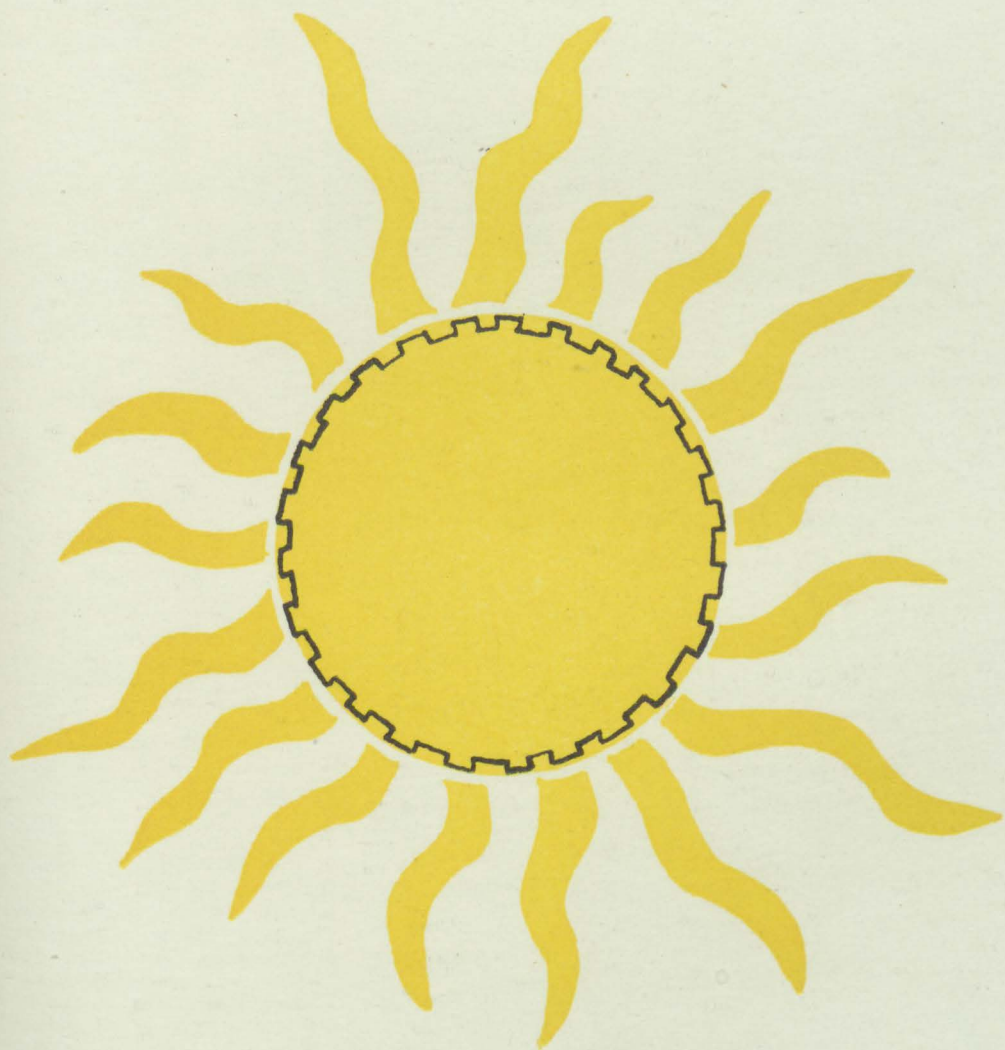


the IDOL

JUNE AT UNION COLLEGE



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THE IDOL

the
Quarterly Magazine
of
UNION COLLEGE

June 1957

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E d i t o r i a l C o m m e n t

"all ignorance toboggans into know
and trudges up to ignorance again:
but winter's not forever, even snow
melts; and if spring should spoil the game, what then?

all history's a winter sport or three:
but were it five, i'd still insist that all
history is too small for even me;
for me and you, exceedingly too small."

—E. E. Cummings

The above eight lines do not, in the sonnet from which I have wrenched them, refer to the poet's college education. But they do sound very much like the way I feel about my four years at Union. In forty appearances in *CONCORDIENSIS*, beginning in my freshman year and continuing for two and a half years, under a title taken from Cummings, I tried to support everything I found to be good about the College by condemning that which seemed detrimental. I have felt in sympathy with the ideals and purposes of Union, though the College has not itself supported them consistently. But the realization that I have developed over the years in which I've called myself "we"

is that I cannot honestly believe in the Union conception of small college education.

Perhaps I lack sufficient natural ability to appreciate "winter sports." I do not enjoy "tobogganing into know." But that is the way it *wants* to go. The difference between college life and the subject of Cummings' poem is that spring does not have to come to college and the snow needn't melt.

The College is old, strong and well insulated. But I am none of those things, and neither are my classmates. I say to our beautiful campus, to our able, conservative, intellectually indolent faculty, and to our uncertain administration: "and if spring should spoil the game, what then?"

THREE UNION WORTHIES

PROFILE OF THE EDITORS

WORTHIES HIRSCHEN, CLOOS AND LEWIS



HIRSCHEN

My first impressions of Hirschen were formed when we were both freshmen on the CONCORDIENSIS staff. He was an intensely serious, worried-looking, white-shirted guy from "Jamaicer" who seemed to know what he was doing. At the time, I thought he was an editor, but it turned out he was as lowly a Freshman Reporter as I was. Even as an official nothing, though, he soon ran a good share of the paper — because he really did know what he was about — and was News Editor by the middle of his second semester.

The following year he became, as far as anyone can recall, the first sophomore Editor-in-Chief in a list that must include pretty nearly a hundred names by now. There were a few expressions of wonder and even alarm, but no one who knew him was surprised. He simply took quiet, competent charge of things through steady week-after-week work in the office.

The paper of the next few years marked quite a departure from the breezy sheet that featured such things as the "Orange Squeeze" and before that "Schenectady Confidential" and a whole series of prom issues that would make a person considerably less innocent than a Williams graduate blush. ConCORDY became conservative; it came out each Friday, was carefully proof read, and showed a soundly planned layout. Some of the old beer barrel spirit was gone, and some said we were a little dull, but Hirschen made the paper better than it had been in recent years.

Hirschen is not what might be called a crusader, and certainly he is not a radical. But his is a partisan nature and he takes a stand, privately or in print, on questions

which concern him. A particular instance which concerned him more than he could have thought at the time was the local election of a few years ago. His criticism of the integrity of our mayor, for reasons generally apart from party politics, caused him to be stamped as an incurable Republican and other things which may be worse. He had meant to imply that a liberal could be a gentleman as well, but the implication was deemed a dangerous one. Tempers flared and charges flew, but within weeks, most people thought, the issues had been resolved without much harm to either side. That such a resolution of grievances had not been effected has proven to be one of the things that have enriched the practical value of a Union College education to Hirschen, though not so the memories.

The fraternity life has not especially appealed to him yet he has sincerely tried to strengthen his own Kappa Nu and fraternity life in general at Union. The problem of segregation in this "world of brothers" has seemed to him to be the major bar to their becoming an asset to the college. At his house he favored the definite elimination of a thing called a blanket bid. He felt that any policy that let matters of religion decide the acceptability of a man to a fraternity tended to weaken the system and reinforce entrenched wrong practices. It seemed as bad to use the same unselective criteria to admit new men as to reject them. Even if our fraternity system did work more in the traditions of Union College, it is very likely that one Jerrold Hirschen would accept it only as a substitute for a better way of living in a college.

It takes an enormous number of hours to be a successful Publications Major as he has been. And it takes abilities which aren't easily learned to combine such a program with top scholastic achievement as he has done. In preparation for Harvard Law which he will enter next fall, he has excelled in his Division II-English program.

Though he has worked nearly full time on Concordy for three years, and this year on the IDOL, GARNET, and the paper, and missed the better part of his sixth term through an attack of appendicitis and the complications of peritonitis, he has maintained a Phi Beta Kappa index though he lacks the political qualifications for a key.

—Edward Cloos, Jr.

LEWIS

Richard W. Lewis, Jr., as he is listed under the title of Managing Editor in the IDOL masthead, is quiet, unassuming, and thin as a caricature of a Yale man. I came to know him just this year as we worked together on the magazine. He's been here to know, however, since his freshman year. He came into the IDOL quite literally through the back door; he helped edit the "Last Page," a collection of jokes taken from the dozens of college humor magazines he was more or less forced to read.

When the page had printed all of the college jokes at least once, they abandoned themselves, and Lewis became a feature writer and general all-around hackman. He detested the role! He still does, and he still does a good part of the IDOL's feature writing. His contributions over the years have included jokes, profiles, short stories, light verse, and just about anything one might name.

He has been a close co-worker all year long, yet, because he works alone and mostly at night, he is rarely seen at work. One thing is pretty well known though, he does get a lot of writing done.

Gloversville, a nearby little town and G.

O. P. bastian of strength, is not an inspiring place to spend one's inquiring years. Lewis grew up quite happily there, none-the-less, and came to Union as a fairly highly motivated Chemistry major. He has since become a liberal arts Everything major with no burning ambition in any direction.

Probably he is not so much a malcontent or rebel as a bitterly disillusioned young man. In four years he has come to realize how distressingly like Gloversville Union College is. The fact is that the academic traditions of the College have come to seem no more than stale habits which are clung to as a political machine clings to its domain, rather than firmly established and strengthened by dedicated effort.

Perhaps out of this general disillusionment has come his feeling toward fraternities. The past president of Delta Chi finds the Union College fraternity a sad necessity as a place to live, and very little else. His experience with the institution of Union College has made him apathetic at best to other kinds of institutions. He is not formally a churchgoer, cause supporter, or "Joiner." But he does not hate Union or anything else. In fact, he has worked harder than all but a few to make the College some little bit better. His interest has run to the point of attending nearly all Student Council meetings since he has been here while never being a member. He does not happily draw the conclusion that the council is reaching bottom as far as representing the student body goes, and that it has become the next thing to a social club rather than an effective organ of student government.

For all of his dissatisfaction, Lewis is an amiable Dean's List student, enjoys the regular company of a charming young lady, and has, anyway, a promising future. He plans to get the College out of his blood for a while, then go to graduate school and eventually become, of all things, a college English instructor.

—Edward Cloos, Jr.

CLOOS

I have been coming to the realization that Ed Cloos is one of our subtler and more temperate crusaders. His early bursts as a Concordy columnist were echoed about a college that was not prepared to face itself. The mood of Union has changed over Cloos' four years here and so has his reception.

This awakening of the college community may in a partial sense be credited to Cloos. He noted its foibles and told of them as no one else could. The comments which were derided in his sophomore year are welcomed as he nears graduation.

My joshing attempts to pin the label of "conservative" on Ed in recent weeks have met with many queries. His writings are not the excited utterances of one hastening to meet a copy deadline. They are the considered product of a mind that is intellectually honest and acute in its perceptions. He is a part of the local scene and yet he is detached from it.

Cloos' pen has ranged far in four years. His early idols have been shattered but the central theme remains. It was evidenced in 1954 and received its clearest exposition in the April IDOL of this year. It is a message of responsibility—the individual to himself and to his ideals. He is part of a community and must interest himself in its conduct.

Academic affairs are his current domain. The senior must offer value judgments on his education. Ed does so in the classroom and in print. He recognizes the shortcomings of Union, but he also can place the college in its proper perspective among other institutions. He regrets the conventions that have limited the depth of his education yet he recognizes that he has grown within and against these barriers.

His scholastic record at Union is spotty

at best. That he is still among us is remarkable in itself. Ed has been married for over two years now and is the father of a sixteen month old boy, Eddie III. The waking hours that are not spent behind the counter at Sacks Drug Store are devoted to family and IDOL. At times, life resolves into an effort to stay awake.

He is a remarkably perceptive student. He achieves insights in his criticisms of life and of English literature that are at once original and valuable. Life and literature are a series of adventures that Cloos is experiencing and he chooses to relate them in his own manner, not as others experience them.

—Jerrold Hirschen

AFTER THOUGHT

Ed Cloos has had four distinct majors at Union College. During his first year, while Carol was a student at Syracuse, he majored in melancholy and did the great bulk of the study for this course in the morbid dungeons of the library.

He was still majoring in melancholy when he first took up what was to be his two year vocation and next major — Tulips and Chimneys. He was married soon after that and embarked on his third major, the IDOL magazine, during his senior year.

He now, however, has a fourth major—being a Romantic. "There were only four Romantic poets," he will tell you, Shelley, Keats, Byron and Wordsworth, and all the rest were either minor or American. But he himself is a Romantic. He sees e. e. cummings as the latter-day Romantic, but he has said all that he will ever say.

Romanticism is the only philosophy for the contemporary to have short of existentialism! It is the code, the escape, whatever you will have; it is a code — and almost as good as the Catholic Church — Eliot be hanged! And Warren and Tate his hangmen!

—Richard Lewis, Jr.

Melvin Einhorn

MY GARDEN

Madam was kind to leave me to my own devices this afternoon. "Take the rest of the day off, my dear, but also I will take off four dollars of your pay. That will make leisure dear to you." How sharp and frank she is. Not at all like "Auntie," who had to tear herself from tears to conclude our parting in solemnity. "Death allowed you a mother only three years, but I've helped, haven't I? You love me, don't you? Poor child." And I reassured her. How could I comfort anyone pitying me? O hell! I'm not thirteen anymore and Madam doesn't pity me. How wonderful it is when she lets me match her candor with mine. It's worth it to surrender, bow my head, feign a frightened glance at her and strain my eyes from under my head to perceive her cunning smile appear, obliterating the scornful wrinkles of a queenly face reprimanding a frivolous daughter.

O joy! Off to the garden now. No semblance of reality there. No future. No past. Just a brook, rolling down its watery shade upon the algal rocks. The sky above also flows, to fill in gaps among the latticework of branches seeking other branches. A blade of grass is trembling in the cold, sharp air of a reluctant spring, causing the air around to tremble. The grass is trembling. The air is trembling. I am trembling. I tremble. The air trembles. The grass trembles. Be still! Someone is coming: a boy. The florist's helper, come to plant the garden. (A special favor to Madam.) The florist's boy . . .

"Dearest! Which bed? The darkwood posts, the dark green spread, the horsehair mattress, or the cream headboard, the cream spread and the creamy mattress? Which bed for love?" Madam's not well. I shouldn't have come. "Which bed?" "You'll return in time for dinner," she had said. "I'll need you. A cold is a torturous plague."

And she had softened that with a smile.
"Darling! Are you ill? You look as pale
as death." Death . . . Bed? No! No bed!
No bed! No bed! . . . Death? She needs
me! She must! I'll help her! Me! I! Poor
boy! Goodby! Farewell!

How often I have watched the twilight
in my room. Comfort lies between light and
dark, sealed in between three gray walls and
a window facing another gray wall. How
much of my life have I thought away, sus-
pended in this womb; and how much more
I will think away (in lines and blurs),
until I gray to match the walls. A thousand

times will I exult that I am right, did right,
and a thousand more will I regret my action.

This is the room where gentle hands will
caress my breasts, until those hands are
stilled by stiffening and the breasts are
shriveled and dried; until the bed is sunken
by the pulsing throes of passion; until the
pillow is squeezed to a feather; until the
fury is mere worn rhythm. And then, still
then will I be alone. And then, still then
will I be alone, my heart always separate
from my loins.

No sun. Late again. Always late. Adieu,
my garden.

Robert Schoenfein

PASTORAL

Often I have passed a field and not wondered
At its seasonal hues or natural beauty,
But have been more concerned over whether
It was route nine or twenty which I was driving
And whether my gasoline was sufficient.
The field will be there when I travel the same road
Once again; but it might be that by then
I should be driving a different car,
For I have heard that they are getting better still
And mine is rather old. The tires are worn as well.
Like spring, automobiles are perennial,
And, like spring again, they wear in time.
The auto comes in many colors
And so too do the seasons.
Nature has beauty and immeasurable importance,
Just as has the automobile. It is quite apparent that
Nature has come a long way.

Lynn Ratner

IN MOURNING

The boy lay in his bed, unable to sleep. Twenty-four hours before, the boy's grandfather had died, plunging the family into a period of mourning. "It will be a time when everything will be tinted black, just as it was today," thought the boy. And how black it was! The grandmother had at first reacted hysterically to the death of her husband, but now she was resigned, her expression blank, as if a shroud had enveloped her.

"It was depressing and tiring to hear the eulogies about my grandfather tonight," the boy mused, now that the first wave of sympathetic visitors had dutifully come and paid their condolences to his bereaved grandmother. Tomorrow there would be more visitors with more talk of his late grandfather. They would again tell his grandmother of what a fine man Aaron had been — a gentleman, dignified and reserved, respected by all, loved by his family. And his grandmother would again listen to this praise with an unchanging expression, save for an occasional outburst of tears when she would perhaps remember for an instant some little eccentricity of her husband's make-up that was known only to her. She had been married for forty-nine years and it was with mounting anticipation that she had looked forward to the fiftieth anniversary of marriage with one man.

Then that man had died, his life extinguished abruptly by a cerebral hemorrhage. It was not quite in a state of shock that she had sat on the bare stool that night; rather it was in disbelief that half of a century of happiness could be snuffed out so suddenly.

The boy arose from his bed and walked toward the living room where his grandmother would still be sitting. The floor was cold and he felt a tingling sensation in his bare feet as he walked. He heard the quiet hiss of the radiator, alternately gasping and sighing, and thought how much it sounded like the irregular breathing of his grand-

mother when she had been crying that afternoon.

The boy's heart fluttered expectantly as he wondered what he would say to comfort his grandmother. He was twelve years old, soon to be thirteen when he would be confirmed and admitted to Hebraic manhood. But somehow he knew that he would be unable to afford any relief to his widowed grandmother this evening.

He entered the room. The stillness had a soothing effect and the tremors of emotion that he had felt before entering were quieted. The gentle flickering of the candle of remembrance imparted a strength to him and his eyes quickly became accustomed to the sombre shadow patterns it cast about the room. He looked towards the corner of the room where his grandmother sat. She hadn't moved from her vigil, and her eyes were closed.

After a few seconds the boy's grandmother looked up, for at last her dulled senses told her of another's presence. She strained her reddened eyes toward the boy and he obeyed her silent wish to come to her. As he walked over the carpeted floor, his footsteps made a gentle grating noise on the coarse pile. He shivered a bit and ground his teeth together unconsciously. He always did this when he heard the sound of carpet and bare skin rubbing together, but tonight the sound seemed to be unusually loud in the stillness.

Several wooden stools were scattered about the room. They had been provided as a service by the funeral directors. Scarred and battered, their wood was darkened from continual use. Now, as the candle's light played irregularly, the stools cast bizarre shadows on the green carpet.

Before them a pale blue sheet was draped about the huge living room mirror. The sheet looked grotesque in the half-light and the boy imagined different designs in the furrows of the draped material. He pictured a dragon, and by bending his head a bit to

the left he could see the image of a horse. Then, for an instant, he saw the face of his grandfather in a fold of the cloth. He shuddered and immediately squeezed his grandmother's hand more tightly. She started, and with an anxious look asked, "What is it, Howard?"

"Nothing," he answered, still a bit frightened by the power of his imagination. Somehow he felt guilty for having seen the visage.

The grandmother stirred and sighed tremulously, never opening her eyes. The child quivered somewhat, forgot his musings and again looked into the woman's face.

"He was a proud man," she said. "A proud, proud man."

The child wanted to say something to verify what she had said, to soothe her and make her forget. But he could think of nothing. He stared at his grandmother's hand, noticing the wrinkled and folded skin as if for the first time. The hands seemed lifeless — even the fingernails had a bluish tinge.

"Grandma, would you like something to eat?" he asked. "It's kind of late, too, and you ought to go to lie down."

Life now came into the old woman's hand and she squeezed the smooth skin of the child's. She brought the child's hand to her pale lips and kissed the soft fingertips. She smiled. But her eyes watered and tears touched her cheeks.

An uneasiness settled over the boy for he was unaccustomed to such display of emotion. The pair sat in silence for a while. Drying her eyes, the woman regained the composure of a person who has been numbed by the narcotic of too many tears.

The boy spoke first.

"Grandma, I want to go to the funeral parlor tomorrow to see Grandpa for the last time. If you want, I'll stay home with you."

"Is my Aaron lying where our family will be able to see him?" she asked, her lower jaw trembling. "Oh Aaron. He died in my

hands, Howard. In meine Hände ist er gestorben. In meine Hände."

The boy said nothing in reply. He stared at his grandmother. She fingered the black ribbon, placing it in her lap.

"In meine Hände," she repeated. "He died in my hands. He used to love you so much, Howard. So much. You were his favorite. He was very proud." She paused and her face tensed as if she would cry, but no tears came.

"He died painlessly," the boy ventured. "I heard Mommy talking with Aunt Rose and they said that it was the best way to leave. Aunt Rose said that the best rabbis die that way. Painlessly, I mean."

"My Aaron had the soul of a rabbi."

"Aunt Rose also told Mommy that it's terrible for a person to suffer before he dies."

"My Aaron did not suffer, but I suffer now. I cannot cry any more."

The boy glanced around nervously, compelling himself to look away from the face of his grandmother. He withdrew his hand from hers. He did not want to shed tears before her. He realized how wretched she looked, how she had changed.

"Grandma, I loved Grandpa so much. I feel empty inside now."

"We all lost something dear. Aaron was a rock in this family."

"I know."

"Now he lies with his head uncovered. I cannot go to see him tomorrow. I do not have the courage. In his box he wears his new suit, with a new prayer shawl and skull cap."

"Grandpa bought me my first prayer shawl, Grandma."

"My daughter, your mother, says he rests in his box now. She says it is a good box. It is important that he have the best, especially now."

She wet her lips with her tongue.

"My mouth is dry, Howard. Bring me some water, please."

The boy went to the kitchen and opened the faucet. He let the water flow so that it would be cool for his grandmother. He returned and handed her the filled glass. She drank very little and then placed the glass at her side.

"Mommy said that you ought to eat something or else you won't have the strength to cope with the funeral. It will be a great strain on you," said the boy.

The woman said nothing.

"If you will eat nothing, then I shall do the same," said the boy.

"You will not, Howard!" retorted the woman. She managed a stern look as her reddened eyes flashed into a hard stare. "This is my sorrow, my grief. I will share it with no other. I loved Aaron."

The boy did not yield under her stare.

"I loved Grandpa, too," he said.

The woman looked down into Howard's eyes and saw the grief that was apparent in them. She understood now that another was sharing the grief she had felt alone before.

"I remember," she said, relaxing the penetrating look on her face. "I have been selfish in my sorrow. I will try to sleep now."

Howard followed his grandmother from the room. The candle of remembrance continued to flicker softly.

The next day the boy returned from the funeral parlor with his parents. He sat near his grandmother in the living room, waiting for the time when the two of them would be alone. Finally Howard's parents left the room and his grandmother turned to him.

"Did you look upon Aaron, my husband?" she asked, her eyes questioning.

"Yes," said the boy.

The woman waited, expecting him to say more.

"He looks peaceful. He is at rest," answered the boy.

"That is good," said the woman. "I am pleased. I am pleased."

Carl Mindell

DOORS

She looked at her tiny, jewel-studded watch. It was nearly time. Her foot rocked back and forth in rhythm to the passing seconds. He was never ready. So laggardly — after twelve years he still made her nervous, waiting. She had been ready for so long, waiting in the chair in the darkened hallway.

She watched the sitter in the other room, reading. It was a constant trial to have a sitter in the house when she was away. They were so slovenly. She had locked the bathroom door.

She straightened herself in the highbacked chair and pulled on the meticulously white gloves, finger by finger. Her hands were lovely, a copy of Victorian skin with an almost idealized grace. She smiled and looked at the slenderness of her wrist, at the womanly watch.

He came down the stairs, dragging the carpet. She never looked up. Surely he realizes that I am irritated. Her body flooded with pleasurable warmth. He knows he hurts me by never being ready.

He was turning the hands of the clock in agreement with his pocket watch. She

watched his red hands. It was funny — she never saw his face. She closed her eyes to picture him as the massive-fleshed Greek. She could see only his hands. He was so vague. They were almost butcher's hands, with creased indentations on the knuckles. The tip of his middle finger was heavy with hard flesh from writing. He had never caressed her as was her right. The hands were rough and frightened, slobbering over the inherent morality of her body.

Her hands shook as she looked at the photograph on the mantle. The two of them with his friends. Dirty people who insisted upon pressing her hands when they came to the house. She fondled her gloves and looked at them. Her hands gave the gloves their beauty. There was a delicate coldness about her hands, almost a certain frigidity. She disliked that word. He used it too often, as often as she left him for her hands.

He had moved to the doorway and was cleaning his fingernails. For this she hated him. And yet she was violently fascinated. He had no right to attempt the impossible.

He glanced up and saw her watching him. She almost screamed.

Alan Shucard

THE SHAME OF THE VALLEY

When clouds illumine hiding valley-side,
Before the melted cold has turned the brown
Of slope to hillside town's green, thorny crown,
There climbs the river's shame up valley-side;
The embarrassed gloom of history; the tide
Of grim explorer's news. And garbage scows
With shocked and staring eyes and broken vows
Drift, mourning sons who fell when fathers lied.
The valley rests in shrouded loveliness,
And never speaks of memories of years
When gulls and ravens would not come to bless
The offerings of red September's tears.
The altar-rocks at the river have never said
A prayer for those who've knelt on them and bled.

Charles Annan: In Retrospect

Charles Annan
was born in Edinburgh,
Scotland, in 1913.

He came to America,
to Detroit,
as a boy not yet
twenty. And here he
received his formal
training.

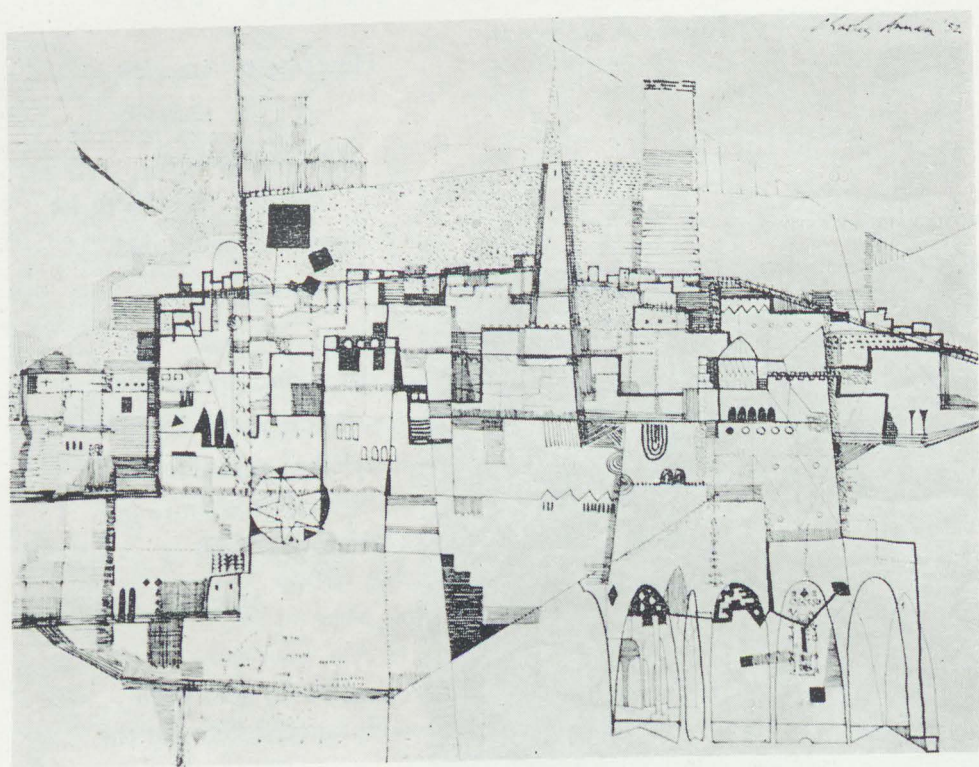
His rigorously simple,
modern non-objective
style has gained for
his work entry into
the first rank of
American Art.

The ink drawings,
reproduced here for the
first time, were done,
with a single exception,
in 1955 and 1956, the
years he was Assistant
Professor of Art
at Union College.

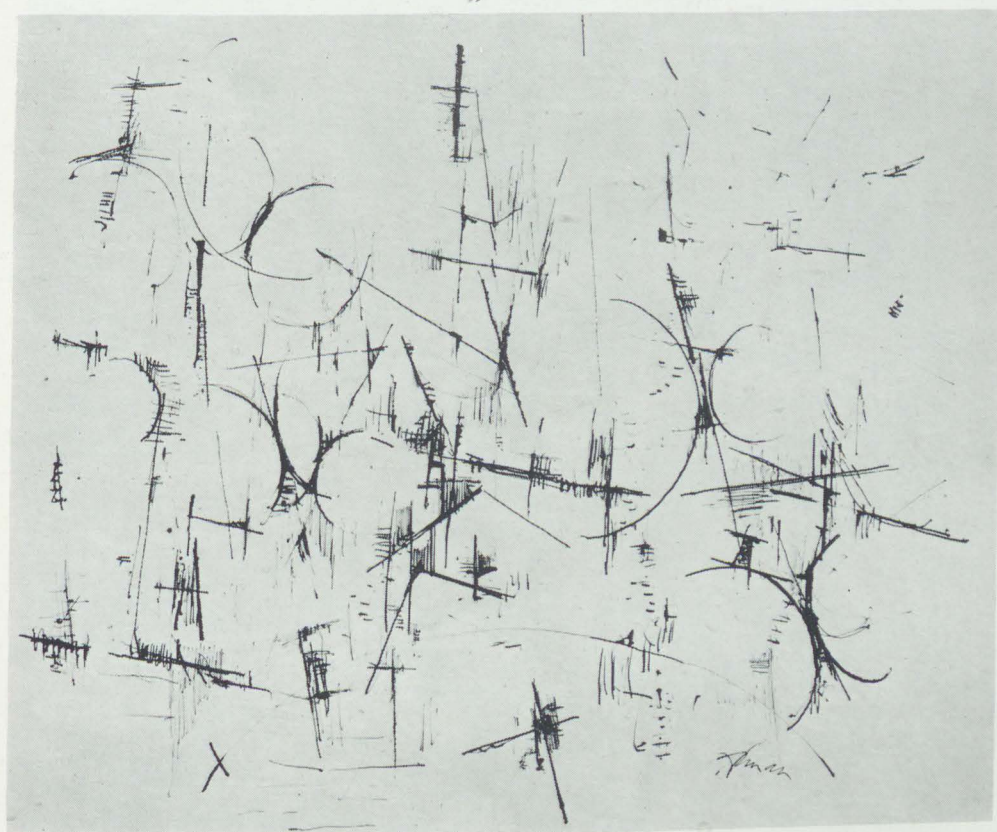
He died at Evergreen,
Colorado, in the Summer
of 1956.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE PYLE





INK DRAWING, 1952



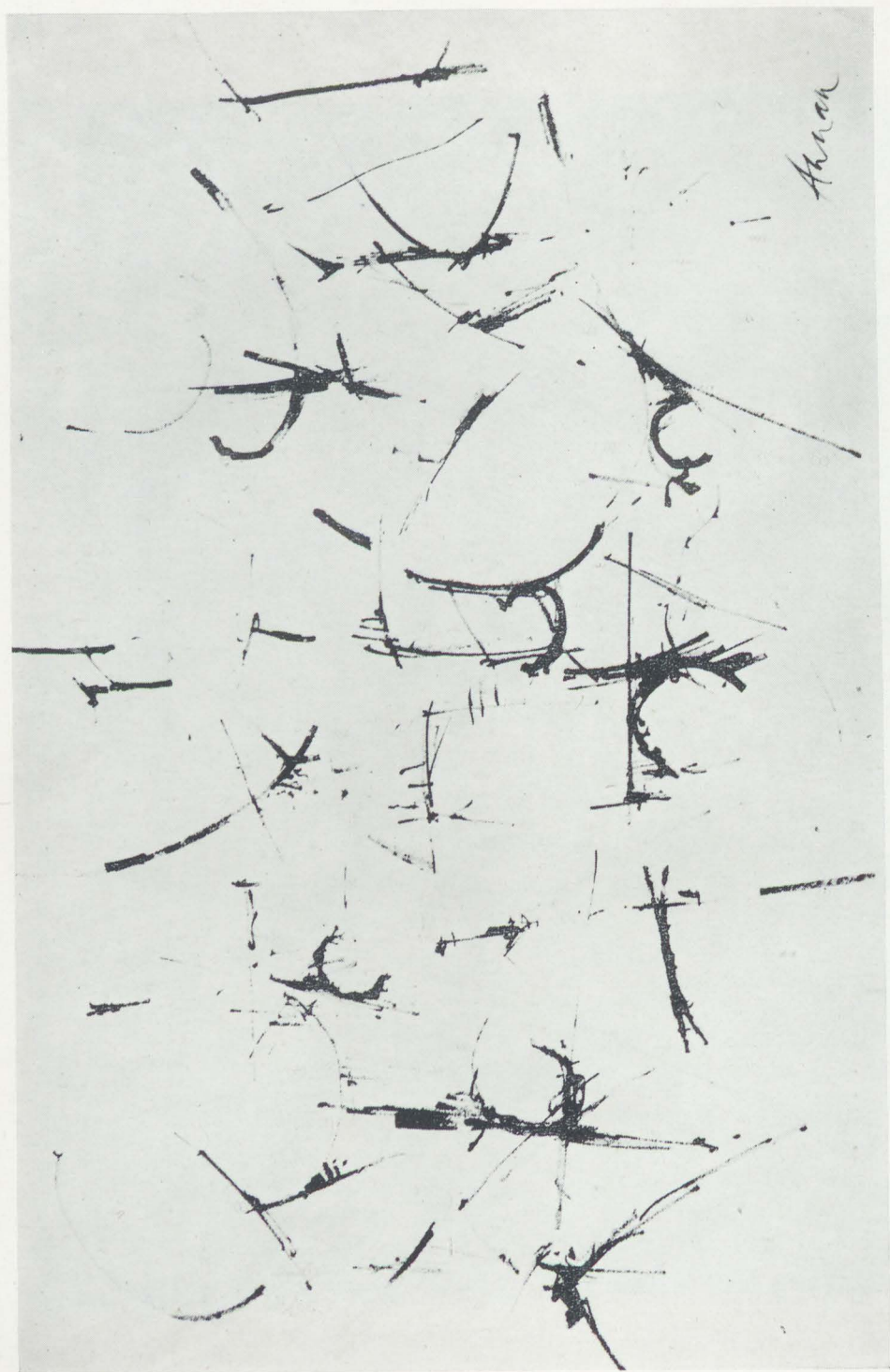
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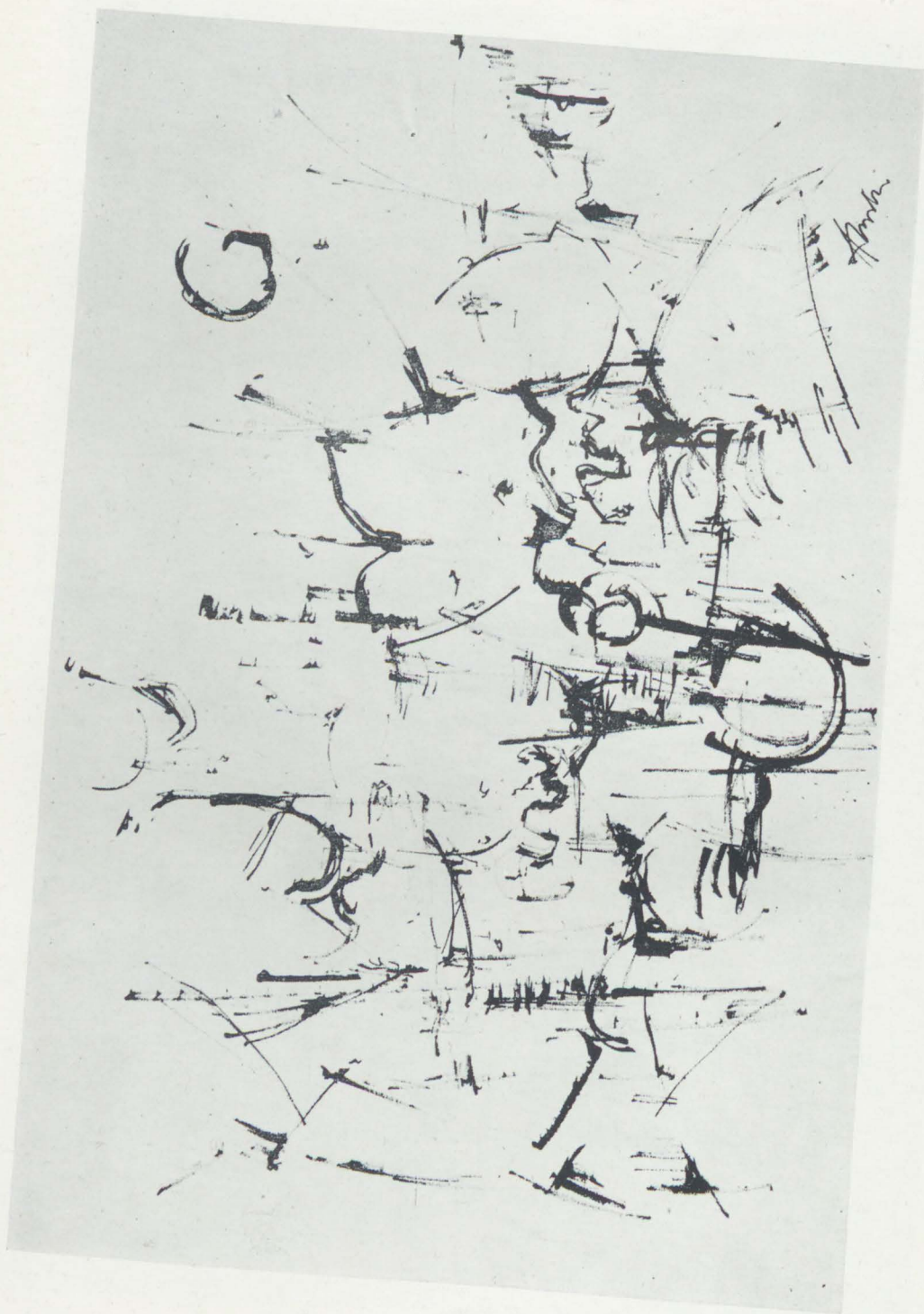


INK DRAWING



INK DRAWING

INK DRAWING



Alan Shucard

AWAY FROM THE SEA, AWAY FROM THE WIND
AND THE COMB FOREVER LOST

I knew the day I arrived that I could not be happy there again — for the autumn wind and gray squirrels covered the stones and the earth with coloured leaves and shook the monkey tails, and the sea inundated all with countless memories, and new-laughing faces draped everything in seaweed, in mourning unaware.

Where the land falls to meet the sea below the castle, I walked out on the long jetties of rock, and there I tried to become friends with the seagulls. But when the sun went down at six, they ceased their foraging among the reefs and soared home in the almost-darkness, as the lights of the town came on and the men locked their shop doors against the night. I never tired of watching the gulls swoop and glide, and their raucous calls never failed to beckon me to come and observe their grace. But I understood then, as I knew in desolation that I could not find peace again in that place, that I should never become the friend of a gull.

There had once been faces and times that were happiness there, and I sought them be-

hind the grey-stone corners out of the wind, and in pints of bitter I drank with bearded old men in warm, unpressed suits, whom I could remember far more dimly even than the pints I had drunk. Our talk was of tides, and of lobster pots, and of weight-lifting in America, but once in a while the young gad-about from the University would come in, and I overheard them speaking of their future, and of their present, and of their women. And then I would leave and walk in the faceless wind along the cobblestones and go to bed — with the window open so that the pounding of the sea might deaden the insufferable, timeless voices of the still night.

But the wind and the sea spoke to me until the sun came from beneath the cliffs to the east of the town and tucked the night away behind the isles.

"Do you remember . . . ?" said the wind.

"Of course, he does," said the sea.

And they would remind me even of that which I had forgotten.

In the mornings, the seaweed hung from the rocks and I would go into my classroom

at St. Catherines to teach nature to girls who had not grown yet into women. Sometimes, I think, they wondered at me because I saw my own little amusement in them and laughed aloud.

"What is it, Mr. Duncan?" one of them asked one day when I laughed at her interest in the way the spider spins its web.

"Nothing," I replied, and when the school day ended I hurried away from their light-brown uniforms, because the colour clashed with everything in the Christ-saved universe — except, perhaps, with seaweed.

Then I would walk for miles along the clifftops, toward the night, and always when I reached the place where the wire fence of a farm, and the gorse, and the edge of the cliff met, before the cliff fell steeply in nettles to the sea, I would stop a while and search. The wind laughed heavy-heartedly in the brambles, and the sea wooshed its sadness upon the rocks below. Only the night, stalking slowly toward me, smiled, as I looked there for a comb that had been lost in a kiss. I did not really believe that I would ever find it, but I suppose that I could not stop searching.

When the curfew bell had tolled many eight o'clocks for me, and the clock in the chapel tower had rung in all the hours between, the winds became colder, and swept the leaves into the sea, and replaced them with snow. One evening, after the gulls had gone to sleep and the doors of the shops had been locked, I spoke of disenchantment and unhappiness to the old man who owned the cafe.

"It is too bad that you cannot sleep," he said. "When the days crawl slowly it is tragic enough, but it is infinitely worse when you are aware of the passing of the nights. I can but offer this advice to you, lad. Remember that the keynote in our modern age is stability."

I suddenly longed to smell the black sea

on the night wind. It thought clearly and told the truth.

"Is there a woman?" the old man asked, "is there no one . . .?"

"Once there was," I said. "'You may be surprised to know that once there was in this very place."

"And now . . . ?"

"And now she is married and lives in the west, and perhaps there is your stability for her. We could have had a happy future together, but she was consumed by her background."

"I do not understand," he said. "Have more hot chocolate."

But I closed the door against the light and warmth without saying anything more, and walked to my room in the winter, for I did not understand either.

I knew very early when the spring came. The seagulls spoke more even before the grass became noticeably greener, and before young couples began to spend their time in the braes and along the burn, I walked the sands to the estuary of the river and found that the seals had come back from their winter holiday.

The light-brown uniforms came out with me on nature excursions. I showed them Queen Anne's lace and rhododendron the first time, but the lovely flowers were so horrid against that dreadful colour that I never again took them anywhere but down to the sea. I received no pleasure from taking them there often, but at least showing them anemone and seaweed did not offend my sensibility. I could watch the gulls hover and scavenge as I watched the St. Catherines girls hunt for specimens to put into the jars they brought. And when the day was such that there were but a few white clouds high in a beautifully blue sky, and the sun shone on a calm sea that gently soothed the shore, I could bring them to the reefs below the castle and see and think about a rock that had once been a place of happiness.

At the beginning of May, I recognized a woman standing in the flower market in the depressing drizzle of a Saturday morning.

"You used to work in the cafe, did you not?" I asked her. She wore a wedding ring, and there was almost no breeze at all, but the only weather was the light rain.

"Yes," she said, "and I remember you. You used to come in with your friends, and you had a brother here, and you were going to be a doctor, and there was a girl . . ."

"Thank you for recalling some of it, Margret, but I have never wanted to be a doctor, and there was never a brother here." I thought that it was becoming chilly, and I said good-bye to her and walked slowly out to the cliff edge to look for the comb I knew I would not find.

And I remember the day I left. The sea and the wind did not really tell me to leave. They did nothing to deter me, but actually



I believe that they rather regretted my going. I do not know how many people they know who understand them as I did.

The tide was out that afternoon, and I took the girls down to the sea below the castle. The rock that had meaning was in shadow as I stood near it, seeing memories and gulls flap wings beneath the clouds and ride air currents to the sunlit sea at the end of the mossy reefs. A girl with fine hair to her neck and strikingly cold, green eyes came to me from the sea, but I had given her many months and I had no time for her light-brownness now.

"Mr. Duncan, Mr. Duncan, see what I've found," she cried, and I looked into those eyes that smiled in the shadow.

"It is only an anemone," I said. "Set it free, Maureen."

"But, Mr. Duncan, it was in a pool out on a rock, and it was ever so difficult to catch, and I almost dropped it into the sea before I got it into the jar."

I picked up a bit of seaweed and held it against the colour, and said, "Set it free, Maureen. It is of no use to anyone there in that jar. Please, set it free."

"But, sir, if you were married and had a girl and all she wanted was an anemone to make her happy . . ."

I had had to return to that place, but there were no faces, and now I had to leave it.

"All right, Maureen, you may keep it, if you think it will make you happy," I told her. The shadow undulated upon the sea and the wind blew her hair and rustled the nettles on the cliff. "It won't though, you know — it really won't make you happy. You believe it will but it will grow big and ugly and perhaps it will have teeth and eat you up from the outside, or become long and wormy and get inside of you and eat you all up within."

She put the jar in my hand and ran out on the reefs, and I turned to leave it all there, and I never again looked upon the gulls or the sea in that place.

"Mr. Duncan, Mr. Duncan, Maureen has tripped and hurt herself." The wind carried the children's words to me as I walked up past the castle, still holding the anemone in my hand.

"Mr. Duncan, her head is bleeding."

The sea whispered something, which I did not hear and the gulls scarcely commented upon my going, except to say that the comb still lay lost in the gorse on the cliff, in the direction of the night. But I knew that, and that it would always be so.

Frederick Grosse

SORT OF . . .

The scenery changes while remaining the same;
Old houses and new
sky, earth, trees, and houses,
HIS creations and ours
frivolity and ignominy
useless and bright
rabbits and woodchucks
are hid for the night.

Talking of divine creation
fills me full of consternation.
Who can ever know to say:
"Now listen, buddy, it happened this way."
I guess you see the tree
that green and wavy stands
quite free and fragrant
before us; and its
impressive mass is o'er
whelming you as we whiz past.
But tell me, can you actually
announce who put it there?
I mean the land — not just the tree.
I mean the sun and sea and air.
"Who am I to ask?"
Just another spark of life
who's enclosed within a meaty
corpus and thinks, sometimes, and
wonders what his task is

amidst all the engulfing strife,
that appears to beat me
as it does the others.
Now I'm one, who feeling the emotional flail,
responds other ways than wheat and chaff.
One who, rather than turn pale
and meekly submit to the *sturm und*
drang, will heave the gaff
into the tearing wind
and let it know that I'll fight
and find its master — if I might.
I'll not be satisfied to see without.
I'll introspect and, though sometimes pout,
will look down and in, will think, and then swim,
and burn, and glow,
until I KNOW!;
and then with purging inner fire —
— and water all without —
that 'gainst my will just might conspire
to my undaunted overthrow, I'll
erect a kiln in which all can transpire.

Then, once purified, with a smile
I'll sit back and mediate
on Reality, Fatality, Uglefram
and the Like. To prate,
not being satisfied, can only
cause my feeble thoughts to
mumble or to soar;
but if I whiff the feeble scent
and knowledge's savor unrelent-
ing grasps me by the viscera,
I'll not be a whore
and deprive myself of satisfying fill
with self-made promises:
"Just wait until . . .
some later date when you are more
ready to receive the stone, engraved tablets."

To pacify my inner strife
I must admit that fire
will not cool or palliate
the unconsumed pyre
that smoulders in my life — though waterbound;
SELF KNOWLEDGE MIGHT!
Do you think it strange
that we have wandered so far

from the questions that I asked,
to pridefully rant on my
worthiness way?
Perhaps so, but then again
these are human failings
and being one among many men —
—with eyes and sight and wens
and lefts and rights,
I must admit to them.

But truly getting back to land and tree
(bear with me.)
Drive along with sights and song
with pipe and hound and horse
with throngs chasing the imaginary fox
o'er fences and thru fields
and not knowing whose land we trespass upon
actually.

Robert Schoenfein

IN DEDICATION

Here's to you, you God damned fool,
Living by the Golden Rule.
Turn your cheek, the Saint once wrote,
Hold it while I cut your throat!
Let's cure cancer, help the sick . . .
Pose and feel the bullet prick!
Help thy neighbor, do good works,
Run from sin where'er it lurks,
Heed the charities, be sure to give . . .
Me? I'm going out and live!

Robert Schoenfein

AN OFFICE CALL:
DOCTOR
MYRON WEAVER

... an IDOL profile



Responding to the nurse's "Doctor will see you now," we put down our copy of *Esquire* and entered the inner office of the Union College Student Health Service. Seated behind the desk, identified by a white laboratory jacket, sat Myron M. Weaver, M.D., head of the service. As he looked scrutinizingly at us, we explained that we felt fine and that we were only there to interview him. Patting his side pocket to lessen the stethoscopic bulge, he leaned back in his chair . . .

The doctor began by telling us that he had found "Eastern" reporting refreshingly dependable. While he was Dean of the University of British Columbia, he told us, reporters would amplify and exaggerate many of his statements to make it seem as if the age of miracle drugs was soon to make disease a thing of the past. This, we learned to our disappointment, was incorrect. Much progress has been made in new drugs but sniffles marched on undaunted. The doctor stopped and opened a copy of the *AMA Journal* on his desk . . . "Here," he said, "let me show you what I mean."

He perused it quickly and showed us a modern looking advertisement for something that eliminates *Candida* organisms . . . these, we were informed, were always around hospitals. Turning from us, the doctor began to rummage through the wastepaper basket behind him. We lit a cigarette . . . "I guess it's not there," he said. "What?" we inquired. "Well," the doctor went on, "we constantly get these things in the mail. These advertisements and samples for new combinations of antibiotics. The drug concerns have come out with one after another. Now, see here . . . " Doctor Weaver turned to page forty-four of the journal. There was an article on the merits of antibiotic mixtures. "This doctor has tried to analyze the problem for thousands of others who follow this journal. He has found that only in very special cases do mixtures of them do any better a job than

specific types . . . and even in the special cases they should be administered separately." We nodded to indicate that we were trying to understand.

"But there is more to the problem than that. The little rascals become immune to the drugs. That is why drug firms have tried to work up efficient combinations. Bacteria are little plants . . . vegetables. They bridge the gap, but they are certainly not animals. Well, antibiotics are of two types, bactericidal, that is, they kill the bacteria, and bacteriostatic, which arrest bacterial growth. You see, bacteria become resistant to antibiotics when they are put in contact with them for any extended period. Did you know, for example, that certain Swiss mountain climbers eat arsenic by the gram?" We confessed that we did not. "They think it makes them strong. At any rate, they aren't the least bit affected by the poison. They have acquired a resistance to it."

"Well," the doctor continued, "over half of the people in most of today's hospitals get some kind of antibiotic. In the early days it used to be penicillin or streptomycin, but today it might be any one of a slew of new ones or combinations of them. These patients return to their communities with some pretty resistant little rascals. And the



same is true of the hospital attendants." We were sure the topic was still bacterial immunity despite the hospital attendants, and we were beginning to understand the limitations of the "miracle" drugs. We still had some questions about how the immunity was transmitted, but we suppressed them in order that we might learn the things readers usually want to know about featured personalities.

Doctor Weaver did his undergraduate work at Wheaton and received his medical training at the University of Chicago, where he had previously gained his Ph.D. in physiology. Following that, he was on the staff of the University of Minnesota for several years, where he achieved the post of Assistant Dean. From 1949 to the time when he joined the faculty at Union, last fall, Doctor Weaver was Dean of the University of British Columbia at Vancouver. There he had been one of the founding deans and did much to give this Western Canadian province a fine medical college.

Among his hobbies are woodwork and color photography. A family man, Doctor Weaver has been married over thirty years. He has a married son and a "freshman" daughter at William Smith College.

As we were about to thank the doctor for his time, we thought once more about the bacteria traveling about the way they do and couldn't resist one last question. "How do these bacteria which have gathered immunity in hospitals, etc., actually get into the community?" we queried.

"Well," Doctor Weaver began, "you have, for example, a maze of bacteria in the rear passages of your nose . . . if you were to give them opportunity to gather certain resistances . . ." And it was as simple as that. We shook the doctor's hand and expressed our appreciation. Breathing very gently, we made our way out.

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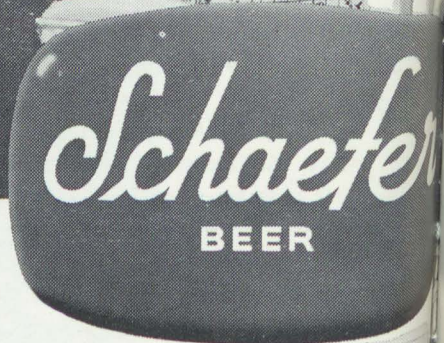
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NOTES

ON CONTRIBUTORS

Lynn Ratner is CONCORDY'S freshman wonder. He is Assistant Sports Editor and one of the most rapidly improving writers on the staff. The story which we include in this issue was written originally for Professor Weeks' class, and is run here with the author's revisions. New York City is home, he says.

Melvin Einborn is also a freshman contributor. Like *Ratner*, he is from New York City and is a pre-medical student. Of all the material we've seen in the IDOL office this year, his has been, probably, the most nearly unique. His piece, "My Garden," was started as a kind of English class project concerning some of the work of Katherine Mansfield. We don't know if the project were ever completed, but this by-product of the heady influence of Miss Mansfield is surely more interesting than any project or assignment could be.

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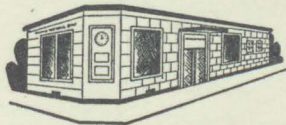
Carl Mindell is by now familiar to those who see the IDOL from time to time. But he's familiar for his poetry. This time he has a kind of prose piece that is neither story nor poem. It is interesting, what ever the label, and so we print it. He lives just a few blocks from the college and has always been a Schenectadian. This is the senior year of his pre-medical program.

Frederick Grosse has contributed to the magazine before, but we didn't tell you that he comes from Jackson Heights, and if that item of information is of any use to you you are most welcome to it. The poem in this issue is one of the most interesting if less unusual things he has done.

Alan Shucard has contributed many times to the IDOL, including the first three numbers of this volume. We must confess that we don't know anymore about him than the information we printed in previous notes. He has published only verse in the IDOL until now. We have, this time, the short story we had sought or at least wanted from him.

Robert Schoenfein is being noted here for the final time before becoming Editor of the IDOL. He has a profile of the college doctor, a rather remarkable man, and some light verse in this issue. He concentrates his study largely on his favorite subject, philosophy, but finds times while in Bailey Hall to take a goodly number of literature courses. And that's not all, he actually leaves the campus cultural building to study psychology. His publications background is one of experience on the IDOL staff. He is not, as far as we know, a controversialist.

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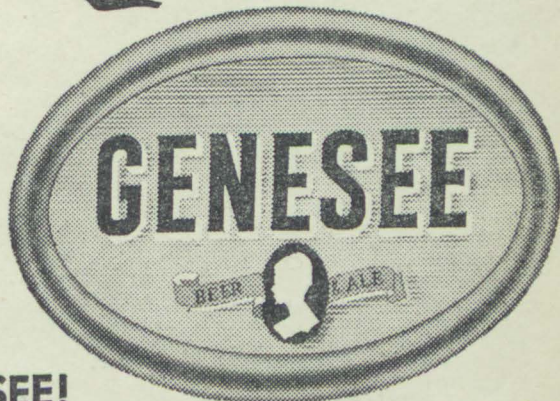
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