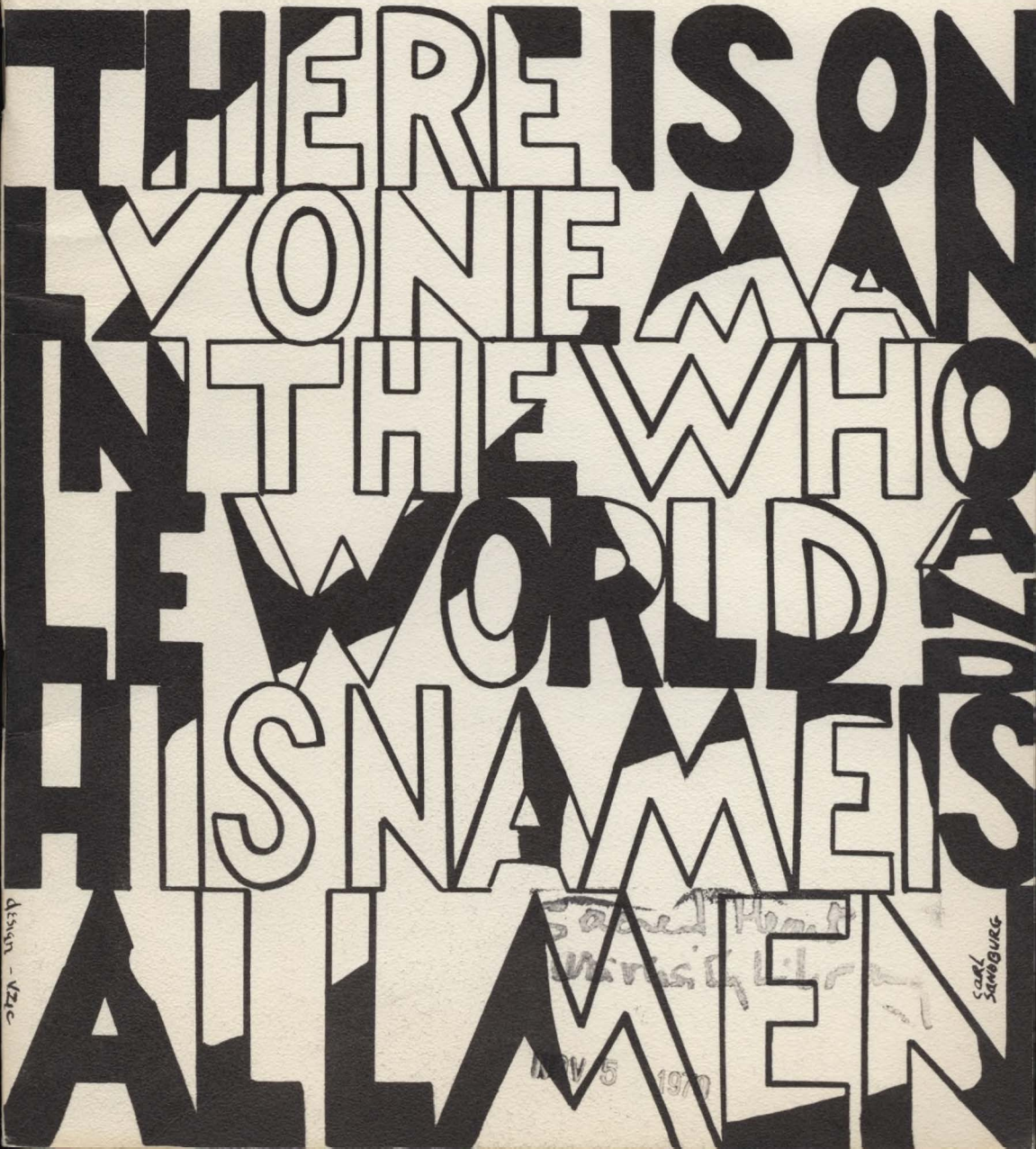
ROCKS and ROOTS

FALL 1967



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ROCKS and ROOTS

The
Magazine
of
Sacred Heart University

Fall 1967 Vol. I, No. 2

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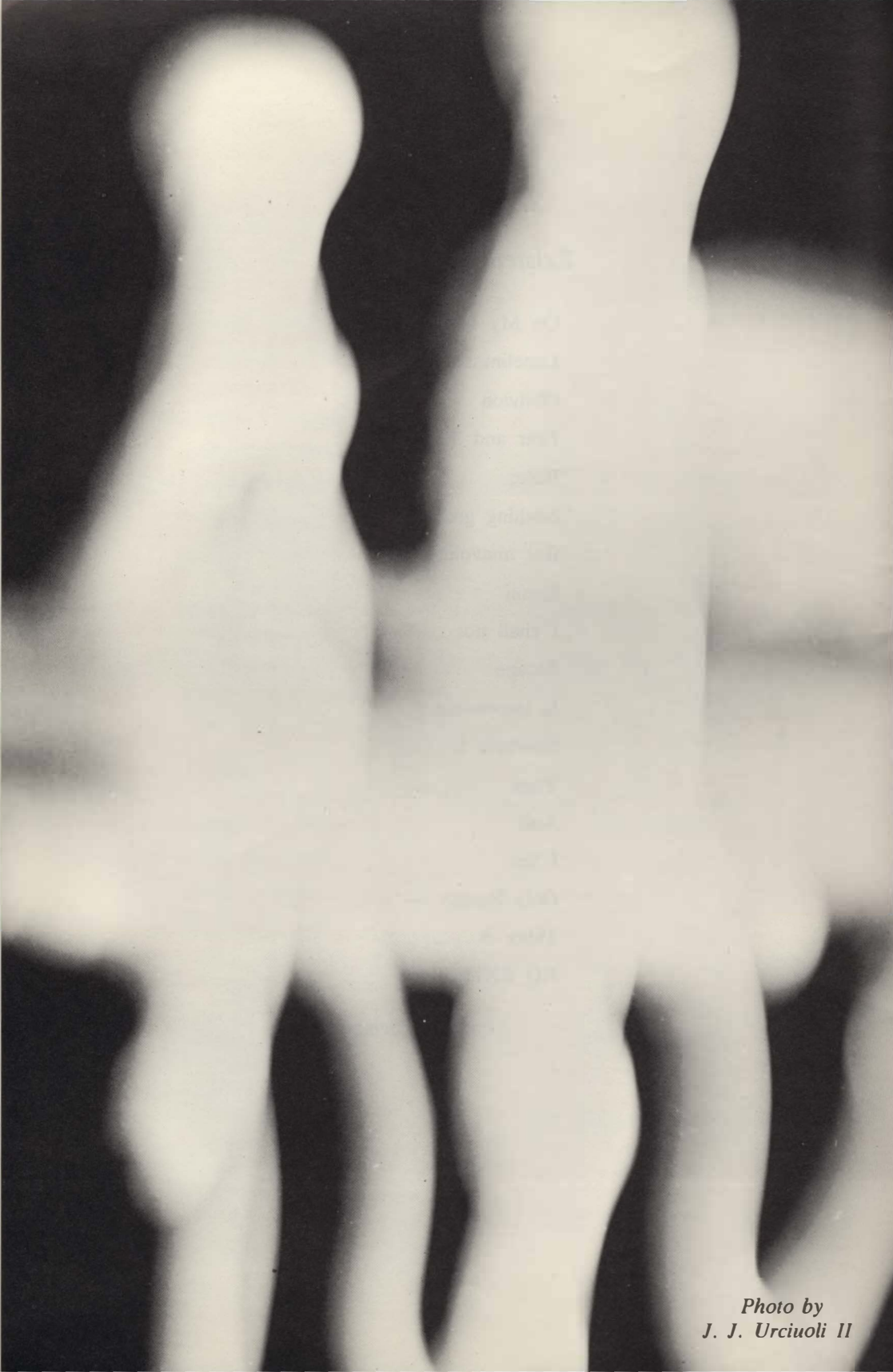
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover design: Virginia Zic

Existential Isle

On My Island
Loneliness
Oblivion
Fear and Trembling
Rule;
Nothing grows
But unavoidable
Ennui
I shall not
Escape
Is impossible
Nowhere to
Turn
And
I See
Only Reality —
There is
NO EXIT

—*F. H. Schaufler*



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J. J. Urciuoli II

Some Thoughts of an Actor on Closing Night

The smell of greasepaint and hot lights is so distinctive and exhilarating that to experience it is to become addicted. Mix this narcotic with a small amount of the catalyst known as applause, place it in a man who is "what he is not", and there stands an actor.

An actor, an island of ego, surrounded by a sea of insecurity, is an amazing animal. He lives in a world of realistic fantasy, bleeds on cue, bares his soul every day and twice on Wednesday, hates, loves, thinks, and dies, all on the direction of another. And yet, he loves every second.

Without his make-up he is just another man. The villain turns out to be a clown, the hero a tired man with hardening arteries, and sometimes the sweet ingenue has the temperament of a she-devil. But, both in the fantasy world and the real world, all actors have one thing in common—fear of the closing curtain.

When that sheet of asbestos claps shut, the actor trembles. He has been separated from his life—the audience. But he knows that tomorrow brings another audience, and a repetition of the person he is and is not. But what of the final curtain for which there is no tomorrow? An actor standing behind that curtain is like the sound of one hand clapping.

The actor kicks free of the character he has created in the same way a woman gives birth to a child. He pushes for that last bit of limelight, and the audience slaps the character into freedom, and ultimate extinction, with that last applause.

Actors are the only people who celebrate a death—that of the people who lived in two worlds—fantasy and reality. The joyous wake lasts as long as the night. As the dawn breaks, so does the party, and sun light and fresh air shock a semi-euphoric mind into reality.

In reality comes the stark truth: it's over! The fantasy has disappeared. But, even more shocking is the fact that when the play ended and the creation vanished, a little part of the actor died with it. Is it all worth it? It must be, for the actor always finds himself thinking other's thoughts and moving in other people's actions.

And again the vicious circle starts and ends, life and death, creation and destruction, love and hate, and always a little bit of the actor left behind. Again, Again, Again . . .

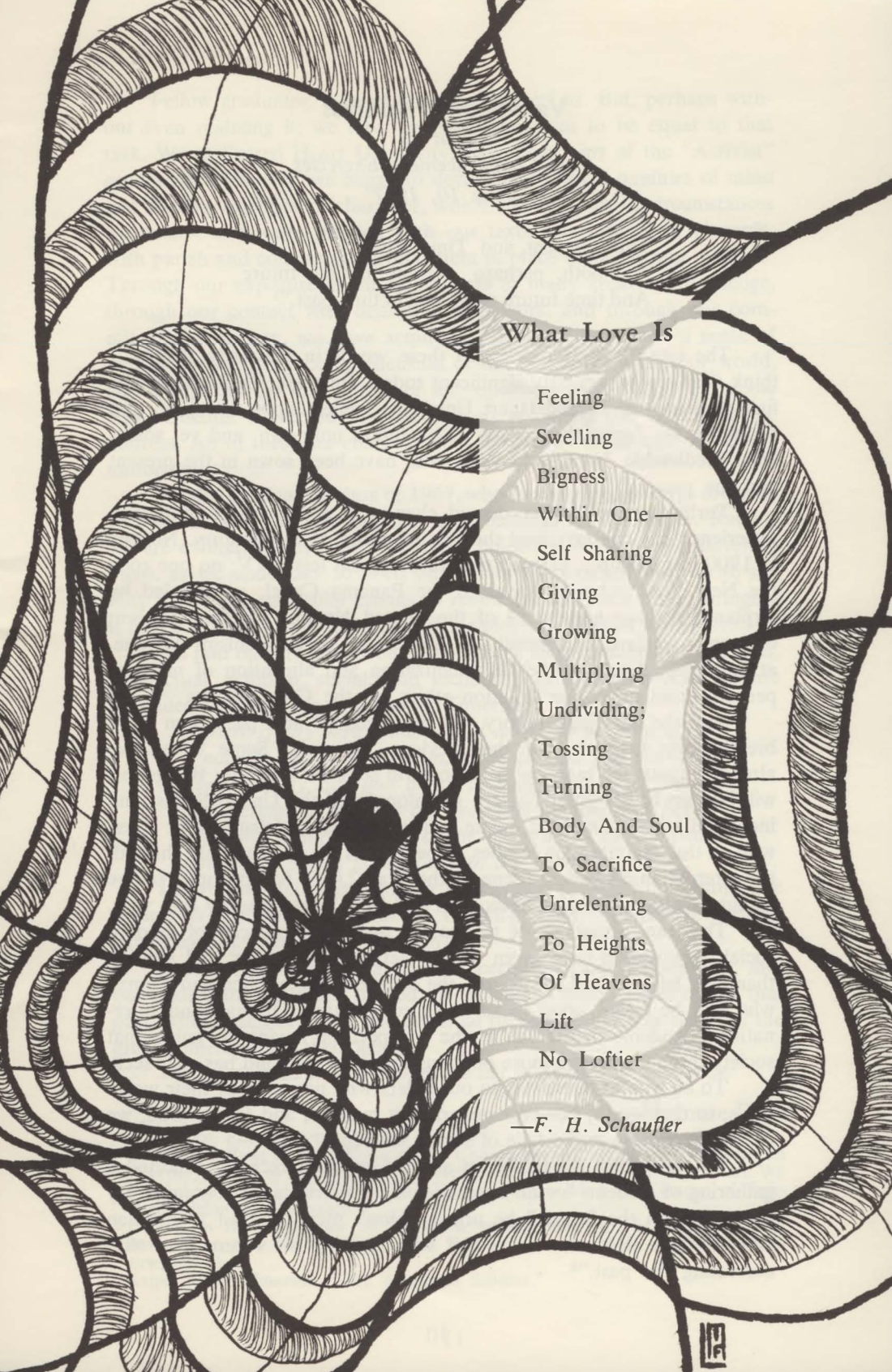
The soundproof curtain finally quiets the cries,
And behind that curtain, an actor's spirit lies.

—Anthony Slez

Untitled Poem

through
the dusky roadside shadows
s l o w l y
sighing
groans the Cart
Forward . . . . . .
Morning-new flower-ful Cart
pushed by the
wrinkled grey-haired
Child
whose cracked voice scream is
unheard
by the wayfarers . . .
trampled
She
falls
spilling
SPRINGTIME
in
the
dust

—Karen Glancy



What Love Is

Feeling
Swelling
Bigness
Within One —
Self Sharing
Giving
Growing
Multiplying
Undividing;
Tossing
Turning
Body And Soul
To Sacrifice
Unrelenting
To Heights
Of Heavens
Lift
No Loftier

—F. H. Schaufler

Valedictory Address

given at
First Commencement Exercises
June 10, 1967

"Time present and Time past
Are both, perhaps, present in time future
And time future contained in time past."[1]

The late T. S. Eliot penned these words in the early 1940's. I think they are particularly significant today, June 10, 1967, as we, the first graduates of Sacred Heart University, reflect upon our past, and anticipate the future that awaits us—a future unknown, and yet somewhat predictable, because its very seeds have been sown in the present and the past.

Turbulent and unprecedented change in every aspect of human experience has characterized the first 67 years of this century. No one in 1900, for example, listened to a radio, much less a TV; no one rode the New York subway, traversed the Panama Canal, or traveled by airplane. No one had heard of the United Nations, or Communism; of atomic warfare, or Sputnik; of Vatican II, or ecumenism. No one, at that time, discussed the dehumanization and alienation of man, or peaceful coexistence, or situation ethics, or the Great Society.

And the next half-century will bring change at a pace even more breathtaking than that of the previous 50 years. Some events we already expect: the man on the moon will soon be a reality; Bridgeport will be part of the great Eastern megalopolis of the United States, and increased leisure time will create a new balance of leisure-work roles, with all that this situation implies. Other trends are not so easily charted: the international political scene of the year 2,000, for example, or the extent to which Christian unification will have progressed by that year.

The transformations of technology and the intricacies of modern social organization have given us a society more complex and baffling than ever before. And before *us*—the college-educated men and women who will be called upon to serve as community, national, and international leaders—before *us,* is the prospect of having to guide that society through changes more ominous than any mankind has ever seen.

To be true to ourselves; to our elders who now entrust their world to us; to that world, however imperfect it may be; and to our God, we cannot be passive in the face of such a challenge.

We must form the future, as a noted educator recently exhorted a gathering of students for an intercollegiate conference on contemporary issues. "Form the future," he urged. "Don't merely adjust to it when you get there. Be more concerned with creating the future than with correcting the past."[2]

Fellow graduates, a gargantuan task awaits us. But, perhaps without even realizing it, we have prepared ourselves to be equal to that task. We at Sacred Heart University, have been part of the "Activist" generation. However, we began to develop the critical qualities of mind and durable qualities of character, which will serve us in circumstances we cannot now even predict, with our textbooks instead of placards, with parish and community involvement in place of sit-ins and marches. Through our exposure in the liberal arts to many areas of knowledge, through our contact with dedicated professors, and through our commitment to society, we have acquired a depth of judgment, a sense of perspective, a broad comprehension of the problems facing our world, and a capacity for innovation, or an "openness to experience", as the Rev. Quentin Lauer so aptly expressed it during the Baccalaureate address. All of these are characteristics needed by those who will shape tomorrow.

We, the graduating class of 1967, who have helped in large measure to build a university, do not fear the challenge of the future. Rather, we are exhilarated by the prospects it holds for our personal development, as we undertake to heed the call of the Council Fathers to the laity to use our particular talents to renew the temporal order, bringing it into conformity with the higher principles of Christian life.[3]

We find ourselves confronted by an era of revolution—of spiritual, intellectual, political, social, and technological upheaval. And we are reminded of the words of the noble Emerson:

> *If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and hope; when the historic glories of the old era can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new?*[4]

I have said that a gargantuan task awaits us—that of creating the future. Will it be the horror of Orwell's *1984*, or the New Earth envisioned by Teilhard de Chardin?

Because of our personal growth, because of our unique past, and our understanding, albeit limited, of the future which arises out of that past, within each of us lies the potential to help realize this vision of the great contemporary theologian.

We have dared to hope. Dare we act in pursuit of that hope?

—Maureen Dursi

[1] T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets*, "Burnt Norton."

[2] Dr. Samuel Pratt in "The Voice of the Undergraduate," an address delivered in February, 1967, to an intercollegiate conference with the theme "Where are We Headed in a World of Unrest?"held at the Florham-Madison Campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University.

[3] *Decree on the Apostolate of the Laity*, promulgated by His Holiness, Pope Paul VI on Nov. 18, 1965. St. Paul Editions, Boston, Mass., NCWS translation, pp. 11-12.

[4] Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The American Scholar."

Salutatory Address

given at
First Commencement Exercises
June 10, 1967

It is the function of a salutatorian not to say farewell to the college from which her class graduates, but to call to memory those moments which form the community history of her fellow graduates. Thus, the salutatorian looks back, not forward. She looks back, not preoccupied with the limitations imposed by the past, but with the possibilities opened by its experiences, with the possibilities for an ever more embracing description of the meaning of life.

The experiences of Sacred Heart University, as they have affected this first graduating class, are not so easily recounted. We lack a long tradition, and there are none who have gone before us who could direct our attention to those past moments that will prove significant. Consequently, we have a deep obligation and, indeed, a rare opportunity—for we must turn upon ourselves, each one of us, and in our most private moments, and amidst the most personal of feelings, sincerely decide which times are worthy of remembrance.

We think back to the faculty, both present and absent, who have contributed so much to the enlargement of our outlook and to the liberality of our thought. We note their dedication and enthusiasm as they attempted to foster the development of our individuality. They questioned our most cherished values so that we might frame new ones of more permanence and strength. To each of them, individually, we acknowledge our gratitude for their engaging in that most perilous of human occupations—forcing us to think.

We turn again to ourselves, and we note a profound difference that has somehow taken place, even without our full cognizance. It is not just that we have grown older, though we have. It is not just that we have enriched our lives by personal encounters, though we have. No; it is that now we are teachable men and women. We are teachable because our minds should possess a spirit for the constant re-examination and re-shaping of ourselves. We are teachable because we should now know that education is an everlasting process as it stimulates our sensitivity and mental acuteness to feel, to think, to decide, to communicate about the whole realm of human experience. And overshadowing all this is the sudden realization that we who have had no predecessors have made our own history. Let us not fail to recognize the meaning of

that history! It is a consciousness of society, a commitment to mankind, a striving for excellence. Our history is our future, a resounding of the call of Shelley:

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> . . . to be
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free . . . *

—Joan-Carol Carrafiello

* Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Prometheus Unbound" 11. 570-574, 575-578.

REMEMBER WHEN?

Blue clip bowties choke and bind tightly

Sweat shirts, unaware of deodorants, clutter up the battlefield where arms had been sheared off and heads had fallen.

Desks who once a year had felt a wet slosh.

All are forever lost.

—Thomas Aide

TOGETHER

all alone together
we love.
in a weird night
of no shadows
and full moon;
but beautiful
night;
a perfect night:
we love.
and no flashing neon lights
near our window
to uncover us;
only a burning candle
on the sill
signifying
new life,
a new hope
in a desolate world
(but only
for this very moment)
where no other
than we exist.
a new heart
of two hearts,

a new soul
of two souls,
another body
of our body
to be.

my flesh
of your flesh—and
your flesh—love.

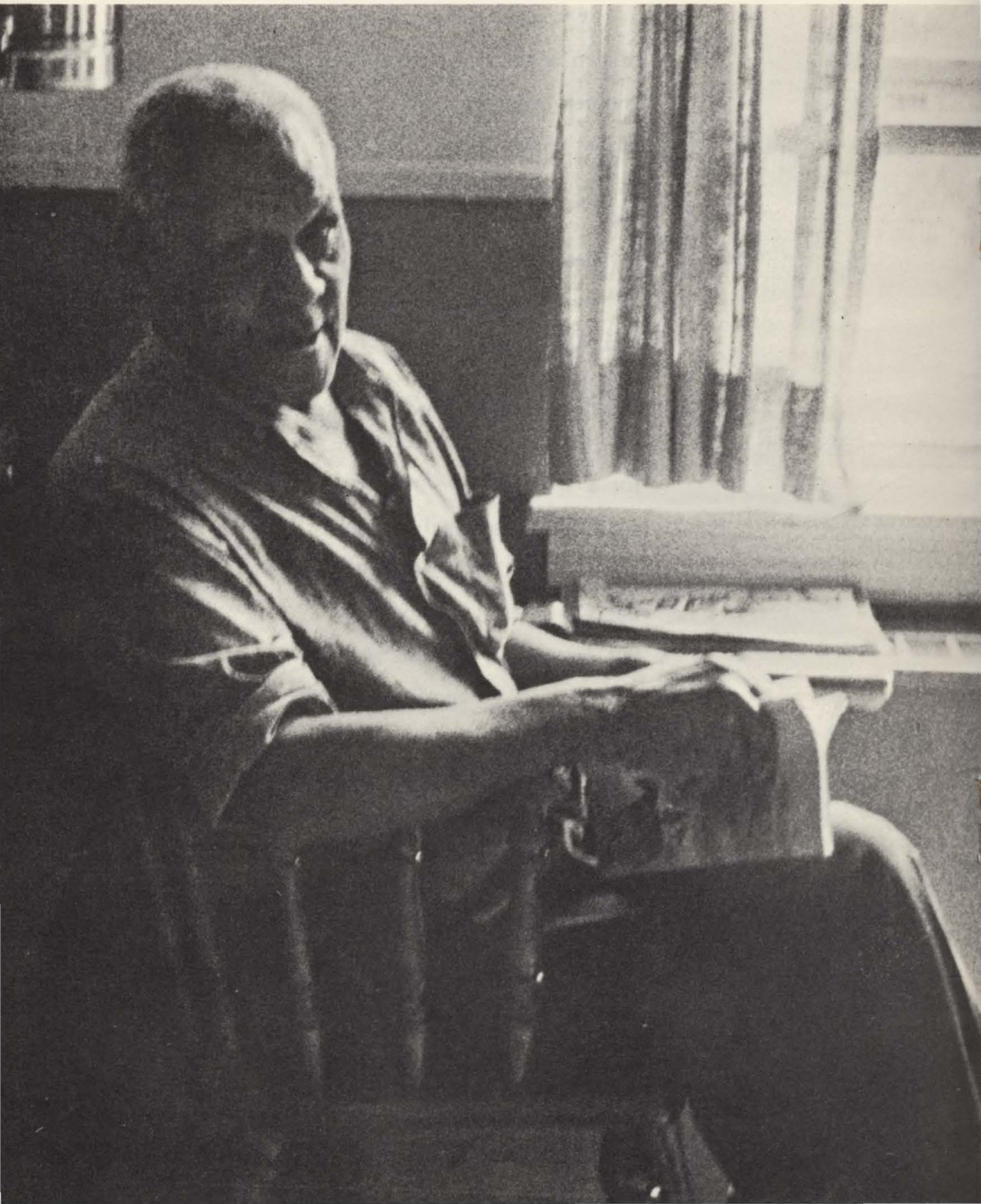
(eat and drink for this is me)

for a split second
we become one—
not you
not i—
but only we.

extend this
split second forever:
an external
coming to be
and we.

—*Gerald Saladyga*

"This is the way the world ends . . .



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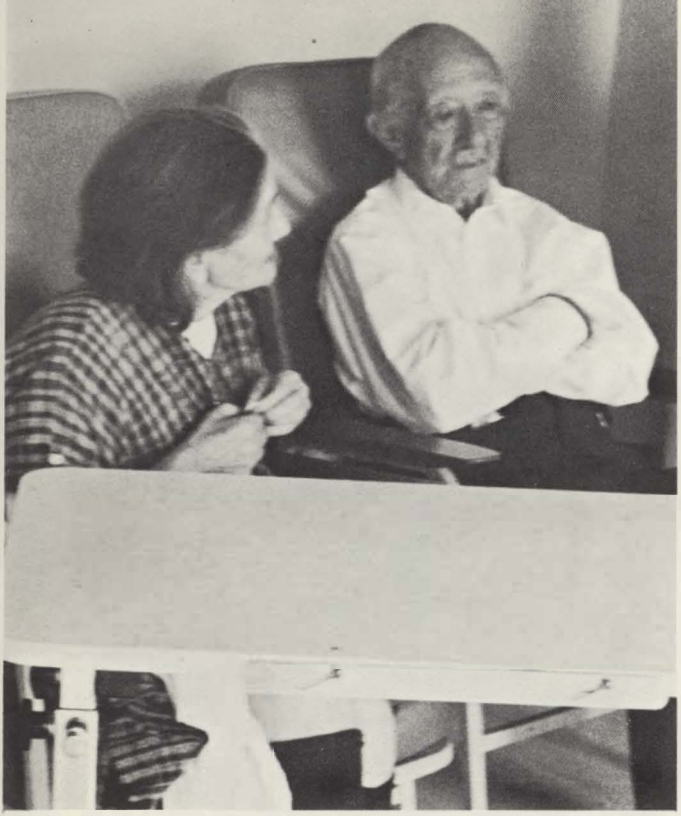
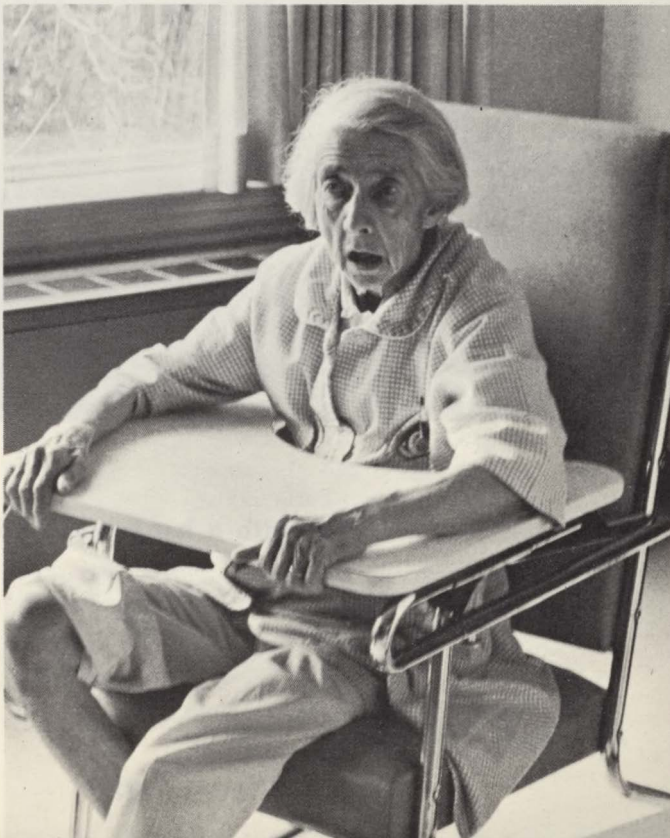


"This is the way
the world
ends . . .

"This is the way
the world
ends . . .



. . . not with a bang but with a whimper"*

Essay by Ronald Sapiente

** T. S. Eliot*

A Poem Beginning with a Line Thought Up by Daniel Berrigan First

no one walks waters,
no one cures the withered hand,
no one multiplies the loaves, and
no one writes upon the sand;
yet everyone sweats blood. and
everyone's three times rejected,
everyone carries the others' guilt; and
everyone's elected
to be crossed
to be buried
and to rot.

now when is easter?

—Gerald Saladyga

Situation Ethics:

Love Challenges a World of Reason

Perhaps a man can be said to have reached the age of reason when he begins to ask the question "why?" Once he has discovered the names of the objects he perceives, when his "who?" and "what?" questions are answered, and his infant mind has placed all things in definitive categories, he is either pleased with the accomplishment or vaguely uneasy as to its adequacy. It is at this moment, when man looks at his structure and questions its validity, that thought begins and progress is made possible.

Ironically enough, the man who seeks to reorganize an existing order is often admonished to "be reasonable", where reason is apparently equated with acceptance of the status quo. Fortunately for progress' sake, each generation has had its share of unreasonable men. Fortunately for our future's sake, today's society faces constant attack by an unreasonable generation.

The world of reason invites today's youth to live his life in the shadow of a mushroom-shaped cloud. He may be selected by his government to shoot his way through a slimey jungle, risking disability or death, with an award of distinction awaiting him if his shots are ample and accurate. Or, he can live in the Great Society itself, where Congress answers the Negroes' plea for help with an anti-riot bill, where there is money for weapons but not for rat control, where people can stand idly by as a woman is raped and beaten to death. It is the society where two cars and a well-mowed lawn constitute respectability, where the suit makes the man, and ladies cover their knees. This is the reasonable world. And the first thought of the young mind upon inspecting it is the battlecry, "I cannot accept!"

Those who are older, whose early idealism has long since been eroded by time, are inclined to scoff at the unreasonable youth, or to despise him, believing him to be diametrically opposed to God, the flag, motherhood, and apple pie. A closer look, however, will reveal that this is not so. Today's young man is not rejecting all the universal standards; he is merely refusing to accept them only because they are time-honored. His demand is to know why, to determine the value of each standard for himself. And what is the criterion for making such a judgement? The criterion is love.

"Love alone," writes Bishop John Robinson in a discussion of morality, "is able to embrace an ethic of radical responsiveness, meeting every situation on its own merits, with no prescriptive laws . . . it is the only ethic which offers a point of constancy in a world of flux and

yet remains absolutely free for, and free over, the changing situation."[1] What Robinson is saying, and what young people are agreeing with, is that things in themselves are not intrinsically right or wrong. Each situation has its own ethic, an ethic prescribed by love. Thus, a young man's love of his own integrity may forbid him to fight in Viet Nam; yet, this same love of integrity could compel him to go to Mississippi or Selma, Alabama. In this case, perhaps it can be said that it would have been wrong for this person to be a poor soldier when he could be an asset to the civil rights movement.

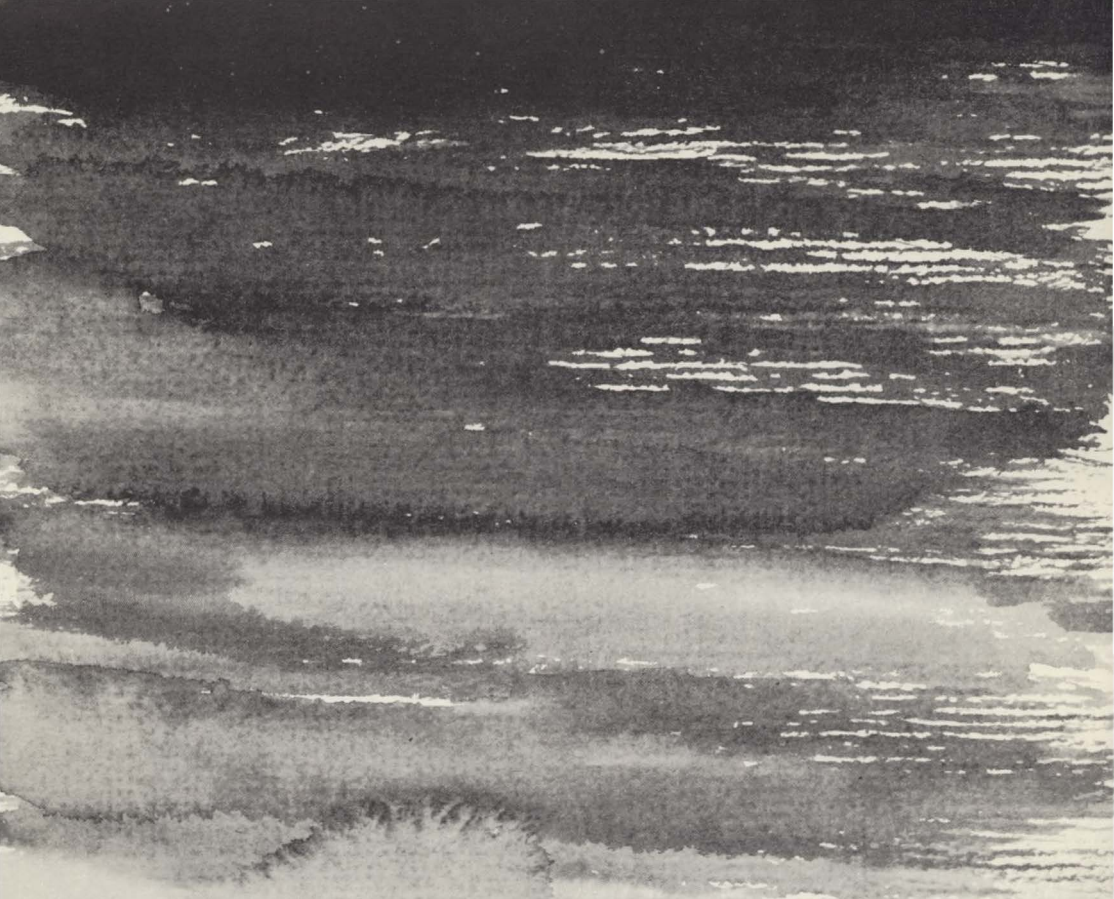
The motivation involved in situation ethics has been much criticized by its opponents. It is argued that an absence of universal precepts leaves too much room for rationalization and selfish motives on the part of the person involved. One is forced to admit that this can be true. On the other hand, the law of love affords the greatest possible opportunity for developing man's values to their highest potential. Just as it is infinitely easier to follow a pre-charted route than to set out on a new path, man's course of action is greatly simplified if rights and wrongs are clearly defined. The world of situation ethics is not one sharply etched in black and white, but one wrapped in shades of grey. Love is the only prescription, and to each individual is left the burden of deciding what love requires in any given instance.

Those who are choosing in all sincerity to deviate from the norm, to decline to subscribe to long revered codes, are by no means espousing an easy creed. An expression of belief in the effectiveness of situation ethics is ultimately an expression of faith in man. For if situation ethics are to function properly, men are required who can cleave to their own integrity and rise above personal prejudices.

Perhaps it can be termed unreasonable to ask this much of man. Perhaps situation ethics will fail, as this generation becomes firmly entrenched in the affluence of middle class society, and finds love an imposition and thought an inconvenience. By that time, however, a new group of individuals will have begun to ask the inevitable "why?", and a fresh wind of unreason will batter the existing structure once again. If there is any hope for the perfectability of man and his society, it lies in the cyclic renewal of a challenge to the old. For those who have passed the stage of questioning, the best course is that of tolerance, of granting to the questioner the freedom to ask, and sometimes to attack. As it has been so beautifully expressed by the English educator, A. S. Neill, "New generations must be given the chance to grow in freedom. The bestowal of freedom is the bestowal of love, and only love can save the world."[2]

—Karen Glancy

[1]John A. T. Robinson, *Honest To God* (The Westminster Press: Philadelphia, 1963), p. 115.
[2]A. S. Neill *Summerhill.*



Kitty Genovese: In Memoriam

When World first shut her eyes to me I cried:
But though my cries fell upon her attentive ears
her eyes saw nothing
And she would not help me.
Then I sank in despair and I could not fight
'gainst my oppressors
Because World had crushed me with the drop of an eyelid.
And then I closed my eyes to her—not in malevolence,
For was it not said by a carpenter common as
you and I, "Father, forgive them for they know
not what they do"?
I closed my eyes in death.

—Rita Dursi

Heritage

Long, long ago my mother danced
in a white gown
Splashed with dark velvet
like her eyes.

The prince, my father, moved
with muscled grace
whirling.

Somehow
their fate was broken by a word,
undone,
and they were set apart.

My aging mother spins a gossip web.

My father's shoulders hunch
over a worm bed,
digging bait.

—Robert Proudfoot

To The Voiceless

Fleeting stars scald the sensitive
and moon-night beacons
carve their shadows
in the dust.

The patron, poor, perceives these marvels
endlessly
in his barren safari to
Byzantium.

Apart from all, responsive and emotional,
but bastardly blessed with
the curse of muses —
mute,

he feels what poets often felt —
permeates the obscure;
aches with satiation
the gospel of reality

yet, crying out with joy his soulful torments,
death prevails and
agony reigns while
dicord belches.

—Ronald Sapiente

The Educational Revolution

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the typical American school was a veritable prison; today it is a veritable playpen. Sixty years ago, the school teacher was an absolute dictator; today he is a hapless punching bag. The much revered principle of spare the rod and spoil the child has gone the way of duncecaps and prayers.

To paraphrase Samuel F. B. Morse, "What hath John Dewey wrought?" What has brought about the transformation of our public schools from educational centers to amusement centers?

The reasons behind these changes are many and varied and exceedingly complicated. I shall treat the most obvious, outward manifestation of the new order of education, i.e., the school building.

In 1900, the typical, big-city public school was a square, or nearly square, three or four story red-brick building. The American concept of education did not, at that time, include state-financed physical development, and consequently play areas and gymnasia were not provided. Hordes of immigrants crowded into all the large, east-coast cities, bringing with them hordes of school-aged children for whose education budget-conscious school boards erected thousands of box-like edifices ornamented solely by American flags. Had the schools been intended for the instruction of robots of varying capacities, nothing could have surpassed these buildings from the standpoint of order and efficiency and uniformity.

On a slightly lower than street-level first floor was an auditorium, at the front and rear of which were passage-ways leading to the staircases and the lavatories. Admittedly, the robots would not have appreciated the function of these rooms, but the lavatories were the only concessions to human weakness to be found in the school. The staircases led to the second floor and to the third floor and to the fourth floor. A typical second floor (the third and fourth floors may be omitted as exhibiting nothing more or less than the second floor) contained a corridor about twenty feet wide, with a staircase at either end and a uniform number of classroom doors on each side.

The classrooms contained identical, single, wooden desks, securely bolted to the floor and numbered, in the more crowded sections, one hundred and fifty. An American flag was in the front right corner, and the teacher's desk was in the front left corner. Coat hooks extended the length of the back wall, and blackboards, the lengths of the front and side walls. The windows were long and narrow, reaching almost to the floor, and were partially hidden behind the undisguised coils of a clanking, temperamental radiator. The administrative offices were grouped

on the first floor near the main entrance. Any child transferring from one school to another never had to waste time adjusting to new physical surroundings.

One looks in vain through a number of these educational Bastilles for a library. As Mr. Carnegie's public libraries had not yet completely covered the face of the earth, obtaining reading matter was a relatively difficult task for the child. Accordingly, reading became very popular, almost as popular as smoking cigarettes behind the carriage shed. Witness the widespread success of the corrupting dime novels. With the greater accessibility of books today, the challenge has gone out of reading and interest has waned.

Several teachers have spoken unkindly of the facilities allotted them in these old buildings. According to *Blackboard Jungle,* it was necessary for female teachers to fix their garters on the staircases.

Since the shocking exposés of these depraved conditions by Jacob Riis and similar altruists, the American people have been goaded into providing a more suitable atmosphere for the education of their children. The children, suddenly realizing that they were being poorly treated, became resentful and played hookey and otherwise did not cooperate with their teachers. Long repressed artistic and creative urges came to the fore. The above-mentioned red-brick walls now sported gay, pictorial representations rendered in the medium of whitewash. The afore-mentioned, securely bolted wooden desks showed a predilection on the students' part for artistic designs dominated by cryptic letters and serrated borders. The unenlightened despots in charge of the schools did nothing to stimulate these urges but, rather, actually discouraged them. (For a more complete treatment of this subject, please refer to *Our Gang Comedies*—Hal Roach, Los Angeles, California.)

An outraged sense of decency and above all the typically American desire for change brought this era in the history of education to a close.

The role of restlessness in effecting new ideas cannot be overemphasized. As proof of this, it need only be pointed out that the modern schools have eliminated not only the bad features of the old buildings but also a few good features.

There is an architectural tendency today to simulate, in as many ways as possible, the dwelling place of that sacred American institution, the cowboy. Despite the fact that in some parts of New York City land is being sold at a price which would cause even Dr. Faustus to reconsider, the style-conscious school board refuses to build any school higher than one story. The school building has become a sprawling ranch house.

Another modern fetish is the gymnasium. I have discovered a school in Connecticut that first built its gymnasium and then discovered that it did not have enough money left to build classrooms. By careful analysis, I conclude that a basic change has taken place: whereas, in 1900, physical development was of secondary importance, the current emphasis in school buildings seems to classify schoolwork as a part-time activity for rainy days.

Classrooms today are big and bright and airy (the subject matter being taught seems to follow suit), with nothing bolted down (children included) and everything (children excluded) made of aluminum and plastic. The desks are movable, cheerful-looking contraptions made of plastic in various study-inducing shades of scarlet and orange.

The windows are of the picture variety and cover an entire wall. As children in the classroom tended to let their attentions wander towards and through these beautiful seas of glass, the school boards ordered heavy wall-length curtains placed between the windows and the children so that the young scholars might not be distracted from their work. These curtains darken the room; necessitating the turning on of the nice, modern, fluorescent lights which hum, flicker and diffuse a pinkish glow. Much of the students' time is now spent speculating whether the lamp directly over the teacher's head will decide to stay on or off.

The libraries are filled with all sorts of innocuous literature, and, (since 1957 when the Russians launched the first Sputnik) advanced, college, nuclear physics books.

Cafeterias and auditoriums rate, in some instances, separate buildings. This underlies another key concept: uniformity is to be avoided at all costs. It seems certain that every architect commissioned to design a new school is ordered to spread things out as much as possible to make sure that this school looks different. This sometimes results in no more originality than painting a wall a garish blue rather than a garish orange, but, as the eye of the beholder is assaulted by the extraordinary ugliness of this one wall, the other architectural fantasies pass unseen.

It can be seen, then, that the two extremes herein represented leave much to be desired. Solutions to this problem vary according to the interests of the solver. The typical school child might say:

> "Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
> Come, hear the woodland linnet
> How sweet his music! on my life,
> There's more of wisdom in it."*

Then again he might not.

* William Wordsworth—"*The Tables Turned*"

Teachers, who, unless they are Boy Scout leaders on the side, do not get paid for frequenting vernal woods, much prefer the endless strife. To mitigate the pain, the middle-aged, overweight variety of pedagogue leans in favor of the ranch house school where steps are non-existent. Women teachers, who now have more luxurious facilities, also find stairwells extraneous.

School administrators, however, are the people who have the final say on what the school will be like. What do these deities think? What, in their minds, constitutes the ideal school? Nobody knows, and least of all the administrators. They are busy elsewhere, doing battle with the P.T.A.

—Michael Hafele

Grass

The children play upon the green grass —
The dead lie buried
beneath it.

—Rita Dursi

Seasonal Tramp

Summer, the vagrant, came tripping
to my windows and with foolish joy
I beckoned her come in and bade her stay
and for a while the fickle wanderer made
her home here, then carelessly took her
leave with nary a good-bye
but left me instead with September to cry.

And each year I vow
I'll never let her come again
but my resolution melts with the late
May rain.
So when sun-kissed summer comes loafing down my way,
with rueful smile I shake my head
and wave good-bye to May.

—*Margaret Davis*

Untitled

He stood.
Wind sliced his body like a thousand lashes;
Rain pelted him with its indifferent cold.
Clouds forbade light's feeblest flashes;
Snow shrouded the eternal mold.
And still he stood—
Yearning to be bought,
Refusing to be sold.

—Karen Glancy