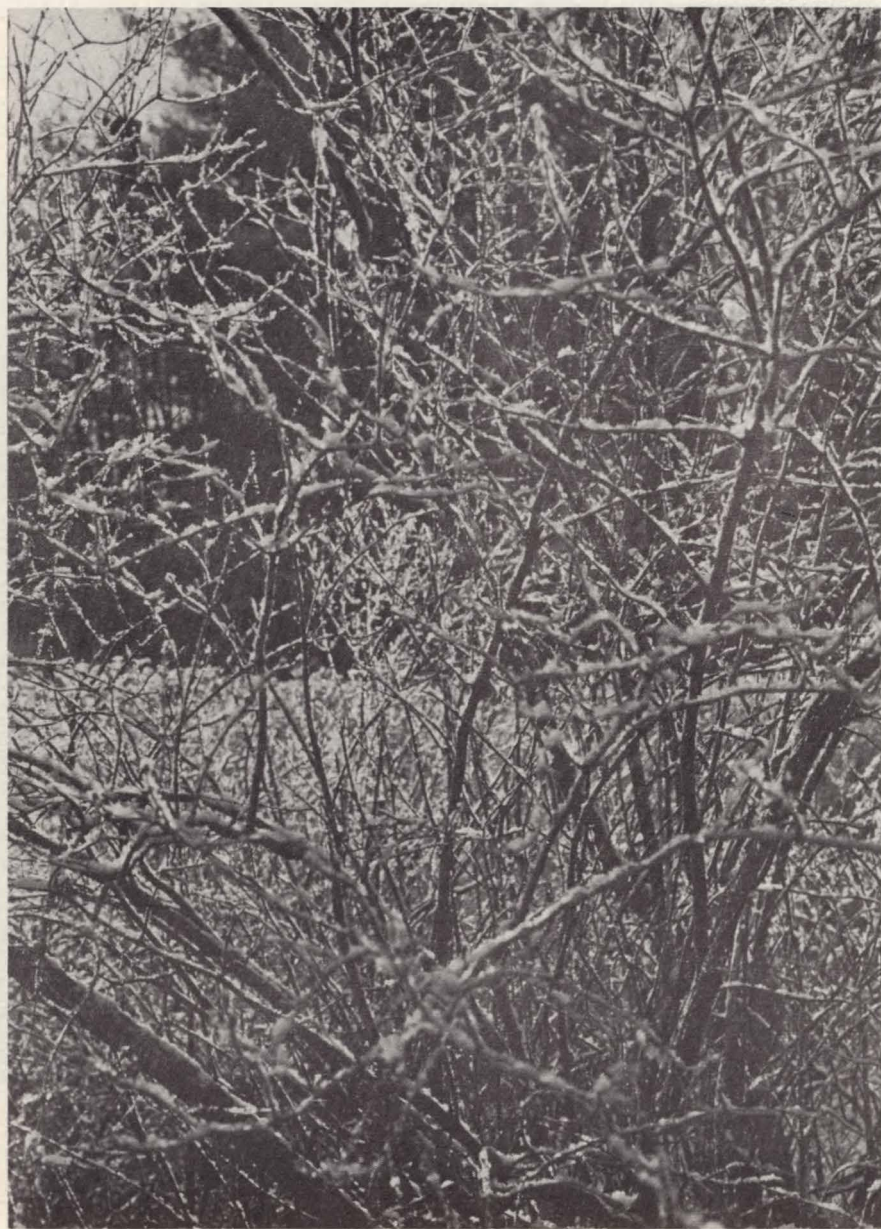
a heavy accent on cultural, and not purely economic aspects of conservatism. But the cultivation of one's own talents is very important, and I am fussy about words. And I spend a considerable amount of time trying to get things written in exactly the way I want them to appear. Four drafts for *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, for instance, which is an awful lot of drafts for a 125,000 word book. But anyway, there we are. I don't resent your asking the question at all. Let me just finally add, if you walk into certain kinds of administrative duties, there's almost no way of walking out of them. You can't just say to somebody 'Here's a little thing called the *National Review*. Would you kindly look after it for me for the next year or so?' It doesn't work that way, because small organizations, especially when you're dealing with god-damn intellectuals, tend to require terribly delicate, customized relationships, which almost inevitably work through you as the central figure. And if you remove that person, you have the kind of chaos that happens, for instance, in a school when a headmaster is replaced or in a university when a dean is replaced. It eventually recrystallizes, but meanwhile it's gone through a wrenching experience, and when you're dealing with a deficit operation like this one, it's something that one simply doesn't take lightly. I don't doubt that *National Review* would survive me and I don't doubt that it might very well be much better if I left. I do spend a couple months in Europe every year, which is where I do my book writing. But even there I have to work four, five hours a day writing my columns and attending to correspondence for the *National Review*.

O'Sullivan: Thank you very much.

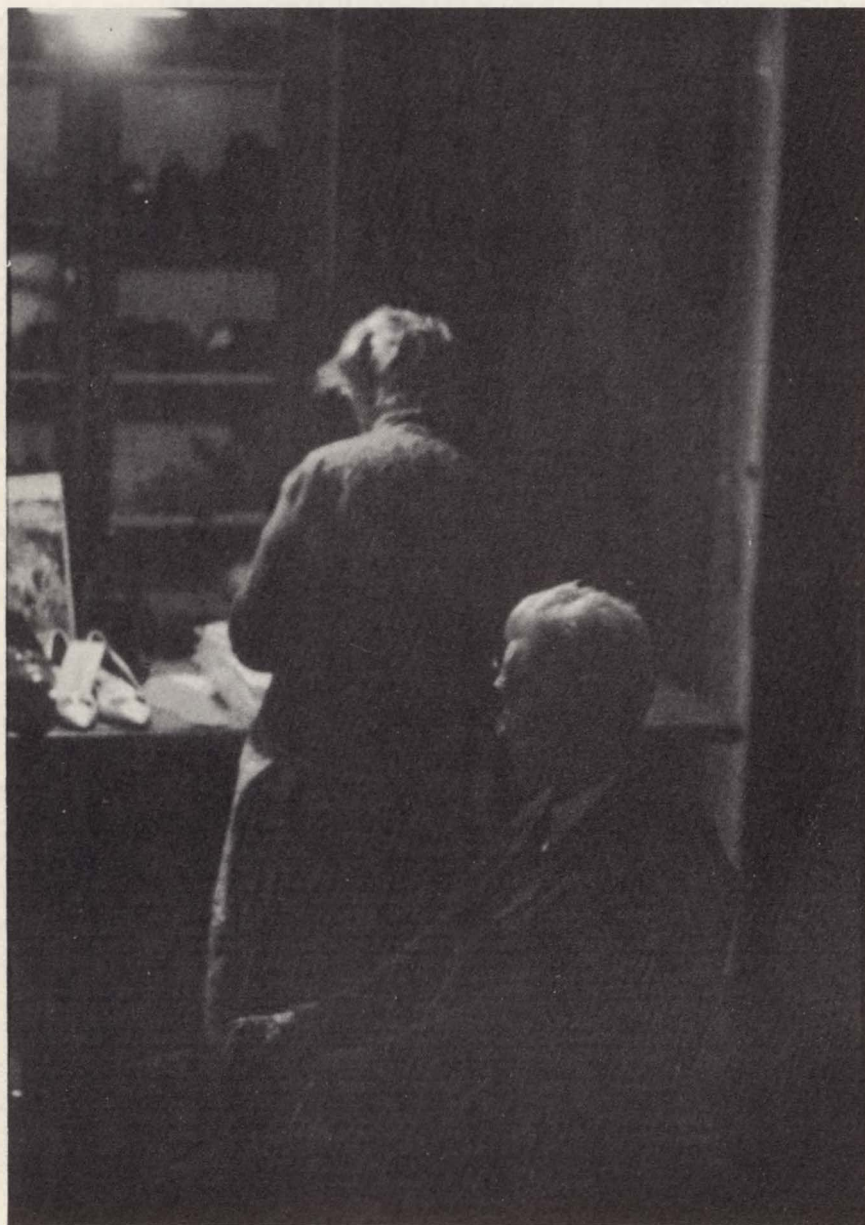
Buckley: Well gosh, fine, that was painless.

PHOTOGRAPHY









THYROXIN AND ITS EFFECT UPON SUCCINIC DEHYDROGENASE ACTIVITY IN ADULT *RANA PIPIENS*

Ronald A. Sapiente and Sr. Anita Jakubek, Daniel Roberts, Maria Visconti

Observations of hyperthyroid frogs were made to study succinic dehydrogenase (SDH) activity and its effect upon the total organism. The care and maintenance of the animals was performed according to Warren (1940) and SDH was spectrophotometrically analyzed (Cooperstein, 1950).

The experiment was performed on adult *Rana pipiens* and was conducted over a one month period; all frogs, control and experimental, being fed at regular intervals twice weekly. The experimental animals were subjected to three variations of the same treatment. Groups B1, B2, and B3, were respectively administered 30 mg, 60mg, and 90mg of dessicated thyroid powder each diluted with 1cc. beef liver homogenate. Group A1, which were controls, received 1cc. of beef liver homogenate.

Daily examination of the experimental animals showed a progressive color change in the skin. The onset of this change was so gradual that it was difficult to determine its first appearance. At the beginning of the experiment all the

frogs, both experimental and control, were a deep brownish-green color with the usual large black pigment spots. The areas immediately surrounding the large black spots were grayish green. The dorsal lateral dermal plicae were light brown. After administration of the thyroid powder, the area around the large pigment spots changed from a grayish-green to a light green. The dermal plicae were also noticeably lighter.

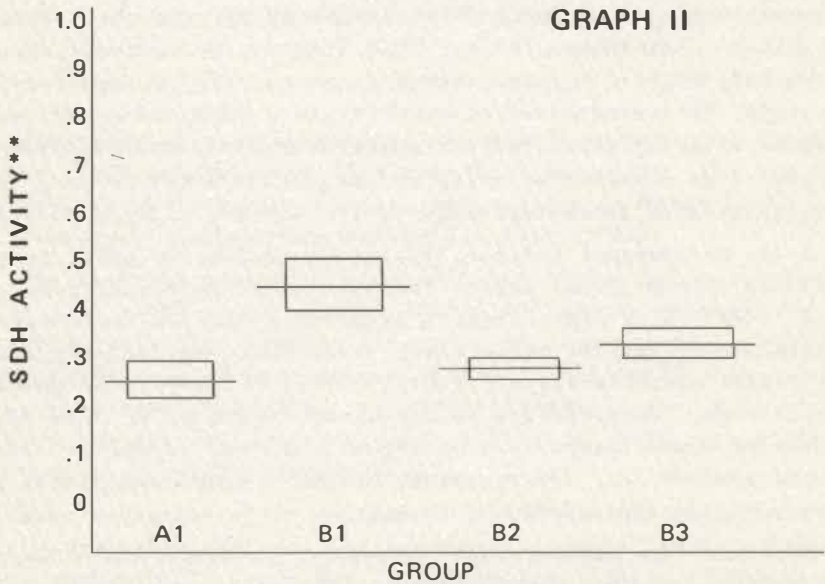
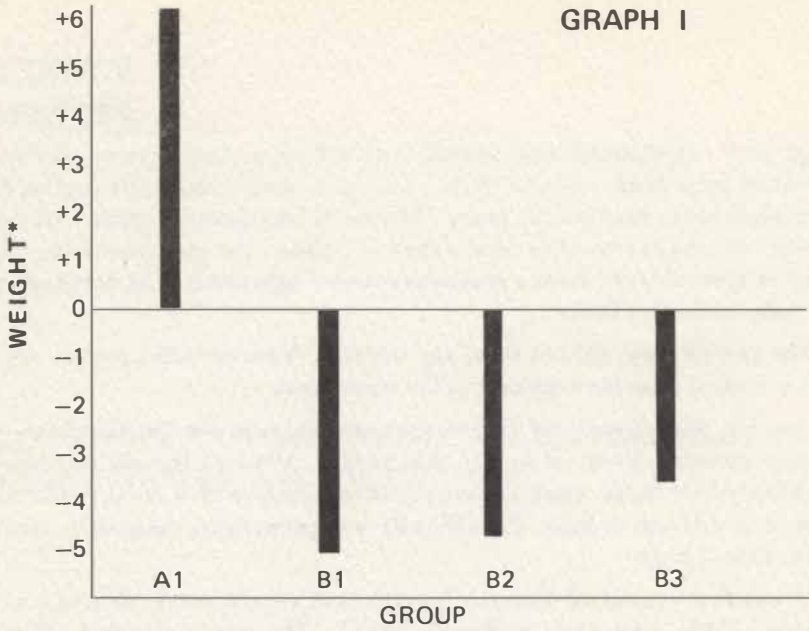
The control frogs did not show any deviation from the color pattern which they possessed from the beginning of the experiment.

Another characteristic of the experimental animals was the abundance of mucous secretion given off by the skin glands. Although the control animals were easily held in the hand, the experimentals retained their slimy nature and were more difficult to hold. The difficulty was enhanced by the greater activity of the treated frogs.

It was further noticed that the hyperthyroid experimentals showed a pronounced effect upon their epidermal tissues. The skin is sloughed off at a faster rate causing the epidermis to be reduced in thickness and is accompanied by definite cellular changes. (Warren, 1940). There was also a noticeable change in the body weight of experimental frogs, the general tendency being a decrease in weight. The control showed an overall increase in weight; this increase probably due to the high protein liver diet to which normal frogs are not accustomed. In graph 1 the reader will notice that we have plotted the total deviation, for each group, from the average weight at the beginning of the experiment.

It can be concluded, therefore, that hypermetabolism can indeed be induced by thyroid powder intake. This hypermetabolism has demonstrated itself in the form of weight change. It would here appear, prior to analysis of enzyme activity, that the greatest activity would accompany that group losing the greatest amount of weight. In graph 1 Group B1 has shown the greatest loss in weight. Groups B2 and B3 also demonstrating a loss in weight, have shown less drastic changes from the original weight and therefore less detrimental metabolic rate. This hypothesis, however, is further supported in the enzyme assay for SDH activity.

SDH, one of the enzymes called "pacemakers," has been noticed to control the respiratory rate and related substances. Thyroid hormones preferentially



*Weight, expressed in grams as a deviation from the original weight, lost or gained during the entire experiment.

**This is a graphic representation of SDH activity as expressed in Table I. It is here expressed $\frac{\Delta \text{Log} [\text{ferricytochrome C}]}{\Delta t}$ with statistical means and standard area of deviation.

increase the enzymes of this type (Tager, 1965). It has been our contention in this experiment that hyperthyroidism would increase SDH activity (Garbner, 1967).

Upon accumulation of sufficient data, each assay was plotted to determine the slope of its graph. This slope is proportional to enzyme activity (Cooperstein, 1950) as shown in Table I.

Table I

Group	Tissue Dilution	Enzyme Activity*	Confidence Intervals**
A1	1:200	.25	± .0548
B1	1:200	.47	± .0543
B2	1:200	.28	± .0038
B3	1:200	.34	± .0546

These figures were further applied to a statistical analysis to determine their standard deviations and standard errors of the means. The standard error is illustrated relative to the mean and the assay distributions in graph 11. After studying these graphs the reader will notice that the highest enzyme activity is observed in group B1, that group which previously was shown to have the greatest loss of weight.

The reader will also notice that groups B2 and B3 demonstrate the inhibitory nature of excess thyroid powder. Although group B3 activity is somewhat higher than would be predicted, this could be due to the smaller number of animals studied.

It can be concluded that increase in rate of metabolism is induced by the administration of thyroid powder. It can also be concluded that this increase

*Expressed as statistical means.

**Based on t.05.

will reach a maximum enzyme activity. Any concentrations of the maximum will be inhibitory on enzyme activity. We have roughly established this concentration to be 60mgs. per week of desiccated thyroid powder; however, a more precise concentration requires further study. This process will not be difficult now that we have established the approximate position of maximum SDH activity.

SUMMARY

Some of the effects of prolonged administration of thyroid powder on the adult frog, *Rana pipiens*, have been studied.

- a) A reduction in the thickness of the epidermis as demonstrated by the corneal layers being sloughed off at a rapid rate.
- b) Mucous glands of the skin are severely affected: an increase in thyroid powder accompanies an increase in mucous secretion.
- c) A gradual decrease in body weight: this decrease most radical in the group with the highest enzyme activity.
- d) Observable color changes.
- e) A concentration which induces maximum enzyme activity has been established at 60mgs. per week given in two feedings.
- f) Concentration in excess of the maximum are inhibitory on enzyme activity.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Cooperstein, S.J., *et al.* "A Microspectrophotometric Method for the Determination of Succinic Dehydrogenase" *Journal of Biological Chemistry*, 186:129-139 (1950).
- Garbner, *et al.* *A text of Comparative Endocrinology* (New York: 1967) p. 169.
- Tager, *et al.* *Regulation of (Metabolic Processes in Mitochondria)*, B. Kadenbach, "Effect of Thyroid Hormones on Mitochondrial Enzymes." (New York:1965) p.514.
- Warren, Marshall, R., "Hyperthyroidism in the Adult Frog," *Journal of Experimental Zoology*, 83:129-145 (1940).

CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Abbate races automobiles and has, in his college career, majored in just about everything. This man of sartorial elegance spends a great deal of time on his head.

Charlene Botha, '71, is busy now assembling photographs, drawings, landscapes, and portraits for her wall of pictures. At other times she writes poetry and dances and dances and dances.

Margaret Davis, '70, is a Biology major who enjoys ice skating. Her weaknesses are Bob Dylan and Irishmen (a certain one in particular).

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan is a novice in the Congregation of Notre Dame. A political animal by her own admission, she is especially interested in the field of Sacred History.

Raymond Hassett lives simply, trying to get away from words as much as possible, because he believes life is more meaningful when you feel it.

Donna Highbridge, '69, is an English major who enjoys creative writing and would like to pursue a career in that area.

Dr. Joyce M. Holland is an Assistant Professor of English, who received her Ph.D. from Brown University. In addition to her essay on Hilda Doolittle included in this issue, she has published several critical articles and book reviews on American literary figures.

Sr. Mary Anita C.S.F.N., '69, has not only designed the cover for this and former issues, but she also took part in the experiment to study the effects of thyroxin on frogs. Except for jazz, all types of music appeal to her, and she likes to spend her leisure time painting.

Romanna Jakymic, '68, is now a high school History teacher. In her senior year at Sacred Heart, she was the only female participant in a ten member experimental history seminar on revolutions. For her topic, the Ukrainian Revolt, she translated the necessary documents from the original Ukrainian into English.

Mr. John O'Sullivan is an Assistant Professor of History at Sacred Heart.

Paul J. Raleigh was a member of the 1968 graduating class with majors in History and English. He plans to attend Trinity College in Dublin, so his poetry must therefore speak for him.

Albert Ruggiero has previously contributed poetry to *The Magazine*. He is currently studying in the Associate Arts program.

Ronald Sapiente, '69, cherishes but one fond wish. And that is that he be forever known as King Ronald the Wise.

Teo Senni is.

Gene Shea, '72, has had his photography appear in past issues of *Rocks and Roots* and wants to be a teacher when he grows up.

STUDY AT

FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

**MASTER OF ARTS DEGREE
CERTIFICATE OF ADVANCED STUDY
CERTIFICATION PROGRAMS**

MAJORS IN: Administration, Supervision, Guidance,
Psychological Examining, Secondary Classroom
Teaching, Special Education, Educational Foundations
and Professional Improvement.

AMERICAN STUDIES

*Educational Media
Computer Assisted Instruction – Television
Computer Lab and A–V Lab
on Campus*

Start Programs in Fall, Spring or Summer
Application Deadlines:

SUMMER TERM – JUNE 1
FALL TERM – SEPTEMBER 1
SPRING TERM – JANUARY 1

For Further Information, Write or Phone

FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY

Graduate School of Education
Fairfield, Conn. 06430 – Phone 255-1011

Compliments of



255 STAGG STREET · STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT
375-5915

Are you a Turtle ?

