

ROCKS AND ROOTS
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ROCKS AND ROOTS

The Magazine of Sacred Heart University

Winter 1969

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COLLOQUY IN CENTRAL PARK

Summer's leaves are struck with frost,
A critic from the City's University
Is weeding out the young
Poets from his New Anthology.
Near next spring's tulip bed the lost
Ball is found – flat and rotted out of shape,
It's too late for us to play.
My god, I am not yet sorry for my sins,
The love I corner is done for pay,
It doesn't matter to me who wins.

Autumn's enert sun has sucked
The Summer from the damp mint hills,
Below, a Communist who bucked
The rat-race fills
The Park with his monstrous shape.
Autumn bleeds the green leaves red,
Blood oozes from the worm-wood, it's dead.
Dry winds peel off the scabs of leaves
And sweeps the ash ivy off the monument,
I see the throbbing nest of bronze bees
Buzz their pneumatic drill – repent.

Central Park is cleared of children by three,
The Latin scholar is backed by five
Into the stillness of the University.
By six the Park is not alive
There is no lone-wolf to stalk the night
With his promise of delight.
There is no boy to launch his boat
In the deep end of the pond.
Our souls are set with rigor-mortis in the dark,
A beggar loiters for a handout in the Park.
The khaki sun has shrunk into a knot,
From Purgatory Mount it seems
Like Hope was just a dot.

This is the dull world of Death and Resurrection,
On the veranda of an elegant cafe
A lady sips her cocktail,
Time has wasted another day.
Autumn fills our skulls with
The juice of a sterile hypodermic,
The park is stuffed with morphine from the addict.
Gangerine hangs around the dying trees,
Autumn stabs the year with it's apparatus,
Soon winter's narcotic will have addicted us.

Autumn drags the season to it's knees,
The sidewalk is soiled with the shells of bees.
It is this simple;

Those who survive the promise of the night
Are dead by morning – dead without a fight.
Autumn sinks the child's Drunken Boat,
A critic denies what the poet wrote,
“Why give this trophy to this dope,
He came and washed our mouths' with soap.”
Autumn's paraplectic is resting in our bed,
The dry wind gleans the Park of all it's dead.
The mirical of life might be rain
But the last flower throbs
Amongst the freezing grain.
Summer's bee is honey-cellophane, and frost,
We can be sure of nothing – we've lost.

Do we beat the dead and beg for Lazarus?
Do we forge a mirical
To satisfy our will?
I ask again, whose left to die for us?
Autumn holds us in paralysis,
Compose, skull, bone-meal, and horse-piss.

As I leave I know some lush
Will sing the epic of the Angelus.
Yet dear Peter Abelard still sits
And remorse over the stain
That soaked Summer's stone pulpit.

Joseph Detmer

the myth of janus

so you have come back
with october wiped across your face
in the somber violet of clouds

i hand you quince it hangs in
a forgotten world where evening sings
of a different care

it is bitter our children
are dead

the keys of the river turn green
like rush candles
strange leanings in the wind

the shadows become our last door

Peter Menegus

THIEF

He was not quite twelve
but he was a thief.
He liked to rob the candy store
because the old lady there was half deaf.
If she didn't hear him come in
he could walk out with half the place
before she knew it was gone.
He would keep his things in the garage
in a corner under a pile of old rags.
He was safe there;
it was all dark and dirty
and his mother was afraid to go inside alone.
He would sit and eat crackerjacks
or licorice in the afternoon
when some light could still filter in
through the smoky windows.
And he'd grin a little to himself
just knowing he was so good
that they'd never, ever get him.

Charlene Botha

MIKE

Pete Smith

Mike sat there with his heart in his hand. The room wasn't real. He could feel everything. He could feel the toothpick on the dresser. Its blunted and frayed end reproached him with its uselessness. He sat there with his heart in his hand.

After a long time. Perhaps a short time — he wasn't sure — he turned it over. That was funny. His heart looked the same on both sides. That was a side splitter. He had a two-headed coin for a heart. Mike thought it was funny. He thought it was funny, but he couldn't feel it was funny, because he held his heart in his hand.

He could feel everything. The bulging bag of dirty clothes in the closet assaulted his feeling. Then that was a joke, too. He could feel the room, but not the funny. ●f course, no joke. His heart was in the room. He could feel what was in the room, but not what was in him. Then he was afraid and started to put his heart back.

No. He couldn't do that. He had a question to ask this not quivering, not beating as he thought it should, heart of his. He opened his mouth to ask the question, and he closed his mouth in silence. It was strange. He couldn't feel the seeing of the room. He couldn't feel the tasting of the stale cigarette smoke in the room, the sound of the rats under the floorboards, the finger-touch of the splinters in the arm of the old chair. But he felt the being of the room. For the first time the room was. Not just the collections of his senses. That was the amazing thing. Mike became aware of what he had lost by not doing this before. The stale smoke had a friendly being for him that he hadn't realized when he just felt the smelling of it.

Afraid of injuring it, Mike sat, mothering his heart in the protection of his hands. He thought of something. But couldn't, didn't dare, put his heart down. He walked over to the radiator, tip-toe almost. Tip-toe not quite, but careful, concernedly. He walked over to the radiator. Balancing carefully, balancing meticulously, balancing perfectly, he drew back his foot. He drew back his right foot, bare from the splintered floor, from daring the unpainted, unvarnished floor to injure him. His right foot slammed, toe first, into the

radiator.

The no-sensation of pain stunned Mike. He almost fell. He carefully sat down. The splintered floor under him. He sat down and felt the being of pain. He sat down and enjoyed knowing pain the first time. His not throbbing heart lay in his hand. Then he knew why he had not done this before. Why they didn't tell you how to do this. Why he wore his heart inside. Too much pain. His head swam. He was swimming, gliding, swimming; not swimming, not moving. Gliding. He was lost. He wasn't sure if he sat. He felt sitting-gliding, gliding-sitting.

Mike stood up, gliding-standing, still gliding with the feeling of the being of pain-*being* pained. Mike stood up, walking-gliding, gliding-walking, gingerly, toe-tip, almost: back to the chair. Needed the chair, the being of the restraining arms beckoned. He needed to not feel the splintered arms. He needed the chair, walking-gliding across the room.

Mike sat down, sitting-gliding, gliding-sitting, leaned back. He felt that his eyes closed. Then the gliding passed, passed happy, passed *sād*, passed longing for more, passed glad to be done. Then the gliding passed and Mike sat up again.

Why was he sitting here, with his heart in his hand? Heart in hand he sat there wondering why he was sitting there with his heart in his hand wondering why he was sitting there with —

He felt his head shake, eyes blink, adam's apple jerk. He felt himself grip himself, holding his heart in his hand, his not pulsing, not beating, feeling heart. He felt the being of the room, being of the door handle, brass. Being of the bed, brass. Being of the dust under the bed. Mike sat there holding his feeling heart in his hand, feeling being.

He had a question to ask his heart. He opened his mouth, felt his mouth being opened. He felt the being of the question being asked, felt the being of each sentence being explaining of the question, being explaining of the reason for, circumstances of, hoped-answer to the question. Mike felt each syllable of the blind words, being that which they could not be; each sound of the meaningless syllables of the words straining to be that which they could not be. Mike felt the words. Mike felt the being of the question flooding him; felt the being of the question un*be* him, un*be* the room, un*be*

all that which was not the question, unbeing all that which was not that which the question could not be.

Mike sat there unbeing, lost in the being that which the question could not be. Mike sat there not knowing, not feeling, not being. Mike sat in the dark, not dark; light, not light of his room, not room, being, unbeing the question which could not be what it meant to be. Mike sat holding his heart in his hand feeling the question. Feeling the not being of the question. Mike looked at his heart.

Blank!

Mike felt all not-being. Mike felt the not being of himself, felt the not being of the toothpick with blunt point, felt the not being of his laundry bag bulging, felt, the not being of the splintered floor and arms of his chair, felt the not being of the radiator, door knob brass, bed brass. Mike felt the being of not being as he sat holding his heart in his hand.

Then the not being faded. Mike felt not the not being, but a being. Mike felt a large being. Mike felt that he no longer held his heart in his hand. Felt that he felt that he was looking at his empty hand. Felt that he was looking up into her face.

Mike felt the being of her. Felt the being of her womanness, felt the being of his manness. Mike felt. Mike felt something in his out-stretched, still out-stretched, remaining out-stretched hand. Mike felt a heart in his hand. Mike felt himself ask a question of the heart in his hand, felt his not looking at the heart, not looking at the splintered arms of the chair, not looking at the splintered floor. Mike felt looking at a pair of eyes, felt looking at her eyes.

Who was she? Mike felt the question again, Mike felt the answer to the question. She was the question, she was the answer. She sat, Mike felt her sit, she felt her sit on the bed. She-Mike felt Mike rise, glide, swim, walk over, sit down beside her. Mike-She remained lost in a pair of eyes.

Mike-She sat there with her-his heart in his-her hand. The room wasn't real. He-She could feel everything, She-He could feel only He-She. She-He could feel the toothpick on the dresser, blunted and frayed, reproaching His-her with its uselessness. She-He sat there with his-her heart in her-his hand.

S.A.O.G.

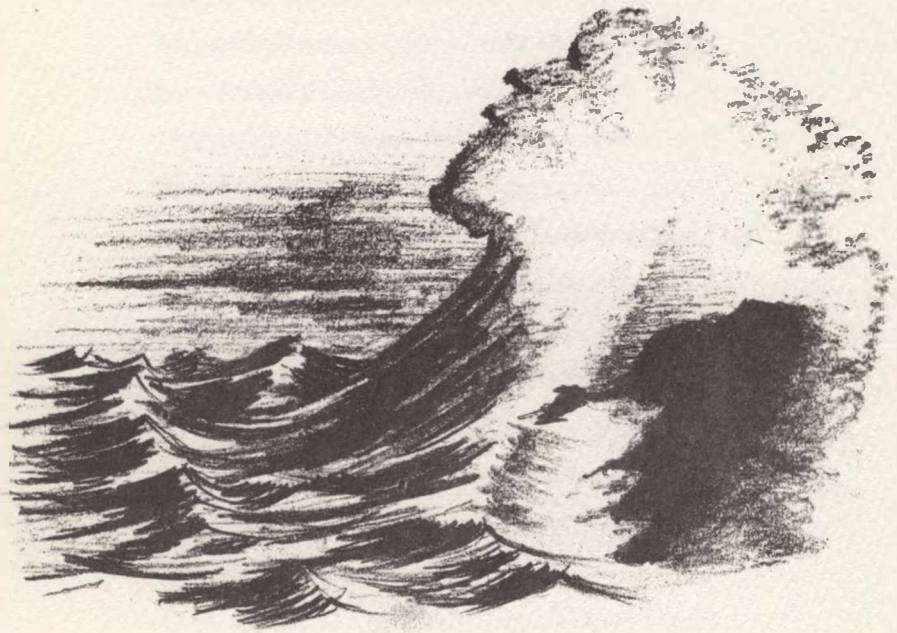
Saog was a man who knew that
men are animals, who dress up
to be undressed, that man was
a creature that chained his brother
to a wall in the dark prison of
a mind, for having fun on a bowling
night with his over-sized, beer-bellied
friends who work in air-conditioned
offices, in church halls and on mountain
sides preaching of evil and how much fun
it could be to have no "good" in the world,
for it is no good to have a hell if everyone
was going to be there, so Saog came
and saved man and everything is nice now,
but man still won't eat watermelons
on friday because they're red
and so are communists and indians
(but they're all dead now that the good guys
have come to america to teach the savages the
right way). And why go to church if you can
see mass on T.V. and eat wheat chex? Yes,
everything is all different now that S.A.O.G.
has come and gone. God, look on, don't give a damn,
you changed it, it's all right now,
we keep the ball going.

Richard Ricciuti

1/19/69

The wind blew fierce white caps,
And the icy water crashed
On the beachhead,
louder,
louder,
It pounded out its anger and pain.
Its tears poured over the sand
Washing all but the painful memory
from my mind,
The tide ebbed, and my heart became
the depths of my mind.
The tears are gone.
And only the sea remains,
crying its pain,
Of his memory and the joy of his life.

Caesar R. Castracane



"EAST BOMBAY STREET"

On East Bombay Street in middle of town
Blackman live there gypsy name Brown
Come I knocking on blackman's door
Say he what you want me at late hour for
Horse cart rattle in cool dark night
Lighter man come lights him his light
Death rat on curbstone leer at me
Gotch! I'm sure there's more I could be
Say I to blackman with outstretched hand
Tell me quick how I live like real man
Blackman quake and tremble with fear
Yells I in night be quick do you hear
Blackman beckon to me he must show
Safe in forest mid firefly glow
Among tall trees blackened and old
In with owls and witches' hold

Blackman gypsy fire he raise
And on ground lying he prays
Blackman glistens sweat in cold night
While fire she crackles all blazing white
Sees I my life in smoke clouds black
Things I much want and things I much lack
Sees I my good and much my bad
For good I am happy for bad I am sad
See I also bright day of my birth
And black mourners singing loud my dearth
Thinking eyes spiral through smoke above
And see I was missing life one of love
On East Bombay Street in middle of town
Blackman live there gypsy name Brown
Walls of Jericho tumbling down
On East Bombay Street in middle of town.

John B. Kachuba

A VIEW FROM THE WINDOW

Vincent Russello

The clouds drifted reluctantly past the window, lazy, almost stagnant, like a secluded pond on a warm and placid day. But today would not be warm, for already a cold chill could be felt throughout the room.

He had been sitting up in his bed for five minutes now, and finally he slipped instinctively into his slippers, which were withered and faded. He rose very slowly and reached for the cane that he kept alongside the bed in case he needed it during the night. The old man walked toward the calendar that was hung on a bare and unadorned wall. His steps were short and unsteady. Circled on the calendar was the present date, the twenty-second of November. As he gazed at the calendar he thought calmly to himself, seventy-six today or is it seventy-seven? He had lost count ever since Agatha had passed away, and that was fifteen years ago. Ever since then, time had been an irrelevant subject, one he had many times set aside to rest his wearied mind.

He felt a sudden urge to sit by the window and look out at the diversity of the world, a world he no longer knew. He sat himself in an old wooden chair, the last remaining piece of a kitchen dinette set, that over the years had lost its sleek varnish finish. The view from the window revealed the same singular and grotesque display, a display that had become very familiar to the old man, for each day he could see the emptiness of the streets below. The old man could recall distinctly how they were once filled with din of voices and movements. The sound of children growing up, their laughter, and their amusing child games, but always the recreation, always the noise. Each Fourth of July the families would gather in multitude to exhibit the varied sorts of fireworks. They would form in an orbiculate mass and all would watch as one cunning father would ignite one sky rocket after another. He could visualize how the sky lit up with each bursting rocket, making everything below look sheen and lustrous as a glittering candle in the dark. He could also hear the bells again, the bells from the small white truck, the truck that the children would muster around and ask entreatingly for their favorite ice cream, hoping their wishes would be fulfilled.

But now there were no more voices, no sounds of children, no bells from

the ice cream truck. Larger brick buildings replaced the older wooden structures which at one time beautified the appearance of the neighborhood. One by one the wooden buildings dwindled away until only the elderly man's survived. But now they were taking his, and like all proud men he knew it was time. He finally broke his trance and started to get ready; he realized they would be arriving in a short while.

An hour had gone by and as he took his last glance out the window a soft knock on the door broke the long waiting silence. As he went slowly toward the door, he could hear vague muttering. He paused undecidedly, then reached calmly for the door. The door knob had lost its polished look with time and exposed a rusty stain even in the dim light.

"Good morning, sir." The middle-aged gentleman was dressed conservatively and spoke with a sympathetic tone. "I'm sure you will like Hillsdale; we just completed the remodeling of all three buildings and we are in the process of entire refurnishing." The old man looked up slowly and stared acceptingly at the two figures.

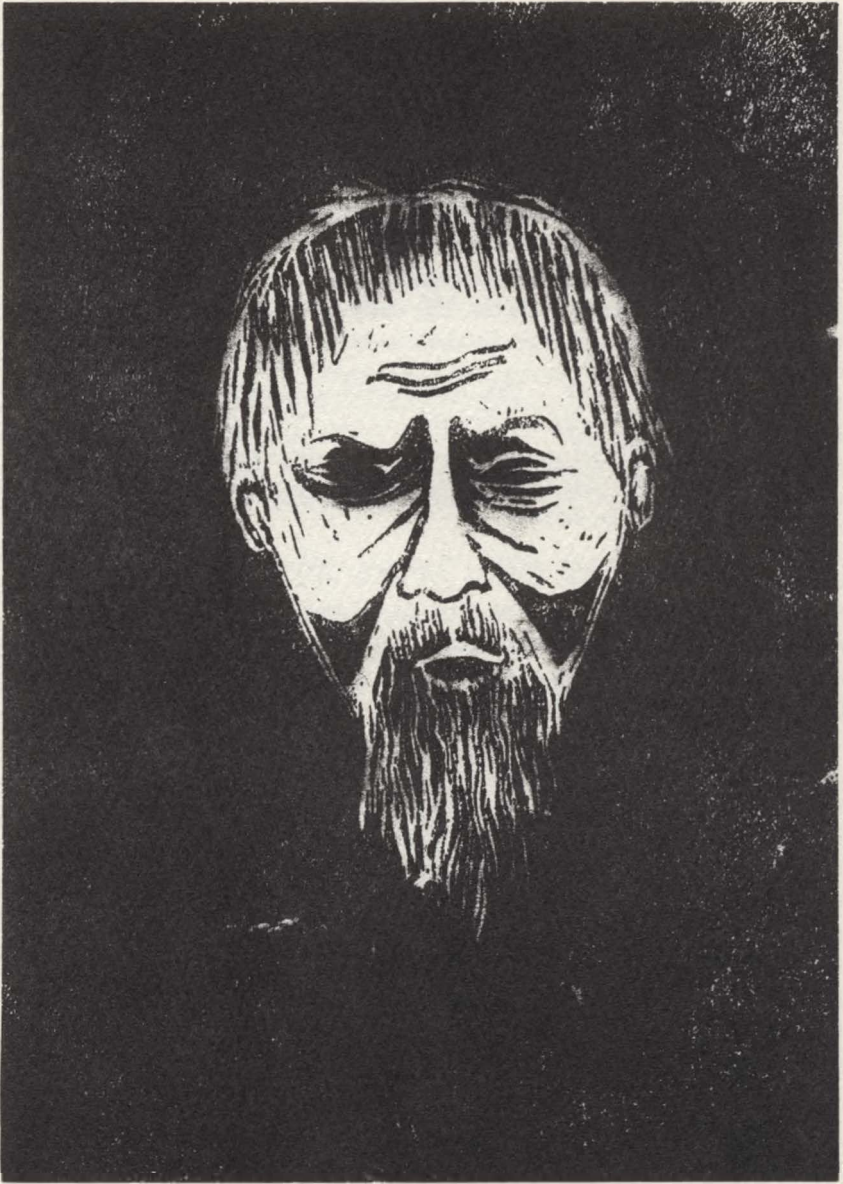
"Thank you," he said mildly, "I'm sure everything will be just as I like."

The second man, who seemed to accept the meeting as simply a routine call, reached hurriedly for the deformed traveling bag that was just inside the door. "It looks as if it might rain, we can take the new highway, that should only take us fifteen minutes."

From the car the old man looked solemnly at the house, and suddenly something caught his eye. His mailbox looked rusted and his name plate hung vertically below it, only a single link preventing it from falling to the earth. Thoughts of life came to him. Was life spent for a certain something that would outlast it, or was it something that hung by a link and with time fell forgotten? Just as the voices had left, just as the children had ceased to play, just as life does change. Yes, he concluded, nothing must remain.

He turned sadly and barely had spoken when he heard a voice, "Dear! Why are you staring out the window?" He looked up, again the voice, "Dear! Are you all right?" He looked bewildered for a moment. "Oh," he answered. "Yes, I'm fine." She reached down and kissed him softly on the cheek, "Happy birthday, darling."

He rose and smiled gently — happy it would be.



LEGACY

It was a bad year.
untraceable losses had been heavy
and some battles had been lost
but they kept a faith
as long as there was something to believe in
a thing passed down
by mothers and fathers
and tenderly put in the mouths of the children
along with the milk
a thing that was worshipped
and talked of with soft sounds
or with ringing furling of flags
in the closets
until those children
started balling their fists at the sun
and those old ones wished that
the yellowness would blind them all.

Charlene Botha

the promise

i saw time
keeping the dead
slouching around in the garden
the weeds eating the nascent peonies

i asked him why he didn't care
for them better

he said, i am not paid enough

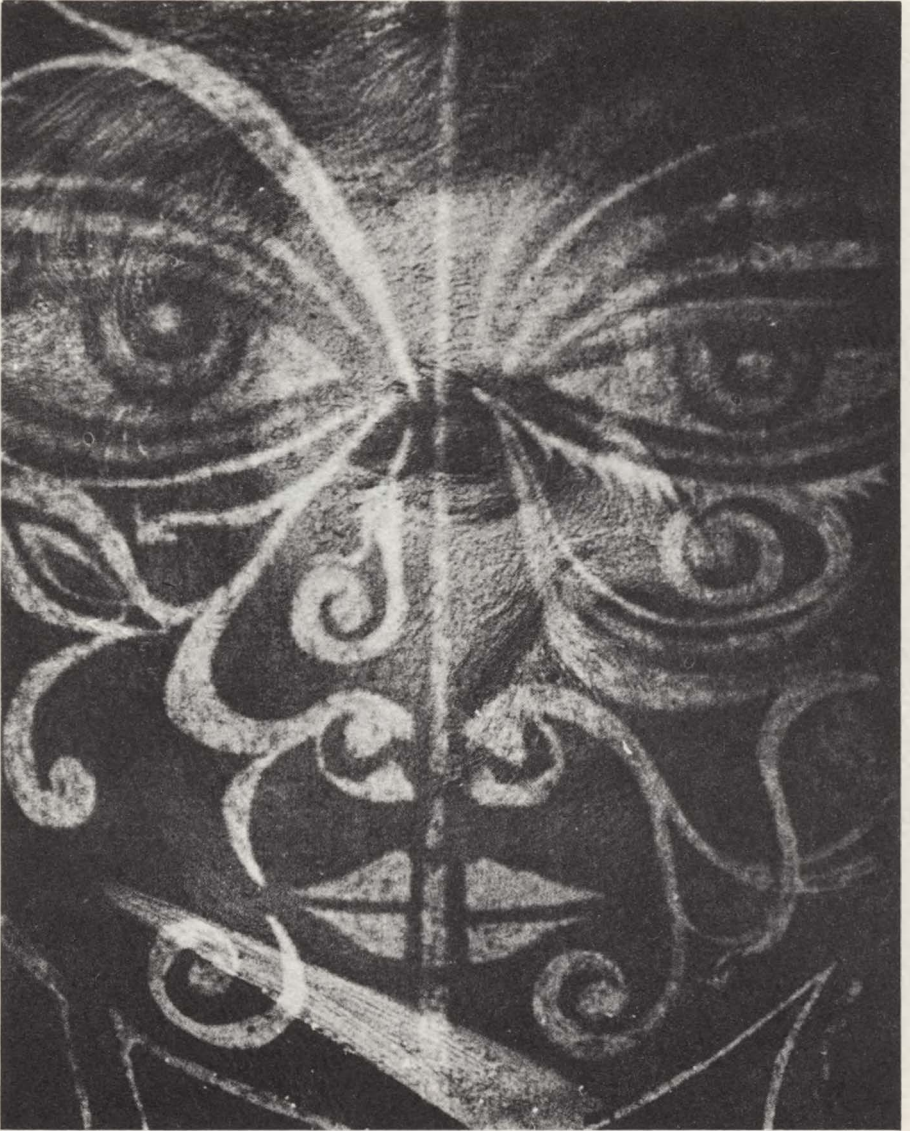
Peter Menegus

Sitting in the
angular,
indirectly lighted,
air conditioned,
venetian blinded,
lounge – can quite
easily put me to sleep.
Luckily the girl next
to me has a cough.

Ralph De Vito







What is he doing now?

living or death?

He living.

How can I help him?

He on drug, you know.

He tell me I don't understand what it really like.

I told him I do.

He say I don't.

I ask him him what is it like?

It not an easy life --

It like your stomach is all ball up into one ball,

and it get stronger,

the longer you stay on the stuff.

People live with you that you don't trust.

That you are afraid of.

You call them your friend but they're not.

You say you'll get off

but you're not ready.

You're just getting deeper and deeper.

He say --

Only the strong survive.

Frank Sparks

THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

Hugh Rank

This is the text of Professor Rank's lecture delivered at the Freshman Convocation, September 25, 1969. When the editor asked permission to print this, Dr. Rank requested that a parallel quotation (Julian Bond) be added here in response to those students who asked him why "no one ever told us this before."

If the purpose of the university is to provide skilled technicians and to train semi-skilled manpower for the military-industrial complex, then the university ought to be destroyed.

The greatest danger to the university today is neither the student rioters nor the backlash of repressive controls; the greatest danger to the university is the insidious mentality which blandly assumes that the function of the university is to be a training school.

There are no secret plots, or organized movements, or sinister government influences here. The enemy of the university is not the Pentagon, or the CIA, or IBM, or Dow Chemical. The enemy of the university is the widespread mentality—found in many businessmen and also in many university administrators and professors—which assumes that the purpose of the university is to act as a supermarket training school to provide a variety of skilled technicians and functionaries for our urban industrial system.

This enemy—this mentality—exists in every college classroom, in the millions of students who are plodding through four years of college with only one goal in mind: get a good job and make a buck. Their whole academic life in college focuses on getting "useful" courses and "useful" grades.

Many students have picked up this attitude unconsciously; they have assumed that this is the proper function of the university and that this is their proper role within the university. This is understandable. Who could blame the college freshman for having this attitude? He hears it all around. This pragmatic attitude is prevalent in our society; it is prevalent in our colleges. All through your life, people have been saying it to you so blandly that you assume it to be true.

But I disagree with this mentality. I think it to be wrong. I think that it

has had disastrous results on our society. And I would hope that in the next few minutes I can encourage you to re-think your own position, to re-examine this problem more carefully, and to be open to change.

If I were to ask "how many students would take Freshman English if they didn't *have to*?" very few would respond that they would *want* to take Freshman English. Most would say that they've already *had* English, as if it were *measles*: once you have it, you don't have to worry about it again. If I were to continue and ask how many would take the required American History course if it were optional, again the answer would be *No*. Philosophy? *No!* One could go right down the list of the basic "general education" requirements: no, no, no, no.

What then would the students take if they had a totally free choice? Up go the hands and a litany of job-oriented training courses would be recited: future accountants would want to take 128 hours in Accounting; future businessmen want 128 hours in Business; future teachers want to pile up 128 hours in Education courses learning every conceivable technique, method, and gimmick of teaching; future scientists want 128 hours in their science. So it goes.

Granted that all students pay lip-service to their desire of being "well-rounded"—perhaps because they've heard that "well-rounded" people are a more saleable product on the job market—but most students would like the "well-rounded" business squeezed into a three hour course, preferably done with audio-visual aids.

These pragmatic, job-oriented attitudes are detrimental to the idea of a university, and have been most harmful in the past century of our country's educational system. For despite the fantastic increase in productivity and in technology, we have paid a high price for this anti-intellectual spirit found within the American universities and within American society . . . and we may pay a much higher price in the future.

Look, says the advocate of the university as a training school, look at our marvelous results: everybody has an automobile, a color TV set, an electric knife in the kitchen, a power mower in the garage. What more could you ask? We have trained thousands of scientists and technicians and managers for the service of the country, making it a better place to live.

And we look, and we see that we have also polluted every one of our lakes, every one of our rivers, our land, our air, our oceans; we've poisoned our whole environment; we have raped and violated and plundered our country. All of this under the auspices and direction of university graduates--who were well trained in their specialities, and who were uneducated about broader human values. We look and we see, poised over our heads, other products of technology--the atom bombs, the hydrogen bombs, the nerve gas, and a dozen other chemical and biological weapons. We listen and we read to our strategists, our politicians, our military leaders, who talk blithely in terms of "Overkill" and "Pre-emptive War" and the theory that we can "reasonably" sustain 100 million casualties in a nuclear war. We have paid a high price already for our lack of a humane education; we may have to pay a tragic one in the future.

"One has to realize that it is educated and civilized man who has put us where we are today. The rape of Vietnam was not begun by high school drop-outs, but liberally educated men. The pollution of the air and water is not carried out by fools and idiots, but by men educated at the best scientific and technical centers. The ability to shape a society that spends nearly \$100 billion on conquering space and dominating the globe militarily comes from men of genius, not from men whose minds are limited."

(Julian Bond, Georgia state senator, addressing the American Council on Education, October 5, 1969.)

It is no wonder that some young people are in a state of absolute revolt, of absolute alienation from this society: dropping out, disgusted with it all, and feeling impotent to do anything about it. A few kids drop out to LSD, but most drop out to TV, or, if they are middle-class, to dreams of an XKE or a GT 190.

If your purpose in coming to college is simply to get a degree so that you can get a good-paying job in the System, then please do not identify yourself with the idealistic young leaders who are appearing in today's younger generation. You are part of the enemy within.

Let me clarify, before you start assuming that I am anti-business or anti-youth or anti-American, or that I am against your future happiness. So far,

I have been speaking negatively, describing what a university should *not* be; it should not be a training school to supply unthinking, uncritical manpower to a system.

Let me clarify by pointing out some positive values; some ideas of what a university should be. My ideas are not original. I am paraphrasing Cardinal Newman who wrote *The Idea of a University* a hundred years ago. I speak as one who subscribes to a long tradition. I urge you to read his book—especially the middle chapters—although I fully realize that few will actually do this. However, for those who do read it, it may change their lives.

Newman argues that the university has one primary function: to train the mind, and that the goal of the university and of the student is nothing more or less than “intellectual excellence.”

Everything has its own perfection: there is a physical beauty, a moral beauty, and a beauty of the intellect. No one has to convince us that it is a desirable thing to have a *healthy* body. No matter how we utilize our body, no matter what particular things we do, everyone agrees that the basic condition of health is desirable.

So also with the mind, the intellect. Regardless as to what we do with our intellects, regardless of what future career or occupation we may have, it would be desirable to have an intellect which is healthy.

To clarify this vague concept, Newman suggests some of the things which are the signs of a healthy intellect: a mind which is open, and flexible, critically exact, resourceful, and which is able to digest and master its knowledge. He speaks of a “philosophic habit of mind,” that is, the ability of a mind *to see relationships* among different things, to comprehend the location and the limits of one subject upon another, to put things in their proper place, to be able to evaluate, to weigh and to judge. Essentially, a “wisdom”—in modern slang, the ability to see “the big picture” and to be able to see how things relate to each other. In Newman’s words, “the integration of knowledge.”

In other words, the great *ideal* of the university would be to produce *men of wisdom*, people with healthy intellects, able to use their mind in any particular endeavor, and able to see the big picture.

The second purpose of the university would be a *social* purpose, a *result*

of the primary purpose. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the six million people now enrolled in the colleges and universities of this nation were to graduate with such healthy minds, were to be men and women of such wisdom and vision and ability to see the big picture? Wouldn't it be wonderful if the two or three thousand graduates of our local colleges every year would enter into our local community affairs with such qualities of mind? Wouldn't it have been wonderful if, for the past century, all of our nation's university graduates had these ideals, had attempted to apply a humane wisdom to our technological progress?

So far, no educational system has ever produced great numbers of people with such wisdom, because of man's natural limitations, and because the counter-pressures have been great, because the pragmatic mentality, which saw the university as merely a cheap training school to provide semi-skilled manpower for industrial progress, has prevailed.

But, we are in desperate need of people who are not only competent in their specialty but also have wisdom, have healthy minds, and are concerned about the big picture, the common weal, about the humane values of mankind. We desperately need scientists, technicians, managers, salesmen, accountants, teachers, corporation executives, and office workers who are able to function *first* as human beings and as citizens of a society, not simply as mindless robots doing their individual tasks unconcerned, unknowledgeable, and uncaring about their relation to the rest of the world.

If you agree with this, and if you agree that your main purpose in the university is simply to develop your own mind to its fullest extent and to attempt to gain this "philosophic habit of mind," what then can you do about it? What things should you do? What steps should you take?

The first step is elementary, but necessary: you must be *aware* of your goal and *try* to attain it. No one will ever reach a perfect state of wisdom; no one will ever be able to achieve a perfect synthesis, an integration of all knowledge. Yet, don't be frustrated; such integration is a *goal*, an *ideal* which eludes everyone. We must humbly recognize our own limitations, yet retain our goals, because education does not consist in the achievement of these goals, but in the *progress* and *movement* toward them.

Secondly, we must cultivate our respect for the intelligence, for our own minds, and the minds of others. We must be aware of our own anti-intel-

lectual attitudes which we have unconsciously picked up from our society. We have grown up in elementary schools and in high schools where *the inquiring mind* has been punished, where we ourselves have mocked kids who have raised their hand in class, kids who read or studied "too much;" these anti-intellectual attitudes remain with us, even as we gather together in a place specifically designated for the development of the mind. We carry with us a burden of anti-intellectualism from our homes, from our schools, from our friends. Richard Hofstadter, in his book, *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, notes the special problems, the inner confusion, of college students who come from this kind of environment and enter the university where some professors start telling the students that their previous ideas are "wrong." If some of you were to go home today and start talking about "liberal education" "intellectual excellence" as the goal of your next four years, it is likely that your parents would say "forget it—get the degree and get a job." I want you to get your degree. I, too, want you to get a good job, but I am more concerned that you bring with you, to your job, a good mind, an ability to see and to be concerned with the big picture. In a few years, you will be the voting citizens—and later, the leaders— of this society, and I hope that you will have, as my fellow citizen, a vision and a wisdom.

Third, there are some specific techniques we can practice to help our intellectual development. For example, *try to integrate* everything you learn with what you already know, *seek the relevance and relation* of things that you study to other areas of study, to your own personal experience, and to world outside.

Most American universities are so organized (a remnant of the liberal tradition) that the freshman student is pushed out into a dozen different areas of knowledge: literature, history, philosophy, science, art, music, psychology, sociology, and so on. In these separate courses, the student will receive literally thousands, perhaps millions, of items of factual knowledge and of theoretical speculation. If the student doesn't start putting things in some kind of order, he will be overwhelmed by this incoming data.

The student who simply collects facts, without some sort of attention to sorting them out, evaluating them, putting them in their place, would be like a man with a sack on his back stuffing all sorts of odds and ends in it until he was crushed by the weight of it. The more items the student receives, the

more confused he will be, unless an integrating process takes place. If the incoming items are *integrated*, are mastered, are under control, then the analogy could be changed to that of a man on top of a mountain, building higher with each new incoming load placed firmly *under* his control.

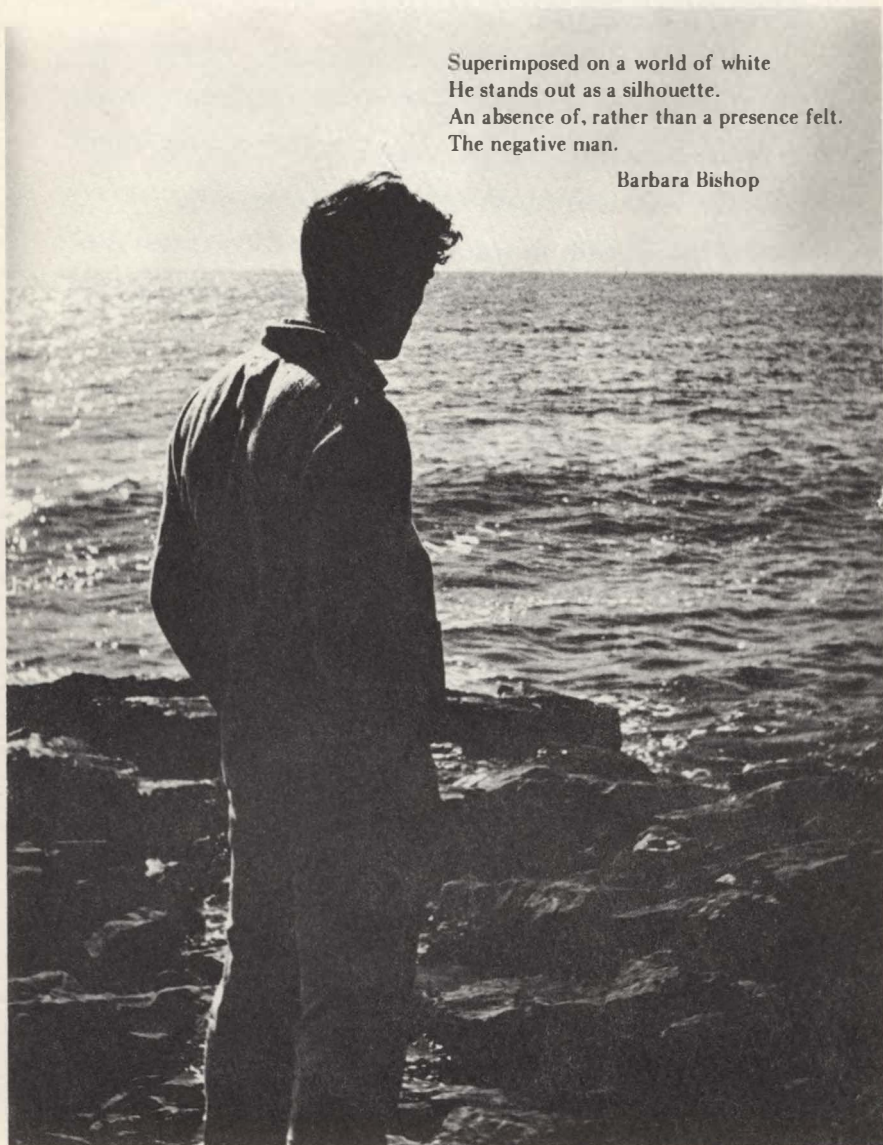
The student who claims that he has a "liberal education" just because he has taken some sixty different courses available--everything from Chinese Pottery to Egyptian Archeology to Contemporary Philosophy--may be wrong. A liberal education is not just the superficial tour, the random sampling of bits and pieces, the wide-ranging collection of facts. Everyone knows people who are veritable storehouses of facts. People who know fantastic amounts of factual knowledge about baseball statistics, automobile lore, or--in the academic world--the professors who are walking encyclopedias concerning their own specialities.

But a liberal education does not depend on the number of facts that can be retained in the memory; computers today do a much more reliable job of Information Storage and Retrieval. Nor does liberal education rest solely on the scope of one's knowledge. A liberally educated man is one who *sees the relationship* of his body of knowledge to the rest of the world, who attempts to see how the parts fit into the whole. Most students will become highly competent in one specialized area of knowledge; this is a necessity for a career. But of greater necessity for the individual and for the society is the attempt and the effort which should be made to see how one's individual speciality fits into the general pattern of human endeavor.

Logically, if the student seeks for the best possible integration of knowledge during his college years, it means that he has to put forth effort in each individual subject. One cannot expect to have a good integration of knowledge, if one works at 50% of his capability in his Rhetoric studies, at 30% in his History studies, at 20% effort in his Philosophy studies. Serious effort and hard work are essentials in the quest for intellectual excellence. Yet, at the same time, because we are limited, because there is not world enough or time, we must also integrate our intellectual life into the wider context of our personal life, our social life with friends and family, our rest and play. It is not an easy job to attempt to attain an intellectual excellence and, at the same time, to preserve a reasonable relationship among all other of our human activities, but it is the *ideal* goal toward which the student must aim.

Superimposed on a world of white
He stands out as a silhouette.
An absence of, rather than a presence felt.
The negative man.

Barbara Bishop



ANOTHER MARRIAGE

The first wife of mine died and
from her wine and champagne white
belly the lackluster hands of a clumsy doctor
handed me a child, so red and bright,
burning with sunfire, even through the gingham blanket.
She was small, diamond sized and
flushed with a lovely glow
as pink as strawberries budding
in the pale down of older snow.
I thought of Eden and of Eve
and how hard it was for her to leave
and gather up the seeds of her innocence.
After the funeral, fumbling hands dropped
her into a decorated hole, as black as a bushel
of northern plump cherries,
my wife was a puff of white
set by fairies
in topsy-turvy comfort against the night.

I brought her home in a bundle, eyes peeking through
like balls of blue tin-foil brooding in a swarm of dew.
My eyes coiled around her almost bald head,
my fingers would around her fingers and her toes.

Her sucking sounds, kisses, and purring lips parted blows,
they were like the coo's, the woo's, from a mistress,
my tiny wiggling sweetheart.
She could not walk or talk
yet she made love a nonchalant business
with the secret language
known only to me and her and the ridge
of blue-felt and pink-fur pets
that rimmed her play-pen.
Among the other courtiers were uncles,
aunts, and other children.

And this child having all of what Heaven
has not yet perfected, all in her morsal of a body.
And I, haunted by a ghost of a famous wife
who whispers distress into my life.
And together, I and she, and she and me
are like a rare pond flower and a bronze bee;
I am the bee, my buzz drills like Satan,
I hiss my sputtering kisses in her amulet ears
and with my tail I wipe away her tears.

Mourning my former wife, her formal veil
evaporates like a snowball in a hot blackberry dale.

Joseph Detmer



LUNAR TOUCHDOWN: LUNAR WEDDING JULY 20, 1969, 4:17 PM

the world went wooing its virgin mate
way back when the love words were myth
and then through legends even more
that fed the fast flirtation —
the earth matured and turned away awhile
to be a man —
and like a man, did then (of need) turn back
She was his mystery that lured him
out beyond himself
into that space,
though being outer
brought him deep within —
the earth come of age
so ventures out to have his mate:
tonight goes the phallic ship
into the virgin crater —
tonight does consummate the moon's
so light seduction

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan

LOOK INTO MY MAKE-UPLESS EYE

Dana Lubowiecki

The ribbons on her shoes were soiled pink; but it was o.k. – onstage no one could see the grime. Lights do that, you know. They can light up her face and show her expressive eyes yet just softly expose the pinkish slippers.

When she danced you could tell that she was happy. The muscles in her arms and legs moved with such agility. She had a healthy tint to her skin, and when she smiled you felt that she had just done something beautiful – like touch that flower over there.

She was that kind of person. Loving her talent – exposing it to hundreds of people every day – hoping that just once somebody would see more than her smooth body and painted lips. So her legs were firm but that wasn't the message. . . she could not tell them this. . . she continued to dance in hope.

Afterwards, she would go to her room and lock the door. She hated to talk to them. Although she loved them, she could only perform for them. She was willing to help them in any way possible; but only if they remained the

audience. Maybe that's why she would never dance the duet — making excuses whenever it was suggested. He would spin her around and leap with her and somewhere lose her talent — and all they could see were the dirty ribbons. No. She couldn't talk with them.

She hung her costume — actually, it wasn't a costume to her but a habit; anyway, she hung her costume on her closet door and put on something warm. Her face began to be nude as the thick cream took off her happiness. Exposed was a pale face — not at all pink and alive as when she danced. Her lips were free of the paint and her smile lay on a tissue in the basket. Her eyes showed their circles exhibiting her age and experience much like the circles of a large evergreen tree after the "Timber." Her lids were full of potential tears and her pupils looked like large ponds of contaminated water. The softness of the beautiful face faded and she could no longer look at herself.

There was a knock at the door but she would not answer it. She didn't have time to put on her self so she threw her soiled slippers into a box — my god if he ever saw them. She dimmed the lights and climbed into her bed. The knock would not go away. "Please. . . just a minute, please," she said. Her feet touched the cold floor as she walked to unlock the door. She meekly begged for just another second as she crawled back into bed and covered herself with the yellow print quilt somebody had given her when she danced at a party. She would have fallen asleep thinking about the party but she remembered the knock and said: "Yes, come in."

He entered and reached for the light. She caught the gesture and whispered: "No bright lights, please. My eyes are tired and you just woke me up." He mumbled an apology saying it was a waste for her to sleep after such a performance. She answered with silence. He sat on the far edge of her bed and squinted to see her face. She realized this and moved so the scarce light no longer threw even a faint yellow on her.

He asked how she was. "Tired. I'm tired. Was I good — did they like me — how was the ending? I wasn't nervous, you know. But when I thought of after the show, I almost couldn't move. I have to learn not to think about later. It ruins me. Did they notice. . ."

He wanted to hold her; but the darkness made a wall — so he played with

letters until he formed the words: "No, no one knew. You were wonderful. Can't you go for a walk – please – will you?"

She snipped his words by extending her arm in the direction of the light. A click and he could see her. She said: "Now, don't ever ask me – you know why." She said this without uttering a word.

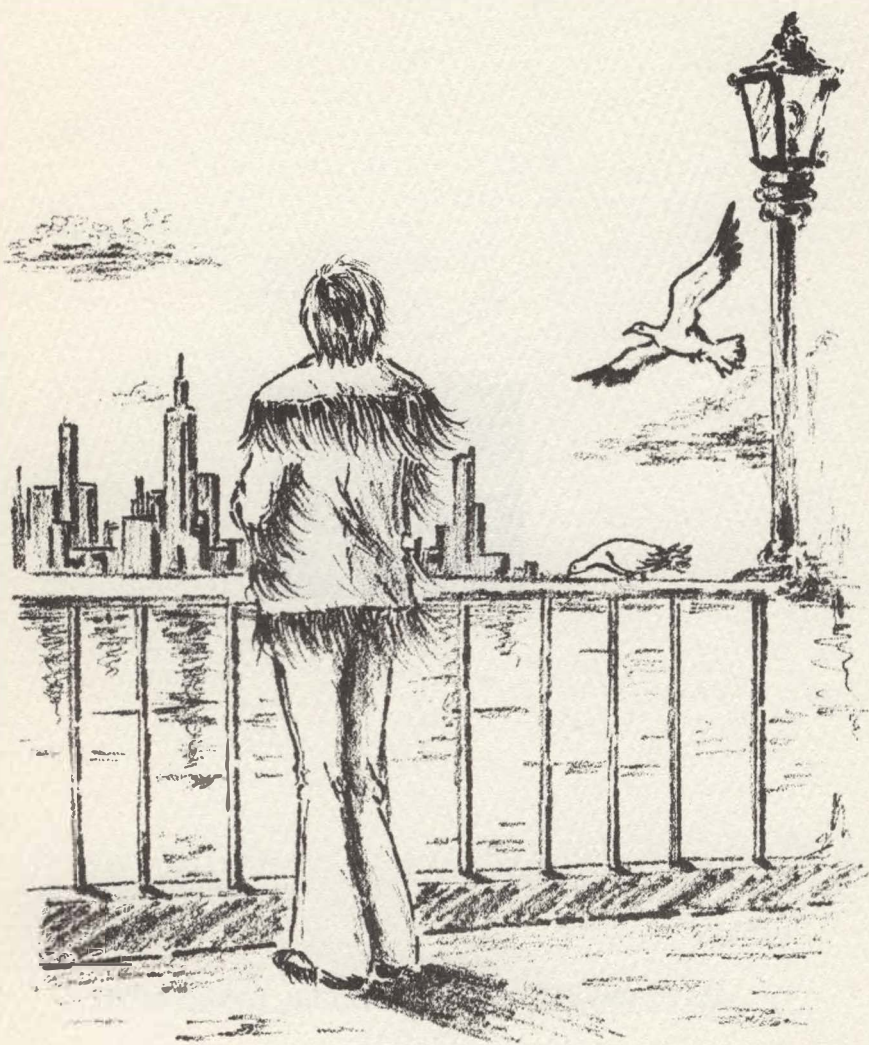
He glared at her eyes with the smut in them. She shook as he looked at her dead mouth. He reached up to touch her leg – was it still firm? He could not make his fingers move over it. Was it still firm? He didn't know, but he supposed not. He pushed his eyes to the window and saw the tops of many buildings. He saw the rich darkness and prayed that it would fill the room. He could not say a word as he rose and shuffled out of the brightness locking the door behind him.

She ran her hands over her eyes, darted out of bed to the mirror. In the same motion she pulled the pink slippers out of the box and dropped them into the blackness outside the window.

She took her costume off the hanger and also let it fall into the darkness. Then she opened the door and ran down the hall – down the steps – down and down – to street level – she ran after him screaming: "Wait, waaa. . ." Her words were not audible; just sobs – just sobs as she slumped on the bench.

The trees were dancing – not afraid to think of later; yet not losing their balance. They had no costumes. They didn't need costumes. They had beauty. They didn't perform for the passers-by; they merely were. Their talent showed and caused reactions – the kind she wished to cause. What was their secret? So their shoes were dirty – you could easily see the rich, black earth. It was not meant to be hidden. There were no deceiving lights to create illusions. I guess they were just being trees – and this made them unique. And how people applauded – applauded with smiles not tired hands.

She raised herself from the bench and began to dance. No costume – no paint – no camouflaging lights. She moved with her usual grace and her eyes smiled as if she had done something beautiful – like touch him over there. He was next to her and her eyes said hello to his. His hand on hers, together they danced: a duet – she danced a duet – not losing her talent but showing it in the most complete way. And even the trees stopped to watch.



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