ICON is a project sponsored
by the Art Department of the
State Branches are invited.

KENT STATE
Volume III
ICON advisor
ICON assistant advisor
ICON art advisor
ICON staff: Susan Bystry, e.
Smith, Kathleen
ICON staff greatly appreci
icon . . .

image
of individual reflections
on a paper-mirror.

iconoclastic . . .

image
shatters
at the vibration
of trembling lips;
at the precision
of a silent poet.

Valerie Marttila

ICON

ICON is a project sponsored by the English Department in conjunction with the Art Department of the Trumbull Branch of Kent State University. Faculty and students from the Trumbull Branch as well as other Kent State Branches are invited to submit poetry, essays, fiction, or art work.

KENT STATE UNIVERSITY — TRUMBULL BRANCH

Volume III Fall 1967 Number 1
ICON advisor . . . . . . . . . Vivian Pemberton
ICON assistant advisor . . . . . . Jim Coleman
ICON art advisor . . . . . . James Walker
ICON staff: Susan Bystry, editor; John Protomaster, Jill Myers, Anne Marie Smith, Kathleen Mountz, Nancy Gnät.

ICON staff greatly appreciates the technical assistance of B. W. Bystry.
“Print No. 99”, Serigraph

By James A. Walker

Table of Contents

1 Icon Poem/Valerie Menke
2 “Print No. 99”, Serigraph
3 Table of Contents
4 Poem/Christine Joan
5 Poem/Susan Bystro
6 Illustration/Barbara W. Cubberley
7 Crushed Berries/John Newell
8 Letter to Love Lost/Claire Young
9 The Hours Lap Slowly/Faye Hardman
10 White Bear/Carl R. Yarow
11 After the Rain/Christine Joan
12 And Must Endure/Tobias Bradley
13 “Print No. 97”, Serigraph
14 Jabberwock Part 2/Stanley Smith
15 Dreaded Pathways/Deborah Pate
16 The Apprentice: To Elaine McLeod
17 Atman/Katherine Clapp
18 To Hank: Susan Bystro
19 Joy/Paulie P. de Grazia
20 The Wanderer/William V. Strickland
21 Illustration/Nancy Gwiazda
22 The Beginning and End/Thersea Miller
23 Loved to Shout Cheer/Gertrude Manion

Cover/Georgann Mann
## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Icon Poem/Velarie Marttila</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>&quot;Print No. 99&quot;, Serigraph/James A. Walker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Table of Contents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>poem/Christine Joanne Dedon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>poem/Susan Bystry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Illustration/Barbara Eckenrode</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Crushed Berries/John Thomas Hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Letter to Love Lost/Carl B. Yoke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>The Hours Lap Slowly/Christine Joanne Dedon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>White Bear/Carl B. Yoke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>After the Rain/Christine Joanne Dedon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>And Must Endure/Terry Yannucci</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>&quot;Print No. 97&quot;, Serigraph/James A. Walker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Jabberwock Part 2/Susan Bystry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Dreaded Pathways/Darrell Grady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>The Apprentice: To D. M./Jim Coleman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Atman/Katherine Clarkson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>To Hank:/Susan Bystry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Joy/Paulette Mihalov</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>The Wanderer/William Duda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Illustration/Vancy Gnat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>The Beginning and End of Nutty Jones The Barber Who Loved to Shout Cheers/Marvin Phillips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cover/Georgann Manus</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
you raped my ear with fertile words
and now my mind-womb is heavy with the child
of your thought.
pulsing and growing inside me, to be labor-given
to the world as soon as I nourish it.
it shall spring from me—fulfilled by my own life
particles—and live in the world...
perhaps
to teach men the glory of such birth from the
marriage of two minds.

Christine Joanne Dedon

And fat Buddha
sat on his haunches
in the cool smooth
flatness of the
white cube
soothed by
the soft
swish swash
of splattering rain.

Susan Bystry

CRUSHED BERRIES

John Thomas

You were mad for berries that
A sweet bunch of fluff
That trotted at my heels,
Then dived into the unsuspecting
To corner your quarry.

Dew wet and still in their lee
You popped them into your mouth
Then shagged off to find me,
With reddened lips, and a hand
Of crushed berries to buy you.

Now you are grown,
Enough the woman
To remember, too much to add
As the child who loped
Through that elm-branched
Crushed berries moist in her

4
CRUSHED BERRIES

John Thomas Han
d

You were mad for berries that summer,
A sweet bunch of fluff
That trotted at my heels,
Then dived into the unsuspecting thicket
To corner your quarry.

Dew wet and still in their leaves,
You popped them into your mouth
Then shagged off to find me,
With reddened lips, and a handful
Of crushed berries to buy your peace.

Now you are grown,
Enough the woman
To remember, too much to act
As the child who loped
Through that elm-branched lane,
Crushed berries moist in her hand.
LETTER TO LOVE LOST

Oh, Lovely Lady,
Glow golden in the dust
Of my memory. You
Appear to me in the
Tracks of the sea
On lonely beaches at sunset.
Can love call you back?
Or are you but an echo
In the summer wind?

In lonesome valleys,
In shadowed streams,
In the dying embers of logs burned,
Your golden hair dances memories.
Perfume of burgundy and wild grapes
Blew fire into the waning soul
Of a comet descending.

Will I hear from you again?
Or are you lost forever
In the wash of lonely waves
Against the beaches of memory?

Your stilled voice echoes:
In the anonymity
In the tinkle of the ebb
In the eddies of the sea

Memories recall the whispers:
And I shall remember you:
When I see:
The ice-twine
(remember how we wished)
When I feel:
The soft spongy
When I hear:
The silence
The cry of absence

What does it matter?

But suns rise on the morrow,
Don’t they?

Oh, Lovely Lady,
How I fear (and love) the

Isn’t life but continuous

continued
Your stilled voice echoes:
   In the anonymous chirp of crickets at midnight,
   In the tinkle of the balled cat in tall grass,
   In the eddies of wind blown leaves at Autumn.

Memories recall the whisper of half a summer.

And I shall remember you
When I see:
   The ice-twinkle of stars in ink night
(remember how we wished upon them),
When I feel:
   The soft spray of an April rain,
When I hear:
   The silence of a January morning;
      (White against a white sky,
       Birches broken with ice)
   The cry of a lonely heart at night
      (Singing with a baby's sorrow to the moon).

What does it matter? You are but the dusk of memory.
   And memories set—like suns.

But suns rise on the morrow,
Don't they?

Oh, Lovely Lady,
How I fear (and love) the Twilight.
Isn't life but continuous Twilight?
TI{B
IIOLTRS
LAP
SLOWLY

Christine Joanne Dedon

the hours lap slowly
on the beach of some foggy isle.
on the shore i walk
alone
through trickling waves of passing time
that they might kiss my feet,
or,
perhaps,
but there is none—
for the savor of an hour
is
lost
as it passes.
and
the sea of time
is but
a bland after-taste
in the mouths of men.

WHITE BEAR

Carl B. Yoke

As the gutted
White bear lies
With clotted fur
Against the north
Wind,
My soul lies
Bare
Against your love:
Exposed by lies,
Numb, then
Dead.

AND

When
And so
Of hell
And death
To censure
Will say
When
Divid
And let
With
And let
Mankind
When
Of sweet
Invade
Unseen
Which
Lack
When
Of universal
Bring
From
And let
Incessant
When
With
Do to
The self
The pure
But it

AFTH
AND MUST ENDURE

_Terry Yannucci_

When mountains groan
And spit forth sheets
Of hell like fire
And do not seem
To care if life
Will stay or die,

When shallow pools
Divide and grow
And bathe the earth
With brutal scorn
And briny hands
Mankind will know;

When hideous hordes
Of swarming beasts
Invade the winds
Unseen by eyes
Which pale and weak
Lack hope or care,

When nature's curse
Of undamped soil
Brings forth the worst
From tasteless lips
And hopeless minds
Incased in sleep;

When all these things
With reasons vague
Do tear and split
The souls of men
The pain is felt
But is not heard.


AFTER THE RAIN

_Christine Joanne Dedon_

Moon-lapping rain pools—
Liquid leaves in liquid lie
Beside wafer moon.
DREADED PATHWAYS

Mindless of the whirr in my memory, I wander on,
darkness eternal.

Again I travel blind, and

Aga,in

blind,

towards

My pace quickens as I near

One more step and

lost, transfixed

soft skin, and whispered in

THE APPRE

Eyes of hollow
Looked out in

As if to say

"I have labored
And you have

The mouth cut
Was only still
Revealing many
But the labor
No young age

When I see
This brooding
Hiding sorrow
I think of him
A composed face
Lake calm eye
That pierce the
Yet mask the

JABBERWOCK PART 2

Susan Bystry

He walked slim
little man that he was.
His head held high
for all to see his slenderness—
small boy with bitter, twisted mouth,

adjust your bald wig.
hide your flawless thinking,
ponder on, Napoleon with the lisp
while your fingers grasp,
clutch,

smear—
always leaving tokens.

Walk on, small man,
there are more words
for you to bludgeon.
Conceal yourself—
but remain as you are,
infatuated with thoughts.
DREADED PATHWAYS

Mindless of the whirling promises she had planted in my memory, I wander out once more onto the beach of darkness eternal.

Again I travel blind, and unaware that each step brings me nearer the path of my destined walk, alone, alone.

My pace quickens as I near the edge of collapse.

One more step and I'll . . . be . . .

lost, transfixed by,

melting voices,

limbs that reach out,

soft skin, and whispered images of golden days which I long for . . .

Still.

THE APPRENTICE: TO D.M.

Eyes of hollowed shadows
Looked out imploringly
As if to say
"I have labored
And you haven't given me rest."

The mouth curved by sadness
Was only still,
Revealing naught
But the labor which knows
No young age.

When I see
This brooding veneer
Hiding sorrow and sweat and love within,
I think of him:
A composed face,
Lake calm eyes
That pierce the dark of my soul,
Yet mask the turmoil inside.
The soft dark,
A street light rejuvenates itself
In recent puddles.
The spring mist,
Rising from the river,
Spreading like a flood through the city.
Mist cloaks the street;
The pavement shines a cool black.
The narrow way is straight.
The street goes on, on into my atman.
I follow . . .
I cannot sleep.
My footsteps increase the silence . . .
The hollow buildings.
Soon, soon the dawn!
The stores hide behind iron mesh,
Caged for the night,
Awaiting the dawn.
In a window, children's toys.
Their glitter now gone for me . . .
I walk on.
Through the mesh I gaze at
Clothes, radios, cosmetics—
Teenagers' joys.
On . . . down the street.
There, in murky dark, my face
Staring from a mirror . . .
My soul in my eyes . . .
A car swishes past, I start
And hurry onward.
What! The once straight way
Branches and becomes many,
But there are no signs.
Dawn is surging through the mist.
Where is my Path?
The rushing sun blinds me.
TO HANK:

Susan Bystry

Young man
with mobile
face,
penetrate life
with vents of struggle;
feel the need
to conquer,
thrust,
leave.
opposition slashed;
intimacy
saturated with power—
your tenderest gesture
tantamount to
a war cry.

One who tastes
sweet juices
of strength,
show me.

JOY

Paulette Mihalov

A leaf of lettuce—
Lies in the garden waiting.
Hungry rabbit, come.
As I can feel love,
I am alive.
But I am dead,
As I hate life.
I have an identity
But wander unknown.
I am intelligent
But know little of living.
I feel hurt
But remain unharmed.
As ice cracks
It is resealed by the sun.
My mind breaks
But mends itself.
I talk
But nothing is heard.
I travel
But find no destiny.
I seek security
As a star seeks the night.
Blinding my eyes
Are hidden tears
Like a promising sky
That brings no rain.
I reach for peace
But grasp turmoil.
Like a desert well,
My throat is deep,
My stomach hollow,
My heart a bucket.
The water’s gone.
But the well still stands.
I’m still alive,
But so alone.
THE BEGINNING AND END OF NUTTY JONES
THE BARRIER WHO LOVED TO SHOUT CHEERS

a play by Marvin Phillips

NUTTY (Tap dancing):
Today's the day!
I'll soon make hay.

Today, today . . . Hooray!

NUTTY (Singing):
Love, love, the end is near.

Like an arrow shot at
The rear of a Deer.

NUTTY (Playing a bongo):
I fooled them all
I had a ball!
I didn't crack a book
At all.

At final time, I had
Baldy Blair.
The result was fine.

I cut one hair.

NUTTY (Trombone fanfare):
A razor, a comb
A brand new mop.

Soon I'll open
My own Barber Shop!

NUTTY (Dancing backwards):
Do! Do! Do!
Today's the Day!

I'll soon make hay!
Sis! Boom! Bah!

Ray!

AL: There should be more curly red lines; more curly black lines and less printing.
And also double the size.

JOE: The diploma is twice as large this year, Mr. Alfred.
And I already asked the printer to add the lines and colors.

AL: Then double the size again!
And give me a longer space to sign my name. Their aunts and uncles and cousins and parents and friends and what have you love big diplomas and long signatures.

JOE: What about the press release you asked me to work on announcing the raise in tuition? Should I . . .

AL: No! No! Not on graduation day. Wait! I got an idea.

JOE: But I wonder . . . .

AL: Tell the press, that due to the marvelous faculty and staff of our college that guided our young people to commence to bigger and better things—we have decided to augment our facilities by purchasing real barber chairs, and real dryers, and combs and soap and towels and cash registers and for everybody's benefit—THERE WILL BE NO TUITION INCREASE—but the materials fee will be slightly raised.

JOE: That means double the tuition.

AL: Don't be so businesslike. Can't you think of the glory of our school?


AL: Don't think! Just cheer. It helps, my friend. Just cheer!

THE END
CONTRIBUTORS

SUSAN BYSTRY is a Sophomore at Trumbull Branch, KSU where she is majoring in Sociology and Psychology and minoring in Theatre.

KATHERINE CLARKSON, formerly of The Trumbull Branch, KSU, is now a Sophomore at the University of Michigan.

JIM COLEMAN is an Instructor of English at the Trumbull Branch, KSU.

CHRISTINE JOANNE DEDON is an English major at Trumbull Branch, KSU.

WILLIAM DUDA is a Freshman Elementary Education major at the Trumbull Branch, KSU.

BARRA ECKENRODE is a Freshman Art major, Trumbull Branch, KSU.

NANCY GNAT is a Sophomore French major at Trumbull Branch, KSU.

DARRELL GRADY is a Freshman Art major at Trumbull Branch, KSU.

THOMAS HAND is an Instructor of English at the East Liverpool Branch of KSU. Widely published, his poetry has appeared in "Massachusetts Quarterly", "Carolina Quarterly", and "American Weaver".

GEORGANN MANUS is a Sophomore Art major at Trumbull Branch, KSU.

PAULETTE MHALOV is a Freshman nursing student at the Trumbull School of Nursing.

MARVIN PHILLIPS is the Director of the Oreille Academic Center and an Instructor in Speech. He has written three plays, ten radio shows, produced and directed fifty plays. In addition, he has published articles in "Theatre Chicago".

JAMES A. WALKER is an Assistant Professor of Art at Trumbull Branch, KSU. His serigraph prints have won for him many outstanding awards in national competition.

TERRY YANNUCCI is a Sophomore Social Science major at Trumbull Branch, KSU.

CARL B. YOKE is Co-ordinator of Publications and Co-ordinator of English for Kent State University Branches.