

# Rocks Roots

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# ROCKS AND ROOTS

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# HUMANITIES

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## SAINT THOMAS MORE – RADICAL CHRISTIAN

Lawrence Schaefer

I recommend a very small, radical book entitled *Utopia* by Thomas More. The author's name is familiar in that fickle historical manner as a name but not as a person. Even the title of his book has become part of common discourse as a word to disparage visionary social systems – implying that these “perfect” systems are merely clever thoughts of impractical men, whereas wise men get on with the real tasks of governing “imperfect” men. The truth is that the Utopia of Thomas More isn't the perfect society for perfect men, but a human society for very human men. Nor is Thomas More a dreamer or an impractical man, but a brilliant man, a worldly man, and an intensely human man. He has been called by G. K. Chesterton potentially the greatest of Englishmen. Now that statement becomes difficult to digest when we consider that England has produced such great men as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Locke, Burke, Darwin and Churchill. My purpose in this essay is to offer an evaluation and interpretation of the life of Saint Thomas More, one that better celebrates his greatness for contemporary Christians.

On the basis of his life and writings (principally *Utopia*), More must rank for Western Christian society with Augustine, Benedict, Gregory the Great, Boniface, Anselm, Thomas Aquinas and Francis of Assisi for the quality of his Christian life and the importance of his Christian vision. Without demanding that Utopia be considered a Christian commonwealth, it does represent a unique affirmation of man by one inspired by Christian principles. More's *Utopia* should have the same value for modern man as Augustine's *Civitas Dei* had for

medieval man. Simply, Augustine proclaimed Christian hope; that is, the belief in the goodness and greatness of man and his ability to recreate society inspired by the life of Christ despite the disintegration of the world around him. More's vision of *Utopia* is meant to have the same positive statement for Christianity in the sixteenth century threatened with dissolution from the external assaults of the Turks, and internally from the menace of the new wealth, the religious discord, and the assumption of power by the new monarchies. More has deep roots in Western monasticism and the thirteenth century religious movements epitomized by Saint Francis. He is part of that Christian reforming movement that in England developed into Puritanism and gave birth to that spirit that drove visionary Englishmen to cross to America to establish "the New Jerusalem." More's writings are in the same protest tradition as *Piers Plowman*. He is part of the English commonwealth (republican) tradition that drove England into Civil War (1640's) and inspired the great democratic reforms of the nineteenth century. The English and American commonwealthmen, the French Jacobins, the nineteenth century utopian socialists, are all cut from the same mold.

More was a Christian humanist; Hythloday (the narrator in *Utopia*) is a Christian humanist. Christian humanism was an international movement of Christian scholars who attempted to institute a revolutionary movement that would radicalize existing institutions and customs according to Christian ideals. They were classical scholars; they advocated the use of the rhetorical (historical) method of textual criticism to "purify" the Bible. They looked to the Bible and the imitation of the life of Christ as the standard for Christian life (as Luther did). They rejected the sterile rationalism of the theologians (scholastic) and the Romanist lawyers; they were anti-clerical and anti-war, and they had a strange hesitation and foreboding about working for the "new monarchies."

*Utopia* represents More's great contribution to the Christian humanist cause. It followed by two or three years Erasmus' *In Praise of Folly* (written as the result of a suggestion by More), and shortly thereafter appeared Erasmus' great work on the New Testament. *Utopia* is More's vision as a Christian scholar of the reconstitution of society. The following quote is taken from the Yale edition of the works of Thomas More and the introductory essay to the *Utopia* written by J. H. Hexter:



In its content ... the Discourse on Utopia keeps before the reader the problem of balancing the nominal Christianity of Europeans against the way of thinking and acting of the Utopians. The Utopians not only possess in the highest measure the virtues More had described as Christian a decade earlier — simplicity, temperance, frugality; they also have faith in a God whose goodness and mercy they trust. Along with that faith goes *spes*, hope for life eternal. And along with that faith and hope goes *caritas*, or love. The Utopians repay their benefactors with *caritas* ... while magistrates and citizens deal with one another lovingly like fathers and children ... The institutions of Utopia are not only *prudentissima*, the most prudent; they are *sanctissima*, the most holy ... In their teaching, the Utopians are very like Christians; and in their way of life they are far closer than any European Christian people to the way of the first and best Christians of all. Their whole society indeed exemplifies the chief Christian virtue — *caritas*. More than any other Christian institution the family embodies giving without demanding an equivalent in return. And this is the very essence of *caritas*, of that Christian love of which Christ's giving of His life for sinners is the supreme symbol and perfect example. Fulfilling the Gospel command of Christian brotherhood — ... "Give, seek nothing in return" — in Utopia "they make up the scarcity of one place with the surplus of another. This service they perform without payment, receiving nothing in return from those to whom they give." And so, More concludes, driving his point home, "the whole island is like a single family."

This last point about the family is very revealing because any cursory reading of the life of More (I recommend R. W. Chamber's *Thomas More*) will show that More's vision of Utopia is simply the description of his family life projected onto a larger canvas. For More Utopia is not "nowhere," it was the unique life that he had with his family and he envisioned it as the basic cell in Utopia. His family was larger than our modern family; it was parents and children, and step-children, relatives, sons-in-law, grandchildren, friends, tutors. In More's household there was worship, love and humor; love of learning and music, friendship and creative activity with others. There was a sense of service and engagement

with the problems of society. More's love of his first and second wife is marvelous to read; he shared with them all that he was and did. He was far in advance of his age as a feminist. There is no parallel, I believe, in medieval or sixteenth century literature for More's love and interest in children. The contrast between More's daughter Margaret and Henry VIII's daughter Mary is devastating.

More was a city man, born and bred in London, and all of his father's life and most of his was spent in local government and local affairs. It is therefore no surprise that Utopia is a federation of fifty-three cities. What we have in Utopia is the restructuring of the Greek *polis*. There is no state or statism, in truth More rejects the state as we know it. He would be horrified by modern nationalism and jingoism. Democracy and republicanism are possible, as More suggests, only in reference to the *polis*. In Utopia there is population control, town planning, free stores, communal living, kibbutzes, religious tolerance, the principle of fraternity, simplicity of dress, universal free education for all ages, and a six-hour working day.

Marxist historians have seen in Thomas More a prefiguring of Marxist thought. More completely rejects money and private property. In fact, his comments on the corrupting and exploitive nature of money and private property and the demeaning character of the pursuit of wealth remind us of Marx's theory of alienation. More attacks money and property, that is, pride and greed, in order to free men to live humanly with each other. More rejects war because it corrupts both the winner and the loser — war acts as a revolutionizing force on society in a manner not immediately recognizable to man.

More was also a profound and serious thinker about education — we might add, Christian education. Education in Utopia means adult education; that is, one pursues learning all one's life. Schools are open and oriented to this. The aim of education is never functional, never job oriented, but directed towards human fulfillment and freedom, to the knowledge and enjoyment of life. The teachers in Utopia are recruited from the most talented elements of society.

There are also very interesting thoughts in *Utopia* on priesthood and hierarchy. One would have to conclude that the Roman aspects of the Church were not especially attractive to More. I believe that it is inaccurate to state that More was an advocate of papal authority. He supported papal supremacy and died for the unity of Christendom. He would not have allowed the pope the right, as he did not allow the king the right, to violate his conscience.

## MARIA'S WORLD

### *A Character Study of the Heroine of FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS*

Martha McMahon

Maria is Spanish; she feels deeply. She is reticent because she has withdrawn from an alien, hostile, war-torn world. She opens herself to a unique, two-person world when she falls desperately in love with Robert Jordan, an American guerilla fighter.

Many critics have criticized Hemingway for creating heroines who are superficial and unrealistic. For example, Philip Young describes Maria as a girl "far too good to be true . . . Maria is just too ethereal for the world she is in. She is submissive and devoted beyond credibility, to the extinction of her own character. She does not like to drink (that's for men) ; she exists for her lover alone and has no other interest or function in all of life or the world but to serve him. Although she is for a while a very lovely vision, as we get to know her she becomes more and more of a vision and ultimately she ceases to be a person at all."

If Maria's character were composed only of the qualities of submissiveness and devotion, she could easily be labeled a "lovely vision," who gradually ceases to be a person and who becomes merely an extension of her lover. The possession of qualities other than these — assertiveness, determination, petulance, courage — rescue her character from extinction and give proof that Maria does not cease to be "a person."

It is evident that Maria is submissive and docile, but these qualities stem from the fact that her character is only partially formed. Her development has been arrested emotionally and sexually; she is still in the early stages of growing up. She cannot be expected to mature at a fast rate because maturation is very often a long, slow process. Maria is the victim of the ravages of war, ravages other than those in which death is dealt cleanly and quickly. She has seen her parents shot, she has been mercilessly raped, she has been traumatically involved

in a train explosion. This last experience left her mentally disturbed, and only a short while before Jordan's arrival has she gradually begun to return to normal. Pilar realizes that Maria must be handled carefully because she is slowly readjusting and a bad sexual experience could initiate another seige of disturbance. Maria has experienced so much violence and has been so victimized by aggression that her submissiveness is possibly an unconscious rejection of the horrors of the past.

There are moments when she becomes surprisingly assertive. Her assertiveness stems sometimes from her need to recall the past and more often to project her ideas as a maturing person. One recognizes the former when Maria insists upon relating the execution of her parents, even though she insists that it no longer disturbs her. She says, "But that it were better never to speak of it unless it came on me as a black thing as it has been before and then that telling it to thee might rid me of it."

Maria asserts herself during a conversation with Jordan in which she insists that she be allowed to join him in combating the Fascists. After he refuses, Maria says, "I want to go hold the legs of the gun and while it speaks love thee all in the same moment." "Thou art crazy. Get thee back now." "I am not crazy ... I love thee." Maria is confronting Jordan in an argument, not reflecting upon the beauty of their love. She believes in her sentiments, she is not passive and compliant when Jordan disagrees . . . "Thou art crazy." She is telling him in effect, this is my way of loving you. It is my way, therefore it cannot be tossed off as craziness. When someone asserts himself, he is respected as a person. Maria, too, must be respected here, and her character gains substance in her assertiveness.

It is earlier in the same sequence when Maria pesters Jordan about fighting with him that she ceases to be a "lovely vision" and momentarily becomes a petulant child, oblivious to all else except the gratification of her whim. "Thou," she said, "can I go with thee?" "No. Help Pilar." "I'm coming." Maria is so willing to be of help that she does not use common sense. She should have realized that time was a very essential element after Jordan shot the Navarre Fascist, and she was wasting valuable time insisting he allow her to help.



Maria feels that she can become complete as a person by becoming part of her lover. Her role as a separate entity in the relationship is immaterial to her. Maria gratefully loses her individual separateness in her effort to define and express her love for Jordan. For her, love is grounded in a union in which two lovers co-exist as one. She wants the sympathy to be so complete that there can be no psychological nor physical difference between them. She says to Jordan, "But we are different. I would have us exactly the same." "You do not mean that." "Perhaps I do not, but I wish to say it." Jordan cannot accept the idea of total sameness. He says, "It is better to be one and each one to be the one he is." Maria does not dispute his attitude. Instead she responds, "But we will be one now and there will never be a separate one. I will be thee when thou are not there." In this last statement she is saying, I will become you as well as being myself in order to preserve our unity. Maria realizes she will be required to become Jordan because he cannot focus his entire being on their relationship and thus preserve the oneness. He must become a separate entity whenever he involves himself in his work, an activity in which Maria can have no place. He tells her, "What I do now, I do alone and very coldly in my head." However, his disagreement does not destroy Maria's staunch belief in the inseparable one.

Maria can uphold the oneness in their relationship by devoting herself to her future husband's life. She volunteers to become his cook, his maid, his nurse, whenever the need arises. She even offers to become his comrade in battle, an offer which Jordan rejects. She recognizes all these duties as part of her function as a wife. This attitude has been inculcated in her by Pilar, whose ideas are products of the Spanish code which, like the Japanese, dictates the woman's role of servitude in a husband-wife relationship. This role demands that the woman "exists for her lover alone and has no other interest or function in all of her life or this world but to serve him." This is precisely what Young criticizes in Maria. But she is not devoting herself beyond credibility as Young feels. She is complying with the strict standards which define a woman's function at the time and under the conditions extant in the novel.

Maria's idea of oneness is too confining because she cannot accept the other important phase in a loving relationship in which two people must exist as

separate entities from time to time. Her attitude reflects the personality of a young woman who is determined and self-effacing. If one can attribute these adjectives to Maria's personality, one must then recognize her as "a person" and discard Young's interpretation that she is no more than a "lovely vision."

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#### I DRANK OF THE FAERY MOON

I drank 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)  
translated by Teo Senni

## OUR MARRIAGE CEREMONY

Mary Ann Gentile and Michael Valovcin

This will be a rather simple marriage ceremony if compared to the traditional Catholic ceremonies which exist today. For my fiancée and myself, the ceremony presented here would be more meaningful than those traditional ones expressing what we wish to accomplish during our years spent together in love. Before we begin we have to emphasize that this type of marriage ceremony is befitting our own personalities. Since everyone is unique, it might not be as meaningful for other couples as it would be for us. One final point should also be made. Since the parents of the people getting married, and the Church are naturally involved (because this is the here and the now with its certain legalities), this type of ceremony would also have to meet with their approval.

To begin, then, with the ceremony. There will be no Mass, it will not take place in a Church, or inside any building for that matter. It will take place outdoors, at a place of the couple's own choosing. This particular place might be at the foot of a mountain or at the ocean's edge with the sound of the waves hitting the shore as the music for the ceremony. The only participants will be the bride and groom, their recognition of the presence of God, and the natural surroundings. They will be away from anyone or anything that will cause them not to be completely involved with each other. This entire setting will hopefully enable them to experience an I-Thou relationship with each other, and then,

when joined together in such a relationship, to experience, in a united fashion, this same type of relationship with God.

The couple face each other; the bride folds her hands in a praying fashion, the groom folds his hands in the same manner, but encloses his bride's hands in his own. Looking into each other's eyes, he first says, "I give myself to you, Mary Ann. My entire being is yours; my body, my soul all belong to you. By this total giving of myself to you, I become you, we become one, and I become fully a man. Jesus, our God and Saviour did this for all mankind, I humbly follow him and give of my being to you. I ask nothing in return but your entire self; that is all I want and that is all I need. Will you do this for me, as I am willing to do this for you?" The bride then replies yes, and says the same words the groom has just said, making the obvious changes. Before she does say these things, they reverse the positions of their folded hands; her hands now enclose his. After she is finished, he also replies yes. They stand side by side, with the groom's right hand holding his bride's left hand. Together, they make the following vows to each other with their awareness of God as their witness. Together they say: "We accept this life you have designed for us, Oh Lord. Because we have given ourselves to each other, we promise to take life as it comes, to rely on one another, and to sacrifice for one another and for any children arising from this union. We promise to give sexually of ourselves to each other, realizing that our sexual union is the culmination, the ultimate expression of the attempt to meet the needs and desires of each other. It is in this act where we fully give and completely receive. Finally, no matter what life might bring to either of us in the years ahead, we promise to always remain by each other's side with each other being the source of our comfort and strength. As we have given of ourselves to one another in the spirit of true love, we now together give of ourselves to you, Dear Lord, and we ask that you might bless this love now and forever."

They have completed their pledge of surrendering every aspect of their beings to each other. They now put their words of love into the fulfilling act of love. Before this act takes place, however, they read to each other one of the most beautiful portrayals of human love; that of the "Song of Songs" found in the Old Testament. They then proceed on their life of love.



## ODYSSEY

God-fingers scratch  
my face  
it is morning (glass of brim-full sorrow)

I have seen as the willows  
watched  
my brothers  
soul – hate – glistening  
and I cry  
because I love you,  
the sun, white-yellow paints my face  
ray-fingers stabbing at me  
point me out  
the doors are broken  
I must go

a morning-full  
of sadness  
dances through my dream:  
fog – fright – aphorisms  
weigh heavy  
down  
down  
down;  
far away in the sand-fields  
a sudden candle  
glows  
and mystic lakes  
maul  
in mad cadence  
the moon.

Paul J. Raleigh

## THE ALMANAC ANNOUNCED

“Three Days To Spring,”  
the selfish almanac told me, a snide vaseline face  
with rhetorical lyrics in its mouth of rummaged truth,  
sweat on his snowy skin formed a necklace of knowledge.  
She in her bland pages,  
an icecream covenant with bandages, boomed the vowels  
over again,

“Three Days To Spring ...”  
Calendar victims in old men’s uniforms  
argued over the announcement,  
their appointments with other voices  
bottled spring into an empty tonic bottle.  
Though the snow limped and winter cut its rubbery veins  
on the razor edge of spring,  
the old sediments of winter slushed again in a baby’s eye.  
Frost dripped in a senile drool down  
reborn aluminum roofs – old men in the trench  
of time boiled truth down to a cool broth for digestion.

Overcoats lost or forgotten by enthusiasm,  
wool socks given away out of fear,  
white lies discovered again in the melting snow,  
drip by pale drip  
colors crept in from the white cold and devoured the widowers.

Old men sat mute,  
drugged into lethargic antiques,  
they sat in their mule faces  
on splintering benches in the tight dirty store.  
They sat among the oatmeal boxes, they sat collecting  
dust in their tombstone grey beards.  
– They ran home in a dream while the town awoke to celebrate,  
“Three Days To Spring ...”

“Three Days To Spring,”  
the aristocrat almanac claimed, so sure that everyone  
would believe the hard ballast voice.  
But the old men turned tricks on their advent and cut  
with rusty shears the cackle of the infant,  
and dropped to the old world’s serene smiles ...  
Truth in the dead crows fall into swan orchid waters,  
while time in its charity  
attends a child’s cold funeral.  
Winter in the rape of spring’s chaos shares the  
white body between old men’s mud and youth’s  
weak grief.  
Old age in its turnings,  
Three Days pass unharmed from the almanac’s threat.

Joseph Detmer



Once upon a time, now gone, Honey-hair and I  
walked the beach at Saint Mary's by the Sea;  
And free our talk, laughing, loving and gay with  
the blue, white, gold light of the day.

And I'd say,

“Listen to the slap-lapping of the  
waves on the shore, the sand . . .”

She'd laugh,

“Tell me more.”

And I'd take her hand and we'd sit and stare at the sea.  
And there'd be stars in an oyster shell, symphonies  
in a channel buoy's bell,  
And in her, the world for me.

And I remember, now, that it was good once,  
Once the walls were down and the words  
didn't get in the way,  
When there was just Honey-hair, the beach, and I,  
Never, never after . . .  
Once upon a time, now gone, but still . . .  
I hear her laughter . . .

Clement J. Kichuk, Jr.

**AND NOT EVEN BE EMBARRASSED**

when do you start  
the sun is down.  
John is lazy  
and I am very tired  
it took quite a while  
to see what was going on  
the walls are white  
all white  
no walls  
just white  
wierd white  
and blue.  
John is smiling  
I remember that . . .  
John smiling  
we can stare at eachother now  
and not be embarrassed.  
too much

Marylou Szczesiul

what barrier is there between  
me and my life? why is  
there always time to run  
and none to  
see —  
the compression of  
noise airs the  
brain  
and dulls the soul of  
vision:

where to awake?

the pit of pain?

a moment's blood?

far from fantasy's grip  
reality lies (or tells the  
truth) in something more than  
pillows  
for the mind,  
in something more than  
passion's need for sleep . . .

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan

I need the silence of your presence to recreate myself  
in ways I cannot in a crowd –  
for they impress and in impressing re-arrange my gaze  
in such refraction and distraction and a part –  
I don't ask for wholes  
not even your swallowing hush is all, or  
even some:  
just that here I can remember who I am  
and what I've seen,  
by merely slipping  
into blindness  
for a time.

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan



### THE MOONSTONE

When I was yet a child I played with marbles  
greenandblueandwhiteandcat's-eye marbles.  
And though I won most of the boy next door's best ones,  
he still kept a moonstone that shone all colors at once.  
He knew I wanted it more than anything.  
I wished and hoped and carried a rabbit's foot  
and one day he said "Want to see something?"  
I felt all happily excited when he led me  
to our favorite marble-playing place  
(maybe *this* time I'd get it ...)  
Then he sat down on the curb, fingered his prize,  
and without a word,  
dropped it into the dark depths of the drain.

Charlene Botha

## THE RUNES ON THE M16 OR KIPLING REVISITED

I am smithied to forsake my carrier boy-man,  
when first he needs me in pursuit of duties' strife of old,  
upholder of the tattered nice thought stripling nation flag,  
reaper of gold, I'm sent across the fullness waters of the world;  
metal with me if-returning is a mover action ban:  
it, fleeting flies, like dreams, past space and time to sag,  
is knowledge, power, life and secret hoarder's lair,  
seldom sustainment, seldom christian care, it's always metal air.

I am smithied to betray the trust of man to man ...  
to be safeguarder, voiceless thunder, and of thought depriver  
instrument of Peace, idea of violent order, and upheaval fall  
security, game winner, persuader and fright-wind-fan.  
Metal I reap, returns as metal air and dream-vault-geiser  
not free for some to breathe, less free for all,  
but stored for some to keep, to leisure grasp and think  
weapon to innocents, I am the thing, of wealth and breath the brink.

Teo Senni

sounds arrest me in the middle of a night  
of hiding away  
where sounds won't find me.

better sometimes just to stare into the  
shadows  
than to look

easier than the consequence of sight.

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan

my mouth has trouble with  
Forever,  
having only sucked on minute fruits of this spring that,  
this time or then, when, then without my meaning  
time flew  
and all in shreds past my grip my trying hands to hold  
and paste together on my map.  
some parts got lost and disarrayed before some unseen wind  
kept singing.  
so I sit here, playing with my mouth, looking for sounds  
like  
Forever

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan

I've done some reading and now and again some writing  
And I've found that if people said goodbye more often  
And meant it when they said it,  
There would be far fewer broken hearts  
And poems would not be half as long.

Clement J. Kichuk, Jr.

## A SECOND LOOK: TRAGEDY vs TRAGEDY

### MACBETH and THOMAS HOLLOWMAN AT TEA

*taken from Shakespeare's MACBETH and  
T.S. Eliot's THE HOLLOW MEN*

Dana Lubowiecki

**Macbeth:** “Ha, we really scared them this time. You with your stuffed man and I with my brief candle. I think I have it on you, though. You see, I say that one learns that life is a fruitless endeavor through experience. Life is a moment of futility and the spotlight of happiness has long burned out. I tell them that fate will get them every time and they will join the uncounted millions who have perished in the search for happiness. I tell them that we are mere actors and our audience is attentive Fate. I am, without a doubt, the best creator of hopelessness and faithlessness and meaninglessness.

I portray the man who tried to find contentment and peace, but evil bit him and made him her spouse, much like a vampire.

Shall I pour you another spot of tea?”

**Thomas Hollowman:** “Yes, don’t mind if I do. Good tea but rotten conversation. Listen, Macbeth, it is I who portray life as being most futile. I speak of life as hopeless from the very first breath we take. I say that there is no hope and we, as puppets, with our dried voices and straw headpieces, shall perish inevitably. Our damnation is planned; we must only go through the motions of life. Now, Macbeth, tell me that that is not more hopeless.

Moreover, I depict the man who cries for help but actually knows that around the next corner lurks more hate and faithlessness. You merely speak of men whining for comfort because they have failed. Well at least you try to make a go of it; that’s not completely meaningless. You’re just an amateur at the game, Macbeth.

Now, blow out your candle while I whimper.”



Alone is the death of gypsy minds  
And yet,  
Death is but the redeemer.  
Who is lost, and what is alone?  
It is the evening, cool, dark.  
The sun, the moon, the stars.  
It is the man who cannot love,  
Or can only love, too much.  
And what is alone?  
Think ... think.

down the spiral  
    down the spiral  
        down  
flitting days and months and years  
of black and white and coral and jade  
of odorless incense and bitter candy  
spiral through the tears and sweat

spiral through the laughs  
and touch me not and touch me not  
fading rays of sun and moon  
repelled by me repelled by all  
who cannot touch and will not see  
down the spiral  
    down the spiral  
        down  
where the shroud of fog and damp  
the candle glow breathes  
inside the cold and icy heart  
mid ribs of steel and eyes of glass  
the amoeba of humanity  
now time is gone and time is come  
to drop the mask and take my candle  
down the spiral down

John B. Kachuba

**FELO DE SE**

Pale yellow birds in the polished  
streets creeping  
time black the branches  
time in fact  
for leaving  
I have looked in their eyes  
and the light bleeds from my brain  
I have seen the sinking of the sky  
grey, even at night the  
window-glass  
of course, you cannot see  
I am looking for a  
cannon  
to go . . . *bon voyage*  
my voyage  
framed forever  
in hyperbole  
of darkness swimming.

Paul J. Raleigh

## FEELING

The Sun rose this morning,  
and though I didn't see it  
my eyes and mind were wandering  
in a much more intangible day,  
where greens and yellows and  
wild mice and dizzying rides  
were part of me.

I walked and ran and skipped  
in my no-time world,  
becoming bubbly, wobbly, laughingly  
confused and sad,  
in a soothing refusal to kill a dream.

I even fell once or twice but  
I didn't hurt,  
because there were toy shops full  
of things to see and touch and feel  
and wonder about.

I said "Hello" to giants, unicorns  
and virgins and dwarfs and  
even got to meet a talking cow  
who belonged to the S. D. S.



All of us shared, with each other,  
the little things we had,  
and blinking at the moon,  
talked of revolution and  
of walks we'd take in Autumn.

"Surely," we whispered, "clouds do exist,  
but from where else  
would life-giving rain come?"

At this instant I rolled over  
in soft meadow hay and felt  
the smiling sky against my face.

The night and day have fused into one –  
As we eat our jelly sandwiches,  
with the wind performing for the crumbs,  
and wonder about Icarus,  
and his waxen wings,  
and "Excuse me, but  
How far is it to the sun?"

Raymond Hassett

I'm reaching out to touch you, Lord  
the crowd's so thick  
and I'm so weak  
I lose you for a moment  
now and then . . .  
you, beyond all men  
must be so  
fragile in your mind  
to be so drained of power.  
I'll find you soon  
and your tender eyes  
will be on me, alone  
and for all I'm worth  
this throbbing earth will rise  
to heal me  
as you feel me touch you.  
Love, love freeing me,  
Love seeing me  
whole.

Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan

## HARLEM IMPRESSIONS

Out of the brittle fog that tries, black sur-  
realism hangs. Bloated bodies expand  
Under the rusty bridge of Hudson's turtles,  
sober fishes squirm in the anemic  
sperm from empty coke bottles.  
Harlem cracking the transparent mirror, Harlem  
sticking out a funny finger in  
American billboard burlesque eyes.  
Vacations from Harlem puss in green beer bottle  
Reflections that skip solemn on the East River's  
muddy banks. Rats smile from mildew oatmeal  
boxes – smile maltedly, grin through salt  
water teeth, cultivate guilt in the foamy spit  
of Harlem's drozy yawn.

### 1

One old woman lost in lonely steps, her smooth black  
Face, like an anvil. She told me of her father,  
A big black buck who hammered his courage at a circus  
Side show;  
(Once the mistress commanded a private performance  
in the perfume underbrush of her magnolia mansion)

The singular black madam eyed my hoar white face,  
She colored in my mouth with a phosphoresce dream,  
The nightmare of her mother chilled, she was worth  
Two mules at the auction;

(Her mother ever younger, standing with a pink  
kerchief and wide banjo eyes. She prayed in the  
lice infested beds, her eyes turned red when she  
felt the stallions in her thighs gallop)

The solitary black goddess, her calendar face outlined  
Her son and her stubbornness;

(The periodic slave season who burnt back the  
plantations, who swallowed cotton and sucked  
gin through his silvery veins)

2

Honey Pot on Park Avenue, yes – that nice yellow shade  
Of exhibition transformed my image of the National  
Geographic natives who stand, some still, like silent  
Wise women on full color pages. Matted hair, blubbery  
Lips, blue balloon breasts, plum purple eyes, and yes,  
Dark mashed noses. All those noble savages that looked  
Apishly philosophical and just a bit like Rousseau.  
Honey Pot decked out in a fluorescent maroon dress,  
Looked like Midas grabbed her ass.  
Honey Pot with culture in her mouth and civilization  
On her face utters Whore House litanies in  
Holy constipation.



3

Out of the hot beds, sweaty sheets, ammonia smells;  
the image of annual Ole Black Joe transforms  
Into a holy communion type nigger full with Republicanism.

Out of the clean sterile cottage, into a sewer's tonnage  
of bile and lumpy freedom. The fertility rites performed,  
The romantic spasms spurt under the stale green water.

Out of the icons of heritage erupt ludicrous indigo  
impressions. The wormy stigma peels away and  
Bodies transport sex and savagery arm in arm.

Out of Harlem sticky milk and gasoline run together  
like saliva through hollow leaking straws.  
Mouths suck the blood from lips that murder tongueish silence.

4

138th Street, where Malcolm stood transposed in MauMau  
images – the Jesus who sprung obscene from a whore's  
cancerous cavity to carve on her belly his epitaph.  
Malcolm, the visionary super-ego who laughed from  
orange crate platforms, his gospels sputter  
pornographic and effortless into preconceived F.B.I. files.

Hungry black infants on brownstone porch steps  
eyeing the vicious cop, the honkie who thinks in a paradox.  
Hungry little pickaninnies already senile  
with hope and stale bullshit from the magician social  
workers.

The old children, all of them hungry for the rats  
that waddle with full bellies.  
These children without a protection of a shadow sneak  
their eunuch rape from old lady Liberty.

Even mid-afternoon is a betrayal, the sun is only  
Sympathetic, playing pantomime in the damp streets  
That make up the nervous system of Harlem.

5

Coltrane exploding in the skull's fortress,  
his seeing eye saxophone pulsates, the bongo beats  
Break out in coronaries.

LeRoi in the oven, burnt and crusty testifies to  
his white-nigger's complex,  
Making words slave in a torture cartwheel of poetry

Toilet smells, the yellow girls and bitch blacks mate,  
sweat rolls down in ribbons  
On the jasmine face.

In this likeness, this lukewarm slump of night  
two blue bodies broke against each other and made  
the moon uneasy as their love shattered the glass walls.

Joseph Detmer

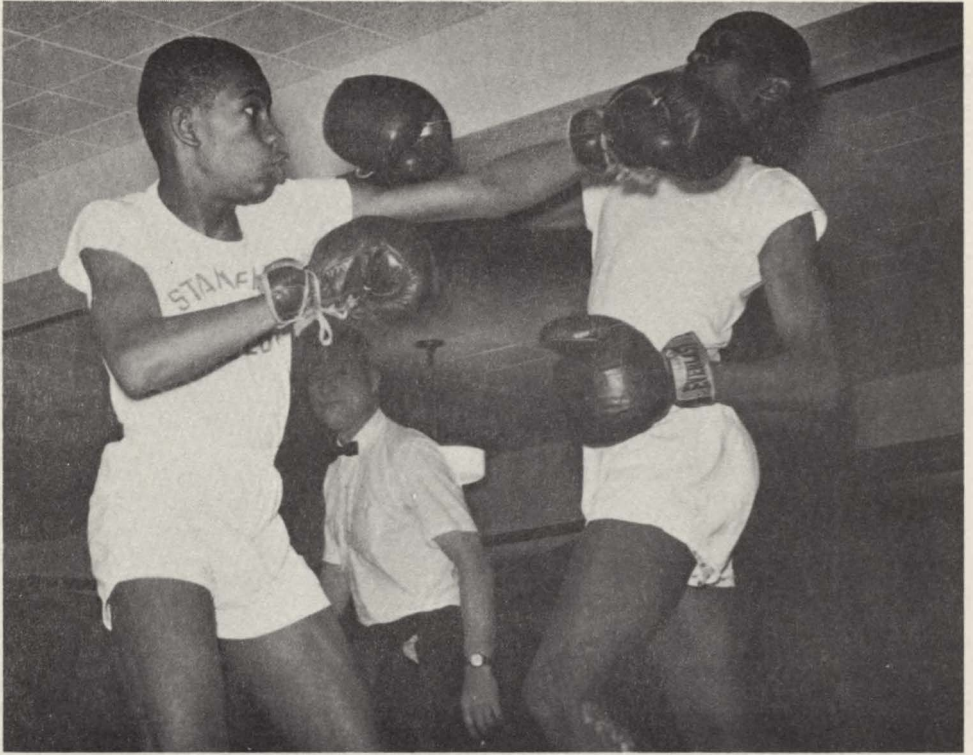
# PHOTOGRAPHY

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## HABITAT FACTORS IN A WOOD

John H. Fitzmartin III

Most forests reduce the amount of solar radiation reaching the ground since the upper canopy reflects some of the sun's rays. Naturally, this may vary according to the type of forest being studied. Solar radiation is absorbed by the various plant layers within a community and this is in constant exchange between the different parts of the forest's ecosystems. Relative humidity is another factor which is important in the determination of a plant community, mainly because forests release large quantities of water vapor into the atmosphere. Thus, by comparison, we find that these factors will vary depending upon the areas being studied.

The principal purpose of the study was to evaluate by analysis the importance of various environmental factors in relation to canopy development within an open field, a deciduous forest, and a coniferous forest.

An area containing both deciduous and coniferous forest types was selected. The area was marked off into twenty quadrats each measuring approximately 100ft. x 100ft. Locations for measurements were selected randomly and the necessary instruments were installed. Diagram 1 shows the general scheme of the area studied. Measurements were taken at two- to three-day intervals, between twelve and two P.M. Measurements were taken for solar radiation, relative humidity, evaporation, rainfall, wind velocity, and canopy development. However, the two factors found to most affect the different communities were

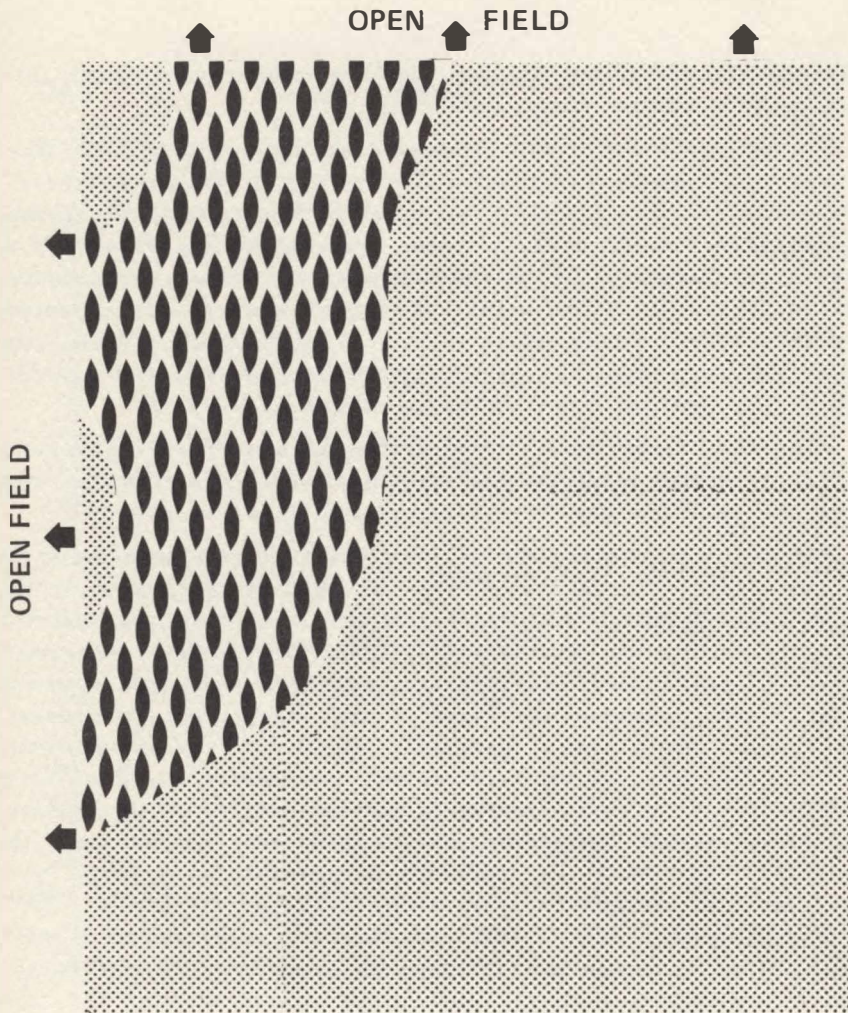




DIAGRAM 1

Deciduous Forest=   
 Coniferous Forest= 

Scale; 1 inch = 100ft.





solar radiation and relative humidity. This paper is concerned with only these two factors in regard to canopy development.

The average number of trees per quadrat was approximately 80-85. When comparing the numerical distribution of trees along the deciduous and coniferous sections of the area, results showed that the coniferous quadrats, covering approximately one-fifth of the total area, accounted for approximately 57 to 65 trees per quadrat along the western boundary. The deciduous trees numbered 20 to 25 in this region. Tree diversity of quadrats decreased eastward from the western boundary. Moving easterly the ratio of coniferous to deciduous forest types completely changed to approximately 80 deciduous trees to 2-4 coniferous trees. In some instances there were no conifers present at all.

In the three distinct areas investigated there was enough information found to require separate recognition and sampling of each: (1) a deciduous forest type; (2) a coniferous forest type; (3) an adjacent open field.

Figure 1 is a graph of the solar radiation taken in the areas studied during the months of April and May 1968. The first measurement was taken on April 6, 1968. From this graph it is evident that, in both the deciduous and coniferous forest types, there was very little solar radiation. This was due to the overcast days which had occurred during that week. In the open field a slight increase in solar radiation, because of the absence of plant communities, was measured. The third and fourth weeks of April (4/18; 4/25) showed a tremendous increase in solar radiation in both the deciduous forest type and the open field. This is typical of the spring season. Contrary to both the open field and the deciduous forest the coniferous forest remained relatively the same. This was due to the condition of the canopy. The coniferous, as opposed to the deciduous forest type, maintains somewhat the same canopy year round. On May 11, 1968 a significant change in only the deciduous forest type occurred. Keep in mind, however, that the coniferous forest canopy will remain about the same throughout the year, but the deciduous forest canopy is always changing. The arrow on the graph indicates the period at which the deciduous forest canopy is 100%. This will remain the same until the fall, when the cycle will begin again.

Figure 2 is a graph of the relative humidity taken in the areas studied during the months of April and May 1968. The measurements taken during the first week of April were similar for two of the areas studied, but in the open field the relative humidity was above 75%. This can be attributed to the fact that snow

Fig. 1

Solar Radiation

Difference between silver and black bulb of Improvised Radiometer

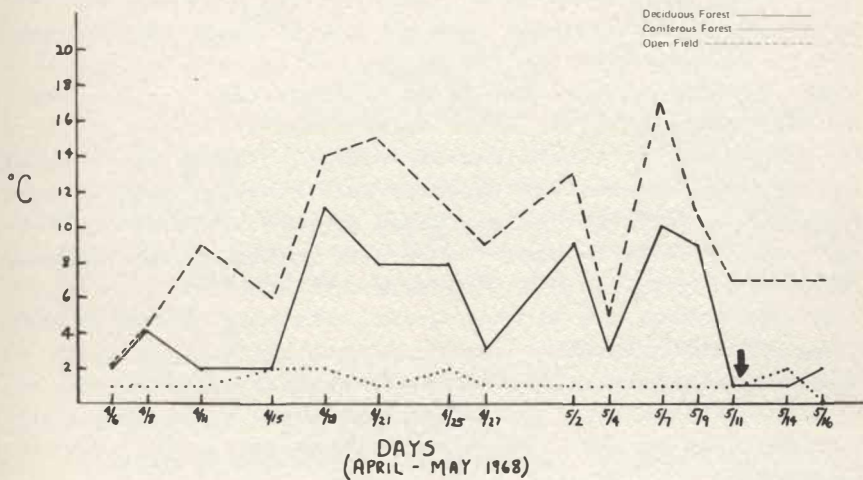
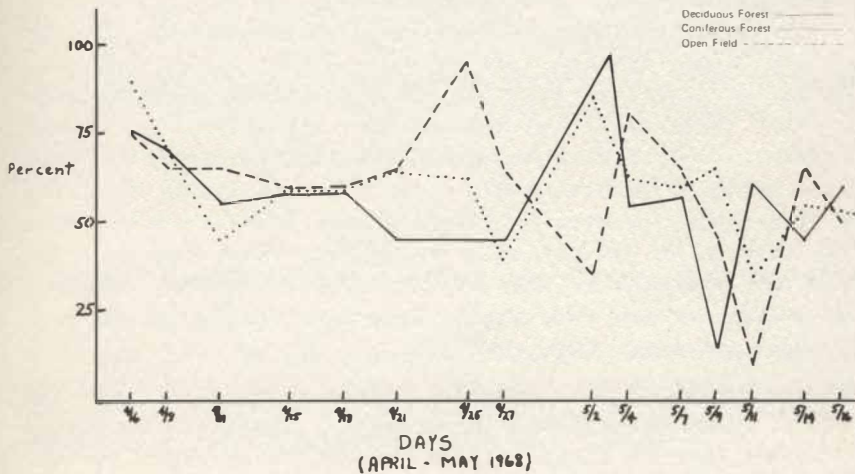


Fig. 2

Relative Humidity





was present in both the deciduous and coniferous forests. In the open field there was a considerably higher percentage due to the absence of plant communities. From April 15–May 2 there was a significant drop in the relative humidity. This was due to the increase in evaporation. This decrease was followed by a sharp increase in the relative humidity in all three areas. This increase was due to the rainfall which had occurred. Shortly after this period both the deciduous forest type and the open field decreased sharply until the relative humidity was below 25%. In the coniferous forest type this decrease was not so sharp. In fact, the relative humidity, after increasing to 75% due to the spring rains, decreased very slowly exhibiting a strong water retention capability. This becomes very important when analyzing these two forest types. On one hand, the deciduous forest, subjected to rainfall, exhibited a high relative humidity. Its capacity to retain the moisture was very low due to the absorptive capabilities of the plant communities in that area. The coniferous forest type, however, was the direct opposite. After being subjected to rainfall it also exhibited a high relative humidity, but most importantly it did not lose this moisture as readily as the deciduous forest did. A possible reason is that the coniferous forest type possesses needles which are covered by a waxy material and are not able to absorb any of the moisture present in the existing ecosystem.

Determination of solar radiation penetration in the subcanopy regions can usually be identified with vegetative distribution. Studies have shown that the more concentrated the canopy, thus inhibiting solar radiation, the poorer the vegetation. In some instances, if the percentage of solar radiation which penetrates the tree canopy falls below 2%, the plants disappear. In dense forests with a thick canopy the average light intensities may fall below the 1% level. In deciduous woodlands the percentage of incident light penetrating the canopy is much smaller in the summer than in the winter. The quality of reflected light which reaches the forest floor in the summer, however, is good because of the nature of the leaf surfaces. In the coniferous forest there is also this type of light penetration but there is less reflection. On the whole, coniferous forest canopies cast more shade than deciduous forest canopies, yet each group commands a wide range of light penetration.

Relative humidity is also a controlling factor in canopy development. The amount of water evaporated from the surface of a plant community depends almost solely upon the humidity of the air. Also, the covering of the trees reduces the amount of evaporation, and thus it is evident that, compared to

plants in open fields, forest plants have less need to conserve their water by limiting transpiration. Therefore, many plants which do not have the ability to restrict their loss of water are able to live in a forest without becoming extinct.

### SUMMARY

1. A canopy study was conducted for a seven week period in April and May, 1968. The principal purpose of the study was to evaluate by analysis the importance of various environmental factors in relation to canopy development. Three areas were selected: a deciduous forest, a coniferous forest, and an adjacent open field. Measurements were taken for solar radiation, relative humidity, evaporation, wind, precipitation, and canopy development.
2. Based on the results of the seven week period, a definite relation was made connecting the environmental factors of solar radiation and relative humidity as functions of the canopy.
3. The factors of solar radiation and relative humidity seemed to play dominant roles in forest development. Solar radiation in the canopy of the deciduous forest is highly selective as compared to the coniferous forest which is not. Also, relative humidity in the deciduous forest area was more critical to the development of the canopy.
4. Generally speaking, the development, the density, the shape, and the type of the canopy all play main roles in determining environmental factors.

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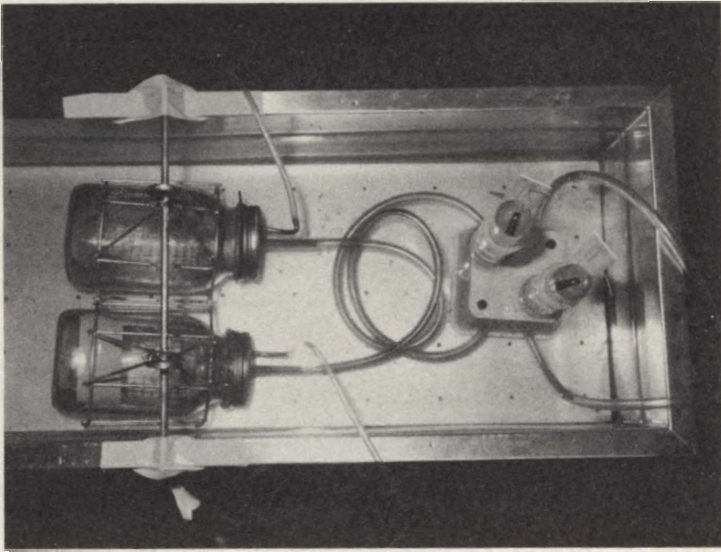
## CONSTRUCTION OF A MODIFIED HOLTkamp CLOSED-CIRCUIT RESPIROMETER WITH SIMPLE LABORATORY APPARATUS

Ronald A. Sapiente and Joseph F. Moran, Jr.

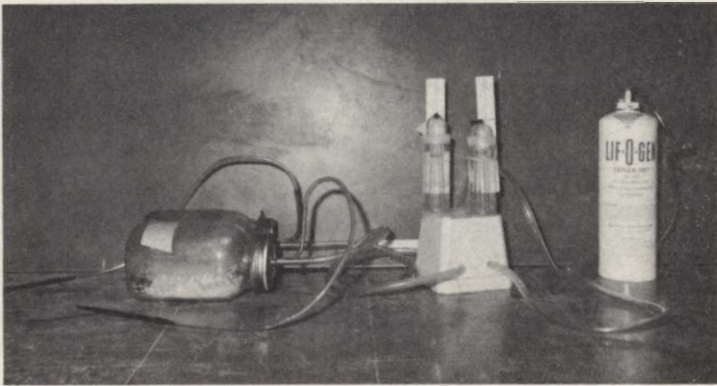
Many investigators have described changes in oxygen consumption by the whole animal. The uncontrolled environmental conditions of most of these studies have made any accurate recording of oxygen consumption difficult, particularly for small animals.

Many attempts have been made to alleviate this problem (Grad, Mørch, et al.). In 1955, Holtkamp and his colleagues developed a relatively simple closed-circuit respirometer, specifically designed for small animals. Since that time, many modifications of the original design have been made. However, the materials and equipment necessary to fabricate the respirometer normally are not available in undergraduate laboratories. The following scheme can be used to construct a simple but efficient respirometer from ordinary material using standard equipment.

Photograph I is an overhead view of the two-chambered respirometer. A minimum of two chambers is required to record simultaneous results for a control and an experimental animal. This respirometer can be used successfully for animals weighing as much as 200 grams. The respirometer chamber is a quart Mason jar (Ball-type) containing a wire platform of ¼-inch mesh hardware cloth for support. Carbon dioxide absorbent (e.g., soda plus lime) is placed under the wire platform. The cap of the Mason jar is fitted with two copper tubes soldered into position. One, constructed of ⅜-inch O.D. copper tubing, is bent upward and fitted with standard plastic aquarium air tubing and closed with a pinch-clamp. This acts as an exhaust when the system is being filled with oxygen. The second copper tube is ¼-inch O.D. and is con-



PHOTOGRAPH I: Overhead view of Respirometer without water.



PHOTOGRAPH II: Side view of the Respirometer setup.



nected with clear plastic tubing to an oxygen reservoir. The oxygen reservoir is composed of two plastic vials which are placed one into the other in a piston-like fashion. The larger vial, which will act as the base, has a diameter of 3.5cm and a height of 10cm. The smaller vial, which will act as the piston, has a diameter of 2.75cm and a height of 10cm. When necessary, plastic strips are glued to the sides of the smaller vial to act as guides. Two holes are drilled through the bottom of the larger plastic vial and glass tubing is cemented with water-proof epoxy glue into position. One of these tubes will connect with the tube leading from the quart Mason jar; the other to an oxygen source. The cylinder is then cemented to an inverted square plastic flower pot to prevent its tipping in the water. All plastics used must not be polyethylene since this plastic will prevent the establishment of a water-proof seal. The cylinder is filled to the three-quarter mark, the smaller is submerged, and the system is filled with oxygen. The air vent on the Mason jar must be open to vent the air in the smaller vial. Filling the system with oxygen causes the piston to rise to a point on a scale arbitrarily designated as the zero point. As oxygen is consumed by the animal and carbon dioxide is removed by the absorbent, the piston drops. The apparatus is calibrated against a millimeter ruler scale by injecting into the system exact volumes of air with exact-volume syringes. Any convenient pointer can be attached to the piston for this purpose; disposable syringe needles were used in this case. Once the instrument is calibrated, it is ready to function.

The environmental temperature is controlled by placing the respirometer chambers, as seen in Photograph II, under water in a constant-temperature bath. The respirometer chambers must be kept submerged. Various methods may be devised and depend on the particular ingenuity of the constructor. Old refrigerator trays were used in this case, as seen in Photograph I.

This particular instrument is accurate to 0.1 units. However, the sensitivity of such an instrument varies with cylinder size and can be adjusted if necessary.

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## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Charlene Botha** feels that "to live is to dance, to dance is to live." A person of moods, she is currently a romantic, finding joy in her new kaleidoscope and set of Chinese temple bells.

**Sr. Kathleen P. Deignan** is an ice hockey fan whose idol is Vic Hatfield of the New York Rangers, which is her favorite team. In her non-spare time she composes what she calls "spirit music."

**Joseph Detmer** has had his poetry published in such magazines as *Enterprise*, *New Horizons*, *South and West* and most recently in the Village publication *Come*. At present he is busy editing *Electra*, his new poetry magazine.

**Mary Ann Gentile** loves dogs, babies, and Michael, but not necessarily in that order.

**John Fitzmartin** has donated his thing to the Science section of this issue.

**Raymond Hassett.**

**Sr. Mary Anita** is a nun who belongs to the Holy Family of Nazareth.

**John B. Kachuba**, for reasons best known to himself, cherishes the idea of someday visiting Alaska.

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**Joseph F. Moran, Jr.** is the type of professor who would stop a class for a Smucker's truck.

**Douglas Prior-Crofoot**, a full-time SHU student, is a recognized photographer for several Stamford studios.

**Paul J. Raleigh** is on the road.

**Ronald A. Sapiente** is waiting to be crowned.

**Mr. Lawrence Schaefer** is a poet, a gardener, a lover of children, and a teacher.

**Teo Senni** loves.

**Gene Shea**, *Rocks and Roots'* photographer in residence, is a speed enthusiast who has raced both go-carts and motorcycles. A part-time world traveler, he spent last summer touring Europe.

**Anthony Slez** is an actor, a writer, a singer, a director of various types of shows, a believer in the philosophy of Ayn Rand, and a carver of tikis.

**Marylou Szczesiul** worries a lot.

**Michael Valovcin** is trying to be like Alyosha but fears he is too much an Ivan.

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