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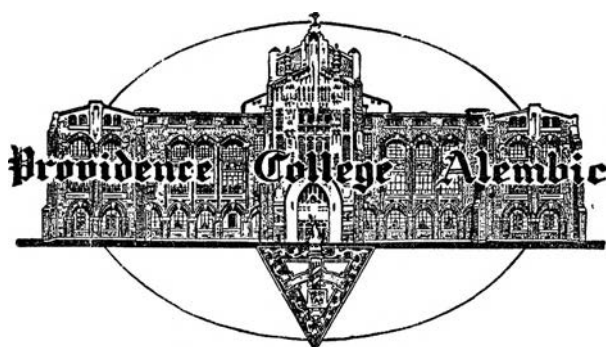
NO. 1



FALL EDITION
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

ALEMBIC

THE ALEMBIC



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BY THE
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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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The Harant Chair

Thaddeus McGeough '60, editor-in-chief of *The Alembic*, passed from this life on All Saints' Day. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. James P. McGeough of Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Because Thaddeus was a person of strong and generous character, of manly bearing, of gentle disposition, of good humor, of proven ability, the student body is more than shocked at the tragedy of his death; indeed it is most grieved. Thad's poem "Life and—" on page 16, his sole contribution to this issue, was prophetic, for it was written and printed before his death. Its message, "Small, shy, yellow flower, Look up, taste this soft shower—Look up; for soon your death bell will ring," expresses the sorrow of all of us at a promising life cut off in its first bloom.

We of *The Alembic* shall naturally feel a great loss. Thad's genuine interest in *The Alembic* and his program for revitalizing the magazine contributed to his being the obvious choice for editor when elections were held last month. At the time of his death he was planning a special, fortieth anniversary number of *The Alembic* to commemorate its founding in 1920.

Thad must have sung William How's great hymn for All Saints' Day at meetings of the College Glee Club. The second stanza begins:

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortunes and their Might.
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight,
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light . . .

Requiescat in Pace!

*For the moderator and staff,
John Williams
Associate Editor*

The Alembic

THE ALEMBIC, oldest organization on the campus, was founded in 1920 to serve as the students literary magazine. An alembic is an apparatus for use in distillation, and perhaps the founders had in mind Emerson's employment of the word—"Thus is Art, a nature passed through the alembic of man"—when they named the journal. This rambling column is called "The Alembic" because its function too is to serve as a still—for extracts, comments, and editorials.

The Happy Man

LAWRENCE E. MORAN, '62

During the ensuing year at Providence College we students will have many common grounds on which we can meet to share our joys and sorrows, successes and failures. The universal, common ground will be our search for happiness. Each of us will become engrossed in various activities, and no two of us will do the same things in the same way. Some things that we choose to do may seem quite remote from the ultimate end, but since we are rational beings with a moral responsibility, each act will help to bring us either closer to the goal of true happiness or else it will lead us deeper into the woods of moral frustration and personal disintegration. "The tragedy of man is not that he cannot find happiness, but that he looks for it in the wrong places." (*My Way of Life*, by Walter Farrell, O.P. and Rev. Martin Healy.)

The Bible, which is God's revealed message to men who are seeking true happiness, contains one book which, in a particular way, can bring peace, solace, and happiness to the hearts of men. It is the Book of Psalms, which the Church has always considered to be her most perfect book of prayer. The reason why the Church loves the Psalms is not that they have been sent to her by God from His far-distant Heaven, but because God has given Himself to her in them, as though in a sacrament. When we pray the Psalms, we pray with the "mind of Christ." (c.f. *Praying the Psalms*, by Thomas Merton)

The first psalm in the Psalter contains a wonderfully pithy formula for happiness. Saint Peter Chrysologus says that this psalm is the preface to the Book of Psalms. He calls it, "the Psalm of Psalms, the title of the whole book; and as the key of a palace, by opening the outer gate, gives access to innumerable chambers, so this gives admission to the mystery of all the psalms." (Saint Peter Chrysologus, Sermon 44.)

Psalm One may be divided into two parts. The first part tells us what the happy man, *beatus vir*, will do in life and how God will reward him for his righteousness.

"Happy the man who does not walk the way counselled by the wicked, nor linger on the path of sinners, nor sit in the company of the insolent. The happy man delights in the law of the Lord, ponders on His law day and night."

The scriptures, in which the progressive revelation of God's love for us is made known to us, contain a law of life which will "delight" the heart of man. The world today is filled with many delightful things, which in some shadowy way reflect the Beauty of God, but God says that

The Happy Man

our greatest delight is found in keeping His law in our hearts day and night.

"The happy man is like a tree, planted near running water, that brings forth its fruit in due season; its leaves never wither; whatsoever he does prospers."

The good man who lives by God's law will flourish like a tree that is well watered. In the battle between the forces of good and evil, the good will always win in the end, because Christ has already won that battle by His victory over death on the Cross.

The second part of the psalm depicts in a vivid, poetical manner the lot of the wicked man, who seeks his happiness in ways which are opposed to God's plan for us.

"Not so the wicked, not so!

They are like chaff driven away by the wind.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the time of judgment, nor sinners in the assembly of the just:

For the Lord watches over the way of the just, but the way of the wicked vanishes."

The Psalms are "God's word to us"; they are full of the Incarnate Word. Not only is David, the great Psalmist, a "type" of Christ, but the Psalter contains the whole mystery of Christ. (c.f. *Praying the Psalms*, by Thomas Merton).

The happy Man in psalm one is preeminently Christ; He is the *Beatus Vir*. We are happy in so far as we are one with Him in His delight in His Father's law and His perfect obedience to His Father's Will. The psalms are the love songs which Christ sings to His Father, and we, as members of the Church, which is the Spouse of Christ, are able to join with Christ in praising and glorifying His Heavenly Father when we pray the Psalms.

Cigarette, Anyone?

DONALD W. RICKETTS

I have been an inveterate cigarette smoker since I was sixteen years old. I enjoy smoking. I enjoy the salt and pepper effect it gives to my gray flannel suit. I enjoy the spasmodic coughing fit I take each morning. I enjoy the dry, hot feeling it gives my mouth and, also, that I no longer possess the faceful of shining pearls of my youth. These I enjoy, but I revel in that fact that I now defy science and good health by smoking.

The amount of self confidence and social prestige which has been heaped upon my brow because of smoking cannot be told in these short confines. I am a believer, a conformist. Strangers seem to unwind when I reach into the breast pocket of my jacket and pull out the beautifully crumpled and torn cigarette pack and place that wrinkled white cylinder between my lips, strike a match and convert the dark brown tip into a glowing red dot and exhale that gray cloud (the "blue cloud" of literature should be restricted to pipe smokers only). This ritual is a signal to strangers that I am above suspicion, that I am not a do-gooder, penny pincher, a prude, or a Communist. Once I have gone through this ceremony, the edge is off, the ice is broken. Conviviality flows forth and the milk of human kindness drips from paraffined half gallon containers.

These are the joys, the true Eden of the cigarette smoker, of which I partook to overflowing fulfillment until—until I committed what I now know to be a mortal sin of cigarette smoking. I began to employ a CIGARETTE HOLDER! Now I am maligned on all sides because of the employment of this apparently devious implement and I

think unjustly so. I began to use this unmentionable for two very valid reasons: I had always enjoyed the feel of a pipe stem in my mouth but, alas, smoking a pipe gave me heartburn, and secondly, I considered it a nuisance to employ a hand to place, remove, and replace the cigarette between my lips, thus barring the use of the hand from a great many activities and I found that I could not hang the cigarette from my lips because the smoke caused my eyes to water. So, on the day I discovered the cigarette holder (boo! hiss!) I was ecstatically happy, for here I had solved my problems. The holder felt exactly like a pipe stem in my mouth and the extra length kept the smoke from my eyes, thus freeing my hand. I was in a state of baptismal innocence as I bit firmly on the stem and sallied forth to convert my friends.

My first inkling that something was wrong was the heads that turned as I walked by and the stifled snickers that occasionally arose, not to mention the unseen sneers. But I went on undaunted and proud of my discovery. The reaction of friends and personal acquaintances was appalling. Among the printable terms that were applied to me were: pansy, nanciful, snobbish, affected, social climber and vegetarian. The unprintable terms were ever more numerous and certainly more colorful. I think the mildest reaction was a loud and spontaneous, "Hah."

After enduring one day of this I retired to my den to brood over the matter in a retreat that has only been paralleled in history by Napoleon's. I realized that my social position was insecure. My best friend hesitated to use the word, but I was now a non-conformist. It was only a matter of time before the ugly rumors would begin to circulate and I anticipated them all in my mind. It would be said that I no longer wore *Jockey Shorts*, that I now picked up my case of Imperial at the package store on an

Cigarette, Anyone?

American made bicycle, and that I knew what Jack Paar was really like.

My course of action was clearly defined. There was no other alternative. I would have to relinquish the use of my right hand for those moments when my lungs screamed for a relief from the fresh air, and satiation of my Freudian desire of a pipe stem in my mouth was out of the question. I dragged myself out of the deep cordovan folds of my arm-chair and approached the fire place, cigarette holder in hand, bit on the stem once more and cast it into the devouring flames. I stood there with tears streaming down my cheeks. Not tears of sorrow, but caused, rather, by the acrid black cloud of smoke which the burning plastic emitted.

Since that time, my life has returned to its normal pattern. But I have been considering the art of cigarette smoking (yes, it is an art) and cigarette smoking types and I would like to discuss some of these types.

The most obvious distinction between cigarette smokers is between men and women. Women are fascinating for a number of reasons other than the fact that they smoke cigarettes. (e.g. some smoke pipes). So let us consider only their smoking habits.

I have very often picked up an empty cigarette package which has been discarded by a member of the fairer sex to see if they contain stage directions. This is logical, for women, it seems, regard smoking as fitting matter for showmen of the calibre of Michael Todd, Cecil B. DeMille, or the masterminds of the Republican and Democratic parties.

The case is produced from the pocketbook or handbag, it is opened, the cigarette is extracted, very often tapped

against the case and placed between the forefinger and middle finger. The elbow is then laid on any convenient surface, the arm reaches for the heavens, the wrist is cocked slightly and the fingers holding the cigarette are extended in a manner that would put Winston Churchill to shame. Once the cigarette has been posed properly, it is completely ignored by the lady until some gentleman offers a light. Thus the first act is over and the scene is laid for Act II, the lighting.

Now if two gentlemen, one possessing matches the other a lighter, offer the flame together, the gentleman with the matches is to be scorned. He is a low life, crude, unmannered and barbaric. The same law of supremacy holds between gold and silver lighters.

However, she accepts the gentleman's light and places the cigarette between her lips (off center) and releases it. The flame is touched to the cigarette and now a transformation takes place. No longer do we have a lady. She has turned into a well known product that is made by Lewyt, Hoover, Air-Way, et al. She inhales in such a manner that the viewer would not be surprised if first her lips, then the cigarette, and finally her nose disappeared into her mouth. But she successfully defies the rules of physics and extracts the cigarette.

The final act concerns the actual smoking of the cigarette. There are two basic scenes in the smoking: one, holding the cigarette, and two, inhaling and exhaling.

I am rather disappointed in the lack of improvisation women have shown in holding the cigarette. The original "waiting for the light" pose is still evident here. Occasionally, the finger tips are allowed to rest on the cheek or chin, but this pose is taken especially by young

Cigarette, Anyone?

women who are trying to hide a blemish. Sometimes the arms are crossed, but these are all variations on a theme by Fatima.

The inhaling and exhaling are a different story, however. Here women have brought cigarette smoking to its highest form. As soon as the cigarette is placed between the lips, the hand is withdrawn at a respectable distance, fingers still proclaiming victory, to await the retrieve. The eyes and eyelids are lowered, the eyebrows pushed upwards and the motors of intake snap on. The hand moves in and gracefully takes the cigarette away. The lips are kept widely parted, (the eyelids are still drooped in a look of superiority), a bit of the smoke is allowed to float out and is quickly drawn into the lungs. This is accomplished with the utmost finesse when the tongue is allowed to curl upwards, slowly, to the palette. The smoke is usually blown out of puckered lips at an upwards angle. It should be noted here that no woman is a chain smoker. This would deprive her of the privilege of having men wait on her. This then is the typical lady smoker. Women who do not smoke in this manner are not to be considered, for it is obvious to any thinking man that they are either street walkers or they drive a team of oxen and should be banished to the uplands of Tibet.

Now the male smoker is an entirely different story. If he is in any way like the female smoker, i.e. follows the previously listed formula for women, he should not be called "he." There is a great diversity among male smokers.

We are all familiar with the Chain Smoker Type. In a recent series of experiments which combined the efforts of the psychology departments of Harvard and Knotsville, (Ohio Vocational School) conducted at a number of stag parties, an interesting discovery was made. It was found

that the leading cause of male chain smoking was female smokers. Other interesting discoveries were made by the researchers at these stag parties which caused several of the staff to open a motion picture studio in the basement of the Biology building at Radcliffe. On the whole the chain smoker is a rather disturbing person largely because of the constant cloud of smoke which surrounds him. I have seen one person who is a chain smoker clear out crowd-filled rooms several times simply by walking in and looking like a small tornado.

Another type, for lack of a better word, is called "The Gentleman Smoker" (actually there is a better word, but it is against the rules of good taste). We attribute this name to him because he is constantly accompanied by a *gold* cigarette lighter, which, as pointed out before, is very attractive to the female smoker. But the Gentleman Smoker is not satisfied with only a gold cigarette lighter. He also carries in the inside breast pocket of his dinner jacket a gold cigarette case. The gentleman smoker is thus absolutely irresistible to the female smoker. An acquaintance of mine, who may be classified in this category, has become involved, at least once, in an unpleasant situation as the result of having one woman become enamored of him, his cigarette lighter, and his cigarette case. Fortunately however, the cigarette case stopped the bullet which the lady's husband fired from a luger which he had taken from a German Gentleman Smoker who, in a similar incident, had pulled his gold cigarette case instead of the luger out of his breast pocket, in his haste to defend himself.

The rise to popularity of the filter cigarette has introduced new types to the field of cigarette smoking. Since women are now almost exclusively filter cigarette smokers, my original treatment of them still holds here. But the male smoker has not gone either wholly filter or wholly non-filter.

Cigarette, Anyone?

So amongst the men we may discuss one or two filter types. There is a group of rabid filter fans among the smokers of this type of cigarette. These are the people who absolutely refuse to smoke any cigarette other than a filter. This is probably the only case in the American social system where a person will not take something for nothing, i.e. a non-filter cigarette. This has come about largely through recent discoveries both in medicine and in advertising, but who is to say which is the larger factor?

Another type in this class is The Filter Chewer. This is the person who grinds, rolls, punctures, and generally mangles the filter tip with his masticatory tools.

We come, finally, to the last type, and this will surprise some, the most universal kind—The Butt Smoker. It is an error of our society to picture the person who smokes cigarette butts as one who wears a crumpled silk hat and raggy tails, who cooks his food in a tin can and rides railroad freight cars. But what cigarette smoker has not found himself in this situation: he has run out of cigarettes, he is in the house alone, the car is in the garage for repairs, and he feels that it would be undignified to ride one of the kids bicycles down to the drugstore to buy a package of cigarettes? He runs around the house, searching old pants pockets, handbags, and desk drawers. The scene which usually follows this unsuccessful activity may be summed up nicely by paraphrasing a few lines from Scott, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,/Who never to himself has said,/Who the hell dumped all the ash-trays!"

This should nearly exhaust the subject but I would like to state here that students (or professors for that matter) who feel that advanced study should be made in this field and who undertake such a project are hereby given permission to use this work as a source. I would also like to

state that reprints of this essay are available for three empty cigarette packs and twenty-five cents in coin, stamps or money order. I have not yet had any requests, but I am anticipating that these reprints will not be sufficient for the needs of such places as the Library of Congress, museums, and various archives, and so I have prepared antiqued copies of the original manuscript complete with cigarette burns.

I stated that this should exhaust the subject. This is one of the reasons why I have ended this article: I have run out of ideas. The other is that I have run out of cigars.

Life and —

THADDEUS MCGEOUGH '60

Small, shy yellow flower,
Look up, taste this soft shower
That reigns over the earth
Bring a new, sweet birth
To a land of thin, brittle and bare
Fingers grasping cold crisp air.

Look up and gaze around;
Lift your eye from the wet ground
And see the new buds, new leaves,
New grass as the earth swells and heaves
With the silent explosion of spring.
Look up; for soon your death bell will ring.

The Soft Touch

JOSEPH SOULAK

INTO his suitcase went the tooth-brush, shaving cream and hair tonic. Looking around the room he surveyed it once again. Apparently nothing had been forgotten. In a determined manner he snapped the locks of the suitcases and carried them to the front door. According to his watch the taxi would arrive in ten minutes. That was the way with Martin Blazdel; always efficient and very punctual. It came naturally after twelve years with the bank.

Walking into the kitchen to check the door and the windows he forgot about the bank, the daily routine and the quiet life he had known. This was the beginning of his vacation. The first vacation in seven years. It was all planned, he would spend a week with his old classmate from Yale, John Winslow and his wife. Excitement bustled over within him.

Just then the brass knocker on the front door sounded. "Must be the taxi," he thought. Hurrying to the door he swung it open. He was momentarily startled. There stood a girl about nineteen years old, with high heels, blonde hair, painted face and carefully tailored suit. Words failed him. She sensed his uneasiness.

"They told me you were the only one who could help me," she volunteered. "The sergeant said that you made a practice of helping girls like myself."

Martin Blazdel caught himself. "Yes, I do. But I don't even know you. Besides, there isn't time just now. You see, I am leaving for a vacation this afternoon. My taxi will be here any moment."

"Don't let me stop you," said the girl. "My name's Myra. I was told that you were the only one who would understand and help me. Please don't turn me away."

Mr. Blazdel was angered. "Young lady! I do help young people and I do take an interest in destitute cases, but right now there are more important things on my mind. Can't you arrange to see me when I return?"

The girl took a long look at his greying hair, the new tie, the flannel suit and the polished black shoes. "Okay then, I'm going with you," she announced. "As of this moment you have a new traveling companion. That way you can help me and still enjoy your vacation."

Martin Blazdel felt a deep line of concern across his forehead. The impossibility of the situation was beginning to panic him. "Will you go away if I give you some money," he said, "say twenty-five dollars "

The girl tilted her head, put her fingers to her chin and thought a moment. "Well, that isn't the kind of help I wanted, but if that's the best you can do, it's a deal." Relieved, Mr. Blazdel took his wallet from the trouser pocket and hurriedly deposited two tens and a five in her extended palm.

As the door closed he gave a sigh of relief. He just had time to check himself before the taxi pulled up. At the station Mr. Blazdel walked to the far end of the platform and waited for the train. When it arrived he stepped aboard and went directly to his compartment. Pleasant thoughts of the forthcoming week of friendship and relaxation raced through his mind.

On the train he settled into a comfortable chair, magazine in hand. An hour passed; his eyes began to close. Suddenly, they opened wide again. Standing there before

The Soft Touch

him was the girl, the same girl that had come to his house earlier in the day. "You, why I thought you were gone! What are you doing here?" he questioned.

The girl smiled pleasantly. "The money you gave me didn't go very far. Besides, I kind of like you and, gee, you've got such a nice place here."

Martin Blazdel sat up straight in his chair. "See here young lady. I'll call the conductor and have you put off this train instantly. I don't know you. Furthermore, I dislike your entire attitude." Reaching into his pocket he took out the wallet. Pulling out five ten-dollar bills he handed them to the girl. "Is this what you want? Take it and leave; don't ever let me see you again!"

The girl nodded her head in approval. Thanking her benefactor she departed, quietly closing the door. Mr. Blazdel sighed. After a few moments of collecting his composure he once again took up the magazine and settled himself comfortably in the chair. Almost immediately he fell into a deep slumber. He was awakened a while later by the porter announcing his stop.

At the station the Winslow's were waiting for him. After the usual hand-shaking and greetings they seated themselves in the car for the short drive to the farm. Mr. Blazdel felt it unnecessary to tell his host of his unfortunate experience. Spirits were high and time passed quickly. Before he realized it, he had deposited his luggage in the guest room and was sitting on the front porch with Mr. Winslow. In a short while they were joined by Mrs. Winslow with coffee and a tray of cookies.

As Mr. Blazdel finished his second cup of coffee he heard a car drive up. Looking toward the front gate he noticed it was a taxi. A girl alighted. He strained his eyes.

"How on earth? That girl, she's a tramp, I don't know her," he erupted violently. Half standing, half sitting he repeated, "She must have followed me. She has been approaching me all day for money. Don't believe a word she says. Don't let her stay." Martin Blazdel stammered and sputtered, his face flushed, words spilling out upon words.

Mrs. Winslow looked at him, astonished. Then she began to laugh. The more she laughed the more embarrassed was her guest. The girl hurried up the walk. Mrs. Winslow took her hand. "This is our daughter, Myra. But it seems you already know her. Such a playful little thing—I do hope you like her."

Mr. Blazdel looked at the girl. He smiled sheepishly and sighed with relief. He softly patted his trouser pocket, reassuring himself that this was going to be a pleasant vacation after all.

Elation

JAMES M. KELLEHER

Quickly now this greatest wealth behold,
The seldom sweetness tightly seize.
Its vicar *soi-disant* is lowly gold.
Grasp it now before it flees.

Transient, buoyant joy, but not estranged
From habit's grace or virtue's hill,
Personal celebration, unarranged,
Ensues from victories of the will.

Partners

TIMOTHY MOYNAHAN

The rain had begun as a lazy drizzle early that morning. Its tempo had increased so that by noon it had reached a methodical downpour. It continued, striking the windshield of his car in a dull monotone as he sped along the highway.

"Quiet," as the world swept past, he reflected thoughtfully. "Away, at last I'm getting away." It was two weeks ago when he had finally summoned up the courage. Now escape was in his grasp. Escape from the insane world in which he was held captive—a puppet on strings. And it was easy, so easy.

Well, it wouldn't be long now. He had been driving for nearly two hours. He would arrive at his destination in a matter of minutes. Then he and his associate, he smiled at this thought, would make the perfect get away. They would never be caught. It was impossible. After all, this was an old and often repeated performance for his partner. He was a professional. How many countless times must he have assisted at such an event?

He smiled to himself as he thought of her lying on the sofa—her throat slit with his newly-acquired straight razor. She would really be quite annoyed if she could see those blood stains on her furniture. She had wondered why he had ever bought the razor. He had used an electric one for so long.

"Whatever did you waste the money on that for?" she had asked. "You know how badly I need a new hat. . . . And you know how clumsy you are. You'll cut your-

self to pieces. It looks dangerous." She had certainly discovered just how dangerous it was, hadn't she?

They had planned it perfectly—he and his partner. Right down to the last detail. It was unfortunate that they had not conspired sooner. They made such a wonderful team.

Ah, there was the diner up ahead, its bright neon sign blinking on and off. The rendezvous was just around the corner. The perfect site for their meeting. He had known it the first time he had seen it. It was there he had contrived the whole, beautiful, flawless scheme.

He pressed his foot down on the accelerator. The car increased its speed as it rounded the curve. Ahead was the old wooden fence on the edge of the road. A few feet on the other side of it was a drop of three hundred feet into a rocky canyon.

Yes, he could distinguish the form of his partner standing by the fence motioning him on. He had, of course, expected him to be there eagerly awaiting his arrival. He headed for the fence and pressed the accelerator to the floor. The car lurched forward, smashed through the fence, and went hurtling over the precipice—turning and twisting in the air—crashing on the bottom, bouncing up and finally collapsing in a broken heap.

It was over. They had done well — the two of them. They had committed the perfect crime, and they had escaped together—he and his partner, Death.

Reflections on Birth Control

Would they preach their teachings errant
If they never had a parent?

Summer Leaves

G. BRIAN SULLIVAN

Severed from the tree
A leaf lies crushed
And brown as the
Fall looms high.
Parted from the bough
By the rustling skirt
Of old Summer as she
Hurried from the storm.
A retreating foot
Of the lady in her flight
Has stepped on the leaf
Left to die.
And all that remains
Is the wind and the leaf.
All of summer has removed from the sky.
All of summer has removed and her child lies dead
And the mother of the child: she has gone.

Disparity

JAMES M. KELLEHER

Beast is beast, and man is man.
Thus they stand, whether began
The one from lifeless slime and sand
By Perfect Love's almighty hand,
Or had the other for his mother.
Only error calls them brother.

Toilers of the Sea

G. BRIAN SULLIVAN

Sex-less seagull etched above me on the dying day,
Black against a sunset sky of pink and blue and grey.
Phoenix-like he wends his way across the setting sun;
And far beneath this fisher-boy stands wondering at his
fun.

Boy in boot and scaley fist
Marvels at the silent twist
Of bird above the bay.

Stands in boot and scaley fist
Stands beneath the silent twist
Of gull above his prey.

Shadow clad in fishy sweat
Follows as it dives to get
His catch as seagulls may.

Cloudless Sky

JAMES M. KELLEHER

Infinity of blue, spacious berth of Apollo,
Vast in scope, in height uncircumscribed.
Gazing up, I felt as though
I freely had imbibed
From Lethe's dulling flow.
Real peace was briefly feigned.
Every trace of conflict, care, and woe
Seemed to disappear, and only blue remained.

*In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.*

*Join hands, then, brothers of the faith
Whate'er your race may be!
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.*

*From a hymn by John Oxenham
Included in "Bees in Amber"*

The Great Fellowship

JOHN WILLIAMS

POPE JOHN XXIII has announced a forthcoming ecumenical council to discuss, among other things, the question of church unity. Just exactly under what aspects and in what manner the subject will be treated is not certain to the ordinary layman. Some believe that the Pope wishes to concentrate on a reunion of the Eastern Orthodox Churches and Rome. Some have said that no Protestants will be invited even in a capacity of listeners. Whatever the case, this is a topic of special interest to Americans in view of the unique plurality of Christian faiths which has developed in our country, and the explicit right of individuality permitted each congregation in some of the communions.

Can Christians unite? *Look* had an interesting article about this question in an issue of last summer. It included some remarks by the Retired Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Dr. Henry Knox Sherrill:

"I can't believe that Christ, when He established the Church, wanted to establish two hundred and fifty sects. In the mind of God, there must be one church."

Upon such convictions, perhaps more than anything else, will be the basis for any great movement of Christians towards the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. And as nearly all the major Protestant faiths in this country now participate in National and World Councils of Churches, we inquire: What is behind all this concern regarding the ecumenical movement?

When "Watson" Soutar was making first love to Canon Dunwoodie's daughter, "Bumpie," in *Girl in May*—a fine and tender novel by Bruce Marshall—"He . . . began to peck at her inexpertly, missing her mouth and hitting her nose. When at last his lips brushed hers, he moved them in terror to her hair.

" 'Watson, aren't you being a little unecumenical?' she asked. But the throb in her voice told him that she was timid too."

"Ecumenical" employed here has some of the connotations it ought to have: certainly it has that of unity as an effect of love. It is love which unites. The love among the persons of the Trinity has often been explained by the unity of God.

Our era is obviously marked by strong conflicting forces: Christianity as the great spiritual force; Materialism, Secularism, the Modernism condemned by Pius X, and Communism as pagan forces. Yet we witness at the same time that the propagation of the message of Jesus is constantly harassed by the natural self-interests of the many denominations. We understand more than ever: "United we stand; divided we fall."

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Image of America, written by the French Dominican, Father Bruckberger, has been receiving from many circles the acclaim and recognition it rightly deserves. Its underlying message is: America is really the hope of the world. Could it be that America is the hope of the Christian world as well? Protestants have seen the necessity of binding together in a closer way all those who confess Jesus as Divine Son of God. They see the need of helping one another—as far as principle will allow—to attain their common purpose: the evangelization of the world for Christ. Indeed their efforts should not be belittled as we reflect on the unity of the Catholic faith. Moreover, we ought to take advantage of these opportunities to consider the ever-present question: can Protestants and Catholics unite?

The Catholic Church, we know, can never yield on matters of fundamental truth. But because of this, far too many Catholics hold that the only ecumenical movement that we can possibly participate in is one which arranges for outsiders to join or study our religion. This is hardly inviting to most sincere Protestants—laymen and clergy alike, and could it be otherwise? Because much curiosity may be exhibited regarding the Church's "stand" or "position"—long overworked and misunderstood words—we must not assume that all we need is a little more understanding by Protestants about Catholicism, and that as a result the faith will be spread. What we do need is more "give and take." Surely, this sounds like a dull platitude, and besides, it certainly appears that the Catholic Church is not about to give up anything, or take anything from Protestantism.

This stand is plainly inconsistent. History shows that the early Church incorporated much from the Jewish religion, and indeed pagan ones, in its own development when it was necessary or merely practical and advantageous

to do so. In addition, not all the doctrines of a heretical sect are heretical; let credit be given for the orthodox ones. As the early missionaries did not hesitate to fuse pagan methods of worship which were not incongruous into the Christian service, perhaps the missionaries of nowadays might profit from using where possible effective forms of Protestant ceremonies. Expedient compromise on the externals, the peripherals—when so much good might be accomplished—is prudent and possible.

While the Church is divinely guided by the Holy Ghost in its teachings of faith and morals, Catholics must admit that this special guidance does not carry over to the Church's liturgical legislation — which, for instance, permits cathedral canons of the Ambrosian Rite to wear mitres when officiating in the presence of the Archbishop of Milan. The entire Rite could be done away with for that matter. The Milanese, however, would be most unhappy to see their ancient rite discarded; yet we do not consider it unreasonable at all to demand that Episcopalians give up completely their services based on the *Prayer Book*. We know that for centuries many English Catholics observed the dignified and distinctive Old Sarum Rite—hardly like the continental rites, for it was accommodated to the Anglo-Saxon mind. And this Rite is the prime source of the Episcopal liturgy.

The Rt. Rev. Alwyn Williams, Lord Bishop of Durham, and Canon E. W. Watson have written an enlightening volume on the Church of England for Oxford's Home University Library series. It is clear, not long and it incites sympathy for and a better understanding of legitimate Anglican positions. No capsule answer about Henry's marriage troubles can be fairly given to questions about how the Church of England's system got to be the way it is. The Church in England, united with Rome before the Reforma-

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tion, enjoyed an uniqueness of ecclesiastical administration. With a knowledge of the historical backgrounds of the Anglican, and consequently of the Episcopal Church in America, we will talk more humbly — as men should talk — on matters of rites and church discipline.

It is one thing to declare the Pope's infallibility when he speaks *ex cathedra*; it is another thing when one speaks about it in light of the Vatican Council of 1870. We must acknowledge, of course, the indisputable veracity of papal infallibility; but let us not be oblivious to the facts that there were really learned French, German and Austrian theologians who were against the definition; that there were prelates who fled to avoid voting against it; that there was a Bishop of Little Rock *contra* the Big Rock. Consequently we should not be surprised at the disagreement of Protestants. We should not sigh so condescendingly when some pious Anglican prebendary suggests that maybe, after all, the Spirit might be working in his church too. At least, let us not forget a speech given way back at this last council called by Pio Nono: it was by the renowned Bishop Strossmayer: ". . . I believe that there is in the midst of Protestantism a great crowd of men in Germany, England and America, who love Jesus and deserve to have applied to them those words of Augustine, 'They err indeed, but they err in good faith: they are heretics, but no one holds them for heretics.'"

That great and cultured Asian leader, Mme. Chaing Kai-shek—a student for some years at Wesleyan, a small Methodist woman's college in Macon, Georgia—spoke a few years ago in Virginia. This real woman of the world deplored, in summary, the trend towards sameness everywhere, the decline of real individuality and vigorous, self-confident regionalism. Many members of the Catholic hierarchy who are in accord with her observations might

apply them to the Church's difficult task of uniting Christians. As long as Protestant churches will accept the core of absolutely fundamental truths taught by the Catholic Church, we should bend over backwards in allowing them every possible privilege of keeping numerous traditions which should be of no great concern. We have reason to hope that Pope John will be tolerant with regard to these traditions.

There are Catholics of Eastern churches united with Rome who do not pray before statues, who observe no benedictions, who never genuflect in church, who have married parish priests, who—in short—would find the Latin Rite foreign and perhaps unattractive. And in speaking of schismatics of the Eastern churches, Benedict XIV reminded: "Eastern Catholics should be Catholics; they have no need to become Latins." This could be easily and consistently modified to: Western Christian Protestants should be Catholics; they have no need to become Latins completely.

In the Southern States of our country more than elsewhere in America, the Church is Roman Catholic. There is nothing derogative about this double designation: when David Lewis, because of his priesthood, died a "traitor's" death under Elizabeth Tudor, he proclaimed: "My religion is the Roman Catholic. A Roman Catholic I am; a Roman Catholic priest I am." There have been many instances of Catholics so designating themselves and their faith. But in the South where we are comparatively sparse, the connotation which "Roman" suggests is felt; in a word, it means something foreign. This should not be. As the centenary of the beginning of the War between the States rolls around in 1961, the Catholic South should point again with pride to the thousands of Catholics who served for the Confederacy: at least twenty Southern generals — among them, James Longstreet, P. G. T. Beauregard and Paul Semmes;

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Stephen Mallory, who served as Secretary of the Navy; Dan Emmett, who wrote "Dixie"; John Banister Tabb, valiant blockade runner and beloved poet-priest; Father Ryan, who composed "The Conquered Banner" and "The Sword of Robert E. Lee"; all the O'Haras of Tara; the Dominicans in Kentucky, who educated Jeff Davis in the aristocratic tradition of the times; the Sisters everywhere who were the best and most indefatigable nurses; the bishops who urged their faithful to patriotically support the "Cause." These small isolated scraps of information at least prove that we were no strangers in 1861—and, for that matter, neither before nor after by any means. Yet our religion is still foreign to Southern people.

It is foreign. But are we not at least partially responsible for such a state? The Church is for all men. It must not appear as just another denomination, a little peculiar like the Jehovah's Witnesses. Our home missionaries should not be looked upon with the same curiosity as a liberal Republican canvassing fellow members in some agricultural county in the deep South.

All of us can help remedy this state of appearing foreign to our neighbors by never ignoring fundamental things about our faith. The Catholic Church is, first of all, Christian. We have over-emphasized Catholic "attitudes" instead of traditional Christian "principles" when speaking of everything from euthanasia to Christ's divinity. We must not let the apostolic mark of our Church be neglected in areas which are particularly interested in this very one. Thousands of people in the South — everywhere for that matter — are Christifiable if not immediately Ecclesiasticable. In the Southern states, especially in rural areas, there is still much devotion to Jesus' humanity and divinity, and to the Bible as the inspired word of God. This is a good thing. We can make use of it.

We ourselves have been so accustomed to saying that we have more than the Bible for our foundation that we almost go to the extreme of neglecting it as a book in itself. We criticize the misunderstood "private interpretation" theory, but sometimes we don't read enough to make a decent misinterpretation. It would probably shock many Catholics to find a Sunday morning Bible school as a regular part of the parish calendar.

Novenas and benediction are practically the only services besides the low Mass with which most of us are familiar. This should certainly not be the case. What happened to Matins and Vespers? People ceased to understand the Latin; they ceased to participate in the singing. The practice of holding the services has passed into desuetude. Catholics now look upon "Morning Prayer" and "Evensong" as distinctly Protestant forms of worship. But, indeed, they are ours. They are beautiful in text, and especially meaningful when sung in English. They should not be the property of monastic orders and of Protestants. In a number of communities these services in the vernacular would be greatly appreciated as part of the liturgy.

Southern Protestant people have generally always treated Catholic priests with the same respect rendered their own ministers and preachers—even if probably with a little suspicion too, but then, to digress, some California tourist on passing through a Shenandoah Valley town wondered if beat-niks were on the increase there too because she had passed some Mennonite young men on the streets. Anyway, "father" in most rural Southern counties is neither known nor consequently employed as the norm of address due priests. Some clergy have regarded this as disrespectful or amusing. But in French-speaking lands, diocesan clergymen are referred to correctly as "mistrs"; to call them "fathers" is simply incorrect. In fact, they are never given

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the formal title "reverend" which is reserved strictly for priests of religious orders. Even the word "parson" is of Catholic origin.

These points are almost too trifling for print! But the Church on the local scene and its members must exhibit more tolerance and more willingness to compromise on small issues if big gains are to be made.

The time is certainly right for the Church to show a more reasonable approach to lay leadership. Certain Protestant exaggerations of the Biblical passage which says to Christians, "You are a royal priesthood," have caused us often to overlook the broad possibilities of this teaching which are theologically acceptable according to Pius XII. More encouragement, in any event, for lay missionaries can be expected by Church authorities. As a British East African Bishop has said, "It is not primarily because there are not enough priests and religious to take care of the work that the Holy Father is asking for a lay apostolate. It is because the apostolate is the normal function of the laity. It is their birthright." As for married men as ordained deacons, Pope John has promised to have (even this) seriously considered. To Protestants, this revitalized accent on the laity cannot but be received sympathetically; indirectly again, this is aiding the ecumenical movement.

Two ways have been considered which the Church might use in her efforts to have American Christians united; one would allow Protestant bodies or individual congregations much leeway in externals if they accept the fundamental principles of the Church of Christ; another would encourage Catholics to make use of those Protestant externals which would be helpful in the work of the Church.

Let us concentrate on the second way whereby we would be "Catholicizing" Protestant things which have

been proven useful. Then, for example, primitive mountain Baptists and Anglo-Catholics—who must hold belief in baptism and the Trinity—could be more easily directed, or should find it more natural to direct themselves to Christ's Church. This is a healthier method than striving for "conversions"; the word "conversion" is too misleading. It indicates a turning from one thing to something else; and such is just not completely the case when Christian people of Protestant denominations are received into the Catholic Church. Could we not use a more diplomatic term—even if it is "change of membership"—or if we would employ it at all, let us do so in reference to both ourselves and others who have been converted from sin to grace through Baptism.

In our efforts to make the divine truth familiar instead of foreign, we might examine an apparently insignificant point, like Church music. Even the Episcopal Church, which has acknowledgedly the highest standards in hymns in this country, has included a few "gospel" selections in its *Hymnal* expressly for ecumenical purposes. In addition, there are to be found in this book eight hymns by Father Frederick William Faber, nine by Father Edward Caswell, six by St. Thomas, four by St. Bernard, and some by a dozen canonized saints. Some of them are rarely, if ever, used in our churches because we neglect them. The Protestants did not, and besides, they set them to good music. Now we no longer consider them ours. This is denominationalism on our part carried too far.

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty" is perhaps the most profound and most theologically correct hymn to the Trinity that exists in English. Though composed by an Anglican, we ought not hesitate to use it. We have always benefited from the fruits of Protestant authors and musicians at Christmastime when we sing Phillips Brooks' "O

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Little Town of Bethlehem," Watts' "Joy to the World," and Wesley's "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." In all, there are forty translations from the Latin, and thirty-two plainsong melodies in the Episcopalians' book.

If a group of Negroes sang a hymn after Benediction in a Southern parish to the tune of "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," the pastor would wonder if his members had been "converted." Yet in the Cathedral of Fribourg, one of the most important churches in Switzerland where the liturgy is strictly observed, a popular French hymn to the very same wonderful tune is frequently sung by the famous choir after Solemn Mass.

"It's a small world," as strangers, citizens of the same town in the States say on meeting accidentally in a foreign land. Anybody from home looks even better when met in a strange place. Perhaps the same two people taking seats side-by-side in a city streetcar back home would hardly give a nod in greeting. An excuse, a need for friendship, they were both provided in the former instance; they were simply unavailable in the latter. Adapt this understandable situation to the historic one which we have in Pope John's announcement. Now we have an excuse to explore every conceivable means of uniting Christendom; we have the pressing need: preservation of our culture and civilization.

"Ecumenical" means world-wide, but the word comes finally from the Greek "oikos" meaning "house" or "home." Home bespeaks the ideal of unitedness in family life. However, there are real problems in family life: some large, some small. We should not expect otherwise regarding the unity of the Church. And if we would look upon the Protestant denominations as "wayward sons," let us remember the parable of the Prodigal Son. The father not only forgave his son out of love but even dressed him in

the best robe, gave him sandals for his feet and a ring for his finger, and killed a fatted calf for a feast in his honor. The Catholic Church can give out of love too, at least in non-fundamental areas where it still might hurt.

blues at midnight for Chris

TED BERRIGAN

I have loved you
in the early spring
and now my summers
must wither and die . . .

I know in my heart
that winter will bring
only a cold moon
and a lonely sky . . .

walking the streets
of the coming seasons
in the dark neighborhoods
of my own sad youth

I will seek my
solace at midnight . . .
a breath of cool rain,
a less bitter truth . . .

O my love, I will weep
in those streets at midnight . . .
will you weep for me, too?

Signs of Autumn

JOSEPH VALKY

FORESTS SPLASHED WITH CRIMSON RED
CREEPING VINES AND FLOWERS DEAD.

It's autumn before you know it:

A small girl brings me up to date on bird migration, saying it would be impossible for our family of cardinals to remain any longer in the bush by the fence. "They have to go", she says, "but they'll be back next year".

A novice history student, trying to get used to the idea, after a barefoot, baremidriff summer, of reading a book again. "What's evolution?" she says dreamily, her mind obviously on a sunny dock.

The small outdoor grill looking abandoned in the backyard.

The slight chill Thursday night's shower spread, the first non-warm rain in months.

The shoe departments crawling with small, wriggling customers while their mothers and patient salesmen try to fit them with school shoes.

The office-bound traffic thoughtfully slowing down to a creep at the intersections near schools.

The first faint rustle of fall is a lone maple leaf threading its way from the top of the ancient tree in the front yard, falling with a whisper at my feet.

The bulky envelope in the mail, containing the Ivy League football schedule with the press agents assessing chances of Yale's winning the round robin this year.

The Alembic

The baseball fans saying, "Who?" when the chances of Notre Dame are mentioned. They haven't got the diamond dust out of their eyes yet.

A beaten-up human standing in front of the city judge and the judge saying, "60 days", and the drunk's jaw dropping. It'll be Thanksgiving when he gets out.

The resort areas taking on a buttoned-up look, with fewer and fewer lights shimmering in the pools.

The voice of the record player across the lake has been stilled. It's owner is studying Aristotle at Vassar.

The air conditioning signs looking slightly out of place.

The beach balls in the sports departments of the stores seeming suddenly incongruous.

The city hanging desperately on to that extra daylight hour decreed by the Legislature, but Nature knows no laws but her own.

The early morning golfers waiting for the fog to lift so they can see the fairway.

A scurrying squirrel pausing long enough to look with amazement from her perch high in the tree at a city buried in haze; not even suggested in outline. Actually it's stirring from bed under a blanket of early autumnal mist.

Yes, GONE IS THE SUMMER, GONE THE GLOW
ALL IS WAITING FOR WINTER'S SNOW.

The Question of Quiz Contestants

TED THIBODEAU

To think that all those whizzes
Who won our admiration
On crooked TV quizzes
Fear cross-examination!

The Power of Words

TED THIBODEAU

Little Georgie chopped a tree down just to have some fun.
Afterwards he chopped it up to undo what he'd done.

Love Lines to an Old Flame

TED THIBODEAU

My heart's on fire with such desire;
I'm burnt up as can be.
With heart at stake, a match I'd make,
If you would just agree.
For I'm an ash that you will smash
If you be cruel to me.
So spark this blaze till end of days;
You've made a fuel of me.

The Plays of Shakespeare Simplified

TED THIBODEAU, '60

Romeo and Juliet

It seems that Romeo and Juliet
Were better off before they met.

Macbeth

The wife of poor Macbeth by her
actions shady
Proves without a doubt that
she is not a lady.

Richard III

To steal a kingdom, Richard
follows every wicked course
But in the end, he tries to
trade it for a horse.

Hamlet

The ghost of Hamlet's father
cries vengeance to the skies
And by the final act most
everybody dies.

Julius Caesar

Caesar's murdered brutally;
then wrapped up in a shroud,
Giving Anthony the chance
to make his mark upon the crowd.

