Preliminary Pages

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Preliminary Pages

Cover Page Footnote
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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
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GENESIS 28: 12-13, 16

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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 exiguous, we are exhorted, that attempts be made to foster verbal and other communicative understanding among all people. Communicative understanding, 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 oversimplification, 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 experimental 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 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 venerated 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.

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—BACON, THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING
Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia sunt
Et quocumque volent animum auditoris agunto.

—HORACE, ARS POETICA