

KOL



CONTENTS

Console Design*	2
<i>Anonymous</i>	
A True Story of Romance	4
<i>Eli Seidman</i>	
Excerpts From "Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1975, 5:20 p.m."	5
<i>Bill Drucker</i>	
Ad Patres	6
<i>Yonatan Dov Mozeson</i>	
On Reality, On Pleasure	8
<i>R.I.B.</i>	
"Doggy Doo" or "The Dog"	9
<i>Judah Koolyk</i>	
The Scaffold	9
<i>A. J. Fischer</i>	
David and Goliath	12
<i>Zev Yourman</i>	
A Waiting Mother	14
<i>William Hochman</i>	
Sewer Snoids	17
<i>David Ginsburg</i>	
The Invention	19
<i>Judah Koolyk</i>	
Silent Frogs	19
<i>Yonatan Dov Mozeson</i>	
Listen	22
<i>Richard Sheften</i>	
Fame	23
<i>M. Weidhorn**</i>	
Sunrise	26
<i>Judry Subar</i>	

*In memory of Yaakov Yitzchak b. HaRav Nachum HaLevi Teitelbaum.

**Dr. Manfred Weidhorn, of the Yeshiva College English Faculty, is this issue's guest Writer.

This is dedicated to a young and righteous scholar in Israel, taken too early, who was occupied constantly with the study of Torah

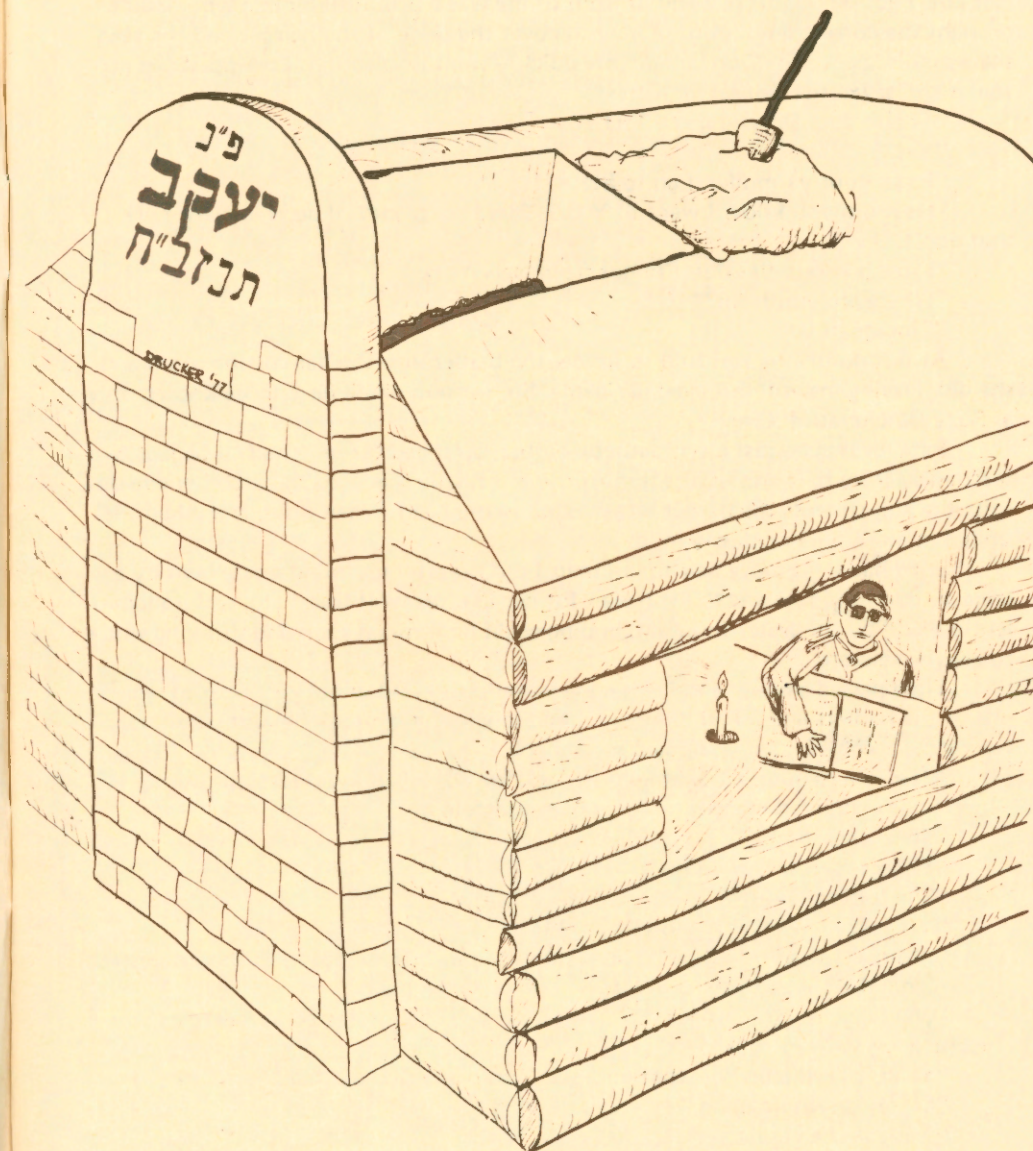
CONSOLE DESIGN

Shrieks bitten back in clenched fingers
pressing lips could yet sing
beyond a grave of nature
and her seasonal swallows.

I am one such a bird
of darting high consequence
and sweeping generalizations
who would view a patchwork universe
basted upon eventualities.

There is a tree.
It dangled buffered chestnuts
before Ann Frank's window.
She no longer sees what lies
in twisted branches design
to balance away an insanity.

Who will vindicate the rain
will justify the flood.



A TRUE STORY OF ROMANCE

Eli Seidman

A few nights ago I went down to Robert Fiance haircutting school to get my hair cut. I got on line to pay and in front of me was a beautiful blonde who hadn't brought the correct amount of money to cover the price of the haircut and the tax: she was 12¢ short. The Don Juan in me quickly went into action. I whipped out my wallet and saved the damsel in distress.

"Thank you. Do you go to Y.U.?"

"Yes."

"I saw your yarmulka. I go to Stern."

"How did you know I went to Y.U.? There are plenty of Jews in New York that don't."

"I just guessed. Besides, I'm not from New York."

"Where are you from?"

"Cincinnati."

At this point, she was told to follow the barber into the haircutting room and she did, leaving me without even her name. So, for now she'll have to be known only as Suzy Cincinnati. ("Cinci").

Fate, or maybe just a sympathetic barber, arranged for my chair to be just two seats away from hers and in direct mirror line. I finally managed to catch her eye despite the adjustments the barber was making to my head. When I did, and when she smiled at me, I fell hopelessly in love.

Suzy had a lot more hair to cut than I did, so after my mind was blown by a large air gun I didn't want to lie in wait for her like the wolf that I am, so I nonchalantly stood by the water fountain, hoping she'd be through soon and drinking water to allay suspicion.

Time passed slowly, and I was soon waterlogged and impatient. I called over one of the barbers and asked him how much longer the blonde's haircut would take. Giving me a knowing smile, he said he'd check.

After five minutes of talking to her and motioning in my direction (during which I contemplated escape) he came over and told me.

"She's engaged."

"Engaged. How can you tell?"

"She told me so."

"You asked her? What did you say?"

"I told her there was a guy who wanted to rap with her and was she interested."

"What did she say?"

"She said she was engaged. So I asked her was she interested in meeting someone else anyway."

"Yeah, well thanks for what you did. You really said all that?"

"I'll say anything, man."

I was sure he would.

Teased and frazzled, my head hung heavier in the autumn breeze.

EXCERPTS FROM "WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1975, 5:20 p.m."

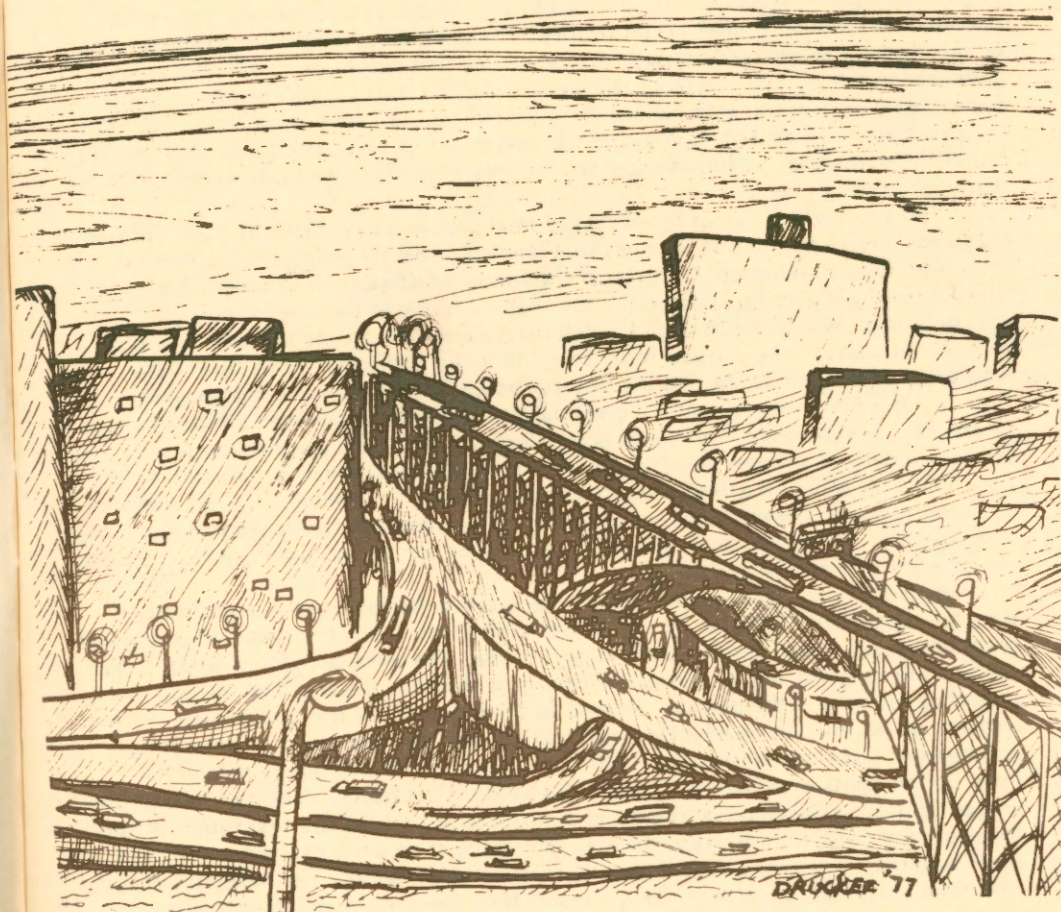
Bill Drucker

Tinsel of ten thousand dots, cars, Major Deegan, upon slickened roads of New Year's eve. . . year's eve, year's eve, in pastures. But evening will come o'er the same Bronx. Buildings before Melrose, Webster, cabs. Black boys playing basketball under Cross Bronx. Brooklyn. —Hold it!

Ten thousand sorrowful souls, in faraway lands, evening lands. . .

—He turned his head, rearing, to catch a glimpse of far-distant planes, pain, that was not yet the pain of love. . .

Slowly, the last river of sun sunk below the projects, tipping my Brownsville skyline, steadily, slowly, the last light on this end of the world, evening lands.



AD PATRES

Yonatan Dov Mozeson

Patres peered through the scope placing the cross hairs at the very bottom of the target before him. The instructor waited until everyone's gun had been loaded. "Let up the slack and squeeze the trigger lightly . . . you may fire at will." His arm began to waver as he held his breath and fired off the second round. As the shell spun away, Patres stood omnipotent, dead-sure of his accuracy. With so little effort he could kill a man. The holes in that paper could have been the mortal wounds of his enemy. After twenty rounds he imagined himself as an expert marksman, performing special assignments for mankind. He was the overseer of harmony.

Begrudgingly, at the completion of practice, he surrendered his rifle.

Driving through the streets he pictured himself as a supervisor of order, eliminating anyone whose conduct had upset the happiness and complacency of the people. His eyes fired at will like a child playing with a toy gun in a make-believe war.

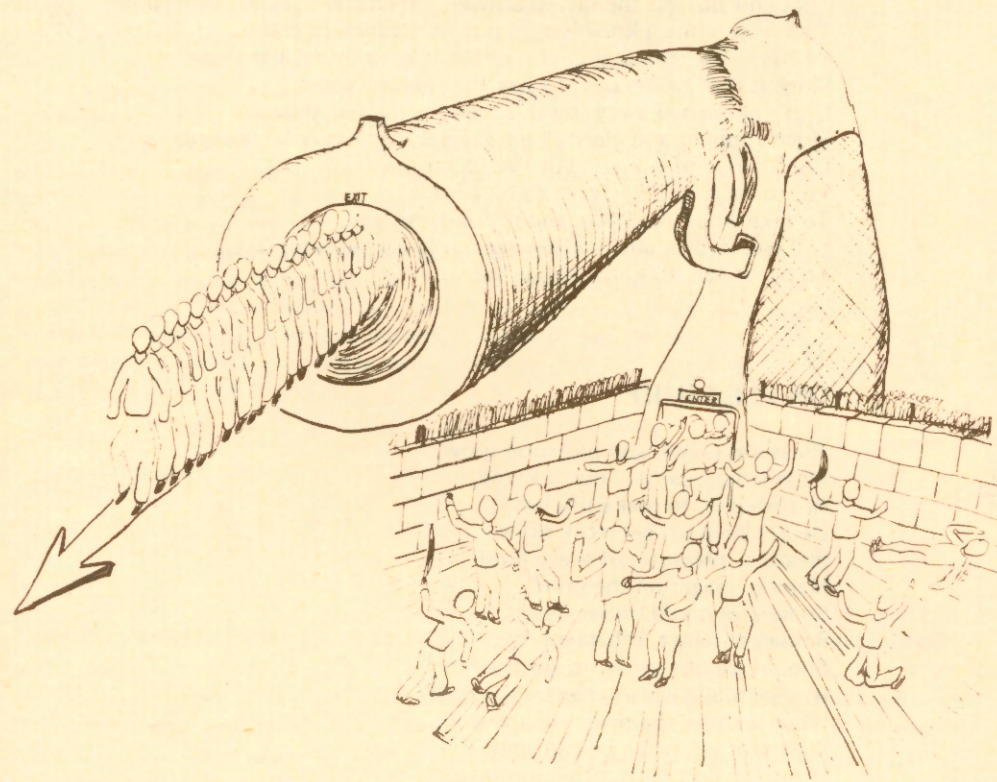
Upon arriving at his apartment he settled back in gloom and despair. His dreams of guns and goodness had dissolved into a life as tedious as the sewing machine he operated forty hours a week at the factory. It was 12:30 on a Sunday afternoon and he searched the weekend newspaper for any story that would carry him out of his glumness and dejection. It would be a week before he could again spend two hours pumping twenty rounds into paper targets at a distance of fifty feet. Throwing down the newspaper in disgust he ran out of the apartment and wandered aimlessly. Finding himself within sight of a subway station, the idea of going downtown seemed suddenly attractive.

The subway was full of bloodshot, dismal people, and looking at them uplifted his spirits. Patres picked out the ones that seemed to be the enemy and calculated their imminent elimination. Getting off the train he drifted with a crowd of well-dressed people streaming in one direction. After a block or two the crowds grew into hordes of people shouting and applauding. Patres felt aroused to their cause although oblivious to the concern motivating the fitful gathering. As he shoved his way towards the podium he heard a majestic voice flowing over the loudspeakers. "... for it is my concern, that . . . great nation . . . never plunge into a state of chaos or anarchy, lawlessness . . . violence and thuggery." After thunderous applause another stately orator rose to speak. He was a distinguished looking man with silvery gray hair, who spoke in a deliberate, trenchant manner. "... And now, I am honored to present to you, the president, of the National Association, for the Restriction and Control . . ." Patres never listened to the words, for he was preoccupied, savoring the feverish excitement around him.

A husky figure blocked his view of the speaker. As Patres advanced a step his eyes fell upon a shining black 38 caliber Smith+Wesson. While his eyes studied the gun within his reach, harsh, angry voices rang in his ear. The once enchanted group turned restless and vengeful. Many waived clenched fists shouting slogans. The man up front, pounding his fists on the podium, seemed to be the source of this belligerence. Patres understood his mission clearly. One man had violated the well-being of these people and he must quell the disturbance. Lifting the pistol from the nearby holster he lined up the sights with the very chest of his target. "Let up the slack and squeeze the trigger lightly" — the commands echoed in his head as he fired the first round. After the shot rang out a tumult swept the area. Shrieking people were pulled and shoved in all directions. Everyone eyed him with horror and contempt. The husky blue figure with the empty holster came running towards him. Once again an intruder had disrupted the peace.

Patres remained passive and undisturbed. He pictured himself in the front seat of a custom-built armored limousine. Beside him lay a specially designed attache'-case. With precision and care he removed its contents and assembled the parts of a high-powered rifle. After snapping on the silencer he rested the gun on his left hand. Holding his breath, he imagined that the cross hairs were centered on the unsuspecting victim. The provocateur must be silenced.

With the gun pointed at his head, he squeezed off the shot, and collapsed on the pavement at harmony with the world.



ON REALITY

R. I. B.

I embarked on a journey, on the makings of the world,
 To sit and understand, the secrets I trawled.
 To look upon wisdoms, known only to a select few,
 I found many things, things I thought I knew.
 To gaze upon the mysteries, one can loose one's mind,
 I looked through filtered lenses, to simplify the find.
 I found an interesting concept, beyond the human scope,
 To which I attach, the greatest thread of hope,
 "To be, is to be He, through He is really thee,
 And if He is thee, then what are 'we'?"
 Though I possess the sacred answer, which the question doth pose,
 'Tis too sublime a knowing, to put into concrete prose.
 To have this gemful thought, one can keep things the same,
 Since it really does pay, to pay the sublime game.
 Don't be turned away, by this highest, highest thought,
 Much simpler and clarifying treasures, can easily be bought.
 Don't strive to survive, but live to thrive,
 For those who dive, learn to be alive.
 To take what you have, and make it the best,
 Will end in thoughtful knowing and bring peaceful rest,
 To be, to see, to know about me.

II

ON PLEASURE

Pleasures come, and pleasures grow,
 What's their value, I don't know,
 Is it needed, to make life fun
 Does it help us, get work done.
 Pleasure, pleasure, of every kind
 Making images on the mind,
 Some give much, others less
 Some construct, others mess.
 Should we not strive, to get the most
 Intellectual pleasure, can be the host.
 When we use, the power of the mind,
 Who can tell, what we can find.
 If solving problems, bring us pleasure,
 Such achievements, who can measure.
 But such feeling, lodged in the brain.
 Takes much time, its method to train.
 Though some pleasure, bring us to sin,
 Others to holiness, where we begin.
 Like most things, found in the world,
 It can be pure, it can be spoiled.
 To feel, is to be real.

"DOGGY DOO" OR "THE DOG"

Judah Koolyk

There was this dog, see, who had been human only recently, and he couldn't figure out what happened. "I live a RUFF life", said the dog, but only "RUFF" came out. The dog didn't think that was funny, and neither do I. The dog hurried to his class at Harvard Law School. When he sat down, however, the teacher asked him to leave the room. "We don't allow dogs in here." The dog started to complain, but the teacher wouldn't listen. "You're barking up the wrong tree, Dog, go see the Dean." The dog didn't think that was funny, but went to see the Dean anyway. The Dean said, "Sorry, we don't mean to hound you like this but we're going to have to expel you. I have nothing against dogs, you understand, (some of my best friends are dogs), but if I let you stay, pretty soon the whole school will go to the dogs." The dog was getting tired of all those disparaging puns. "Doggone-it, why does everyone make fun of us dogs. This sure is a RUFF life," said the dog, but only "RUFF" came out. Besides," said the Dean, "we can't allow anyone to attend this school who doesn't wear clothes. That's school dogma." The dog suddenly noticed that the Dean was right, he was naked. As he ran out of the room, he noticed that everyone was looking at him. Or was it just his imagination? The dog had a lot of trouble finding a clothing store that had his size, and when he finally did, and picked out a suit, he realized that he had no cash. Luckily, the store accepted Master-Charge, but when he offered his, the clerk only laughed. "That's not your Master-Charge, the picture doesn't look like you at all." The dog had forgotten that turning into a dog had changed his appearance considerably. The dog said, "Oh, that's me alright, it's just that I've been sick lately—it's been a RUFF week," but only "RUFF" came out. The dog was about to give up hope, when the manager of the store came out. The manager understood the dog's problem, since he was a dog himself. "Let me give you some advice," said the manager. "Don't let anyone know you're a dog. With this suit and a good pair of shades no one will ever know. I am one myself, and I've fooled everyone so far, canine-harah. I just learned to watch my step around the house. It's RUFF, but you'll manage." but only "RUFF" came out.

THE SCAFFOLD

A. J. Fischer

May 27

They've been building that contraption out there for weeks already. God knows when they'll be finished.

"—and He ain't talking", Stu, my cynical cellmate, will usually add, chuckling. Stu can still laugh—let him laugh all he likes, I don't care—he doesn't have to face that. At least, not yet. But when his time will come, he'll be as hysterical as the rest of us. I know. I've been here a long time; I've seen 'em come and I've seen 'em go, and they're all the same. I was once like that, I changed; he'll be no different. But I won't be around to see him go, 'cause my time is coming before his, and once you go out *that way*, there ain't no coming back worth talking about.

Stu's right in one thing, though: it's times like this, when you need Him most, that God is the most silent. That's the way it's always been for me before. And now—now He's just humming to Himself, waiting for my time to be up. You can hear Him humming in the wind as it whistles through the beams of that wooden monster.

May 29

The hammering woke me up again this morning, as it has since they started the construction out there.

They do it this way on purpose, you know, to break our spirit, to remove our dignity. They make us watch them build it from behind these grimy windows, where we cower like dogs which have been whipped and beaten by cruel masters. And they do it slowly, taking their sweet time, nail by nail, plank by rotten plank, each day a bit more here, and a smidgen more there, another beam, another crossbar, another screw. It gets so, after a while, that you want to jump out of the window and finish the job for them. Every once in a while, one of the workmen will wave to us up here, smiling amiably, calling "It's almost done fellas" to make us feel at ease. But I don't trust them, either. They can go home tonight, to their families, to their T.V.'s while we have to stay here and see that thing just standing there in the night, mute, gaunt, ominous.

There goes another one of them, shouting that it'll soon be finished. But I know better. I know damn well they'll go no faster than what They tell them, and it won't be finished before They want it to be.

"Almost done, guys!"

Man, don't I know it.

June 3

I'm really getting scared. I can't keep a grip on myself, which is just what They want.

Well, that's just what they've got.

June 4

Boy, they sure leave nothing to guesswork, don't they? They've got it all worked out.

They make us all go out together, did you know that? We all go out at the same time, but we've got to wait and watch each of us get it one at a time. Did you know that? That's the worst part. They force you; you can't do nothing about it; you've got to watch them get it. But I'm gonna try to keep my eyes closed.

You know what else? They let other people watch. Yeah, spectators. That area out there is for them. Oh, they really go for this sort of thing. Want to see their tax dollars at work. No better than Them. They cheer for each one of us as we trudge up those fateful steps, finally where They want us, at the point where we care no longer, where we are filled with humiliation, though They call it humility.

June 6

Somehow or other, I will hide this thing in here. I'll find a place to leave it, so that whoever comes after I'm gone will know what to expect when it's their time.

It's so cold in here. The stone walls are so cold.

It's all part of it. It's all part of a plan They've worked out down to the tiniest detail. The cold, the stone, the grimy windows and the rotting planks. The nails rusting in the rain. The workmen, the smiles. The time, the wait, The cold angles of the wooden beams. The empty space. The silence.

June 8

Bastards! What are You waiting for? Get it over with, already! Isn't this enough? Is this the way I am to pay for my errors? What could I have done so wrong?

June 10

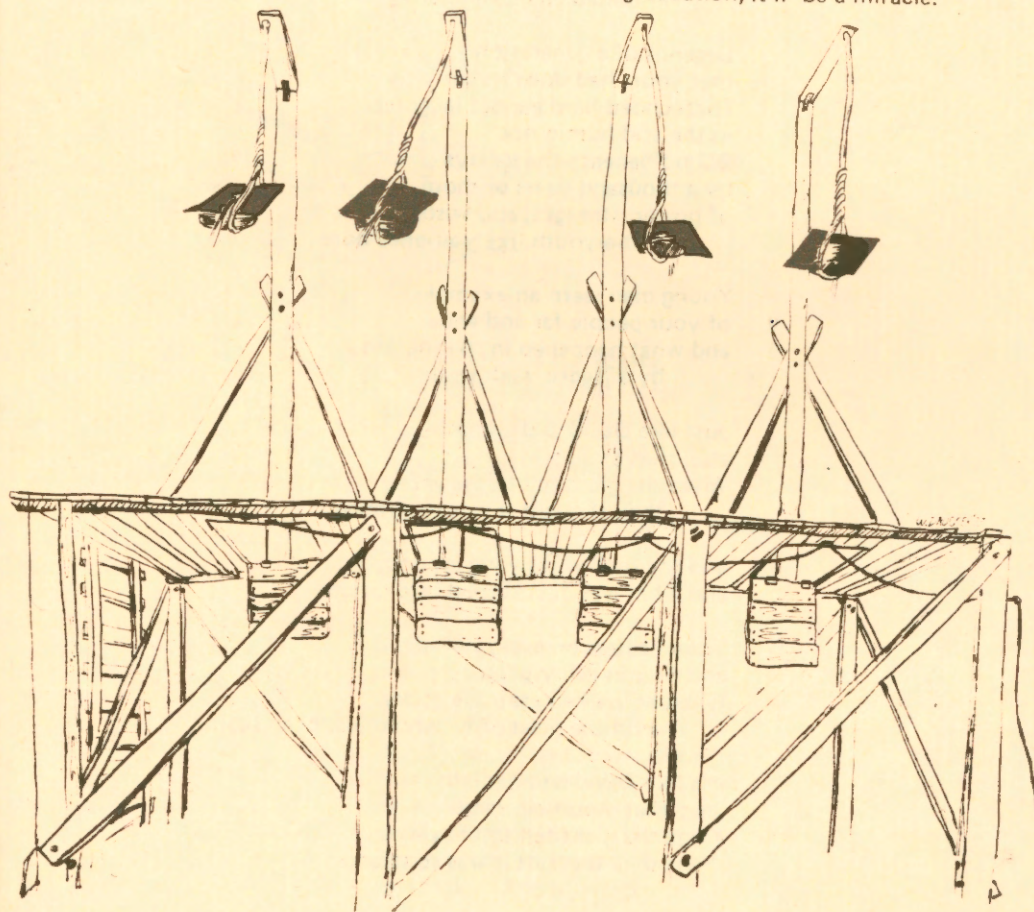
It's almost time. It will be soon.

I wonder how I'll go. I hope I'll be brave then; I know I don't feel brave now.

I've been here long enough to see them go all ways. Some go crying, kicking and screaming to the end. They are, at least, honest with themselves: pitiful, but honest. I've seen some go smiling, as though they hadn't a care left in the world. I only hope I'll have the courage to be that arrogant at that last moment, even though to Them it will mean nothing. But I wonder if I can do it.

Some, I've seen, go up there numb, wondering what all the fuss is about. For them, the worst is over before they know what's hit them, so it's best for them, I suppose. But they're the most difficult to watch.

It's no use fighting anymore because They've got you in the end, anyway. What the older men always said was true, I guess. There's no way to get out of this place without crossing that scaffold. And if I ever survive graduation, it'll be a miracle.



DAVID AND GOLIATH

Zev Yourman

Go on down the road towards Jerusalem
heading east to the rising sun
Wild men and weird women
there's room for many a one

Caravans of beakless eagles
from across the shining sea
enchanted cities will await for awhile
to reveal their mysteries

Final arrival airstrip
and approaching to its nest
Greetings from a delegation
of a hundred men well dressed
Sitting yourself beside them
when right before your eyes
an epic emerges from their lips
in united chants and cries

Legends of a generation
that yours had once forgot
Thatchoed hard earned laughter
in the arid humid hot
Bound beneath the valleys
by a thousand years or more
of power, strength, and wisdom
that a youth like you once bore

Young man learn an example
of your people far and wide
and what happened in that nation
by a jagged wadi's side

Just like David and Goliath
atop that mountain range
When the giant fell to the valley
they thought it was so strange

and the rock was swung around
and what was dust turned into ground

They lit fires on every hillside
and fires in every plain
When he walked atop the rocky
with the head of he who'd just been slain

It's like David and Goliath
atop that mountain range
When the giant fell to the valley
they thought it was so strange



Soldier man of the people
who were chosen not to fall
in battle stricken glory
where the few hear visions call
Arising from the desert
of time worn aged sand
leading the mighty filled with Holy
was the royal caravan
and King David was the man

So sweet singers of Israel
and poets on your horses
I hope this tale of David our king
has set you on your courses
But if you refuse to remember
that visions always grow
Descended from fearless heroes
mark a hundred tales of woe
But yet they still refuse to know
and they still refuse to go

A WAITING MOTHER

William Hochman

The boy entered the hotel room, and immediately it seemed smaller.

"Hey, it's cool in here," he said.

It was warm and bright after the gray rain in the streets. The many-wattled electric bulbs that his mother always insisted upon were undimmed by the thin frilled shades she had set on the hotel lamps, and there were shiny things everywhere: sheets of mirror along the walls; cigarette boxes and matchboxes placed all about; and, on consoles and desk and table, photographs of himself at two and a half, five, seven and nine years old framed in broad mirror bands. Whenever his mother settled in a new residence, and she settled often, those photographs were the first things out of the luggage. The boy hated them.

His mother shut the door and followed him into the room. She looked at him with her head tilted to the side, "Well, aren't you going to kiss me?", she said in a charming wheedling voice, the voice of a little girl. "Aren't you, you beautiful big ox you?"

"Sure". He bent down toward her, but she stepped suddenly away. A sharp change came over her. She drew herself tall, with her shoulders back and her head flung high. "Of course, if you do not wish to kiss me there is no need for you to do so. I apologize. I had no desire to force you. I have never forced you."

"Ah, Mom." He went to her, bent again, and this time kissed her cheek.

"Thank you, that was gracious of you. I value graciousness. I rank it high, very high".

"Ah, Mom". For the past week up at school, he had hoped—and coming down on the train he had hoped so hard that it became a prayer—that his mother would not be what he termed "like that". His prayer had gone unanswered. He knew that by her voice, by the way her head was tilted, then held high, by the little lisped words and then the elegant enunciation and the lofty diction. He knew. He stood there and said "Ah, Mom".

"Perhaps you would like to meet a friend of mine. She is a true friend. I am proud that I may say it".

There was someone else in the room. It was preposterous that he had not seen her. Perhaps his eyes had been dazzled, after the dim lit hotel corridor; perhaps his attention had been all for his mother. At any rate there she sat, the true friend, at one end of the sofa.

"I can give you but little, yet life is still kind enough to let me give you something you will always remember. Through me, you will meet a human being".

The voices, the stances, the eyelids—those were the signs. But when his mother divided the race into people and human beings—that was the certainty.

He followed her the little way across the room avoiding the coffee table in front of the sofa.

"Mrs. Marah, may I present my son?"

"Christ, he's a big fella, ain't he?"

She was a fine one to talk about anybody's being big. Had she risen she would have stood shoulder against shoulder with him, and she must have outweighed him by sixty pounds.

His mother became a little girl again. "Isn't it wonderful? This is my baby".

"What is his name"?

"Why Christopher, of course".

"Christopher, well that's not too bad. When's your birthday?"

"The fifteenth of August",

His mother was no longer a little girl. "The heat," she said, "The cruel August heat".

"So he's a Leo", the true friend said. "Awfully big for a Leo. From October 22 to November 13 be careful to keep away from anything electrical".

"I will, thank you".

"Let me see your hand, Mm, M-hmmm M-hmmm. Oh. Well— that can't be helped. Well, you'll have pretty good health, if you just watch that chest of yours. There's a long sickness in your twenties and a bad accident some time around forty-five, but that's about all. There's going to be an unhappy love affair, but you'll get over it. You'll marry and— I can't see if there's two or three children. I don't see much money, anytime. Well, you watch your chest". She gave him back his hand.

The little girl came back to his mother. "Isn't he going to be famous?"

The true friend shrugged, "It's not in his hand",

"I always thought he'd write. When he was about eight or nine, he used to write little verses. Chrissy, what was the one about the bumpety bunny?"

"Oh, mother, I don't remember!"

"Oh, you do so, you're just being modest. Of course you remember. Well, you don't seem to write verses anymore, and your letters, whenever you write, they're like telegrams. Oh Cecile!, why do they have to grow up? and soon he's going to be married. I suppose I'll never see him then. A lonely old woman with no one to take care of me .

"Well, sit down, Christopher, and why don't you take off your coat"?

"I— don't think I'd better, Mom. You see I can just stay a minute. The train was late and everything, and I told Dad I'd be sure to be there early".

"Oh", the eyelids came into play.

"It's because the train was late, if it had been on time, I could have stayed a while. But it had to go and be late, and they're having dinner early tonight".

"I see. I thought you would have dinner with me. With your mother. But no this is not to be. I have only an egg, but I would have shared it with you gladly. So happily. But you are wise of course. You must think first of your own comfort. Go and fill your stomach—with your father".

"Mother, we're having dinner early because we are leaving early the next morning for the country and need a good nights rest, you know, I wrote you".

"Driving, your father has a new car"?

"It's the same old heap, nearly eight years old".

"Really? Naturally the buses in which I am obliged to ride are all this year's models. Is your father well?"

"He's fine".

"And how is Mrs. Thompson? As I suppose she calls herself".

"Let's not do this again. She's Mrs. Thompson. She and Dad have been married for six years since I was eleven years old".

"To me there is only one woman who may rightfully wear a man's name, the one whose son she has sired—Please take your coat off and sit down, so that for just a few poor minutes it will seem as if you were not going to leave me. I see so little of you".

"Yes, sit down, for g-ds sake, you make people nervous standing there," the true friend said.

"Tell me some things, Is your father's country place attractive at this time of year?"

"It isn't a place— it's just a big sort of shack. There isn't even any heat".

"Well. And who is going to this shack?"

"Just Dad, Whitey and me. Oh, and the other Whitey, of course".

"The other Whitey?"

"It's a little dog, It followed Whitey home one day, so she kept it and whenever anybody called "Whitey" the dog would come too. So if he thought that was his name then that would be his name. Look Mom, honestly, I've got to_____."

His mother looked at him and her lip trembled. "Just two more minutes. Please oh, please". He went and sat again.

"How long will you be up in the country"?

"Oh just over tomorrow night. I've got to be back at school Sunday evening".

"Does that mean you will not be back to see me"?

"I can't Mom, I won't have a chance. We've got to drive back, and then I have to get the train".

"I quite comprehend. Disappointments— I thought I had them all, and life could bring forth no new ones. But this— that you will not take a little bit of your time for your poor old mother. How it must please them that you didn't want to see me. How they must laugh together".

"Mother don't say things like that".

"Fine, the subject is closed. I will say no more about your father, the poor weak man, and that woman with the dog's name. But you — you. Have you no heart, no natural instincts? No, you have not. I must face the fact, here in the presence of my friend, that my son is not a human being. Your father, does he still see his old friends? Our old friends?"

"Why, I don't know, Mom. They see a lot of people, I guess. But they're alone a lot of the time. They like it that way."

"How fortunate. They like being alone- and the old friends. They do not see me. They are all in twos, they have progressive lives. Why should they see me? Why should they have memories, kindness."

"Probably most of them are Pisces", the true friend said.

"Well, you must go. It is late, I know. I understand. Go, Christopher, go".

"I'm terribly sorry, Mom". He rose and put on his coat.

"But to show you I bear no vengeance, I shall give you a present to take to those who have wrought such evil upon me."

She rose, moved about the room, touched boxes and tables, moved papers off the desk, and brought forth a small, square box, on top of which was a little plaster poodle, sitting on its hind legs, its frong paws curved entreating, begging.

"This is from happier times. But I need no reminders; take this happy thing to one you love. My little music box".

"Hey, that's cool, Mom. Thanks alot. Whitey'll love it. She loves things like that".

"Things like that? There are no other things like that, when one gives from one's heart". She stopped and seemed to ponder. "Whitey will love it? Are you telling me that you propose to give it to that so-called Mrs. Thompson?"

She touched the box.

"I thought you said I_____"

She shook her head at him, slowly "Curious. Extraordinary. That my son should have so little perception. This gift, from my poor little store, is not for her. It is for the little dog".

"Thanks Mom, thanks".

"Then leave already. Take with you my wishes of joy for you and your loved ones. And when you can, when they will release you for a little while—come to me again. I wait for you. I light a lamp for you, my son, my only child. My life is empty between your visits.

"I wait for you Christopher. I wait for you."

SEWER SNOIDS

David Ginsburg

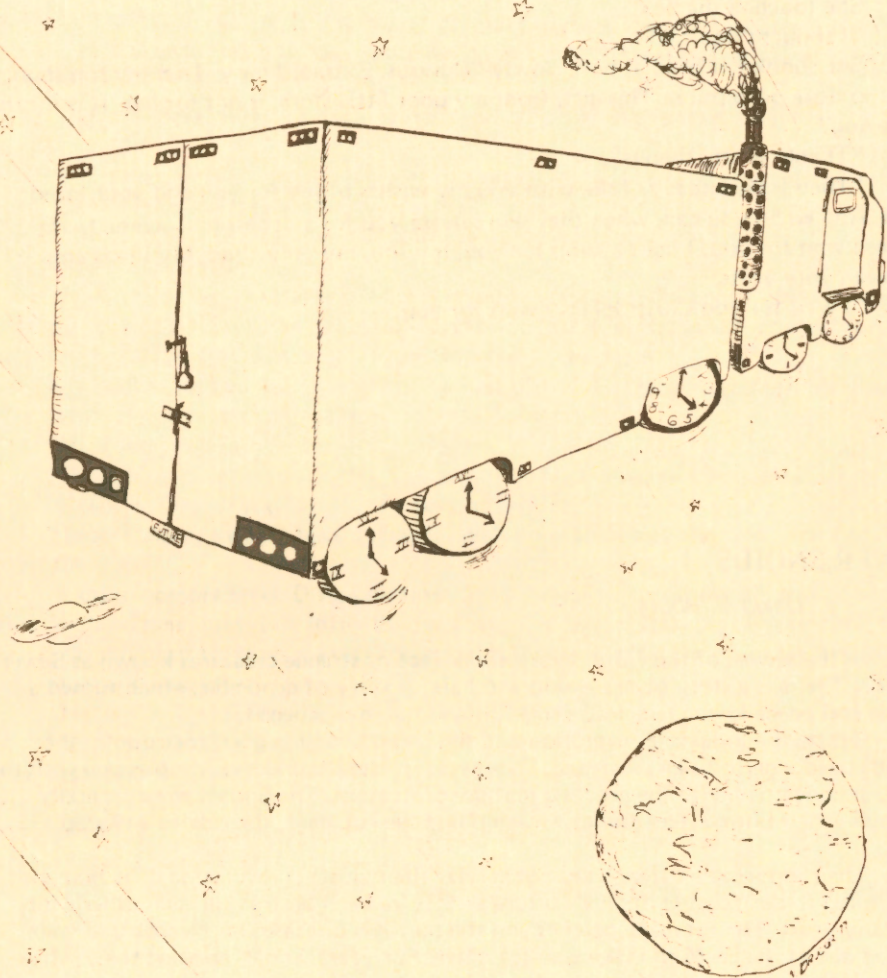
In the sewers of the world lives a super race of strange creatures known as Sewer Snoids. Theirs is a story of repression and hate. A story of genocide, which turned a gentle and peace loving race into vengeful (and hateful) renegades.

Before the industrial revolution and the creation of the great metropolis, the Snoids lived a hermit-like existence. They were isolated farmers existing as one with the land, unconcerned with the growing number of humans. The Snoids were generally happy in their burrow-like homes, worshipping the rutabaga, their deity and staple diet.

Their innocent existence did not survive the industrial revolution. The humans attempted to destroy the Snoids' culture as they've been destroying each other's for so many years. The rutabaga patches and the burrows of these simple creatures were gorged out of the earth to make way for cities. For years, Snoids roamed the earth, a few tired steps ahead of the land hungry humans.

After years of running, the Snoids dug in, They moved into the sewers, to wage war against their callous human hosts. The Snoids adapted to a rather ironic creation of man, the sewers. They learned to steal large amounts of their beloved rutabagas from the wholesale vegetable markets. The Snoids flourished and now inhabit all the sewers of the world. They fight the humans by projecting paranoia into all humans, dedicated to torturing the anguished minds of mankind. All psychic power is theirs; it is as if they invisibly broadcast hatred into the darkest corners of human minds.

Snoids did not have to be the spiteful creatures they are now. Men created these monsters through their greed and selfishness. If they are to ultimately survive, mankind must crawl down their sewers and confront the beasts. And with baskets of rutabagas and contrite hearts draw up treaty lines of peace and compromise.



THE INVENTION

Judah Koolyk

A man was sitting alone in his living room. Suddenly, he was startled by the appearance of a cube; it materialized from thin air right in the middle of the room. As the man rubbed his eyes in disbelief, the cube opened, and out stepped a strangely dressed man. "I am 7XB3L31, from the 22nd century. You have been chosen to discover time-travel."

"What do you mean?" was all the man could manage to say.

"Just what I said. But I understand your bewilderment. I will explain. Ever since the invention of time-travel, which by the way will happen next year, people have been going back in time, to explain things. For example, in the year 1993, a time-traveller went back in time to the 17th century and gave a man named Isaac Newton some insights into physics and mathematics. You have been selected to be the man to invent time-travel. It is as simple as that."

"But how can I invent time-travel? I don't know anything about it."

"Of course not. Don't you understand? No one has really ever invented anything. All the great inventors are simply people selected by time-travellers to be the ones to whom they will explain something."

"Why did you pick me? Pick somebody else. I don't understand all this."

"I cannot pick somebody else. Everyone knows that Robert White invented time-travel in the year 1984. I could not possibly succeed in having someone else invent it. It is impossible that you will not invent time-travel, so please listen while I explain some facts about time not known by anyone until now."

Although Mr. White did not really understand, he felt that somehow it was important to listen to 7XB3L31. He listened and heard secrets never before known. He understood clearly.

"Of course! I could build a time-machine myself in a month!"

"Perhaps it will take a year," said the time-traveller, as he stepped inside the cube, smiling. As he vanished, Mr. White was already planning the invention which has enabled mankind to advance without ever having an original thought.

SILENT FROGS

Yonatan Dov Mozeson

Our walk up Broadway came to a sudden halt as a waddling wino stopped in front of us.

"Merry Christmas, got a cigarette?" he croaked. I looked at Janet and then into his beer-stained eyes.

"We don't smoke!"

"Don't smoke," he mumbled, "Well then God bless you, yep, God bless you," he shouted. As we walked on, I was both relieved and disappointed to leave this fresh new face behind. Only Christmas Eve could account for the remarkably few deviants on the streets, so the return to Janet's apartment was silent and uneventful.

Facing her across a little table in her living room, I realized that Janet was certainly a pretty girl, but only her Southern accent was engaging. Beyond our mutual dislike of New York, we hadn't much to talk about. I surveyed my surroundings, for Christmas eve hadn't provided much material. If our silence stretched any longer our relationship would break for good. Suddenly my eyes squatted on a rather large piece of porcelain in the form of a frog.

"Hey, look at this frog. What's it for?"

"I don't know," she shrugged. The situation called for some imaginative perceptions if this frog were going to come through for me.

"Well look at it. It's only got a hole at the bottom, so it can't be a piggy bank."

"Ya," she agreed, revealing mild interest.

"What do you think he's thinking about—I mean I really don't know if it's a he or a she."

"I think he's hungry," she offered.

"Oh, so you think it's a he. O.K. I'll grant you that, but why do you think he's hungry?" She pointed to its stomach.

"Don't you see he's got his hands on his stomach."

Taking a moment to ponder the value of this observation, I saw the frog indeed had its arms folded on its stomach.

"That's true, but he looks like he's smiling and just sunning himself," I added. Janet merely nodded in passive agreement, and I thought I might be losing her.

"Maybe he's pregnant, look at the big bulge on his stomach."

"Maybe *HE'S* pregnant?" she repeated slowly, with emphasis on the *HE*. I seem to do best with absurdity, I thought,—at least she was responding.

"Look at the matching outfit he's got on, green pants, green jacket, even a green face."

"Outfit?" she repeated.

"Well that's his baby suit isn't it?"

"Birthday suit!" She corrected in a tone that seemed to indicate that I should put down the frog and change the subject.

"There wasn't the usual freak show out there tonight."

"What do you want to see freaks for?" she asked with genuine interest.

"Well I'm an English major and I'm always looking for material for short stories. You can't write about normal people because it would turn out sort of trite. That's why I insisted that we walk up Broadway into the nineties. The further uptown you go, the more potential characters you meet."

"But the drunks and prostitutes don't talk to you, so how can you write a story about them?"

"Well," I began slowly, "true writers can use characters after a brief observation. Once we have the image in our mind we can let our imagination fill in the details." Janet looked like she was beginning to understand me for better or for worse.

"Then why don't you write about the frog?" She asked. Scratching my head, I hoped the question was facetious, for it was more difficult than it seemed.

"You see, my teacher believes that a short story must have dialogue, and what kind of dialogue could I get from a frog?" She smiled as I continued. "He doesn't even have a name."

Janet lifted the frog off the table and studied it carefully. Finally, she looked up at me with a knowing look on her face and declared: "I think you can call him Fred the frog."

I got up looking for my coat saying politely, "Guess it's time to leave this lily pad." Janet thanked me for the walk in her hospitable Southern accent and before closing the door she called out: "Now that it's got a name I'd like to see you write the story."

Soon after leaving her I sought out the familiar scenes of Broadway. At a leisurely pace I pondered the uneventful evening. The porcelain frog seemed more intriguing than my Southern belle.

"Going out tonight?" a lady's voice called, interrupting my thoughts.

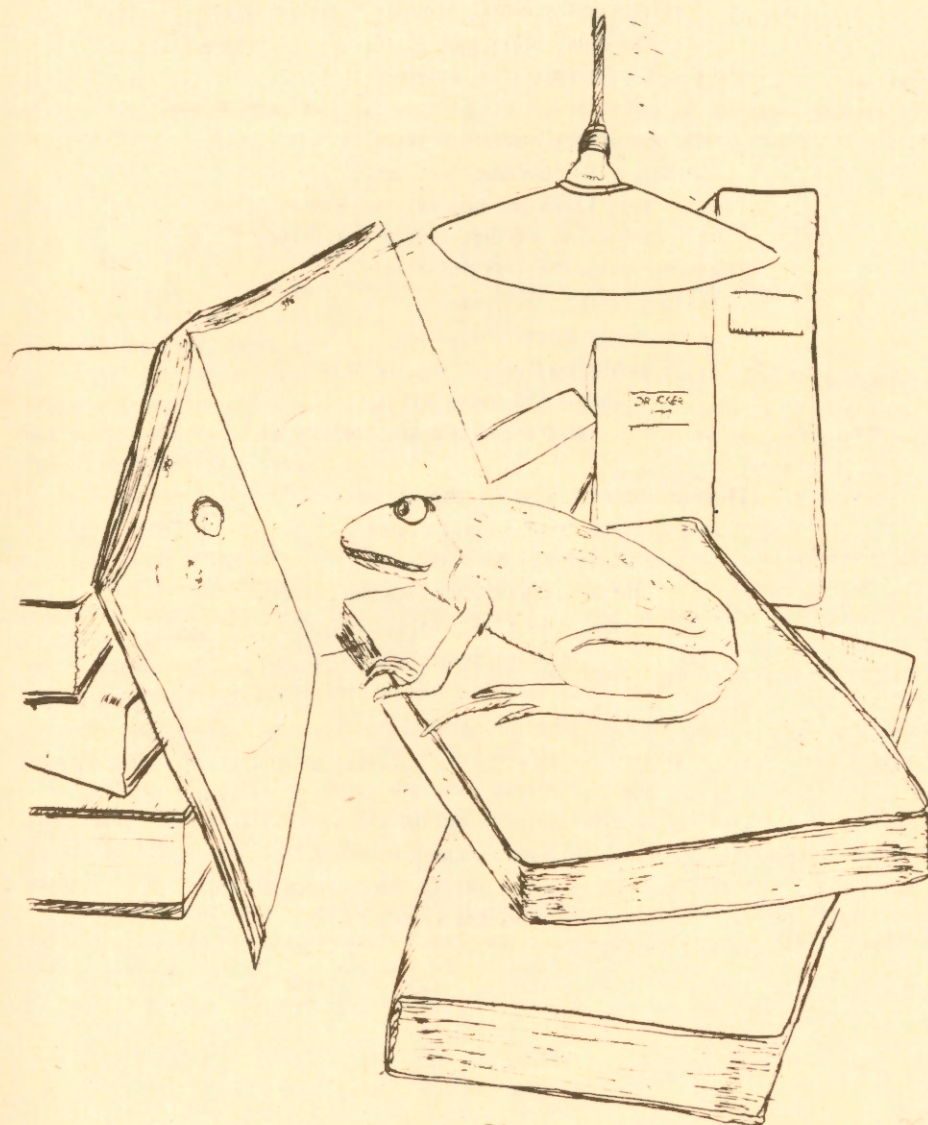
"You look like you're ready for action," I offered bravely. As she stepped closer, I noticed a reserved manner above her professional dress.

"I'm ready," she whispered, "Are you?"

"Maybe later," I mumbled, thinking that I had gone too far already.

"O.K." She answered with a tinge of sadness. It wasn't me she missed but my greenbacks.

As I continued on, I recalled Janet's parting words and wondered whether the evening had produced any printable characters. Neither Janet nor those who lived off Broadway seemed able to match the animation of the frog.



LISTEN

Richard Sheften

Battered, tossed and silent ships
tell tales that whisper softly, sails
carrying tear-filled breezes,
as high as the cirrus, only to
fall down and speak again,
and yet it is all a murmur, listen. . .

The eyes of the old city scream,
their walls now our hautiness,
they know the beggar, they know
the man who died before they lived,
The wind whips through the streets,
hurling itself to the heavens, the
buildings throw the tales
as high as the cirrus, only to fall
down and speak again,
and yet all is a murmur, listen. . .

The land holds the fallen, the life of
new growth, the hills and slopes
saw scares in peace and strife.
and mountains which kissed clouds,
and is first to get the sun's gold,
hold our memory's and all we
once and will live for, and the
gusts are soothed and lifted
as high as the cirrus, the
earth joined the invisible
river, only to fall down
and speak again, listen. . .
a stir pierces the murmur, some
where a nod. . .

PS

April 5, '76

FAME

M. Weidhorn

Mrs. Matson was very excited. She had to rush out of her apartment and down the stairs to the front stoop where some of the other mothers on the block were talking. "Did — did you hear about it? My boy, my own Chester, is going to be on TV."

"No! On TV?" they exclaimed almost in one voice.

"Did he murder somebody?" asked Mrs. Hadley, who liked to make jokes that some people did not find funny.

"Yes," said Mrs. Matson, not even looking at Mrs. Hadley. "On TV!"

"How did it happen?" someone asked.

"I don't know," Mrs. Matson excitedly said. "We were walking down the street when this big car stopped near us — you know one of those small trucks painted all one color and with television cameras and all on it. And — and this man steps out and calls to us."

"And?"

"He wondered if we minded if he took some film of Chester."

"What did you say to that?" Mrs. Jurgens said.

" 'Why,' I said, 'You don't have to ask me about that!' And he said, 'We're just making sure we have your permission, ma'am.'"

"Then what happened?"

"Why, then a couple of men got out with those big cameras, and they looked every which way and up and down. They did a lot of talking and pointing, using big words like 'background' and 'atmosphere' and . . . and 'context' I think was another. Then they started filming Chester."

"Just like that?" Mrs. Hadley asked. "They didn't put any make-up on him or change his clothes?"

"No, just as he was. They had him walk and run and sit and play with their dog and do all kinds of things kids do. It was very exciting. And when it was finished, they said to me that Chester was just what they were looking for and that we'd be getting a little check from their office soon."

"I'll bet," one of the mothers said, "Mr. Matson will get a kick out of that check when he comes home tonight."

Mr. Matson certainly did enjoy the news. After dinner he rushed to the place where his friends liked to sit, talk, and drink. He told them pretty much the story his wife had told him. Only he changed it a little bit here and there so that it sounded like little Chester was going to replace Johnny Carson or Walter Cronkite. Mr. Matson's friends smiled at him as he talked and looked at little envious. "I'll bet your kid is happy!"

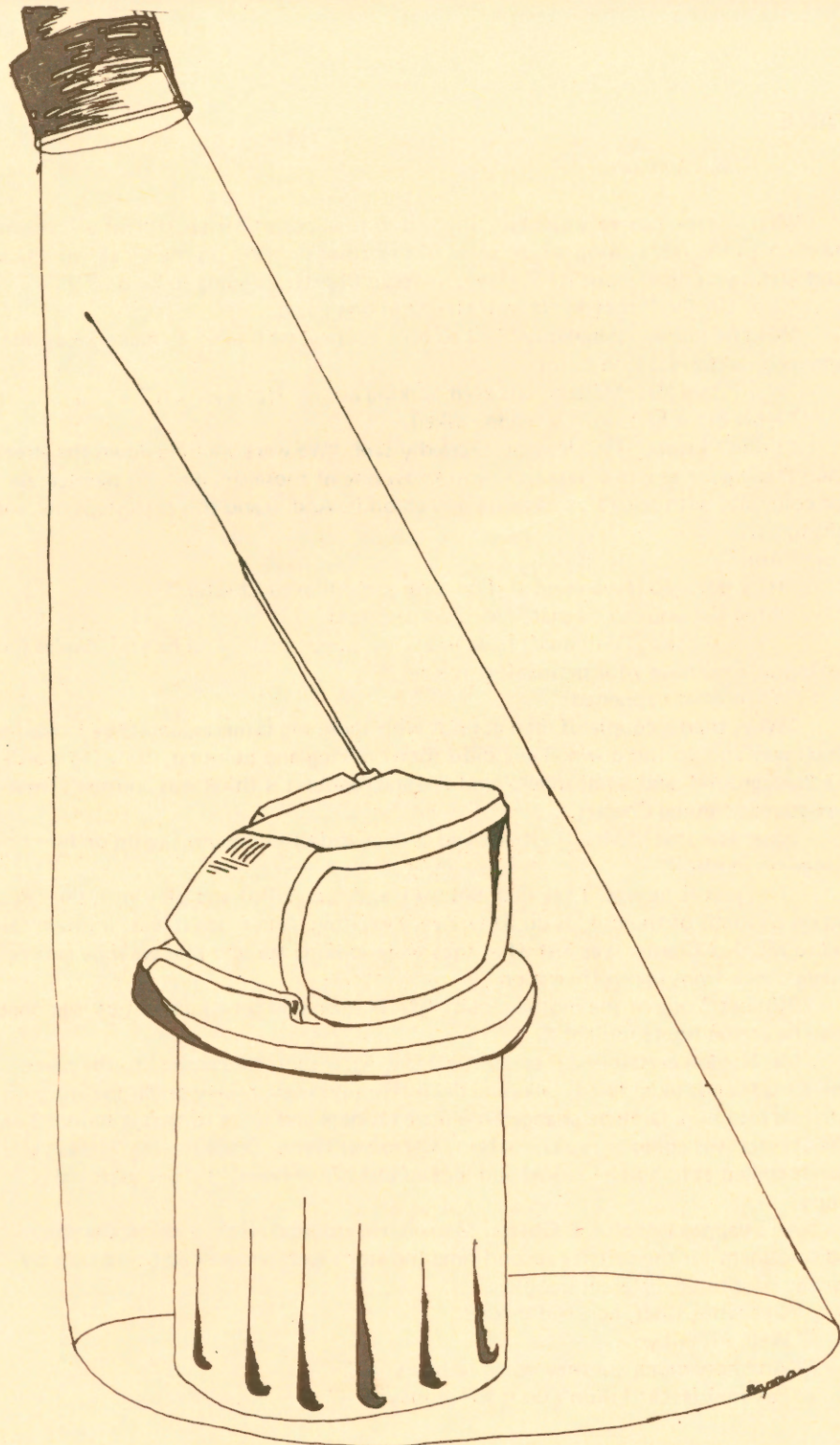
And happiest of all was Chester Matson. He stopped all the kids on the street and told them for the seventy second time the story each person had heard now by from at least three different people.

"Gee whiz, Chet, how did it feel?"

"Well, I'll tell you . . ."

"And how much are they going to pay you?"

"Pay me? Heck! I didn't do it for money! I —"



"Are you going to really be on television?"

"Am I what?" Chester looked surprised. "What did you think I did all that for? Of course I'm going to be on."

"Which program will it be?"

"It's no program. It's a commercial. That's what they said."

"For what?"

Chester was getting a little annoyed. "I don't know. Vitamins or something."

"When will it be on?"

"They didn't tell us yet."

"Oh!" The other kids laughed and winked at each other.

"What do you mean?" Chester said. "They will! They said they will!"

All that week and the week after, the Matsons were jumpy. The coming of the mailman each day was the big event. Every time the phone rang, they nearly stumbled over each other rushing to get it, and when the caller turned out to be only Aunt Minnie or a friend, the voice of the Matson answering the phone sounded insultingly disappointed.

Finally they got word that they could see Chester on television on a certain day a few weeks later. They could hardly wait for the weeks to go by. Every morning when they got up, they counted the number of days they had still to go. Every night before they went to bed, they said to each other, "Well, that's one more day we got rid of."

At long last the big day came. The Matsons gathered before the television set one whole hour before the time of the commercial, and they watched every minute of each program and commercial as if it was part of the commercial Chester was to be on. They were sure all their friends and relatives were doing the same all over town.

Then it was a few minutes before blast-off time, and they could hear their hearts pounding. Then came the commercial at long last, and there on the screen was Chester's face.

"Hurray!" shouted Chester in the living room.

"Sh!" said Chester's father.

"Let me hear the commercial!" said his mother.

"Friends," came the announcer's voice. "Does your child look like this?"

Chester was shown on the screen sitting, moping, walking slowly, yawning. "Pale? Tired? Sluggish? Underweight? Out of sorts? Sickly? Then try Superkid Vitamins! And have your child look like this!" Now a big muscular kid was shown running, jumping, yelling. It was not Chester.

In the living room, Chester just sat there. "Is that all there is? Aren't they going to show more of me?"

His father was silent for a minute and then said, "Oh well! My boy made it on TV. Yes sir," he smiled, "at least he made it on TV."

But Mrs. Matson looked like she was going to cry. "My boy a 'before' instead of an 'after'!" She moaned. "Why didn't they tell me? My sweet Chester a 'before'! And I told everybody to watch!"

SUNRISE

Judry Subar

Opening eyes. Those awake see
Wheat fields ignite, lakes scintillate. The sky is
Alive. But night's deathly cold challenges
The warm sun to battle. Daggers of daylight
Against night's shadowy forces. The fields cry out:
"Prometheus, give back night's torches.
Steal instead the morning sunlight from beyond the eastern horizon."
At this cry the sun comes forth, leaving
Gray sky as cotton fields against an azure background.



Editor

Yonatan Dov Mozeson

Associate Editor

Judah Koolyk

Assistant Editor

Martin Herskovitz

Executive Editor

Moshe Mirsky

Art Editors

Bill Drucker

Brynna Chernofsky

Jonathan Stein

Faculty Advisors

Dr. Paul Connolly

Mr. I.E. Mozeson

KOL, the Yeshiva College Literary Magazine, is published by Yeshiva College Student Council at Yeshiva College, New York, N.Y. 10033.

