ICON

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ICON advisor
ICON Art Advisor
Vivian Pemberton
James Walker

ICON staff: Dan Allen, Katherine Clarkson, Nancy Gnat, Wanda Pandin, Diane Wilcox.

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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  

Spring 1967  

WARREN KENT STATE ACADEMIC CENTER
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Icon, Icon, Icon
Econ, econ, econ
Whoson, whoson, whoson?
Moron, moron, moron.
Liveon, liveon, liveon
Beyon, beyon, beyon
Alas TIME-
Begon, begon, begon

Robert Klinger

Drawing by Doreene Swenson
Poem for the End of Something

Mistah Eliot-He Dead

Unspoken a wind caught our words,
Like fog they are gone in the light.

Today each one is a thing molded of
yellow plastic,
Brightly decaled with local color,
marked made.

O, in our times, O Lord,
Archangels sneer at tears,
And fenders are built
Of inferior tin.

To you, my love, I give this nothing.
It is the thing I have been left to give.

This one and that one,
Morning and night.
Who reads maps here,
Where miles are hours.

It grows worse and worse, I said.
Soon we will check our watches when
we pass.

It is as it has been, they said
Did you think it could be otherwise?

Robert L. Carothers
AND SORROW FOR ANGELS

Carl B. Yoke

One more devils'-triumph and
sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more
insult to God!
Life's night begins...

Robert Browning

--What! Is the hour so soon to strike? Am I so
shortly to give up all? What hell to give up Hell.

--No! I will not be held to a pact made in a mo-
ment of weakness. What was I thinking? To give up
all this--he turns slowly, methodically, palm upward
--for a second chance. How absurd! I will not:

--Get hold of yourself. Calm down. He would not
come here. The idea is preposterous. He wouldn't
dare. This is He--

--But then...Damn! He walks rapidly across the
marble floor. Double damn! He slams a fist into his
opposite palm. Perhaps He will! He glances rapidly
at the large walnut clock. The time moves on so
swiftly. Perhaps he will...

--Stop hands. Do not tremble. Fingers be still.
If I were to read from the Book...if I were to drink
from the communion cup...aye, a drop would have
saved Faustus. Such a foolish pact.

--Where is my chalice? His hands fumble over the
altar. Where? Where is it? I need the taste of
wine. Show me the nymph-etched silver of your sides!
Damn! Where are you?

Through the clouds of sulfurous smoke...

--There it is. What! A spider in the empty
bowl! Is nothing sacred? Is this part of a con-
spiracy? That's it! A conspiracy against me, before
the altar! He picks up the chalice.
--You dare to be empty!

...The tick-tick of the great clock divides the
silences before twelve,
...a bat beats smoke into yellow eddies and
disappears through the open window.
...a toad leaps from the christening font and
escapes through a chink in the wall.
...a rat scurries from behind the altar-curtain
and dissolves into the darkness.

Quiet...

--Ha ha! Ha ha! I should wear Midas' ears. Of
course! That's it! And to surrender without a fight
would be unpardonable. My pride! My pride! To
yield so would be a sin against my pride! I still
command the powers of night till twelve. I shall
muster my forces. Yes, I shall turn them against
Him! Aye! Fight fire with fire! I am resolved!

--To work!

His eyes stray to the face of the great clock.

--But clock, stand thou still! Oh, face of my
dwindling destiny, I am not done with food or wine
or women warm as wine. To the bellcord...

--Bang holes in its armored sides, you clappers!
Summon Wagner! Now to work. Yes, to work! Hurriedly
he lights the fire under the black, copper pot on the
hearth. Pumice and batwing...and another taper,
herbs in the pot. No, no! delinquent fingers! Not
in the fire! Add more! There now. And lizard
entrails, cockroach spawn, a chicken's foot--and the
tail of the bird that mocks... He works feverishly.
Over the fire and to a boil. Heat, damn you, heat!
--Chalk? Where's my chalk? Forget not the second
He--and the Yod should be so. Close the Circle! There,
It will work! I know, This pact shall not be kept...
Is that you Wagner?

--'Tis your slovenly self. Good! Where have you
been? Never mind to explain now. --A cat! A cat,
immediately! Stand not idle! Move! Under his
breath: Damn those hands that slash away the
minutes!

--A cat, Wagner! Get me a cat!
--What is that? The gentlemen from the Grotto?
Damn their eyes! There will be no entertainment
tonight! Send them away, or one will serve me as
cat. Let them warm their gullets on some other
wine and their thighs on the flesh of someone else's
concubines. I will not provide this evening's sport!
Now my cat! Away! Need I speak more?

--And now, oh Book, I'll be damned if I keep this
pact. Heh! I'll play Harlequin to the end. Hard to
believe that fifty years have passed. One loses
track in a place where time is measured in nothing
other than pleasures. But enough! I shall not keep
this pact... Speed on my fingers. Fly oh fleshy
wings through these pages, There... there are the old
words. Come my friends, you must free me...

--Is that you, Wagner?" You have the Cat? Good!
Yes, I too sense a strange quiet in the air. He is
coming. He paves the road before him. Quickly now.
Give me the cat... the knife! Hurry! Hold it
tightly!

--There. Now the goblet. Quickly! The air
begins to stir! A wind is rising! He is coming!

--Into the Circle!

--Bumbler! Catch the blood! Protect, oh protect!
A slip... the rest into the pot. Make the signs while
I begin the chant! By the signs do I conjure... The
clock strikes! Protect me now! He is here!
Semidarkness: his head is throbbing, his brow
is burning, his eyes are blurred...
...the room swings into focus.

Picture: tapers flickering beside the bed; a
silver crucifix gleaming with trapped light; shadows,
which are not shadows, but men in cassocks, moving
quietly.

"Where am I?" he asked, the words sticking in his
mucus throat.

"...Pleni sunt caeli..."
The prayers ceased all.

"By the grace of
He lives!"

"Fetch the leech, had thought you beyond
"Wagner?" The word

"Wagner? Is it you?"

"Here, your Grace,
servant and Christ's

"Father Wagner?

"You are confused
warm humors which he
Wagner who has kept so
years."

"Aye, aye...I am
What day, what year.

"Why it is 1460,
of spring."

"The first day of
"Yes, reverend step
doors all of yest
tion was given."

"At twelve? I mean,

"No, your Grace.
He struggles to

no horns, no tail...
"So this is to be
does have a sense of

"Nay," came a voice.
advantage of this ne
shall lead my church
self to goodness and

He stared at his
He was to have a sec
use it well.

"Your Grace. Can
bed."
mucus throat.

"...Pleni sunt caeli, et terra gloria tua..."

The prayers ceased abruptly.

"By the grace of God, he lives! A miracle!"

He lives!

"Fetch the leech. Quickly! --Your Grace, we
had thought you beyond all aid."

"Wagner?" The words sounded strange in his ear.

"Wagner? Is it you?"

"Here, your Grace. It is I, Father Wagner, your
servant and Christ's."

"Father Wagner? I mean Wagner, my dwarf."

"You are confused, your Grace. It must be the
warmhumors which held you. I be the same Father
Wagner who has kept and tended you these past two
years."

What day, what year is this?"

"Why it is 1460, your Grace. And the first day
of spring."

"The first day of spring?"

"Yes, reverend sir. And you stood on death's
doorsstep all of yesterday. Last midnight Final
Unction was given."

"At twelve? I must arise! Help me to my feet!"

"No, your Grace. You must rest now."

Hestruggles to his feet. There in the mirror:

no horns, no tail...

"So this is to be my fate." He chuckled. "He
does have a sense of irony. And I have been tricked!"

"Nay," came a voice from out of the mirror, "take
advantage of this new chance. It is written that you
shall lead my church. Repair your soul. Bind your-
self to goodness and light. Rule wisely and well."

He stared at his own strange face in the mirror.
He was to have a second chance. He smiled: I will
use it well.

"Your Grace, Cardinal Borgia, you must return to
bed."

Page nine
Wagner covers him. They will remember the name of Borgia, he muses. They will remember it very well!

NOTE: Cardinal Borgia refers to the infamous Rodrigo Lanzol Borgia, (1431-1503), who became Pope Alexander VI in 1492.

APRIL

Black and diamond
The patient trees
Reached up to touch
The laughing sun.

Spring hesitated
On satin slippers
To straighten a ribbon
And then ran on.

Daffodils danced
In her foot-prints.
Ice melted where
She had sighed.

Winter watched,
His spirit broken,
Turned off the snow
And died.

Joy Marian Mondl
Clearing the Willows

When the willows are cut
And the land is bald of ornament,
Save me a branch, not in memory
Of these trees, but of love
Consummated in their shadow,
The women, won or lost, who have
Helped in my fumbling search
And felt the comfortable ground,
Padded by willow leaves,
Under their rumps, who have seen
The sun set in this blue pond,
And met the dark force of lust
In the tent of these branches.

John Thomas Hand
NOSTALGIA

We have begun to lose our youth, we two,
We stand upon the well of lengthening years
And dread the going down which shall ensue
With aching heart and sad eyes moist with tears

Across the fields we see the children play
And laugh, and sing, and frolic merrily
And midst the grimmess of our every day
We wish that we could know such gaiety

No more shall we two roam o're sun-lite field
No more shall we two in our heart e'er know
The simple joys that childhood does yield
When all the world's a sweet and wonderous show

Oh then, when living was to dream awake
And feel an inward glory like a king
And think things were created for our sake-
The very centerpiece of everything

Oh then, before we had been called to play
Some false and silly part upon life's stage
And dread we might some custom disobey
While inwardly its opposite does rage

When o'er our actions there did not preside
The wearison, relentless adult art
Of looking in a way designed to hide
The real sentiment within the heart

When with sincerity our faces beamed
And all the world's corruption we knew not
Of its complex machine we never dreamed
And in its cogs and wheels we were not caught

Paint the sky bright.
Paint the sun shining.
Paint the cities clean.
Paint the bars noise.
Paint the food delicious.
Paint the drink merry.
Paint the fighting noble.
Paint all this together.

Into the gloom.
And tearfully,
To be transported.
And be a child.

Ed. Drummond
LOST IN COLOR

Paint the sky bright blue and forget the dead.
Paint the sun shining bright and forget the blind.
Paint the cities crowded and forget the lonely.
Paint the bars noisy and forget the deaf.
Paint the food delicious and forget the hungry.
Paint the drink moist and forget the thirsty.
Paint the body white and forget the black.
Paint the fighting and forget the peace.
Paint all this together and forget life!

Mary Hawkins

Into the gloomy well of years we gaze
And tearfully, nostalgically, we sigh
To be transported back to those sweet days
And be a child and laugh into the sky

Edward Drummond

Page thirteen
In this "pop and inhabit, I suspect, "Disillusionment of sympathizers, Sure our proverbial legs conformity. And yet appeal to us.

The houses By white night None are gains Or purple wall Or green wall Or yellow wall None of the With socks And beaded People are To dream of Only, here Drunk and a Catches tig In red weat

Stevens first time as he employs the to line 1 he repeats the in line 2 he writes around us, Stevens shade to wild color

1 Wallace Stevens, The Oxford Book of Matthiessen (New Y
Put a Tiger in Your Dreams

Patricia Sindlinger

In this "pop art" and psychedelic world we inhabit, I suspect that Wallace Stevens' poem "Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock" may attract a few sympathizers. Surely this poet's poet is pulling our proverbial legs as he chastises us for our conformity. And yet his wild colors and metaphors appeal to us.

The houses are haunted
By white nightgowns,
None are green,
Or purple with green rings,
Or green with yellow rings,
Or yellow with blue rings,
None of them are strange,
With socks of lace
And beaded ceintures.
People are not going
To dream of baboons and periwinkles,
Only, here and there, an old sailor,
Drunk and asleep in his boots,
Catches tigers
In red weather.

"Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock" ¹

Stevens first two lines set a monotonous tone as he employs the technique of alliteration. In line 1 he repeats the "h" in houses and haunted, and in line 2 he writes of the dullness and conformism around us. Stevens then switches from a ghostly shade to wild colors, but continues to illustrate

alliteration in lines 3, 4, and 5 as he repeats the color green. The first six lines of his poem not only set the stage for his message, but they also make us feel his sense of monotony.

If this conformity bores you, allow your imagination to play with the colors Stevens chose. Mary Quant, herself, would not waste his designs on nightgowns; she would transform his colorful patterns into mini-dresses. The poet selected four colors which are meant to represent the wildest possible combinations. Lines 4, 5, and 6 bombard our eyes with designs and colors uncommon in nocturnal attire. When I think of nightgowns, I think of delicate pastels: soft pinks, delicate blues, not purple with green rings. Even the traditional "granny" nightgown with its pattern of tiny roses or violets remains almost unchanged from one generation to another. The sexiest of all sleepwear, the black lace negligee, is worn only by the most daring darling. In today's computerized space age only a few bold creatures indulge in wild costumes. Most of us conform to the standards of dress dictated by our associates.

If you think Stevens' colors are bold, imagine how daring his bed socks and belts are. In lines 8 and 9 he teases us with "socks of lace" and "beaded ceintures". Perhaps if we were to thumb through Harper's Bazaar or Vogue, we might find these accessories modeled by high-fashion mannequins. Such glamorous items are not found in the ordinary boudoir. They represent, in Stevens' poem, the epitomy of individualism, and they are symbols of a non-conformist.

Wallace Stevens, in the first nine lines of his poem, has chosen sleepwear to symbolize standardization and conformity. He carries this metaphor further in line 11. Baboons represent the wildest, fiercest of animals; periwinkles exist as the most beautiful, Stevens professes, a wild or beautiful thing.

But he gives us a true individualist, a genius, in lines 12, 13, 14, and 15 telling us how few truly live each day. Stevens pictures adventure. Imagine us in a ship of hunting in a steamy night, in lines 14 and 15,

This is an amusing thought, but it is also a frightening one for the conformist. We conformists to some extent to that fact of mass society, individualism if we are to survive the wind through our lives, occasional to the landscape. And if it is not enough, we can join on a dance with a tiger in red weather...
the most beautiful, delicate of things. People, Stevens professes, are too dull to dream of such wild or beautiful things.

But he gives us an example of a rugged individualist, a genuine non-conformist. In lines 12, 13, 14, and 15 the poet metaphorically shows us how few truly live exciting lives. Using a drunken sailor, Stevens pictures the life of excitement and adventure. Imagine the daring, the variety, the fun of hunting in a steaming jungle as it is sketched in lines 14 and 15.

This is an amusing and colorful poem, but there is also a frightening element. All of us are conformists to some degree. We can not escape this fact of mass society. We can, however, retain our individualism if we are not afraid to dream. It is when we succumb to the boredom of daily routine that we destroy our chances to escape monotony. If we are to survive the ribbons of expressways which wind through our lives, then we must glance occasionally to the hillsides and notice the dogwoods dotting the landscape. Perhaps if we do this often enough, we can join our seafaring companion and catch a tiger in red weather.
Letter to My Father

Father, the wellstone's crumbled out,
Your friends are dead,
But in the meadow, handmown grass
Grows ripe again.
Black snakes beneath the cornerstone,
As guardians still protect
The house from field-starved rats,
And the road has gravel yet
To crunch like bones beneath the
stranger's feet.
The sleigh we found deep in the woods
Has fallen to a heap
Of tired planks and rusty cleats,
And now, like us, no lark can keep
Her nest among its seats
Traveling her song through the locust
grove.

John Thomas Hand
Debate Between a Psyche

Katherine Clarkson

The hollow, quiet street. My footsteps echoing, echoing until the sound fills the silence. But the night...the night is not impressed. The omnipotent darkness mocks me. I scream, Don't you know who I am? I'm...I'm... The quiet reverberates.

Do I know who I am? Psyche, the basic fact is that I'm human.

What makes you human?

Oh, I don't...my reason. Yes, my human rationale.

Do you use that reason?

Yes. (I say it quickly)

Do I?

I eat, sleep, work--but animals do those too.

But--they can't create.

I CAN

ergo, I am human.

Resolved: I am human, and I'm young, have talent, ambition, and all of the future.

To do what?

To establish myself as myself.

Who are you?

Oh. I am a tabula rase.

No. That's a cop-out.

I'm...I'm the habits of my mother, the speech of my father, the stubbornness of my grandfather, the art of my grandmother, my father's music. I'm a resting place for all the bits and pieces of my dim, ancient past, peopled by shadows, flicking out to leave their mark during the climactic uniting, retreating to watch. I am a link in human history; not an end nor a beginning. But then, why am I?
Storm at Fire Island

The rain past, silence invaded
The island like that pause after a
drum roll,
When the head drops into its basket
And the sound of flesh against wicker
Evokes a superior noiselessness
In which the headsman cleans his axe,

Light brought out the gulls,
And that crew of the sea
Delved, wet and hungry, into
The collected rubbish of the day,
We ferried over form the island

To find our progress blocked
By the death of forty-year oaks,
Their branches strewn on the road, the
lawns,
Some few hanging still
From the tense wires. Only
The evergreens stood, bent and wintry

In the summer sun, We picked
Our way through the backstreets,
Stunned, for no one had
Told us what fury lay
Hidden carefully beyond the horizon.

John Thomas Hand
OF SPRING

More seasons shout of sound and size;
Of winter white and summer skies.
But dear, shy spring slips in on toes,
In emerald laces, blossom bows.

The gentle maid lies part unseen,
A modest, blushing daydream queen.
Sometimes about a snowflake clown,
Sometimes about a dogwood crown.

Uncertain whether she belongs,
But hesitant to right her wrongs,
Perhaps her actions are correct
And hillsides should be flower 'decked

Before her dancing feet can ease
Wild summer stumbles over these,
And poor, sad spring has lost her crown:
The dying blooms come falling down.

Edward Drummond
Loneliness

Loneliness in an evil beast
With icy fingers
Which crush and feast
On the strongest
Of hearts.

Joy Marian Mondl

Drawing by Nancy Gnat
DREAMS

Dreams -- like molten rivers --
Bend out of my restless sleep
Seeking the delta of your being

Lips cry out -- in muted sobs --
For the pillow of your breast.

Empty arms -- group against the night --
For the warmth of your palpable presence.

Like a blossom -- turning naked to a sun --
I turn to you
For life!

Anonymous

Drawing by Peggy Wicks
How to Write a Theme - How to Write a Book

Write of what you see or feel or think, write of lovely dreams, happy thoughts, silly wishes. Write of cursing streams cascading down hills in angry haste. Write of quiet streams, brooks gentle, softly chiding as they flow along.

Do not be ashamed to cry for joy, or weep for love: Do not be ashamed to curse in anger, if the cause be just. When you write, try to imagine your audience to be blind and of little heart. Lend them your eyes; lend them your heart that they too may see and feel what you have seen and felt.

Now you can write your theme; now you can write your book. Paint your picture, express your thought. But remember this, anything less may be too little, anything more, too much.

The End.

P.S. Even that little "The End" may be too much.

P.S. And that first P.S. more too much. Please, someone stop me! I know I've said enough.

Robert E. Clemmer
CONTRIBUTORS

DAN ALLEN is a freshman business Administration major at the Warren Center. ROBERT CAROTHERS is a teaching fellow in the English Department from Freedom, Pa. He has been published in the Kent Quarterly and American Weave. KATHERINE CLARKSON is a freshman Far Eastern Language major at the Warren Center. ED DRUMMOND formerly of the Warren Center, is a freshman at the main campus of KSU. He won third place Virginia Perryman Memorial Award for original writing. NANCY GNAT is a freshman French major, Art minor at the Warren Center. JOHN THOMAS HAND is an instructor in English at the East Liverpool Center. He has published in Massachusetts Review, Carolina Quarterly, American Weave and in the anthologies, American Poetry and A Blare of Trumpets. MARY HAWKINS is a freshman elementary major at the Warren Center. ROBERT KLINER is a freshman enrolled in Fine and Professional Arts at the Warren Center. VALERIE MARTTILA began her college career at the Warren Center where she founded the ICON. She is now enrolled in the Honors College on main campus. She received the first place Virginia Perryman Memorial Award for creative writing in 1967. JOY MARIAN MONDL is a junior Art Education major at the Wadsworth Center. She plans to write and illustrate children's books. PATRICIA SINDLINGER is a freshman elementary education major at the Tuscarawas Center at Dover, Ohio. JAMES A. WALKER is an assistant professor of art at KSU. His serigraph prints have won him many awards in national competitions. He has been awarded more than three dozen prizes. PEGGY WICKS is enrolled in Fine and Professional Arts at the Warren Center. CARL B. YOKE is the Co-ordinator of publications of the Academic Centers of Kent State University. He also teaches British Literature. ROBERT E. CLEMMER, guest contributor.
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