

THE IDOL



I am an artist of purest blood. A
poet without poems, a painter with-
out paintings, a musician without
music, even an actor without a role.
The completed work, banal fruit of
simple-minded strivings, I despise.
My life is my lifework. . . .

— Ingmar Bergman

Through A Glass Darkly

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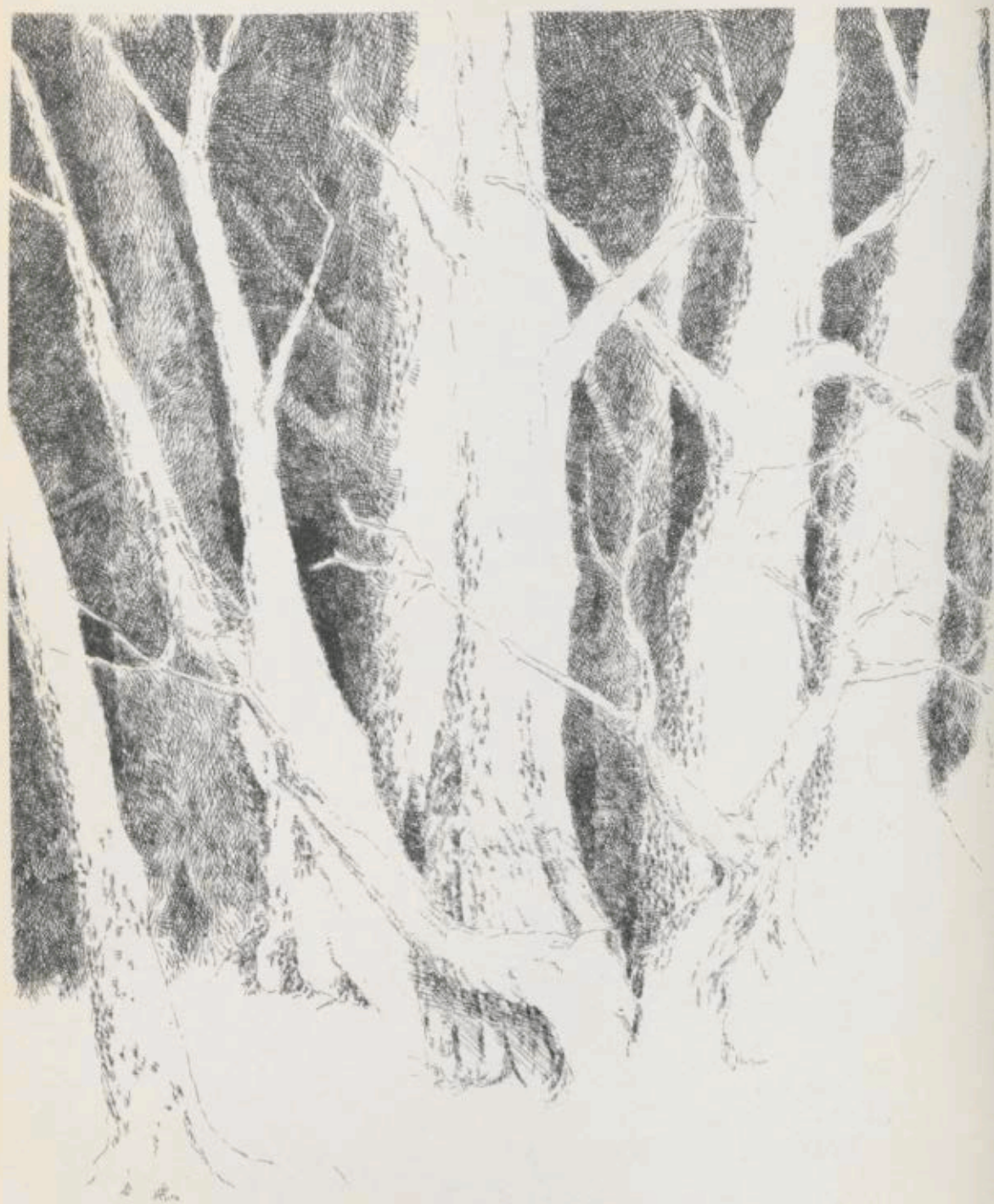
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The Return

LES PETROVICS

*Or should I strip the divine from those meek,
shamelessly loving, grief-shadowed eyes?
Should her gaze force my hands into fists?*

— Attila Gerecz

In the cold October fourteen years ago, my friends on Damianics Street were diligently hoarding ripe chestnuts, the missiles for our battles in the park at dusk. The fallen leaves were just beginning to drift into piles so we could gallop through them, neighing loudly like a herd of wild horses, and then on command from the leading stallion, fall and roll, and laugh aloud, sinking into the bristly blanket of dead leaves, our heaving chest devouring the bittersweet fragrance of autumn. From the battles or from galloping I would return, flushed and sweaty, to the softness of a familiar apron and the light caresses of the woman behind the apron who arched over me in a gentle curve like the bough of a tree heavy with fruit. From that cold October of learning to be a child, I was called on the painful journey. What beckoned me was remote and mysterious—"a better chance," "a better life." The caller was Fate in the guise of History, some far removed mammoth beast with no more substance than a shadow to the senses of an eight year old. Incomprehensible, but I felt its menace in the pain of being torn from all that was familiar at a time when I was still green and should have been left to ripen.

I departed from Keleti Station. Across fourteen years and a world of strangeness I still smell the coal from the black, shiny engines, and I can see the rhythmic bursts of steam billowing from between huge metal wheels. As the train slowly pulls westward, I can hear the exertions increase in tempo till they become the quick snorting of a boxer in the ring. I did not understand the tears which had reddened the faces of my parents as they stood arm in arm, waving. I watched them grow smaller, shrinking to little dots that waved us good-bye. While the caller coldly said, "Better life. Better chance," the dots dissolved into nothingness, into infinity, into fourteen years of my own tears.

For three days we walked westward, past the last station, and toward the end of the third day, when I could not walk any more, Gyuli Bacsí, our leader, lifted me onto his shoulders. With each of his lumbering strides my flaccid body jerked forward, and when I looked across the plains to the west, the muddy fields heaved and swelled and the black horizon seemed to convulse in the light of the dying sun. I gripped his hair with my tiny, soiled fingers when later that night we sang the rueful, sonorous song, our anthem, then crossed into Austria:

Look with compassion on the
 Magyar, O God,
 On whom sorrow has fallen like
 rain,
 Touch him with soothing hands,
 O God,
 A nation drifting on seas of pain,
 To those whom sorrow ever rends
 Bring now your joyous amends,
 The people have long paid the
 sum
 For sins of past and of days
 to come.

In a month and three days—America. Foreigners' dream. Mecca for the homeless. Statue of Liberty. Empire State Building. Hot dogs and steak. Underground trains. Cars and concrete. Colorful clothes. New words—O.K. and toilet. Dollars. Concrete. T.V. People. Busses. Coke and French fries. Concrete and glass. People everywhere. Everywhere concrete. For fourteen years I grew and changed. Tried to become American, tried to take roots in this soil of vermiculite. Foreigner. Hunky. Immigrant. Petrohitch. Hunk. Why don't you get back to where you came from!

Last summer I did.

I had returned and had found much that was the same and much that had changed. An infant life lay wailing in a crib, yearning to be nurtured, to be recognized, and an old heritage, the timeless traditions, hobbled round the crib weeping for the days gone by. The cry of the ice vendor echoing off the corridor walls is now drowned by the hum of electric freezers; the rhythmic clomping of horses' hooves against the cobblestone streets in early morning, now the screeching of rubber tires on asphalt; the lonely songs of the fisherman that danced with kitten paws over the patches of pussy willow lining the

shore, now the rough static from a plastic box.

New shoes fit tightly and hurt the feet. And why should the old ones be discarded before their time?

I flew on Malev, a primitive airline with sputtering engine and wings that flap in the wind. And during the flight, between sips of Hungarian wine and bites of aged cheese (even if everything else goes wrong, you can count on the Hungarians coming through on the food), I read Gabor Kocsis, a modern Hungarian poet who fled to the West:

The Memory of My Broken Friend

On smooth snowfields,
 Far-away road builders!
 Stop for a minute,
 You look at him!

Small sowers, harvesters,
 Living off the back of the earth,
 Let the horse stop now.
 You look at him!

Poets, going mad for
 Some strange beauty,
 With eyes opened round,
 You look at him!

God without mercy,
 The master of horrible times,
 You wanted it!
 You look at him!*

The flimsy plane hovered over the heart of the city (Paris of Eastern Europe, the Malev travelogue had advertised), and as we descended, I saw a vast greyness enveloping Budapest. The city below seemed to move in a slow, lethargic circle like tired dancers or a rusted carrousel. I thought of the poem and felt sad. Broken friend, broken heart, Budapest. Mighty north-

* Translated by Peter Gregory.

ern bears have mauled your fragile body, ripping at your heart, and in the hollow of your chest has settled a dryness, the dust of millennial servitude. Like kernels of salt, your few years of freedom infuse with pain the thousand year wound. The sins of past and future expiated, how much more sorrow can a nation endure? Budapest, cross-roads for the wars of Europe, city of grey mask, what does it mean to be a Magyar now?

Atlep. Elore. Forwards. Much good and much harm. I wail with the old ones who welcomed me. With wet kisses and soft arms they enveloped me and, caressing my shriveled roots, transplanted me with tears and with laughter enriched my garden bed so that at long last I knew from what soil I sprang and could at long last join in the cosmic chorus, singing: I am! I am!

Everyone applauded the pilot when we landed safely.

I waited in the lobby after being cleared by customs. The place overflowed with workers and the odors raised by the heat of the noonday made it hard to breathe. The workers were all dressed like proletariat of the futuristic films of a generation ago. Grey pants. Soiled grey or off-white shirts wet in the backs and bulging over the denim trousers. Streams of sweat poured down the worker's grey faces. No air, no color. A feeling of oppression enveloped me like a heavy blanket in a hot room. I could not breathe for the tightening in my chest.

Then in the far side of the room, amid the blur of black and grey, I saw a red color, a rich red, like that of velvet in the sun. I looked closer. There, standing arm in arm with father, my mother held a rose. Creases lined their

tired faces, and when my mother took off her glasses, I saw that her pulpy eyes had become shadowed with grief. Fourteen years. They had been parents without children. They saw me and the keening years became gathered in the moment, the sorrow became the joy. My mother held out the single rose. It quivered gently in her hand and my father cried, "Lacika! Lacika!"

I ran to them, my arms outstretched, feeling the stiffness in my chest grow supple. Wrapping my arms around their necks, I clung to them like the fruit to the tree. And I did not want to let go.

In the Return I found a new Calling. New Initiation. And Departure. The old need not wait for they are eternal and I am young. Soil that nurtures me, I will cultivate with the pen.

Hungary sang me a song, reechoed from Yevtushenko's Russia:

*"Walk with a cold pride
utterly ahead
wild attentive eyes
head flicked by the rain-wet
green needles of the pine,
eyelashes that shine
with tears and with thunders.
Love people.
Love entertains its own
discrimination.
Have me in mind, I shall be
watching.
You can return to me.
Now go."*

My mother wrote me a poem at the airport just before I was to leave. It was her song, her final goodbye:

*Life calls and you must answer,
But the will is hard to find.
The youth on the threshold
just once . . .
Looks behind.*

And so do I sing now . . .

Memories of Eva

Winner, 1971
EUGENE I. YUDIS AWARD
for creative writing.

*Part of a trilogy
by Les Petrovics.*



Bending painfully, Jozsef Mundi lifted a birch log from the pile near the hearth and threw it onto the dying coals. Small blue flames quickly squeezed from under the log and Jozsef watched them, smelling the birch, the sweet smoke from the bark. He returned to the chair and, groaning, fell against the wooden back. The white bark darkened and the blue flames mixed with orange and red. By his feet lay an opened bag of sunflower seeds and he threw a few of them into his mouth like some medicine, then leaned closer to the growing warmth of the fire. He sat for a while watching the flames around the log and eating the seeds, the performance of a nightly ritual which he had observed for the past twenty-six years, ever since he had married Eva.

Her brother had brought the Budapest News from the city and she read the article with passion.

—Jozsef, we must grow some next year.

—What a thought! The sparrows will get fat, that's all.

—Health means long life.

—So I sweat and the sparrows will live longer.

He persisted in cynicism but she had been thoroughly convinced by the city paper and had grown excited in her girlish way. She pleaded,—I will even help. Please.

The thought of her in the field working next to him and the fact that he wanted to make her happy softened his attitude. So in the Spring when she asked him again, he planted several rows of sunflowers in their three-acre plot. Bringing the bag of manure, she joined him in the late afternoons and they worked silently side by side, he hoeing the red soil, breaking the clods, she sprinkling the manure at the base of the plants. The plants grew tall and

straight with rich yellow petals and black-striped seeds the size of buttons.

When the sun was well hidden in the pine to the west and a soft blackness etherealized the plain, they started back to the cottage. As tradition demanded, she walked a few feet behind him balancing on her head the now empty canteen of water which he brought with him in the early morning. And though he wanted to be near her, it was better that the neighbors should not talk. The waning light had darkened the poppies along the path to umber, and the crickets started their crackling lullaby. The sunflowers became shadowy legions, rigidly guarding the few acres of grapes which even the crows did not dare approach, and the tall grass whispered in the evening breeze.

Jozsef threw a few more seeds into his mouth. He could not break himself of the habit though at times he thought that he really wanted to. He felt the oil from the seeds on his palm and rubbed it into his corduroy pants. The growing heat lulled him and he felt his thoughts sinking.

—Jozsef. Jozsef Mundi. To think. A grown man like a child, rubbing the dirt onto his pants.

She shook her finger at him laughing, her teeth showing, and he laughed also.—Keeps you busy, he said.

The oil left streaks on the grey corduroy.

—As if I didn't have enough, cooking for you on a coal stove.

Jozsef looked behind him into the rectangle of dim light which came from the kitchen. All the valves on the stove were off. The smell was from the burning birch.

—You want a gas one, don't you?

—No. Who needs it?

Yes. Like the time at Valdman's, looking in at the pearls he could not buy.—I don't need them, she had said.

Then it rained and the specks of rain on the store windows turned into pearls. And the pearls were splashing all around them breaking into hundreds of smaller beads at their feet. —There are your pearls.

She hugged his arm so that it pressed hard against her breast.

Jozsef rubbed at the stain with his clean hand, holding the bag of seeds loosely over the arm of the chair with his other. His mind was racing again.

—I'll need some bleach to get that out, she said.

—I'm going to town tomorrow anyway.

Her fingers were red and wrinkled after the washings. She complained also of the splinters from the wooden washtub.

—Twenty for the hand cream, Jozsef. The clerk wrapped the jar then asked about Eva.

—All right. She's in less pain . . .

But everything was all wrong. No chemical in the brain, no amount of talking or prayer could help him understand. For months each night he lay tossing in the empty bed and could not sleep but hugged himself till the muscles of his back ached. Embracing the pillow, the air, - anything - to dodge the pain of no embrace. No amount of talking or prayer . . . So he stopped praying and was silent most of the time.

—It must be terribly hard for you. I know how lonely you can feel.

The skin between the clerk's brows was wrinkled, his eyes slightly closed, and Jozsef felt a pang that maybe he did know.

—For a while it is. At first you are numb and then . . .

—Is there anything I can do for you, Jozsef, anything?

—No. Nothing. You must know. Nothing.

The numbness had given way to a growing pressure which wanted to burst. Jozsef turned away from the hand which the man had placed on his shoulder.

The fire crackled and Jozsef raised his eyes from the stain. The flames were going well now and the shadows from the pokers played on the floor by his feet, flowing fast and irregularly like spilt water, flowing closer to his foot as the flames rose. With each crackle a shower of glowing cinders flew up the chimney. Jozsef murmured to himself and the explosive sounds of the fire enveloped his words like a heavy blanket.

"Eva. Eva. It's harder now. And I even have the stove and could give you the pearls. Everything. Nothing. And the radio now, and the electricity, an electric washer."

A black ribbon pulled from above, the smoke from the kerosene lamp rose rapidly to the ceiling. The flames played off her face as she ate, the shadow dancing on the walls. He hadn't eaten and she had. Just a little, leaving her plate half full. When she coughed, the black ribbon twisted and tore apart and he felt a tearing inside him also. He looked at her but she would not look at him but said,

—Chicken Paprikas. Jozsef's favorite.

Her head was bent at an angle and she shook her fingers and smiled.

—So what does he do? Leaves it to spoil, she continued. And he felt the tearing again.

The smoke darkened the glass of the lamp, the room grew dim and Eva became a shadow in the corner of the kitchen. Then the tearing once again, stronger, so that he could not stand it.

—Eva! Eva!

—Yes, she said and came to him taking his hand.

Jozsef rose slowly, pulling himself by the arms of the chair, the bag of seeds still between his fingers. He went to the mantle, turned the radio on, adjusted the volume so that the sound came in a whisper. He returned to the chair again. If he concentrated, he could hear the music. It was a jazz version of Bach, bouncy like a child leaving school. Jozsef reached deep into the plastic bag, felt the oil from the storebought seeds.

Eva's were so much better. She used to salt them and put them in a jar to dry for weeks, the jars forming neat rows on the pantry shelves. And she served them in a dish. She handed it to him and sat by his feet, her hand resting on his knee. Her wrist hung loosely and moved a little when he leaned back in the chair. They sat like that, looking at the fire, the light playing in her eyes until the lids slowly closed. Finally he would feel his own drooping and then shaking his head, he would place the dish on the floor and waken her. Topsy with exhaustion, they walked to bed arm in arm, the heat of the fire still clinging to her flesh. Duba Du Du Duba Du. The song ended. A new one began. The voice talked over the music—"More continuous music . . ."

The gypsy musicians had been riotous all night. He had danced wildly with Eva, the two of them holding each other by the shoulders at arm's length, spinning to the fast czadar so that everything blurred. Against the bleeding background, the figure of Eva stood out clearly and as they spun faster, he could see her hair lifting like the mane of a horse in full gallop. Her skirt had billowed, brushing against his knees, and as the violins reached a crescendo, she flung her head back laughing, beyond herself. Laughing. The music stopped and she fell against him, exhausted, her arms

wrapping around his neck. Breathing hard, her skin moist, she clung to him like that until the waltz. It was early Spring, when time was set aside in timeless ritual. Locsolni, when tradition allowed a free day with the girls.

They had bought ten-forint bottles of colored rosewater. Then in bands they marched up and down the mile stretch of dirt road which served the village, sending the girls screaming from the cottage gates in a pretense of flight for they really wanted to get sprayed and would have been hurt had no one sprinkled them with the scented water.

And someone said — Have you heard? In Zala the peasants still use buckets of well water.

—Not rose-water?

—The girls must run like the devil.

Then slapping each other on the backs, they laughed at the backwardness of Zala.

From the four others who had sprinkled her, Eva had chosen him.

Her head was slightly tilted as they danced.

Bursts of static came like coughs from the radio and then the music started again with the voice talking into the song. The sounds broke like thunder over Jozsef's flowing thoughts.

The music started slowly, then speeded up — Every time I turn about . . .

The heavy scent of roses permeated the air.

. . . More continuous music.

But he smelled only the rich aroma of the skin at the base of her neck.

. . . Here I am. Here I am . . .

They will not sing to me.

The log was enveloped in flames and the shadows of the pokers had grown larger, flowing to Jozsef's feet, then over them and onto his legs, until now they broke into a rhythmic dance, eternal and hypnotic, like waves on the ocean, all over his body.



THREE POEMS

SVEN PETERSON

EPITAPH FOR A LOST LOVE

Here lies my bleeding heart; this lonely swallow
Flying north in search of winter's pain,
This Brahmin heart, protesting good intent,
Enjoining fat fantastic gods to bless
The virtue in this sacrifice, this Hamlet heart
Unreasoned, reasoning far too well,
Avoiding each decisive act save one,
This tragic heart upon a yellow horse.

Come to my guided tour of devastation;
Feel this wound, that grievous hurt,
This piercing moment, that heart-sick night,
Come smell the scented air of memories past,
See ghostly figures come and ghostly go,
And hear sad songs in the gloaming.
Come ride with me along the riverbank,
Serene on bicycles, swift in the dusk,
Come ride with me before the sun is set,
For I am watched, I think, by glittering eyes.

Along the Cherwell, the sun
Falls into the shining meadows
And is lost, as in the sea,
For just as with the sea,
No one may pass here and be untouched.

Yet Peter walks untouched upon the sea, or was it Christ?
And Peter drew a sword against the Romans when they came
With flames and noise and glittering eyes into Gethsemane
To take away his bleeding heart, or was it Christ?
No one remembers now the Romans, or why their noise
Should terrify a swallow passing overhead,
Or make a Brahmin mumble in his yellow sleep,
Or cause young men to ride, in classic style, into the dusk . . .
But everyone, I think, if he has suffered grievous hurt,
Likes to remember Peter with his sword, or is it Christ?

Somewhere, my heart
Fell into the shining meadows
And was lost, as in the sea,
For just as with the sea,
No one must pass here and be untouched.

THE LESSER HIPPIAS

Once in my youth, said Hippias,
I journeyed to the Games, not to compete
But to display my artifice. All that I wore
Was of my own devising;
My ring, of subtle workmanship—I said
I could engrave such rings as no man saw;
Another seal, of Amazons at play;
A strigil and an oil flask, which I myself had made;
The shoes upon my feet; my cloak and tunic, all;
But most extraordinary, proof of my cunning art,
My girdle which, I said, was fine
As any Persian fabric, stuff of my own weaving.
And more, said Hippias, I brought my poems,
Epic, tragic, dethyrambic,
And prose writings of the most various kinds . . .
Tell me, Socrates, why do you laugh?

THE SCEPTIC

In the morning of the world
Pyrrho used to walk in front of chariots,
Alleging doubt of their existence,
And heedless, set his foot on empty air
At cliffside, rescued by his loving friends
Who praised his firm suspense of judgment.

And yet, one day, when frightened by a dog,
He climbed a tree in haste,
And there discoursed as sweetly as a bird,
Saying, It is a difficult thing
To lay aside humanity entirely.

Wise Pyrrho, in the morning of the world,
Buried all his friends
And lived to the age of ninety.



BAERVEDEN TOWLN:

Round Stones Red Licorice

And a Drum

GRACE SARDELL

i am Kajb Xiam and tall. my eyes are blue and i wear round red eyeglasses and my hair is long brown and curly and my feet are large. i am an ophan. the orphanage is on the right side of the Hill midway on the Right Road in Baerveden Towln, Maufeldox. there are 27 orphaned children and Jein Klerund and Tova Thtor are the ladies who care for us. the building we live in is huge, gray and there are four columns on the porch that hold up the roof. on the first floor there is a porcelain kitchen, a dining room with a grand table, a book room and the room with the piano. the ladies' rooms are on the third floor. the second floor has the nurseries and the bedrooms. 5 children are put into each of the nursery rooms. they are yellow and long and wide enough to fit the cribs and beds. the children are noisy and i'm glad that i do not sleep with them. because i am the oldest girl i have my own bedroom. it faces the front and has 2 open up windows with blinds from the ceiling to the floor. the room is purple and large and pleasant and in the morning i see the sun rise. 2 other people have bedrooms facing front, Dov Kemel and Garar Asafgeea, the oldest boys.

Garar, Dov, and i are friends and we love and enjoy each other. Dov is quiet and patient and strong. He is tall and has a sun browned and good body. his hair is black and curly and falls to the back of his neck. Dov's nose is prominent and makes him look like an American Indian. i love his smile. it is white and friendly and makes me glad. he is gentle and children follow and call to him.

Garar is tall and thin and he has brown curly hair. he dresses neatly and prefers blues because they bring out the blue of his eyes. Garar has large comforting hands that move. he is sensitive, unsure and shy. he is kind and good. Dov and i dream but Garar is more sensible.

Baerveden Towln is in the north of Maufeldox. winters are long and cold and summer is short. the Hill is known for its flowers. there are peonies and dandelions and butter-

cups, crab and golden apple trees are everywhere. today is the fourth and last day of summer. it was cool this morning and i put on a sweater and socks. Tova Thtor told me that i did not look neat and i must wear the other clothes that i own. for the summer i have worn black dungarees and loafers and a brown shirt. Dov wore dungarees and leather sandals and a green shirt. Garar changed with long pants and short pants and colored tops. he likes sandals. When i told Garar what Tova Thtor said he told me i *could* look neater. i was angry. i am not sloppy and my clothes are no different from his.

it was raining on the first day. i woke up and went to the windows and saw the rain come down on the road and there were brown puddles. i do not see well even with eyeglasses and the way that i know it is raining is that the puddles move. we make our own beds at the orphanage. i found fresh linens outside the door and i did the bed. it is hard to pull the sheets taut enough to be comfortable. corners are difficult. i prefer to tuck everything under the mattress, but it is not allowed. when the bed and the room looked respectable i got dressed and went downstairs to the dining room to wait for Dov and Garar and breakfast. they came down together soon after me. we had coffee and hard rolls and butter and talked. Dov said that his bed is long and the sheets are short and he would rather not have his bed done up.

"it would be uncomfortable plain," i said. "the buttons would hurt."

"the hell with the buttons. i wouldn't have to do and undo and fight with the sheets and i hate making beds. i'd rather sleep on hay."

"but it scratches," Garar said.

Dov was sure.

"it's comfortable and soft when you pile it up. you never have the same bed twice. the shape changes."

"and when you're hungry in the night," Garar said, "you can eat your pillow."

we laughed and pulled our chairs back from the table and went into the bookroom. but it was dusty and dark, so we went outside on the back porch. it was raining hard. the backyard has no grass and was muddy. the rain was pittering on the roof.

"suppose all the earth is washed away," Dov said. "then the trees and the houses and people. the Hill would be bald."

"like a stone."

"no," Garar said. "there's not enough rain from today. maybe if rain came every day. but then the bald Hill would be worn away."

"can you imagine buried people floating down the Hill when everything is washed away?"

"like falling down a river in a barrel."

"i don't want to be buried."

"people should bury things they *like* instead of their bodies."

"why?"

"they can choose things to bury. you can't choose your body."

"i don't know what you're talking about at all."

"people should bury special things before they're old and die. things they like."

"as?"

"whatever."

"and the bodies?"

"burnt."

"and when it rains the things will be uncovered."

"we can find the things and look at them."

"and enjoy them."

"but the whole idea *doesn't* make the people less dead."



Your Move

Against
the
screen door,
your
kiss
was
so harsh,
my
mouth
was
checkered
for
an hour.

MICHELE VOTTIS

"it is not supposed to. it's just to give things you have liked to other people."

"but when it rains anyone can find them."

"only the right people."

"no."

"yes. the people who value what they've found will take them to keep. or leave them alone."

"i want to do that."

"bury things?"

"yes. what Kajib said is thinking and good."

"we must. there ought to be something to leave."

"what will we bury?"

"you said things we like."

"what do we like?"

"round stones."

"red licorice."

"bird feathers."

"tulip bulbs."

"buttercups and date nut bread."

"with soft cheese."

"and charcoal and paper."

"with pictures?"

"some."

"music."

"how?"

"a drum."

"and we're going to bury them?"

"yes."

"in what?"

"in."

"what?"

"i don't know."

"in milk bottles with the tops off."

we sat down in a dry corner of the porch and thought about the milk bottles. the orphanage had none. i have seen the kitchen cans filled with milk. Dov said that we should go to the people in the town and ask them for their empty bottles. we agreed and the rain stopped. Garar, Dov, and i went to the front of the orphanage and we walked up the road to Dawe Fauk's house.

Dawe Faulk was in the garden looking for worms when we came.

"hello" he said and smiled and wasn't surprised to see us. he smiles like Dov. Dawe Faulk said he had enough worms and put the can down on the lawn. the inside was wriggling.

"come up on the porch" he said, and we climbed the stairs and sat down on a bench. he sat in a chair across from us.

"i'm glad you came" he said. So were we. Dawe Falk knows the things we know and we love him.

Dov said,

"Dawe Faulk, we all have an idea and we need milk bottles."

"let's go inside and have milk. i baked cookies" he said.

Dov winced and smiled funny.

"but we need milk bottles."

"yes, yes you'll have the bottles. come in."

Dawe Faulk's house is small and bright it's handsome. we went through the house and sat at the table.

"tell me about the milk bottles,"

Dawe Faulk said. and he put glasses of milk and a plate of large oatmeal cookies in front of us.

"we were thinking."

"of course."

"that we want to bury things."

"what?"

"the things we like."

"why?"

"so people can find them. after it's rained. and enjoy them."

"we decided we don't want to be buried, so we'll bury the things we like instead."

"and the bottles?"

"the things will go in the bottles."

"i do understand."

And he did. Dawe Faulk sees ideas quickly. we drank the milk and ate cookies and Dawe Faulk found six bot-

tles in the cabinet under the sink. he put them in a paper bag and Garar took them to carry. we thanked him. he said to come again and we would. Dawe Faulk walked us to the front door and waited till we were on the road. we were walking back down and Dov stopped.

"do we need more bottles?"

"who do we ask?"

"Evry Beygem?"

"do we need more bottles?"

"we have two for each."

"that *is* enough."

"i think so."

"i do."

and we ran down to the orphanage.

Garar and Dov and i took the bag and stood the bottles on the back porch. we sat in the dry corner and talked.

"the things we like?"

"i don't have a drum."

"i have no red licorice."

"but there are stones."

"no bulbs."

"we aren't going to?"

"there isn't anything."

Dov went into the yard and scooped up the mud and packed it into his bottles. Garar did that with one. i left both empty. beside the first tree we dug a hole with our hands and laid the bottles close in three rows. Garar looked sad. i touched his hand. Garar said

"let's get done"

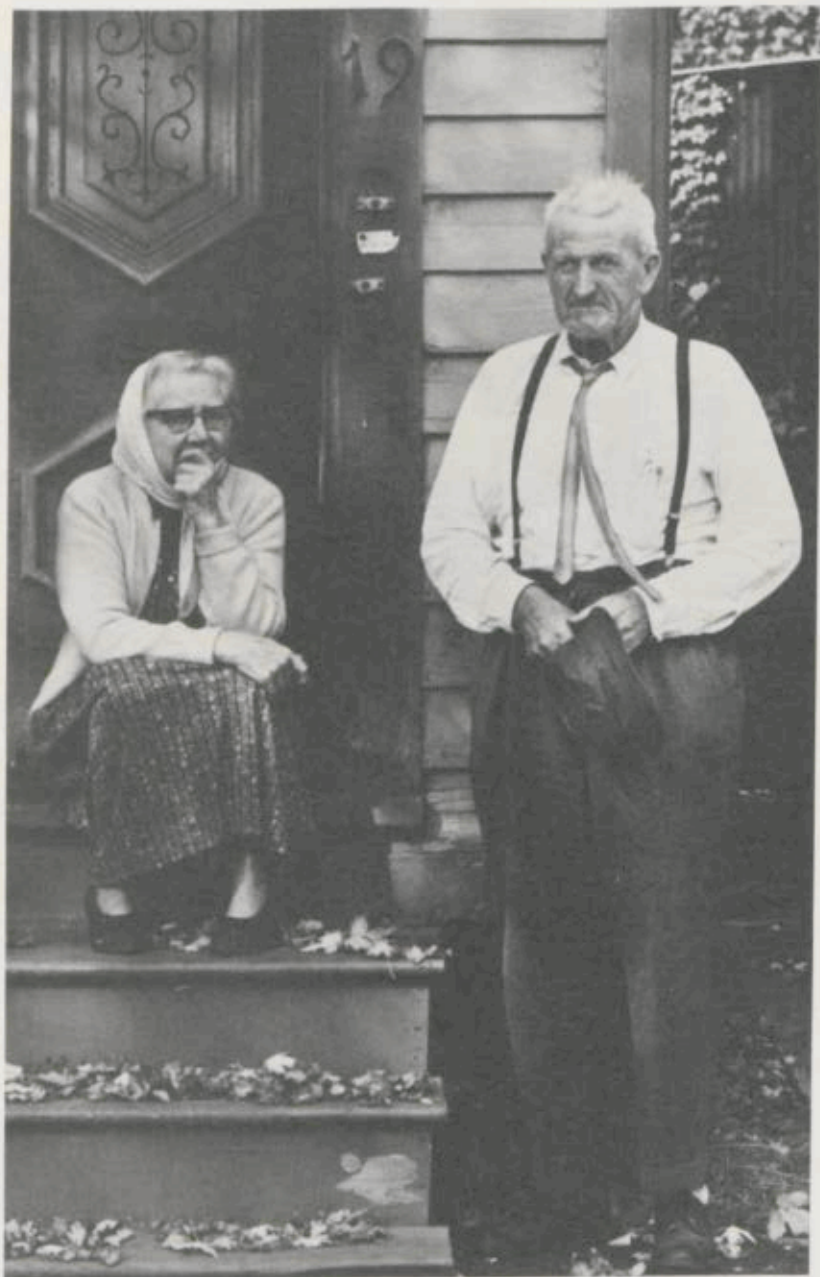
and we filled in the space so there was no difference. when the top was smoothed we went inside to wash our hands.

it is the fourth day and it has not rained. lessons and winter begin tomorrow. then we can dress warm and drink cocoa, and the earth will harden, and it will snow.



Portfolio

brian haviland









i
 am
 waitingeasily
 for
 the
 day
 when

 we
 all
 return
 to be
 little lambs

 f r e e

 from bondage
 inspired

 by the
 wisdom
 of the

 sunsmile

 which all this
 is.

BOB HAHN

I'm sorry I got angry
 but this morning
 I found a strawberry—
 in my blueberry yogurt
 and this afternoon
 my mailbox was empty:
 that makes seven days now
 and this evening
 the phone was uncomfortably silent
 and Carla sat with Susanna at supper
 instead of me
 but I know
 you didn't put the strawberry in there
 and I'm really sorry . . .
 I missed you.

JOAN LEVENSON

Tar Baby

PAUL ANDREWS

TWO WEEKS after his arrival from Kansas to stay with his cousin in Seattle, Kenny Jude made the announcement from the front porch step in the early June evening:

"I'm bored."

His cousin, Eric Johnson, did not care. Kenny was spending a month at Loren's house while his parents were vacationing in Europe, and Loren by now suspected that they had taken their vacation partly to get away from Kenny. He had arrived fitted out with two army knapsacks and a wide-rimmed safari hat, looking like some cocky missionary come to civilize the natives. Since that time he had run Eric dizzy with impulsive pointless expeditions here and there and giant projects which never proceeded beyond the first few hours of concentrated effort.

"Jesus. I wish you had fireflies out here," Kenny said with no reference to anything. "That way we could catch them in bottles for lanterns." This was another thing about Kenny—he was always wishing the impossible. The day of his arrival he had asked Eric for a dish of ice cream at dinner.

"Not home made?" he said in an injured tone when Loren had returned with a whopping dish of vanilla.

"Home made?" Eric had said, surprised. "There's no place to get any home made ice cream around here."

"Then I don't want any at all," Kenny had said matter-of-factly. From that time on Eric had refused most of Kenny's intentionally extravagant requests.

Tonight was a balmy evening and the neighborhood youngsters had begun to emerge from their homes like light planes from airstrip hangars. They gathered restlessly around a large telephone pole in the middle of the suburban street block. The gravel street ran perpendicular between a poorly paved road at one end and a new four-lane highway at the top of a hill at the other end. The hill portion of the street ran about a hundred yards down from the highway before levelling off and was bordered on one side by a sloping bank of blackberry bushes and underbrush through which the gang had hacked an involved grid of passageways and clearings for small camps. They spent hours at a time there playing war games. From the time of his arrival Kenny had been captivated by the brambly thicket. "Brier patches!" he had exclaimed to Eric while pointing to the dense labyrinth of blackberry vines and twisting undergrowth along the hill. When Eric had guided him through the pathways, Kenny had kept repeating, "Just like in Br'er Rabbit."

The gang was milling quietly about when Kenny and Eric left their porch and headed for the telephone pole. Since his arrival Kenny had assumed a subtle

leadership of the group, and they waited nightly for him before beginning anything. They drew into a tighter group around the pole as Kenny and Eric approached.

"Tonight we're doing something different," Kenny announced nonchalantly. Usually the gang played hide-and-seek or kick the can or roved around ringing doorbells. Most of them were elementary school age; Eric and Kenny were the oldest, sixth-graders.

"I've invented a new game," Kenny continued, "called 'Tar Baby,' up by the brier patch, but first we need a big bottle of ketchup. Alfie, go get us a bottle of ketchup from your house."

Alfie looked up self-consciously, caught off guard. He was a fourth grader, but small and weak for his age; and the left side of his face was discolored by a large purplish birthmark. Most of the kids in the gang shunned him in the practice of that sensitive and intolerant age group which demands conformity, but Eric had noticed Kenny taking a certain interest in Alfie. At any rate Kenny was always sending him on various odd errands, which Alfie performed with silent but eager resolve.

"Don't let your mother see you," Kenny said as Alfie scooted off. "And hurry up, we'll meet you at the top of the hill."

The small band slowly and quietly trooped up the hill like a cautious battalion of infantrymen, with Kenny ahead running back and forth across the street making silent observations. A strong warm breeze was stirring, swishing through a huge maple tree at the foot of the hill. Occasionally the wind gusted dust and dirt into the boys' eyes and mouths.

"Looks like a thunderstorm," Eric

called to Kenny. He felt uncomfortable about this new project and hoped Kenny would call the whole thing off. But Kenny just nodded absent-mindedly.

Just as they reached the top of the hill Alfie came running up breathlessly with a bottle of ketchup. He stood panting on the exterior of the group which had formed around Kenny.

"Here's how the game goes," Kenny shouted, having to raise his voice above the whipping wind and the whooshing air tunnel sounds of cars passing by on the highway. The group was standing on a wide gravel shoulder which separated the highway from the embankment; occasionally a speeding car honked noisily at them. "It takes a lot of guts," Kenny continued. "One guy goes out and lies down on the gravel here like he's hurt. That's what the ketchup's for, to look like blood. Pretty soon a car pulls over, and as soon as it stops the guy gets up and runs for it into the brier patch. The rest of us watch from the brier patch, so if anything happens we can rescue him. Now who wants to go first?"

Kenny looked slowly around the group, meeting only downcast gazes and shifting stances. Eric wanted to go home. This had to be the most insane of all Kenny's creations, he thought to himself. He had always avoided even crossing the highway, let alone lying down beside it and playing dead.

"How about you, Alfie?" Kenny asked. The group shifted to open a small path between Alfie and Kenny, who looked at each other for several long moments. Alfie's eyes widened and his forehead flattened against his skull. "C'mon, Alfie, show 'em how," Kenny said softly, still staring. "We'll be right here if anything happens."

The rest of the group began cajoling Alfie with chants of "Yeah, Alfie, c'mon," and "You can do it." When the chorus of exhortations died down Alfie said quietly:

"What if I get hurt?"

"I told you, nothing is gonna happen, and even if it does we're right here hiding to help you out," Kenny said, putting his arm around Alfie's shoulder. "Don't worry." He took the bottle of ketchup, opened it, and started smearing it on Alfie's face and shirt. Alfie grimaced at the smell.

"Wait until there aren't any cars on the highway, then lie down over there," Kenny pointed to a spot down the road. "We'll be watching you from the bushes here all the time. Remember, as soon as a car stops, get up and run like the dickens. They won't see you lying there till the last minute, and by the time they stop they'll be too far away to catch you. Once you get in the brier patch they'll never find you even if they try. Just like in Br'er Rabbit." Kenny smiled while Alfie walked hesitantly down the shoulder.

The entire gang was hidden in the bushes by the time the highway was deserted enough for Alfie to lie down. He curled up at first as though he were going to sleep, but Kenny, crouched beside Eric in the thicket, yelled out to him, "No! Spread out your arms and legs, like you're hurt!" Alfie adjusted his position just before the lights of an oncoming car appeared down the highway. Eric could hear Kenny breathing steadily beside him as the car approached. It passed by without noticing Alfie, then two or three others passed by, and Eric's legs began to ache from squatting. Then an old beat up car with a clacking engine noise approached slowly and laboriously. It passed by too, then slowed down even

further, but continued on the highway until turning off at the next road.

"It's doubling back," Eric whispered to Kenny. "C'mon, let's get Alfie. It'll stop too close to him, and he'll get scared and start crying and everything . . ." but Kenny waved him silent with his hand. Eric leaned back to ease his legs, then crouched forward again. The car reappeared back down the highway and started toward them again. Alfie lay still. He really does look like he's dead, Eric thought to himself.

The car approached slowly and did not turn off onto the shoulder until it was almost on top of Alfie. Still Alfie didn't move when it stopped right in front of him. The pale street lamp overhead deepened the hue of the purple splotch on his face, contrasting it sharply with the chalky pallor of his skin. Kenny tensed beside Eric and whispered, "Jesus, why doesn't he run?"

"I told you he wouldn't run," Eric muttered back. His eyes stung from the dust and wind and there was no sensation left in his legs. Anger swelled up inside of him at the thought of Kenny and all his wild stunts.

A man got out of the car and knelt down beside Alfie, who still remained inert. "It looks like this boy's been hurt, Mary," he said to a woman seated in the car. "He's got blood all over him."

"We'd better take him to the hospital," the woman said. The man began to pick Alfie up in his arms, then peered down more closely at him. "Wait a minute, this stuff isn't blood, it's ketchup! Something's fishy here."

A small, quiet sobbing sound began. "Don't," Alfie pleaded softly, clinging tightly to the man. "Don't throw me back into that brier patch."

*H*ull full can full be?
Har. Full of full?
Empty empty empty.
Mister blow a brown bag
That a full. Blow it fuller.
Boom. Empty empty empty.

Grace Sardell

$4n + 2$

IONIZATION

Sweat
potatoe.

COEFFICIENT OF RESTITUTION

Life,
the semi-plastic sphere,
floats in the septic tank.
I flush.

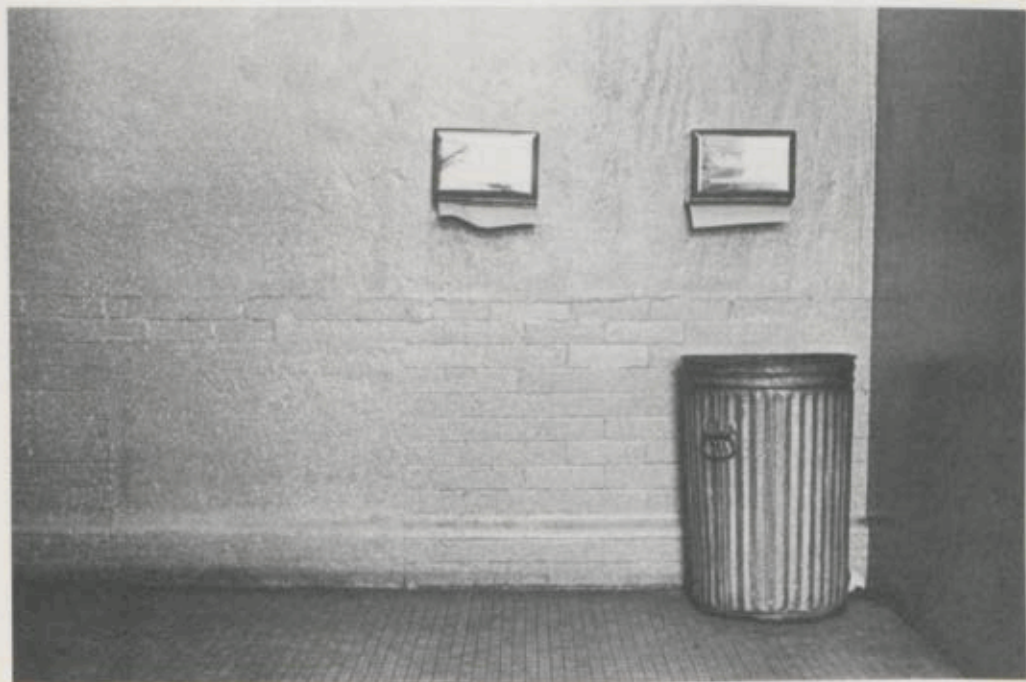
RED FLANNEL

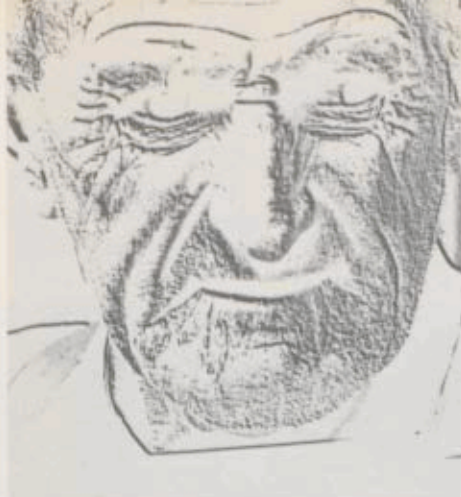
Mud on my boots,
the green cucumber rides high the heat
wave.
My body smiles.

VALENTINE'S DAY, '71

Lick the spleen,
Lick it clean
Lick the spleen
Make it gleam
Lick the spleen.

A. Hückel





The Incinerator

LEWIS B. KINTER



A battered, green pick-up truck barrels along the vacant road, weaving in and out of its own lane, straddling the median strip. It lurches at every pot hole and curve. A trash can rocks and pitches in the back of the truck, its lid long since shaken off and clattering against the tailgate.

INCINERATOR LEFT. *The truck swerves across the road, grinding into second. The can bangs against the tailgate as the clutch snaps in and the truck is lost in the pines of the hill. . . .*

Suddenly it bursts out across the sandy lot at the top. A huge square brick building sits off to the side, three gaping truck ports filling its face. The smooth brick stack towers above, a thin line of smoke curling away into the stillness. The driver flicks off the key before braking and cranks the door handle. The brake drums scream. The skidding tires bite into the loose sand. The can pounds against the back of the cab, and the driver steps out onto the lot.

He stood shivering at the tailgate while the dust settled. The ports waited. A breath of air rustled the leaves about the lot—there was no other sound. He lifted the can over the fender and wrestled it through the center port, into a sooty vaulted cham-



ber. Five gigantic rusted-iron lids studded the floor. Setting the can aside, he dragged the center lid off with a long iron pole. A burst of heat, roar, and crackle of flame accompanied the smell of burning trash rising from the flickering concrete shaft. He bent over the edge, the light seared his face in the darkness. Boiling orange surged up from below, the noise filling the chamber with crackling reverberations.

He banged the lip of the can on the sharp edge of the hole and felt the weight slip forward and out. That was the stripped baby seal carcass, its huge pupilless eyes bulging out of its bloody skull, enlarged by the lack of skin. Down, down, it lay for an instant, free and untouched by the flames. A second object rolled out of the can; a small glass nurser. And every muscle and nerve in his body lunged after that bottle as it teetered on the lip over the flames . . .

. . . the two of us on the dock, the water lapping and splashing against the floats underneath, the cool ocean air through her long dark hair, tossing it softly, tangling the strands. The pine-green shore rising above the rock bluffs against the sky—a fiery sunset in front of me off the end of the dock, extending the width of the horizon.

We who worked for the laboratory hated to see the young seals die. Ann had offered to help me nurse this year's orphan. I had invented the formula, she mixed the stock; three parts heavy cream, one part minced herring and clams, one part water with a dash of vitamin D, all finely blended. We heated the first bottle together in one of the crude wooden labs on the point, in a five-hundred milliliter beaker over a Bunson flame. I tested the mixture with a thermometer, she with her wrist. We sampled it; dry, like warm

mud, and rushed the bottle, wrapped in an old lab coat, to the dock.

I stepped into the seal pen scattering animals in all directions. I lifted the only seal that hadn't moved and gingerly carried him under my arm to the dock. I hosed him down to keep him cool. Ann looked on dolefully. But the small grey body put up no resistance, even when I laid it out on the rough work table. Only when I held his skinny sides between my arms to control him did he plant his flippers on the wood and weakly try to crawl forward, neck outstretched, whiskers stiffened, bulging vacant blue eyes. I clasped my hands about the straining neck and looked up.

"He won't bite."

With both hands, she prodded the nipple under the tough whiskers.

"Try again. Is it warm enough?"

"I think so."

"Let him smell it."

Ann dribbled some of the formula on the seal's nose and tried again to get the nipple under his whiskers.

"Try at the corner of his mouth."

Weakly the seal resisted, wrenching away from the nipple.

"Maybe the hole isn't big enough?"

"There's a knife in my hip pocket."

Ann took the knife and struggled with it for a long time, finally showing me a large jagged hole.

"Now, try again."

The dock rocked softly on the waves. The wind came up and cut whitecaps outside the cove, driving the dark-green waves against the rocks into clouds of spray. The sky, dotted with flat-bottomed clouds, darkened, gaining streaks of gold and orange. The bottle had become cold and Ann walked up the gangway to heat it up again. I hosed off the seal, washing the formula from his face. The humped body quivered, its dark pupilless eyes straining forward, too large for the

sleek head. He didn't try to crawl away. The sun, now a hot glowing disk, touched the silhouetted skyline.

"You hold the nipple against his teeth."

I slipped my index fingers between his lips at the back of his mouth, cautiously prying them between the sharp rows of teeth. For an instant the jaws opened, the nipple slipped in. The seal raised his head to struggle. Ann moved the bottle with him.

"Stay with him, we'll have to teach him how to suck."

The seal bit at the springy rubber, gagging at it, but in doing so got some of the formula down his throat. He relaxed, defiantly holding the nipple in his mouth. I stroked the underpart of his chin, dragging my fingers along his throat. Bubbles rose through the formula. I stroked harder, more bubbles, a small gap was forming at the base of the bottle.

And glancing upward, between those straight sheaves of long hazel hair, her green eyes sparkled, tiny creases forming at their corners, now trembling as she tried to control them, breaking into a flash of a smile.

The gap grew larger at the base of the bottle, streaks of formula began to run down the seal's chin.

"He's getting some of it."

"Well, keep going, he must be starving."

And the wind caught her hair from behind, whisking it into her face as she stood silently holding the bottle. I held the seal with the weight of my chest and swept the fingertips of one hand across her forehead.

The sun sank through the wind-blown wisps of hair, sparkling each strand green and yellow, igniting the clouds on the horizon until the last gold-purple rays dropped under the edge of the mainland, leaving only a

smoke of dark heated clouds against the evening sky.

The two of us got half a bottle in that night. I started in the next morning before work. Ann didn't show, I stopped by her house that evening and picked her up. On the dock the sun sank quickly and the mosquitoes came out.

"He hasn't taken very much."

"He only took that much this morning."

"Maybe he's not hungry now?"

I left to reheat the bottle while she washed the formula off her hands at the float. The yellow drops expanded like oil blots on the still water.

"Surely we've gotten enough into him for tonight. Look, it's all going down his chin now."

"Our milk isn't enough like his mother's; we'll have to teach him to drink it."

"Well, I guess he just doesn't want to drink anything more tonight."

For a week, in my spare time, I managed to keep the seal alive. She never came again, and I didn't ask. And then, early one morning, soon after I arrived for work, I found the bloody body in the bottom of a trash can. A huge gash ran from chest to tail. The ribs were cut away, exposing the lungs and heart. The rest of the insides had been removed, cut up, and tossed back on top. The carcass had been stripped, except for fur mittens on each of four flippers. The end of the tongue stuck through the front incisors, I could see its roots, the cheeks having been cut away. But even when I had replaced the cover, I couldn't shake the stare of those glazed-blue eyes . . .

. . . the fiery heat from below seemed to melt his eyes, making him turn his head away from the flames. The bottle fell. He heard it clink some-

where below. Orange flame swept over the end of the shaft—the body was consumed.

He dragged the cover over the shaft and stood while the last grinding vibrations died away in the cavern. Faint early-morning light filtered through the dirty windows, casting the dusky shadows of the iron lids on the floor.

He carried the can back to the truck. Wind now rustled the brush around the lot. The low clouds had blown on, the

sun burned brightly through the last hazy sheets.

The old truck rattled out of the lot, stopping at the base of the hill, then winding its way back through the rolling acres of brush. The sun burned away at the last clouds, breaking through to cast patches of light on the land. Sunlight gleamed against the smooth brick smoke stack, a tiny wisp curling off the top into a clear day.

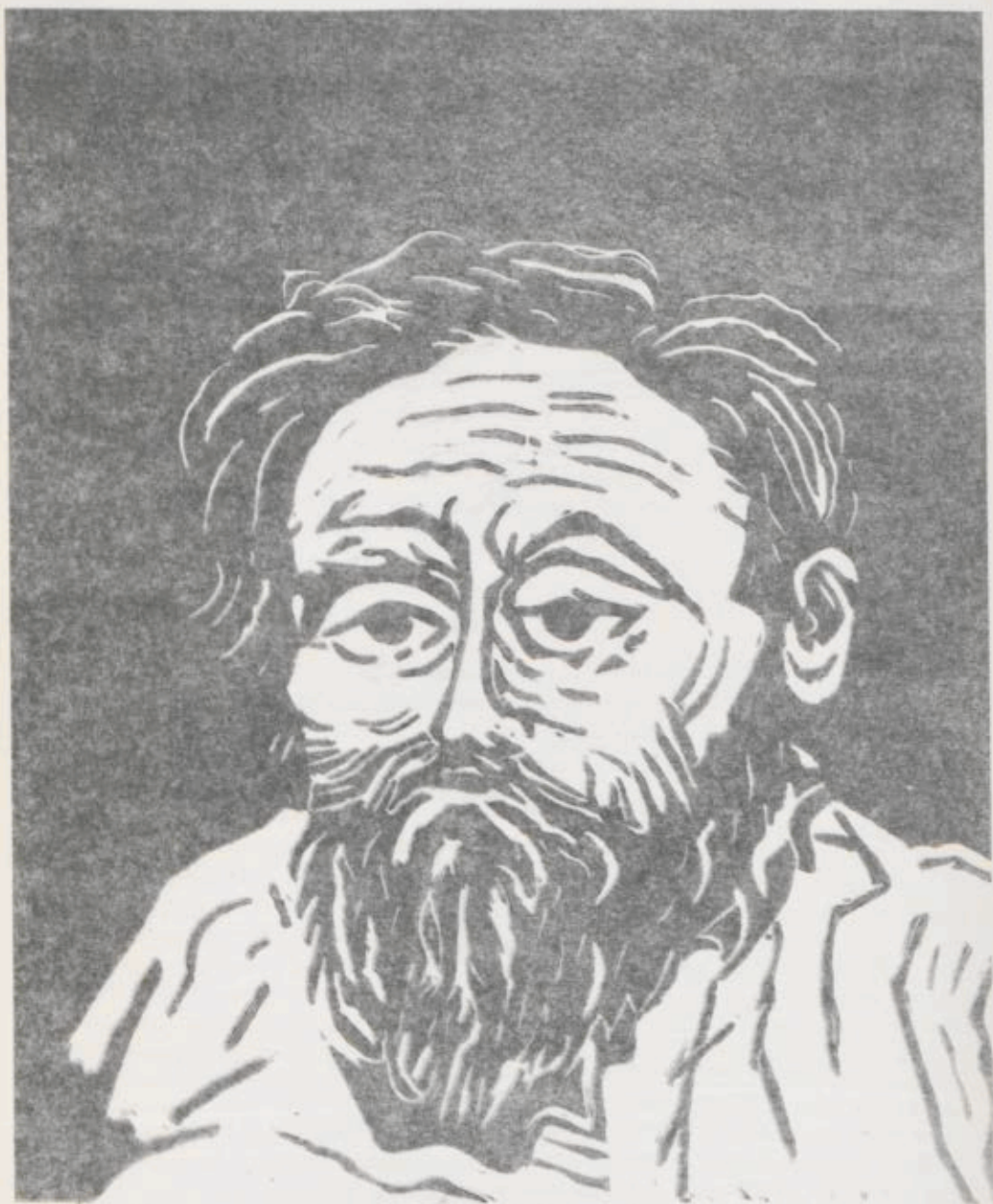


a neon light shines to mark the shrine
duncan doughnuts open 24 hours marks this place
familiar to them who know.
young man weary from a cosmic trial asks miss
counter girl for a chocolate glazed—she has none—
he takes her instead.

cigarette after cigarette, on it goes, he camels
she marlboros. pensively suggestive, her face is
marred (possibly too many honey-dipped) by his
unending stare as he tries to play her game
as she plays his.

the time had come to reveal the truth—total
communication was the end. she proving a bore
(she didn't know who kafka was) and arrogant
(she wanted to be heard) he saw there was no
end to this and there was only one thing left to do
eat her
she tasted like a stale doughnut hole
with just a trace of powdered sugar remaining.

DAVID CAHILL



Ronald 63

Salim Kowad

Of Music And Other Pursuits

John Berdy
Bob Bernhardt
Edgar Curtis
Matt Finley
Chuck Fisher
Dave Herzfeld
Keith Kibler
Hugh Allen Wilson

If a man begins
to find traces
of what he seeks,
he will hunt
gladly gaily
and in earnest.*

PROLOGUE

If you persevere to make something as well as possible, the new thing is graced with naturalness, of which unity of the whole and parts is evidence. Any piece of music fully blessed with this quality is what I at least mean by a masterwork. And I think it's what Stravinsky has in mind in saying that the only piece that counts is a masterwork. A perfect solution to a mathematical problem and a perfect song are identical in this, that nothing can be added to or subtracted from either, which is evidence that intuition took its straightest path.

A shelf of music, like a shelf of plays, holds not literature so much as the repertoire of a performing art. Poetry, which belongs in this respect with music, illustrates the point. If you want to help a young poet write poetry, *first* help him read it aloud. If the sound is self-conscious and the flow erratic, so must the writing be, only more so. And writers of prose would write more good prose sooner if they followed the same priorities. A writer should hear first, write second. Moving to prevent this, our traditional schooling forces a child to read silently.

It is probable that every adult would be in some degree musical if he or she heard, sang, and played good music from the start. It is certain that everyone is potentially creative, but which of us was reared on *this* kind of advice?—**How a person may work most intelligently. There are many people who are not hindered by the things they handle, since these things leave no lasting impression on their minds. The same man wrote: No work may be begun so well, or done so skilfully that one may feel free and secure in**

* Bold face comments are from the writings of Meister Eckhart (1260-1328).

his progress, and then let his mind relax and go to sleep. These are not contradictory, but complementary observations.

All creating starts from some unclarity of definition, and to most children this half-light is an invitation to explore; in most adults it breeds a sense of insecurity, which shows up in mistakes that have to be corrected—if they can be—while composing, in dogmatic assumptions in all branches of knowledge, and a host of similar premature shows of strength in making decisions in all fields of activity. If one is impelled to move too soon into full definition, the creating stops. We habitually give too early attention to how soon a thought belongs in an essay or speech, and where a word belongs in a sentence; we have been trained to give little or no attention to how uncertainty can be fruitful, how late final order can be gratefully admitted.

A lot of light is given off when you set improvising along side of composing. The practice of each deeply enriches the other, and it was one of the tragedies of musical history when they became separated. The great solo composer-performer such as Bach or Beethoven, when playing what occurred to him then and there, was drawing on the sounds and designs of past improvisations and compositions of his own and anybody else's that came in handy. The greater this reservoir of experience, the higher the chance and level of success. In traditional jazz improvisation, a group of players rely on established chord patterns and phrase lengths to hold them together, and in the same breath to challenge the inventiveness of each solo player in turn. In contemporary free association improvisation, a single player proceeds from the initial ideas to anything that

they touch off by spontaneous combustion, a variant of a rhythmic pattern just played, etc. . . . The characteristic of split-second response is a heightening of that found in classical improvising; disappointment and disaster are even more keenly felt hovering in the wings, and the over-all shape of the improvisation is that much chancier, and the more glorious when it comes out strong. When such free association improvising is pulled off by a small group, the sense of intimacy with and delight in each others' musical personalities and resources comes across with astounding clarity and power. It is not surprising that very few music lovers at Union are aware of this kind of music and its potential, for it is brand new in our culture. Yet, in this area too, Union has one or two students of exceptional promise.

The contrast to composition is as simple as it is dramatic: you improvise ten minutes of music in ten minutes; but to compose the twelve minutes of music in *Four Studies for Orchestra* took Stravinsky from 1914 until 1929. In those years there is time out to write other pieces, to conduct, to live, to study and above all to have second and twentieth thoughts about the unfolding sounds of the *Four Studies*. The strain and challenge of so living in two time scales is beautifully dealt with, along with much else about composing, in John Berdy's contribution. The spontaneity of improvisation is the composer's best source of renewed strength in the long haul, and once again Meister Eckhart has been there before us: (on losing the track in life, and what should then be done . . .)

Do exactly as you would do if you felt most secure.

—edgar curtis

COMPOSITION

Music produces an illusion of time duration. It creates a world of what might be called virtual or experienced time which we may "visit" if we so desire. It occurs outside the succession of actual phenomena in which we live; outside a world in which time is organized into years, months, hours and minutes. Musical duration includes more dimensions than simply timed sequence—it includes as many dimensions as can be perceived by the listener. Music presents itself to us while we are in the world of actual phenomena, and then invites us into its realm, permitting us to shape and organize as we wish, and feel the forms which the composer has synthesized within. This type of experience is common in the other arts as well. One may find himself completely "lost" in a book, or so entirely absorbed in a painting at an art exhibition, that he no longer notices the people around him. But a person must *go to* the painting before he can be absorbed in it or open the book and begin to read before he is able to become lost in it.

Here, the situation differs with music. Music, unlike literature and the plastic arts, forces itself into man's consciousness through his hearing, at which point many factors come into play determining whether he continues to listen and truly hear. The listener may fall in and out of the virtual time created by the music. Susanne Langer suggests that it is as difficult to exist in two times at once as it is to be in two places.* True—but this is not all that there is to be considered. This does not take into account the relation between organization of the musical work and our total absorption in it.

* Susanne Langer, *Feeling and Form*

It does not tell us how the internal structures of the piece, as we perceive them, contribute to our concentration on the entire work.

It will be assumed, contingent to the validity and success of a work of art, that the work presents at least some tensions and reductions of tensions to the person experiencing that work of art. If there occurs not one instance of tension and reduction in a work of art, it is very unlikely that a listener's attention will be maintained. Similarly, if there is too much unresolved tension, too much uncertainty, the work will be irritating to someone trying to appreciate it. The composer of any work of art must decide how much unrest or agitation is to remain. Hopefully, the feeling from the work as a whole unit will justify it.

Tension can be produced by creating a mood of suspense. The simplest means of creating suspense in music is by delaying the resolution of a sequence of chords or even a single melody line which the ear has been trained to resolve automatically. This concept is utilized at the end of the first movement of any Mozart piano concerto. The chord that the orchestra holds directly before the solo cadenza carries with it a strong feeling of wanting to return to the original key of the movement. The tension will be resolved when the original key is reached. But this does not occur until the soloist has played the cadenza. There is increased tension during the cadenza because it is a spontaneous, improvised performance, the content of which is uncertain until actually heard.

The most well-known example of musical suspense is the opening of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The sound of the first notes of this piece of music im-

mediately provokes some questions in the mind of the listener. What is the rhythmic figure of the first three notes? It sounds like a triplet of some sort, but there are rhythmic possibilities and other notations by which it could be represented. (Actually it is not a triplet figure, but three eighth notes preceded by an eighth note rest, which, played at a brisk tempo, sound like triplets.) After the first four notes—the familiar *ditditditdah*—we do not know in what key the work is going to be. The two pitches that these notes occur on, “G” or “E-flat”, could be contained in several different keys. The notes are played *in unison* by all the instruments involved; in other words, there is no chordal background to give us a better idea of what key the piece is in. After the four-note phrase has been played a second time, we are just as confused, for the theme has now been heard with the notes “F” and “D”. These individual notes give us only vague implications as to the direction of the music. Only after the third introduction of this four-note theme do we know the key of the piece. The cellos hold the note “C” for several measures while the other instruments outline a “C” minor chord.

What makes this symphony one of the most exciting masterpieces in all of music is the combination throughout of small suspense units—as subtle as the opening measures—with larger ones extending over many bars of music. When listening to Beethoven, we often find ourselves relaxed after reaching some point in the music without being quite sure why we were anxious to get there. The composer has drawn us forward with the music by creating a slight tension within it and then resolving the tension. Sometimes Beethoven abandons all subtlety and has us impatiently await a change in

the music, the direction of which is quite explicit. This occurs in the measures preceding the Finale (fourth movement) of the Fifth Symphony. Beethoven suspends us for an extremely long time on a chord, which to our ears can resolve in only one direction. In the opening bars of the Finale we hear that the chord has resolved to the notes which we were expecting. These waves of tension that crest and ebb throughout the entire symphony, sometimes stormy, at other times gentle, give the work compelling forward motion from the first measure to the last.

But sequences of tension and resolution alone are not enough to keep a listener completely absorbed in a piece of music. A work of art must not only appeal to the emotions, but also to the intellect. The composer must regulate the flow of his musical ideas in such a way that the mind of the listener is able to retain them and feel, to a certain degree, their organization in the whole work. The identification of the themes provides intellectual stimulation for the listener. Therefore, the composer must make sure they are always accessible. If too many disparate musical themes are introduced at once, the listener will be unable to assimilate them and eventually unable to continue concentrating on the piece. On the other hand, the listener may become bored if there is over-organization of too few themes. The composer must learn how many concentrated musical ideas to introduce at once and then follow with sections of lessened density so that the listener can rest slightly and still retain the thematic material. It could be said of all works of art, in fact, that the thematic material within should flow through what may be called “areas of intensity” and “areas of transparency.” Thus, the per-

1

 $\angle = 108$

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FL. *p*

CL.

BSN. *f*

rit. *ten.*

rit. *ten.*

rit. *ten.*

atempo *cresc.....*

cresc.....

rit. *cresc.....*

Dim..... *pp*

Dim..... *pp*

Dim..... *pp*

C.F. *4/4*

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son experiencing the work of art will be able to gain intellectual pleasure from it.

Here, the similarities between music and literature become salient. Actually, the more one understands general structures or better yet, universal structures in music, the more he begins to understand the concepts that govern in literature, and vice versa. One almost begins to wonder whether all art is not analogous, but rather homologous, in its 'ultimate source' or at least fundamental laws. Shakespeare's plays are as musical as Beethoven's piano sonatas are dramatic. The flow of action of a powerful play such as *Hamlet* must be intermitted by some light, "transparent" scenes; scenes in which the intent concentration of the audience is not required. This play would be unbearable without Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and the clowns in the graveyard. They appear after a succession of intensely dramatic scenes, just as fantasia sections appear between the statements of that troubled, nervous theme in the first movement of Beethoven's "Tempest" piano sonata.

Of course, geniuses such as Shakespeare and Beethoven did not always need to pause in the process of composing their works to plan out sections of intensity and transparency. It was intuitive. When the moment felt right, it happened quite naturally. But this is only the result of much hard work and suffering during their formative years as artists. The expanded time that it takes to write a work as compared with the time required to perform it offers a great problem to the

composer. It may take three weeks to write four pages of music which, when played, lasts only twenty seconds. Thus, while writing a piece of music, the composer must create in his mind the virtual time world of the piece as it will be performed. If the composition of a piece of music is moving at a slow pace, a page a day for example, there is danger that the music will be very dense throughout when played. If the composer is fairly adept at an instrument, such as piano, he has the advantage of being able to play at least the main musical ideas of the piece at performance tempo and thus get a feeling of the balance within it. He is, however, only playing what has been written and if there is a poor balance of ideas the work must be altered so that the flow of ideas is better arranged. Even so, the seams where a piece of music is altered sometime show up, even in the works of great composers. But it is the desire of every composer that he will eventually produce a piece of music in which the balance of musical ideas is completely natural. The question may arise: What definition of balance relates to a work of art? Balance in art does not mean static equilibrium. No one would dare argue that Goethe's *Faust* or Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony* are static works, yet the contrasting elements in each are balanced. This does not mean that they cancel each other out. Balance in a piece of art work simply means that it is a complete unit unto itself and is ready to be experienced.

— john berdy

JAZZ

As a musician and a leader of jazz ensembles, I am strongly against philosophical discussions, either emotional or intellectual, about jazz. I know that I am only beginning to fully experience the creative force, and its accompanying joy, made possible through this art form. Jazz alone of all musical idioms, because of its all-inclusive nature, contains no more limits than does life itself. Neither jazz nor life can be generalized upon; each must be experienced by the individual and judged for its personal merit. Of course, to many others besides myself, the jazz experience is an integral part of life. Listen, and let it speak to you.

— matt finley



EXPRESSION

Talking *about* music seems to me to have some absurdity about it. We never try to discuss literature in musical terms. It is not that a person's feelings about his music are not specific enough, but rather, that they are too specific to be put into words. Mendelssohn spoke of this when he was asked to define his *Songs Without Words*. So, it is with a sense of futility that I am attempting to explain to you the musical benefits that I derive from being in the Union College Glee Club and the Madrigal Singers. If these words engage you to learn more about our music, then they have served their purpose.

Perhaps my greatest reason for being in the Glee Club and Madrigals is my high regard for the human voice. I have come to realize that the voice is by far the greatest instrument known to man. It needs no intermediate keys or pedals or mouthpieces. It is deep-seated in one's whole personality—not simply in one's throat. A "voice" is the product of all one's experiences. There is a vital link between singing a vocal line and conceiving that line in your mind. Making the voice into a great instrument is hard work and is filled with disappointments no matter how talented an individual or group may be. In Glee Club and Madrigals all effort is directed toward perfecting the voice as an instrument for expression and for communication. This is perhaps the greatest satisfaction I derive from singing.

Perfecting my voice, as an instrument, is to me a solitary occupation. It has to do with singing for hours to perfect a few measures. It has to do with building a voice into an instru-

ment that can express anything; not simply happiness or sadness, but countless combinations of the two. My instrument must certainly engage people's ears. Their inner selves, however, must also be engaged. This is where all real communication takes place. The words must ride on the music, take life from it, be given life by it. The story of the song, the setting, the idea must be planted in the listener's emotions so that he doesn't know how it came to be planted there by the singer. It was simply *made*—*created* there by the singer. I must try to make my voice an expression of that which is inside me—of how I hear a song with *my* inward self. The supreme goal is, first of all, to try to be able to communicate to the listener that very same and exact feeling that I have in my heart, so that the listener may also possess it.

music is life
is music And
the world is a drum.
you don't write music
it rights you.

— dave herzfeld

The most important ear for which I ever sing, though, is my own. Implicit in being able to feel that one communicates to others is being able to feel that one has communicated to and with one's self. The happiness or sadness derived from singing well or poorly in one's own estimation are the feedback mechanisms possessed by a most effective and, to me, reliable

singer, or any musician. It is being one's own critic. This is, even so, only a small manifestation of an inward desire to equal the Ideal. The frustration when I fall short, in my own ears, is like no other frustration I know. Singing is for me a basic need of life—like food. It is a necessity. I shall never be able to state its value to me. When I sing, I sing to others and their faces communicate their feelings back to me. At the same time I sing to myself and I communicate my feelings back to my own mind and shape the next sound accordingly. All the applause means nothing if I am not satisfied. By the same token, all carping means nothing if I am pleased. Singing becomes a very personal and private necessity and need. It is a need to sing well and to judge one's own music by the highest standards that one knows.

Age and experience will mellow and sharpen my sadness at failure and my exhilaration with success. Each of these will, in their turn, shape my voice into a better instrument than it was the day or the year or the decade before. In and through it all, I *must sing*. What is inside must come out—must be communicated to others.

I can only write simply about such basic things. Complexities are useless and absurd. More than ever now, music becomes a greater expression than words.

—keith kibler



choral concert may 10 8:30

INTERPRETATION

There is really no way for one who has studied music and the works of other composers to remain aloof, completely unaffected by the compositions and styles of those who have preceded him. Once the composer puts a note on a staff he is essentially doomed to display the influences of others in his own work. From this, one could infer that attempting original composition is pointless or, at best, frustrating. At times, admittedly, it seems so, but nonetheless, it is a constant challenge.

The infinite variety of music, the countless possibilities of arranging funny little figures on stupid looking horizontal lines to produce the sounds that did not exist before you took the pen and created them; the joy one receives by hearing what one has done and sharing it with others; the joy of affecting others; the chance of arranging the same notes that Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Lennon and Dylan use *your own way*, with your own instruments, on your own time, expressing your own thoughts and emotions, are all reasons why I compose music.

Through music, I have been able to express to myself, to those I love, and to my fellows, certain things that words often fail to convey. Music, to me, is no longer merely escape or fantasy; it is becoming more and more real each day, and it becomes more and



the word marlee does compare
to the other marlee members in the family
and is a good example of the word's meaning

more vital that I write those things that have as yet been left unsaid.

I am not so naive as to think that my music *alone* represents a statement of my beliefs, particularly my opposition to war and to the various repressive and otherwise questionable acts committed by this country, but it is a source of satisfaction to me that I can say, by writing music, I am *creating* and *not destroying*.

I am further attracted to music because it endures. To be able to leave behind something that can move other human beings when I am no longer around to attempt to do so myself is part of my motivation.

Through music composition, one is competing with one's self, and not with others. Faced with a blank sheet of manuscript paper, one has only the mind and its limitations to help him; it is an intensely personal struggle. To say that all aspects of music are void of competition is a lie, but it seems increasingly clear to me that composition is more free from competition (other than with self) than other aspects of music.

Shaping. Interpretation. I am also studying conducting at Union. I readily confess my skepticism upon entering the course. I knew that there was more to it than waving a pencil in front of a bunch of violins and horns, but I didn't think there was much more. There is. I have learned that the production of great music requires in-

formed direction and interpretation that only an experienced, trained conductor can give.

A conductor should know virtually every note of the score, who plays it, when it enters, and where it leads. He seeks to place himself in the position of each person in the orchestra, and to know how each one *feels* and *reacts* to his direction. Every piece of music presents similar and different musical and interpretational problems; conducting requires the knowledge of every aspect of the art, from business, to performance, to composition, to, oh yes, conducting.

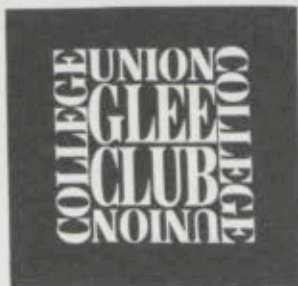
The universality of music is another reason why I study it. There are few avenues of communication that can reach so many people in so many different ways, and yet with the same basic purposes in mind: to emotionally involve, to soothe, to help, to express an inner need or feeling that words can sometimes misinterpret, or that the composer is unable to convey in words. (It is, of course, also true, a la Schubert, Dylan, Nyro, etc., that words can complement music, and vice-versa.)

The vitality, the worth, the effectiveness of the arts (particularly in music) is demonstrable only in the art itself; these words are helpless to convey totally what music is to me, simply because of the nature of music. The final proof is found only *in the music*.

— bob bernhardt



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GLEE CLUBS
IN CONCERT AT
MEMORIAL C.
HAPPEL BRAHM
SAND POULEN
C. FEB 20 8 30 &
HUGH WILSON

AFTERWORD

I believe that one of the principal objectives that we have in our process of opening wider the world of music to others is the elimination of what André Malraux calls the cardinal sin of our generation—"a distrust of form and contempt for the word." Our students have ample reason to distrust form and reason and order, for they have seen the disasters that have been heaped upon generations who put their first trust in discipline and order. *Discipline and order and language do communicate*; but they communicate only *about*. They must be linked up with feelings, which are always what are ultimately communicated. Feelings can communicate themselves directly, but when they are communicated through any language, be it poetry or music or drama or painting, certain relationships of order, peculiar to each language must be recognized by the listener or spectator so that the artist's or composer's intentions can be more "safely" understood. It is at this point that the consideration of form becomes so important. The human mind requires some sort of mental orientation or structure. Man's mind is unique among the animals. Man himself, "like the other" animals, has form—he is essentially symmetrical.

We likewise stress that the sheer aural communication of music is vitally enhanced by an awareness on the part of the listener of the particular "shape" of the music. Any excessive preoccupation with the problems and fascination of form can, however, be highly restrictive to the listener's arrival at even a far from complete awareness of the real substance of the music. Once the forms and structures of music have been grappled with by the student they should become a part of his consciousness only enough so that they stay in the *background* of his awareness during the act of participation in music whether it be as listener, performer or

composer. Only then, it seems to me, does music begin to "work."

At the same time as we are approaching our communications on music with our students in this way, we also hope to make them aware that their growth in perception of what happens to *them* in regard to their growing relationship to the substance of music should also be happening to them in life. We essay this point of departure with *all* students who study with us, whatever may be their primary field of concentration. In the same way that they may see the elements of a work of music, proceeding through time, in the process of "becoming" rather than as a never changing "being" so, we hope, can they see that their lives become exciting and worthy as they become more and more aware that they are ever in a state of change and development—a state of becoming. It is this "catharsis of work," this "becoming", that is the essential process for real growth. Growth requires work. A work of art goes many places and in many ways. But it never stops nor does it go *anywhere*. It sets no "goal."

Let me leave you then with one last thought. A human being, it seems to me, should recognize his goals once he has *arrived* at them. Then he can go on further. He should, however, be wary of setting goals lest they really be those of someone else that he unknowingly sets for himself and are thus limiting to him. "Becoming" leads to goals that open up to newer and newer goals—by itself. We hope that even as the common communication in music that we have with our students leads to a greater awareness of shapes, form and feelings in process of shaping, forming and increasing in intensity, so may there also be a true parallel in the process and awareness of one's own "becoming" as vital human beings.

— hugh allen wilson



Our souls, shame-wounded by our
sins, cling to us yet more, a woman to
her lover clinging, the more the more.

—JAMES JOYCE

NOTES ON THE ISSUE

LES PETROVICS is a frequent contributor to *The Idol*. He is Hungarian born, and his writing reflects the concern he has for the land of his birth. His first story, "The Last Sunday," was published in the Spring '69 issue of *The Idol*. He has been the recipient of the Eugene I. Yudis Award for the past three years.

GRACE SARDELL transferred to Union at the beginning of the Winter term. She asserts that her works tend toward Dadaism. This is the first time they have appeared in *The Idol*.

PAUL ANDREWS is past editor of *The Idol* and an occasional contributor of poetry. "Tar Baby" marks his first attempt at fiction and it won him an honorable mention in this year's Yudis Prize competition. His thesis presentation on John Butler Yeats was awarded the Allen Essay Prize.

LEW KINTER is President of the Photographic Society at Union and has recently become involved in film making. "The Incinerator" is his first published short story.

SVEN PETERSON is a Professor of Philosophy with interests spread as widely as mathematics and poetry. His poetry has been published in professional journals.

MICHELE VOTTIS is a past associate editor of *The Idol* and will be editor of the Syracuse University literary magazine next year. She was last year's recipient of the American Academy of Poets Award at Union.

BOB HAHN edited his high school literary magazine last year, and has recently joined the editorial board of *The Idol*.

A. HUCKEL is the pseudonym of a well known, sophomore science major at Union.

BRIAN HAVILAND has been a consistent contributor of photography over the past few years. This is the first time his work has been featured in *The Idol*.

CHUCK BOOTH is an associate editor of *The Idol* currently responsible for formulating plans for an art and photography issue of the magazine next year.

MARK BOYLAN is currently co-editing the *Union Book* for his second year. He is a frequent contributor of photography, and his work shall be featured in the upcoming issue on John Updike.

RON NOVEY transferred from Union in the middle of this academic year. He is currently studying hotel management at Cornell University.

The essays comprising "Of Music and Other Pursuits" were organized by EDGAR CURTIS and HUGH ALLEN WILSON. Professor Wilson's reflections provide an interesting extension to his article in the 1970 *Union Book*. The essays, as a whole, mark the culmination of a year-long drive to expand the magazine's artistic horizons.

JOHN BERDY, CHUCK FISHER, and BOB BERNHARDT have each been represented by original scores at the Spring recital of student composition. MATT FINLEY is President of the Union College Jazz Workshop. KEITH KIBLER is a member of the Glee Club and the Madrigal Singers.

Upon the publication of my final issue of *The Idol*, I would like to thank everyone who has helped me through these two years as editor. My appreciation goes out to the Union College student body, and the Departments of English and the Arts, for the support I have received. My special thanks to Paul Andrews, David King, and Cheryl Brown. -JL

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