



I D O L

A Magazine of Literature and Artwork
Union College *Spring '84*

STAFF

Joan Gotlib *Editor*

Glenn Pearl *Co-editor*

Lance Humphrey

Kerrie Ticknor

Laura Weishaupt

Shawne T. McCord

Jordan Smith *Advisor*

Marie Guariniello *Cover Photo*

Table of Contents

Glenn Pearl	
<i>From My Desk</i>	4
Shari Hyman	
<i>Untitled (Photo)</i>	5
Kerrie Ticknor	
<i>Images of Winter</i>	6
Dave Dworkin	
<i>Untitled (Photo)</i>	7
Mary M. Richardson	
<i>Always Parting</i>	8
Mary M. Richardson	
<i>The Only Tango in Paris</i>	9
Mary M. Richardson	
<i>The Storm Comes for ilya, and adam</i>	10
Shari Hyman	
<i>Untitled (Drawing)</i>	11
Mary M. Richardson	
<i>The Sidewalk Artist for the Spanish boy in arezzo, and adam</i>	12
Steve Glazer	
<i>The Artist</i>	13
Joan Gotlib	
<i>Oh, To Be A Cat!</i>	14
Shari Hyman	
<i>Untitled (Drawing)</i>	15
Shawne T. McCord	
<i>A Mother</i>	16
A Question	
<i>Lance Humphrey</i>	17

Holden Auhn	
<i>Foot of the Hill (Short Story)</i>	18-29
Mrie Guariniello	
<i>Untitled (Photo)</i>	21
Doug Richards	
<i>Untitled (Drawing)</i>	25
Marie Guariniello	
<i>Untitled (Photo)</i>	27
Marie Guariniello	
<i>Untitled (Photo)</i>	30
Merle V. Bickford	
<i>To Camelia</i>	31
Shawne T. McCord	
<i>Mr. Williams</i>	32, 33
Doug Richards	
<i>Untitled (Drawing)</i>	34
Eliza Setel	
<i>Untitled</i>	35, 36
Kyle Siegel	
<i>Untitled (Drawing)</i>	37
Dave Marin	
<i>Trial</i>	38, 39
Kyle Siegel	
<i>Untitled (Drawing)</i>	39
Dave Marin	
<i>Friend Street</i>	40, 41
Dave Dworkin	
<i>Untitled (Photo)</i>	42

From My Desk

*I close my eyes and try to notice the offerings
of this world which surrounds me: here is my desk:
its surface feels cool under my hand waving
in swirls of oak... These... This...*

*this is a yellow #pencil. Imagine
I could write without leaving any marks...
Here are my scissors: I can hear its blades
coming together with this motion of my hand...*

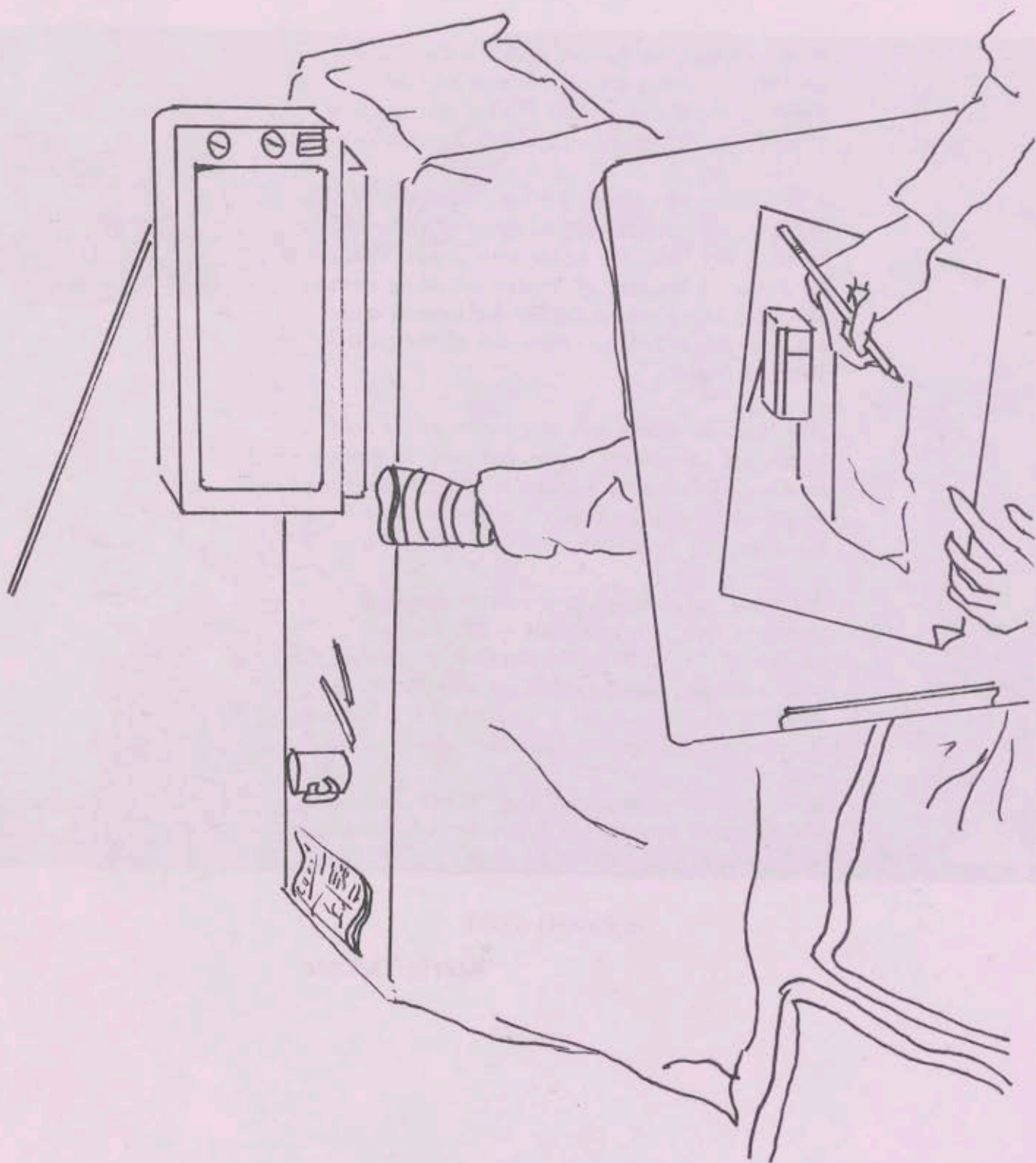
*And here my desk ends: this is a corner,
or a dull blade... This here is the switch
to my desk lamp: I press it down
into my thumb, until a click... Now*

*I open my eyes, and look at this room which surrounds me:
here is silence, hanging like a mute clock.
I breathe in, and hear the beat of lungs
shuffling under my chest. My ribs*

*expand to meet a darkness from which they grow...
I can open my eyes no more: darkness
peels back my lids, the way a knife skins
something like an apple: leaving a new fruit...*

Glenn Pearl

Shari Jeff



Images of Winter

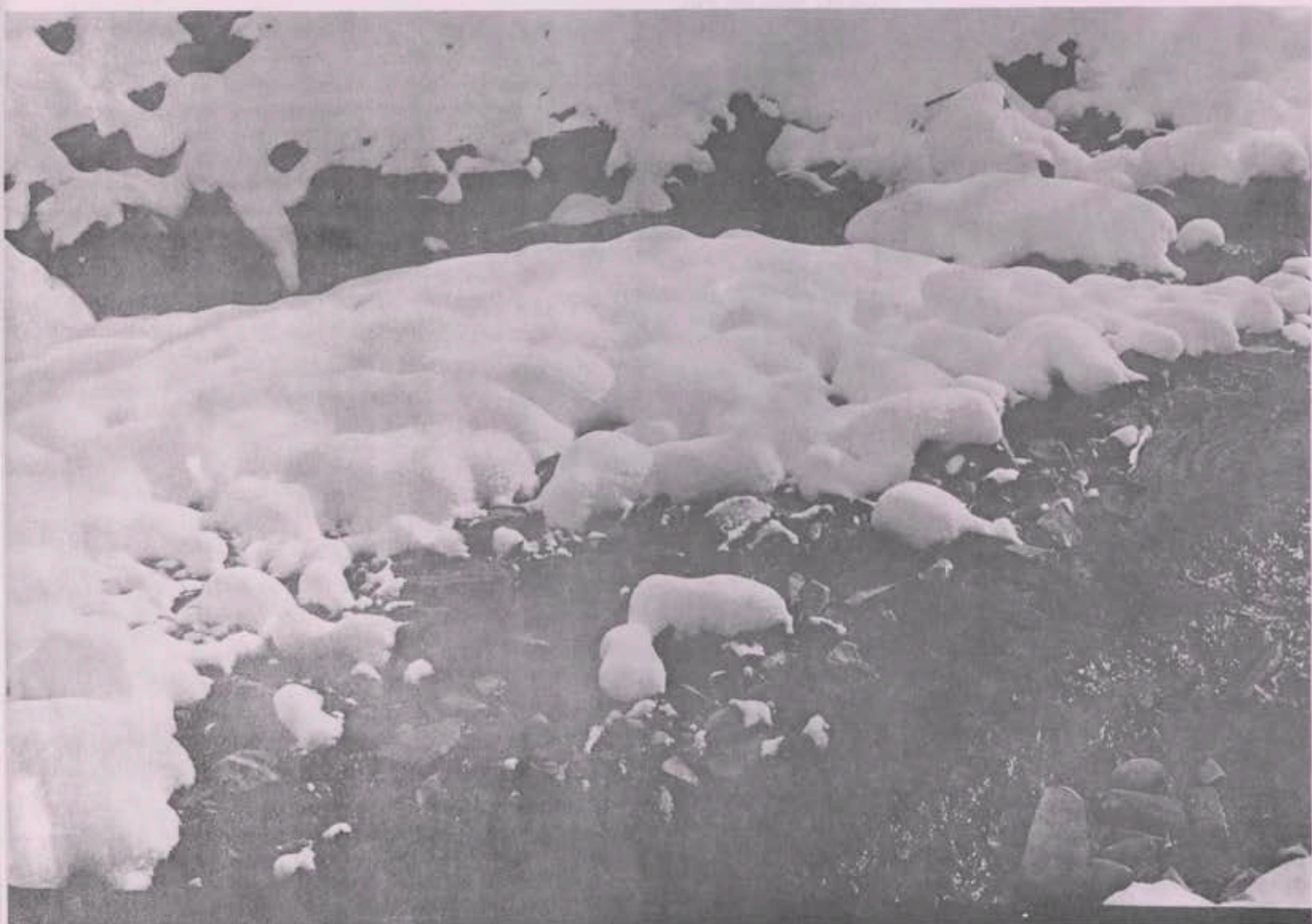
Winter approaches like an eyeless cat in satin stockings. Silently, it stalks human turf like a prey it would love to kill. Winter has no eyes. Its cold white claws silently attack Autumn's creation.

A lone scarecrow emerges from the silence of Winter like a lonely wooden puppet. Perched awkwardly amidst a dry field, the brittle wind cracks against his frame. A prisoner of Winter, his straw scatters. Shredded blue jeans constitute his humble attire; but even this is robbed absconded by the crows: Winter's inmates.

With hollow, vacant eyes this victim of the cold stares into December's white and casts its haunting shadow. The shadow is immobile frozen like Blue Mary's Angel. Alientated the stickman waits for the crows.

His straw hat foolishly toys with Winter as it rises and falls rises and falls to the erratic rhythm of the wind. In the distance the stickman's pipe penetrates the snow like an only black eye. In the cold, he waits for a time when it is neither Autumn nor Winter but November and crows are nothing more than silhouetted ghosts of Winter. Indeed, he will await that time in November when the rain falls upon the dust like dead birds.

Kerrie Tickner



Dave Dworkin

Always Parting

Though leaves all lie in gutters
There hang, still, some red apples,
Mole-flecked, portentous as udders,
In bony branches who cup the distant sky
Like Adam's sleeping fingers
Curled upon his wife.

And you come home
When you come home
Always the trees stand aside
You greet each one
With apostelic pride
Their roots washed and waiting,
Their fruits but round brown
Pennies at your feet.

I come again,
To say goodbye
But forget which rotund coins
Have served as pillows for your side
So I,

I leave you notes on trees,
Scraps of paper like timid apples
Perhaps you read them. Perhaps you don't.
Dribbles the ink
Into blue-veined designs
And you pluck but stained remnants
Of words, and not know it was I.

Perhaps you do not find them
Perhaps that is best
For what is paper but
Trees in boiled-down death?
In a rage you might snatch them
Down, and with white and wintry breath,
Curse me soundly.

We are the Great Forgetters,
In the comfort of habit
I live in hotels:
You among trees
I do not clean out drawers
It is easier to leave them:
You do not say farewells,
But leave behind apples, as to seed them
Into shade trees
With big leaves
That for sun, and wind, and
Autumn, and apples,
Are also
Always parting.

Mary M. Richardson

The Only Tango in Paris per Angela

*The girl with the tilting eyes
Dances, slow
Here a dance
There a dance
Everywhere a dance dance*

*The boy with the bulbous eyes
Watches, cold
To him, a dance
Through him, a dance
Everywhere a dance dance*

*She stops for a moment
They fuck*

It is Done she says

And away again,

*From him a dance
Before him a dance
And after him
The dance dance*

Mary M. Richardson

The Storm Comes for ilya, and adam

*A lone hair falls
To my lash,
Its closeness a prism
Breaking the sun
Spectral on the blonde shaft*

*In the bright sun
Which lies here,
The muddy sky beyond my
Feet looks ludicrous,
And scarey*

*White flashes
Of lightning-quick pidgeons
Sparkle against
The ominous wall
Of oncoming rain*

* * * * *

*The toe is a wonderful
Machine of balance—*

*The wing-tips and tail
Of some bird in flight—*

*And as underestimated
As the flyer's appetite*

* * * * *

*My toes I cannot see—
Spectral hairs imprison
Such long-distance vision—
But I do feel them,
Free in early Summer air,
As I feel the field I lie in,
And the sharp rusty tracks
Which strain to the horizon,
As if begging for trains
Which no longer come.*

* * * * *

*The heavy wet wall
Has moved beyond sight;
So close now I smell it,
Hear grasses bend flat
Under its weight*

*It rains so hard,
The trees fall down—
So hard, the birds will drown—
So thick that, as the
World turns to its side,*

*I am left standing—
Firm toes spread wide—
Balanced on the fearsome rain,
Easy as a bird
Triumphant on air.*

Mary M. Richardson



**The Sidewalk Artist
for the spanish boy
in arezzo, and adam**

*Beautiful boy, who
Lays color with your palm,
You make a moment here
As we stand circled round*

*You squat as in prayer
Blending three hues to one
And soften sharp angles
With a sweep of the arm*

*When you leave
Your chalks will
Scatter under hurried shoes
But you know, yes you know*

*That the sun also rises
On the broken rainbow
And the footsteps
Though first indifferent,
Will carry off the psalm*

Mary M. Richardson

The Artist

*Your brush
makes color where there is
none.
Your colors
bring feeling where there is
emptiness.
Your reds, yellows, bring
warmth,
The dark hues
depth.
Truth,
from the corners
of your heart
to the pictures
in my mind.*

Steve Glazer

Oh, To Be a Cat!

Oh, to be a cat!

*A creature of mystery and stealth
as I gracefully slip in and out of shadows,
leaping joyfully from obscure corners
only to disappear in a flick of my tail.*

The wish to be a cat!

*Lazily sleeping the day away
in a dusty sunbeam upon a plump cushion,
fed and stroked by the dozing hours
as I observe the world beneath half-closed eyes.*

To be a cat

*is to live with the nocturnal,
playing by the moonlight amid
the owl's song and trees' whispering talk.
Spying about like a detective is my work.
I know every nook and crack,
no flaw escapes from my steady gaze.*

Oh, to be a cat!

*Where intelligence lurks behind the green stare
to see and know all of my cat world.
Days of comfort, nights of adventure
interrupted by ignorant people who
scratch behind my ears for my pleasure.
I am king in a world of servants
who treat me only as a cat.*

Joan Gotlib



A Mother

*She sits on a dirt curb
stradling a babe of bones
between her knotted knees
while her lips whimper gentle words,
rocking back and forth
to the child shaking,
gasping for a breath,
of dust.*

*Her bay-leaf lids crinkle as
she lifts her moon white eyes
to the quick steps.*

*Lengthening her thick skinned arm,
she cracks open her swollen knuckles
asking them to see
the scabbed dirt cuts.*

*Pleading softly
as her other arm pulls
the child to her bosom.
Spit hits her heel.*

*And rock again.
Again and again wearing
the dirt curb.*

Shawne T. McCord

A Question

*If nature like a writer was in need
of understanding, passion and desire.
And one day out of emptiness the sun,
So grieved, refused to share with us its fire.
All clouds both grey and white erased from heaven;
if lakes, streams, and waterfalls
no longer whet our appetites.
In protest tyrants yield their hand,
And trees rotted from where they stand.
Then what would be the course of man?*

Lance Humphrey

Foot of the Hill

An English professor once told me, on the subject of short stories, that quite often an author will reveal much of his story in the first paragraph. I will do this, in that I find it necessary to tell you certain particulars of the story which I felt would not appropriately fit into the context. The following is an account about a boy, the age of seventeen, who leaves his home, school, and friends, and through matters of incident, found himself in the skidroad section of Seattle, Washington. The boy just so happens to be myself, and the story which takes place during my Senior year of high school in the Spring of 1979, is, for all practical purposes, a sketchy account of my adventures. I ask one thing of the reader. I ask that you please keep in mind that this was not an odyssey in which my foremost intention was to observe and learn about people who lived a different lifestyle than my own, although I certainly was able to gain at least a marginal insight into the lives of those people who live, so to speak, from hand to mouth. This story takes place at a time when much of my energies were needed to revitalize a worn spirit; and the growing pains were at their worst I found that my experience in Seattle was invaluable in helping me to sort the scrambled pieces of my youth.

I rested on one of those worn benches which had been scrawled all over with lovers names and social comments. For the first time that day I took the time to notice my surroundings. Dull-grey, mongrel colored pigeons strutted back and forth picking over the crumbs and litter which were very much a part of that section of the city. They nervously milled about, at my feet, picking up what had been left behind by passerbyers. Beyond those dirty pigeons, and beyond that cracked up sidewalk, and past the rusted old railing which was wrapped tightly in blackberry vines, lay the Sound. The sound looked particularly nice that evening, it didn't always look that good. This was one of those evenings when just about anything can have its appeal. The water looked like one big brilliant cloud; it was shaped like a piece to a jigsaw puzzle. Boats and ships speckled the view, and mountains, which seldom look as they did when they were highlighted by an evening sunset, served as a border. This range of peaks outlined the far shore to where it bent beyond my sight. More than once I had wondered if that sea was to take me out of this city.

For all it's grandeur that evening, the bay still left somewhat to be desired. It stunk; it was nothing like the sweet, clean, salty smell of those oceans and beaches I recall visiting with my family, when I was younger. It was more the harsh stench of diesel fuel, and creosote, and mutilated salmon or processed crab, which was so common to that waterfront area.

Behind me was the city with those towering buildings which were becoming more and more familiar to me. It was pretty much what I would have guessed a city would be like. The section across the street from me was the run down section, haunted by lights and wires, and concrete walls where faded signs hung to advertise some faded business which still clung to the city. Newer buildings poked up beyond the former horizon, they seemed young and energetic, like some college graduates who had once given me a ride. These buildings with their walls of shiny glass and cement seemed almost too nice to be left to sit and fade in the city.

I always figured that a deaf man would have a better chance of appreciating a city, and although I was a slight distance from the center of commotion, the air was still filled with the ringing, screeching, and clamoring, of cars, trucks, and busses, as they battled and raced from one light to the next.

Without looking I knew that people were hustling to and fro, like so many pigeons, up and down the sidewalks, in and out of buildings, dashing to crosswalks, and into cars and busses. This commotion did nothing to stir me; for it had been another long day and all I really wanted to do was to sit around without being hassled. This evening was peaceful, and I began to recollect how different it was today from that day, some week and a half or two weeks earlier, when I first came into this town.

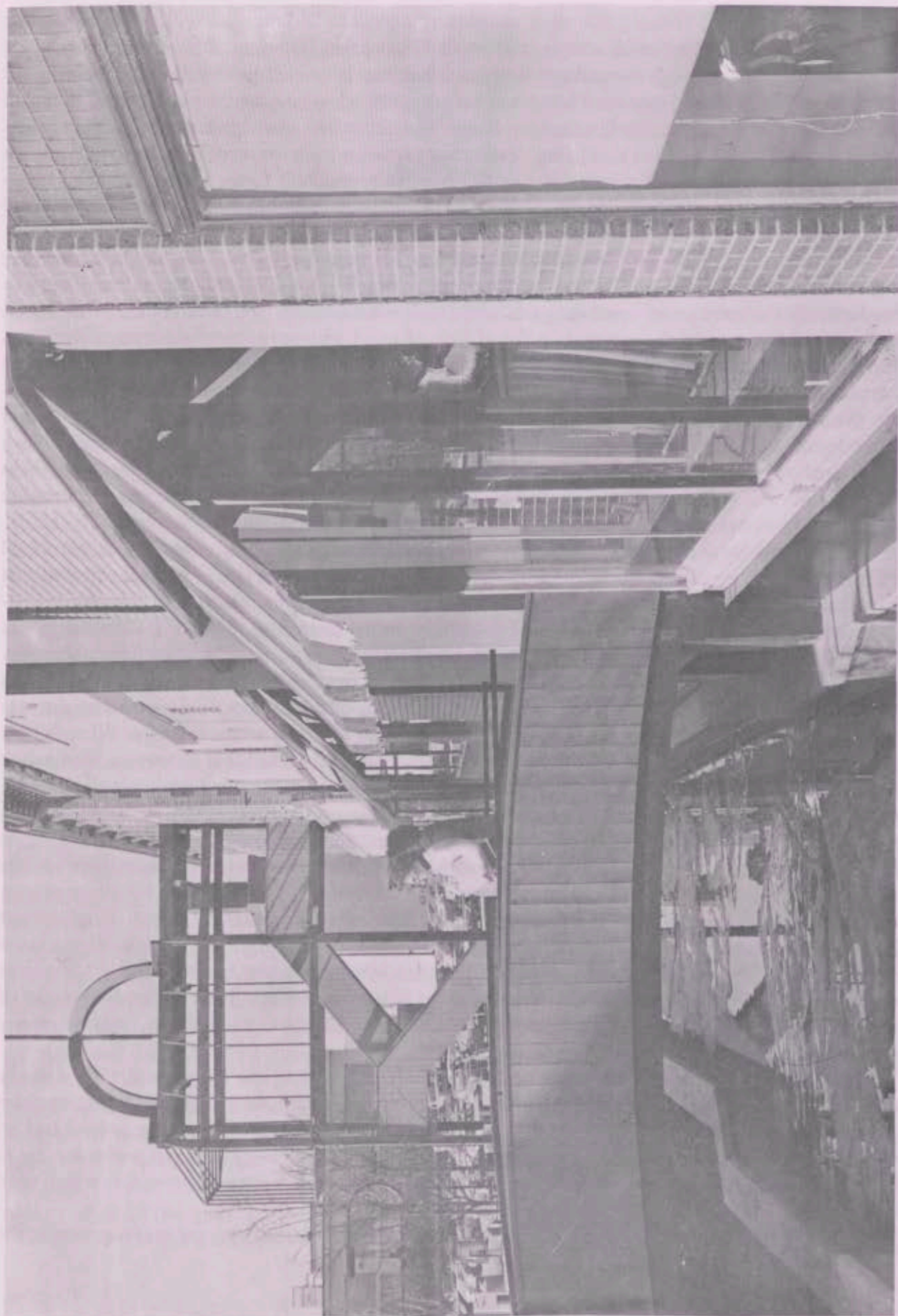
I guess I was half scared out of my mind, and lonesome, and cold because it was typically damp and drizzly, and I hadn't taken the time or precautions to dress for anything other than feeling sorry for myself, and that I was doing plenty of. I can vaguely remember my uncertainty as I wandered down those steep sidewalks, nearly blind with tears, not giving a damn for anything around me or for where I was heading, and hugging this old army ruck-sack as if its contents were my only connection with home, and just walking because it seemed like there was no place to stop. I would have been hard pressed to determine whether I was more angry, or more sad, but at any rate, I was pretty damn confused, and hungry. And to top all that off I was broke, tired, and still slightly stoned from a ride I had gotten earlier. All things considered, it is little wonder that people had looked at me so funny up near the University where I had been left off early that first day. The 'U' district as it is referred to, by those who consider themselves knowledgeable of the area, is at the very crest of the sky-line just north from the main part of the city. This place is inhabited by students and grad students, and professors, and those merchants who profit from catering to these people, and of course their families. I was dropped off there that morning, for reasons which at that point were more or less out of my control.

I had, for various reasons, run away a couple of days earlier, from what I could not exactly say, but I was going to head towards the east coast to my relatives whom I hoped would let me stay with them. The pass across the mountains was closed, and one thing led to the next, so there I was, in the middle of the University district. I don't remember what made me think that a bunch of intellectuals would be sympathetic to my problems, but I did, and they weren't, and it didn't take me long to figure that out, or at least I didn't feel like hanging around waiting to give anyone a real good chance. Everything was wrong there, so I caught a bus; I don't know why, because I didn't have much money, but I did.

I had never before ridden a city bus. I had seen them racing around, but other than that I didn't know a thing about them. I just hopped on one because I knew I had to get out of that place. I ended up getting dumped off where the busses transferred in some suburban neighborhood across the freeway, just up from the city center. If there is one place that can make a guy lonely in the middle of the afternoon on a drizzly weekday, it has got to be the sidewalk of a suburban neighborhood. The thing with these places is that they all look pretty much alike, or at least this one looked like most of the ones I had seen before, every house a prototype of the next, with their little driveways and patches of grass. There was nothing here, aside from an occasional pet and a dreary postman who glanced at his mail, avoiding eye contact with me. I didn't much care to exchange looks, or possible smiles with him anyhow. All I really wanted was a place to sit down, because, it seems like sometimes you can walk yourself to death, and that was the last thing I needed. I worked my way across the freeway and down through the heart of the city, I don't remember if it was because of intuition, or just plain laziness, but I just followed the streets down. Eventually I came to a small park at the waters edge, not far from that worn bench. There I sat to rest, and to try to figure out my next move, which probably would have been the first move I had figured out in some time, had I figured one out. As it was I just sat there and smoked a cigarette, which is what I always used to do, whenever it was easier than doing whatever it was that I ought to have been doing. Within two or three drags, one of the bums which had been hanging around, that little park, came up to me and tried to bum a smoke. Being the conscientious pauper that I instinctively am, I was forced to make a decision between

badly needed and strongly desired conversation, or the possibility of running short on my cigarette rations. In spite of the fact that this guy hardly looked like someone who I cared to talk to, my need for companionship won over my greed for cigarettes. I offered him one and, of course, he needed a match. He was a white guy, late twenties, I figured, although it's nearly impossible to tell around that area. He wore an old army field jacket, and spoke with a lisp. He mostly asked questions, which I mostly answered with lies. He never inquired about why or what I was doing there, hardly any of the people I was to meet in that part of the city ever did. It was an assumed thing that if you wanted anyone to know about your past than you would tell them as you damn well pleased. I was startled when he brought from his jacket pocket a thin joint and rested it between his lips to be lit from his cigarette. He dragged deeply on it to ignite the end, and when it was burning satisfactorily he passed it to me. I hesitated about smoking marijuana right there on that bench with all kinds of respectable people marching about, but they seemed to be minding their own business, and I was being very conscious of trying to 'fit in'. Not long after we began smoking, some pretty shady looking dudes sauntered over to see if they could, join us. That's how it goes around here, if you have something everyone expects you to share it with them. And after awhile you learn not to mind much; you also tend to figure what's theirs is yours. So there I sat with this silly grin on my face, shooting the shit with this group of guys, I didn't even know, who were smoking the last of my cigarettes. A black fellow strolled over from nowhere in particular, and sat down right next to me on the end of the bench. The men sitting with me gave him a haphazard acknowledgment, rolled their eyes, and returned to whatever they had been discussing. The guy was drunk, or at least he reaked of alcohol; in fact, I recall turning my head slightly so as not to be in direct line of his breath. He didn't look much better than he smelled, his front teeth were knocked out and his coated white tongue stuck out through the hole when he spoke. His eyes were glazed over, and the part which is white in most eyes was streaked with reddish brown the color of rusted iron. In spite of his outward appearance something attracted me to him, maybe it was his soulful smile or the cheeks he had that resembled those of old trumpet player's, and pumped up big and shiny when he grinned. He leaned closer and cautioned me not to trust the guys that we were sitting with. I assured him that I was not the type who trusted anyone. All this was done with a certain secrecy that was generally reserved for comrades. We talked for a while, and he seemed different, he showed a genuine interest in me and my situation. It wasn't long before I began to feel comfortable with the man. I guess he began to feel the same around me because he asked me if I had any money. I lied, and I told him I didn't. But he was persistent, and told me that if I had a couple of dollars we would get a bottle of wine. When I told him I had to save my money to get some food, he promised me that he knew someone that worked at a waterside restaurant and he could get me a good meal for nothing. The weather had been clearing some, so that the sun occasionally shone through the thin clouds, and I did want to get another pack of cigarettes, and I supposed that having some company and getting a little drunk would keep me from dwelling on my immediate problems so I agreed. We hiked up to one of those dingy local liquor stores that were tucked in with all the other store fronts, and bars, and movie houses around that area. I gave him a couple of bucks, as he had none, and warily sent him in. I was both surprised and relieved when he came back out several minutes later with a bottle of port. He didn't want to drink around other people, understandably, because then we would probably end up sharing the bottle with everybody and his cousin. So, we snuck into this alley and hung out near this dumpster behind a restaurant. Needless to say, this wasn't the most scenic spot in town, but it was private, and it wasn't long before we didn't care where we were.

The guy's name was King, at least that's the name he told me to call him. It was nice to have someone to talk to, and King appeared genuinely concerned about me and assured me that if I hung around with him he would see to it that I was taken care of. The rumbling in my stomach reminded



Marie Guariniello

me of my hunger and I pestered him some to get me the meal he had promised. I thought for certain he was kidding around when he rose up and headed over to the dumpster, I began to cringe when he started rumaging through the garbage. I swore to him that he would never see me eating any food someone had thrown out. He seemed happy as a rat in a gutter when he returned with a box of discarded fish and chips, still warm in their container. King's face lit up like a book of matches, as he savored one of the delicacies, and his tantalizing description of the morsels sold out over my pride. So we ate those discarded fish and chips, and it wasn't bad, and besides, I figured, what could be much worse than sitting in an alley with some wild eyed wino, in the middle of the afternoon, drunk off cheap port.

The afternoon began to fade into evening, and I wasn't quite sure where the day had gone, but we had finished the bottle and he was pestering me to break out and buy another. I had a terrible headache, not to mention an upset stomach, and I took a stand on my last three bucks, so we ended up just rambling around the streets in a dazed state of mind with no particular purpose. King was known by more than a few of the inhabitants of this lower section of town, and although he introduced me to some, they didn't seem overwhelmingly pleased to meet me, or to see my friend for that matter. We walked around and he pointed out who was who, the pushers, and undercover cops, and other drunks, some of whom he claimed owed him thousands of dollars. He informed me about which guys were good and which were not to be trusted; information I was sure would be of some help in the future. He took more than a modest pleasure in introducing me to some men he knew which were pimps, an occupation which in the area, apparently was held with high esteem.

As the remainder of light was lingering over the horizon we strolled up to a lone figure who stood with his back against a brick wall and was watching the evening take place. I noticed right off that King paid a greater amount of respect to this man than he did to most others. The guy was so god-damn stoic that he scared me; he stood there leaning on the brick wall, his face had the texture of dry leather and was the color of the bricks, and he barely moved a muscle when King cheerfully greeted him. Apparently he was an Indian from one of the local tribes. He struck me right off as being about as friendly and outgoing as a tombstone. King told him about me, and all he did was stare right into my face like he was sizing me up or passing on some secret message. Whatever his deepest thoughts might be I really didn't care to guess, but I could tell that this was a man unlike the others. I was relieved when after some awkward moments we left him, and wearily walked along, with King babbling on as cheery as before.

I inquired about where we were going to stay for the evening. He assured me not to worry, because he knew of a place where we could stay for the night, and that we should just hang out for a while until it got a bit later. I wondered to myself just what kind of place he had in mind for us to stay. We rested on some back stairs in an alley, and it wasn't long before he had dozed off to sleep. I was way too paranoid to close my eyes in any old back alley, so I figured I'd walk around some and come back to wake King up in a while. I did, and when I returned he was gone. I was struck with double barreled fright and loneliness. It was the first time that day that I realized what sort of situation I was really in. I was in the middle of a city which I knew nothing about, I had no money so to speak, and no idea of what to do or where to go.

That night was the worst. I wandered around half expecting to run into King's smiling face at any moment. I stopped and cried, and walked, scared to my eye teeth, and lonely, and tried; nowhere to go, and nothing to do except walk around looking for some moppy haired wino, who I had no doubt was looking for me. It was a long evening, but they were all long days and nights for me in that city. Although some days became more usual than others, there were never two days which were alike.

The day following my long evening someone told about how I could get my meals in one of the

missions. It was a good deal; all you had to do was to show up at six. Provided you were sober enough to stand you were granted entrance. Everyone was expected to sit through an hour long sermon, after which they would feed you, and provide a bunk for the evening. I had my apprehensions, but I didn't really have many choices. I had heard awful stories about places like that, so I took the precaution to write my name and address, in ink, along the inside of my arm, so that if something was to happen to me I would not be forever a mystery.

At about a quarter to six I lined up outside the "Bread of Life" mission with twenty-five, or so, other men of various intents and purposes. They opened the doors at exactly six; we filed in; stepping cautiously so as not to disturb the drunk who had passed out at the front of the line. We packed into some simple pews in the chapel of the mission, and waited patiently for the preacher to begin. The little room was quiet except for the sporadic coughing. Even that came to a halt when the man began to speak. For the first half hour he forgave the shit out of us, and advised us that we could still be forgiven, and that it was not too late, and what kind of a good friend we had in Jesus, and that if we would just learn to believe and to have faith everything would turn out like peaches and cream. What amazed me was that many of these men were all over these sermons, they were seriously relating to this man and the words that he was saying. The faith they had was incredible, men wearing no more than rags, wholeheartedly, read along and sang the songs from heart; they got down on their knees, and some of the guys even broke down into tears when that man spoke to them. I couldn't understand how these people with little or no money in their pockets, and even less social standing, could believe with so much energy; they didn't even have houses or families to go to, and little reason for hope that I could see. Yet there they were praising God with all their might, right there in the middle of a run down mission. These men weren't putting on any kind of show, they had a seriousness which more than once brought a lump to my throat.

After the sermon we all ate a meal which was donated by another religious organization, and then we retired upstairs to have an after-dinner smoke before finding a bunk to sleep in. We were promptly woken at six, given a quick meal, and it was back on the street before anyone could see us go out. It became my routine to walk several blocks north to a place called the "Millionaires Club", which offered another breakfast, a place to wash, and a slight chance to get a part-time job. I generally stayed around for an hour or two until I had enough energy in me to cruise through the city for the remainder of the day with nothing in particular to do. I would wander about taking in the sights and chaos of city life in full swing. I met various people who all contributed to that famous saying, "it takes all kinds". I found that while some people were preoccupied or else had no time to talk, there were many others who would talk blisters on your ears. Usually there were groups of kids my age that hung around during the day, but I felt intimidated by them and generally tried to keep my distance. I would sometimes go to visit the old fishermen who spent their days on the dock, hoping to catch some fish off that greasy pier. They enjoyed their peace, and we would often sit for hours without speaking a word, waiting for a bite. Other times I would try to mix in with the groups of guys that would often congregate on benches or in one of the many small parks. Most of the time, but not always, there would be a bottle of some kind that would bring together groups of men, and they would be content to gossip, and argue, and joke with one another to pass away some of the idle hours. I would try, without being noticed, to mix in with the group; my acceptance would always be uncertain until I had been passed the bottle without being hassled. Some of the men didn't mind that I was younger, but others would tell me to "beat it"; I always felt obliged to leave my two cents worth as I headed off. I learned to steal dollar bills from the boxes which attend the parking lots, this kept me in cigarettes and some spending change. I could have given blood, which some of the guys do, but I wasn't really into needles and just never really bothered to get ahead. To me it was a time for learning about a world which was quite different than the world that I

was from, not to mention that I really had not yet figured what I was to do with the remainder of my life.

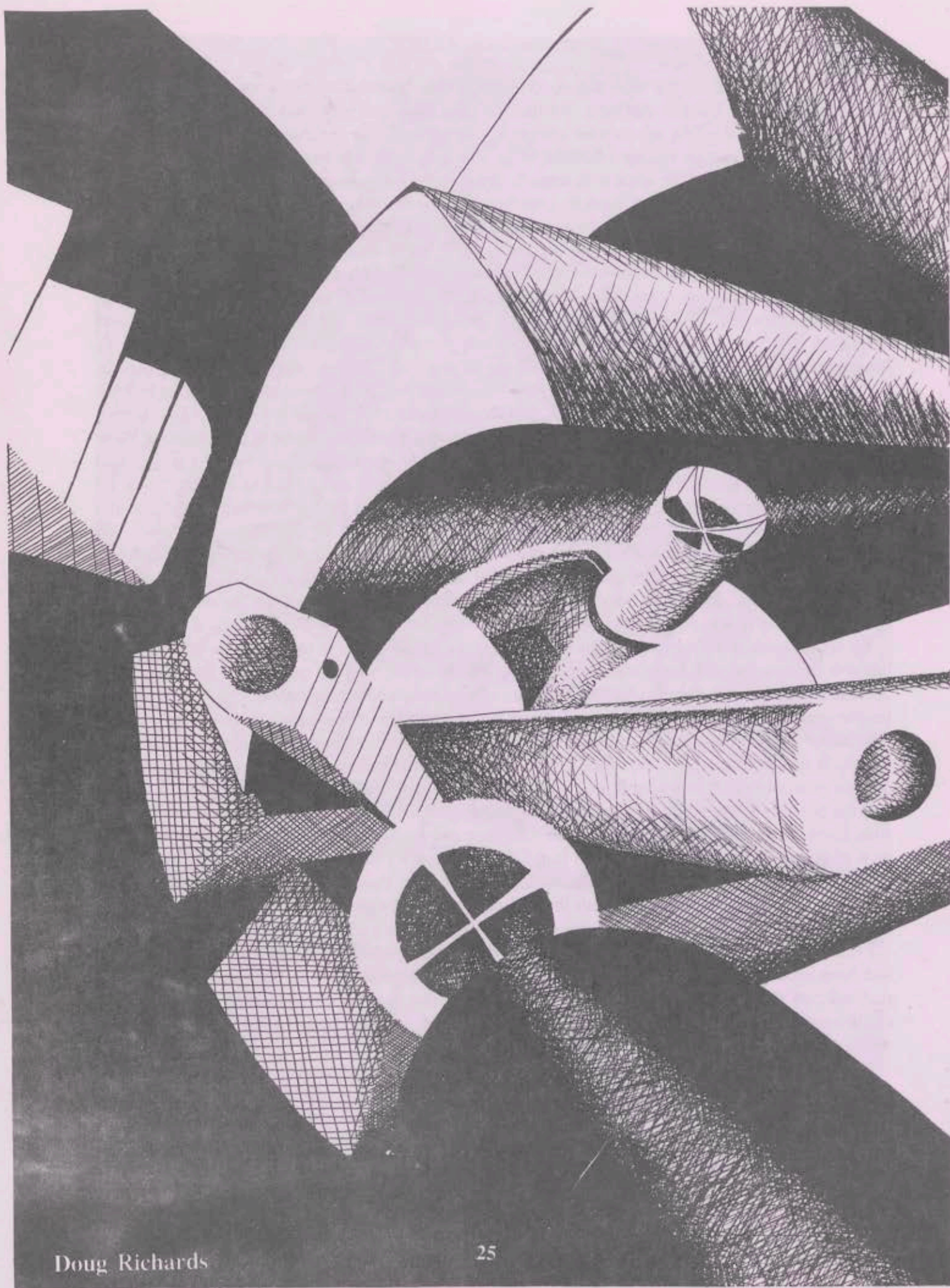
So life went by, pretty much like that; I met people, but never took to hanging with anyone in particular; I stayed away from cops as much as possible, and tried to put all the pieces together.

* * * * *

The beginning of that day on the bench was marked, as was usual, by the obnoxious sound of the wake-up siren. There is nothing I so intensely despised in that city as the wake-up siren at the mission, and I am quite certain that many if not all of the men who stayed there shared my sentiments. The siren's overly enthusiastic blare woke the unwary sleeper with a jolt, and the piercing sound disturbed peaceful slumber by penetrating into whatever state of unconsciousness one was in at the time, and could be nothing less than irritating. But, it worked, and men both young and old rose with their red eyes and hangovers to meet the new day. I too was startled awake that morning, and wiped my eyes clear with the back of my hand. It had been some time since I had been overly concerned about my belongings, so I casually reached for my bag at the side of the bed, and then under the mattress where I had stashed my cigarettes to keep them from getting crumpled. The bunk across from me was being straightened up by a fellow who had told me many stories of his war days, and of how he now spent his time hopping freight trains. He usually chose to stay out under the stars, down the track about a mile past the train station, but he had been jailed for stealing from his ex-wife, and when he was released he came to take an evenings shelter at the mission. We exchanged greetings for the new day, and went on back to cursing the wake-up siren. Over time I had met many of the missions more regular occupants; there were many interesting stories, whether they were true or merely tall tales was of no importance to me. I liked to hear the men tell their stories which were often full of adventure and romance; I also listened as they gave me their advice of how they would have run their lives if they had them to do over, and what I should do to keep from ever being unhappy. I began to know many of these men and felt very comfortable in their presence, but each day there were new faces, and old friends who did not return. I noticed that when I am not around those people and things which are most familiar to me I am more apt to adjust to uncertain environments. In this environment a person can easily get attached to things in a short time.

But anyway, everybody sort of went about their own business of tidying up their area and turning in the linen which had been passed out the previous evening. We all crowded into the john which had sinks and toilets but not much more, and then we all migrated downstairs to where porridge and scrambled eggs were served. One of the men who never failed to be there was the preacher who helped serve the food. Some of the men would utter, "praise the Lord," or say, "Amen" when he served them, and he would always reply, "God bless you, brother." It was a nice touch and it always gave me a good feeling the way these men would smile to the man. I got my meal and sat at a large table, and as I didn't have much to say that day, I quickly ate my meal. As I ate, the morning sun shined through the dirty mission window, and a ray of light crept up the table until it warmed my arms, while I gulped down my meal. I wanted to get to the Millionaires Club to eat another meal, and to sign up for work. As of yet I had not been picked for a job, but one of the managers of the place had assured me that I was at the top of the list and would probably be put to work soon, so I felt I had something different to look forward to. I cleared my place; bid good-bye to whoever was listening, and headed out into the sunshine at a half-gait.

The Millionaires Club is about a ten minute walk from the mission. It's a well run soup-line which is sponsored by various wealthy people, and provides a breakfast, showers, and a possible job for anyone of any sex, and the meals served tend to be tastier than those from the mission. Also it's a good



place to bum cigarettes in the morning, so anyone who has been there often knows enough to stash their cigarettes well and tell everyone that the one they have was borrowed from someone else. It had become the custom for me to stick around after my meal, but not that day, for I had gotten a job. A truck came and picked up a handful of us and took us to this building, in the black section of town, where we loaded the truck with some funky underground newspaper, which I never bothered to read. We were dropped off in pairs in suburban neighborhoods and told to distribute the papers on people's porches, which was easy enough; then they would meet us and give us more papers and send us off in another direction. It was all very simple and even enjoyable, as far as that sort of thing can go. My partner was a boy somewhere around my age, who didn't speak a word of English. It was my job to show him what to do. I didn't mind; I even found it interesting as we tried to communicate through some improvised sign language. This didn't bother me since it was a nice day, and it was the first time I had been out of the city since my accidental arrival, and I kind of wanted to do some thinking to myself. So we delivered our papers with as few problems as could be expected by two teenagers who didn't much care one way or another, and I thought of home, and of the city. The sun heated us and made us sweat, and the newsprint covered our hands and faces, so that we must have looked atrocious to whoever saw us rambling around from house to house tossing those rolled up papers onto peoples porches. By and by the day wore on until finally all the papers had been delivered, at which time we were packed into the truck, and taken back to the city. Then we were given fifteen dollars cash for our efforts, and left exhausted on the sidewalk in front of the club. I questioned, with gestures, my sidekick, Juan, as to whether he was up for some beer. He nodded his approval, so we pooled our funds and asked one of the other workers if he would be so kind as to buy us a couple of quarts of beer. He did, and as it was not wise for two under-age vagrants to be spotted drinking beer in the open, we climbed down into an old weedy lot between two buildings to quench ourselves.

We sat on some concrete stairs which had one day, probably led up to the side door of a building, but now sat derelict and dusty with weeds sprouting up through its many cracks. I looked around me and wondered how some parts of the city are always busy and full of commotion with energetic people making things happen. Yet, there are other sections, though they are fewer, which slowly fade out of the scene, or are disregarded until something new takes its place. This was one of those places; it was not exactly shaped ideally for any typical architecture, and it was not situated in a section of town which lends itself well to restoration. But, it was an oasis for those who wanted to drink beer in private. At least I thought it was private, until these other kids showed up from nowhere. Juan knew them; a look of ease spread over his face and he broke into a rapid conversation in his own dialect with some of the guys. So much for the theory I had that he was the shy type. One of the fellows, the biggest one, who had straight black hair, brown eyes, and a beer belly, asked me if I wanted to score some pot with them. I declined, and that was it; they all began to leave. Juan bid me good-bye; like a guy who has said good-bye too many times in too few years, he was off.

I finished my beer; tossed the bottle into the weeds, and climbed the jagged cyclone fence which had been erected some time ago to keep people out for whatever reason. Back on the sidewalk I realized how tired I was. I had covered alot of ground that day, and my legs and feet ached; my clothes were stuck to my body where the sweat had dried, and my face and hands were still grey where the sweat had not washed off the newsprint.

I wandered towards a group of drunken men who were busying themselves with the task of trying to straighten out a fellow wino, who was 'into his cups' in a big way. He grumbled obscenities as they tried to lift his dead weight off of the sidewalk. While trying to raise the guy one of the men, who was lending a hand, fell into his cohorts which began a shouting match that led into a shoving contest. One of the men being shoved dropped a bottle, that landed and crashed with such a noise that



Marie Guariniello

all the men took to running in opposite directions; leaving their friend peacefully crumpled in the pathway, waiting to be hauled away by the police. The next block over was a market place that I often enjoyed carousing through. It was a place where locals sold their wares and produce, and musicians often entertained with a wide variety of sounds and instruments. Many of the men I knew would go up there during the day and beg for money until shopkeepers or cops would make them leave. The market was a mixing bowl of people who scrambled through the shops in whatever chaotic harmony is possible. I bought a pretzel, which is what I had been eating for my lunches for the duration of my stay in that city. Then I took off towards the waterfront, munching happily away. I walked towards a loud group of black men who were stopped and chattering away on the corner outside of a magazine store. They were sharply dressed in gaudy clothes, and were quick to take their attention from the conversation to focus it on a woman who pretended not to notice them. Her lack of attentiveness spurred them into shouting vulgarities and whistling across the street at her, and the laughing and slapping each other on the back in regard to their victory.

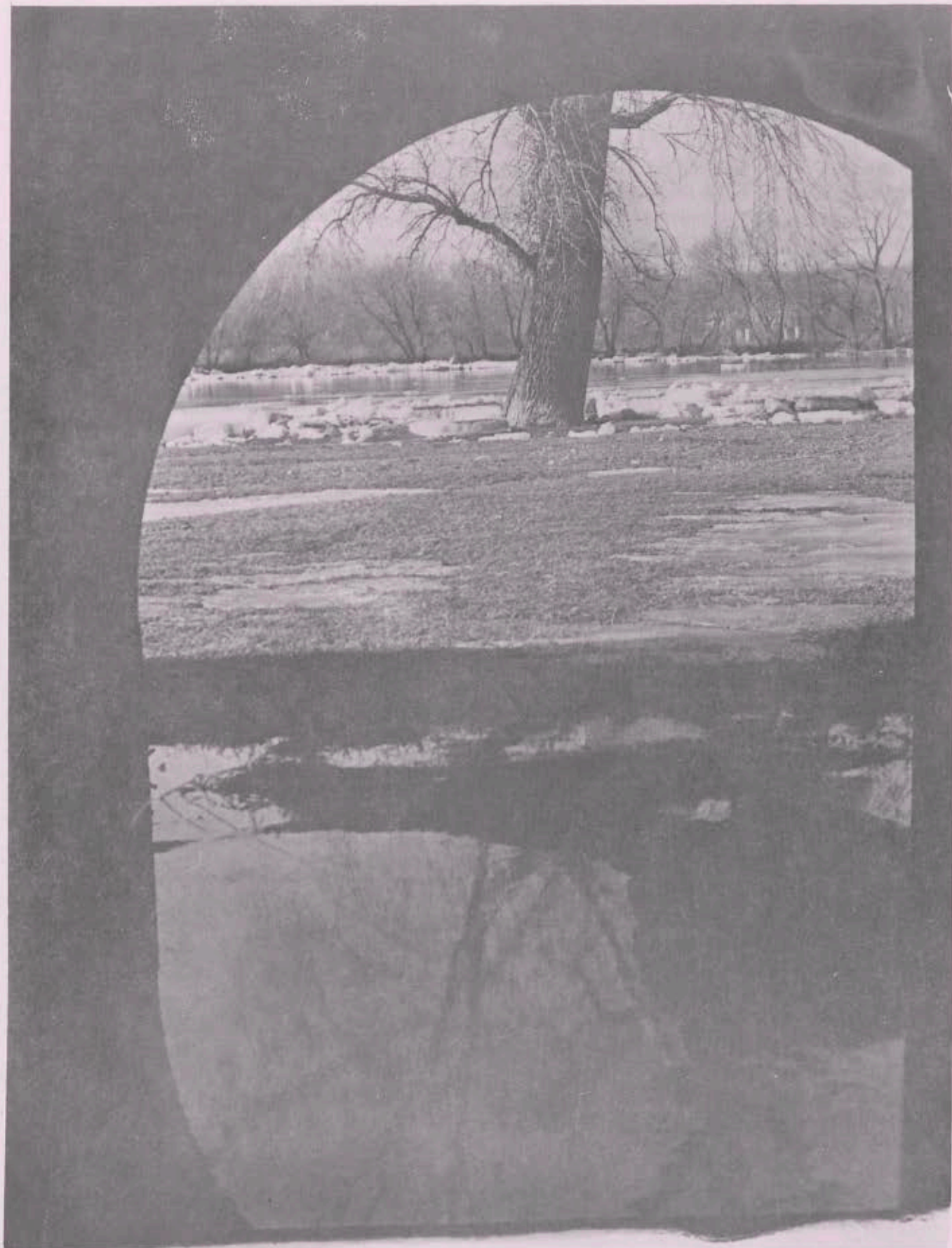
I passed rather without notice and cut through an alley on the far side of the street. As I came out on the far block, I was accosted by a wino, who was nearly too drunk to speak. He mumbled something to me, which sounded like, "ya got ta qurta." He was hunched over so that I could not clearly see his face, but I noticed that most of his white hair was gone from his head. He could hardly stand up and I was in no mood to deal with him, so I stepped to one side, which he didn't seem to notice, and went about my way.

It was less than half a block to that inviting bench where I took refuge for a while that evening. When I got there I loosened the laces of my boots and lit a cigarette, and sat, and pondered, and just rested. My thoughts had stirred in me a restlessness which I could not understand, and it was not long before I was on my feet again.

The time I had spent thinking of this situation, I was in, had made me forget about making it to the mission by six. But, it seemed to not matter, and I strolled along the bay-side tracks. Spring was in the air, and migrating birds played in one of the small parks set up in front of a municipal boat launches. My attention focused on an old man sitting on one of the few grassy knolls of the area. It was that odd old Indian fellow I had met that first day. Impulses at hand would normally have sent me jogging across the street to avoid confrontation, but I didn't, I just approached him slowly wondering if he would even remember me. I could do all but help notice that he was staring off into the distance; he appeared to be stoned: caution made me uncertain as to if he was concentrating, or just passed out with his eyes open. He didn't look like other winos I had seen sprawled comfortably on benches or in alleys; there was an air of composure about the way this guy seemed to keep himself. He turned, and stared at me as if he was sighting in a rifle. I could see it in his face; the old man recognized me immediately. He motioned for me to come to him. I figured he would be bumming some cigarettes or maybe try to get some money from me, and there was just plain no way. I suppose, I felt obliged to respond to his gesture, so I casually took the few paces over to him, but remained a few steps back, for whatever reason I do not know. Then, he motioned for me to sit by him on the green grass which had by that time acquired a glint from the evening dew. I don't remember why I did it, but the guy seemed to know what I should do. He was just one of those guys who seemed to have a pretty good grip on what other people should or shouldn't do. He was so odd; he didn't even talk to me; we both just sat there. I was preoccupied with the fact that I wasn't going to be able to get into the mission, because it was past six, but he just sat there like we had all kinds of thinking to get caught up on. After a while I began to get these notions about how crazy it was for us two, who may as well be complete strangers, to be sitting on that little hill of grass not speaking a word to each other. He sat there, with his legs crossed, like it was the most natural thing to do and that there was nothing as normal in the world than for two guys to sit

around in a municipal park by the water in the city, just contemplating. Ideas and thoughts were pacing through my mind like pigeons; my family, my home and school, and what I was going to do to get myself into whatever I would get myself into, in order to get out of this place, which I never really belonged to anyway. The Indian turned his view from the sunset to my face; his eyes looked into mine; I returned the stare, and after what seemed like an awfully long time he began to chant. At first, I was embarrassed, but when I saw that he was serious I started to listen more closely. The sounds he was making were similar to sounds that Indian medicine men make, in the old television westerns, when they are healing wounded chiefs, or inspiring war parties. They were gut sounds; the soulful vibrancy of which were intoxicating. I nervously fidgeted about; wondering what was happening, and looking around to see if anyone in the area was watching this guy as he sang. The music was unlike any I had ever experienced and its warm sound was pleasant, and the more I heard of it, the more affected I was by its presence. Like a cloud of smoke, or fog, I was engulfed by this bizarre energy that came from the song this old man was singing. I could feel my blood running through my veins and warming my body; a lump formed in my throat, and I began to lose control. Pent up emotions released into the city; I started shaking a little, and when I looked once more into his eyes I noticed that they were glossy and swelling. I too began to cry, and he reached out and took a hold of my hand; my crying became sobbing, and I buried my face into the breast of his dirty coat. He ran a huge hand through my matted hair, and pressed my head close to him. I was happy and sad, and I could feel the warmth of my own tears dripping down my dirty face. He smelled of perspiration, but it didn't matter; I felt peaceful; tired; unburdened. Then as quickly as it had all happened, he released his grip on me; his eyes drenched in wisdom, helped me to understand and to accept what was happening. I moved back from him; gathered up my old army knap-sack and stood up. I was dizzy at first, but looked into his eyes once more for reassurance, then I just turned, and headed up towards the center of the city. I was heading to the bus station; I knew I would be going home.

Holden Auhn



Marie Guariniello

To Camelia

*Night falls once again, on the virgin beach
Of our all too brief rendez-vous.
And on these cooling sands, frozen by a wind
Grown bitter with loneliness,
I will pass the night or pass away,
Waiting, Remembering and Crying...*

*Waiting for the warm breeze to announce your
Second coming, with the sunny, sweet dream
Of your heavenly perfume.*

*Remembering how we splashed and frolicked in
The pillow of surf, laughing at the seagulls
That couldn't decide where to make their nests.*

*But now,
Tears roll down my cheek and splatter in the hollow
Depression you made by my side,
Turning everything to mud...*

*You!!! You!!! You are my tragedy...my infamy.
You are the bottle in the shaking hands of my alcoholism.
You are the cough of blood in my dreams of mercenary glory.
You are the feel of the dice in my stubborn, sweating palm.
You are the tears of my pen as my grasp guides its nectar and
Leaves me with fertile memories...*

*Night falls once again on the virgin beach
Of our all too brief rendez-vous.
And on these cooling sands, tortured by a wind
Grown bitter with indecision,
I will pass the night or pass away,
Waiting, Remembering or Crying...*

Merle V. Bickford

Mr. Williams

Many men died of age
last night,
and I knew one of them.
A grandfather,
whose child was my
lover's father.
They said he liked hospitals.
He loved the sterility of starched sheets,
constant company of employed nurses,
attention whose axis was himself,
a withering child.

When I visited,
he told me a story.
Slowly he led me to
his dustless room
of darkness.
He sat on his brass bed, slowly
raising his eyes
to mine,
"Yes, um, the women wore
bathing suits that covered
their whole body.
No skin could show.
We men would swim
in outfits that stretched
from our knees to our
elbows. Sometimes they'd
be striped."

He pulled a drawer at
his side open, and
shuffled around all
the papers there, pulling
out a photo of age.

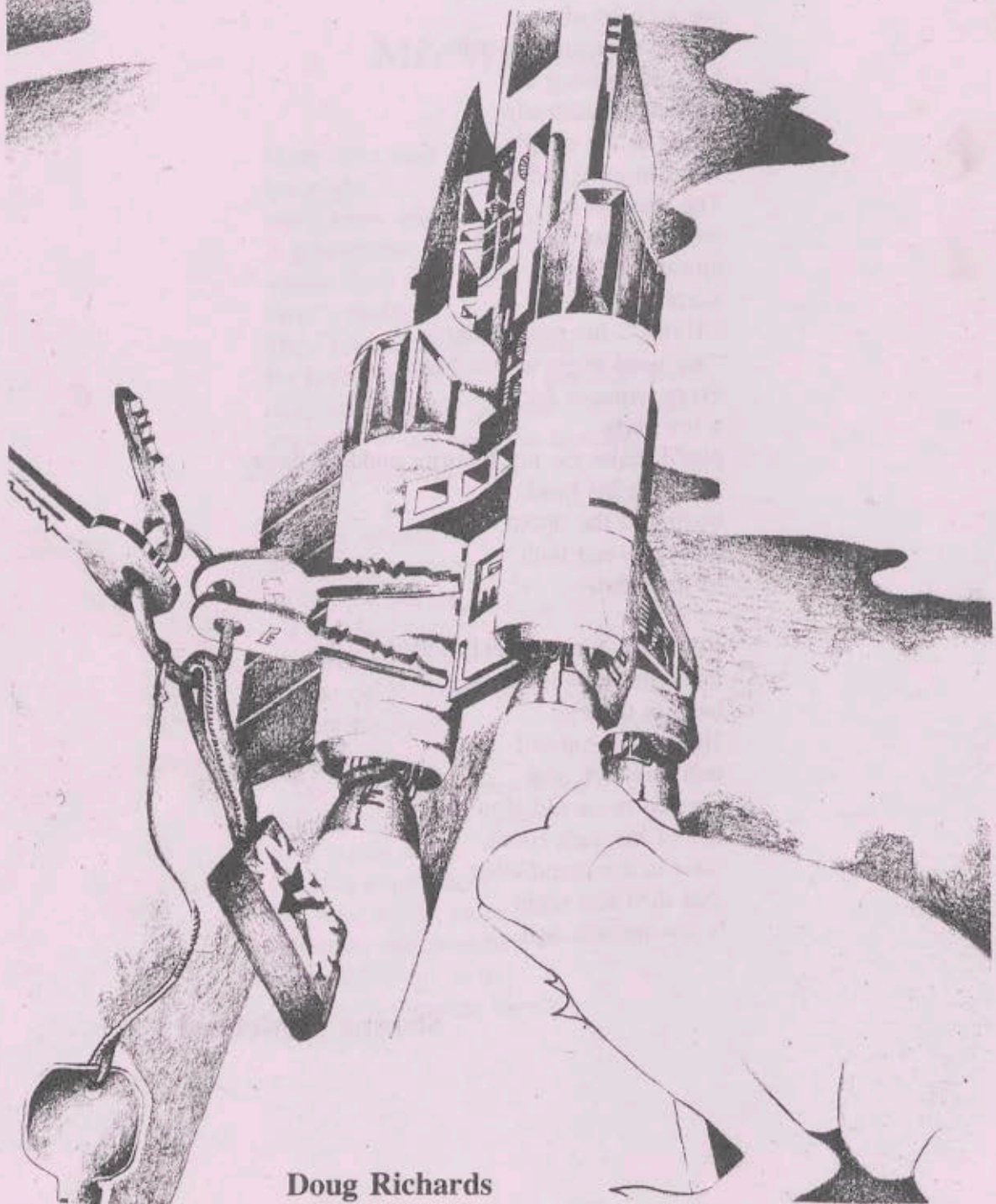
"That's me and my wife,"
he said pointing a
manicured unsteady
finger at the couple,
fitted in grey and white.
The sides of his
mouth began to twitch
upward as he sat
silent.

"Hmm," his eyes glittered,
"we used to go to this beach
every summer for
a few days.

She'd make me my favorite pudding there."
Nodding his head,
staring at the photo
held between both
of his hands.

"Oh yes," he suddenly jolted
upwards, looking at me
hard in the eye.
He pushed himself
onto his feet, and
hurried in an old slow way
out of his dark room.
This is the grandfather
that died last night
a few months ago.

Shawne T. McCord



Doug Richards

Untitled

Ten human beings

Living on a line
The others found out one was black
and then there were nine

Nine human beings

All were feeling great
One joined the military
then there were eight

Eight human beings

Contemplating heaven
One said Jesus was not God's son
and then there were seven

Seven human beings

Looking for some kicks
One mixed drugs and alcohol
and then there were six

Six human beings

Very much alive
One said all people should be free
and then there were five

Five human beings

Wanting something more
A drunken driver found one
and then there were four

Four human beings

Feeling very free
One expressed his thoughts with dynamite
and then there were three

(Continued)

Three human beings
With nothing left to do
One decided he couldn't cope
and then there were two

Two human beings
Found a pretty gun
They got drunk and had an argument
and then there was one

One human being
Something should be done
But somehow he no longer cared
and now there are none.

(No human beings
What an awful fate
Trees grow where there once were none
You know, it's not too late.)

Eliza Setel



Kyle Siegel

Trial

All rise.

And we did.

*Not out of any great respect for the man who told us to,
or for the man for whom we were getting up.*

*Merely because it was a convention and we were supposed
to do it.*

*Undoubtedly there were some in the crowd who truly respected
the man and rose to show their reverence.*

*The man entered with a great deal of authority and approached
his seat of honor with such an air of grandeur, that*

*One might have thought the meaning of truth and justice
had just been revealed to him alone by God himself.*

As he sat before us and simultaneously entreated

us to seat ourselves, I could not help but feel as if

*I were in the King's chambers awaiting knightship or condemnation
and not knowing which it was to be.*

This court is in session.

*It is dead February. Dead because there is nothing
alive about it.*

*Outside, even the buds on the crabapple tree, that Tree of
Knowledge, seem trapped for an eternity by the layer
Of ice that covers them.*

*The streets are empty—brown buildings and cold
Gray snow.*

*The judge looks very solemn. Judges are supposed to look
very solemn.*

*Behind him on the wall, there hangs a huge portrait,
undoubtedly a judge, dead, and certainly very well
Regarded, now that he is no longer alive.*

*On either side are two somewhat smaller portraits,
Of somewhat less important people.*

*Despite the immense floor-to-ceiling windows,
One on each side wall, the room is dark.*

*Dark wooden floors supporting rows of dark wooden
Benches arranged as in a church so that I almost feel the
presence of a superior being. Not the judge.*

*Portraits surround the room, all of people quite a bit less
celebrated than those behind the judge.*

*I wonder if this judge will ever have his portrait
on the wall.*

*These are the charges made against you by the State of
New Hampshire.*

*This was said with command and authority. I thought
maybe he was addressing me, which he was not.
The boy (he is hardly a man) does not look up.*

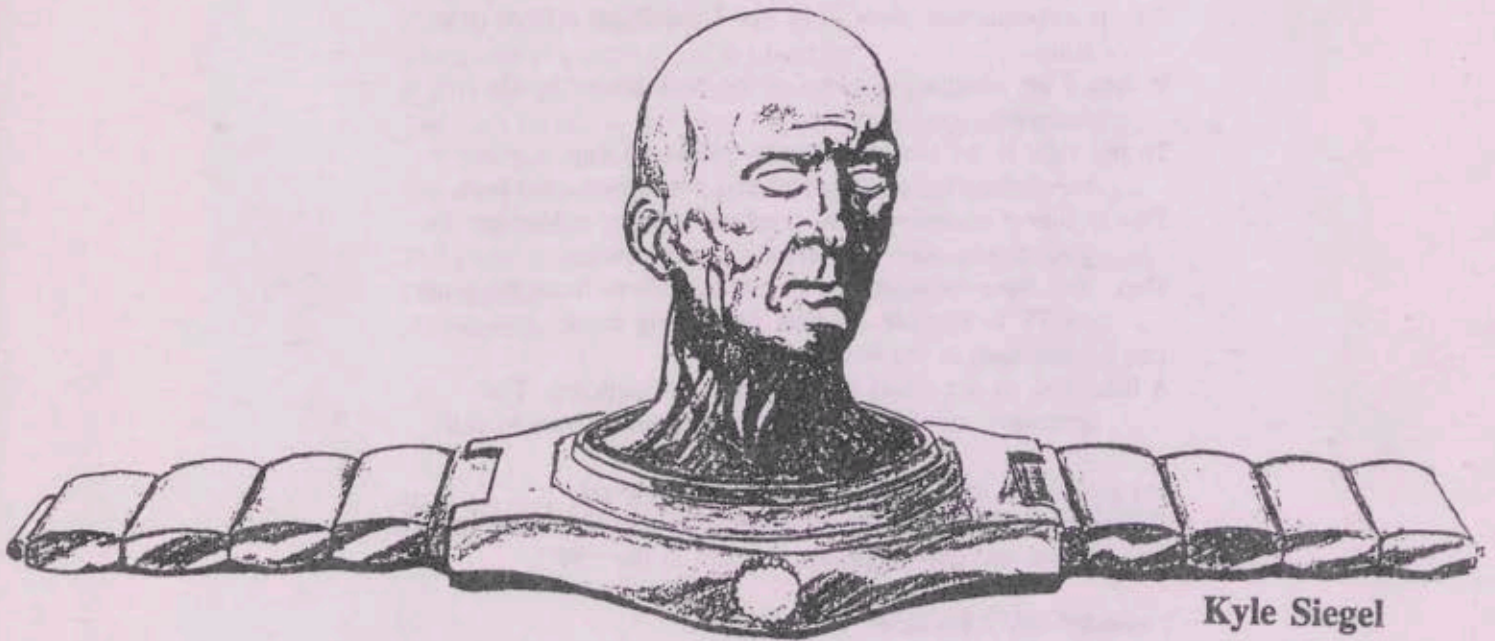
*His lawyer taught him to hide his machoistic pride,
his innate need to level anyone that makes even a hint
of insult, as happened one night last month at a
Fraternity party.*

*He looks down at the dark floor, perhaps trying to
Count the seams between the slats of wood, so as to
forget that night he beat someone to death, though
he would not be so upset if he had only broken his nose.*

*After all, everyone had been into it, and they wanted
Him to go on.*

*Damn them to hell for eternity.
There is no forgiveness.*

Dave Marin



Kyle Siegel

Friend Street

I have seen this man before.

He walks by in the morning on his way to work.

He comes from North Station and walks down Friend Street
toward

the parking garage that seems to fill the opposite end of
the street. Careless businesswomen are raped and business-
men murdered there.

He walks by in the afternoon, on his way home.

He goes back to North Station, where McDonald's workers and
similar types are knived and mugged.

Sometimes he stops into the "99", a bar that many area business-
men go to.

Most of them are in their mid-thirties to mid-forties and
married.

Usually their secretaries, who are in their early twenties to
early thirties, accompany them to lunch.

This is a very professional place.

I go there quite often myself.

Now he is on the roof, above Joe and Nemo's Sandwich Shop.

Joe is short, chubby, Jewish, friendly. He would rather talk
with you than make you a sandwich.

Nemo is very big and Greek. He is just as happy to clean
up the already clean kitchen as come out and relax.

The whole street has come out to watch. We are standing in
the parking lot across the street.

This is a spectacular show. Too bad I didn't get a front row
seat.

In fact, I am standing all alone at the back corner by the
dumpster.

To my right is the rear entrance to Sullivan's Tap, a grimy
bar that serves greasy food and not always cold beer.

This is almost exclusively for regulars, most of whom pay for
their drinks with their unemployment checks.

They, too, have managed to release themselves from the game
on TV to stumble out here for the big event.

The lot attendant is out here, too.

A little girl, in her effort to see, drops her popcorn. The
attendant, stoned as usual, comes running over to yell
at her.

Joe and Nemo aren't here now. Business is good.

Those other content and unconcerned businessmen, those models
of success and propriety, are still in the "99".

I wonder why I am here.

Both sets of construction workers are here also.
The one working on the sewer system, a kind of Burger King-
gas leak-subway smell, especially today.
And the one turning an old clothing sweatshop into an office
building.
You see, we are rebuilding and upgrading the North Station
area.
Nobody ever comes to Friend Street. People only walk down this
street to get someplace else.

The press is here now.
They take pictures to "capture the moment on film", so those
who don't get a chance to see the show can know what
happened.
But seeing the print is never as good as reading the scene.

Soon the audience realizes that it, too, has its own audience.
The press and each other.
So like a child who wants to show off when his parents have
company, someone starts chanting.
Jump. Jump. Jump.
Only no one scolds him.
JUMP. JUMP. JUMP.
The chant is haunting and compelling.
It stirs me and for a moment I wish that I was on the roof.
The man moves to the edge and the photographer poises his camera
for an award-winning photo.
But a policeman tries to coax him away from there. The man
hesitates.
The photographer looks dejected and the crowd lets out a sigh.
Don't worry.
He jumped.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Dave Marin



Dave Dworkin

