

*A well written word is not worth nearly as much as once it
becomes a well read word.*

L.H.

the IDOL

a collection of poetry
from IDOLs past
Fall 1984



UNION COLLEGE
★ Schenectady, New York ★

Street Hawker

He stands against a window
Scuffing warm his frozen feet,
And selling jumping doo-dads
Down on Forty-Second Street.

"Come buy a hoola dancer
From the south sea's balmy clime!
Watch 'em shimmy, watch 'em shake —
Of the finest German make —
Biggest bargain in the city
For a dime!"

Counting silver out to buyers
From a hand like raw, cold meat,
As he sells his jumping doo-dads
Down on Forty-Second Street.

"Come buy a hoola dancer.
Entertain your lovin' wife.
Make 'em back-bend, kick the buck —
Last one left, Mac, you're in luck —
Biggest bargain you'll be findin'
All your life!"

"Cops are comin'!" cries a voice —
And on frenzied, hopping feet,
He scurries with his doo-dads
On down Forty-Second Street.

Allen Dow

February 1929

ANIMA

Strands of seaweed
Painted with rich, brown mud,
 with primeval forests,
Gently undulating with the tides
Turned by the moon's cryptic finger—

Beckoning?

Soft and slithery
To the touch of dry, sinewy hands
Groping
Grasping
Clutching
Pulling —

They drift in to shore,

Drying, crumbling,
Crunching beneath tender bare feet
On a pebbled beach

Sam Hughes

Spring 1975

6009

by john g. williams

The sooty monster sighing
Rhythmically,
With light feathers sonorously swirling
Up to the murky rafters,
He mounted
And transformed it
To a throbbing, roaring machine
Retching smoke, spewing steam
By his use of
Blower, coal scoop, injector.

The soft ruddy glow he
Transmuted to white, hellish chaos,
Metal popping to increased heat
And water boiling and steam;
He exposed the almost
Living thing, floating on its steam, to
Cold, snow, wind;
then quenched its hunger by
Coal, water, grease.

The bell peeling, dynamo singing, stack barking,
It was guided with its human and steel cargo
Through a maze of
Switches, curves, signals
In her final hours of reality.

November 1963

THE IDOL

What! Strip her of her old Joseph's coat!
Long has it clothed her form,
And many a class with blazing fire
Has kept the paint pot warm;
Around her danced the frightened Frosh
And shrieked the Sophomore.
Shall old traditions die away
And Freshmen paint no more?

And shall we rob her of her place,
So well she's played her part!
And must our underclassman god
Be sacrificed for art!
Long has she kept her secrets true
Of each class loyal fight
And watched with grim tragic mien
The revels of the night.

Nay! If her variegated coat
Doth mar artistic forms
And too undignified are deemed
The underclassman storms,
Then leave to her the campus woods;
Long may she reign and be
The Idol of all Union's sons,
The studes' Euphrosyne.

R.I.

December 1910

Small Town Bar

The pool balls crack
Scattering a rainbow of colors
Across the table,
A cigarette hanging
From his mouth
The boy eyes his cue,
A quick shot
A stripe disappears,
He brushes back a fallen lank of hair
And chugs his beer,
Trying again
Another stripe goes down,
Confidence enters the boy's body
Yet, he doesn't smile,
The coldness in his eyes
Remains with the perpetual frown
The beer fills him easily
The game of pool becomes his life
Of chance and skill
But, here the boy is king.

Alissa Schagrin

Home FOR THE HERO

All around me are locked in sleep
The veil of night makes this hold a
tomb
The air is still for bonds of sleep are
strong
The reclining figures never move nor
stir
The watch on deck must feel the quiet
too
For all is muffled all is stilled.

At last we are on our way toward
home
Which I left behind five years ago
A cold November was the month of
our departure
North Africa the goal of our invasion
Far different was the crossing then
Armed were the men with weapons
and with fear.

The weapons we carried were vicious
and strong
Shovel, bayonet, trench knife, Garand
Tommy gun, grease gun, machine
gun, mortar
Thirty-seven, fifty-seven, seventy-five
Ninety-one or five-one, five-five
Bazooka rocket, Molotov cocktail
grenade.

Fighting and killing went hand in
hand through
El Guettar, Kasserine Pass, Bizerte,
Tunis
Sicily, Salerno, Naples, Cassino, Anzio
Cannes, Toulon, Dijon, Lyons, Rouen
Namur, Brussels, Liege, Verviers, Spa
Aachen, Cologne, Frankfurt, Nurnberg,
Munich.

Fighting and glory seemed like
brothers
Wounded at Naples and decorated at
Cassino
Fight and kill the dirty Boche
Panzer, SS Wehrmacht, Luftwaffe,
Hitler Jugend
All are our enemies, let none escape
Kill them else they destroy you.

Tanks, trucks, jeeps, weapons, carriers
Liberties, Victories, LST's, LCI's
Don't crowd up, plenty room for all
Keep your head down, don't get hit
Check over your weapons, got enough
ammo
Okay men, this is it, hit the surf.

Keep moving up there, keep moving
Take that town at all costs the hill
Hit the ground, artillery strafing
Slit trench, fox hole, gutter, high grass
Stay down, knees and elbows, creep
and crawl
Keep moving, stay down, watch your
butt.

But all are quiet and reposed here
now
And we are going home at last
Why in Hell did I stay so long
Others went home, why not I
Wine, women, song, rot gut and
whores
Sow thy wild oats while ye may.

Dad, Mom and Sis at the station
Tears in their eyes from love in their
hearts
The folks grown grey with the years
Sis in high heels, lacquer on her nails
Will she remember me, will I know her
Am I still her idol or are my feet of clay.

All my friends will greet me as well
With music, flowers, showers of
emotion
Some of the gang have wives and
children
More married couples than free men
like me
They were all so old when all this
started
Now old before their times or are they.

But this is a strange and morbid ship
All receive equal treatment in all
things
Identical status of officers and
enlisted men
Bunked alike since we left together
No R H I P aboard this vessel
All men created equal in the eyes of
God.

Even our uniforms are all alike
A pine box in a metal casket.

★ ★ ★ ★

by Si B. Steinhart

Simplicity

You wear when you are alone with me
A golden cloak, simplicity,
Your perfect raiment, burnished bright
As the kind full moon of an Autumn night.
When others come and join us two
Your perfect garment falls from you.
The world and I must gaze upon
That counterfeit, pretension.
Often, too, when the others go
The glitter stays. You cannot know
How the cruel thin fangs of fickle light
Pierce my eyes and induce a fright
That tortures the very soul in me.
Oh woo her, pursue her, simplicity.

John Lusk

February 1928

TO EMILY

I met a fellow in the night
I met him once before,
He looked at me and I at him
And then he closed the door.

I knocked and said, "May I come in
To see you as before,"
"To hell with you," he said to me
And then he locked the door.

It seemed quite crass, or so I thought
The old, forgotten lore
That somewhere in the looking glass
Are keys to fit the door.

Until with aged and wrinkled spite
With marks beyond restore
I met a fellow in the night
Kept knocking at my door.

Jim Williams

Autumn 1969

***YOU'RE
MY
IDOL!***



Touching Cloves

Walking,
Brisk, brisk but
the morning is hot
and the air
too

The air is all
sweet sunlight on haystacks
Sluggish summer light,
lavender,
falls

Lavender
Like the sachets I hated
Such sweetness
smelling up the drawers

I wanted cloves
Spice of cold mornings
Autumn
when leaves rot
spice, and
brisk
Like the humor I loved,
Brisk,
Hard like
cloves,
hard
Not soft like flowers

Cloves in fingers
In hair
The spice of morning
Not this morning
too sweet with
flowers

Not this morning
so hot,
tomorrow
walk faster
Brisk,

Mary M. Richardson
1981-82

Walk brisk into Autumn
Smell cloves

**Flowers At The Grave
Of The
Stillborn Child**

The snow sheds itself on the ground, at once
Immobilized by the quick grasp of cold.
You walk alone, lashes taken in by
The sun's artless wandering through the fold
Of monuments and stone that bear condolence
And sad testimony to our weak hold
On earth. Fragments of graven scripture lie
In the granite; dust blown into dust souled
With an angel's passion for the heavens
And the reed-like breath of saints. Dirges for
Slabs of the earth's flesh while God leavens
The grass each spring and grows within us more
And more with every taste of the pollen
Clustering in our veins, leaving them swollen.

Elaine Cohen
Autumn 1968

Mother Died Without Convictions

Ma
died...
in
the clinging
Dust
of rugs
unruffled
by
a Hoover
vacuum
cleaner.

Michele Vottis
Winter 1971

Collections of Life

I sit and stack sunsets,
their copper sides even,
like rows of pennies
sorted by year.

By this time of morning it has all been:
the envelope with the John Kennedy stamp
has been opened and read;
the wine bottle is an ornament now
on the window sill, the cork
lies on its side, a ship in a bottle.

The papers and bottles can all be recycled,
but the sunsets
can only be stacked,
like newspapers, to glisten like wine bottles,
collect dust like old ships.

Terri Cohen

Fall/Winter 1978

Old Soldiers Die and Die

A black death, a cold chastity, hung in the air;
Despair fumbled honestly the touchdown breath;
And pleasure, sealed in Egyptian tombs, was left to spawn.
Death, rosy plastic cheeks above a starched collar, homed
Parabolically; and *very* thankful streets owned no silence as steel
creations marched
Away the threatening breath or dare of any nation.

The Mosaic chessmen hung death out to air;
Despaired, perhaps, at pillars of fire stuttering like a fawn's breath
That tumbled innocent cathedral domes and slum spawn
Alike and shuffled out the calling cards of funeral homes,
Conveniently along the ways intrepid passions marched
Pretending their obedience to chess nations.

But here a child breathed sulfur with his air;
The waves of shock and horror put a hobble on his breath;
At night the dealer sent the child for pawn
While offspring of his deal burst in a hundred homes—
Where the walls were dead as tables Moses marched
To Sinai for, then hurled down on his nation.

Smoke-bled sight, a dead-fish air,
Despair on every indrawn breath,
Conjugating search-beams seemed to spawn
A rain of death to parch the funeral homes
Along the ways where calculations marched;
Their songs, the deontology of nations.

That one life was lived past the thundering air—
Is that more than miracles which make a catch of breath?
Is it, rather, like a checkmate where each man has left a pawn?
What of the tumbled dead in their rectangular, dark homes?
What of the shiny-buttoned tribes that dumbly marched
Away to give themselves away for nations?

A thousand rows of sterile teeth in the blue air
Set in a green jaw where the wind is breath
And the bite was long; and long ago the spawn
Of worms set out the boundaries of their homes:
The soil is blackened where once the wormfood marched—
The pride, the rapture-stirring pride, of humbled nations.

By Rodham E. Tulloss

November 1964

With silent, ceaseless hope, I bear the weight
Of momentary bothers, daily woe.
And were it not for beauty's careless fate,
For stark magnificence its face to show,
I would be crushed by all that has no worth,
By all existence wrapped in formless hands,
And laugh along with loneliness, a mirth
That follows many wants, but few demands.
Still, there remains escape from daring tries
To stifle care; the forceful mind recalls
Her face, her mellow voice, her lovely eyes.
It dreams, and wonders at its thoughts, and falls
Into her grasp, a pit of senseless bliss.
A devil's work is shattered by a kiss.

Paul Weiner
November '60

THE ARTFUL

Filled with a fury,
we run in the night,
Over our shoulders,
under the lights,
Up the side streets,
down the dim paths,
A shot rings out,
can't help but laugh.
Be nice if they
would give me a clue,
As to why they are doing
this thing to you.
The Artful Dodgers
they give us that name
The people love us,
but they shoot just the same.

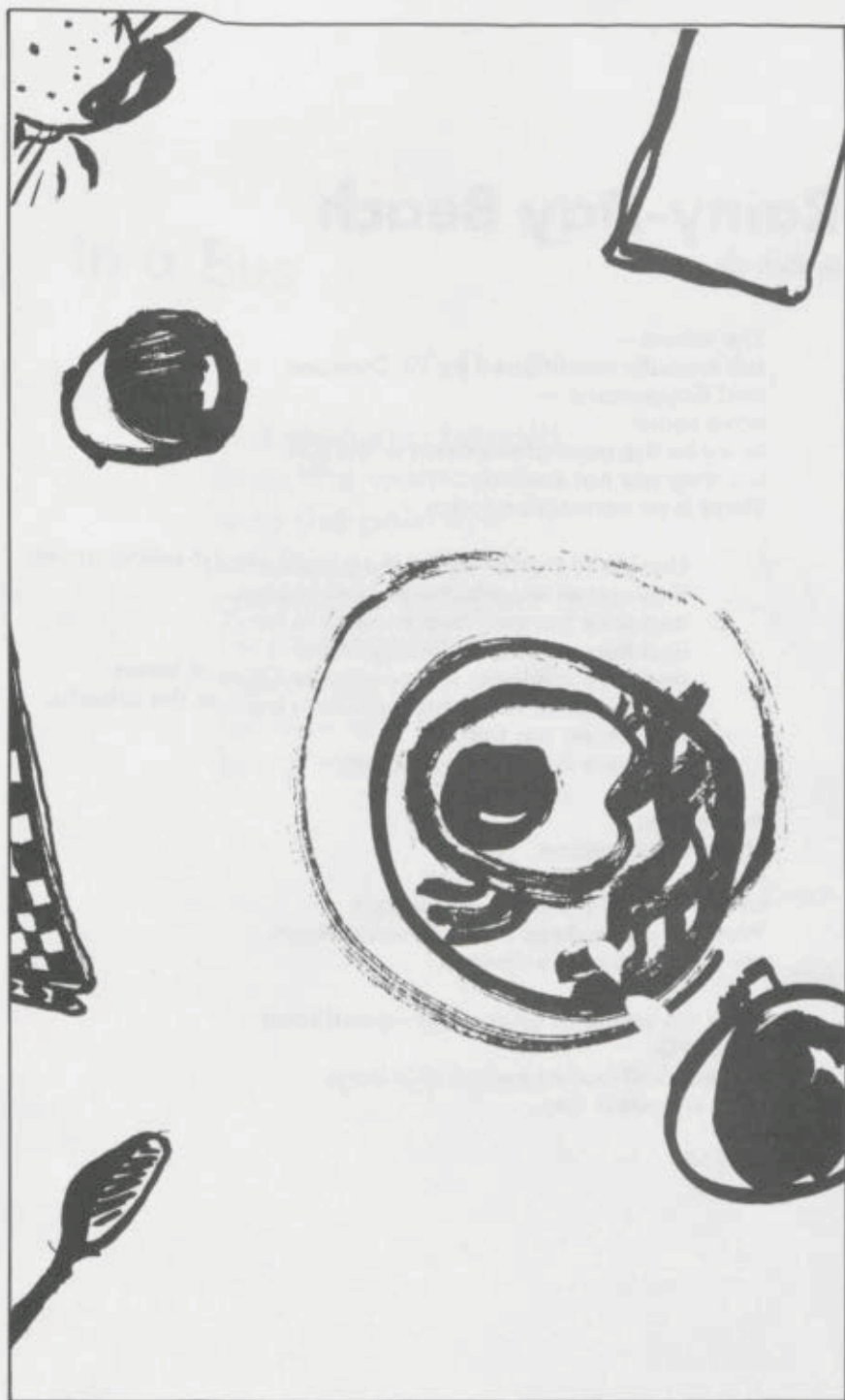
We move at night,
a gang in true form,
Over the border,
return before dawn,
When they decided to make
a law from the bill,
We're supposed to be proud
we've a license to kill.
Security gets tight,
as the sun sinks down,
The Artful Dodgers
are coming to town.
Filled with a fury,
like I've never known,
C'mon, Congress,
you reap what you sow.

DODGERS

We meet at a station,
the boys are all there —
Peters, Top Hat,
Slide and O'Hare.
A fine bunch of men,
our mission, our aim,
to free fighting boys
from the Government's game.
We find these men,
hidden from sight,
Break for the border,
expecting no fight.
All of a sudden,
right in our way,
Border troops send
Slide to his grave.
Thinking quick is a
God-given tool
We had to show
they were playing the fool.
In a twist of fate,
what else could it be?
The two of them died,
it was up to me.
I led the objectors,
thru old Bordertown,
they had blown our network,
no escape to be found.
When the sun came up,
our nerves grew worse,
Seems there's no way
out of this curse.

They all looked at me
as to what to do next
I said "Give me
liberty —
or give me
death."

The Artful Dodgers,
they give us that name
The people love us,
but they shoot just the same.



Rainy-Day Beach

By Rich Clemens

The others—
subliminally conditioned by Vic Damone
and Coppertone —
have come
to make the most of moments in the sun,
but they are not seared.
There is no connection today.

Unable to batten-down the pages of best-selling novels
they spit at sand between their molars
and take bargain-beachtowels in hand
and Retreat into Bodies-by-Fisher
and stick to plastic seatcovers like Drive-In lovers
and swear at tail-lights funnelling back to the suburbs.
"Christ, no sun today."
But there is no direct address.

Alone now,
There is no horizon.
Unfettered darkness merges
as ocean and sky swap cosmic spit.
Walking ankle-deep in this heaving foam
my bones feel a dampness.

Only the sound of angry, high-speed sand
HISSING
against half-buried potato chip bags
ruins a perfect day.

Nov-Dec 1966

In a Bus

The shell you bought
from the woman
with the pale eye
lies in my pocket
crushed to powder.
I look through
the window and sigh
for one less turn
in my tossing dream.

—Walter Conch

Fall-Winter 1968

POINT OF VIEW

Female Fly!
Oh glorious Queen,
Your wings reflect
The rainbow's scheme.
Your legs are barbed
But I'll be wary:
Your body's soft
And black! And hairy!
Your kiss is cold
You cruel deceiver.
Perhaps I'm not
It's lone receiver.
Those eyes no fly
Could long resist,
Would daze an
Ophthalmologist.
You're small my love
But worth your weight.
By Zeus! How you
Can propagate.
Your image, pet,
I thus salute
When crawling over
Rotten fruit.

Amos Badertscher

Fall 1958

THREE INTELLECTUALS

Speaking quietly long, earnestly
Worried for unpeaceful being.
He, his hair hardly long hardly
Short black standing straight,
Shines somewhat like an ancient
Orator.
Orating, declaiming, he expounds
Philosophies of Greeks, an old
English teaching philosopher, a teacher of
Greek, and Clothes
("Trousers are a phallic symbol—how's that?")
Happily resentful
He (like we) suckles at Minerva's Breast.
He studies in a dormitory cubicle of
Ivied Ivory. A
Catholic Calvinist.
"God transcends all."

Quite
intelligently speaking little.
he is an all student;
modern times go never mentioned
(just
Arnold, Spenser,
McNulty
matter) when he says. Brilliantly
sardonic, sarcastic, though (at times)
sarcoptic,
wit wasted.
Wasted.

"avant garde" of three
student (these) intellectuals
loudly (talker) laughing.
He (wire hair
New Yorker
sleepy robust)
knows (some of
his friends call him radical,
some too conservative)
only (his mind
most alive) to-
(Judist) morrow.
Shocker
"who's this god (small g —newly
personal god) and what
does he want?"

—Edward Closs, Jr.

November 1954

MEETING

Melvin Einhorn

We were introduced, it's true,
But never met.
Never met. . .
I and you,
Not yet.

We talked, it's true,
But never at.
Never at. . .
Always through.
Just that.

We paired, it's true,
But who knew?
Who knew. . . ?
You, I?
I, You?

We broke, it's true,
But lost? Never.
Who and Who?
Whomever?

You bored?
Me too!
Let's meet,
I and You.
Hasten feet!
Two plus two.

Grandfather's Guitar

Searching through a trunk one day,
I spied an object of the past.
Amidst the rubble and decay,
It lay where it had last been cast.

"An old guitar," I first surmised,
But then with clearer contemplation
What I heard, to my surprise,
Was a song for speculation.

With all its lacquered luster gone,
It told its tale to me
Of Spanish Main and haunting song
And days of gallantry.

It sang for maidens sweet and fair,
And 'neath a willow tree
Its lusty ballads broke the air
And set the stage for revelry.

The strings on which the master played
Were mellow then, in days of yore,
But now too weakened and decayed
To capture music any more.

"The master's gone," I heard it say,
"And I am mere commemoration
To one who followed music's way
And fulfilled an obligation."

Let music fill men's hearts, my son;
I give you thoughts to ponder o'er.
And when my attic search was done,
Silent now, it spoke no more.

By Jeffrey Hedquist

November 1964

XIV

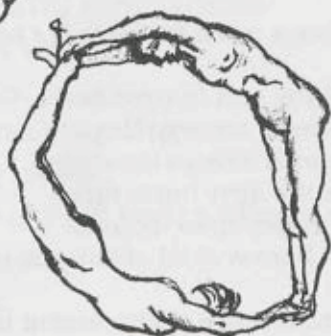
There is no sovereign death but this, for it
Brings torture afterwards, and lonely fears,
Like mournful candles on a hearthstone lit
Only to gutter in a lake of tears.
As if a lightning flash had pierced you blind
And left you searching—half upon your knees—
For light and subtle tenderness behind
Thin threads of sunlight groping through the trees.
So you must wander after this has passed,
And hunt Parnassus in the stupid dust,
And to yourself alone admit, at last,
That of your love there has remained but lust;
Then you are left alone with night's first star
To wish that you were dead—I know you are!

XV

When April rains bring in diminished cold
And six-month fires burn down ember-high,
Then to my window go my love and I
To see once more the silver night unfold
Out of the April days, and tightly hold
Fast to our memories of cliff and sky
Near Mytilene, where the fishers ply
Their sea-green dories under skies of gold.
I knew your thoughts the day you looked at me
And spoke the name that you could not abide,
When I, ironically, placed at your feet
Treasures from Mytilene and the sea
That sleeps past Lemnos, waking with the tide,—
Gifts of a sailor friend returned from Crete.

—John Clatborne Davis

May 1937



Julie Evans

LATE AUTUMN

The mist hung low this morning as I went
to school;

The hills were partly hidden, brown
erased by white.

I saw a rabbit in the road, quite motion-
less and cold.

And later on I passed a woman going to
work.

Her tinted face a mask for what her body
felt.

A brutal etching cast in tired flesh.

The city streets are very bleak—

A garbage man sweeps listlessly;

I look across the dirty tower tops

And see the empty space beyond.

November, barren child of autumn's
seed,

You hold no strange enchantment in
your nakedness.

For I remember not a month ago,

Bright hills, clear sky, new joy.

Author Unknown

Feb. 1928

Youth

The first years give the infection.
There is no choice—
Only the blindness of new eyes,
And the black wine of a boy's nights.
Youth is an infection—
A rapid fever, a burning emptiness.
The black wine puts visions
Before the blind eyes,
And the fever and the emptiness
Give them life and a place.
In the middle and the last years there is nothing.

Codman Hislop

December 1929

James Fitch

By Donald C. Abood

James Fitch one day,
sold his stock in A.T.&T.,
and paid the mortgage,
and sold one of his two cars,
and made a will,
and left his big house,
and said goodbye to everything,
and disappeared.

Mrs. Fitch awoke,
and found him not in bed,
and absent from the breakfast table,
and was surprised,
and thought he must have left in the night,
but cooked the eggs,
wondering where he went,
and if he would return.
She thought of alimony.

The secretary,
finding Fitch's office empty,
called his house,
and learned he was not ill, but gone,
and sat thinking of herself,
and hoped James had paid
the rent on her apartment.

The kids came to breakfast,
and saw their father's empty seat,
and asked where he was,
and wanted their allowance.
Mrs. Fitch cooked them all some eggs.

Fitch's body was taken from the river,
and placed on a slab,
and his wife came and stared at him,
then went home and read the will,
and the kids had their allowance raised,
and were happy.

People came to touch his skin,
and see if he was real,
and decided he was,
but said it was his mind,
that was warped and made him suicidal,
and went home satisfied that he had been crazy,
and everyone talked about death for weeks,
all but his secretary,
who did not bother,
because she was living,
quite comfortably in another apartment.

GASTRO-ANALYSIS

by Gilbert W. Tuck

I dreamt about a bowl of snakes;
And ducks and sparrows I decoyed;
And blueish, greenish, fishless lakes;
Then I consulted Doctor Freud.

I found they indicated sex;
With this I was quite overjoyed.
I thought of Oedipus, called Rex
And now became somewhat annoyed.

Suppose I killed my own poor dad;
Had lustful love for my dear mom.
Suppose I went from good to bad
And bumped off Joey with a bomb.

I've made a wise and subtle vow,
To drink no coffee, eat no steaks
And pies my health will not allow,
And so, to stop my dreams of snakes.

February 1934

Epitaph

A man lies here, an ordinary man,
Within whose web of life no bright threads ran;
Whose days were torn from calendars, tossed
Into the basket of the past, and lost;
Whose happiness and sorrow sober went
Leaving him old; whose gold was never spent
In foolish joy, nor safely stored away
That he might ease his toil in miser's play.

Within his barren vista grew no trees;
He saw no mountains, heard no roaring seas;
Beauty for him was but a substance which
Was bought for sums of money by the rich,
While ugliness, it seemed, was often neat
And cheap: a factory shed, a pile of meat
Fresh slaughtered or a vacant city lot
In a good district; love was but a name
For kissing at the end of movies; fame
He felt was dangerous.

So he lived and died—

His wife in Paris, daughter at his side
To weep a worthy tear till he was dead,
And then to grumble when the will was read.
Yes, hear lies Tragedy: Not that he died,
But that he did not live; not that he sighed,
But that he did not smile; not than none wept
His death, but that none missed his face. He slept
As he had lived lost in a crowd. No ban
Barred Heaven to this ordinary man.

P.B. Yates, Jr.

April 1928



Idol

SPRING ISSUE

1981

WCISHAR

On Being 19 and Discovering Certain Things I Knew When 9

Gramps spun out of his trench.
Grey coats can't hear the pistol
rusting in mud.

Grandfather was skinny once and slid,
his backbone sinuous
and quiet like a snake,
between vaterland jackboots.

He was a War I pacifist without weapon
slithering nervous through enemy lines for
rescue.

The gold medal hangs framed and draped
on our old fortress landing.

Piedmont

Kiss the Boys Good-bye

Another guy is leaving, going from our
place:

Good-bye, farewell to him, to his
familiar face.

(No more around the club,
Nor ever at the pub.)

There'll be another party, night before
he goes,

With beer and bottled goods—to chase
our woes.

(No more to hear that cry,
To hear his shout for rye.)

We'll reminisce a bit, and think of what
we've done:

The girls we used to go with—times we
nearly won.

(No bragging of his girl,
Of dating Midge or Shirl.)

The parties at the house—and quiet
rooms upstairs;

The better chaperons—who mind their
own affairs.

(No more to hear him gloat—
"Ah, lipstick on my coat!")

Another guy is leaving, going from our
place;

Good-bye, farewell to him, to his
familiar face.

(No more around the club,
Nor ever at the pub.)

We'll speak of football games, and Davis
down the slot;

Tall Johnnie down the floor—that
magic pivot shot.

(Not more his strident yell,
"C'mon, Bobbie! Give 'em hell!")

And of the bio prof, who liked a clever
joke.

Of balding Matterhorn, who whistled
when he spoke.

(No more his classic shout:
"What in heck is this about?")

Then next day at the station, saying our
good-byes,

We'll rub our noses slyly, something in
our eyes.

(No more his hearty laugh,
His corny epitaph.)

"So long, all—Charlie, Herb!" he'll shout
his last farewell.

Then, at last, "Good-bye, gang, I'll give
those babies hell!"

(No more of him, no more—
His college days are o'er.)

—E. Carl Smith

Spring 1943

Homeward Bound

People till I could scream.
Spruced up for their jobs
They dress to impress
Not merely to cover
Slim limb or pompous paunch.
Snobs
From dormitory village
To the south of the town.
You know jolly well
Their feet are playing hell.
So penpushing, petty, and pure.
What's it all for?

What's it all for?
What's it all for?
You're back on the train
Away from the bright lonely roar
Of the town
Down
Through streetloads of boxes
Each filled to its brim—
Squalor and children,
Numberless annual children,
The dole.

Here at least they are living.
Through the trim and tidy
 outskirts—
Petticoats are carefully hid—
No frank and honest mention
But convention
And feline hand-hid hinting
From the seething sewer of their
 minds
No humour
In their mean-eyed houses
Trim. These telemined people
With their typists' titter or hollow
Pompous boom.
The business youth
With bowler hatted head.
To tell the truth
He might as well be dead.

by Lebus

January '61

Left behind the train
And empty din.
Away up the hills
With the whisky wind
The frisky wind
In the stark-striped roundness of
 the winter trees
Behind—the tip-tilt crescent of
 the moon.
Walking barefoot where nobody
Cares.

ACID RAIN

As we sit in this dark corner,
Our forehead in the palm,
The door slams,
And rumbles,
As the murmurs,
Creep,

No trees on the leaves,
A bark pierces the web,
Cold wet stone,
Petrified coffins,
Stillness,
Cement.

Dead oxygen and birds,
The year the trees didn't bloom,
Spring never came,
Walking upright,
The bold sweet tree,
Green core,
Souring in the guts,
Knowledge,

Something about the clouds,
Ora of the dead,
Gallows-tree and the cross,
Damned trees,
Wet bones,
The soiled gratitude,
Mud.

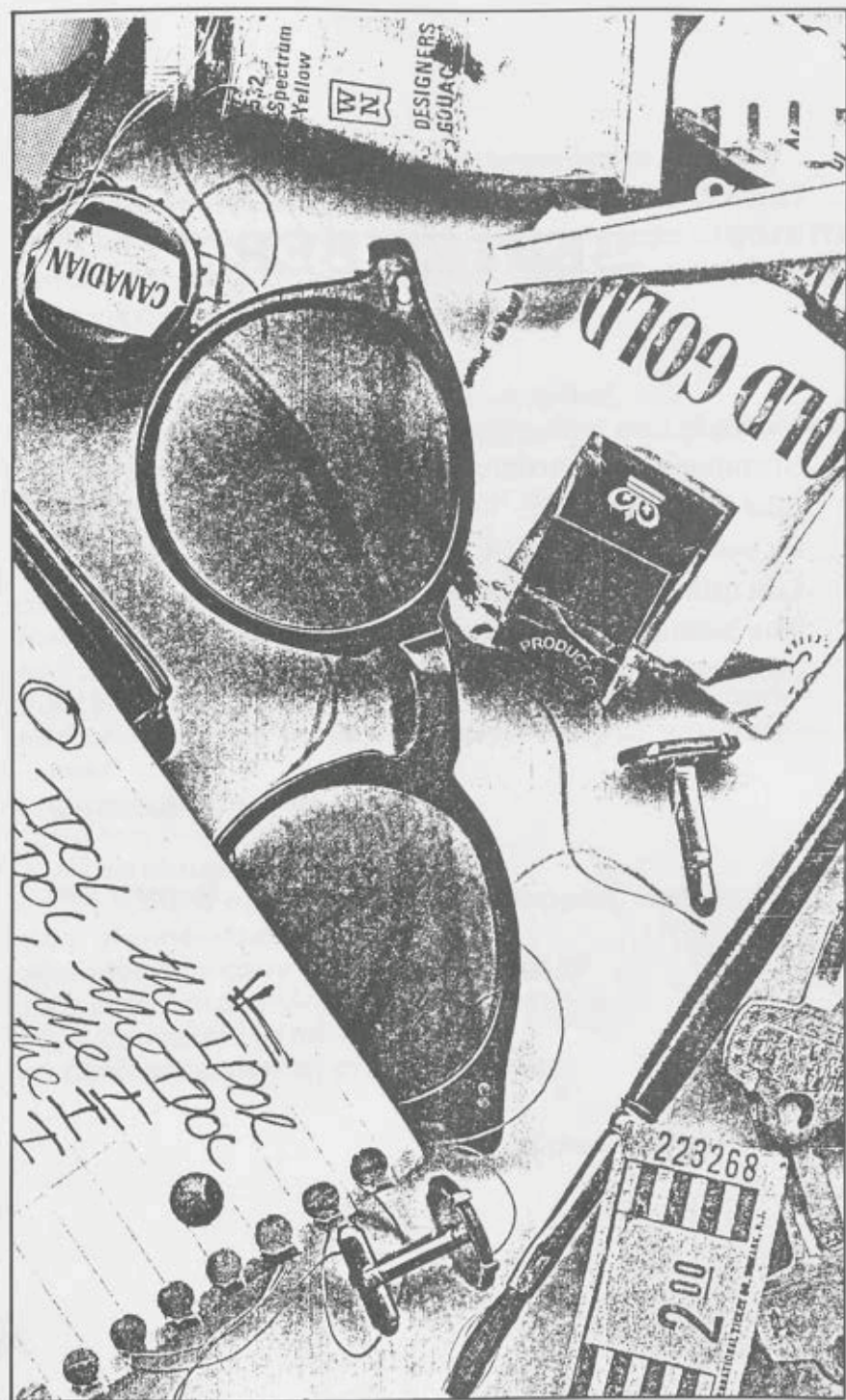
Wayne Godlin

DISILLUSIONED

I looked into the swallowing depths
of your enchanting eyes
and drowned in their blue beauty;
my eyes caught the red on your lips,
my heart sought for a smile on your face
and was filled with a noble emotion.
I was ready to die for you . . .
And then I met you—
I lost my judgment, my will to live,
even lost my will to die
when I found that I was blind,
had been blind and been deceived
by a superficial, artificial dye.

—Karl Eisenbach

May 1953



SEPTEMBER

Clarity.

Summer's sod hardens and visions slip into place
Like the crisp leaves blown off heavy-branched trees
By cool gusts from the North.
Life quickens, and her eyes are brighter.
The brilliant-mottled forest carpets our abode
Illuminated by clear blue billowed skies.

by Neil Jaffee

November 1960

i.c.c. regulations require passengers to stay
back of white line remain seated and do not
talk to driver while coach is in motion cigarette
smoking only unless prohibited by law drinking
intoxicants on coach prohibited

greyhound buses are seemingly inhabited
by golden age social security shiny suited and cloth coated
old people.

this one is filled with grandmothers and widowers
going from rochester to worcester
to see their daughters-in-law and grandchildren
and sisters and cousins and nephews.
their lives they pour out to each other
at the slightest sign, or sigh, of palsied interest.
their blue hair and shawls and plastic jeweled hairnets
nod and bob and shake in compensatory commiseration
over

husbands lost in wars,
wives lost in breast cancer,
and handbags lost in bus stations.
i think there is an underground, untapped, undiscovered
class of americans, all over sixty,
who eternally carry their macy's bags of
sixty years' accumulation of wrinkles
from springfield to schenectady
on (discover america) greyhound buses.

Michael Gottlieb

Winter 1971

*An early summer swallowed
Spring like an hors d'oeuvre,
Sipping up crocus sap laced with
Pollen and cotten seeds,
Seducing maples red like a rogue
Whistling for blondes.*

*Many thought it overdue,
Ignoring the finesse by which
The snow was taken in the same move
As the dandelion.
But these unfeeling creatures
With hammock sags
And gagged eyes
Snub all gypsies in favor of
Pioneers.*

A COLLOCATION

Aubrey K. Carton

Fall '75

THE FUNERAL

By Stephen M. Zimmerman

April 1960

In the shadow-speckled morning of a New Orleans summer,
I saw a band of Negroes, dressed in black.

And one, who carried a trumpet, danced slowly down the
dusty road,

Taking care not to dirty his trousers.

Behind him trailed a quartet of weeping women,

Followed in turn by a crudely fashioned pine coffin borne
by three husky youths.

After a short while, they cautiously set their burden down,
Into a carefully consecrated hole in the ground,

And the women wailed, unmindful, or not caring, that
I heard them.

The trumpeter stood above them, upon a mound of earth,
And as he pressed the horn to his lips, and pointed the bell
toward Jesus,

I turned and ran down the hill, laughing.

Country Chores

The windows softened; he rose and put
Stocking and shoe upon each foot.
He tiptoed down the stairs and drove
Some heat into the waiting stove.

He thought of work, he thought of chores
As he unlocked the kitchen doors.
He smiled because he was the first
To wash himself and quench his thirst.

Outdoors he slipped the pasture rail,
Called to the cows and filled his pail
With milk; and as he did, the house
Began to murmur and arouse.

He took an axe and struck it deep
Into the wood, one from the heap.
He laughed to feel his strong limbs' play
Upon the blocks he split this way.

Upon a hill, he looked below,
Saw farmlands, fences in a row.
His mind's eye saw his family there
As they came down the morning stair.

There was the breakfast to begin,
For they knew he would soon be in;
And he would speak a word or two
Of the days plans that he would do.

NIGHT CLUB

By C. W. Bennett, '34

November 1933

Empty glasses
Old dead butts.
Searing headaches
Aching guts.

Smoky dance halls
Painted dames.
Thumping jazz, bands
Sexy aims.

Creaky crooners
Nasal notes.
Not even whiskey
Clears their throats.

Gin and lime juice
Shady joke.
Messy kisses
Make one choke.

Why we do it
Not one knows.
How much cleaner
Is a rose.

WITHOUT

RANCOR

By the doors of Old Concordy
Sits the idle Idol boardy
With their folded thumbs a-twiddling,
With their eversharps fididdling
And as ever, in a daze
Known as literary haze.
Nothing serious, I fancy,
Just a bit of lead in Pantsy.

In the chairs they're stretched out sloppy!
Wishing for some Idol copy.
Something daring, something prudent,
Interesting to the student.
Who can tell, they yet may edit
Works of art to bring them credit,
But it seems to me like ages
Since I last saw Idol's pages.

Possibly if we were praying
Rather than our trust betraying,
We might yet have something airy
By the end of February,
We could spend our time in reading
Rather than incessant pleading,
But I doubt 'twill be created
Much before we're graduated.

We all know the complications
Of producing publications
N'r-the-less, a tale worth spinning
Can't be writ without beginning.
Pardon us if we seem hurried,
We can't read it when we're burried.
Can't we have results before it
Gets too late? We're paying for it.

W.G.
February 1938

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