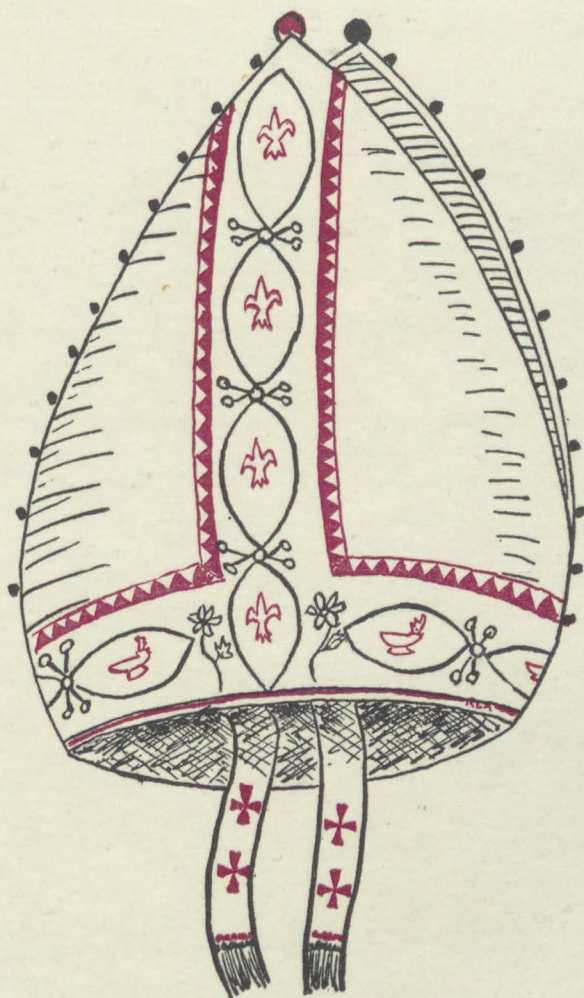


the IDOL

SPRING AT UNION COLLEGE



Murder in the Cathedral

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THE URGENCY OF OPPOSITION

There was a time in Union's history when the goal of the educators was to educate the student. To help develop, discipline and nourish an expanding intellect and maturing mind once seemed worthy of the devotion of a learned man's every resource. The professor was master and leader; the student followed example, not dictum, that he too might lead. The academic superiority of the teacher was unquestioned, but it was assumed that a man accepted into his class was an intellectual equal and worthy of being in attendance. Then, as now, to condescend to one's students was to fail as their teacher.

When flawless grammar and carefully modulated speaking tones become the mark of superiority of the teacher, and when this 'superiority' is greater than duty and a man cannot give every honest effort to support the principles of academic life, then there is

a corruption, however gentle it may seem, of the ideals of education which is deeper and greater than any other there may be. The Philistine seems harmless, because his position is honest and he can be defended against, in comparison to the man whose life is the Liberal Arts and who should be dedicated to their perpetuation and their appreciation. Against the man who cannot accept the principles he must teach, defense must be ever so subtle, but opposition to him is urgent and essential.

The threat to the academic integrity of Union College is not any single person; it would be so easy if it were. This man would be driven from the College by the students he sought to outrage. He would be hooted at, jeered, mocked and disgraced. Perversion of the ideals which Union and every institution of higher learning were

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founded in is a malignant and ugly thing spread everywhere within the College.

Some examples of professorial casuistry are profoundly serious and even shockingly egregious. Witness an *upperclass* English Literature course where the admirably and unusually gifted instructor feels Union College juniors and seniors, presumably acceptable to the college, must be forced by weekly quizzes—sometimes not even synchronized to the class lectures—to read the greatest poetry in our language. Test-question gadgetry and a ludicrously complicated numerical marking system are combined with affected comments and dramatic reading from the text to replace intellectual leadership, academic criticism, and voluntary student enthusiasm as the mechanism for studying literature.

Nearly every offense we've mentioned happens often, not just one ill-starred class, or on one gloomy day. Such things have become part of the thinking of a large segment of our faculty, and, though to a lesser extent because of our comparative innocence and lack of experience, increasingly a part of the thinking of the students. Perhaps when the students and faculty come finally together on this point there will be a new kind of harmony and a new kind of college. We don't want to attend or be counted among the alumni of the new college. But there need not be such a college here, and, if the spirit of its students, the integrity of even some of its faculty, and the soundness of its ideals shall prevail, there never will be such a place in these buildings.

Academic perversion graduates intellectual weaklings. We do not admit to such a description and we do not accuse our friends in this final semester with the charge. But how far are we from it? How much of the men we have studied under and the dignity of the college we have lived in will we take with us in June?

After four generally very happy years at a college we have grown to love, if not to respect, we have seen the half-joking rebellion against real and imagined complacency which enlivened our first few semesters turn into a very deeply rooted sense of injury and of disappointment. We have come to feel that if any student will accept his responsibility toward the college he has been a part of for four vigorous years of his life; if he will acknowledge his debt to the academic community; if he will, as he must, devote himself to strengthening the ideals of his own college; if he will make some kind of contribution to the intellectual life which has so benefited him; then he must oppose every appearance of things alien to these essential beliefs. He must reject the teacher who does not honestly try to assist his education. He must act in any way he can to eliminate the "Addisonism" the condescension, the intellectual complacency that have caused Union to display a new definition of the term it is so fond of, "small college."

There should be, every Union College person must agree, no man in a class who is not intellectually, socially, and in purpose qualified and entitled to be there. There should be no class, at Union or any college, where the instructor cannot accept even some of the members as his equals and deserving of the very best he has to offer. But there are such classes and there are many. We know of instance after instance when the professor did not offer all of the material at his command that he possibly might fit into the limited time available to a specific topic, because he felt his class, or many members in it, were not qualified, did not deserve or were otherwise unfitted to receive his very best.

Another, more off-beat, example of academic perversion is the peculiar confusion of "non-direction" with irresponsibility that occurs in the "abnormal" discussions at the

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end of the campus opposite Bailey Hall. The situation is truly democratic but neither scientific nor academic. The whole business is *so* democratic that it has the distinction of being the only class on campus in which a "two-party system" is in full operation. A small, unconverted and therefore unenlightened, group forms a section of its own and substitutes the dishonored textbook for the missing leadership of a teacher. The faculty member in attendance, fairly enough, visits them for a part of each period.

The marking system, unlike the Bailey Hall "Calculator" approach, is the very definition of simplicity; the faculty member, with neither considerations of material nor standards to trouble him, makes up a suitable grade. A student may and ought to offer any advice necessary to the choosing of his grade — in keeping with the democratic tradition of the class.

Though the Full Professor in charge tacitly has resigned any responsibility of preparation for the class and the students have dutifully followed his example, one thing, at least, remains above corruption, the College's absence regulations.

And no one is condescended to, save the "minority party" and those few who insist that there is before the class a subject that should be studied.

That student who does not now oppose every evidence of practices which tend to weaken the intellectual standing of the College, and fails to develop his own system of principles and his own sense of dedication to the academic ideals he has lived with for four years, does not love Union College and should not, after it all, be greeted as a brother alumnus by those who now, at the very least, speak for the College.

We tend to strike out merely at the juvenilia which surrounds the real life of the College. Such things as the cut system and compulsory chapel are more appurtenances of a greater weakness than actual wrongs in themselves. Eventually, it seems probable, our tag-along policy makers will follow those schools immediately superior to us and abolish the cut system. Chapel is pretty much our own eccentricity and, we're pretty certain, here to stay. But it shouldn't make any difference.

We speak out now, at the end of our time here, and plead with our fellows to do the same. It isn't the student who *must* build the College, but he can. Union College, however uncertainly, is cultivating mediocrity in its teachers and in its students. We are failing to protect our ideals. We are becoming increasingly and unfortunately described by a single word, "small."



Mikael Bredsdorff

DETERMINATION

"I don't want it published,"
Did the poet proclaim,
"Until I've established
My superlative fame."

His virtue was mourned,
But he bit his lip —
And secretly burned
The rejection slip.

SENTIMENTAL EXHAUSTION

She *loved* her tea,
She *liked* new hats,
Her canary, she thought, was *nice*.
She *adored* her *wonderful* cats
She said, and was *thrilled* by little white mice.
And I said "Oh," and "Dear," and "I see,"
And wondered what feeling was left for me.

James Swan

GIANTS

HAVE

WHITE HAIR

A grey train of cars emerged from tunnel darkness into the dim light of the transit station and halted hissingly. A dozen doors slid apart and lingered open.

Hesitating on the platform, a youth with a serious face glanced awkwardly at a slip of paper and recalled the scrawled directions. "Seventh Ave. Express . . . Off at Sterling." He looked up at the waiting train, the open doors, the hasty figures pressing past him into dusty interiors.

"This must be it," thought the youth, and glanced back at the slip of paper in his hand. He remembered how his mother had handed him the slip of paper before she and his father had left together that morning. The handwriting on it was almost illegible.

He remembered his father telling him what had happened during the previous night.

"You'll have to join us later," his father had said. "Try then to be a help to your mother and me. Be a man for your grandfather."

"Be a man, son," he had said.

Looking up, the youth saw the dozen doors of the train begin to close. Crumpling the piece of paper, he stepped quickly into the nearest car and remained standing as the doors came together mechanically behind him.

The train departed with a rush, leaving behind the dim platform on which lay the crumpled piece of paper.

The boy walked unsteadily to the rear of the lurching car and stood, peering through the rear window. In the darkness outside, occasional flashes of blue light darted past, lighting momentarily the cave-like walls of the receding tunnel with the tracks falling away behind. Gradually, the blue lights gave way to red and in turn to yellow and green.

Be a man. Be a man.

Soon, the boy was thinking, the train would stop and he would be there with his

mother and father and his grandfather and grandmother. It would be a family occasion, he thought, his mind rambling — like Christmas or Easter, with a family portrait . . . and he, the third generation.

No, he recalled, there would be nothing of Christmas in tonight. Presently, he would be walking up the low steps of his grandfather's old brownstone house, and Christmas would be the farthest thing from his mind.

The train paused and hissed. The doors slid apart and together again, and the train rushed back into the tunnel. The lights continued to flash by.

Glancing at his watch, the boy abandoned his vigil at the rear of the car and seated himself near the sliding doors. From the window across the aisle, his reflection looked over at him.

"Be a man?" He put the question to his reflection. His image nodded a thin face back at him. It wore his sombre dark suit and bore his face and hair and eyes.

The train swam briefly into light, swept past another dim station, and passed into the dark tunnel once more.

The boy was looking at his watch again. At least he would be on time. He would arrive on time and he hoped that nothing would go wrong and that he would say what was necessary when he came to it.

How could he "be a man" for his grandfather?

There would be Grandfather, he thought — as always, it would be "Grandfather" and never "Grampa" or "Gramps." As always, it would be his tall and formal grandfather, white-haired and strong, a giant above the little men of office buildings and street corners.

Still another station rumbled past. The platform sign had said "Wall Street."

Wall Street.

The sign called to mind the commanding and white-haired figure of his grandfather,

with his deep-set eyes. His grandfather bore a great name along such avenues as Wall Street. There his fortune had risen.

Grandfather and all the rest would be there when he arrived. The boy tried to think what he would say — a short and formal sentence would serve, he thought.

"I'm sorry . . ." he would begin.

The train emerged suddenly from the underground into the chill April night. It hurtled across the dark shape of a bridge and passed into a tunnel on the farther side of the river.

The boy looked at his watch again. The train pressed forward, blue and yellow lights flickering about it in the darkness of the tunnel.

Be a man.

Be a man.

The boy thought again of his grandfather, his mother's father, who was a great man, and wondered why a man of his position had continued to live in the old brownstone house with its modest furnishings. Then he remembered his mother telling once how his grandmother had always preferred modest surroundings, though Grandfather had wished to use his wealth to provide her with "better things."

What good was wealth, thought the boy, if you couldn't enjoy it?

The train stopped a last time, and the boy walked out onto the platform and up the stairs to the street above. In the sky, several bright stars appeared through a thin bank of clouds which were floating southward before a cold April breeze. It seemed too cold for April.

The boy covered the few blocks from the subway exit to the brownstone house with a quick stride, not stopping to look at the sky. Ascending the low steps to the familiar door, he was met by his mother and father and guided through a crowd of people into the next room.

"I had never expected to see so many people," said his mother, her voice strange, "but I should have remembered about her friends. You know how she was. Look at the flowers."

The boy had noticed that the room was filled with floral tokens of all sizes and shapes. The room seemed almost gay.

The boy's mother spoke quietly.

"People have stopped here today that neither I nor your grandfather had seen in . . . and the flowers . . ." She broke off.

The boy understood. He remembered with a rush the countless joys of Christmases he had spent in this very room, his grandmother a white-haired image of Yuletide itself. Christmas wasn't so far from his thoughts, after all, he reflected. He remembered, too, green Palm Sundays and birthdays and stories from his childhood and the warmth and glow of this house and this room.

The brownstone house seemed at once very cold within. Presently, a white-haired man emerged from an adjoining room.

Who now was a man? the boy was thinking. Speak.

"I'm sorry, grandfather," he said, softly. His grandfather looked older than when he had last seen him.

"I'm sorry, too, son," said his grandfather. "I'm sorry everything had to be upset today. I'm sorry," said his grandfather.

The youth lowered his eyes awkwardly and stood in the flowered room beside the casket, wondering why his grandfather should have said that to him — about his being sorry. The form that had been his grandmother lay peacefully among the flowers.

Staring through mist and flowers, he tried to imagine what the room might have looked like if it had been his grandfather who had died. . . .

Robert Schoenfein

PSYCHOLOGICAL CONTEMPLATIONS

Psychological contemplations

Hinder sexual relations . . .

To sense the id and know the will

Thwarts the pleasure, dulls the thrill!

To note emotions on the rise,

Then calculate and summarize,

To think of Jung or Brill or Freud,

Of Oedipus or mental void,

Depression, guilt, or sublimation,

Displaced aggression, reaction formation,

Anxiety or introjection,

Super-ego and projection . . .

Hell!!! Psychology be damned!

Exasperated, once I planned

To know myself despite emotion;

But now I have another notion . . .

Let Freud and God decide above

If reason can't interpret love!

At the start of an American Novel class last semester, the professor announced to his groggy eight o'clockers that they were to be lectured by a guest professor, and that he would leave to take this professor's class across the hall. The short, blond mentor then left the room and, after a pause, Pat Kilburn stepped through the door. Someone in the back of the room said, "Shazam!"

The comment drew chuckles from those students awake, but it was probably more appropriate than the Captain Marvel fan realized. Pat Kilburn had come to lecture on Thomas Wolfe, on whom he had done both his master and doctorate work, and standing on the platform before the class, adding four inches or so to his already large-boned, six-foot frame, and looking down from under an abundance of thick, dark hair, he couldn't help but reflect the image of the giant Eugene Gant, of whom he was speaking.

In order to tie oneself down to the study of one man, in order to spend the necessary years in master and doctorate study (B.A. 1944, M.A. 1947, New Mexico; Ph.D. 1954, N.Y.U.), the student has to find in that person something more than mere interest. He has to see in that person or that person's writing some sort of a common link between his own person and interests. That's what I believed, and so my question was, "Why Tom Wolfe?"

This was a fair question. Two years before, be-bearded for the lead role he was to play in the Mountebanks' production of *Othello*, Kilburn had said to his first-year



Myrrrgh!

English 10 class, "There should be a novelist or an artist for every reader. You should seek that person who says what you have often felt but have never been able to say."

Richard Lewis, Jr.

PATRICK KILBURN: CIVILIZATION FOR ENGINEERS

... an IDOL profile

The undergraduate Patrick Emory Kilburn had, even before he was graduated from New Mexico University, read, at least twice, everything Wolfe wrote. It has been said that Wolfe writes for the young person, but Kilburn saw more in his writing than that part of genius which the "new critics" might grant him.

Wolfe's life, which was his work, was a composite of plights. Perhaps that sensation shared most fully by the writer and his student was the awful and sudden realization that one cannot possibly read in one's lifetime everything that has been written. "It was a terrible shock," the professor stated, and Wolfe himself must have realized the futility of trying to read and see everything. "I will meet all the people I can. I will think all the thoughts, feel all the emotions I am able, and I will write, write, write . . ." And to an extent he did, even though he died at 37.

But Assistant Professor Patrick Kilburn is letting Thomas Wolfe rest with his angel for the while, and has taken up a task which, carried to its proposed extremes, is truly "Wolfish" in sheer magnitude.

"I would rather teach engineers than English majors," he said, "because before one even starts, he must first cause a complete conversion in thinking which the English major has already necessarily experienced." And again, "I think I see the common link between the engineering drafting board and the painting of Picasso."

In the future, and during the remainder of the semester, Kilburn hopes to bring his American Civilization course (a history-through-literature course for senior engineers) to that point where it will embody "the entire cosmopoly of history, literature

and art of the American people from the time of the first settlers to the present." The thought of accomplishing this, and of effectively presenting it to a class of engineers, most of whom haven't seen a paragraph in four years that hasn't been followed by an equation, would, I think, stagger even the immense and all-encompassing imagination of Tom Wolfe himself.

The engineering mind has proved interesting to others, but seldom to teachers of English. And essentially Kilburn is, although certainly not typical, a teacher of English. Not an inspiring lecturer, he yet gives to his chiefly biographically founded lectures, a booming voice and enough dramatics to make the morning student (he has no afternoon classes) listen, if not be interested.

He will not uncover any great truths concerning a writer or a work, nor will he dig too deeply into critical interpretation; however, the student, especially if he has not come into contact with the author (as is the case with most freshman and all engineers) will learn, and may even be inclined to step out of the cumbersome survey to do some reading on his own.

For the student who has "heard all this before," Kilburn may still have something to add. Often he will dig into his seemingly infinite bag of sexual anecdotes and pull out some truly humorous, although occasionally horridly bawdy, comment. This is customarily preceded by a gleeful grin and usually followed by an equally bawdy story concerning some other work or artist who may or may not have any connection with the subject.

Kilburn tends, as do perhaps too many of his brethren, toward the objective and

... meet all the people

think all the thoughts

feel all the emotions ...



has been known to make use of the "quiz;" however, in his case, taking into account the enormity of his sections and predatory leanings of the engineer, he may be more justified in its use.

We, who have come into contact with Pat Kilburn, have benefited either positively or negatively by his example, for certainly he is a memorable personality. And when, through the howling winter winds along upperclassmen walk, the undergraduate passes the hunched, black-clad form of Pat Kilburn as he makes his way between Bailey Hall and the Hale House coffee shop, with a black watch-cap pulled down to the lower edge of his sideburns, and with a black ex-navy overcoat, whose bottom edge almost touches the tops of his black, flopping galoshes, he cannot help but be left with some sort of vivid impression.

He might even find himself uttering something like, "O lost!"

Brief Biography

Patrick Emory Kilburn was born thirty-four years ago in Clayton, New Mexico, a three thousand-person village in the dust-bowl region, and is the son and brother of an undertaker. He entered World War II in 1944 as an ensign through the NROTC program at New Mexico U., and served for two years, first on a destroyer escort in the north Atlantic and then on an island in the south Pacific. He met and married his wife in Florida during the war.

He lived in New York City while doing his doctor's work under Oscar Cargill, who had shared a desk with Wolfe while both were teaching at N.Y.U. He came to Union in 1954, now teaches freshman English and American Civilization, and lives with his wife and children on Lenox road. He occupies himself with books, folk music and gardening.

Alan Shucard

IMAGES OF NEW FAITH

I

The ticking of the confused clock,
The tolling of the tower bell,
The sound of axe upon the block
Grow dim, and we can scent the knell
Borne to us faintly on the smoke that muffles the field where
the children played . . .

And we are afraid.

We crowd ourselves from the soul-soft rock, clawing to keep
out of the dust-rain haze . . .

And the leper prays.

It is not easy to bend in prayer

Waiting for the creaking of the gate,

Being told to contribute our share . . .

Then to bow our bombs and supplicate.

Still, we kneel upon the stone, upon the soul-soft stone,

Sneak the cat a bleached dog bone,

Yet wonder why we stoop to pray when we are charged by
credit firms,

When we are frightened by the quake of a million trembling
earthworms,

When the deep red roar of childrens' games that consumes
our words blindingly affirms

Through thick, grey day, through troubled, murky day, and
night that is dark day,

The faith of dead-rose faithlessness, which the unseeing
hare confirms

When it quietly asks hounds beyond the bramble the time of
creeping day.

Perhaps we bend to pray
 Because we hope for
 The ceasing of the dreadful roar,
 And stoóp along the way
 To pick that need and other soothing visions that grow
 Like wild hyacinth on lovers' hillsides of white-laced blue.
 There are things that we may barely apprehend, but dare not know,
 Of what Time and undulating miles have done, and can do.
 And so we bend to pray,
 Bend to pluck a hope . . .
 And, having plucked it, we must hope
 It will not die one day.

II

Stark branches in bleak winter cold,
 And weeds and poppies rim the sea,
 Where women of the lilacs told
 Of Roses and Gethsemane.
 Our young are born with teeth and bite mothers as they leave
 the womb, cross the room . . .
 Stumble toward the tomb.
 Where are the tablets to cure the thorn wounds, the flag to
 bind the injured paw . . .
 Tales to blunt the claw?
 Where can young mourners learn to laugh,
 And hyenas not their drooling teachers?
 We hurt from the leafless rod and staff
 Of philanthropic, eyeless preachers.

Have all stone bridges crumbled into all the harbours in the mist?,
 And gone the pier where the lovers kissed?
 Where can we pull in six-oared boats, old, hardly worthy
 of the sea,
 If we rise against the war-blind cox and drown him in
 stale, sugared tea?
 On what beach can we land to climb the cliff, take each other
 by the hand, and see
 Uncharred child-flowers, and not shadows of serpents on
 stilts of clay
 Feeding on olive pits and wiping blood of white birds
 on a naked tree?
 We fear to enter a church, for we could be trapped inside
 some holy day.

Perhaps we ought to seek
The world-church to pray,
Upon the dune beside the bay,
Upon the woe-swept peak,
Upon a plain beyond the wind-wail of bleak cities,
In the sunlit valley where rainwater turns at the rock,
In the dusk of the grey town, where the lame owl pities
The timorous people whose breaths and prayers run by the clock.
Then we know. We shall go
To this church to hope . . .
To where we can at least hope . . .
For nowhere can we know.

III

There vows from the sea the fervent wind,
And from the hills the pious wind
Bows. We can stand in purging wind
And need not shiver in the wind.
The waves upon the shoal and inland running grass are our
altar boys,
And the noise
Of Babel in a tower on a river our "Te Deum" . . . unction of love
For a gasping dove.
May we walk again together in Time,
And Our Love destroy the twisted scheme
That mocks all truth in pantomime . . .
And may we find grace in our conquering dream.

Let us no more drink the tear of the passing of another year,
Nor after the ball lie in nostalgic fear.
Let not the flock fall upon the musing shepherd when it
cowers
From his elegiac psalm, and is feed for beasts in promised
bowers.
Let us climb unroped among the shadows on the hill of
flowers,
Fall quietly at the bottom to be interred by those who
walk behind,
Yet, during the climb, let us not be appalled by Time,
who steals the hours
And stacks them in the path to waylay us, and those who
walk behind.

If our prayer should fade
In wind proved only wind,
Pale, insensate wind,
And vultures in the shade
Of hunchback mountains, where there is no salvation, devour our hope,
And on shore, where no salvation comes in from the sea,
The gulls revile, there will endure the figure of Love — Pope
To be fought for on the heath of sooty flowers and dreamed debris.
Let us love deeply: then
Let us meet warm death.
Let our hands touch in death
Across despair of men.

Carl Mindell

"Let's do something different tonight . . ."

The old boy awoke to the violet color of the morn.
A foreign wind caressed him as he remembered the subtle matricide
And wiped the womb-wet from his eyes, reborn.
It was he whom he witnessed, free and crucified.

The cross flowered filling his world
Until he was prostrated beneath.
The heavens darkened as he curled
Into the Vanity Fair isolation of death.

At the last act of submission he noticed the calf of gold
And the great unwashed offering their sacrifice.
Curtsyng, he ceded by default; paroled
From the cross, and himself to Mrs. Grundy's paradise.

Slipping quietly from his identity
He ransacked the Waste-Land for the philosopher's stone;
But forever insulated in his Gethsemane,
Alone, alas, alone.

Frederick Grosse

LUST AND MALE DOMINANCE

How absolutely absurd. Wanting to wander. Seems so desirable. Pretty face . . . professes intelligence. Looking for someone to be with. So many inferior suitors; all fumblers, creepers, mumblepeppers and smile merchants. All so empty; all vying for the same shell that may be partially full of almost anything. Run after her. She has a nice . . . and also . . . Such irrationality. Foolish men, guys, kids; but why me too? Big girl on campus; symbols of being smart, honor society and stuff. Impressive. Even a dedication by a teacher from W. B. Yeats about searching for oneself takes as much courage as a soldier in battle — maybe more. She wears it as a sign of what might have been if she, her surroundings, her suitors, her life, her smile, her shell, her school, her courses and every other damn thing she has come in contact with were different. What is she? A girl? a woman? a synthesis of life and desirability in a *corpus alivis*? Why do all her tail feathers have more appeal than another kind of pullet's? Does she allude to spice exotic, quixotic, erotic, or vapid? Dear dear Eva, can you tell me what you are?

So look! So we walk in the park. It's quiet, idyllic, romantic, hushed, and my insides are thumping out a mambo. So you give me that knowing smile; so what can I do? So we come to a stream to be crossed

and you purr a few objections but decide that we must go on to the delightful little bridge and waterfall just around the next bend. So we take off our shoes and wade a bit; dry, and walk on. So we stand on this bridge and look down into the contrived water flow. Leaves whiz by. She smiles serenely. I start whispering childish metaphors in her ear and she tells me that she once heard them somewhere before; she was very impressed the last time also.

She felt behind her ear. I told her that the stream could be life and each object floating, or around it, could be magnified into greater meaning than organic material or inert rocks. She smiled. I told her, as she looked toward the source of the flow, that she was looking to the past and what had been. She cooed. She leaned backward and pressed her to me. The sap was rising. The trees were potentially bursting into leaf. It was even getting warmer. I told her that each rock in the stream could be looked upon as an obstacle in the stream of life that had to be overcome or bypassed by the insects and leaves that went floating by. I told her that she was attractive; I compared her to a flower. She leaned back further. I compared her to a soft and furry rabbit; she smiled up at me. I compared her to a woman; she was receptive. I kept quiet.

The bridge was below us. The trees and

snow around us. The dirt in our shoes. Her cheek was unladylike smudged with dirt. My hair was awry. It was getting dark; and we walked and talked about the future. We talked about her. We talked about symbols and stuff and things she had never thought about before. We talked about her popularity on campus; and her former lack of security. She spoke of her engagement to the nicest fellow; and how she had decided that he was not the one she wanted; and how she let him break up with her.

She smoked pleasantly. Soon she was different. Not that she was less attractive or less female, but that she seemed to have added a swagger to her gait. We were talking about the difference between thinking and feeling how the two were distinct but co-existent in people; and sometimes confused. She gained new alacrity. She dabbled in a few personal observations that seemed pertinent to my symbolic discussions of purposes in life: she insisted that though she could not say or tell exactly what she would be doing ten years from now, she was sure she might be doing something worthwhile. This seemed significant to both of us.

It was getting closer to night. Our pace was brisk. We had walked to, and then passed the parking lot. We were wandering along the meandering stream; around the deserted picnic tables; through cold wet grass and last year's rubbish. We watched the very last rays of the sunset. It got colder. We aimed our path toward the car. She appeared to be more of a woman. She slowed down; and then we were shuffling along. The light glimmered along the wavelets in the stream. The rocks looked ominous; the night forboding. Her eyes glimmered. Her mouth smiled. Her hair waved. Her arms swung. Her body moved. The grass was wet. Her hand was warm. The snow could not decide to melt or not. It melted.

John Sweeney

SPRING POEM WITHOUT TITLE

Short months ago, the sun gazed down
On pastures green and bustling town.
She smiled upon the brave retreat
Effected from her scorching heat.

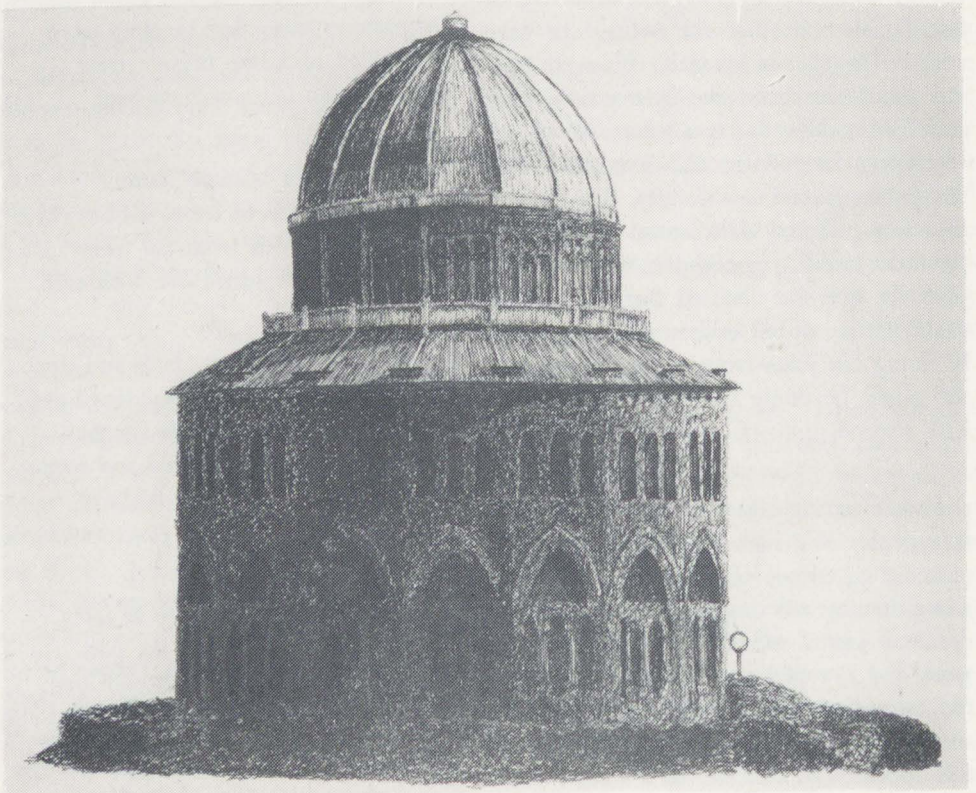
Autumn with a wisdom sound
Dropped her veil of leaves all browned,
To lift the burden from the trees
And quench the torrid fire with ease.

In weeks the veil grew dank and dry,
Perceived by winter with saddened eye
Taken aghast by this morbid sight;
She shed soft tears all flak'd and white
To further the repression of heat
And make our sphere all clean and neat.

This blanket white is gone at last,
The ice and winds are in the past,
The sun grows bolder with each day
And blades of grass peek out — and stay.

Red Robin makes his mystic flight
And crickets chirp all through the night.
Spring is here in all its glory
And confronts us with an endless story.

Does our fancy turn to love?
Do we hark the cooing of the dove?
Not we, Minerva, for these are shams . . .
Our only concern is final exams.



Richard Argyle

PEN AND INK DRAWING

Richard Adanti

TWO POEMS

one

I took a long walk
In a small woods
And I saw things
And I saw
And I heard things
And I listened
And I smelled things
And they smelled
Of many things
The sun was warm
It was the sun
The ground was firmly-
Soft and I walked on it
All was but a padding
For my thoughts till—
I came as to a stream
And I smelled a new
Woods — a stream
Dividing — and I saw
A new thing and heard
And I could not swim

two

Around we go the letterbox
(mute garbling of many more)
Mute thoughts
(intermingling with some)
Reeling samely
(as do her's)
As do her's
(samely)
Around (!)

James Swan

INDEX
TO HELL

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the devil knocked on my door. I wasn't expecting him at the time, but then they always told me in Sunday school that the devil would come when least expected. I opened the door and let him in.

"Hello," he said, "I'm the devil."

"I know," I said.

"Well I'm glad to see somebody still recognizes me," he said, smiling. "I suffer from a lack of identity."

The devil stood in the doorway, shifting shyly from paw to paw. He started to step forward and reached out his hand. I had been prepared from youth for just such an occasion.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," I said bitterly.

"Come on, now," said the devil, still smiling. "I only want to step in for a little chat."

I sang three choruses of Onward Christian Soldiers, followed by two stanzas of Nearer My God to Thee. I ended with a threefold amen.

"Look," said the devil, "All I want is five minutes of your time. I know you keep pretty busy."

I could see there would be no stopping him so I told him to come in but not to make himself at home. Besides, my voice was beginning to crack.

"I'm taking a campus survey," said the devil. "I just want to know what your major is here." He sat down stiffly. His face was pale red.

"Well," I said, "Right now, I'm majoring in geology, but I think next year I'll switch to French. It's easier."

"That's interesting," said the devil. "Incidentally, what was your index at ad-interim?"

"1.6," I said, "But I expect to make the Dean's team by mid-terms."

"You'd better," said the devil, smiling more broadly and redly. "You're overcut."

My indignation rose to high pitch. My cuts were holy and sacred.

"You're wrong Devil," I shouted, triumphantly. "I've still got one cut to go. Besides, it's none of your damn business."

"I think if you check with the Dean's Office you'll find you used up your last cut when you slept through Tuesday's Chem lecture." The red smile spread more broadly still.

"Hell," I said, "That's right. How the devil did you know?"

"I spend a good deal of my time over at the Ad building," said the devil. "And watch your language." He sat back in his chair, lit up a pipeful and stroked his tail contentedly. He looked up at me and caught my eye.

"You know you'll never get into grad school the way you're going."

"I know," I said. "I know."

"I've got a proposition for you," said the devil, smiling and glowing redder. He

pulled a sheaf of papers from his briefcase.

"I'm not interested in your propositions," I said, breaking into the second stanza of Rock of Ages. "Go away, get thee hence, avaunt ye. Go to Hell."

"I've got connections," said the devil. "I can get you into any grad school in the country."

"What do you want me to do," I screamed, "sell my soul for a 5.0?"

"Exactly," said the devil. "Sign here."

"I'd have to quit the Inter-Varsity," I cried.

"No," said the devil. "That won't be necessary. Right on the dotted line, if you please." He handed me a garnet-colored ball-point.

"A 5.0," I said. "It seems to me . . ."

Far in the distance, beyond the river, the clouds gathered. There was a faint, flickering flash of lightning and, across the miles, a sound of thunder . . .

Robert Schoenfein

The little teenage thing

The little teenage thing tapped the juke box
With her school-ringed finger,
As she bounced up and down to her favorite singer.
Then, bending down, pulled up her high white socks.

School begins at the fountain store.
First comes life, then a movie plot,
Then a magazine, and then — like it or not —
Occasional study or parental advice . . . momentous bore!

What then becomes of our sweet young thing?
Of hot-rod dates and bubble gum,
Of record pops and idledom . . .
A gentle guy, with a steady job and a wedding ring.

BOOKS AT UNION COLLEGE

STILL INTO THE WILDERNESS

ERRAND INTO THE WILDERNESS

Perry Miller

The Belknap Press,
Harvard University Press,
244 pp., \$4.75

Probably there is no large segment of recent history so apathetically approached as our own founding. Aside from famous Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrims which we tend to see as one great grey Thanksgiving pageant, the early Bay Colony and the other Puritan adventures are obscured by visions of witches and fire-breathing preaching.

In this new collection of 'pieces', Perry Miller has coordinated his thinking as expressed in lectures and essays over the past few years, and brought it to bear on the essential question of just who were the Puritans, what were they doing, and, perhaps the most difficult question, what has become of them.

The Puritans were a *society* with rigid class distinctions, with many motives, of many personalities. But they were, varying only in their individual abilities, as one in their love of logic, of good, and of God. They were Calvinists, but it was not until the Great Migration of 1630 was a hundred years in the past that one of them, the greatest of them all, openly pronounced himself a follower in Calvin's name despite an inability to subscribe to all of his teachings.

The Puritan society was rugged and independent, but personal individualism was no part of its ideals. They moved as a group, as an organization, never as lone advance guards of the type that came to be so admired in this country. These people felt

that government must be voluntary but not democratic. Once the power of the governor should be agreed to, there was no "recall" in the modern sense. The Bay Colony was a dictatorship of the elect, of "Saints," and this was agreed to from the very first. Miller points out the remarkable fact that only about *twenty percent* of the very first group where judged to be of the elect and admissible to membership in the church. The vast majority willingly consented to a role of inferiority.

The spirit of 1630 was revolutionary; the dedication of purpose of the predestined society was of enormous power and intensity. They were, Miller demonstrates, on an errand of their own. And at that time was formed the concept of 'wilderness' that has survived to today as of prime importance in American thought. Probably the spirit of acceptance of instability and change which Winthrop was able to adopt in the beginning was strongest when belief in God's predestination was greatest, providing a substitute kind of firmness to the Puritan thinking. But this readiness to push on into the unknown in preference to defending the status quo or envying the past has never been lost in America.

The sense of alacrity with which Miller writes makes an interesting study of American thought become much more. *Errand into the Wilderness* becomes in its tone, at times, as an exciting adventure story; and, around his picture of the philosophic height of Puritanism seen in Jonathan Edwards, he constructs a scene of passionate intellectualism that is in every sense thrilling.

Edward Cloos, Jr.

Sports at Union College

Edward Cloos, Jr.

A LOOK
AT A
DISTANCE STAR

... an IDOL profile

Johnny Parillo



It was just about ten years ago that a talkative, grinning, tough little kid from Schenectady's "Goose Hill" discovered in gym class at Oneida Junior High that he wanted to be a runner. Confident Johnny Parillo *a'ready* had discovered that he was pretty quick getting around the block that served as cross-country course to the seventh graders. But he wasn't the fastest — not that year.

Kids in Schenectady take their athletics pretty seriously in junior high school — that's the way it is here. "Big Jawn," a title earned by his especially early attainment of physical maturity, growing athletic reputation and the popularity of another famous athlete, the power-hitting first baseman of the Giants, was even more intent on perfecting his skills than most. He ran every day in gym class, as we all did, and after school too. In the summer it might have been ten o'clock at night before it was cool enough to run, then a few boys wearing bathing suits, or some such comfortable thing, would run around and around the block — to the astonishment of the summer porchsitters. If nobody else wanted to do it, John ran by himself.

As a result of such severe training he was half a playground better than everyone else that next fall in the class meet, the big event for junior high runners. That might have been the most important seven-tenths of a mile he has covered yet. After that, no one in town could beat him; in fact, few people in any town ever beat him.

When he got to Nott Terrace High he wanted to risk physical disaster and everything else necessary to play football. He was a big seventh grader, but he hadn't gotten much bigger so he found himself "too small" to make the team. It might be pointed out that few prospective cross-country stars ever make the football team at Terrace, and John was cut in plenty of time to pick up his "flats" and get back on the sidewalk.

Since that time he has concentrated with

notable fidelity to *his* sport — until recently, that is. Now it's handball, a simple game the pleasures of which are incomprehensible to any number of people, that John has taken into his fancy and has begun to pursue with his characteristic vigor. There is not a wide field for runners in graduate school where he expects to continue his medical education, so it isn't unlikely that any further fame Union's best cross-country runner ever will gain in the athletic world will be in the handball court.

For the past two years, Parillo has run two or three races in each meet during the track season at distances from the 880 to two miles. He likes to call himself a "three-miler" but recognizes the impracticality of so esoteric a specialty and settles, most of the time, for the mile and two mile runs. He was one of the best high school milers in the state during those carefree years, and scored, sometimes, in the mid "20's." The feat he now considers to be next to impos-



RUNNER POSING AS STUDENT

sible for him though he is, of course, a better runner than he was then. Parillo is a rather cocky fellow, but he'd be the last man on the team to predict any record-

breaking performances in either of his regular races. He does feel, even if he isn't predicting, that he is capable of a better than 9:40 two miles which would be cause for alteration to the record board in Alumni Gym.

So far, except as records go, the ten minutes-plus times that he has been turning in haven't been cause for any kind of concern. In addition to a record marred by just one defeat (he was soundly beaten in early 1956 by Frank Finnerty in the first meet held in the Fieldhouse — since that time he has beaten the Alfred runner several times — most recently, over those same Fieldhouse cinders) Johnny is New York State Small College champion two-miler. He will try to repeat for the third consecutive time come May 18.

A real craftsman, Parillo rarely makes a mistake in a race. From time to time he will turn on his tremendous finishing kick perhaps forty yards too soon, then, if he's running against a man the likes of Finnerty, as he was in the state mile championship last spring, he will pay heavily. An almost fierce competitor, he has never lost a race for lack of fight.

Getting away from matters of speed, what about women? The confirmed bachelor, as he styles himself, has no aversion whatever to the ladies — as anyone who knows him will testify — but he doesn't expect to take anything more in June than his diploma.

How about the coming season? "I feel more like running than I ever have," he says. The toughest opponent he'll face? Fred Best of RPI, Frank Finnerty of Alfred and Hamilton's Al Shaler, he puts down in that order. "I'm kind of glad I won't have to face Tom Hoffman in another year or so," Parillo grinned, "he'd be the toughest." But moments of such self-effacement are comparatively rare to little John.

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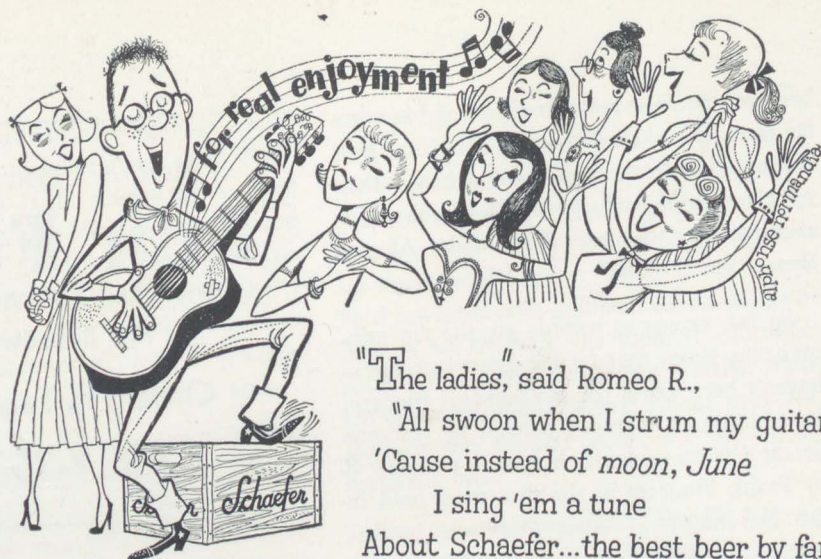
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NOTES

ON CONTRIBUTORS

Alan Shucard is probably one of the most soft-spoken of the "controversial figures" at Union. He has often contributed his verse to the IDOL and, now and then, a letter to the editors of the newspaper. Next year he plans to accept an instructorship to the University of Connecticut.

John Sweeney is an ex-pre-med from Gloversville, who recently was listed as an history major. The junior Delta Upsilon plays baseball and, incongruously, has written much of this type of verse.

James Swan's "Giants Have White Hair" did, we admitted in another issue, win last year's Van Orden prize for freshman writing. Equally interesting is his shorter, sardonically satanic narrative "Index to Hell." Swan is a predatory 5.0.

Frederick Grosse is a first-time contributor. A senior pre-med, he gives us a part of a long "dream-state" surrealist letter. We hope to see more of his writings in the next issue before he leaves for medical school "Down-State."

Mikael Bredsdorff is one of the two foreign students here from Copenhagen, Denmark. The product of an intellectual family (his father is a language professor at Oxford . . . mother an artist), he has written much other epigrammatic poetry for Codman Hislop's composition course.

Richard Adanti says he writes this type of free verse for his own amusement. A freshman liberal arts major from Cazenovia,

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Exercises, June 16

New York, he is pledged to Alpha Delta Phi. He is a student of Professor Bradbury who admired the freshness of his romantic expression. So do the editors.

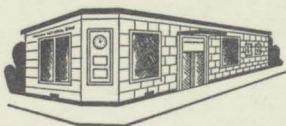
Carl Mindell has become one of the most intense writers of verse on campus in the short span of his senior year. His poems are forcefully wrought and quite musical, though the imagery in the free verse sometimes falls below the integrity of the basic ideas. He is a pre-med, but we have no information of his graduate school plans.

Richard Argyle is the regular artist for the magazine — if any artist can be called "regular." This issue is his second cover; his first was on our November number. This time there is as well a pen and ink drawing which he did last summer. He is studying in the class of Paul Gregory on campus and should appear in an exhibition of student drawing which we are planning for our pages in the final issue.

Robert Schoenfein has been writing poetry for most of this his junior year. He is known mostly as a prose writer and has been in the magazine a number of times. His writing is characterized by both originality and careful observation—as the two poems in this issue make clear. With this number, both he and *John Kenyon*, friends from freshman days, become full members of the IDOL editorial board.

Richard Lewis, Jr. has been annotated in issue after issue for several years now. There is very little to be said about him that has gone unsaid except to note that he served as Managing Editor for this issue while the former occupant of the office and inspiration to us all, *Jerrold Hirschen*, returned temporarily to duty on the weekly CONCORD-IENSIS grind.

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