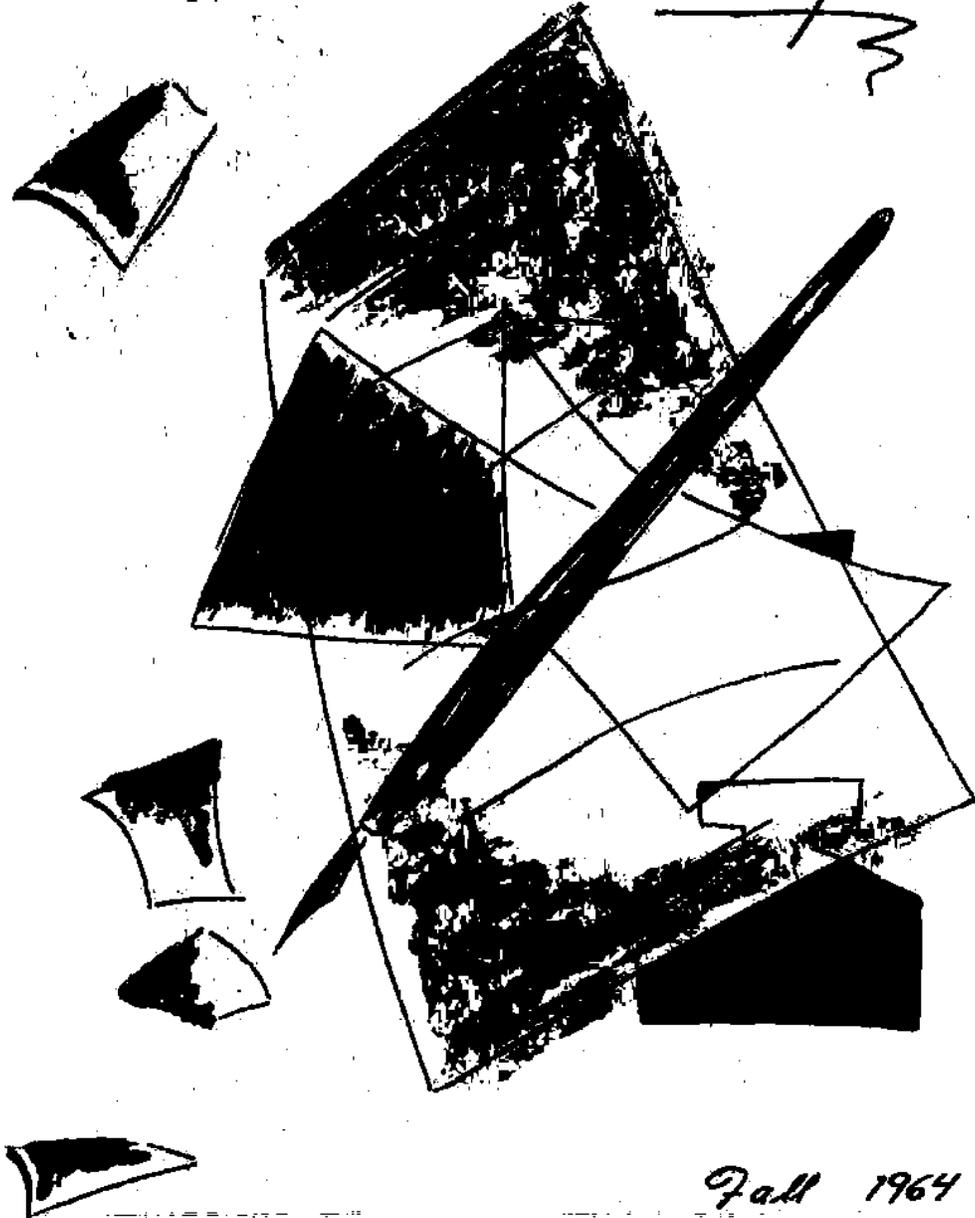


DISCARD

9nis
3



Fall 1964



R Zoo

IGNIS

Fall, 1964
Loyola College
Vol. 1, No. 1

IGNIS

Editor-in-Chief Stuart Schoenfeld

Staff Henry Farkas
Robert Quirk
Bernard Vondersmith
George Bell
James Genthner
Phillip F. Lieske
Stuart I. Rochester
James Traglia
William J. Schmitz

Art Editor Rodolfo Zea

Photography Editor George Wise

Faculty Advisor Vincent Genovesi, S.J.

In this Issue

The Tinderbox	4
A Morning's Darkness— <i>Stuart I. Rochester</i>	6
Onward— <i>George Bell</i>	10
The Early Morning Watch— <i>Donald Rholeder</i>	11
The Crooked Lines of Brother Antoninus— <i>Stuart I. Rochester</i>	12
(Untitled poem)— <i>James Traglia</i>	18
November 22 at Loyola College— <i>Anonymous</i>	21
Fall of the House of DeCourcy— <i>James Genthner</i>	23
The Dream— <i>John Ciekot</i>	30
Living— <i>Phillip F. Lieske</i>	32
A Folksinger Looks at Folksongs— <i>Bill Reese</i>	34
It Was Like The Truth Was— <i>Tom Concannon</i>	40
Coming Soon— <i>George Wise</i>	43

The first six pages of the enamel insert appearing between pages 22 and 23 are the work of GEORGE WISE. The remaining two pages are the work of DANIEL P. WHALEN.

The Tinderbox

On November 24 the Gorman Lecture Series is presenting a lecture by an exceptional priest-poet, Brother Antoninus. We on the *Ignis* staff urge everyone both to read the article about Brother Antoninus in this issue (page 12) and to attend his recital on Tuesday night.

* * *

Ignis literary magazine and the Literary Society of Loyola are sponsoring the visit of another poet to the Loyola campus. Jonathan Williams, poet and publisher of Jargon Books, will speak to Dr. Kinter's classes and give a lecture open to the entire student body on Wednesday, December 9. Mr. Williams, a native of the South, is on a tour of several colleges on the East Coast. His most important book is *The Empire Finals*

at Verona. The lecture will be held at 12:00 noon in Xavier Lounge. We recommend this lecture as an unusual opportunity for students to meet a noted exponent of modern poetry.

* * *

The article "A Folksinger Looks at Folksongs" (page 42) is the first of a projected series in which Bill Reese discusses the literary aspects of the folk idiom. Bill's experience as a folksinger, especially as leader of the Colony Singers, makes him eminently qualified to write this series. The first article is about Bob Dylan.

* * *

Early in the Fall we received the following poem from David Schroeder, yearbook editor, and therefore our neighbor in the dank neo-Gothic offices in the basement of the Student Union. We print his poem with a sincere "Thank You" and a determination to be worthy of its good opinion of us.

I nterests stirred, thoughts scribbled, papers strewn,
G iven binding, given form,
N ever overlooking the value of the smallest thought
I n the academic pool where the hook of mind reaches deep
S uch is IGNIS.

* * *

Without further ado, we present the first issue of the *Ignis* literary magazine . . .

A

Morning's

Darkness

• **Stuart I. Rochester**

IT WAS unusually cold for an August morning. The dew that stained the neatly tufted grass seemed more like the icy film that dotted the fields in winter. Now and then a leaf drifted down, seeking a moment's rest before it would be gathered in by the current. The sun was shining, though somewhat obscured by the lingering daybreak mist and a couple of clouds eager to bask in its warm rays.

As he stepped off the bus, a sudden puff of wind strewed the thin, graying hairs so that the hoary face became one with the hazy sky. Cyril had six blocks yet before he would reach the white-stoned building where he had worked so tirelessly for the past fifty-two years. It would be his last day on the job, and the six blocks seemed longer today than usual. A mischievous breeze toyed with the shabby topcoat, and the old man floundered for a moment, and then started again. The sunken eyes managed a glance upward, but could not catch the tops of the long, lean granite forms. He tried to remember how it used to be. But the relentless sounds of shifting gears and booming subways and grinding mortars drowned out the memories. It hadn't always been this way. Once, the rays of the August sun were not scattered by the labyrinth of glass mountains and towering concrete, and the days were hot, and the resonant quiet of a lazy August morning was penetrated only by the occasional droning of flies against the office pantry.

Was it so long ago? He tried so hard to remember. Yes . . . yes ... of course. The fire bell. . . . *It* had remained the same. It would sound the hour of nine as it had always done when he passed the engine house, as it had done for fifty-two years. Fifty-two years . . . fifty-two. . . . Echoes of the past came and went and came again, reverberating with the pulse of the bell.

"Come in, Adams, why come in! Don't be so nervous. A young man on the job for the first time need not be nervous, not with such a bright future ahead of him!" Yes . . . yes. . . .

It did seem foolish to be nervous that first day. The day was torrid, and the air was motionless and empty though occasionally fanned by the sultry vapors of tar burning on the black rooftops. The streets were splashed with fallen grapes and the droppings of yellowhammers and warblers making their way south. Somehow it was all delightful.

The wind picked up now, and the topcoat flapped vigorously. But Cyril made no effort to button it. He was absorbed in the vague strains of times past—the wailing fire bell, and the shrill aria of the wood thrush out in the meadow, and the flies droning against the pantry, and the. . . .

"Sally, pass the ginger. Now stop that, Tom, before you . . . oh, all over my new dress ... ha, ha...." The company picnics were always fun. There'd be lunch, and the usual games, and a long walk afterwards along the narrow stream running side by side with a stretch of birch trees. And then we'd pause where the bank of the stream would empty into the fertile valley below. We'd sing songs and tell jokes and stories, lying in the dank grass and inhaling the intoxicating fragrance of the fallen apples that lay rotting in the sunshine. And finally there'd be the long, languid walk back, and we'd droop our heads along with the flowers in the heat of the day....It hadn't always been this cold in August.

The sun had broken through more brightly now, and the white reflection against the cars parked along the street gave the appearance of melting glaciers stubbornly moving upstream. Not too far away, the top of the old building hovered among the frustrated clouds, relentlessly advancing forward while the clouds paled in the distance. As he walked further Cyril could see the white stones. They had just been washed, and seemed to reflect the sunlight like huge blocks of ice. Cold, dismal reflections, but reflections. . . .

"Albert, we all wish you well, and we thank you for the years of service you have given us." He recalled Albert's being fired ten years before. Of course, he knew it would

happen. It always did. The older workers were always the first to go. New men, more vigorous men, were needed to run the machines. A new machine purchased ... a call to see the boss ... a pat on the back ... a friendly good-bye.... It always happened the same way. But now, today. . . .

Cyril continued down the street, curiously preoccupied with the piles of asphalt that lined the curb and that would be used to pave the new sidewalk. Perhaps the asphalt, seemingly baking on the sunlit pavement, reminded him of the tar that once burned on the black rooftops on a hot August morning. His joy was ephemeral, for there would be no more memories. The gleaming piles faded into cold, solitary figures of men and women mechanically flicking by him. All he noticed were their shoes, the white sidewalk engulfing the dark leather like clouds mating with the burnished horizon. The distant shouts of children became more distant. And, now, even the shoes stopped coming. Only the white-stoned building lay ahead.

A sudden chill swept the air, and Cyril thought it best to button the topcoat. The sun's rays still beat down, but they could not thaw the hard concrete, and the old man's feet grew numb and sent a queer sensation through his body. Cyril could now make out the ponderous shadow of the towering building, and he stooped slightly as if the weight of the slumbering structure were pressing heavily upon his shoulders. He could go no further. He looked down resignedly at the pavement, and the streaming sunlight enabled him to see his own quivering shadow. In the distance the fire bell wailed melancholically. There, alone in the cold darkness of the shadows, Cyril understood. He understood . . . and he cried.

Up the block, the roar of machines vibrated through the air, shattering the chill of morning.

ONWARD

Onward into the dark-green night we tread,
After the trout and bass have gone to bed,
In search of the "noblest prey," they said,
The Catfish, black-ugly, and murky-fed.

Onward into the dark-green night we tread,
With light pole, lantern, worms, and weights of lead,
Through moon-lit tree and bush and spider red,
In search of Cat—Channel, Mud, Bullhead.

Onward into the dark-green night we tread,
As the squak of the night heron is wed
To the quiet wake that the muskrat threads.

Still Onward, the dark, dark-green night we tread,
As others have tread, who are now long dead—
But onward we tread, as if to say—instead.

• **George Bell**

The Early Morning Watch

• Donald Rholeder

"You GUYS about ready?"

"Yeah, be there in a minute. What time is it anyway?"

"2345. Get the lead out or you'll be late."

"All right, all right, keep it tight."

You finish dressing in the dark and hurry with the new corporal of the guard to be posted. As you rush to the company office, through half-open eyes and ears you more or less casually note the darkness and quiet.

"Know the post?"

"Yeah."

"How about your general orders?"

"Know them too."

"All right, report in every hour."

Once outside, the darkness and silence so casually noted at first becomes almost overpowering. The starry night engulfs anyone venturing forth from the squat huts; the large yellow moon also stands its post. Of course it's not always like this. On an earlier shift you might catch a glimpse of "King Solomon's Mines" on the large outdoor screen. No sound, you're too far away for that, just a glimpse every twenty minutes as you pass where the screen is visible through the huts.

But these early morning watches have none of the activity of an evening watch. There's nothing but the starry moon-lit darkness and you. Against the vast panorama of the sky you can measure your own worth. In the full moon you can see your own solitude, and in the stars you can see the infinity behind all things. And if you look hard enough you can see in the luminous dial of your watch that the time has come to stop thinking a lot of rot and thinking wake-up your relief.

"You guys about ready?"

*The
Crooked Lines
of
Brother Antoninus*

• **Stuart I. Rochester**

God writes straight. My crooked lines, tortured between grace and the depraved human heart (my heart), gouge out the screed of my defection. Everywhere about me the straight writing hems me in, compresses me, flattens my will. I write crooked. Error after error blows through me, the corruptible mortal man, whose every gesture reeks of imperfection. Would you have it straight? I am not God.

THE WORDS are those of Brother Antoninus in his foreword to *The Crooked Lines of God*, the powerful story of his revelation and conversion. Brother Antoninus' emergence into national attention has been sudden but overwhelming. He is an offspring of the Beat Renaissance, and though the child must inherit certain qualities of the parent he has broken away into a cobwebby realm of spirituality and compassion seldom trespassed by the poet of any generation. His poetry is compelling, sometimes harsh, always unreserved—always clothed in the nakedness of truth and substance. It has been termed the "product of tortured honesty," and quite appropriately, for his lines are inscribed with the intensity and anguish of the artist searching for ultimate truth and knowledge and at the same time all too well aware of human limitation. What Brother Antoninus has aimed for in his recitals throughout the nation, and what he seeks to secure in his scheduled visit to Loyola, is a commitment from the audience to go along with him on his search and to share in his visionary experience. Brother Antoninus, born William Everson in 1912, grew up in the town of Selma in the picturesque San Joaquin Valley of California. He attended Fresno State, married, and for some time worked as a farmer while avidly reading the poetry of Robinson Jeffers. Drafted as a conscientious objector during World War II, on his release he returned to San Francisco and took up association with the "pre-beat" generation of poets headed by Kenneth Rexroth, who along with Jeffers had a formative influence on his writing. In 1948 New Directions published a complete edition of his poems, "The Residual Years," which brought him to national attention. In 1949, he received a Guggenheim grant, and of greater consequence, he came into contact with the Catholic Worker Movement. During a year with the movement he was attracted to the monastic life, and in 1951 entered the Dominican Order as a tertiary lay brother (oblate). His ensuing withdrawal from the literary scene for some five years, during which time he

contemplated his religious progress and prospect in the solitude of the St. Albert's monastery, prepared him for his re-emergence with the Beat Generation of the so-called San Francisco Renaissance of the late Fifties. Public readings have taken Brother Antoninus up and down the coast—to New York, Harvard, Yale, Brandeis—in his effort to communicate the poetic experience and vision.

Among his publications are *The Poet Is Dead* (an elegy in memory of Robinson Jeffers), *The Hazards of Holiness*, and *The Crooked Lines of God*. He is presently writing his first piece of non-poetry, *The Tongs of Jeopardy*, an impression of the Kennedy tragedy.

The poetry of Brother Antoninus has been epitomized in the phrase "the life of the spirit." Success and failure, hope and despair, salvation and damnation—these are the phantasmata which form the "spirit," which haunted the "Beatnik Monk" in his religious progress and which reverberate anew in his poetry. The "spirit" for Brother Antoninus embraces vitalness, essence, depth. He is always preoccupied with the "whatness" of things, and has the amazing ability to contain this elusive "whatness" in the unconventional manner typical of the Beat Generation. The following passages from *The Poet Is Dead* illustrate his remarkably effective employment of the imagery of his native American West to harness the "spirit."

In the sleeve of darkness the gopher
Tunnels the sod for short grass
And pockets his fill.

If there is fog in the canyons
The redwoods will know what it means.
The giant sisters
Gather it into their merciful arms
And stroke silence.

Brother Antoninus' technique is perhaps most striking in *The Crooked Lines of God*. In this story of his conversion he adapts the scenery of the American West—the setting sun, the campfire, the silhouette of the frontier—to traditional Biblical episodes. In the following passages the Western panorama, the omnipresent element of search, and the pervasive and penetrating "spirit" come together in an expression of great dimension and force.

The last settlement scraggled out with a barbed wire
fence
And fell from sight. They crossed coyote country:
Mesquite, sage, the bunchgrass knotted in patches;
And there the prairie dog yapped in the valley;
And on the high plateau the short-armed badger
Delved his clay. But beyond that the desert,
Raw, unslakable, its perjured dominion wholly
contained
In the sun's remorseless mandate, where the dim trail
Died ahead in the watery horizon: God knows where.

But they, the man and the anxious woman,
Who stared pinch-eyed into the settling sun,
They went forward into its denseness
All apprehensive, and would many a time have turned
But for what they carried. That brought them on.
In the gritty blanket they bore the world's great risk,
And knew it; and kept it covered, near to the blind heart,
That hugs in a bad hour its sweetest need,
Possessed against the drawn night
That comes now, over the dead arroyos,
Cold and acrid and black.

Over the campfire the desert moon
Slivers the west, too chaste and cleanly

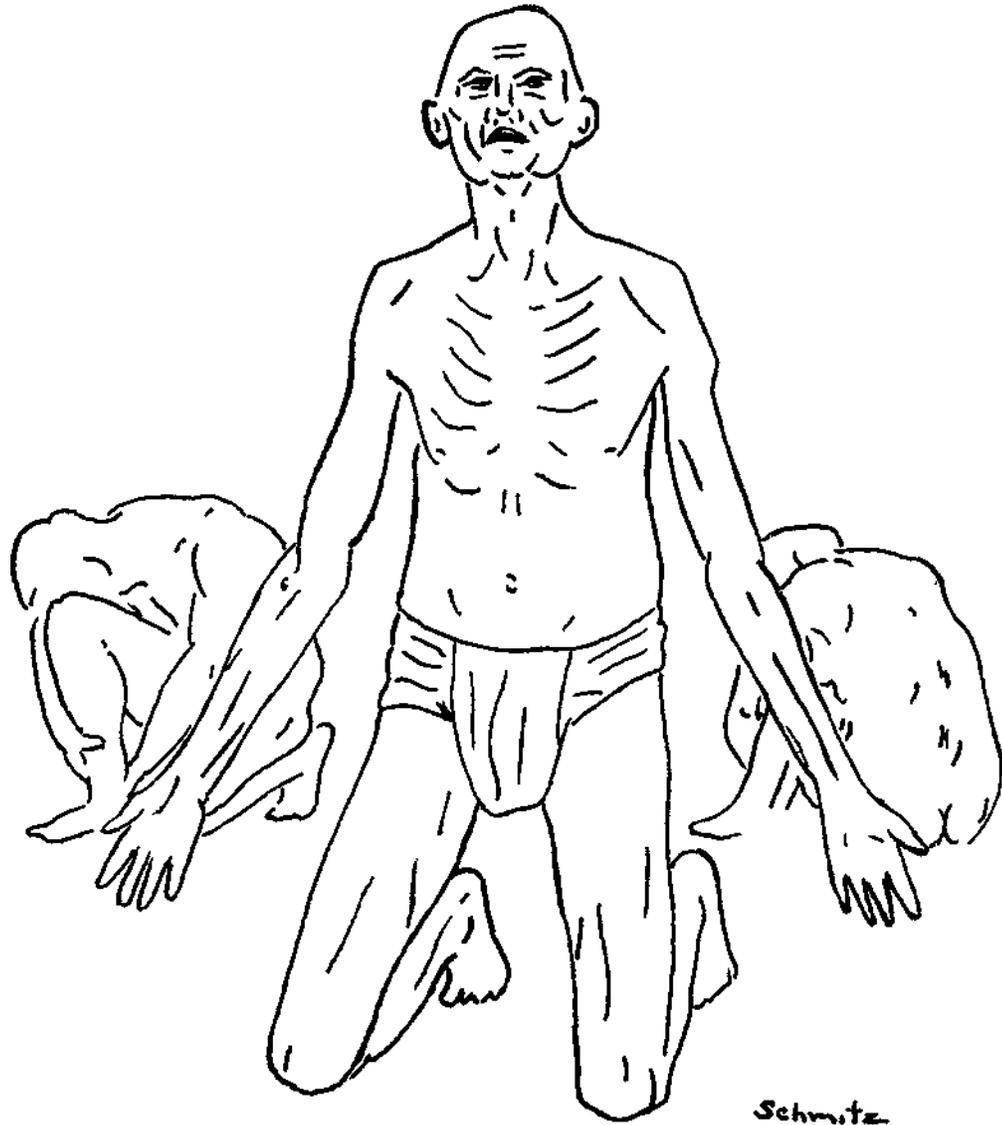
To mean hard luck. The man rattles the skillet
To take the raw edge off the silence;
The woman lifts up her heart; the Infant
Knuckles the generous breast, and feeds.

If the "life of the spirit" is manifested in Brother Antoninus' poetry, it is animated in his readings. His poetry is realized more in the mystical and momentary communion which unites artist and audience than in the time lapse of reflection that separates them. Brother Antoninus' visits to American colleges have been described variously as involving ritual, rapport, charismatic gesture, and liberation of spirit. All of these effects have the mystical element in common, revealing the outstanding quality of the Brother's readings: his recital is no mere lecture but an *experience*—at once momentary and evolutionary—between poet and listener. Contemplation, crystallization, commitment, catharsis—such is the instant unfolding of the experience, the projection of the artist's struggle to unite himself with the audience in the poetic vision.

There is likely to be what may seem an embarrassing moment at the end of Brother Antoninus' recital. Everything quite probably will be silent. There will be no questions asked, which he calls "absurd" anyway. But the overwhelming stillness will be a testimonial to his readings and an indication of the fulfillment of his purpose. In the "life of the spirit" it is the actual moment that is important. Communication already has or has not been established. Those who have undergone the evolutionary experience will leave the hall a bit more exhausted than when they came in. They will have been a part of a great struggle.



R. Lea



Schmitz

I.

I see dolphins playing in clouds
with little thought of forevertime which never comes.

II.

I see hands turned rough from touching cotton people
and grass, convinced that it is orange, is.

III.

I see birds fly naked to a half-way land
to a highway leading east and also west.

IV.

I see majestic pigeon dropping on non-majestic statues
of public monuments to reality's un-reality.

V

I see an angel fallen from an angular heaven
carry mutilated wing with blood-stained hand.

VI.

And I see spiritual tampax hawked on street corners
by unspiritual spiritualists.
in sizes to fit the crotch of everyman's life
with the very minimum of
effort.

VII.

I hear flowers singing when skies are dolphined
and statues defecated
and grass oranged
and imposter angels fallen
and birds naked yet making it
and the rough justice to
their hands.

VIII.

Oh man

I *can* hear flowers softly singing
which reverance is to no avail
for forevertime's long-forgotten
off-key
singers
while tomorrow's corpses he in wait for holes of soft clay
mud today
again.

I see a world lying buried beneath snow and crushed cherries
sing songs in praise of joyous fruit and cold.

IX.

And sometimes dolphins die
And clouds float past empty.

• James Traglia

November 22

at

Loyola College

• Anonymous

SOMEHOW IT didn't register right. It was not a case of full disbelief; I felt I knew it was coming. Someone in the Green and Gray office had the news on the radio. Then I heard it. President Kennedy and the governor of Texas had been shot. I went into the office and listened. The President was in critical condition.

I remember a student going in and out of the office. I remember a student leaning over the railing with his suit coat off, sleeves rolled up on his elbows. He seemed almost in pain. I noticed another student on the floor of the cafeteria pacing nervously. I remember a student looking on and listening, but not speaking. Still another was nervous and running up and down. Some came in and looked as if they were asking what's happening, but they simply listened and heard.

My thought was that this would leave a terrible scare. . . . After standing and listening to the radio, I sat for awhile.

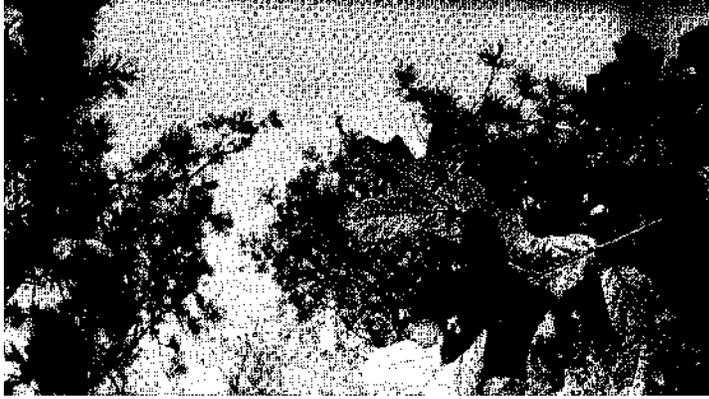
People were milling in and out and not saying much. The public address system was broadcasting the radio...I went into the wrestling room. It was about 2:15. I knew from the radio that the President had been shot, that he was in critical condition, and that two priests had gone in to see him.

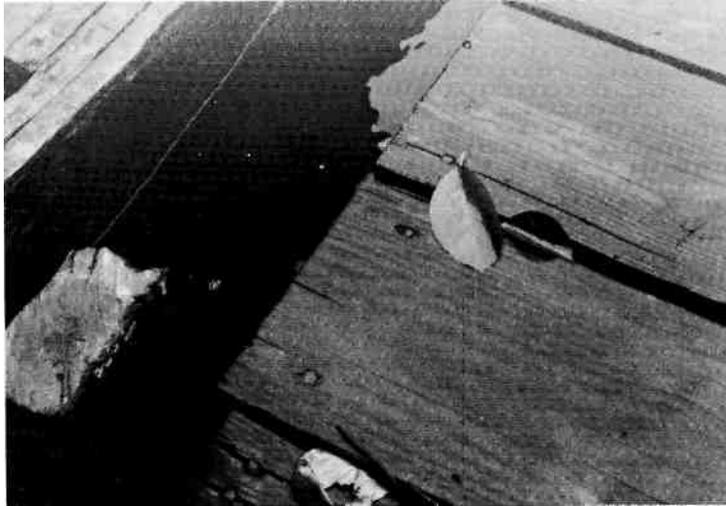
In the wrestling room there were about forty to fifty people, some standing, some sitting on the floor, all quiet. I watched the TV. They showed the hall where the President was to speak. A minister offered a prayer. A colored waiter wiped tears from his eyes. The people in the wrestling room were quiet. Some left, some came in from outside, but none asked what was going on. They all knew. Gradually the word came over the air. It was unconfirmed but it said that the President was dead. I remember many faces whose names I forget. I remember others who seemed to be trying to pray. Now it was confirmed: he was dead. A football team came in all sweated up. They looked around in disbelief but they asked nothing; they knew. One student looked of utter futility.

I went back to the cafe. All seemed shocked, nothing was being said. I sat alone for a while, then I joined a group of others....The little sounds of life were now returning to the cafe. I saw Father Bourbon looking down on us. The little sounds were now more numerous. They are the sounds of everyday life that you don't miss until they are gone. The bell rang. I waited a few minutes, then went outside. Most of the people returning from class seemed in a daze. I went to the car and started the long journey home. . . .



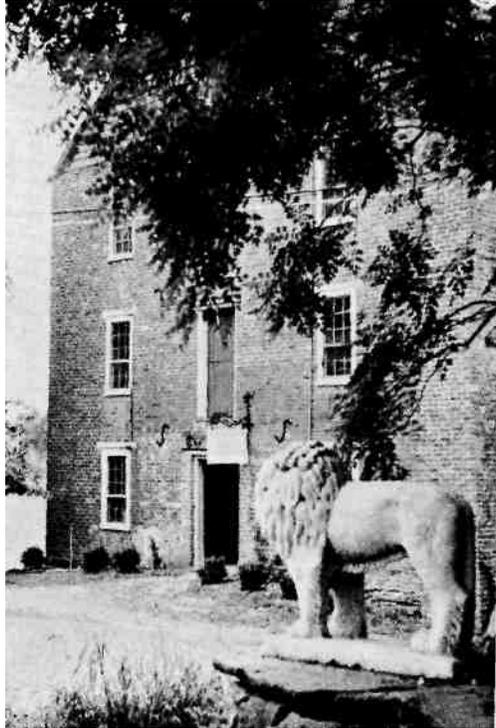














The Terrible Events Surrounding

*The fall of
the house of DeCourcy*

Being a TRUE and Factual Account
Of the most awful History of the
Calamity which befell Baron
Wolfgang DeCourcy and His Family,
Late of Australia
By Mr. James Genthner, Friend to
The late DeCourcy Family
Eyewitness to the Events described
Herein.

(With apologies to J. I. DeC.)

DURING THE whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of Australian bush country, and at length found myself, as evening drew upon the earth, within view of the melancholy House of DeCourcy. I know

not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the huge stone walls of the huge house, its high peaked roof, the ornate carvings and ironwork, the vacant eye-like windows, the fenced-in grasslands, the multitude of kangaroos nibbling contentedly on *kiki* grass and wild *kuru* berries—with an utter depression of soul. The house seemed as if it were a recluse from the world, located in the most isolated region of Australia. But the house seemed even more like a huge tomb with high walls and windows. And it was a tomb, for deep inside the subterranean chambers of the house were located the crypts where all of the DeCourcys who had died here since 1850 were buried. To the side I could see the remains of the left wing of the house which had burned down over fifty years ago. The remains of its high, crumbling walls jutted forlornly towards the darkening sky. Never before had I seen such a picture of desolation.

In the year 1847 Thomas Henry DeCourcy had sailed from England to Australia in search of his fortune. He founded a small farm where he raised vegetables and caught kangaroos for their meat and pelts. He soon discovered that kangaroos were considered a curiosity by those who lived outside of Australia. They were willing to pay good prices for kangaroos to be sent to zoos or for pets. For a time during the 1850's and the 1860's kangaroo skin coats and accessories were in vogue among the fashionable people of Europe. And what gourmet could have resisted roast kangaroo à la Melbourne? The business of exporting live kangaroos and kangaroo products became immensely profitable. It was not very long before he had amassed a considerable fortune and was able to build the huge stone edifice that almost immediately became known simply as the House of DeCourcy. He had patterned it after the ancient manor houses of his native England, and had embellished it with stone carvings, ornate ironwork, gables and stained glass windows. Inside the House were

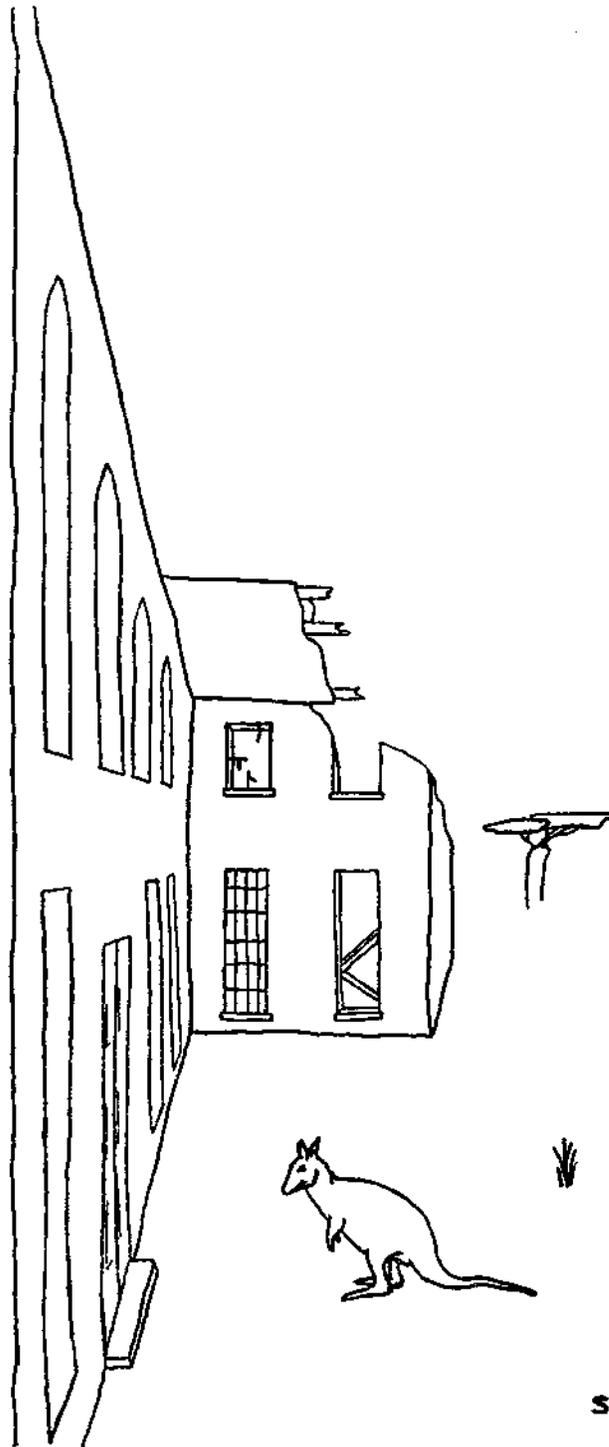
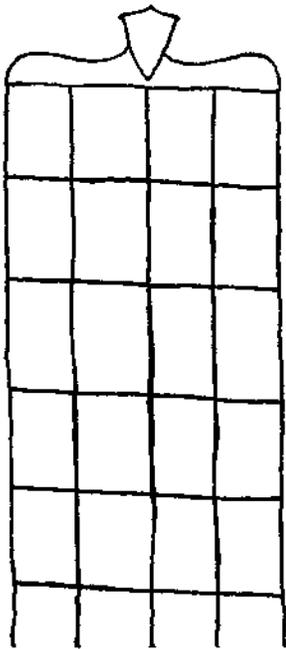
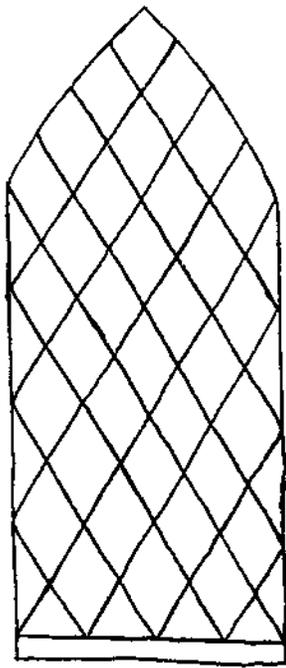
huge rooms with high ceilings, dismal fireplaces, winding spiral staircases and, some people believed, secret doors and hidden passageways.

I got off my horse and hitched it to a post and walked over towards the gate, over which towered a large sign which read: THE DECOURCY KANGAROO FARMS, LTD. I opened the great iron gate and walked towards the House. Upon entering the grounds, I noticed a very singular occurrence: all of the kangaroos which had been scattered throughout the yard suddenly stopped eating and approached the pathway on which I was walking. They stood along the edge of the path and stared at me with harrowing bloodshot eyes that gazed penetratingly. I even thought that I heard a hissing and a low muttering from the crowd of kangaroos that watched me so sullenly.

I arrived at the door and knocked; a few moments later my old friend Baron Wolfgang DeCourcy greeted me and ushered me into the parlor of his antique-furnished house. It had been a long time since I had last seen the Baron at Leipzig. He looked much older than his forty-eight years: his hair was grey, his face was lined, and the luster was gone from his eyes. He had inherited a large fortune from his father but had unwisely squandered most of it. Changing tastes and fashions had greatly curtailed the kangaroo market and now the baron lived in decayed splendor vainly awaiting a resurgence of the demand for kangaroos.

"It is good to see you again, Baron," I said. "But why did you write 'Urgent—important matter. Must see you at once.' in your letter?"

"Well, I shall tell you," he said. "About two months ago I began to notice a change come about in the kangaroos. They started giving me funny looks and acting suspiciously. They would gather in small groups as if they were plotting something. I know that they have been up to something. They started to give me trouble when I tried to put them into their



Schmitz

pens at night. They don't want to leave the fields where they roam in the daytime. I tell you these kangaroos are almost human—more human than we imagine!"

"Listen, Baron," I said, "don't you think that you're letting your imagination run away with you? You've been working too hard, probably. After all, it's lonely out here in this desolate country, with only a bunch of kangaroos for neighbors. Why don't you and your family take a vacation in Melbourne? You can do some sightseeing, play golf, and see the cricket matches. Get your mind off of these stupid kangaroos."

"No! No!" he said excitedly, "I tell you it's for real. I have not finished the story. That is not all that has happened. One day, shortly after I mailed you my letter, the kangaroos surrounded me when I was out fixing a fence. They dragged me back to the house and have held me and my family prisoners for the past week."

I was now beginning to become worried: was the Baron out of his mind or were those ghastly marsupials whom I had encountered at the gate really the masters of the DeCourcy Farm?

Suddenly a crashing sound came from the kitchen. The Baron gasped, "Oh, no! No! Not again! They've gotten into the kitchen and are raiding the icebox and pantry!"

At this point, I went into the kitchen to investigate. I found several large kangaroos eating carrots, celery, lettuce and apples which they had taken from the icebox. When I tried to chase them away, one of them lashed its heavy tail at me and knocked me unconscious.

When I regained consciousness I decided to get to the bottom of this kangaroo conspiracy or whatever it was. I asked the Baron, "Where is their hideout? Do these kangaroos have a leader?"

"Indeed they do!" he exclaimed. "Come! I will take you to their leader."

We walked up a flight of narrow winding stairs and came

upon a long, dimly lit hallway at the end of which were two huge oaken doors. The Baron quietly opened the doors and we slowly walked into a large chamber about fifty feet wide, a hundred and seventy-five feet long, and fifty feet high. The room's huge gothic windows looked outwards into the dusk of evening. The whole room was filled by kangaroos who lined the walls and sat quietly, gazing intently at us. At the end of the room was a large canopied chair upon which sat a huge kangaroo who was larger than any of the others.

"And who are you?" he asked in a strong British accent.

I was momentarily speechless but I finally managed to answer my interlocutor. Then I asked him who he was.

"My name is Sir MacDougal Marsupial IV, member of the greatest family of kangaroo nobility," he replied haughtily.

"What is the meaning of all of this?" I said. "Why have you revolted against the Baron? Why are you holding him a prisoner?"

"Aha!" said the kangaroo. "You would like to know what we are doing here? Blimey! I'll tell you. This blighter here," he said while pointing at the Baron, "has kept us here on his farm as his property. We think that that is an outrage! What is *he* doing here in the first place? Australia is rightfully the land of the kangaroo. We kangaroos are the lords and rulers of the land. It is sheer outrage that here in Australia we should be held prisoners—and by a bloody foreigner at that! My great, great, great grandfather, Sir MacDougal Marsupial I established the United League of Australian Kangaroos—an empire which covered the whole of our great continent. Then, the outsiders came in and took over the whole place, making us slaves to their will. We were slaughtered for dog food, kidnapped to zoos where we were stared at by goggle-eyed morons, and our lands were converted into towns and farms. In short we were denied our inalienable rights. So, I, heir to the ancient kangaroo throne, have decided to rid the nation of foreigners and re-establish the Marsupial Monarchy."

I was stunned. Suddenly, a thought ran through my mind: what am I doing speaking to a kangaroo? Have the rigors of my journey, the dismal gloom of this lonely house, the wild imaginings of a man broken by loss of fortune and years of isolation in the Australian wilds, the unusual appearance of a herd of kangaroos—have all of these things so played upon my mind as to make me prone to hallucinations.

I took a large vase and threw it at the kangaroo. Suddenly, the creature became enraged and started barking some sort of command to his followers. He stomped up and down, crashing his huge feet against the floor. Suddenly, from all sides of the room came hordes of stomping kangaroos. I ran towards the doors and called to the Baron to join me. But, alas! The kangaroos captured the Baron and started stomping upon him. Seeing that there was no chance of saving the Baron—I was hopelessly outnumbered—I took even greater haste to escape. I tried to avoid the kangaroos in my path. I hit them as best I could but received some powerful lashes from their tails and was kicked several times. Somehow, I do not know how, I managed to reach the door and flee down the hallway and down the stairs. The stomping of the king and the bouncing and hooping of my pursuers grew more intense. The walls of the house began to shake and the floors vibrated like rubber bands under the weight of crashing marsupials. I reached the door and bolted out towards the gate. I looked back in horror as the shaking of the house grew more intense. Suddenly, the walls shook violently as if an earthquake had struck. The house collapsed in a thunderous roar accompanied by a shower of dust, plaster, wood, and fur—and the dry dust at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the House of DeCourcy.

The Dream

• John Ciekot

DAMN THAT DREAM! Why do I always have it? Again and again—when I least expect it. Why? What does it mean? Bothering me—always bothering me. Does he want something of me? What? What does he want from me? Doesn't he know that I don't want him? I am too busy anyway. I love living too much. I love to walk in the rain. And I love to look at a summer's windswept sky. There is nothing wrong with that is there? Of course not. As a matter of fact, he should be glad I do. How many of the other slobs look at the sunsets? They don't even know that they are out there. Yes. It gives greater glory to him. I'm already better than the rest—I appreciate. No. That's not right. Cause I wouldn't keep having the same stupid dream. I lead a good life. Why should I give up the few little pleasures that I still allow myself?

Yet still I am not free of the abominable thing. Every second the agony recurs in my brain. Over and over again. A whole hour's agony compressed into each second. I will soon forget it again. I am kneeling not even six inches from the broken hunk of splintered and torn wood. It comes out of the ground at my knees and continues past my face on up to where it fades into the blue clouds. The wood twisted writhed in agony. It screams out a horrible shriek of torn flesh with the all-encircling roar of a dead silence. Soon it comes.

I must wait there in thoughtless pain until it finally comes.

An eternity to accumulate enough to make one red drop. Then it happens. It lets loose and, falls. Down. Down for a mile. And from one inch away it hits my hair. There it grows spreading through my brown hair. It seeks my scalp. It is warm and thick there. I know it is Blood. fast It increases. my head can't contain it all. It runs into rivers down my face my neck my nose my EYES...a drop WANTS to fallMORE-i cannot let It—anything to stop it—anything! through a red veil i see IT fall outward and strike MY HANDS,

My soft white-now desecrated-HANDS CONSECRATED.



Schmitz

Living

Close the eyes;
Darkness only,
Not loneliness for all, for some have memories—
Fond memories,
Good memories,
Sad memories—
Memories of youth—
The fun, the sarcasm,
The tears.

One who knows youth and loves youth
Must pity those who cannot return
Even through their memories;
They never realized what it was
Nor will they ever;
They will die as they lived—
OLD.

• Phillip F. Lieske

A Folksinger Looks at Folksongs

• Bill Reese

I HAPPENED to observe a few of the "Buddy Dean" set the other day as they danced to "Blowin' in the Wind," a song written by Bob Dylan, and it made me wonder if they really had any idea what Dylan was saying or trying to put across in his so called "million seller."

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes'n how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?

Yes'n how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

From the expressions on their faces and the movement of their hips, I assumed not, but the episode did get me wondering about some of this poet's other works. I did some research and came up with quite a pile of poems and songs, most of which are so long that to reproduce any one of them here in its complete form would take more space than this article allows.

Bob Dylan writes protest songs. His topics deal with four subjects: war, peace, social injustice, and love. Basically, that's all there is to it. But he has a way of saying what he wants to say, a certain style of his own. It is my intention here to point out to you certain passages, certain stanzas of those works dealing with war and peace. I will not try to interpret them for you, for I feel that is your job, and if any of my opinions seem to slip through, please disregard them.

I would like to say just one thing, and this is entirely my opinion. I feel that Bob Dylan expresses the ideas of a generation, not my ideas alone, but those of my friends and enemies, and even those who disagree with what I am writing here.

Next to "Blown' in the Wind," Dylan's most famous song is "A Hard Rain's Agonna Fall." I have met a great many folk-singers who tell me they sing the song because it "does something to them," but they do not know what or why. The song is in question and answer form, dealing again with the theme of social injustice:

Oh what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh what'll you do now, my darling young one?

I'm a goin' back 'fore the rain starts a fallen',
I'll walk to the depth of the deepest black forest,

Where the people are many and their hands are all
empty.
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty
prison,
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number
And I'll think it and tell it and speak it and breathe it,
And reflect it from the mountains so all souls can see it,
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

One of Dylan's favorite subjects is war. In "Masters of War," he turns his hatred and overpowering language toward those who make war:

Come you masters of War
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks . . .

How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do . . .

And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
On a pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your death bed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
Till I'm sure that you're dead.

In a work dripping with sarcasm he explores the childhood notion that, as a country, we can do no wrong.

Oh my name it is nothing
My age it means less
The country I come from
Is called the Mid-West
I's taught and brought up there
The laws to abide
And that land that I love in
Has God on its side . . .

I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life,
If another war starts
It's them we must fight
To hate them and fear them
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side . . .

But now we got weapons
Of chemical dust,
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide

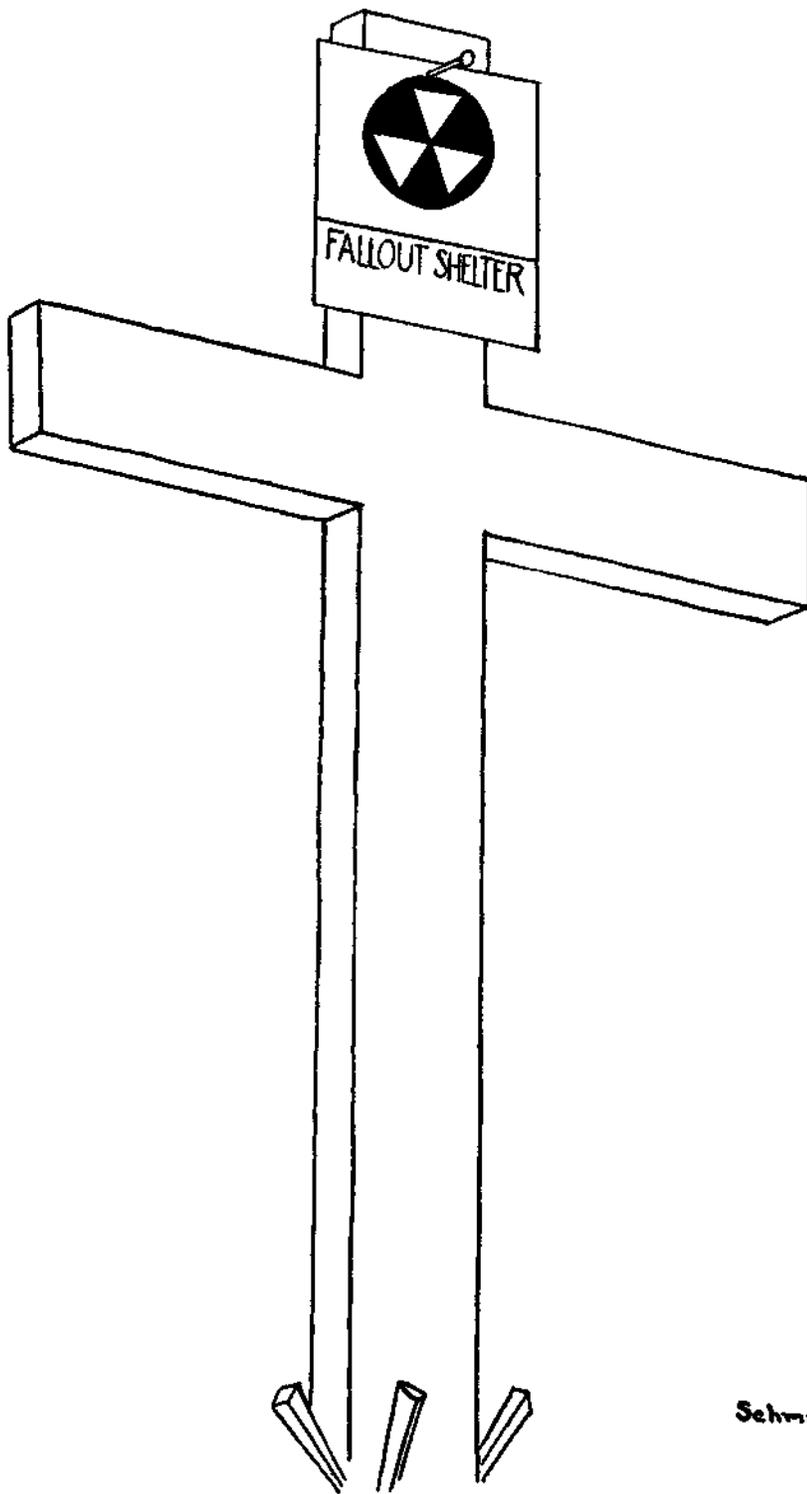
And you never ask questions
With God on your side.
In many a dark hour
I've been thinkin' all this
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.

Even though it's not easy to recognize, Dylan does present some appearance of optimism about the future of our struggle. From "When The Ship Comes In":

Oh the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're
dreamin'
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And they'll know that it's for real
The hour that the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow your day's are
numbered
And like Pharaoh's tribe
They'll be drowned in the tide
And like Goliath they'll be conquered.

Like so many people today, Bob Dylan expresses the confusion that arises from the question "Why?" in relation to war and nuclear weapons. From "With G-d on Our Side":



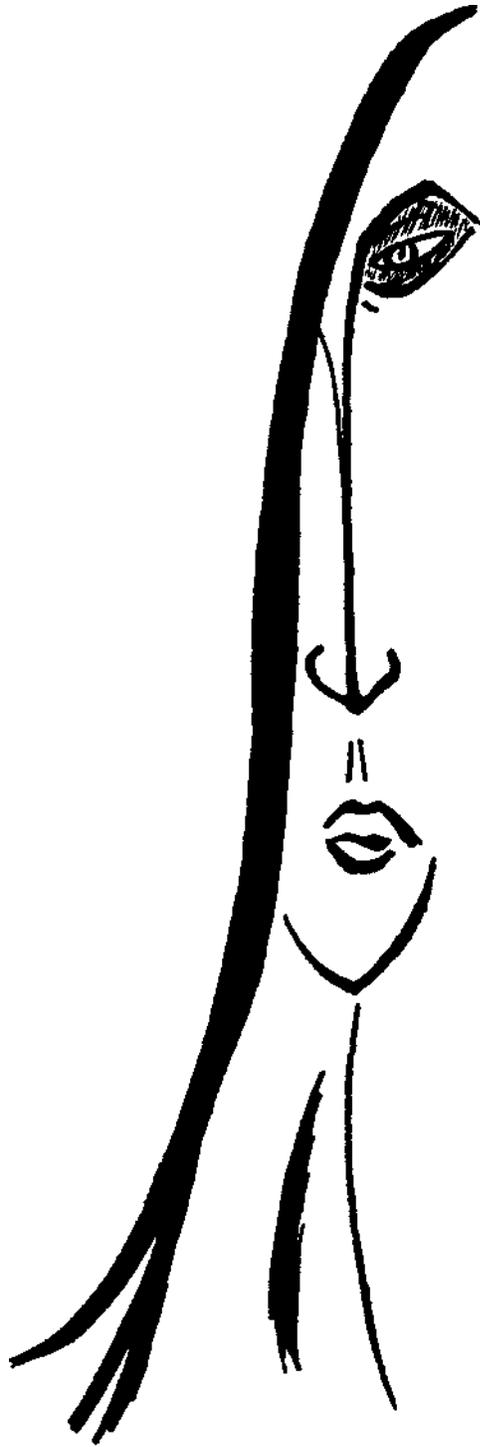
Schmitz

So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell,
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no tongue can tell.
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor.
If G-d is on our side,
He'll stop the next war.

From "Tomorrow is a Long Time":

I can't see my reflection in the water;
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain;
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps:
I can't remember the sound of my own name.

This then is the nature of today's protest songs, and in particular those of Bob Dylan which deal with war and peace. Obviously, there is also contained here some sort of philosophy and even some reflections on theology, but these must be left for another time. I have only scratched the surface and tried to call to your attention the talents of Bob Dylan and his awareness of the problems of today's world.



J. Traglia

It Was Like The Truth Was

Tonight
Not last night because
The infinity of factors and even
The stars, in their courses,
Weren't right
No
Tonight, because it took twenty years
Of hard LABOR
And even the time when I thought
No, not thought
Sensed, that's it
She's the answer, that girl
But no, tonight it's the real
Thing
All-right so it took ten or fifteen beers apiece
And maybe a few whiskey sours in between
To discover
To unfold, what was there
All the time, but and/or yet
Undiscovered

It was like the truth was
Lying out there all covered with

The sweet dew of the
Evening-yet wasn't really there
And he said, "I saw it first."
And I said, "No, I've been
Watching it all the time . . ."
Don't you see the naked truth
Lying out there bleeding to death
And he said, "No,
But I see a dream of
The finest crystal
All shattered and
Mixed, shining with
The dew of dusk."
And I said, "But
That's what I
See only from
The lower left
Hand corner."
And for an instant
A brief eternity
Of an instant
IT was dug
Infinite
And I said, "Don't you see the sixty-cent
Plight of the individual."

And he said, ". . .
MAN . . ."

• Tom Concannon

Coming Soon

• George Wise

AS A SERVICE to the students of Loyola College, the *Ignis* literary magazine offers this prospectus of the cultural activities on campus this year. Sponsors of these events will be either the Masque and Rapier Society, the S. L. Hammerman Music Club, the Literary Society of Loyola, or the Film Seminar.

- November 24—Brother Antoninus (Gorman Lecture)
- December 4 —Play, to be announced (Masque and Rapier)
- December 9 —Jonathan Williams (*Ignis* and L.S.L.)
- December 18 —*I'm All Right Jack* (Film Seminar)
- January 8 —*Il Bidone* (Film Seminar)
- February 20 —One act play (Masque and Rapier)
- May 1 —Play, to be announced

During the second semester the Music Club will sponsor the annual Folk Festival and *Ignis* will sponsor the annual Art Exhibit.

The Dramatics Society was formed to be an outlet for the gifted student, as well as to orient others in the ways of the theatre. Variety has been their keynote, as evidenced by the plays in the round. The recent production, *Bus Stop*, evoked a favorable attitude in the student body, and many freshmen have shown interest in the Masque and Rapier Society. With youth and increased awareness on behalf of the student community, the drama department will continue to give fine productions.

We turn from the stage to the weekly recorded concerts which are offered by the Music Club. Besides classical music and folk ballads, provided every Wednesday from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., the club sponsors the annual Folk Festival, and also informs the students of upcoming events in the Baltimore area. By introducing its members to musical variety and history, the club hopes to install a mature and discriminating judgment in music appreciation. Moreover, the ever available facilities for listening proffer an atmosphere both relaxing and rewarding to the club members.

Besides the traditional theatrical and musical events throughout the year, Loyola College offers the Film Seminar. Some fine films will be presented this year. *The Bridge* was the first showing, on October 30th. This prize-winning picture depicted the shattered dreams of seven teenage Germans ordered to hold a position against the advancing Allied Army in the last days of World War II. After its showing the subscribers from the three Catholic colleges in the vicinity withdrew to the lounge for coffee and discussion. The Film Seminar promises to educate the audience in a new language and sharpen their minds through intellectual conversation.

The newest organization on campus is the Literary Society of Loyola. Holding bi-weekly meetings off campus to ensure a casual atmosphere, this body intends first to build a core of members around which they can create an activity interested in literature. Membership requirements are stringent. One year of College English is a prerequisite; the candidate must then present an original, scholarly paper to the gathered society. The paper must be defended against criticism. Because the requirements are exacting, the Literary Society of Loyola insures an active body of members, producing quality.

Perhaps the most inspiring intellectual experience is personal exposure to an expert. The Gorman Lecture Series continues this year to bring noted personalities in various fields onto Loyola's campus.



