1969

Loyola University Rome Center Yearbook 1968-1969

Loyola University Rome Center

Follow this and additional works at: https://ecommons.luc.edu/rome_center_yearbooks

Part of the Italian Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation
https://ecommons.luc.edu/rome_center_yearbooks/41

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Loyola University Chicago Archives & Special Collections at Loyola eCommons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Rome Center Yearbooks by an authorized administrator of Loyola eCommons. For more information, please contact ecommons@luc.edu.

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 License.
And gradually, out of these masses of people, we knew faces and names and identities. From the rivers and mountains and deserts grew awarenesses until an obscure town name was enough to evoke a whole range of feelings. Sharing, with one fellow traveler or with the community of the moment, became an experience in a language surpassing any tongue. No one had ever told us that an Israeli looked just like an Arab, or that a Czechoslovakian pensione could be as warm-hearted as an Italian one. But the more we saw, the more we knew: Man has the same joys, the same pains, the same needs, the same peace. It may be only the means that are different.

Sometimes the young seemed to know all the secrets, and in other cultures the ancient held the wrinkles of wisdom. And always, we are here, ourselves, better for being aware of the world of Us beyond the craters of I and them.
Loyola University
Rome Center of the Liberal Arts

1968-1969 Vol. 5
Like a bird imprisoned
I've lived
for years,
Afraid to let myself out
to land on a mirror
or
collide with a wall
But now again still like
the bird
I acknowledge my wings
not afraid to the use them
to let on that I have them
to embark on a flight
long
hard
up
Faby, you would not believe the problems I've been having!! Maybe it's because I'm alone and not too many people understand English. It's not like Mexico was; there were always people who spoke English. Isn't it hard to imagine that we're actually thousands of miles from the U.S.?... a familiar face would look so good about now..... don't get me wrong, I love Rome but I'd also like a little of the good ol' U.S. right now.
Capri.
September.
Three a.m.
He: restless, spellbound, sea-child.
She: uncertain, knowing, moon-child.

Ostia Lido.
February.
Seven p.m.
They: ...and the whole world of one beach.
Italian life is pasta,
Sun-drenched friendships and
arrivedercis...
The molehill sputters, shakes, spews out smouldering ash: No more a sable backdrop, but animate black: stilling all.
Posh palaces are no more, but patricians flee (leaving three, rich but lifeless)
While nearer the angry mount those who sought a livelihood live no more— ever frozen by the living fire.
"America? I don't know. I can't remember (except for things like drugstores that understand and have what you want). I live in Rome now."

"America? I don't know. I can't remember (except for things like drugstores that understand and have what you want). I live in Rome now."
But while I was in Germany
I felt I was with men,
Tall strongs and capable women—
shadows of Hitler in the Hofbrauhaus:
Cries of anguish at Dachau.
And Bavarian sausages became
my life, washed with liters of beer.
Then I walked to Berlin, tortured symbol of war-pretend-peace, and they took my map away at the wall—because it showed the wall.
So I continued north, and Germany seemed even stronger: The West, and industry, and life, and vigor;
I spoke, but just a little.
Heidelburg caught me in the middle and I yearned to play the student prince; I fought the regimentation and admired the army, but I knew. I am not a German; respect and desire will fade but Deutschland cannot.
Neon city sitting on a plain: Madrid
mesons sitting in hiding
far from the wide avenues
unheard from the quiet Prado
(could anything be heard in Goya's
black room?)

the beat of a city's blood
courses through crowded meson
Spanish girls out 'til ten
Sangria all around
the boys' guitars are faster louder
Spanish voices quicken to the
staccato steps
and
swirling skirt of a table-top dancer

we Yankees split tortillas and chug
Sangria
playing "thumper" in a corner

the blood-beat always cools and
when it did
we all skipped home seveninarow
through
curly-crook streets and elbow curves
and someone hailed a taxi
and we laughed our joys
in a ring-around-the-rosy
round a statue-centered square.
The plains are Dali scenes—
a city, one building, one huge rock
stands single and alone
pausing on a vast rusted flatness.
While I sit studying,
Rome
might as well be
Chicago...
Granada, the Alhambra, a God-carved mountain pass at violet dusk. A day of orange groves and patchwork hills plowed by men and mules with wooden tools over grey-cragged mountains and rutted roads to Malaga on the coast.
We found Gibraltar's mass in a moonlight haze and next day was real coffee and soft toilet paper and English spoken everywhere.
Cordoba, Seville, Toledo, windmills and castles, cathedrals and battle sights, and skies, skies turquoise and black, skies rainbowed grey, skies blue all through or violet pink, skies that cover Spain.
All the sharing we have shared will never be in vain.

Although time and distance intervene to separate us they fail completely,

For we again come together as before and ever we share

Our mutualness our sharing has conquered all obstacles.
So many things to be said
so many experiences we have not shared together
and yet, so many we have
that it seems we are together in them all
each day I seem to be totally different from before
each moment I seem to become years older
I may die before I am thirty
and yet live nine hundred years.
Once in a town long lone I stood—
But didn’t ponder
the silent wonder.
I felt it there but did not ask.

And one stone still upheld another—
A testimony,
Cold and stoney,
To Nature’s strength. She held them there.

But round and in between them now—
Sunlight hazy,
Grass and daisy,
Brightened age but did not move it.

And still I stood, and shuffled in the past—
But thought of how
It would be now
Had man survived and nature passed away.
I love the world, people, snakes, pollen, poison—just everything that might possibly affect me. Perhaps someday I will feel that I have something that will help somebody (or, ideally, everybody) but for now I am still in the absorbing and experiencing phase.
The syncopated railroad tracks
And gently humming wheels
Secure me from the winter cold.
I wonder how it feels

To wander in that wilderness
Evading winter's chill
From snowy sky to feathered bush?
I wonder if it will

Be easy for a lonely one
To find a foreign friend
Without the aid of warmth or tongue—
Shall I be lost, again?
I've learned a great deal just about people since I've been here and I can't wait to talk to you—somehow it's just more comforting to talk with someone from the same part of the same country instead of foreigners all the time.
Ancient sands, still holding high her head:
Look at the impressive visas she gives.
And look, the walls across doorways,
The desert forts, the MIG's.
For us, Merryland and special prices.
For them, dirt and smell.
Proud heritage breeding Arabian steeds--
And for a tip you can get your camera back.
But now we know why
The Pharoah was the sun-god--
and the Nile, all life.
Is it fair
to me
to you
to say I’ve changed?
Can you accept
the new—
with an old past
once a product of that past
Now
a rebel against it?
Can you realize
that what was once
a must for me
is now
not
for the new me?
The smiling Sphinx will guard the Pyramids for our children as he kept them for us these thousands of years.
Little kids in pyjamas,
"You buy this, Mister, cheap?"
Don't eat the fruit.
In a world of one,
It’s always best
To try to recognize the rest.

In a world of two,
It’s always been
That while one sees, the other’s seen.

In a world of three,
You’ve found a crowd
And none may whisper love aloud.

And when there’re four
That’s when it’s found
That two will follow two around.

But in a crowd,
Well-hidden here,
The one is lone, but has no fear.
City of 500 mosques,
That's Asia over there...
"But where's the suede?"
Why did they do it to you?
You are not innocent,
O Jerusalem; you
languish 'neath churches
and gunfire and
pilgrims and tourists
and monuments and
all-not-so-holy
enterprises.

But when did they do it?
How long have these candles been burning,
coating the Tomb with black smoke?
And why didn't they tell us Calvary isn't
really a huge hill—just another church,
with scaffolding on it.

How long do you think they will
keep it up? Venerating all those
places and things.
Till the last Christian?
Or the last Jew?
Or the last Arab?
Eretz Israel,
tortured land of promises and curses,
of rocky desert land rejuvenated by kibbutzniks,
of Chosen Ones and of donkeys.

Five thousand years of yesterday,
wars, vendettas, refugees.
One today.
Tomorrow?
Peace.
Five months have past...
What have I done?
I have travelled,
experienced,
and learned
so much yet so very little.
All of life seems to be like that---
a never-ending list of things to do.
Girls promenaded,  
Photographers snapped,  
Artists painted,  
Babies napped.

The franc stumbled,  
De Gaulle ranted,  
Laborers marched,  
Students chanted.

The Seine rippled,  
Spires soared,  
Grapes fermented,  
Bartenders poured.
Latin Quarter streets,
frites,
sly students
in the backyard of Notre Dame.
In dimly lit rooms
air heavy with smoke
under yellow lamps
over mosaic tables
we sat and talked,
talked of revolution.
As wine flowed
tongues and minds became thick:
no more the social intellectuals
but the solitary contemplatives
disturbed by thoughts of the future.
I tried to escape;
I thought I could turn inside out,
and then my stomach would be still.
Or else I would climb
as far as--
as high as--
as beyond as--
Until I couldn't see anything.
But even then it would be the same me,
And I'd have to get back down again, somehow.
Snow mutes harsh reality
tones down the cries of sorrow
blankets the causes
with its whiteness.

Snow imposes peace
over human unrest
allows the latent love in each
to express itself for all
with its serenity.
Snow disappears
melted by the heat of unrest below
blackened by the very life
it covered and blanched
temporarily
for it is delicate.
Reality is again made naked
prey to turbulence and hate
exposed to its own cold truth
for it is cruel
when the silent serene
fantasy of snow
perishes.
Roma--

You frustrate me. What are you? Will I ever be able to relate to those back home the feelings you so subtly slipped into my mind and heart?

They will ask me: What is Rome like? or, Is Rome beautiful? City of enchantment, you are beautiful, and delicate, and soft. You move slowly, with grace, like the river that winds its way though your being. Yet within there is a pulsation that eludes me; perhaps it is the lady on Via Flaminia yelling at the butcher behind his counter, or perhaps the howl of the barker at the flea market. Or might the excitement be due to the Fiats and Alfas that race and crowd through your narrow veins?

You are elegant, yet you are so base. You treat your people well--you are fine company on a warm evening. The wine you offer is invigoratingly strong. The earth colors you so often wear put one at ease; you are not superfluous.

This affair intrigues me; you welcome me yet I know you do not understand me or my ways. You lure me with charming habits, and you prod me to stay with you, for I am happy in your presence. I’m leaving you soon. We both know it, but then what will happen? Shall I miss you when I return to the others I’ve known back home? Or will you fade and become only a memory in color, softer and more golden than ever before?

But I’ll come back, I promise. And speak to you again in my rusty Italian, and share with you moonlight and sunshine and sea and sand--we’ll travel again.

I won’t forget you.
Take me by the hand again
And lead me to your treasure.
And though we know that it can't last
Any more than we can measure,
I'm inclined to stay behind
And wait for better weather.
In a year we won't be here
But today we are together.

I've seen love so many ways
In rings and angry fathers,
That now seen through a clearer view
They all become such a bother.
I've been told it's not so bold
To leave the ladies grieving,
But when the word is in the air
I just get the urge for leaving.

And so you see that what I ask
Is not much for the giving.
Just that you might love me now
And tomorrow, go on living.
And don't pretend that it won't end
And hide beneath your covers.
Just mark me down for another clown,
And we'll say once we were lovers.
One star, one blade of grass,  
One pebble, one gull—  
No, rarely is there one perfect.  
One word—insufficient...  
Again and again, grazie.
One day as it rained
I lounged in class
And sank into oblivion.
Then he said, "That's all."
And it hit me: Thursday!
Now three days and the weather would change.
Security: Clouds may cover, and leaves may fall, but breakfast will never change.
We loathed classes
loved classes
cut classes
slept in classes.
And took notes
wrote letters
asked questions
watched a watch.

What I learned, I yearned to learn:
Languages, practical economics,
People, and myself in foreign situations.
There were the days we walked:
And this is my villa, my estate,
these my grounds. Each tree I'll
name, surveying from the roof,
possessing the gardens, the hills
in their splendor. Breathing with
beauty.
O Time, 
why are you so inconsistent? 
Precious moments dance 
too quickly by 
yet 
while I study 
your hands move as if they were 
struck 
with 
arthritis...
My old math teacher
Would be proud:
(I couldn’t even
Add out loud)
But now this
Foreign money caper—
From francs to pounds,
No pen or paper.
I've watched the sun set on Europe:
In Paris, London, Cairo, Jerusalem;
In Sounion, Capri, Torremolinos.
In Rome.
Remember that first morning
when we all saw it rise
just before Amsterdam?
And the first thing every morning,
The last every night...
Gobbling up centos,
Blaring bi-lingually,
The touchstone of the outside world--

Our American jukebox.
Lorraine Foster

Peter Mullen

James Zavislak

Karen Jacobsen

Sister Florence Marie, Classics

James Casey
A Roman morning,
Roosters alarming day's break,
Stucco country houses,
Ornamented with laundry,
Buxom, blushing
Donne del paese,
Dogs sniffing
after last night's scraps,
A pensive sky,
Romanticizing the past--
Keeps at arms-length
the future--
Tranquillizes
the present.
My eyes, still full of sleep,
Find my friends with
Heavy drooping heads
On weak, jelly-like bodies,
Drained of all strength
Yet with minds
Full of knowledge.
Soon it will be past:
the sea of pale faces,
the tension,
the despair,
Only to return again in spring
To contaminate the air.
It's a tricycle—
No, it's a toy car—
No, it's Agnelli's fortune-maker,
a 500.
Piazza Navona, candy and dolls, shepherds playing Christmas songs—The darkened Pantheon and the deserted Trevi, whose silent water soothes one's lonely soul...

"La Notte prima di Natale" and the orphans—the carols, the dinner, and the cosmopolitan gifts; These things I will remember when on future Christmases at home, I dream about the one I celebrated abroad.
Sciopero!
They halt the trains,
They stop the 67,
They cut off the water,
And the mail never
gets through.

Cecilia Cantlay

Francine Barsano

Anne Goodwin

Adrienne Shea
Spinning disks of ebony latex
free my soul.
Reality is obscured in
clouds of monoxide mist--
I was young and I rode to heaven.
All the gods knew my name.
The wind and rain made love to me:
I am born again,
I know no bounds.
Madrigal Munificence, I search for it...
"Can't you remember that
it's 3% olio??"
The Eternal City looked different to me last weekend under still, starry skies, a rainy morning, and a brilliant afternoon. Nothing had really changed; it just looked different. Maybe it was because for the first time I was enjoying Roma through the eyes of an old Roman. The city showed us its best, and we, in turn, added ten lire to the Trevi’s coin collection and said a fond goodnight to our second home.
Ode to Trains

I'm in the stomach of the snake.
I know not but the tunnels of
my mind, churning cauldrons of
curds and whey: But I cannot
dine with Little Miss Muffett. Rhythmic
snaps
of vulcan's fingers are all I have as
my companions. The glowering
gargoyle
destroys my dreams: Shadows are my
blankets.
Signature: "Il W.C. è rotto."
Pappagalli:
Italian (or Spanish, or French) men who follow, talk to, pester, pinch, beg, bother, question, apologize to, and generally terrorize any American girl who wanders within range. Usually harmless.
Carol Hatch
Deborah Baldwin
Mary Ann Spellman
Helen Von Ebers
Kathleen Butzberger
Paula Zannoni
Jerry DelGiudice
MOM AND DAD

EUROPE IS GREAT STOP SEND
SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS FAST

LOVE BILL
"... and I'm getting so sick of all my clothes--you would, too, if you packed and unpacked the same ones every weekend..."
Not Pictured:
Dr. Nemella Consentino, Italian
Dr. Fiammetta Del Turco, Italian
Carol Erickson, Library Assistant
Eileen McGann, House Director
Laurie McHale, Library Assistant
Joan Smidt, House Director
"... so his life now is life with God."
I am Yesterday.
I am gone from you forever.
I am the last of a long procession of days,
Streaming behind you, away from you,
Pouring into mist and obscurity, and
at last into the ocean of oblivion.
I depart from you, yet I am ever with you.

Once I was called Tomorrow, and was
virgin pure; then I became your
bride and was named Today; now
I am Yesterday, and carry upon me
the eternal stain of your embrace.
I am one of the leaves of a growing book.
   There are many pages before me.
Some day you will turn us all over,
   and read us, and know what you are.

I am rich, for I have wisdom.
I bore you a child, and have left him
   with you. His name is Experience.
I am Yesterday; yet I am the same as
   Today and Forever; for I am
you; and you cannot escape
from yourself.
Patrons

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Abend
Mr. and Mrs. Kep Aluli
Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Aron
Mrs. Eileen M. Becker
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Gosline
Mr. and Mrs. James H. Brooks
Mr. and Mrs. Harmon W. Broom
Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Buchheit
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burgert
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander E. Burke
Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. Cantlay
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cara
Mr. and Mrs. Carlton J. Carmody
Mr. and Mrs. James T. Casper
Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Chmelewski
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Colucci
Mrs. Angela Cummings

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Gillis
Mr. and Mrs. William Goodwin
Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Gordon
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth G. Becker
Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Grogan
Mr. and Mrs. Hurd B. Guiney
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Harley
Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Harrold
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond J. Haule
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Heidecker
Mr. and Mrs. James R. Keller
Hon. and Mrs. Outerbridge Horsey
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Houssiaux
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Howell, Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Jacobson
Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jost
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Kernberger
Mr. and Mrs. Cyril A. Kothman
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Krome
Mr. and Mrs. William Lambdin
Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Lautze
Dr. and Mrs. William F. Lichtman
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Lickwar
Mr. and Mrs. Dominic P. Longhini
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Maloney
Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Marre
Mr. and Mrs. James V. McAllister
Mr. and Mrs. M. D. McCuskey
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney F. McKenna
Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Meade
Mr. and Mrs. George V. Michelini
Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Miele
Mr. and Mrs. Jules G. Mollere
Mr. and Mrs. Donald P. Moloney
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Morrison
Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Mullen
Mr. and Mrs. James G. Murray
Mr. and Mrs. J.E. Ahern

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Murphy
Mr. Joseph Musumano, Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Nash
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nicolosi
Mr. and Mrs. Sol Parenti
Dr. and Mrs. George F. Parker
Mr. and Mrs. Dante R. Pelligrini
Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Powers
Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Rehrmann
Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Reisinger
Mr. and Mrs. George F. Robichaud
Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Sayed
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory P. Schiller
Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Schultz
Mr. and Mrs. Dan B. Sedgewick
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon P. Seitz
Mr. and Mrs. John G. Semon
Mr. and Mrs. Neil H. Small
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Smith
Mrs. Pauline Starck
Mr. and Mrs. Cy D. Steg
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard E. Strunk
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond R. Tanner
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Timlin
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Valentine
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Voll
Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Von Ebers
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond F. Wagner
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander R. Walsh
Mrs. Frances R. Watts
Mr. and Mrs. John Weicher
Mr. and Mrs. Bert F. Weiss
Dr. and Mrs. George E. Williams
Dr. and Mrs. Edward T. Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Zannoni
Mrs. Frances D. Zavislak
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Meagan
Avete mai provato a «vedere dall’alto»?
Riteniamo sia una delle emozioni più intense.
Vedere dall’alto significa percepire del mondo, della vita, una impressione nuova: anche se ciò può sembrare strano, rappresenta un ridimensionare ogni cosa: ad ogni cosa attribuendo una più giusta, più appropriata importanza.
Un uomo, un albero, un palazzo, una montagna: visti dall’alto, acquistano un valore diverso.
Il reale valore di piccole cose adagiate in un’infinità di spazio.
I momenti più belli del volo sono — a nostro avviso — proprio quelli che consentono di vedere sotto di noi tutte quelle cose tra le quali costantemente viviamo, ma senza «vederle».
Ci piacerebbe moltissimo essere proprio noi ad offrirVi la possibilità di «vedere dall’alto»: dall’oblo di un qualsiasi nostro aereo in volo non importa per quale destinazione: lungo una delle tante rotte che percorriamo ogni giorno in tutto il mondo.