Preliminary Pages

No Author
HE DREAMED THAT HE SAW A LADDER STANDING ON THE EARTH WITH ITS TOP REACHING UP TO HEAVEN; A STAIRWAY FOR THE ANGELS OF GOD TO GO UP AND COME DOWN. OVER THE LADDER THE LORD HIMSELF LEANED DOWN, AND SPOKE TO JACOB.

WHEN HE AWOKE FROM HIS DREAM, JACOB SAID TO HIMSELF, WHY THIS IS THE LORD'S DWELLING PLACE, AND I SLEPT HERE UNAWARE OF IT!

GENESIS 28: 12-13, 16

STAFF

James Bond, editor
Franklin L. Kamp, associate editor
Gerald Ivan Locklin, junior editor
Francis Geraci, cover artist
Rev. Leo A. Hetzler, C.S.B., advisor
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EDITORIAL

Certainly enough has been said about the importance of communication in the world today. In a world of highly developed transportation techniques, boundaries and limits are said to have considerably narrowed. It is
exigent, we are exhorted, that attempts be made to foster verbal and other
communicative understanding among all people. Communicative under-
standing, they say, should not lag behind this almost uncomfortable
contiguity. Nothing so ambitious is the purpose of this magazine. Nor could
the magazine be called therapeutic; certainly it is meant to be enjoyed but
it will not "take you away" like the popular cigarette. Nor is it meant to
be didactic or persuasive; although we are certainly "committed" in the
sense that we recognize and are striving for a "catholicity", a universality
which transcends the printed page, we are neither sodality pamphleteers
nor advertising copywriters. What then, in spite of the necessary over-
simplification, could be considered the purpose of this magazine?

In its lowest terms it could only be this: to play with words; to try to
achieve a surer and more valid grip on truth and reality through experi-
mental juxtaposition of words or images or rhythms; to "metaphorize"; to
bridge the gap between the visible and invisible. Less stress, it might be
said, is placed on "gentle irony" and "brittle wit" than is fashionable in
most magazines today. As we said above we are "committed"; but yet
this does not, we think, parochialize our outlook. Rather it would seem
to make it more universal; for with our bridge of analogy we are spanning
more than the span between a thought and its metrical logic: rather we
are spanning and attempting to concretize the whole gap between the
visible and invisible worlds; to conceptualize in greater or lesser degrees a
portion of reality; to see in the sun's light a portion of the light of Divine
Wisdom.

The use of the feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satis-
faction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things
doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul . . . There-
fore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude
which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater
and more heroical.

—BACON, THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

Non satis est pulchra esse poema: dulcia sunt
Et quocumque volent animum auditoris agunto.

—HORACE, ARS POETICA

The thoughts
that prop open the lids of the inner eye
have always suggested
a behind-the-door ill-lighted crouching—
a searching
for that crude half-circle
that symbols shallow release.

When found, a swirling self through . . .
Penetrations
of mind-born clouds dripping with obeisance—
Salivary salutations to veneered sovereignty.

Injections of the pseudo-image
Surge out in ecstatic impulse.

Watering poisons,

Dulling regrets.

But pedestals are only air puffs
Flouting, slowly betraying, halting

While gusts still journey,
Even around tombstones.

Picking up veined travellers,
Returning them to their darkened stoop

On the other side of the door.

FRANKLIN L. KAMP

21