

SYMPOSIUM

*This issue is dedicated to the staff and contributors of Logos,
Eisenhower College's literary and art magazine:*



SYMPOSIUM

Winter, 1983

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Gone Fishin'

trolling through
the lower depths of my emotions
the other day

my mind snagged on a memory

as I pulled it up
hand over hand
into the clear light of day

I could see it was a real live one

we'd been up all night
talking
looking behind each other
to see where we'd been

then to her place (not mine)
brush those teeth with borrowed paste
and into the shower for some
good clean fun

washed and blown dry
we watched Jerry Lewis and Dino
while eating her mustard & egg sandwiches
(mustard & egg sandwiches?)

still kicking
I tossed it back

—*Tim Blank*



Get Out Of The Way

Hey, what has become of you
move
get out of my way
get out of my life
don't show me your sad face
cause I won't care
not right now
that's enough
leave me alone
I don't need you
no more
I have my own life
who needs yours
go away
leave me alone
I love being on my own
come on

go find another friend
I have my own friends
I don't need you
get out of the way
I don't want to see you
no way
I like my own life
leave me alone
hide your face
get out
I don't want to see you
no more
had enough
of you
leave me
go away

—Wendy Kean



Untitled

Fear of separation causes me,
unbearable burden,
like losing my mind.
I am split through my middle.
I am two.
I seek escape quickly.
I find shelter,
but tend to become insane.
I am lonely,
but not alone.
Perspective warped,
I crawl in circles.
There is no horizon line
and I have no compass.
I am lost inward,
out of proportion,
melting into weakness.
I quiver at the thought of separation.

—*Carol Anne Skowronek*

Adventures of Fred and Mary

Part I

He coughed.

She sniffed.

He cleared his throat, wiped the sparkle from his brow and reached for the floral tissue box that he kept on his nightstand for just such occasions.

“Puffs.”

He eyed the cigarette pack sitting beside the tissues, grabbed both and leaned back across the bed to hand her the box. He leaned back, settled in and lit up.

She received the box like a spoiled child. Her mouth wastaut and thin, her chin wrinkled, her brows knit, her eyes swollen and red, her hair disheveled and matted. She brushed it back off her forehead and proceeded to wipe her glowing face of its odd assortment of wonderfully civilized secretions. She dropped her hands into her bare lap and stared at them pitifully.

Outside the window a car passed by trailing a flash of light across the wall.

He inhaled deeply, held his breath, stared numbly at the cellophane packet in his left hand.

“Lucky Strike.”

He sighed a cloud of blue-grey smoke past the glowing cigarette, crumpled the packet and the two fresh cigarettes it still contained and dropped it over the edge of the bed. His face was slack and detached. He flicked a stray ash off his leg.

As if possessed she suddenly leapt from the bed and crossed the room to where her clothes lay neatly draped over the back of an old caned rocker that sat in the corner. Indiscriminately she tore into the pile, grabbed her once favorite blouse and began to pull it brusquely over her arms. She snatched the designer jeans and danced maniacally on one foot as she struggled into them. She wrestled her way into the knee-length coat and as an afterthought stuffed the under-clothing and pantyhose into her purse.

She slung the purse over her shoulder and headed for the door. There she paused, hand on the knob, and turned back to where he still lay, back to the wall, eyes meeting hers unflinchingly.

He cleared his throat.

She sniffled, turned away and slammed the door behind her.

Part II

After struggling for what must have been twenty minutes with the goddamn door, the one that asshole landlord refused to acknowledge, she finally crashed through and into the living room of her apartment, stumbling like an idiot over the edge of that loose carpet she had meant to tack down last week. On her way down she bumped into the coffee table (the one with the wobbly legs), spilling an unfinished cup of “Carnation Instant Breakfast” all over the throw rug that her favorite aunt had hand made for her just before passing away last spring.

She picked herself briskly up and without so much as removing her coat made her way across the tiny cluttered room and plopped herself down in the overstuffed chair he daddy had given her when she first rented this place. She folded her arms tightly over her bosom and hung her head.

She looked at her hand. She had broken a nail. She began to cry.

The phone rang...

...Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, elev...“Hello.”

The voice on the other end of the line said hurriedly, “Mary? Listen, honey, I’ve made a terrible mist...”

She slammed the phone down in its rocker. It dinged once in approval.

He sat nude on the wicker rocking chair in the corner of his one room apartment, one hand holding a protesting telephone, the other rubbing his ear. He shifted uncomfortably in the chair as a piece of loose caning harpooned his posterior. He deserved that, he thought to himself. His face twisted grossly as he thought about what had just happened and just how sorry he was for the way he acted. Sometimes he didn’t understand just what possessed him to be so cruel.

He dialed again. He really did love Mary he said aloud as the phone rang distantly. They had had such a special relationship for so long and he really always had a fantastic time whenever they went out and she would always buy a round and besides...she was a good looking girl and she was great in the sa...

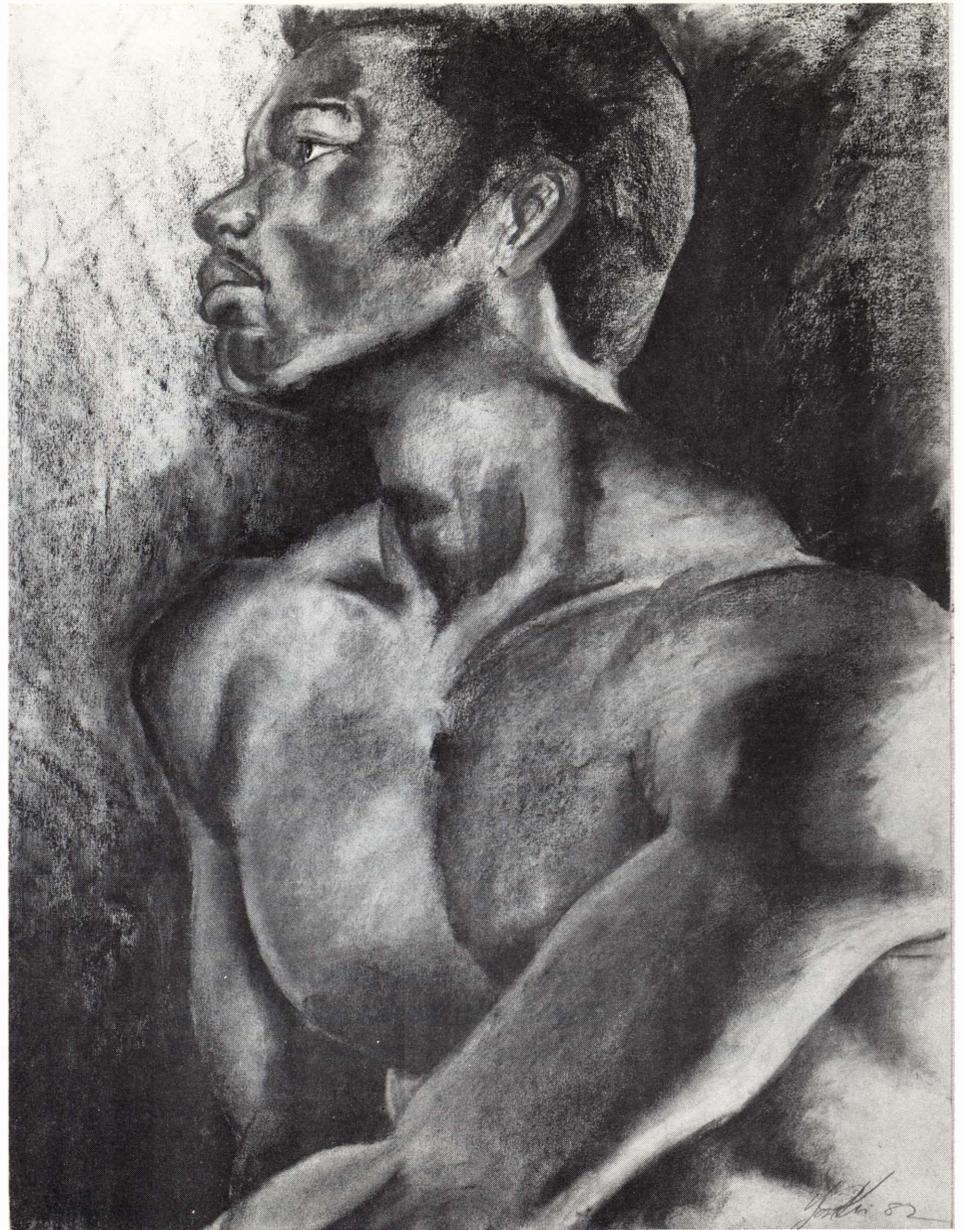
“—Hello—”

“Mary, don’t hang up on me this time. I really don’t want to lose you. Let me apolog.....Bitch!”

“I wonder what Vicki’s doing tomorrow night?”, he said to the dead telephone.

Mary sat home nervously hoping he’d try just one more time.

—Frederick R. Ziegler



We Offer

He's older than I
and I thought more wise.
A subtler man I've never known.

He placed in my hands
his Trust and Hope,
while I wasn't looking.

So fragile were they
lying still in my palms.
I thought they were safe.

“There's Another...”
In those tears I drowned them.
He knew the tears meant it was true.

My efforts to heal hurt them more.
They lie quietly, asking for nothing.
They don't tell me to stop.

We awkwardly exchange glances,
uncertain of words or feelings,
afraid of offending.
We offer formal good mornings.

I want to touch him.
But subtlety has failed me,
and a subtler man I've never known.

—Catherine Lacy

Dissolution

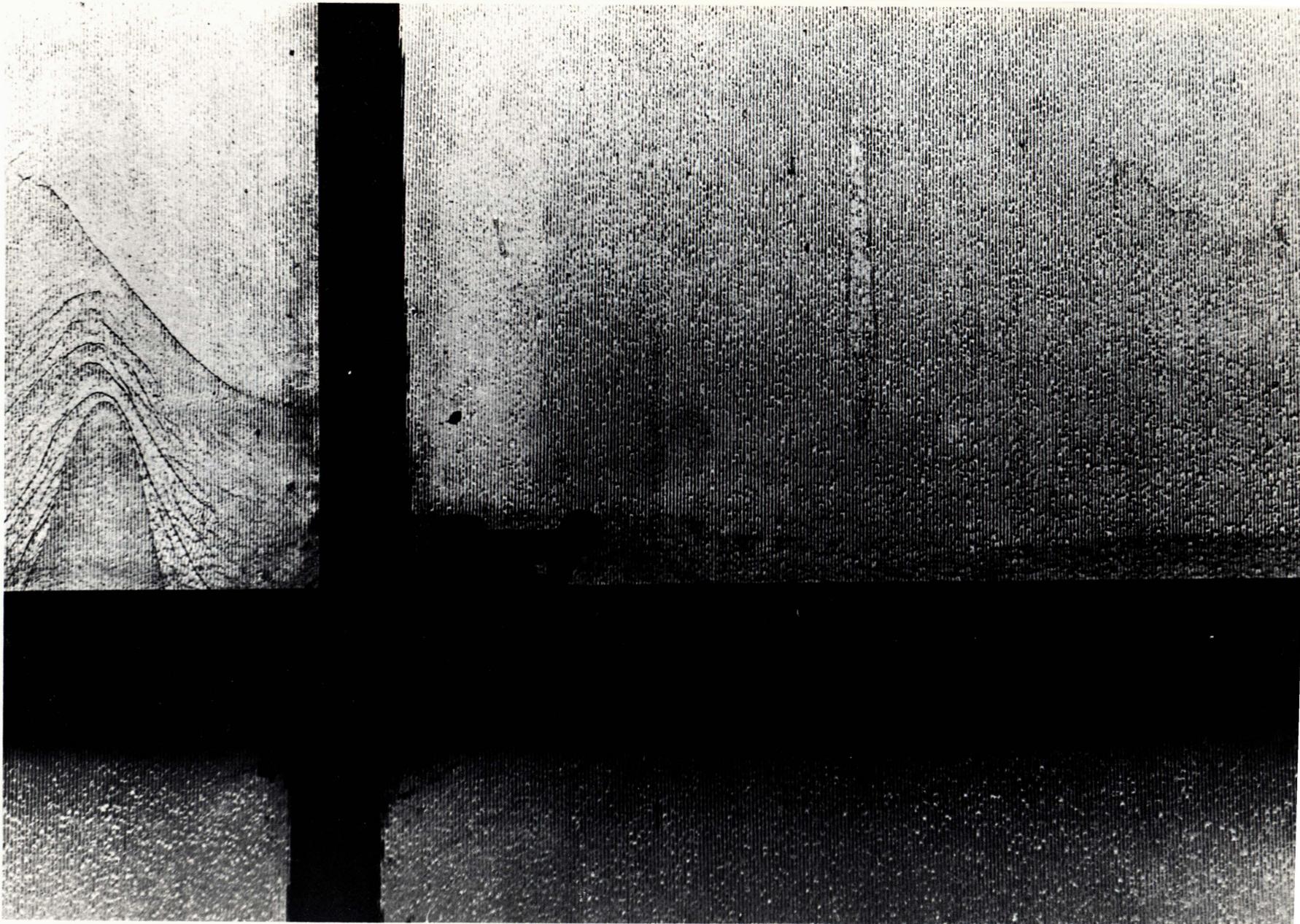
I wrote his name with hand creme,
bold letters standing white on flesh.

It changed when I touched it,
it held no shape, flat and pale.

I tried to form his name again,
but nothing but my mark was left.

I watched it melt away in me
with tears of shock in my eyes.

—Anna Wreave



Dancers

Quicksilver Lover
through my hands.
You reflect my eyes,
watching me
watch you.

Man of Straw,
you totter when you walk.
You don't fool me,
in the dark
you dance.

You snare me with glances.
You stand still
and I come.
We dance behind your eyes
among ruins.

Shadow Dancer,
I lie still at night
remembering your eyes.
They are watching
the wind
in mine.

—Anna Wreave



This issue's featured poet is Jan-Erik Lundstrom. He submitted this autobiography:

j-e lundstrom
with two dots over the o
eventually born
north of the arctic circle
in the nation of sweden
(wish there were no nations)
where life is as rough
as contradictory as beautiful
as anywhere
naturalized anarchist
into living

the issues: life
and sometimes death
and the death in life
and the turning of life into living

or
continuing to be born
working on it all
and so on.....

Rather Life:

being
is fire and slow pains
deep damp basements and green summer rains
you must continuously invent
your existence
and your love.

the speed of life
how much we can grow before things burst

at least I know one thing for sure:

rather life than these brickexplosions
rather life than these waitrooms towards eternity
rather life than these shoestringdreams
rather life than these coffeetalk of illusionists
rather life than these masqueradetechnicians
rather life than these marked cards
rather life than these institutional fantasies

rather life.

—Jan-Erik Lundstrom

To Barthes and the Amorous Subject:

let me lift the sorrow from your hands babe
and send it back to the night
I dig I like
apparently
the disparate and the desperate in you
we are really some puzzles
you know the day you think you have completed me
you don't love me anymore.

should get something out of this
out of all complications and disputations
should get something as long as you don't give me a name

well that's of course what one could have expected
I actually do have complete privileges if you by chance thought otherwise
with me I do what I want
exactly what one could expect

oh you willing hedonists, well equipped so that it splashes
with blue eye black magic
in a moment you may close your eyes

you uncover the uncover the underground paths in me
even though you say that my hands tremble when I open up the buttons
but what more can one ask for
when your name is written in every goddamn electron cloud

—*Jan-Erik Lundstrom*

the women of the earth:

the sun speaks the language of this country too
a man, probably more than one hundred years old, screams from the porch
could it be Lenin? Oh no!
just one who is in love with the women of the earth
and wants to tell everybody how terrible they are
they don't clean up, and they even die

untitled

there are weapons to blow the world up 47 times
or more
(it is reason that separates Man from the Animals)

love still exists!
but as curfew
(there is no need to worry)

Underground:

I'm still in those tunnels I dugged towards your light
It's not bad. It's very quiet.
I have no more pain. Sent it all to you by mail.
How come you didn't cry?

—*Jan-Erik Lundstrom*

My Personal Thoughts on the Advancement of Technology

The world is shrinking rapidly. It is getting smaller and smaller every minute. Eventually all four billion of us will be perched on a planet the size of a golf ball. Most of us will fall off. As a matter of fact, all of us will fall off, and this golf ball will continue to revolve around the sun until some extra-terrestrial beings with highly superior intelligence decide to play eighteen holes. Don't be frightened. It won't happen. The world isn't actually shrinking, but with the speed that technology is advancing in this day and age, I wouldn't be the least suprised if we did fall off.

For some reason it is the goal of all scientists placed on this earth to develop a small world, a world full of minis and micros and even a few macros thrown in there for humorous relief. This can be rather frightening to the casual observer

and even more frightening to those who like to have staring contests. It is, in fact, an obsession that is molded into the minds of all men.

Allow me to provide a perfect example, the calculator. The first calculators were big, bulky and obtrusive. People didn't like them cluttering up the desk top and usually ended up just throwing them out. Then some smart person came up with the hand calculator, and it was a big success. People could now carry the units around with them, and take them to class and lose them. Thieves also found advantages in the small size during those tiring and bulky "heists". But these weren't small enough, we had to get smaller. There was great rejoicing with the outbreak of the credit card calculator and only Visa and Mastercharge felt the pressure from the competition. Their fears went unnoticed as the credit card devices were only used to purchase small items such as dental floss and cotton swabs and never posed any real threat. The final advancement took place when Scientist A and Scientist B ran at each other at high speed. A was holding a normal wrist watch and B was carrying a small calculator. When the two collided at a relatively high velocity, the two units fused and formed the seventh wonder of the universe, the wristwatch micro computer. This amazing contraption can keep an average college student in absolute ecstasy throughout an entire political science class. Combined with the chronograph, it can successfully determine when the teacher's heart or any other student's heart in the class will cease to function. The human mind is more fun than almost anything else that I could possibly think of.

Enough of this mindless banter. On to bigger and better things. We are being directed in all of our actions. Somewhere in this world there is one really, really big computer with all of our names in it. There is also a program for each and every one of us. The computer tells us what to do. If we resist and don't follow the computer's directions then we are punished in some way. Usually it is in a very subtle form, such as a big, fat lady falling on you in the subway, or locking your keys in the car while it is running.

I'm not really scared, just a little disoriented. I guess that's normal. Technology is great stuff, and without it we'd be way back, societywise. If it weren't for technology there wouldn't be any wars, and without wars we wouldn't be able to show everybody how strong we are. That's what's really important, that and chocolate bunnies.

—*Michael Kaplan*



ch ch ch ch changes

—david bowie

we arrived last saturday
everybody else's mom lets them
everybody else does it

and it happens all the time

the whirlpools change
spin rinse spin
even sara tucker
changed to new and improved
cool whip

the gov'nors
of our fair state
do it
once every four years
that's somethin' huh?

i change my underwear
once a day
i change the station on the
10'' black and white tv
at least on and off

i change
sometimes
i won't let you see

the mailman never changes
he is very old
always has been
he still thinks
i'm robert
and alyssa miller jr
and i'm
reasonably
sure
that i'm not

sometimes
some people
get real scared
change is gonna hurt

but let's not talk fear today
remember
we're only staying thru saturday

—Laura Martin



The Edge

Part I

Marie looked down over the edge.

Below her the river curved gently through the wooded and sunlit hills, slid under the ancient aqueduct and pointed a languid finger southward toward Nimes.

She sat very near the edge, high above, exposed to the wind. Her thin, bluish hands gripped the rough surface of the stone. Her feet stretched toward a dark, square hole halfway across the bridge. Every muscle in her body was taut in an enforced casualness.

She looked down and concentrated on the four hundred feet of nothing between herself and the green river, as though by sheer will she could make the distance tangible and harm-

less. There were no railings. She set her mouth in a hard, thin line, beating fear back into a corner of her consciousness. Her face hardened into a defiant mask.

The shores of the river below were dry and grey. Pieces of shattered rock broke through the hard surface. On the left was a cafe' for the tourists, who sat outside in the three-tiered shadow the bridge cast. There were more tourists walking fearlessly along parts of the aqueduct roof around her. They glanced at her casually. They emerged from and descended into other dark, square holes that doubled as skylights in the narrow tunnel of the dry and dusty watercourse. From one of these holes a young man with sandy hair emerged. His red jacket joined the other splashes of color walking over the ancient edifice.

The wind blew Marie's long hair out over the edge before her. The hair waved and tugged as though it was trying to pull her off into the bright blue sky. She tensed even more, instinctively adopting the steadfast quality of the weathered stone. She mentally united with the solid mass.

She had fear trapped. She intended to look straight down to where the water touched the lowest arches. She wanted to face the worst this fear could show her and to conquer it.

Leaning slightly out over the edge, she held her breath and forced her gaze further downward.

Vertigo hit her in the face. Her mouth dropped open. The wind whistled in her ears. But in a moment she recovered.

Her hands remained firmly planted on the rock. She had fear in a stranglehold again, and prepared to finish it off.

Someone grabbed her from behind.

Her head snapped back and shrieked, her soul leapt heavenward pulling the roots of her hair with it, and her body jolted involuntarily towards the brink and oblivion. She scrambled away backwards and bruised the heels of her hands in her panic on the now foreign stone.

Her eyes cleared and she glared at a young man, about her age, with sandy hair and a smile. He was laughing, but stopped when he saw her face.

“Dammit Jim, don’t you *ever* do anything stupid like that again!”

Her voice shrilled higher than she had meant it to. Some heads turned. Her arms trembled in a delayed reaction. Fear seized her throat triumphantly and made her gasp for air.

Jim was turning a surprised and embarrassed red. Marie stared at the fluttering corner of his red jacket, feeling cheated, foolish and conquered.

Part II

She was sitting about twenty feet away looking down over the edge as I crawled up out of the aqueduct tunnel. She was

alone. I couldn’t believe my luck, for once she wasn’t glued to Lora and/or Cindy.

She looked almost elegant sitting there. Well, not really sitting, reclining. Her legs were casually curved to one side and her long, delicate hands rested on the undressed stone. Her long brown hair fluttered in the breeze against the brilliant sky around us.

I couldn’t help smiling like an idiot as I walked over to her in the sunlight.

She didn’t see me. She was concentrating on whatever she was looking for or at. Probably Patrick. That broke the spell. But, hey, Pat’s my friend, and he was more interested in Joy anyway. I stopped two feet away from her (Marie, not Joy. I didn’t know where Joy was. I didn’t care where Joy was.).

She gingerly leaned a little further forward to get a better view. Probably of you-know-who. Christ! Well, it didn’t matter. I was the only one on top of the world with her now.

She wasn’t aware of me yet. I carefully and quietly squatted down close to her.

One of the things I liked about Marie was her sense of humor. I could always get her to laugh. Win ’em with smiles, I say.

I looked at her face in the sun with her hair flowing out around it. She was slowly looking downward. I imagined her shy expression breaking into the light of an unguarded smile.

I had begun to notice that smile and its effect more during the past few days.

Her mouth suddenly dropped open in shock. Well, now I knew where Joy was. Marie quickly closed her mouth and scowled tightly.

Well, that was that. I was angry at Patrick for a moment. Then not as angry. “Guess who’s here to hold your hand and make you forget,” I thought. I smiled and reached out and grabbed her by the shoulders.

She jumped in a spasm of fright and screamed before breaking my hold and scrambling away to the middle of the skyway.

What a reaction! I laughed so hard I couldn’t speak.

Still laughing, I looked over at Marie. She wasn’t laughing. She wasn’t even smiling. She looked as though she hated me. My laughter choked and died where it was.

“Dammit, Jim, don’t you *ever* do anything stupid like that ever again!” she screamed at me.

I felt the blood rush into my face and out of my body.

Idiot! Idiot! The word pounded into my gut. The wind seemed to blow away everything between us forever. She angrily glowered right through me.

I knelt frozen on the rough stone, feeling like a fool, waiting for words, and wishing that I had never climbed out onto this hard, hard bridge of rock.

—Teresa Drilling



got

got gas

got food

got drugs

got sex

got three different networks, on the T.V. set

got more junk, than anyone could ever use

got tons of jokes, about blacks, poles and jews

got Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Alaska, duty free

got a capalistic, demock-racy

—*D.D. Brooks*



TVM (Transcendental Video Meditation)

Can't sleep at night,
You feel pretty mean.
Turn out the light,
Turn on the screen.

“Now comes Miller Time!”

silently watching
with the glow of a million phosphors
reflected in your eyes

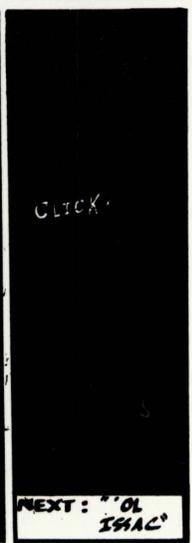
flickering images
come streaming into your mind
but nothing comes out

patterns of light
play across your field of vision
your jaw hangs slack

the box gives you “freedom”
to forget who you are,
why you are here,
where you are going.

You wake at 4:37 AM,
To your test pattern mandala.
OM

—*Tim Blank*



Editor's Note

One of the main themes on campus this year seems to be "get involved." I'd like to thank the people who "got involved" with this issue: the Symposium staff and all the writers and artists (yes, I mean photographers too) who submitted work to us. Thanks also goes to Michael A. Geissinger for technical advice and assistance, and the Techmila staff and their editor, David Zokaites, for their continuing support of Symposium.

If you're interested in joining the Symposium staff and/or in seeing your work in black and white, please get in touch with us. We're accepting literary and artwork submissions for the spring issue at this very moment. All photography and other artwork will be returned. Our mail folder is in the Student Directorate Office, under the College Union, next to the Ritskeller. Get involved!

—Teresa Drilling, Editor



sym-po-sium /sim-pō'-ze-əm *n*, *pl* **sia** [1, fr. Gk *symposion*, fr. *sympinein* to drink together, fr. *syn* + *pinein* to drink] **1a**: a convivial party (as after a banquet in ancient Greece) with music and conversation **b**: a social gathering at which there is free interchange of ideas.

