

END.



# **END.**

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## *MUCH THANKS TO:*

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**LORRAINE MARRA**

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**THE IDOL WORKSHOPPERS**



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## A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

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Once again, a decade has come to an end, however the end of the last decade brings us to the last ten years of the twentieth century. In the previous decade, we saw the Me Decade of the seventies turn into a Super Me decade, lived under Republican rule, watched MTV, and witnessed the Communist Empire begin to crumble. *End.* is a prelude to the nineties through the literary and artistic norms of Union College in 1989. In our attempt to display the end of the eighties, we also want to remind our readers that we must begin to think about this new century only ten years ahead of us and to be prepared to venture into it without hesitation. *End.* is not an apocalyptic (nor an apologetic) vision of the future, but a humble resting of an intriguing decade. With this note, look forward to the Spring IDOL issue.

Jose Andrade

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# ROBIN BASKIN

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# JOHN DONAHUE

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## **THEY WILL FIND YOU**

*Be alive in the darkness rhyming  
and be alive in the light  
always unconcerned with the timing  
of the dawn or the night.*

*There is a hammer and an anvil  
of the man's unseen unknown  
that's been labeled good and evil  
but forges life and death alone.*

*So live life in the darkness  
and live life in the light  
without seeking success  
in explanation or insight.*



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# DINA SCHWEITZER

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## MALE COCKTAILS

*In a crowded room  
of loud gestures,  
men dress  
in bowtie black  
with slickened hair  
back to  
french braided blonds  
in chiffon and taffeda.  
And wavering for  
another round,  
another joke  
cracks the smoke  
from frothing smiles,  
and hands  
shake on  
champaigne connections.*

## THE MORNING AFTER

*I awake  
to the smell  
of regret  
on my pillow  
and to his  
back pocket change  
cracking  
morning's shell.*

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## THE MOUTH OF OCTOBER

A  
Green  
blade  
splits

the granite  
rock  
between

tracks  
of  
coughed  
up

copper  
leave  
s.



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# JOEL MCKUIN

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# JOSÉ ANDRADE

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## AS FOLLOWS

*I saw you in the lobby  
dancing about—I  
walked to talk to you  
but you danced into  
another hall,  
amidst my gaul,  
I followed with  
little doubt*

*into a corner  
I surmised,  
you disappeared  
perhaps to the left  
or perhaps to the right,  
into a store or out  
to the street  
among many other dancing feet,  
my efforts blighted  
to join your joyous beat*

*I walked  
through the hall,  
contemplating  
the downfall  
of my efforts  
and dancing  
you came,  
bumping me into  
a wall*

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We laugh and  
dance, prance  
and glance and  
perchance,  
our duet complete  
we can repeat  
our dancing feet  
in splendid sight,  
nothing too contrite,  
camelias or quick cats,  
perhaps "Plum-blue lips"  
amidst flighty trips,  
something like that

#### **MANIFESTO 407**

Close your eyes,  
Beaux Yeux & Raspberry  
faces

there are no individuals  
only art objects versed in  
time & space

Wahn! Wahn! Poets are  
computers,  
if you still understand  
feel it as a fist in your face



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# MICHELLE ALFANO

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## ARIA

*Don't ruin the moon anymore,  
of 2:30  
& we're still  
of slightest things,  
slower than bliss*

*intoxicating lips,  
must I admit that which I don't know,  
but that which you like to hear?*

*Still  
you sing  
of music and the  
water continues  
to sleep  
& we  
the young monarchs,  
so you say,  
saunter  
bridges  
into another quartet.*

*Watch.*

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# CHRISTINE LENNON

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## MELISSA BLOOM

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### 5 A.M.

*Swallow your kiss of possession  
I'm not coming over tonight  
you're begging for words of permission  
while with both hands you ransack my life*

*Stifle my smile of derision  
as I watch you walk/stumble away  
If you recognized my indecision  
you would carelessly lead me astray*

*Smother my lost indiscretion  
Don't kiss me when I'm not awake  
you touch me with self-pleased inflection  
on the witty cliché we create*

*Suffer my lack of direction  
for I know what I don't want to do  
You're seeing in me your reflection  
But I'm not sure if/why I want you.*

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## **MOTHER AND CHILD**

*Down from the heavens of my hand,  
crumbs dance to the window sill.  
I am their God, the giver of life*

*to these dirty lonely birds. Try to understand,  
they grovel just to eat their fill.  
Manna falls from the heavens of my hand*

*to the unyielding ledge. They are safe  
from rain, excepting the tears that will  
always fall from this face, not God's, a liver of life.*

*Call me useless, just as my husband  
always does. He can't know the thrill  
of the heavenly power in my hand*

*to be more than mother, wife.  
Born to create, I can also kill.  
Woman is a human God, a giver of life.*

*Another comes to me unplanned.  
It seems this is my only skill.  
But I, like God, shall take this life.  
A gift for heaven by my hand.*

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# DINA SCHWEITZER

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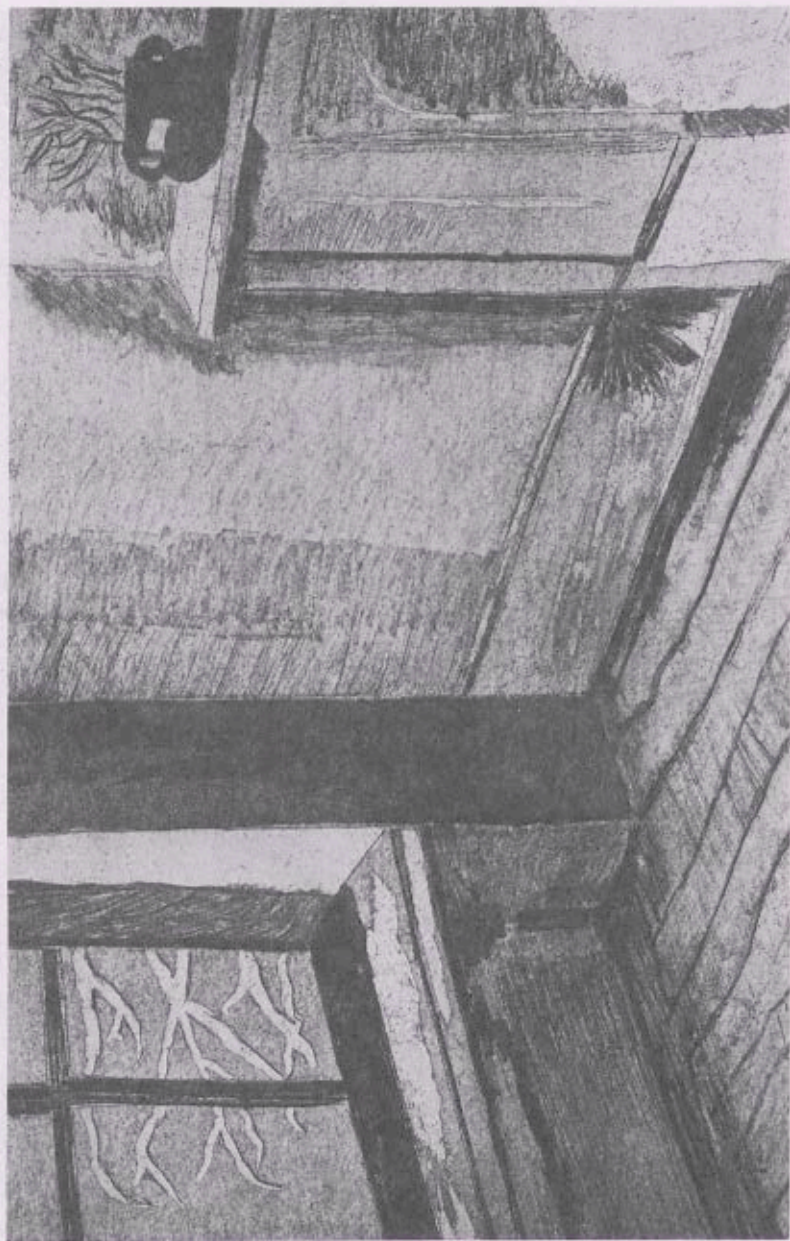




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# CHRISTINE LENNON

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### **CINDY MAE WARD OFF MALAISE**

cindy mae—the sun drips down  
her porcelin face—never fade away  
never ruby lips leave my town  
scouring round for warmer days.  
yellow shivering aura, her hair  
plays the air and makes a masking haze,  
more in permanence than fancy's fair  
more than turbulence with loins ablaze.  
lights astreak pleasing one beautiful Eye,  
shine on thou star thou are, permanent craze  
make it last Apollo, hold Dionyse  
away dour devils, cindy mae ward off malaise.

Keep me my mind as full of light  
Dispell all dark keep black this bright.



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## THE CITY LOVE

He looked at his watch. He was late.  
The night was brisk—it felt good to be alive.  
Tonight would be special.  
Lights all around, greens and yellows and reds.  
The full moon cast its radiance down upon the city  
and head lamps shone.  
Shelley also felt the brightness of this night.  
She loved to walk the streets alone on October  
dusks.  
There was a sense of danger to it.  
She tingled.  
Her skirt was short and hemmoringingly tight.  
The chilled air shot up her leg.  
He ogled all the women at the crossroad.  
Not moving, just watching at the corner.  
"There goes one, Jesus' she looks good. Aww, I  
can smell her from here.  
Shelley's nose was also responding to the scent of  
the night.  
She frantically moved about, here there, looking  
and smelling.  
Occasionally she would gasp as the cold wind  
blew stronger.  
He was aroused.  
"Who would it be?" "Which one?"  
His tongue darted to and fro in his mouth.  
Taste was activated.  
Shelley was now across the street.  
He watched her with a wolfish grin.  
He recognized her moves. He'd seen her before.  
Shelley stopped at the intersection and hung a left.

-more-



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She walked down a dark and dank alleyway.  
Noises, little creeping noises, all around.  
But that was fine with her. Sensation:  
Sensation was what she was all about.  
Her skin crawled with fear.  
She could smell it just up ahead.  
He was three long, quiet strides behind her.  
At the end of the alley she stretched her neck  
upward  
And peeled her panties off.  
Shutting her eyes she moved over the grate.  
Opening her legs  
Hot air surged skyward and nestled with the night  
chill around her hip  
She felt alive and warm.  
He was not far behind her. He knew her routine.  
They swayed and tugged in unison.  
She crouched lower. He rose higher.  
He finished first and crept back out the alley,  
Smiling and blowing her kisses.  
It was the closest thing to love he had ever known.  
He stopped at the crossroad long enough to hear a  
moan waft down the alleyway.  
She would be there all night. He knew she loved  
only herself.  
But that didn't matter.  
All was right in the city.

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# KAVINA HOJRAJ

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## SHERY LUBY

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### CAPE MAY

Guitar-filled room numbs us, so  
Smoke-and heat-drunk we stumble out  
The Bent screen door into cool night's  
Damp embrace. And laugh, glad of  
escape.

Behind us the moon drags the weedy sea,  
Arching it over white sand and  
Slides it back again.  
You walk three steps ahead across  
Thick cushions of grass  
Searching darkened roads to find  
The banged-up blue car  
We drove everywhere this summer.  
You warn me not to drive,  
But I run, laughing, with my keys;  
You catch me from behind.  
We lean against each other without words, calmed  
By fine warm rain popping soft,  
Hollow rhythms on shivering leaves.

"Ten days left." Fog shakes voices  
Like leaves under summer rain.  
I turn from the empty space  
To meet your uncertain eyes.

Coiled gray mist peels off the ground, circles us,  
Hovers above the street.  
"you won't be gone that long."  
We hold each other tighter.  
The late August moon glows sharp orange  
As the sky's black tide.  
Rushes wind-driven to smother it.  
"I have loved you for so long."  
The breeze billows mist shrouds  
Along the bleak street.  
We shiver; then pull away wordless.

At the car on the unlit road's end  
We melt together for a moment,  
Shiver hard against the damp,  
Then turn and get in.



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# JOHN ELLINWOOD

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## THE ANOREXIC

*The lines of her face sunken  
Cheeks forming pits,  
A nose with no warming flab  
And her chin juts forward.*

*In control, she sits  
Her tray piled with nourishment,  
Watching the other gobble  
Thick chicken salad sandwiches and  
Rich eclairs oozing custard, chocolate icing  
Wiped on fingers.  
Glasses of orange juice, creamy milk,  
sucking on a banana with peanut butter-  
A pleasure no longer taken.*

*Once she wore a size ten  
Today a three  
At night she likes to stand in front of  
The closet mirror and pull at her pelvis bone.  
Sucking in hard  
Tracing the smooth lines, pinching excess flesh.  
Her breasts, small tumorous lumps  
Leading to deep bow shaped shoulder cavities;  
"I've turned into an insect", she muses.*

-more-

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*Still picking at a coconut bar,  
smudged on the plate in odd directions,  
bits decorating;  
Her fingers are always moving*

*They start to leave*

*. . . And so ingesting one last bite of fat  
Inserted by eager tentacles,  
She swallows and rises.*

*"Man walks a tightrope above the Abyss";  
She is balancing and laughing.*



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## ODE TO EMMA BOVARY

Wouldn't it be grand to lie all day on a silky couch,  
Devouring tales of "Paul and Virginie", "Joan  
d'Arc"?

Reflections on Vicomtes in golden carriages.  
Dressed in flowing lace, I'd dance, the arms of  
mobility  
surrounding . .

The Waltz—one, two, three . . one two three . .  
faster . . intricate webs of circles  
spinning.

I'd fancy fine chocolates in delicate shapes—a  
leaf, a heart—

A present from my lover.

Dreaming of our meetings, discrete, l'hotel de ville,  
One perfect rose filling the room with fragrance,  
Light bouncing from chandelier to mirror . .  
Bodies flowing . . enraptured into a whirlwind  
falling.

The clock sounds.

Turning the page, I'm sure that I would die of  
boredom.

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# JOEL McKuin

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# MATTHEW FUTTERMAN

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## *A STORY ABOUT BUILDINGS AND THINGS*

"So everything is set Mom?"

"Yes. Bill said he talked to the town's contractor last week and he said he thought he'd be able to find some work for you. You know they're restoring the Puritan Church on Allen Street."

"Great that's definitely the kind of stuff I want to do. Last Summer was just too hot. I can't even think of wearing a jacket and a tie to dad's office these days."

"Well of course I don't know all that much about construction but you certainly won't be needing blazers and pressed shirts."

"Thank God for that."

"So how's your studying going Michael?"

"All right I guess. Economics is kind of a bitch. I don't know why I took that course in the first place. I mean I really could care less about it."

"Now come on Mike, what kind of an attitude is that? We're not paying \$20,000 a year for you to care less about your work. You're doing pretty well in that class aren't you?"

"Yeah well enough. Don't worry I'll be fine, I got to go though."

"all right then I don't know if we'll be speaking to you before you come home. You'll be home for dinner Sunday night right?"

"Yeah, I should be."

"O.K. I told Bill to tell them you'd be at work on Monday."

"Fine."

"Well good luck Michael. Work hard, you don't want to let a whole term go to waste just because of one test."

"I know mom, I'll talk to you next weekend."

"See you then."

I hung up the phone and opened my eyes for the first time in the last ten minutes. Walking back to my room on the third floor of the Sigma Alpha Mu house, I realized that my mother had this uncanny ability to wake me up with a phone call when all I needed was another hour of sleep and the last trace of a



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hangover would be out of my head. I figured it was probably for the best though since I did have a whole lot of stuff to do for exams which were starting the next day. Stuff that I really didn't feel like doing.

I guess it could almost go without saying that Spring term exam week was not my favorite time of year. You sit at your desk which is inevitably near some window, and feel the warm Spring air and the heat of the sun beckoning you to come outside and toss a frisbe around. Then there are those few guys in the house who always seem to slide by and they're asking you to go kick back at the gorge with them. Don't they ever open a book? But I think the worst tortue of all is that you can almost touch the next week when it'll all be over. You see it when you close you eyes and remember the satisfaction you get coming home from work knowing you have nothing to do except call a friend to continue a tennis match that's been going on since fifth grade.

I sat on my couch and stared at the pile of books strewn about the floor, wondering where to begin.

"Hey Rosen, you want to go downtown and get something to eat with me and Seth?" my friend Dave Eisenberg asked.

Now there was the perfect place to start. I was going to have to eat anyway. The fact that I could procrastinate for an hour or so while doing it made the offer even more attractive. "Yeah sure. Just give me a few minutes, I got to put some clothes on."

"We'll meet you downstairs."

We walked down the hill into Lewisboro passing the old houses where many of the Amish townspeople lived. It was an absolutely gorgeous day and the sun beamed so brightly that you'd have to squint when your eyes met up with the windshield of a car. The town never looked prettier. The blue sky and the two hundred year old elm trees hovered over the colonial architecture like a protective lining from the outside world.

As we passed Samuel Wilson's house we slowed down to say hello to one of the nicest guys I'd met in my three years at Bucknell. He sat on his front porch with his little boy who was drinking a glass of lemonade. "How you doing today Mr. Wilson?" I asked him.

"Quite well, the Good Lord's given us a beautiful day to enjoy."

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"Yeah, it's been a great spring. This must be the fourth weekend in a row where I can't find a cloud in the sky."

"School almost over for you boys?"

"Yup, we got exams all week and then Sunday's graduation," Dave answered trying to take over the conversation and bring it to a conclusion all too soon. "I really got to get back and do some work." He turned towards Seth and started moving away from Mr. Wilson's front steps.

"All right you boys go ahead and do have a nice summer if I don't see you again."

Dave and Seth waved insincerely and moved on to Main Street and the deli on the corner. "You too. Take care of yourself," I told him.

By the time I started walking to the deli, Dave and Seth were already a good twenty yards ahead of me. I didn't mind. I kind of liked the fact that I had been the last one to say goodbye to Samuel. After all I was the one who had befriended him in the first place. His crafts store had some great woodwork and one day I just started talking to him about it. Well he showed me a few things and before I knew it I was putting up some inexpensive shelves in the fraternity. From the time he started teaching me I loved working with my hands and it was real interesting getting to know this guy who came from such a different background than I did. Ever since I had been at school there had been this dichotomy between the Amish and the college kids. They just didn't approve of the way we walked about their town and thought we were raising the devil over on our campus. But Mr. Wilson was different. Sure he probably didn't approve of a lot of the things we did but he respected us for the simple reason that we were men like him trying to get by in a world that sometimes seemed as strange and changeable as the weather. His whole attitude rubbed off on me so that after a few days I wasn't even phased by his beard without a mustache, his buttoned collar without a tie, or his dark suit on an eighty degree day.

Samuel Wilson showed me what I could do, what I could build, and how I could put things together making more comfortable environments for people to live in. When my mother told me that Bill Goldstein had been elected Mayor of Wellesley, Massachusetts, it just clicked inside my head that maybe I could bring my carpentry home and get a job working for the town. It's a town that could use some definite improvements. Samuel was real excited for me in his own Amish manner. "It was good hard work," he told me. "Honest



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pay for an honest day."

I caught up to Dave and Seth in the Main Street Delicatessen where I had a sandwich made, grabbed a few sodas and walked up to the counter to pay. The overweight man behind the counter who hadn't shaved or showered in the last week moved towards me leghargically. He made sure not to take his eye off the baseball game on the little black and white Zenith behind him. I breathed out of my mouth as the stench from his shirt began to make the turkey sandwich a bit less appetizing. "What's the score?" ^asked.

"\$6.25" he grunted ignoring my question. I paid quickly trying to put the rancid odor and the whole damn experience behind me and met Dave and Seth outside.

Dave was starting in on his Summer job speech as we crossed College Street and moved onto the campus. I had only heard this about thirty-seven times during the past six weeks. "It's this sweet hook up," he told us. "Once a week they bring all the Drexel Burnham interns together and serve them this sick four course, catered lunch." Now he was getting really excited. He was from New York, had gone to Horace Mann, and just loved the idea of getting ahead as quickly as possible. The four course lunch with the other interns was everything he could dream of.

To me, that scene was nauseating. I could picture all the junior yuppies getting together and pretending to know something about all the headlines they had glanced at in The Wall Street Journal. "Will Schuman did it last Summer," Dave continued becoming louder as the salary part of the story came closer and closer, "and he's starting there full time right after graduation. I bet he's making at least thirty and that doesn't even include the benefits." Well there was Dave summed up in one little term, I thought, because there was no way he knew the difference between a benefit and a mutual bond. "Well I don't know exactly what you get, but you do get a whole lot besides your salary. Like if you work late, I'll bet they pay for your cab ride home." Now that was really living.

It wasn't that I didn't like Dave and the rest of the guys anymore, but after eight months of hearing how each of them would earn his first million by the age of twenty-five, it was time to meet some different kinds of people. I wanted to meet people who worked honest and hard days trying to construct a better world. People who were keeping alive the colonial work ethic, and cared about things like foundations and restorations.



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I returned to my room and once again was confronted with the inevitable—that pile of Economics books. Grabbing one of them, I decided to go sit on the front steps and look over some material. Of course my mind's eye would look right through the page and focus on the bikinis lying out across the quad. They soaked up the late Spring rays that redden your face for a few hours only to return to its original pale complexion by the time you go to sleep.

There was no way I was going to get any work done in this weather. My thoughts passed from Economics to the bikinis and on to the Summer conveniently skipping over the three finals I had to take. I had always burnt out on school about a week before it ended, but this time the mental fatigue was simply overwhelming. I couldn't wait to throw on my cut off army pants, some work boots and tie my genuine leather tool belt around my waist. I'd start off with a shirt, but after an hour or so of hammering away with the guys, it would surely be off my back and hanging from one of the loops in the tool belt. Any then there would be the sun—it would bake my shoulders, making them shine as it turned the sweat into a smooth glaze.

"Well, you can put up with anything for a few days," I told myself. I opened the book and tried to shut the world around me as far out of my mind as I could.

\*\*\*\*\*

It had all been so clear to me those last few days at school. I had seen what was good and what was bad and it seemed as clear as the sky on the day I said goodbye to Samuel Wilson. Wasn't it Dave and the rest of the preprofessional, pre-Wall Street, pre-G. O. P. guys who were missing the boat? They were just worrying about their bank accounts and dreaming of their future estates in Southern Connecticut. God knows how many laws and people they were going to break just to achieve what they thought was success. It was the builders, the people I was hanging out with who really cared about improving the world and constructing a better environment. I mean, why else would they want to restore the church? Weren't these the hard working Americans who didn't mind getting dirty if it was part of the job that had to be done?

All these illusions collided inside my head as I walked home from work that first day. It had been so clear to me when I thought about it but we had been doing demolition all

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morning and the scene during the extended coffee break kept playing over and over like a broken record.

"I knew it as soon as they elected a fucking kike mayor our money was going to start disappearing," barked on the of the Irish carpenters.

And then the Italian mason took his shot. "That Jew bastard, you can be damn sure his salary isn't falling under any kind of budget cuts."

Finally, m I saw the foreman put his cigarette out the way it's done when you're going to say something important. Maybe he could set these guys straight? "You know," he began, "they're not paying us enough as it is to do the shit we do for eight hours a day while the fucking kike sits in his air conditioned office trying to figure out how he can get more money over to his buddies in the bank."

When I got home, I sat down on my front steps and put down my tool belt. I stared at my soiled hands which had more than their share of blisters from banging that stupid sledge hammer through the plaster walls in the basement of the church. As I wiped the sweat from my forehead, the salt dripped into one of the open blisters. The sting shot through my arm and made me wince. Then the front door opened and even though she was behind me, I knew it was my mother. "Hey Mike, how was work?"

"All right I guess." It's so easy to lie to someone when you can't see them. What was I going to say? "The work sucks and the guys are a bunch of Nazis."

"Dave called about 5:15," she told me. "He started today too and loved it. He said some of the people at Drexel Burnham are really nice."

"Yeah. I'll bet some of them are." I peeled the skin off one of my blisters and blood dripped down onto the front steps of my house.



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## **The red jacket**

### **with the baseball patches**

And as  
the warmth  
in his mother's hand  
crawls through his mitten and  
inches up and across to where  
his father is squeezing,

The weariness in his legs  
as the leaves crunch underneath  
and the chill in his red cheeks  
as the wind rushes by  
become too much for the little boy in  
the red jacket with the baseball patches.

And so the legs just stop and the feet just drag.

And as the jacket rides up and  
the wind  
tucks under with a momentary chill

he rises through the air  
as the arms bring him in  
and then

the warmth is all around.



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# MICHELLE ALFANO

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## END. NOTES

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