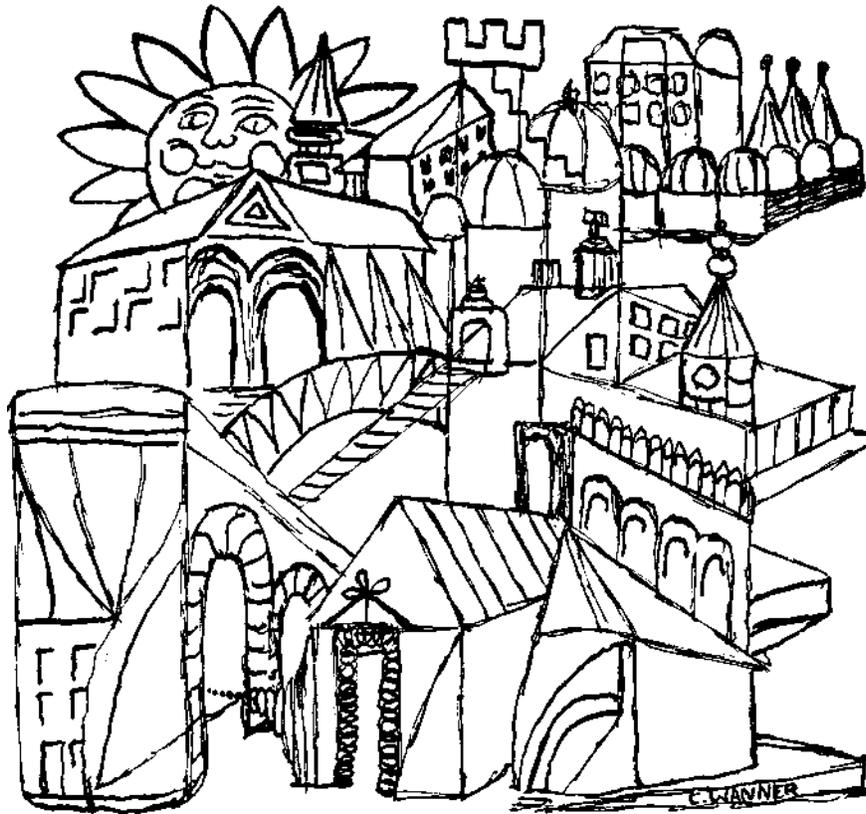


IGDS



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Ignis



The IGNIS literary magazine is published at least once each semester by the students of Loyola College. Manuscripts may be submitted either to the student editorial board or to the faculty advisor and may be in the form of short stories, articles, features, essays, criticisms, poetry, art work, music manuscripts, or photographs. The major criterion for acceptance of material for publication is a high degree of craftsmanship. Manuscripts are written by students of Loyola College, although a limited number of manuscripts from non-students will occasionally be solicited. Material appearing in IGNIS may not be copied or reprinted without the expressed permission of the editors and author. Correspondence is addressed to IGNIS in care of Loyola College, 4501 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

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from the Editors...

THIS ISSUE of *Ignis* is somewhat different. It represents a greater variety of written forms than usual. Not only is there a more diverse selection of types, but each piece might justly come under severe criticism by the students. We hope it will; and we hope that this criticism will take the form of composition submitted to our office.

In other words, if you have something to say which is topical or timeless, and you wish to express it satirically, matter-of-factly, or artistically, in short story, essay, poetic or graphic form, say it. *Ignis* is your opportunity to express your ideas to those around you.

Not all the pieces chosen for this issue met with the unanimous approval of the staff. In some instances, the staff disagreed over the viewpoint of a particular author, in others, over the craftsmanship. But this is good. For *Ignis* is the creation not of one, but of many people. As such, it should reflect a diversity of viewpoints. *Ignis* attempts to make a fair yet qualitative selection from the works submitted.

On a slightly different note, the staff has received word of several writing contests being held this year. Entries for these competitions may be in the form of poems, plays, stories, and essays. In some of the contests, lucrative cash prizes are offered. Other competitions award medals. The Catholic Poetry Society, for example, will award a gold medal to some student at Loyola this year. By entering one of these contests, a student may gain valuable experience, as well as recognition for his efforts. For further information, contact any member of the staff or stop by the *Ignis* office.



Adventures in
the New Liturgy

• WILLIAM DOOLEY

THE NEW LITURGY has been with us for a long time—too long, some people say—and by now we've all pretty much adapted to it. The movement has come a long way since the experimental days of "in order to prove our eternal love for Almighty God, please stand." But adaptation or no, there are still a number of things which those of us who remember the good old days may never get used to.

For instance, last Sunday I slipped into an end-of-the-row seat just in time to catch the last minute briefing the lector was giving the congregation. As every Catholic knows, the key word of the New Liturgy is *participation*. And the lector was doing his best to remind us of that fact.

"Everybody pick up your missalettes and turn to page eight," he said. "As you all know, we are using missalettes now because we find it is the best way to get 100 per cent participation. And we will get 100 per cent participation, won't we?" Let us begin now with the entrance hymn. Everybody—Oh God Al-migh-ty Fa-aather"

Fortunately, or so I thought, I had no missalette; having none, I could look forward to a nice, relaxing participation-free Mass. I might join in for the *Lord Have Mercy*, and even a couple of *And With Thy Spirits*. But no singing. Definitely no singing.

Complications, however, quickly set in. The lady standing at my right was—I hesitate to use the word—singing with deafening fervor the wrong hymn in the wrong key. The total effect made me laugh.

My laughter faded at the sight of an usher who had been eyeing me, for some time I gathered, in a manner something less than Chris-

tian. I immediately recalled a TV Western I saw many years ago. One of its more vivid scenes depicted a John Carradine-like figure, dressed in top hat and whip, driving his weary team across the prairie. His team consisted of his wife and three other members of the faithful, all neatly harnessed. That he was a Man of God was made clear by the awesome inscription on the side of the covered wagon, *Vengeance Is Mine, Sayeth The Lord*. I couldn't help noticing a similarity between the TV clergyman and my growling usher—a similarity that was rapidly becoming more vivid.

In the past I had never been disturbed by any silent grumblers who resented my chronic failure to participate. The resentment always lacked organization, and generally came from such harmless sources as the over-eighty group and the hen-pecked husbands who participated wholly because their wives expected it of them. The husbands I dismissed as being motivated by jealousy. But the over-eighty group—these women always intrigue me. You'd think that they, who had spent the best years of their lives under the old liturgy, would be its most stubborn defenders. Far from it, though. Perhaps the answer lies somewhere in the analogy I often make whenever I find myself being righteously sneered at. In these crucial moments, I turn my thoughts to *Animal Farm* and that loyal flock of sheep whose only creed was "Four legs good, two legs bad!" They could be counted on to produce that phrase at any moment, and for hours on end. Then one day the pigs who ran Animal Farm took the sheep far out into the fields and spent nearly a week in their company. One Sunday several weeks later, all the animals in the yard watched in disbelief as their leaders, the pigs, paraded out of the farmhouse, walking, like the hated humans, on their hind legs. At once, the sheep joined together: "Four legs good, two legs *better!* Four legs good, two legs *better!*" There was little the rest of the animals could do but watch and accept.

In any event, the over-eighties and the hen-pecked husbands seldom stirred me. Not so this usher. He made me nervous. And when a second usher joined him in consultation, frequently motioning with his head toward me, I felt absolutely naked. Caught with a smile on my face, without my missalette, I was guilty as sin. I coughed a little; tried to look nonchalant; looked up at the ceiling, then down to my feet; changed positions; put my foot on the kneeler; removed it; made a few half-hearted nods in the direction of the

seat behind me, as if I were looking for my missing prayer book. I mean, was it my fault I didn't have a missalette?

I coughed some more, and even caught myself humming along with the congregation. But it was no use. I looked once again at their impressive figures: positioned in the center aisle, five rows to the front, arms folded, studies in righteous indignation.

One of them, the John Carradine-like one stirred a bit, then proceeded toward me. I could feel the lashes of his whip, and I could read the mighty threats in his eyes: "An eye for an eye . . . Vengeance is mine . . . Thou shalt participate!"

It was becoming increasingly difficult to remain nonchalant. In desperation, I repeated the Hail Marys over and over in my head. And still he came.

At this point, I would like to reflect on ushers. In the old days ushers were the pillars of the community. Courteous, kind, devout, they smiled when they helped an old lady to her seat. And when they weren't busy ushering, they adjourned to the rear of the church where they occupied themselves in silent prayer.

Unfortunately, these noble bands of volunteers have gone the way of all good, disorganized American institutions. They've unionized. In our parish, they call their union the Holy Name Society. Granted, this union has its share of decent Catholics who pay the dollar a year dues and keep their noses clean. This gives the union a good name. But let the fact not be buried that beneath this layer of goodness there lurks a hard core of bullies and enforcers.

Today's lector, for instance, represents the most highly finished product union training can develop. Slick but forceful, he is a *smoothie* dictator. Every Sunday, large competitive audiences have no recourse but to play his elaborate game of Simon Says. In the early days of the New Liturgy, it was possible to ignore most of the lector's orders. Today, it is nearly impossible to ignore a man who now has more lines than the priest.

That there even is such a thing as a lector can be credited to the increasing power of the union. One day they decided that it

was about time they had a union man on the other side of the altar rail. Before long, they supplied him with a pulpit, then a microphone, and little by little increased coverage of the Mass. A couple of weeks ago, one of the union big-shots attended Mass and noticed that the priest had two altar boys working for him. Latest vestibule gossip now has it that the union plans to make a pitch for one of the altar boys. They claim that not only does their already over-worked lector need assistance, but that the symbolic value cannot afford to be passed up. The new lector boy, they reason, will come to personify the spirit of participation and sharing that is the essence of the New Liturgy.

Chances are good that the clergy will fall for it. If they don't, many Catholics foresee the inevitable maneuver—an usher-lector lay-off. I don't deny that the union will eventually get their lector boy, but I doubt that they will ever resort to a general strike. For my own part, I would welcome such a lay-off. Let them make it as long as they like. And I have a feeling that they are smart enough to realize that, once out, popular feeling may force them to stay out.

No less totalitarian than the lector, though less polished, is the usher. His familiar pose of folded arms, raised jaw, and blank stare serve to illustrate his equally ruthless behavior. Every Sunday he supervises the overloading of pews and the forced migration of teenagers to the front. He passes out missalettes and sees to it they are put to use. He leaves the fans off when it is hot, the windows open when it is cold, blocks the holy water font, and evil-eyes everyone who tries to sneak past the poor box on the way out.

But worst of all, at least in our parish, is his terrorist enforcement of the Holy Communion Law, "Up by the middle aisle, back by the side aisle." I have nothing against this rule, which makes for an orderly Communion. It is the performance of the usher that disturbs me. Immediately after the Priest's Communion, he all but runs to his post. He positions himself at the front of the side aisle, thus blocking the passage of sneaky would-be communicants. Standing as he does at parade rest, the only thing he lacks is a rifle (though I'm sure he is not without some sort of concealed weapon). All in all, the spectacle is militant, tasteless, and unbecoming of a church.

And the effects are not always restricted to mere enforcement of the Communion law. A few months ago, I spotted a man trying

to get to the altar rail by the side aisle. I recall he had a rather calm, contented look about him. Everything was right in the world; he was going to Communion. Needless to say, he didn't make it. No one ever does. Not by the side aisle. Apparently, he wasn't prepared for such a rude jolt, for instead of making the long journey around the church and up the middle aisle, he returned to his seat. And with one ghastly last look, which I assumed was directed to mankind in general, he slumped dejectedly into the chair. A week or so later, while I was driving downtown, I saw the same man stagger out of a bar and into an Episcopal church across the street, a lost soul if there ever was one.

All of which points to the fact that ushers and lectors are not only bullies but dangerous bullies. And I can't pretend to be surprised about it either. After all, where do they come from? From the same union that meets once a month on church property; whose members are encouraged to drink, gamble, bring their women, play cards (a diversion that is out of bounds in any Catholic institution), tell stories, and gorge. So far, no Holy Name meeting has been raided—at least not in our parish. The police probably figure they've got enough enemies as it is.

It was such an usher that sought to reprimand me last Sunday. And my petitions to the Blessed Mother weren't doing much to halt his advance. When he arrived he stood there for a moment, then mumbled something about "participation" and dialogue." I mumbled back something about "Hail Marys." He thought a moment, then looked down at my hands. Finding no rosary (indeed my hands weren't even clasped in prayer), he eyed me with a haughty, skeptical look, then departed.

He returned shortly with a missalette opened to the correct place, and handed it to me. I mumbled my appreciation. He mumbled something about Verse Three. I nodded and joined in with the rest, singing louder and with more conviction than I had ever sung in my life. An uninformed observer would have thought me inspired. The usher was not quite that enthusiastic, but he was satisfied enough to leave me to my singing and head for distant parts of the church, eager to be of service to other members of the congregation.

I continued to sing, but couldn't help thinking about those Hail Marys. Why, look at all that time you got between the Holy, Holy, Holy and the Our Father. There ain't nothing going on then. Perfect spot for all them Hail Marys.

He might also have mentioned the sermon. It's always good for a couple of decades. And if Fr. Filibuster is on the pulpit . . . well, I know good, honest Catholics who have jammed in two rosaries. (I personally prefer using the time to rest up for the Creed.)

With the ending of the hymn, my mental wanderings were disrupted by a wave of groans, huffs, and other muffled noises that passed from the front to the rear of the congregation. I knew then that the celebrant of our Mass had been identified and that Fr. Filibuster was in our midst. The grumbling persisted; and though as far as I could tell nobody booed, I detected several uninhibited grunts from the standees in the back, which I thought were entirely out of order.

Fr. Filibuster, his most printable nickname, is without doubt the most unpopular priest ever to be assigned to our parish. He is hardly the first heretic we have had to put up with, but he is the first to preach heresy with regularity and at length. (If there is anything that can be said about his sermons, it is that they have length. One lasted a full thirty minutes; which he atoned for by saying the rest of the Mass in ten, topping it off with a rapid-fire Communion in which the altar boy had literally to run across the altar to avoid being trampled.)

Fr. Filibuster's unpopularity is unanimous. In dispute, however, is his tendency toward heresy. About 80% of the parish, myself included, take no special offence in his "errors." Most of us feel that his youth and inexperience are responsible for such slips as: "Christ lived on this earth for 33 years; and for three of them He lived a virtuous, exemplary life."

But there are those, the staunchest of the old-guard of our parish, who cannot laugh off such statements. Instead, they see in Fr. Filibuster a product of the Youth Movement, trained in the ways of the New Liturgy. They point to other heresies of his ("Why bother going

to confession if you're going to go out and sin again!" "You're wasting your time coming to Mass if you're not going to receive communion!"). They claim that Fr. Filibuster is purposely dropping these phrases in to prepare us for the coup. They predict that the Sunday is near when Fr. Filibuster will casually make reference to Saint Martin Luther.

I, for one, doubt it. I concede that Fr. Filibuster's sermons have a Protestant ring to them in the way they ramble on without theme, coherence, or specific detail. But I have yet to hear of a Protestant sect that would subscribe to his implication that Christ spent His first thirty years in a less than "exemplary" manner.

Mass proceeded without incident right through to the gospel. When it came, the lector chose to make what I considered a rather pedantic remark. "The Mass of the Catechumens is now ended," he declared. Nobody got up and left so I figured there weren't any Catechumens around. However, I did see a few Protestant sightseers, who were distinguishing themselves by remaining seated during the Gospel. I reasoned that if the Mass of the Catechumens was over then so was the Mass of the Protestants—if it had indeed ever begun in the first place. But nobody else seemed to mind their staying, so I abandoned my conclusion, which was probably prejudiced and unecumenical anyway.

After the Creed, we sang another hymn and performed other miscellaneous acts of participation, culminating in the reciting of the Holy, Holy, Holy.

The Canon was said quickly but solemnly—so solemnly, in fact, that the moments following the Consecration found our lector overcome with religious emotion, kneeling before the Cross, oblivious to his duties. Finding its leader so uncharacteristically preoccupied, the flock was forced to think for itself.

The lady on my right stood up at once and, noticing that the rest of the congregation was not following suit, at once asserted a defiant chin and became rigid. I made a quick check of the fine print in my missalette and found that she was correct in standing.

I applauded her courage but remained kneeling myself, finding the position a comfortable change of pace and not seeing any point in sacrificing that comfort to become a temporary martyr of the New Liturgy.

While it was becoming clear that nothing less than a Papal Bull was going to move the lady next to me, another of her kind, further to the front, had weakened under pressure and had sat back down. At the same time, a number of couples, eager to do the right thing, stood up. Seeing their leader sit down must have confused them for they too sat down. By this time, others had joined in the confusion, sitting, standing, hesitating, turning around. In no time the whole church was alive with the unchecked shuffling, rustling, shifting, grumbling and general movement of a herd of bewildered participants.

People were sitting, standing, kneeling; ushers were scurrying; babies were screaming; Protestants were walking out in disgust. The organist, who must have dozed off, lost her place and began playing *Holy God We Praise Thy Name*. People were grabbing for their missalettes; pages rustled and were ripped. Somebody in the back laughed.

I think it was the singing that jolted our lector out of his trance. What terrible thoughts must have raced through his mind as he saw before him the unruly mob that had once been his peaceful flock. Thoughts of the Wrath of God! His standing in the community! Dismissal from the union!

Somehow, he collected himself in time to lead the battered congregation in a hearty rendition of the Our Father. And it proved the tonic needed to restore order. Most of us were so relieved that things were back to normal that we broke the rules a little and concluded the prayer with a good old fashioned *Amen*. There was no question that we needed it as an emotional outlet; but again I have to give credit to the lady on my right for not losing her head and joining in.

Communion, and the Communion hymn, and the second collection—for our missions in Afghanistan, I think it was—passed uneventfully, and with them the end of the Mass. But I couldn't help noticing the way the bulk of the congregation answered the priest's dismissal with that badly worded response "Thanks be to God."

Most of them, it seemed, tried to say it as if they didn't mean it, as if they really wished they could stay another hour. None, of course, stayed.

After another, more successful try at *Holy God We Praise Thy Name*, we filed slowly out of church. On my way out I ran into a Protestant friend of mine who had stayed to the end. I couldn't resist asking him how our Mass compared with his church services.

"Well, they both look about the same, it seems to me," he said. "Of course, you people do a whole lot more singing."

CRITICISM

Blood, from the daggers of ignorance
whose world is shattered by reality
Flesh, bared and embarrassed
by the mocking throng of critics
Wounds, healed by acceptance
and thoughtful reflection
Scars, statements of the recovery made
The warrior alive and battling passionately

• **GENE LAWRENCE**

A Series of Poems

• CARL POHLNER

UNTITLED

Like the silent bus at midnight
from the fog and rain
man emerges,

a sudden looming presence,
dull yellow light
contained and framed

moving in
and into darkness.
Old men get off slowly

and disappear in the shadows,
and others go on
looking disinterestedly
out.

FOR G...

Going home
in the back seat
lights from the passing cars
and shadows
played slowly on your face
and I spoke to you
about the melancholy
of a green guitar
and a single rose
and the piano room
in Portugal
where Wagner was played
where the walls were white
and the floor highly polished
and especially
of its single small window
very high on the wall
and you nodded your head
and said that you were afraid
of chamber music
and paintings by the insane.

A WINTER'S TALE

Then going up the hill
the afternoon sun was melting
the last traces of snow,
it was too warm for the scarf
around my neck, you
reached a finger into the mud
I said, I dare you, you came
closer, and when I let you touch
it to my lips, you
could not understand.

EXISTENTIAL EPITASIS

As the month begins
Mercury
turns retrograde
leaving nothing
but the heavens withdrawing
and the people with smoked-glass
watching in silence
till the last cloud is gone
and the sun standing naked
starts falling.

As the month begins
the boy in the park
screams inwardly
and grabbing the lunging dog
splits the jaws apart and smashes
the head against a fence post
but in the moment of panting victory
to find the teeth are made of wood
and the head of rotting leather.

As the month begins
the rocks
melt gently in the sun
flowing slowly in the grass
scorching silently
to the farmhouse where a girl
by the screen-door sings *Al cor gentil*
to the sea beyond her view
while her shadow fills the room behind her.

As the month begins
my love
begins to grow weary
being tired of pulling
sweet flowers from her mouth
and her mouth being dry
now anyway. So she
will wander in the fields
in the heat
alone.

TOWARDS UNSUI

"To drift like clouds
and flow like water"

1

. . . thus the senses must meet
as focusing rivers
to flow in the unbound ocean
unfocused.

2

Like an ancient breeze
unbound and rung again
the heart breathes studded sounds
through softened lips.

This is the way of a man
who is one with the water
and brother of the wind.

3

. . . but before man can live
in the way of the waters
a drop must be frozen
for the eye to study
for the hand to hold
to learn of the structure
whereby it flows.

This is the crystal of vision
the geometry of escape
to life beyond geometry . . .

4

. . . the gem melts quick
in the love of the palm
when the heat is intense
and the spirit is ready.

A Book Review

• STUART ROCHESTER

George F. Kennan, one of America's foremost diplomats and diplomatic historians, has written extensively on this country's principles and policies in international relations. His American Diplomacy, 1900-1950 is an appraisal of a half-century of American foreign policy, its past weaknesses and its present challenges. In this review, senior history major Stuart Rochester examines Ambassador Kennan's appraisal and draws certain comforting conclusions of his own regarding the prospects of peace in today's troubled world.

American Diplomacy, 1900-1950 by George F. Kennan.
Chicago: U. of Chicago Press, 1951.

“**A** COUNTRY WHICH IN 1900 had no thought that its prosperity and way of life could be in any way threatened by the outside world had arrived by 1950 at a point where it seemed to be able to think of little else but this danger.” Such is the problem that Ambassador Kennan considers in the series of lectures consolidated in this volume. Together they represent an attempt to examine our foreign policy of the past half-century and relate its weaknesses and strengths to the gradual deterioration of our position in the world.

Kennan's approach focuses on two aspects of the problem of foreign policy—its operation and its conception. The *operation* of our foreign policy between 1900 and 1950, Kennan contends, has been

hampered by a public mind that wants to determine conduct, that insists on diplomacy by "dilettantism" rather than "professionalism." Obviously, such an arrangement can only interfere with the machinery of diplomacy; it narrows the channels of negotiation so that freedom of action is reduced to dangerous proportions. A public mind that exaggerated our security in 1900 imposed upon our officials a complacency that made the aggressive acts of 1914 inconceivable. A public mind that exaggerated our insecurity in 1950 committed our officials to the pursuit of total war and unlimited objectives which made a reconciliation of differences inconceivable. Admittedly, any decision should be, to use a favorite phrase of Henry Kissinger, "domestically legitimized"; it should be based on national interest and tradition. But this is not to say that the masses should *determine* the national interest, or that tradition is sacred. Walter Lippman in *The Public Philosophy* tells of the danger attached to such a situation:

The unhappy truth is that the prevailing public opinion has been destructively wrong at the critical junctures. The people have imposed a veto upon the judgments of informed and responsible officials. They have compelled the governments, which usually knew what would have been wiser, or was necessary, or was more expedient, to be too late with too little, or too long with too much, too pacifist in peace and too bellicose in war, too neutralist or appeasing in negotiation or too intransigent. Mass opinion has acquired mounting power in this century. It has shown itself to be a dangerous master of decisions when the stakes are life and death.

This is precisely what Ambassador Kennan fears when he speaks of public opinion that "can be easily led astray into areas of emotionalism and subjectivity which make it a poor and inadequate guide for national action."

The second aspect of foreign policy—its conception—poses a problem that perhaps is easier to handle but one that contains more subtleties. The question here is not who shall determine policy but what will be the framework of policy. And our basic failing in this aspect of policy between 1900 and 1950, as Kennan sees it, is the construction of a moralistic and legalistic framework, a framework based largely on mere faith and assuming the universal acceptance of a system of restraints rather than a framework that takes into

account the requisites of national self-interest. The "open door" and the maintenance of "the territorial and administrative integrity of China," terms ambiguous by their moral abstraction and idealism, could not solve our problem in the Orient; what was required was a long-range policy recognizing the "power realities in the Orient . . . and directed toward the stability and quietness as well as the legal and moral tidiness of the situation there." While we were mouthing legal terms and parading morals in a demonstration of our self-righteousness, Russia and Japan competed, less ostentatiously but more effectively, for spheres of influence. The same thing happened in Europe after World War I. Rather than reassess the European equilibrium and come to a decision in the light of our national self-interest—and Kennan clearly explains that there was only one reasonable course, and that was to dignify the German in his defeat and cultivate a responsible German government—we left Germany to its own frustration and Europe to the mercy of a grotesque, lumbering creature whose wounds would not heal.

Certainly, Kennan makes a sensible evaluation of our foreign policy between 1900 and 1950. There were great shortcomings in both its operation and conception. History is too sublime to be executed by the masses, untrained in the delicate art of diplomacy. And it is all too real to be conceived in an ivory tower. Its design belongs to statesmen and its instrumentality to the conference table.

Thus far in the analysis I have given more consideration to what the author says than to how he says it. Frankly, I was not paying much attention to *how* he said it. To dwell on style would be to lose the moment in the writing. In reading *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950*, one rarely fails to grasp the moment; one is rarely derailed by a ponderous diction or cumbersome sentence structure. And this unawareness of style, it seems to me, is the greatest testimony to its effectiveness.

The presentation is scholarly, yet very readable—a combination too seldom found in the writing of diplomatic history. Kennan gives us fresh—sometimes frightening—insights into the estimation of some of our nation's most venerated statesmen and traditions. The "Open Door" was neither an American policy nor a new policy, nor was it

owing to the genius of John Hay. Yalta was not very crucial: Russia had already attained its objectives, militarily rather than diplomatically, in the latter stages of the war. It is Russian Communism and not American Capitalism that contains the seeds of its own destruction.

If Kennan is at all obtrusive in his style, it is not in what he says but in what he leaves unpursued. In many cases, his insights are striking but not penetrating. Myths are shattered only to be resurrected by certain qualifications. An iconoclast does not destroy idols so that they might be restored; and yet this is the uncomfortable role Kennan often assumes because of his reservations. I am convinced that this fault in the writing lies not in an evasion or a lack of conviction, but in the format of the book; for the book, after all, is at bottom a series of lectures, and it is difficult to consolidate these without their retaining a piecemeal quality. Though the author admits to the limitations of his approach, this does not always make his contentions more acceptable or his thesis more amenable to evaluation. It is an unfortunate circumstance because his views on this nation's ills are so provocative that they demand further analysis. Diagnosis here does not suffice for treatment.

There is one point that Ambassador Kennan makes that warrants special examination—the tracing of our problems today back to World War I, what he considers the most tragic phase in the course of events between 1900 and 1950. The nature of the war—total—and the nature of the peace—vindictive—would have great repercussions. The author presents the immediate implications of the war, but we must explore these further if we are to avoid making the same mistakes.

The decisions made between 1914 and the conclusion of the peace in 1919 disregarded political, psychological, and economic realities: Russia was allowed to mobilize industrially and militarily, uninhibited by an exhausted France and England whom history had seemed to pass by or an anachronistic Austro-Hungary whose life had been prolonged only by the skill of its statesmen; Germany was left alone to occupy a huge power vacuum in central Europe, a frustrated monster searching desperately for the charisma of a Hitler to give

meaning to its existence; and the economics of a war-torn Europe and the warnings of an obscure but clairvoyant economist, John Maynard Keynes, were totally ignored, only to be realized a decade later in the horror of depression.

Indeed, Versailles was no Vienna. The European political, social, and economic equilibrium that was disrupted by war was not restored at Versailles as it had been at Vienna a century before. The generation of the 1920's did not learn from the wisdom and experience of the post-Napoleonic negotiations, where a *benevolent* peace was concluded—and worked. The peace of Versailles was instead a *vindictive* one, or to borrow again from Henry Kissinger, a "retrospective" one—a settlement creating a Europe that was *unable* to fight rather than a Europe that did not wish to fight. Virile and proud nations can not accept the humiliation of such a settlement; and herein lies the explanation for the rapid, sometimes irrational, series of events that now finds us, suddenly, in a precarious situation.

In a period of peace and security, we tend to take for granted the precepts that established this concord. Too often we are intoxicated by our good fortune, so that we forget that it is not really fortune but design, and that peace is not wished but contrived. Such was the oversight at Versailles: a stupor concocted by a hundred years of quiescence had rendered men politically insensible; and now that it was shattered, they acted out of hysteria or disillusionment, substituting for the deliberate, operable principles of Vienna the impulsive principles of a vindictive settlement.

Thus, in 1918, a tragic fact of history revealed itself—that diplomats who have had no experience negotiating a peace are as unprepared as the first soldiers who fight the war. But in the light of this axiom, the challenge that George Kennan poses for us—that we might study the past to understand and, hopefully, solve our present predicament— is perhaps not so formidable after all. The uncertainty and insecurity that has been relentlessly engulfing us since World War I has at least kept *us* sensible, sober, no longer disillusioned. Paradoxically, for us today, it is a tragic but *happy* fact of history that we can learn only from our mistakes.

*We think our Fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wise sons no doubt will think us so.*

Essie & Vimp

• CHARLES SELUZICKI

ATTACHED TO THE stoney pave, a park bench sat cradling the buttocks of two rather well known park personalities. Neither looked like anything—just tramps. So there they were, Essie and Vimp, the two of them, partly dozing.

Things passed them every day: girls trying to search caterpillars out of their hair and dusty-mopped boys, mouths bulging with fountain water.

If their coffee cup returns weren't sufficient by four o'clock, the two would go on their well-tracked excursion hunting down specialized litter. On their way nonsense verse was their companion. Essie, the brighter of the two by mutual consent, would sing out, "This, that, these, those,

This damn life is gonna close,
Raise ya gun, Lower ya head,
Fill it with a pound a lead."

And then Vimp would contribute his share of the verse, at which point both would laugh and continue to stroll along.

The routine was a kind of tradition. Contentment was their companion, and, as the two grew in age they seemed satisfied by the way things went.

Now it was spring, their eleventh together. But they didn't worry about the changes in season anymore because it never really bothered them. Essie woke first that morning and butted Vimp in the usual tedious rising ritual that produced a gruff snort signifying the beginning of an awakening. He poked him and laughingly shouted, "ya damn clod, every morning the same thing, snort,

DEDICATED TO J. C.

—for whom the bird of Paradise has
devoured the Worm of Nothingness!
The telephone on the floor in the dusty corner of my room
waits silently to be used . . . when I'm ready,
it comes equipped with ten holes in its dial . . . one for each
finger.
Its handset also gives as well as receives . . .

There is no look, but the trees in my closet are
all dead and remain only as bony limbs of skeletons—so
the door, unopposed, remains closed anyway—even
the tiny shoots of the saplings . . . attempting to take root on
the floor, at the foot of the unstately remains . . .
have all withered because of the Darkness.

BUT: even through the east wall of my room . . . the
the only one with a window—and that is kept closed . . .the
singing wOLF can still be heard howling at the moon,
his sONg for and on the EVE of Love.

• TOM CONCANNON

HOLLOW WEAN

Martha . . . We're out of candy. Honeybunch, one of us'll have to
run down and get some.
Not me brother.
Now Mama, if I leave you'll have to sit here and pass out treats . . .
Why don't we just turn all the lights out ... or something
Why don't we do that? You know as well as I Martha . . .
I don't know ... It does seem a shame that we run out so quick . . .
After you went through the trouble of getting all painted up like that.
I made the mistake of letting the damn things take it for themselves.
We could bring up a bushel of those apples from down in the base-
ment. They'll just rot down there anyway.
But Martha . . .
We could turn out the lights.

• DAN KELLEHER

THE MATCH

• LAWRENCE P. EVANS

BROTHER, AM I nervous! I can already feel the salty sweat on my raw mat-burns, sense the big hairy arms of that ape from American U. squeeze my entrails like a hand crushing a ripe tomato. He's a tough wrestler, but I can't let him psych me. I've got to keep my head and fight. Actually, he's not really that strong . . . maybe his endurance is poor . . . anything can happen!

Weigh-ins take forever. Here I am starving my tail off for five foodless, drinkless days while that pudgy little referee decides to shoot the breeze with Tom and the coach of American U. I guess he never had to lose weight . . . he couldn't have. Oh! Finally, his jaws are getting fatigued. We're weighing in. I hate that relieved sarcastic look of their 123 and 130 pounders. They act disgusted that we had to forfeit to them as if they were cheated from certain victory. I'd love to see their conceited faces drop by slipping in Hennegan and Rosenberger at the last minute, just for kicks. But, no, they already got the academic axe from Father Lavin.

At a weigh-in you really get to despise your opponent. We're finally up to 148. Here I go, gently sliding on that scale. I made it. Let's eat! First I'd better look over old Camel-head. Look at him peel off his jacket. He could be showing off. Don't flex them too hard—your ears might cramp. He's putting on a good show—and he just made weight too, dammit. The question is: how can that monster weigh just the same as scrawny me? Now I'm blowing it—

I'm psyching out—I'd better go eat some grapefruit and my hard-boiled eggs and wrestle that ugly ape as if he were anyone else. Anyway, I'm not over-confident. As soon as I finish this delicious egg, I've got to get myself up sky-high for this. With those forfeits, I've got to pull an upset. We might even forfeit heavyweight, although Oaken could kill their 300 lb. ox. He's slow and lazy but then, one could be mashed. I guess Tom knows what he's doing; we can't afford another injury. But if the match comes down to heavyweight and if I'm still in one piece, I'll wrestle that oaf. Very noble, Lar, but what about Camel-head? Meditation is over* let's go—start thinking positive and win.

The gym is freezing. The sparse crowd looks interested . . . and cold. Maybe those girls will give some incentive. I love to show off out here on the warm-ups. I'm still nervous, though. Camel-head is my toughest this year. I'm not scared . . . I'm just super-nervous, but anything can happen . . . we'll see.

The bench looks grim, draped in towels, with the box of oranges and bottle of sugar-water at hand. You don't dare indulge until you've returned from your match, dead or alive victorious. This is the first time I've ever wrestled the second match. I'm usually fifth. But, oh, those lousy forfeits. Here comes the all-powerful American U. This disappointing season has made me bitter and sarcastic—I guess it's a feeling of always being out-numbered. And who leads them out? None other than Camel-head. Very good—you did five more push-ups than the rest of your team, you hairy ninny.

John's loosening up already. We need this first match badly . . . the second one, too. John will tear this guy up and then I've got to come through, not (choke) like against Castronova. This guy is no Castronova, though, and we have a chance against A.U. as a team this time.

There goes the opening whistle! Get that take-down, John. Oh, hell, I've got to go to the bathroom. I'll never make it. Calm down, Lar, calm down . . . you don't have anything in your stomach to relieve, anyway . . . relax . . . I've got to walk around. No, John, get up . . . Oh, brother, what a lousy call! That was no near-fall. Sit out, John, stand up, get up to your knees . . . I've really got to go now . . . this is murder! Don't let him turn you over—get off the mat—bridge—knuckle him across his hairy face—thirty seconds left,

John . . . fight it . . . twenty-five seconds . . . oh, no—he wasn't pinned . . . it's my turn, now. Get up for this, Lar, get up. He's good—you've got to move—don't relax—don't quit—I can't get pinned . . . No . . . I can't lose! Get mad, Lar—upset. All right, I'm loose now. I can see even Tom has his doubts when he looks at old Camel-head. I can't die now.

We shook hands and crossed the mat. His paw felt like a dead fish. That ninny has a sneer on his face. The whistle! Get moving, Lar, watch your legs. He's sloppy—I can drag him—it's got to be fast. Play the edge of the mat. He knows better—he's circling. I'll have to tie up, feel him out—hell, I can't budget! I've got to get off the mat. Fight it, Lar. My leg! Don't let him get it. Scissor and kick, fast and hard. I'm down. He's faster than I thought. I've got to escape . . . he stopped . . . fast, Lar . . . sit out . . . he's dead . . . I reversed him . . . he's tired. Press him, hurt him . . . what's the matter, Ref, time out? He's hurt and *I hurt him*. It must have been that scissors. He's only got two minutes, you know. It's his neck—nuts, nothing serious. He looks forlorn. I've got to take advantage. Don't let him up, press his neck, hurt him. Right, Tom, I know we need the five, the pin. Don't let up. Hard, now—press him. It's a tie score—we're on even terms—injury was the equalizer. The whistle! Hold on, Lar. Ride him, grab the ankle—tight. No, he's loose. He's got the navy ride in. I've had it. Two points reversal. I've got to get out. We need five. His neck . . . scissor and roll . . . work his head up . . . throw it! Roll hard . . . pin him . . . press him . . . tough . . . not again, Ref! What about the pin? It's forfeit the second time. Hey, Camel-head, get up. That looks bad. Tom, he's hurt badly . . . his neck . . . get Wilson and hurry . . . he's unconscious . . . revive him, Ref . . . I don't believe it . . . My God! He can't be . . . I don't know what to think . . . maybe I better eat an orange.

UNTITLED

The lazy smoke drifts above the trees
And all permeates with autumn smell
Leaves turn, men rake, children and wind scatter
Wind that is breeze and gale
Soft and cruel
Squirrels stop only to look and store
More
Slowing grass basks in warmth of dying rising sun
Dog's shag coats and caterpillars
Bees and yellow jackets die, yellow upon the green brown
Change ending fall

• **W. WALSH**

THE TREES OF VAN GOGH

Why do the trees of Van Gogh seem like men
 broken by toil and care
why do the trees of Van Gogh seem burdened
 like Rembrandt's Christ
why do the trees of Van Gogh seem ablaze
 in the field of day
why do the trees of Van Gogh seem to quiet
 the seething sky of the flames of night. . .
makes me think of the poet's words:
 "the world's a tree—
 this life one leaf"

• **Lou MASCARI**

Poems

• TOM SHAFFREY

TRANSFORMATION

Saul, Saul
Why do you persecute Me?
Said the Almighty He.
Who are you?
You who speak to me thus?
I, the Lord, the Vine,
the Holy Must.

Dust, rust, so decays
the old man.
Take off the ragged coat
put on a new one.

Run.
Run the race,
bridge the gap,
win the prize.
Rise Saul, rise as Paul.

COFFEE

Coffee, great drink of drinks,
How do I love thee? Let me think.
Great aromatic king
Sing.

Sing to me of thyself.
Deep, rich, and black,
There's nothing you lack,
or so it seems.

Steam
pouring forth as from Olympian hills,
the entire room your aroma fills.
Coffee smell, ring you bell
Off be away you say, well—so I am.

WHAT IS MAN?

• ALBERT KOENIG

MANY TERMS that seem indefinable are sometimes explained through use of analogy. The living word of Sartre is a strong example of this truth. Through concrete dramatization the idea behind the word suddenly takes form. Also all prejudices and hidden feelings are brought to light in an analogous description. Sartre again stands as a proof to the validity of this statement. So, without further ado, I would like to explain what I think man is, and the method that I will use is one of analogous description, because I feel it has the best chance of success.

Man is a being who is born in the darkness of the coal mine and it is left for him to dig himself to the light. He is born with a basic inclination to the light, a light which he himself has never seen, yet a light, that he somehow knows, exists. Man must dig with whatever natural tools are at his disposal. Yet, by just digging he will get nowhere. He must dig in a special direction, for he is oriented naturally to the light. So, it seems that the greatest tool in man's possession is his own personal light, a dim helmet light by which he may see; reveal the way to the light.

I am not alone in my task. I suddenly discover that there are others who are also striving towards the light. My light shines on them and they become luminous for me. I find that they too have a light, a light that is somehow different from mine. The other also reveals himself to me at the same time, he reveals himself as being a different light. In this encounter I find that this other one also is somehow blindly striving towards some light, a light which he also has never seen and so I say blindly. It is only through such dialogue of discovery that I myself become aware of my natural tendency, a striving that is so basic to myself that I do not even notice that I am digging or why I am struggling. Others too have left their findings on the wall of the cave; their own ways to find the light. Maybe, I will try one of their methods, or maybe I will follow my own course. But, in any case, I go on digging, yet not alone. Others have joined me in my project. We have banded together in a group for our own benefit. There are some who I find are not leading us in the right direction. It is true that we have not seen the light, yet somehow we all feel and firmly believe that such a light does truly exist. Some however, do not feel as we do. They tend to distract us and keep us from our goal. I can hope that, by constantly digging in the direction that seems to me to be the way to the light, I will keep myself and others from despair. Through my many encounters. I am growing in knowledge and respect of others and also implicitly of myself. My light has been growing stronger all along. I am firmer than ever in my belief that there is a light. I am existing together with others and we communicate as we work hoping to understand better why we dig.

Suddenly, I encounter a special one who drowns out the noise and confusion of others working with their tools. I feel a sudden urge to express myself in new ways, in fuller ways. Words no longer seem appropriate. This contact demands more of me than I have ever given to anyone else. I am asked to give what seems most to me, I am asked to open myself up, to become a part of the knowledge of another. Yet at the same time this special one gives herself also fully to me. Our tasks now become one. We both strive together as one towards the light. The light has gotten brighter; it was almost as if we together had seen some small part of the true light. We both feel that the light is not far away. It will not be long now. Soon the barrier of the coal mine will be broken and we will both emerge into the fullness of the light. But before we leave behind something that

we love the most, something that reflects us both, something that we are proud of and hope to see achieve someday what we have achieved. Yet, once we break the barrier and see the light, we must cut ourselves off from them and they remain in the same state of darkness as we were in at our birth. They are left to struggle just as we to find the light. This is man from birth to death. This is the meaning of his struggle.

INTO WARMTH

Walking in a freezing wind
With hands and feet seeking warmth.
It's frustration when they feel heat
 just for a moment.
A door opens to warm the winter night
Then slams and in the cold again.
Wandering, wondering where warmth was.
Where can it be?
It keeps running away from me.
All I wish is to hold it for a while
Oh just the thought sets me on fire
Like holding a warm pillow tight
Sinking into its downy folds
Into warmth, and a world of soft,
 comforting breaths.

• DREW CONNEEN

FOR A SONG

A voice, a sound, a word
One spoken searches for an
Ear to end its wandering.
The disembodiment of that
Which had its meaning only
In the mind of one who
Could not keep its soul
Within the limits of his own
In solitary silence roams
The hollows of my being.
Echoes never ceasing to be
Felt but never heard, rebound
And journey onward carried
By the breezes trapped within
A sightless world beneath the day.

The voices of daylight blend
Lucid tones into strains
Which scent the warm air—
A song borne by the breeze
Across the flowered meadows,
Sung in hushed refrain in tranquil forests,
And echoed in brilliant splendor
From snow-capped mountains years away.

The melody is pleasant and yet
It fades before the majestic tones
Which are said to flow
From darkness into light when
Wayward winds escape
The walls of abyssal silence.
And the listener tries to call
The sound completely from its haunts
By addressing it by name.

Yet though the voice may
Hear him call, it cannot
Make its way to him, for
The way to the sunlight
Is easily mistaken in the darkness
For the way which leads only
Deeper into the cavern, and
Ends at the edge of the
Yawning vaulted chamber
From which no voice is ever heard.

• **THOMAS WEHNER**

