

Change

GAY, LESBIAN, BI-SEXUAL ALLIANCE

Not too late to join the Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Alliance. If interested, contact [name] at [phone].

New Alcohol

THE IDOL

Action? At Union? Yes, It's True

It took a long time and a lot of prodding, but the Union College community appears to be reaching its greatest level of awareness and activism in recent memory. This trend toward consciousness has swept through the campus with a celerity that is usually seen only in epidemics, and administrative...
School District...
Sigma Xi

IFC Sets New Goals

ANDRUCHOW
State News Editor

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President Morris Announces Retirement From Union

Students Prepare For Campus Rally Administration Seals Fate On Camp Union

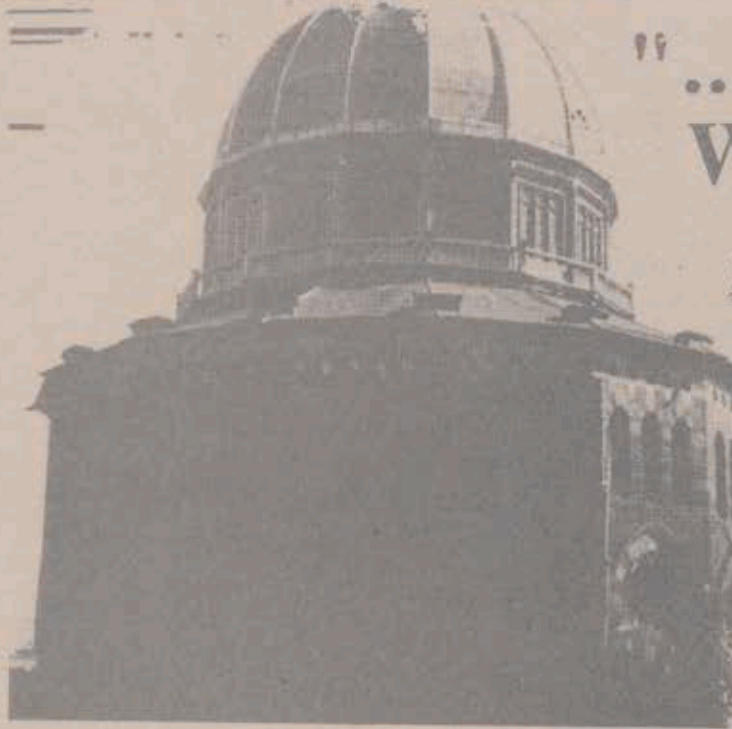
WHIDDEN

The Spring Idol

wants to ROAR!

Greek Life At Union Fading

To the Editor:
In response



"...The Way We'll Be"

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Photo of the Week: Creativity shown during Homecoming Parade

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW DAY



BY MARY

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SPEAKING COMPETITION

Feb. 2nd 8⁰⁰ pm Upperclass Dining
Minutes on a Randomly Chosen Quote.

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Concordiensis

Founded at Union College 1877

In Order to Form a More Perfect Union . . .

It is coming at a time when perhaps everyone least expected it. Amidst all the social and political changes taking our campus by storm, there exists a strong bond of cooperation between two sleeping giants. Both the administration and the students of Union College are coming to a slow, but nevertheless sure realization of the benefits that can be attained by working with each other rather than against each other.

This new found spirit of cooperation is being encouraged by several recent events.

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SPEAK
UP
UNION!



My Name Isn't
Union...

Record Setting Season For Dutchmen Football

EARTH DAY

KEEP IT ALIVE!

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THE IDOL

Spring 1990

PUBLISHED BY:
Union College © 1990

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SHARLYN LUBY
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MICHELE ALFANO

MUCH THANKS TO:
LORRAINE MARRA
THE IDOL WORKSHOPPERS

PHOTO BY RICHARD CROCKER

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Photo of the Week: Crea Homecoming Parade

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SPEAKING
Feb. 2nd 8:00 pm
Minutes on a

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EDITORS NOTE

A new decade. A time once again for change. But what can we hope for in the 90's? We can hope that artistic expression will burst upon the scene of our college community, and the voice of the Artist will be heard.

Every individual has their own form of expression unique unto him/herself. This year has been a time for many to speak out, and this year's Idol cover depicts such callings from our community. . . . And now, The Idol presents you with the voices of writers and artists who want to say something.

On behalf of The Idol, I would like to thank all of those who submitted their work for our annual issue. My mailbox was overflowing with literary work. . . . But now, we need to carry on the tradition. So for those of you who sit scribbling at countertops drinking black coffee, or for those of you who jot down an idea in the throes of the night - please think about submitting next year. Remember, the artist never stops creating.

Thank you and Enjoy!

*Dina M. Schweitzer
Editor*

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PHOTO BY DINA M. SCHWEITZER

LOVE POEM, VALENTINE'S DAY 1990

BY JANET SCHWARTZ

*"everything is directed at something"
she says*

*I'm aiming this at you
and for once not at
everything inside and outside
I'm pointing a letter-opener at
your well-trained brain cells
may they disappear and never return*

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GENTLY

BY CARL R. FRIEDRICH, JR.

*Each time I see another one pass me by-
it hurts a little more.
A little more I feel I've died.*

*There are no reasons that I can explain,
the pain, of which I feel. To see the blonde,
the amber, and not be able to touch. Everyone
has their own, and I, the true lover, have none.*

*So I hate you and hurt you, and burn you,
and drink you. I beseech you, only to wake,
bloated and in pain, searching in a half empty
bed for your comfort.*

*I walk alone and care for me less, wanting you
to save me but knowing I ask you half in jest.
How can one love and hate something? How
can you mock me? I hate you. And love you
just the same.*

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UNTITLED

BY MARY FARRIS

Heaven forbid I fail or fall.
God's ever-green grace marred
by the emptiness of the situation.
barren isles, fruitless smiles-
I'm dodging horror of dialect and song-
Silver and Black in Moon-lit yards
glinting off empty swingsets.
And in daylight, in the yellow
Hellfire warmth of Dawn,
I can see the footprints, tracks, embossed
in Earth where no child of mine can go.

PHOTO BY JIM EHLAN



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DAN

BY MELISSA FABEL

The sun hadn't yet warmed the early morning
of summer, and as I held your hand
I watched your tan legs dangling
over the side porch of the old house

that overlooked the lake through the evergreens.
Your legs were covered with the same red of your hair
and I thought of them being attacked by
an army of red ants and no one noticing-not even you.

I asked you what she was like.
You said that she was pretty.
You told me that she would put wine on her lips
before she would kiss you-she thought it was sexy.

I thought of putting wine on my earlobes
like a sweet perfume to seduce you.
"Was it red or white?"
"I hate wine," you said.

ULTRASOUND

BY NAMITA RAVAL

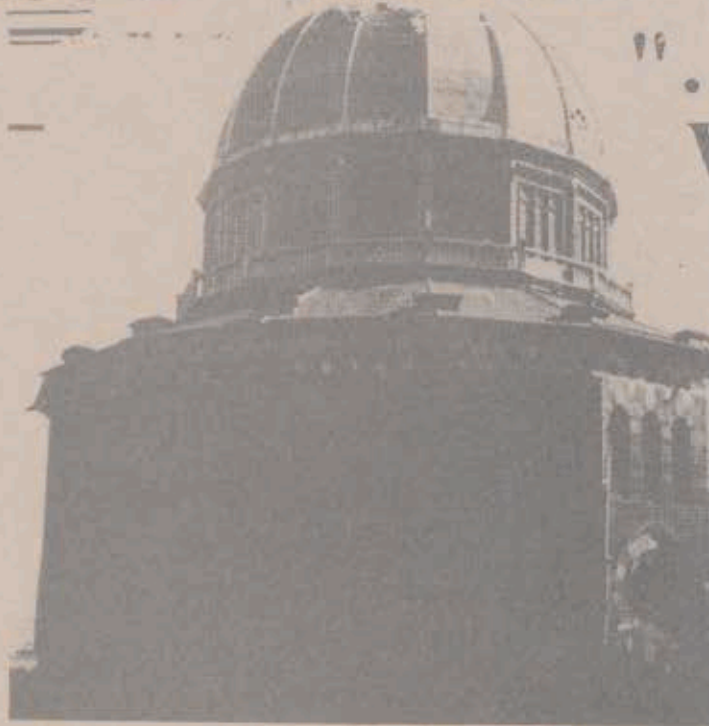
*Line by line, in neutral echoes
Of high-frequency acoustic pulses,
I see-hear my first impression of you:*

*A silent stranger in my uterine chamber,
Where you whirl and crash in a
Slamdance-sleep I feel in my eyes.*

*Somewhere between sound and sight
And black and white, between
You-in-me and me-in-you,*

*We coil into one, with a vague bond
That sustains you and screens me
From whom I perceive you to be.*

E I D O L



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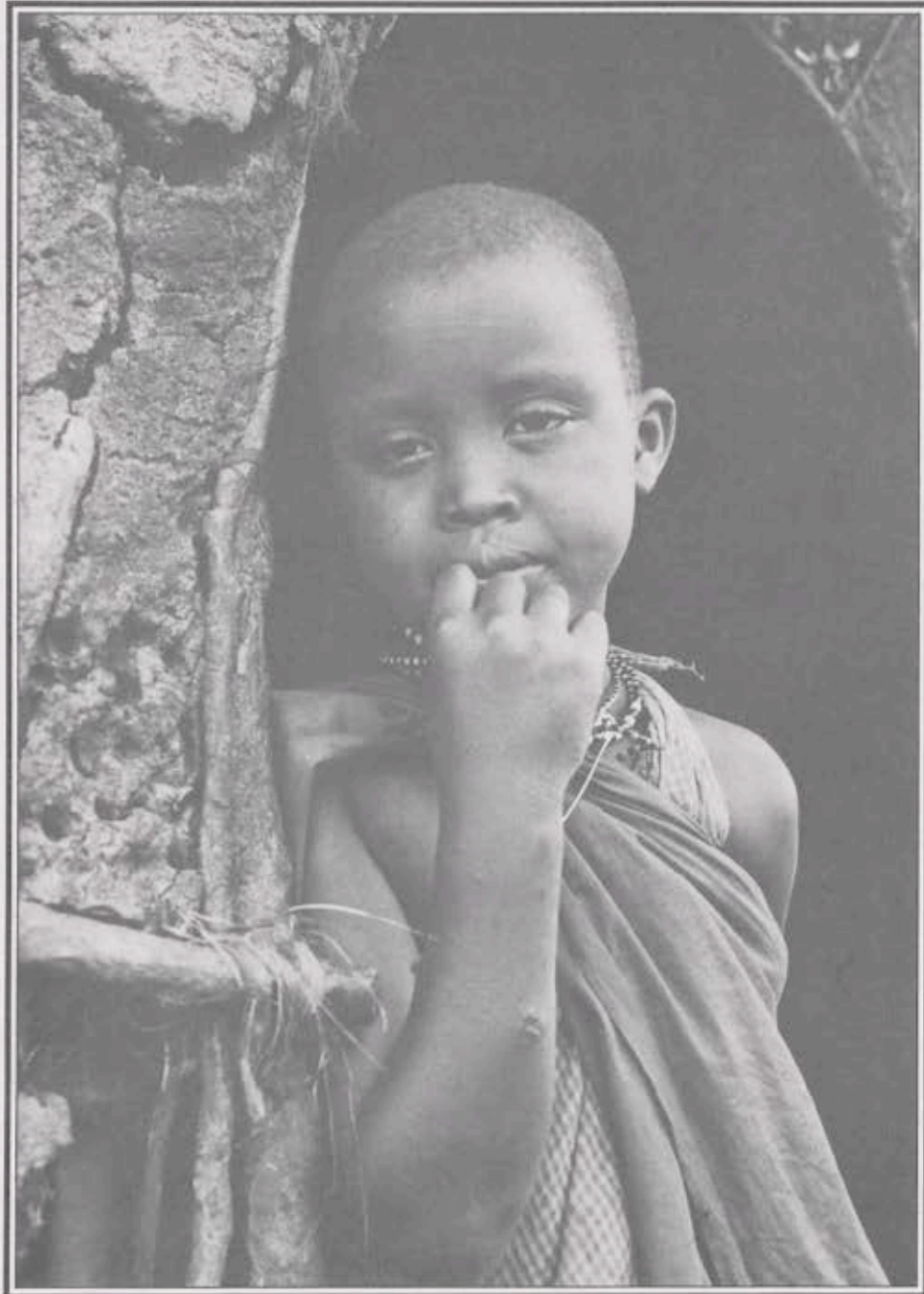


PHOTO BY JIM EHLAN

BLACK MOOD

BY AIME SIMON

*The slamming door, a frame,
For the slaughter of millions;
Sunken shrivelled bodies dancing in the flames
like rolled up newspapers,
forming letters in the muddy sky.*

Or not so severe. . .

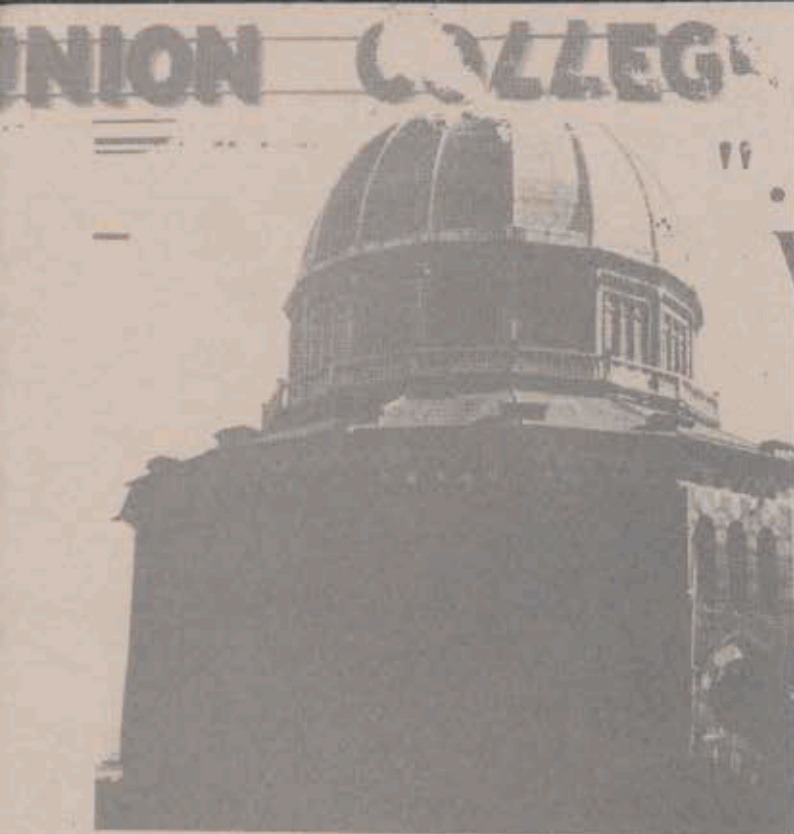
*Driving fists pumel-
A drunkard pushes his wife against the
HOT stove, creating an angry
Red welt.*

*Perhaps a schoolyard fight,
two bullies ribbing a shy boy,
in his best suit, amid the sound of laughter.
Flung to the ground, his pants are covered in
Mud.*

Or . . .

*Maybe, I should just bury my head in a pillow
And let the wind rage.*

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A LAMENT IN SUMMER LIGHT

BY SHARLYN LUBY

Light through the blinds striped the carpet.
She told me:

"I have watched how
For a long time now, many months
My grandmother has hung soft in space
How beneath her lies a floating net
That rises light in air
Whose filaments could, without warning,
Spread soundlessly
To slip her softly down and in

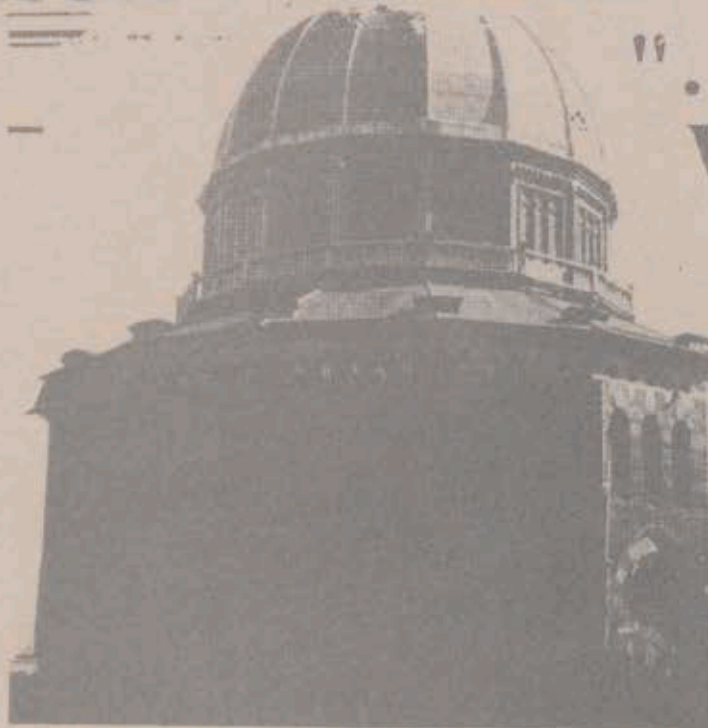
I have seen her muted-blue eyes apologize
That her shortened form and blue-white hair
Call attention to that bobbing web
Beneath the fog of my smooth lips and hands

She often leans hard on the creaking table
To wipe its gathered and persistent dust

But she does not perch in arched pirouette
On some chasm's lip;
She does not sway there in strong winds;
There she does not smooth her hair
Or clear her throat

She lifts an orange cup of coffee to her lips
And squeezes my hand hard.

I have seen how
Her green housecoat lifts
As she spins sinuously away from me
To pinch browned leaves
From plants that bunch richly over
Hung plastic pots



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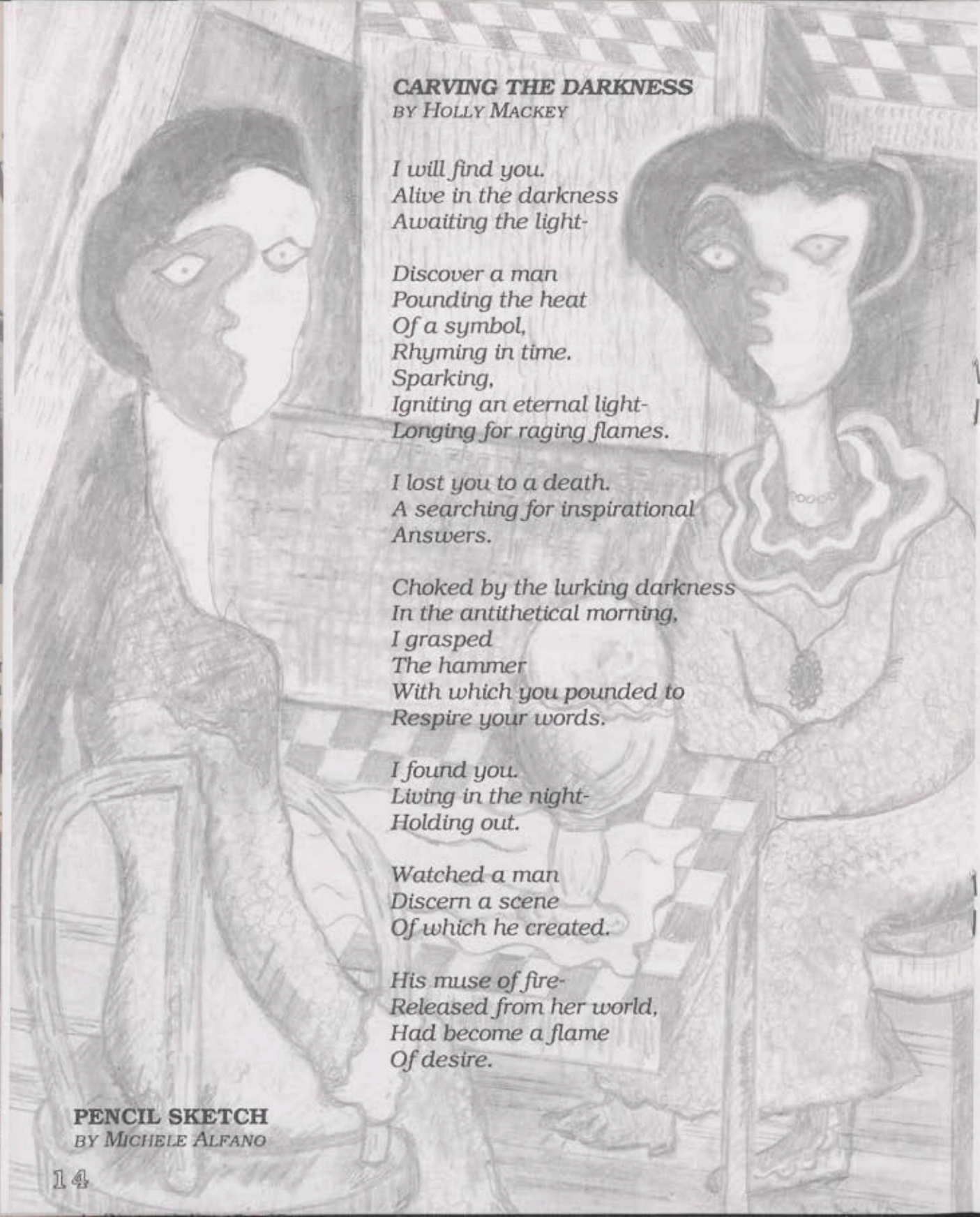
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CARVING THE DARKNESS

BY HOLLY MACKEY

I will find you.
Alive in the darkness
Awaiting the light-

Discover a man
Pounding the heat
Of a symbol,
Rhyming in time.
Sparking,
Igniting an eternal light-
Longing for raging flames.

I lost you to a death.
A searching for inspirational
Answers.

Choked by the lurking darkness
In the antithetical morning,
I grasped
The hammer
With which you pounded to
Respire your words.

I found you.
Living in the night-
Holding out.

Watched a man
Discern a scene
Of which he created.

His muse of fire-
Released from her world,
Had become a flame
Of desire.

PENCIL SKETCH

BY MICHELE ALFANO

*You pounded your words-
And I breathed them.
Lit your fire for your
Trade, and ignited an
Immortal attraction.*

*Forget the good and evil-
For you are destined to
Carve in the darkness
And rhyme in the light.*

WARMING STONE

BY HOLLY MACKEY

*Blinded by the darkness
We stumbled down the muddy path.
Searching for a step of firm ground,
I grabbed you.
I had walked these steps many a time,
But my damp thoughts confused me and
Led me astray.*

*We sat on a man made stone,
Stepping to nowhere, nowhere.
In solitude we observed the light
Peeking through the trees.
I captured some on my knee-
You touched it.
It vanished.
For light can not be captured.*

(continued)

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In Order to For More Perfect Union . . .

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The sounds trickled into my ears.
I could turn the volume up and down
By controlling my thoughts and words.
During my silent thoughts I could hear
The brook moving over dry ground.
The wetness over dryness made a hollow hush.
I could hear you-
Your thoughts weren't silent.

Disturbed by the presence of life,
You became nervous.
I moved and put my head on the stone . . .
Frozen in contemplation I began to dream.
I sighed to relieve the tension left over
From days past.
Not knowing what to make of it,
I loosened every thought.

We talked, and I moved to the water.
I needed to touch it,
To feel the hollow hush.
As I knelt by the stream,
I touched something warm.
The passing energy from the moving water
Had warmed the stone.
I stepped further and flirted with the brook.
We had to move on.

We walked on, and on.
Passing in and out of that light.
We touched each others thoughts,
For the darkness had mesmerized us.

ONCE BELIEVED

BY JOHN DONOHUE

So declared it is.
I fix upon the horizontal
deep in a terrible drunk
the world no longer beneath me
the sky confused with the stars
sands stuck in my throat refuse
to release me.
So declared it is.

Strangely smiling and clean
the doctor can't conceal
his amazement at this seeming sobriety.
"Nary a trace of alcohol in his blood,
yet he fumbles with speech and such."

It is time to sleep.
Smile on love drunk,
time will reveal the divisions
between the poets and the fools.

**THE FRAME
IS A SENTENCE
AND THE MUSEUM
A MAUSOLEUM.**

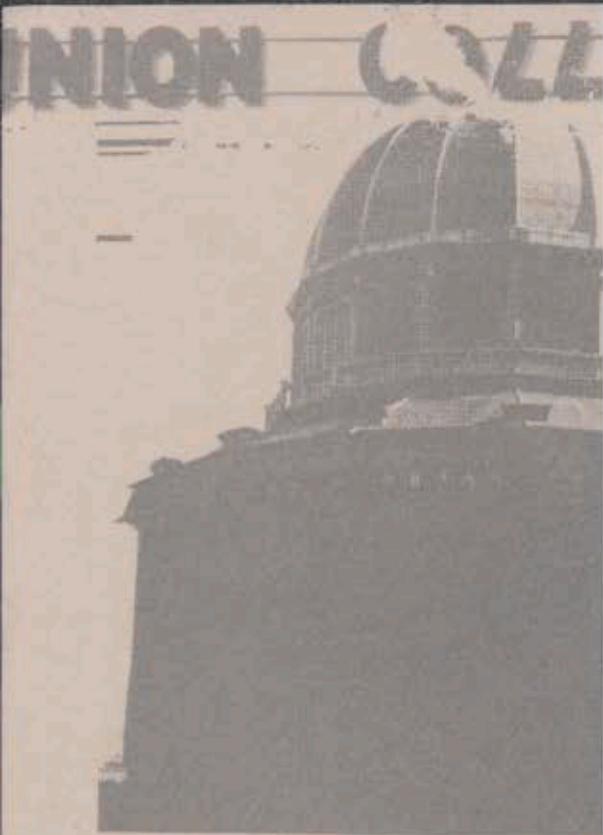
BY JOHN DONOHUE

*Picture a painting
its frame unable
to contain the pictured*

*See reds, blues and black
as escaping, transgressing, rejoicing
Hallelujah an irreverent sea.*

*The mausoleum walls stained
and the sentence broken
means poetry reigns*

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A Sadder Wiser Boy

BY DAVID ADINOLFI II

Where do martyrs come from
And what do they do? Davey asked.
They come from all over and try to help people
And then they get shot or gassed

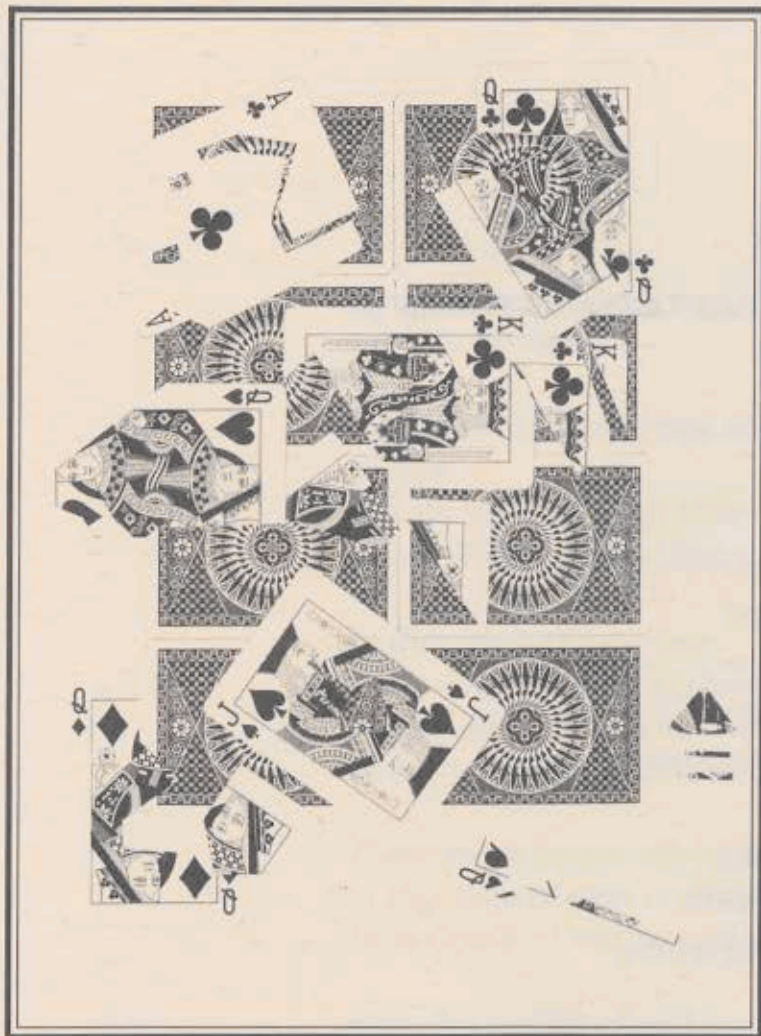
Why are they hurt for doing good things
The innocent precocious child said
The people they help don't want to be helped
They're mentally sick and spiritually dead

Like Katy down the street
With her jacket with buckles in back?
Why honey, my sweet little darling Mom said
What on earth sort of jacket is that?

A tight silver white one she tries to bite off
With the arms tied in knots behind
That jacket is like that so she'll not hurt someone
Davey, that poor little girl is out of her mind

I tried to save her and she kicked me here
Don't try to save her, save yourself little dear

Mom I don't like being a martyr he said
Now that, my boy, is using your head.



COLLAGE BY MICHELE ALFANO

D O L

MAYBE

BY DAVID ADINOLFI II

Such a middling-
Piddling word
Mine angry ears
Have never heard.

Maybe life is beautiful
A sensual-carnival delight-
Or maybe life is ordeal,
Sound and fury, fight or flight . . .

And maybe I'm a lunatic
Irretrievably insane-
Or maybe you can't make too much
Of a soft spring-morning rain.

Maybe you are ruining
An epic-romantic story
Or maybe I have fabricated
This "would be, could be" glory.

Maybe I'm in love with you
With a love false, or true
Or maybe this consuming fire
Has nothing to do with you.



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A POEM BASED UPON A CLASSICAL CHINESE THEME

BY JOSÉ ANDRADE

I went into the army at age fifteen,

At eighty, I left for home.

I saw a man walking from my village

and asked him where my home was.

He didn't know, but I found a place

to stay anyway, covered with flowers

and roots, rabbits and pheasants playing

together in a dog hole.

I cooked wild mushrooms and herbs,

drank from the well and departed earth.

When Death greeted me, I asked him where

my home was, he didn't know.

I left him weeping, but I found a place

to stay anyway.

AFTER A BROTHELFULL

BY JOSÉ ANDRADE

*After a Brothelfull, none shall compare to you
so true*

*Breath to flesh, flesh to breath,
never immature, our feet kiss*

*In this tired, driven love,
wear what's left of my love with pride &
Please do not touch me with
blurred tongues or evil roses.*

*There must be something wrong with my misery
in this time of man and machine fucking rather easily
Hart Crane would be proud of me*

*Still, there is no other I want more than you,
a happiness greater than our tired, driven love,
I will write you poetry,
then all will be fine.*



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PHOTO BY DINA M. SCHWEITZER

BLESSINGS

BY MELISSA BLOOM

gin and tonics
furnished attic
"Rocky Horror", loud
 you
beaten, gutted, black-eye-bruised
didn't know there was
peace maintenance
 I win

angled chimney, points
through the ceiling.
affection, compassion, yes right
but the 8 foot phallus
reminds, reminds me
Time is Fleeting
No patience left

Numb out
pray

Forgive beauty perfection
genius thin art
love strength long hair
bright darkness and soul
but passion—

 while I have none—
 Passion's a sin!

Numb out
Stay Sane inside Insanity
pray
pray for revelation

bubbles in a bathtub
O Fantasy Free Me
echoing lack of a lover
old lover touching with insistence
quickly me now

 please
stubble scratch
taste of tea weed sensation
pray
pray for sanction
pray for supreme unction

Amen

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FOR THE SAKE OF SANITY

BY MELISSA BLOOM

She: You don't fulfill my needs.

He: I don't fulfill her needs. I know. She needs to be happy. I gave her roses on Valentine's Day. I took her to a punk Malaysian strip club. I brought her home to meet my mother. I fed her oysters and vodka and white Godiva chocolate while she lay naked on fake red fleece. I hit her once.

She: You don't fulfill my needs.

He: I don't make her happy. I have a degree in marketing. My mother was a dancer, my sister is a whore. I hate the winter. I never learned French. I am allergic to wool.

She: You don't understand me.

He: I don't make her happy. I know. In high school I was in love with a girl who wore pink and wrote suicide note poetry. I got laid on the grade school playground. I got caught. It was my first time.

She: You don't understand me.

He: I don't fulfill her needs. I enjoy the evening news. I like squash. I took her to Paris! I took her to the toxic air exhibit at the Museum of Science.

She: You don't fulfill my needs.

He: I wrote her a letter on perfumed toilet paper. It said "I love it when you wear my shoes. Run away with me." She never wrote back. I hit her once.

She: You don't understand me.

He: I love her.

She: You don't make me happy.

He: I don't make her happy. I know. I am afraid she will leave me. I am afraid. She will leave me. I don't fulfill her needs. I love her. I love it when she wears my shoes. I am allergic to wool. I hit her once.

She: You don't even try.

He: I love it when she wears my shoes.

DADDY IN DETROIT

BY MELISSA BLOOM

I was at Detroit Metro last week, a layover on my way home. I like flying. No, really I don't. Every change in motor tone sounds like instant death, especially when I'm reading modern literature (which I was and never will again). And, when you're paying bargain fare (which I was), they seat you next to the engine, right there, so if it suddenly explodes (which it might) you fly right out the hole it (probably) creates. Always fasten your safety belt in the cheap seats. Although it might be better to suffocate than crash. (It might not.)

I saw my father. No, I thought I saw my father. But I wasn't sure if he was or not. So I sat down.

I sat down with my large coffee. We, my coffee and I, were next to him, but a little ahead of him, facing the way he was, looking at the same things (or would have been if he'd been looking out. Which he wasn't). He was writing in a notebook. I was almost sure he was my father. I looked over my shoulder; he wore a dark suit, he had a briefcase beside him. His dark hair, parted on the side, a not untypical style, was on my father's short clear forehead, above his thick straight brows, his long pretty lashes and his blunt nose. He sat working. He wore brown suede walking shoes. They reassured me. My father does not wear soft shoes.

I watched flight attendants buy salads and sit across the room in non-smoking, where the man who looked like my father (but wore weak shoes) would have been looking (if he hadn't been busy writing), and I opened my magazine. I was reading an article on bisexual men who may or may not be married and whose wives may or may not know about their affairs, when it occurred to me — and I'm not quite sure what the association was—it occurred to me that he might have bought new shoes!

("Excuse me sir, are you my father?" "Excuse me, but it is remarkable how much you resemble my father! Oh, hi Dad, joke." "Hey Dad! Didn't you see me?") I slid my eyes backwards again. His cheek was too smooth, too healthy, his hands not hairy enough. But everything else, everything else.

I do see my father every few months. I know what he looks like. I never think about it. I only think descriptions of people when they're new. I have a new lover, and I know so little about him that I could word you a photograph.

How do you apologize for not recognizing your father?

I had to decide whether to walk out or ask. If I walked out I would never know. I might, but if he hadn't seen me, or did not believe I hadn't seen him, he would never mention it in a casual conversation. And then I would never know. ("Excuse me sir—") Looked again. Yes it is. No. Maybe. Yes.

He left first. He left. I didn't look like his daughter. He didn't ask if I was her. He never even saw me. I went to my gate. I sat. In the smoking section.

FINAL CALL FOR FLIGHT 1414 SERVICE TO BUFFALO BOARDING THROUGH GATE E AS IN ECHO 12 THATS FLIGHT 1414 SERVICE TO BUFFALO BOARDING THROUGH GATE E AS IN ECHO 12

Then I saw my brother. I knew it wasn't my brother because my brother doesn't smoke. He might, though, when there's no one around who knows him. (Which I'd never know unless that was my brother, which I knew it wasn't, and besides, he didn't look as much like my brother as the man who looked like my father looked like my father.)

And I knew I wouldn't see anyone who knew me. I looked around to make sure. None of these people even looked like people I knew (except the man who looked like my brother).

THIS IS THE FINAL BOARDING CALL FOR FLIGHT 149 SERVICE TO PARIS FRANCE BOARDING THROUGH GATE D AS IN DICTATE 5 D AS IN DICTATE 5. ALL PASSENGERS FOR FLIGHT 149 SERVICE TO PARIS FRANCE MUST NOW BOARD THE PLANE AT GATE D AS IN DICTATE 5.

I will never ask my father if he was in Detroit that night. And he will never ask me. Of all the genetic mathematical miracles in this world, someone who looks uncannily like me (but is not) (and who can probably balance a check book) was not in Detroit.

Maybe my father or my brother saw her somewhere, didn't talk to her, and now wonders if she was me—if I was her. And if, maybe, they approach me gently or coldly, it doesn't mean I have lost their love. Or. Did I hesitate in the Metro because I love my father so much that I knew my eyes lied, or. Or do I not love my father at all?

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PHOTO BY TODD JORGENSEN

"Welcome to Brandi's," the hostess smiles. Here at Brandi's, we offer a relaxed dining atmosphere and delicious cuisine. Or at least that's what it says in the Diner's Club book. What really makes our restaurant unique, as only those of us lucky enough to be behind the scenes know, is our ability to make our food work for us. Take soup, for example. Tomato soup may be Sunday's soup du jour; Monday's tomato soup with macaroni left over from Sunday's buffet that didn't sell; Tuesday's tomato soup with very soggy macaroni; Wednesday's secret ingredient in our prize-winning tomato sauce for the chef's choice; you get the idea.

Of course, you are ignorant of all this when you sit down to peruse the menu, and I tell you that the soup du jour is tomato macaroni, forgetting to mention its genealogy. I also omit to mention that our favorite things to tell the cook (excuse me, chef) are one, to stop sweating his onion-pungent sweat into the food, and two, sung to a Pat Benatar tune, to stop using food as a weapon. Ignorant of these minor details, you just ask for a cup of soup, Italian on the salad, and medium-rare on the ribeye. So I serve you and clean up after you and pick up my tip and go sit down to have a tenth cup of coffee with the other waitresses.

Rose and Julie and I, and Robert the busboy, sit at the back table behind the waitress station where the customers can't see us. We talk to kill time, an unkind thing, unless business is very slow and you've cleaned everything in sight three times. Robert goes to college near by. He's nearer my age, which is twenty-seven, so we talk mostly about his courses and my time in college, or my love life, or my lack of one. Rose and Julie are mothers and grandmothers, so they talk about their kids and about homosexuals. That's one of our favorite topics here, since a lot of our staff and management is homosexual, and flamboyant about it.

Robert and I pause often to digest our elders' conversation. Julie tells the latest fag joke and laughs harder at her sense of humor than any of the rest of us. Then she signals the opening of the nightly discussion of "the fags" with one of her always witty starters:

"These fags are really getting out of hand around here. Did you know this place is starting to get a reputation as a gay hotel?"

Robert and I just look at each other. He continues telling me about his class in Etruscan history. He is writing a paper on the death rituals of this culture.

"They used death masks. I guess they were a lot like Grecian drama masks, except they're more, I guess expressive. Usually they're all contorted. Kind of like that," he says, and points to the bitchy woman sitting alone on twenty-eight.

Julie puffs on her Parliament and recrosses her legs, which have withstood well six pregnancies and twenty years of waitressing. Not a varicose vein in sight. She continues in her nasal tone to debate

the plight of American society, which is, even as we speak, sleepily unaware of the imminent homosexual invasion threatening it.

"You know," she says coughing, "you know," and we all look at her earnestly, wanting to know, "every night I get down on my knees before I go to bed and I thank God my kids are straight." Cough, cough. "I'd kill my kid if I ever found out he was a fag, and then I'd kill myself." Cough, cough, cough. All this debate has gotten Julie really riled up, and has gotten her asthma (I think that's the ailment of the week) really going.

"I know what you mean," says Rose, nodding her head. "It's not normal." Her hands shake as she lifts her coffee mug for a sip.

"What's 'normal' anyway?" asks Robert. He always sounds sarcastic, although sometimes he does just want to know.

"They can't have kids when they have sex," Rose says, in the tone of one stating the obvious. Rose is a devout Catholic with tightly curled auburn hair that sits on the top of her head in the vestiges of an enormous beehive hairdo. She says her rosary three times a day and has been working here since the place opened to raise three sons single-handedly after her husband left. "It's just not normal," she repeats, her voice hushed.

Robert stops talking about Etruscan death masks and pushes back his blond hair. Robert is Jewish, and his father is a Polish Catholic alcoholic. Robert will have finished school in two and a half years and wants to go to California to study medicine part-time and bus tables part-time and become a doctor even if it takes him until he's forty. He tells me he feels his life is somewhat unfulfilled because he's never taken organic chemistry. But he did buy his mother a five hundred dollar set of cultured pearls from the best jeweler in Albany for the Christmas-slash-Hanukah holiday. She had always wanted them, but her husband did not believe in expensive gifts; just expensive scotch. J&B, I think Robert told me once. He had gone home for the holiday ("It sounds like a song," he said) and seen a lot of J&B bottles. Red-letter labels snickered at him from the garbage can and the den shelves.

"Rose, did you want to have kids every time you had sex?" he asks.

The grandmother of nine replies, "No, are you kidding? That isn't the point."

Robert knocks against the table getting up, and spills a lot of black coffee. "Sorry," he murmurs. I know that they think he's going to clean a table, but I know he's going to the bar to talk to Arlene. I saw her come in. She takes buses up and down Central Avenue, and Robert has never been able to find out exactly where she goes. I know he thinks she's beautiful, something I could never understand. Anyway, now he's stranded me. I'm not sure why I stay at the table when Robert leaves, as he usually winds up doing. It's

not the close-minded conversation; and it's definitely not the coffee. I guess I just need the sound of words around me.

Rose puts her hand on my arm. "Dear, I almost forgot. If you still need me to work for you Friday night, it's no problem." I was hoping for a phone call this week from Tom. I should know by now not to plan ahead like that—it dooms it. I think men have a sixth sense that can see you writing a question mark on your calendar's Friday P.M. It saves them a lot of time—before they spend their money on a dinner which won't get them sex, they can just crumple up your phone number and toss it over their shoulder. "No thanks, Rose. I'm not doing anything." Rose smiles at me over the rim of her coffee cup. "Are you sure?" she asks softly. I think Rose drew question marks on the squares of her calendar days, too. But probably no men wanted to date a single mother twenty years ago. "Yes. Thanks, though." Her hands shake as she puts down her cup. "Any time, dear."

Julie says, "You know, on Geraldo this morning they talked about the guy who started AIDS. He worked for an airline in Canada and he was a fag."

I toy with the thought of telling Julie that African monkeys were the first AIDS victims, and that they probably weren't homosexual, although some monkeys in captivity have been known to engage in certain acts. I say nothing and curve my hand tighter around my hot coffee cup.

The other night I went to Robert's apartment to have dinner and watch a movie. We were peeling potatoes when he told me his grandmother had sent him an antique brass menorah for Hanukah. "Today's the last day of Hanukah. Do you mind if I bring it out?" he asked. I said I didn't, so he stood it in the curtainless window. "My grandmother sent me the prayer book, too," he explained, rummaging through the packaging popcorn. I think he was embarrassed. He found it finally, but his grandmother forgot to send candles. He had to go looking through the pantry and came out with a box of pink and blue birthday candles. "There are only six," he apologized. I shrugged. He had to lean them against the sides of the holders because they were meant for much larger candles. We spoke the syllables of the Hebrew words that had been phonetically spelled out, while the potatoes bubbled, loud behind our voices that were soft and awkward in the old prayer. The chicken and potatoes were done by the time we were done with the prayer so we sat down to eat. We drank skim milk because Robert doesn't drink. It's mostly because of his father. He also drinks milk to help settle his stomach, because Robert vomits after most meals.

Rose interrupts my memory with quiet convicted Catholicism: "I think it's a punishment. I really do." There is a glimmer in her eye, and I think about glimmers. I wonder what was in the eyes of the men at My Lai. Maybe this. Maybe not. I wonder if there were homosexuals Etruscans. Where did they get all this hate from? Not the Etruscans—I mean these women sitting next to me. I look at

them and their faces are old and lined. They've gone through the change, they tell me. Their breasts are sinking into their stomachs. Julie's hysterectomy hasn't stopped the sharp nighttime pains in her ovaries; I guess it's like an itch in an amputated limb. Both women buried their mothers not long ago.

I was just about to fall asleep last night when Julie called me. She asked me to work for her, and then we got talking about Robert. She always tries to pry information out of me about him. I wish I could just tell her that it's none of her business, but she never lets me get away with anything. She just keeps nagging until I tell her, or get off the phone somehow. I took a shower to relax after I hung up; she made me pretty angry. Something made me think of checking my breasts for lumps when I was in the shower, but I let it go because I was too tired.

"It's a punishment from God for what they do," Rose says, waxing redundant. I open another sugar and the tiny white crystals hiss into my cooling black coffee.

"It's what they deserve," Julie says. "It's not normal."

Stephen was the first martyr, but nobody knows that much about him because his martyrdom wasn't anything spectacular. Peter was hung upside down when he was crucified, and Andrew was crucified on an X-shaped cross. But there wasn't enough symbolism to Stephen's death to make him stick in people's minds. He was simply stoned. He tried to run, and then shield himself with his arms, and he was crying, but the rocks kept hailing on him. But then I know he stopped crying. He was lying on his back by this time, waiting for consciousness to let him go, and a woman in a long brown robe came up to him and stood by his side. She looked into his bruised and bleeding face. He could barely focus his eyes on her, but he could see that wrinkled bags were beginning under her eyes, and even under the robe, that her breasts had been sinking. In Christ's Hebrew she addressed him. "You have frightened me. You have said that my God is not my God any more. I do not know what to think. This is why." Then she dropped a small stone on him and Stephen lay still on the sand.

I add a little cream to my coffee and stir. Julie and Rose keep talking while I get up from the table and go to find Robert. I feel an icy stare in my back and hear a low voice behind me. Robert is talking to Arlene, who won't talk when I'm around. It's almost time to close anyway, so I go into the kitchen and start stuffing stale rolls into a plastic bag. I don't think I'll be able to sleep when I go home. I drank too much coffee again. I would like to ask Rose and maybe even Julie over for a cup of coffee but I'm not sure I would have much to talk about with them.

Robert has a lot of cleaning up to do, so I punch out and sit in the lobby, waiting to give him a ride home. But by eleven-thirty he still isn't done so I walk out the side door into the icy night.

HOT RUN ON THE EAST COAST

BY MATTHEW FUTTERMAN

Hot as a bitch out there today, not much air to breathe but the left sneaker's tied and the right one's just about done. No socks and the shoes are still wet from yesterday's stroll through the park. No shirt so I can feel that first unabsorbed drop trickle down the cord as the double knot finishes. Don't listen to mom's ramblings - never really are too important at this time of the twilight. Ten yards down my hill and I finally hear my screen door slam. Now finally I'm on my own. No one else is as crazy as I am and pounds the pavement during the ozone alert days to work things out and get happy.

First landmark is after the semi-hill is good old Larchmont Yacht Club, home of Larchmont's best Protestants. Give 'em credit though, they've got the token Jewish family and if you search hard enough you'll probably find a Catholic one too. Fifty five year old graying white tennis skirt drives her Volvo out the gates windows rolled up tight as they can go. Slows down a bit as I cut in front. Figure I'll give the bitch a thrill - probably hasn't seen a half-naked anything in a little while since her husband's too caught up in the martinis and the coming race week to give her the time of night.

Coming up to the seawall half mile into the loop and I realize the bitterness is a little high. Susie cried that night we sat here and smoked the Marlboros even though we hated cigarettes more than anything. Told me she'd really miss me going back to school. Pretty good night even though didn't get too much it being sentimental and all. Tennis skirt in the Volvo probably had one of those back in her day. If she'd roll down her windows it might all come back.

(Cramp starts to kick in - got to find the rhythm. Come on listen to the breathing and feel the beat in the feet.)

Ah but here we go into the middle section - Manor Park we call it. Book of Lists says one of the ten most beautiful meetings of land and water in North America. Sound hits the rocks as the water moves in and out of the coves in a rhythm I can almost breathe with. Took the

PHOTO BY RICHARD CROCKER

mind on a journey as my thumb slid quietly over her hip one night. Reality and a curfew set in then and before I know it the rolling seaside path meets Larchmont Ave. and the Volvo tennis skirt fucks up my rhythm making me wait to cross.

Shorts are pretty soaked at this point and I've got to find a way to turn it on for the final straightaway mile. Body feels like it was the dunked in the Sound as I cruised by only the Sound turned into a one hundred twenty degree jacuzzi somewhere along the way. Josh's house passes me along with 5-22-86 and I'm in his vacationing parents' bed again in the middle of this last leg. "I never really did that to anyone before," she tells me, "I hope I did the right thing." Memory is pretty good but at the time I can't say I could really tell good from bad. Car door slams and it all ends quicker than I know.

Sprinting down my hill now trying to kick it and finish strong at home. Feeling almost satisfied knowing that it's coming soon. Lungs are pulling the air in the out as hard as they can. Into my driveway and the legs slow to a stop as the gasping keeps up for a few more feet. Then it settles back down letting my heart race through the recovery as the tennis skirt slides over her ankle and the central air brings out the goose bumps.

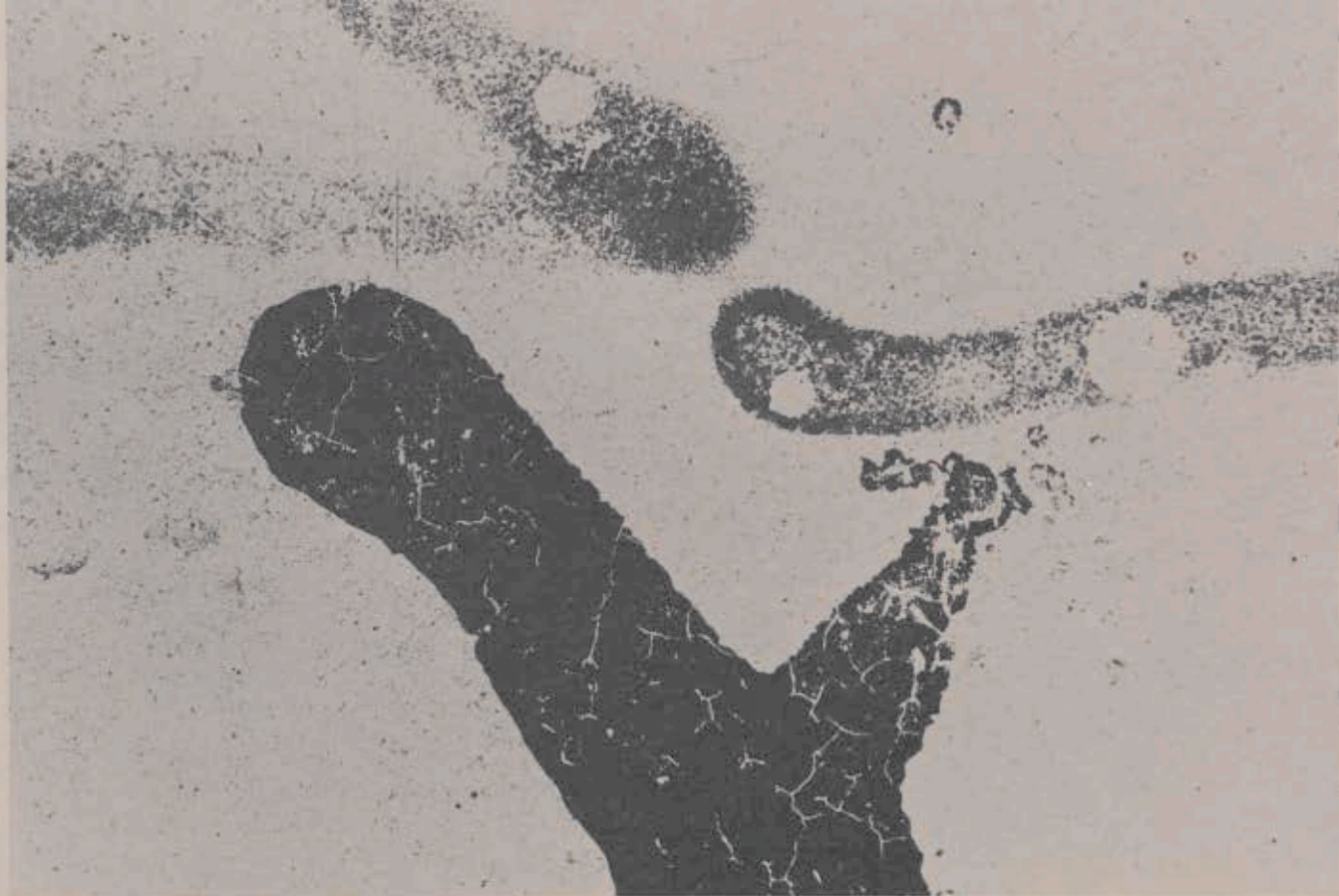


PHOTO BY JIM EHLAN



THE 1st ANNUAL GREEK GOD

Men's Soccer Record
First Victory

Baseball Team Back
On Right Track

Women's Swim Team Ends Season
With Perfect 9-0 Record

April 26, 1990

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Men's Lax Scores
Win Over RPI

she has been the victim

NO MEANS NO

Cabaret
Present
Happy Birthday
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UNION COLLEGE SOCIAL POLICY

1. Permission to sponsor and host social events where alcohol will be granted only to persons who are 21 years of age and assume responsibility for:
 - a. Registering the event in the Dean of Students' Office and the Office of Security and Safety, if the attendees exceed 20 guests.
 - b. Issuing invitations and ensuring that only invited guests attend.
 - c. Adhering to all NY State laws and College Policies.
 - d. Providing an attractive and substantial offering of alcoholic beverages and food.
 - e. Cleaning up the indoor facility and any refuse in outside areas by 11:00 a.m. following the event.
2. No student organization, club or society may collect money from members, Student Forum, alumni or the community for purchasing or providing alcohol. No member may purchase or provide alcohol in the name of the organization. Only individuals may sponsor an event at which alcohol is served.
3. Students or student organizations are not permitted to arrange for alcohol to be delivered by outside vendors or distributors to the campus.
4. Registered private events may take place on campus.