

**the** (THa, emphatic THē) *a., def. art.* placed before nouns, and used to specify general conception, or to denote particular person or thing; *adv.* by so much; by that amount, as *the more the merrier* [O.E.].

(the: as opposed to "a" or "an" or "chunk o' " ; just an introduction, darnit)

**hon·or** (àn'.er) *n.* high respect; renown; glory; reputation; sense of what is right or due; a source or cause of honor; high rank or position; a title of respect given to a judge, etc.; **chastity**; *v.t.* to respect highly; to confer a mark of distinction on; to accept or pay (a bill, etc.) when due. **-s** *n.pl.* public marks of respect or distinction; distinction given a student for outstanding work. **-able** *a.* worthy of honor; upright; a title of distinction or respect. **-ably** *adv.* **-able-ness** *n.* **an affair of —** *n.* a duel. **maid of —** *n.* a lady in the service of a queen or princess; chief attendant of a bride [Fr. *honneur*, fr. L. *honor*].

(honors: as in honourous, "dull, burdensome, oppressive"...whoops, that's 'onerous,' darnit)

**en·voy** (en'.voi) *n.* a diplomatic agent of a country below the rank of ambassador; messenger [Fr. *envoyer*, to send].

**en·voy, envol** (en'.voi) *n.* an author's postscript, esp. in an additional stanza of a poem.

(envoy: typical french snottlword — pinch nose for proper pronunclation, darnit)





## A Boy Named Orkin

by Kip Martin

You ever kill a bug? I did. I mean, I do. I kill 'em all the time. I like to. It's not a bad thing. Most everyone has killed one at least once in their lifetime. Everyday lots of bugs squash themselves on windshields, lay bottom-up in ceiling lamps, hang on lethal tape, or just die for some unknown reason. It's just nature's rule of things. There are so many of them; I've made it a hobby to kill them little buggers.

A shoe is a heck of a weapon. Two fingers placed in the open heel makes a great pivotal angle. A wrist swing with a Reebok in hand is most efficient. I've had more victims with a hi-top Reebok, the kind with velcro straps, than with any other kind of shoe. It's a personal preference.

Summer is my hunting season. The hot weather is rich with a variety of insects. Dusk is prime time. All them mosquitos are out to dinner, flying around looking to stick themselves into some juicy flesh. I get 'em right back. They want to suck. Ha! I'll take out the orange extension cord and the vacuum cleaner and show them little buggers the true meaning of "suck". I may take fifty or so a night until the thing clogs up with bug juice.

You see, nobody should be afraid of bugs. You got to have fun with them. That's why I don't understand girls. Girls hate bugs. They will even enjoy making a fuss, screeching "oooh" and "get it away". Then you're about to smash the sucker and they turn wimpy all of a sudden; "Aww, don't kill 'em," they say, like it's inhumane or something.

Mom tells me I should play with the other boys. She just doesn't understand. Killing bugs is not something I do after school when there is nothing else to do. I don't do it cause I'm bored. Bug juice is neat. Look where it got Spiderman.



The Ocean  
as it was meant to be enjoyed

whispering waves  
and no sun slaves.  
foggy figures  
and all shell's graves.

to chill or cheat  
frolicing feet  
of sinking sand?  
a timely treat!

moments of moon  
then- traffic tune.  
peaceful pleasures  
all gone, so soon.

Marianne Lyons  
7/27/90

#### PERSONAL VICTORY

When the winds opposed me  
And the rain tore at my face  
My limbs ached  
And my muscles begged for surrender  
I walked on.

Now the sun blazes above  
And the clouds have passed away  
I still ache  
But my heart did not surrender  
I lie smiling.

Jeff Peterson



by Anne Kelley

There are, believe it or not, lots of things to do at Alfred this spring. You can improve your mind and go to the Native American Lectures in Harder Hall, or the Bergren Forums every Wednesday in the Campus Center. You can see an award-winning Broadway musical when "Into the Woods" comes to Alfred, or see some of Alfred's own talent in "A Raisin in the Sun", "The Comedy of Errors", senior shows and music department concerts. You can watch a movie at Nevins Theatre or Alternative Cinema--and, of course, there's always Hotdog Weekend.

Or, if you need to get away, you can take the Escape Van and go to Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, or Corning. There's even an IASU sponsored road-trip to Niagara Falls and Canada.

And there's more--yes, yes, that's right, still more ways to relieve stress, monotony, and boredom; still more ways to add spice and excitement to your life--especially if officially sanctioned events are beginning to pall. We've assembled a Top 10 list of some of our favorite things to do at Alfred.

1. Put cheese all over President Coll's car and let it melt on in the sun.
2. Test the aerodynamics of any large porcelain bathroom fixture.
3. Assemble a blackmail photo journal of your roommate.
4. Pull fire alarms to see who's spending the night with whom.
5. Surreptitiously rearrange library books.
6. Give King Alfred a complete makeover and new wardrobe.
7. Enliven Freshman Seminar with a few strategically placed fireworks.
8. Procure your own personal kitchenware set from Ade Dining Hall.
9. Paint enigmatic quotes from obscure poets on all major Alfredian thoroughfares.
10. Dress up as Satanists, walk down Main Street with your latest Biology dissection--and scare the bejabbers out of little old ladies.



## "Death of a Journalist"

by Melissa Hirshson  
October, 1990

He won't make it past the summer, my mother had said.  
We've seen the results--the cancer has spread.  
Impossible, I laughed. He's not going to die.  
We are immortal together, he and I.  
He was the one who taught me to be free,  
To write a story, sail a ship, read a book. Yippie!  
Watch a silly program. Tell stupid jokes.  
And watch the reactions of the stuffy other folks.  
He loved going to bars, in spite of mom's hate,  
But I could never go with him till it was too late.  
He did what he wanted, nothing bothered him at all  
Except maybe the fact that he wasn't very tall.  
Helplessly I watched him slip away  
There were so many things that I wanted to say.  
I desperately wanted to ask about flying  
And he wanted to answer as he lay there dying.  
But it happened! Not the man I love,  
The man whom I constantly think of.  
People would make me so utterly mad  
When they would repeatedly ask, "How's your dad?"  
How do you think he is? I wanted to shout  
You've seen him too, of his death there's no doubt.  
But I was barely heard; swarms of people came  
But comforting mom, not me, was their aim.  
My crying matched hers, it was just as loud  
But I'm just the daughter, lost in the crowd.  
Two days before school started, he died  
The doctor couldn't save him--they hadn't lied.  
His grave is simple; it says "newspaperman"  
I'm going to be the best writer I can.  
Why did it happen? I'm not even full grown!  
I'll have to continue solely on my own.  
It doesn't make sense! After this year  
College will be over. Real life is too near.  
I no longer believe in heaven and hell,  
But wherever he is, I hope he is well.  
Every night in my room I look all around  
And cry in despair but can't utter a sound.  
I throw things against the wall, I scream  
Hopelessly wishing it's only a dream.



The Chuck went Down in Song-Song

Now Chuck was a cowboy  
Taciturn as can be  
Chuck'uz sprung from the badlands  
Traversed the Prairie  
(He spun his lariat)  
Yodelay - O - Hee  
(he rode a horse)  
Yodelay Yodely

CHORUS: O CHUCK...WAS A COWBOY  
CHUCK WAS A COWBOY  
YES, CHUCK WAS A COWBOY

Chuck was a cowboy  
He was dusty and free  
The land twisted and gnarled him  
Like a lone pine tree  
He got into scuffles  
Just like you and me  
(But Chuck always won 'em)

CHORUS

Chuck'd no words to spare  
But he'd eyes to see  
He'd little to say  
But plenty to be  
He was my hero  
He was my cup of tea

CHORUS

CHORUS

CHORUS

[spoken] yes, Chuck, you're gone now. But you live on in my heart. These wide open spaces...remind me of your shy smile.

The day John Clancy got Chuck  
All the womyn did weep  
And I gunned down Clancy  
And set fire to his jeep  
Now the marshall is on me  
And so is my wife  
But I did it for Chuck  
Cos he lit up my life

CHORUS [wailed] Boot Hill! Boot Hill for Chuck!



Now I ain't much for poetry  
But I know how to sweat  
And I can tell a good man  
From your Joe-average yet.  
If'n I wax loquacious  
It's cos Chuck's in the ground  
And if'n I'm not sagacious  
It's cos Chuck ain't stuck around.

-Amelia Gill

Shadow

"Darkness visible"

Leaning on a lamppost  
hat tipped,  
jacket flapping in the wind,  
  
he stands tall and autonomous.  
Petty morality and convention  
loiter about his heels.

With a swift decisive turn  
his path is now the alley---  
he motions me to follow and I do.

A fugitive of desire  
I must chase him,  
must follow, never to an end

yet in the corner of his eye  
we steal a brief embrace  
and I catch him---

Our eyes conspire  
and ignite the air  
with a searing darkness

a brilliance born in the fire  
of dreams too long ignored.

Gregg Aaron Myers



The Roof  
(Somewhat of an imitation of a Raymond Carver Story)

by Nell Whitman

A roof is a good thing. It can keep out rain and snow, and the peaked ones, like the one that Martin, Michael and Jen were building, were especially good, because they were built so that any accumulation of snow - or anything else that happened to fall out of the sky for that matter - would divide neatly into two piles and slide to the ground: the roof would never collapse under too much weight.

The plan of any roof is beautiful in its simplicity. The beams, or studs of the roof lean up and in from the top of highest wall and balance on the ridgepole, which holds them like the ribs on a spine.

The house under the roof was Martin's; he had designed the roof and would build it, with help of his daughter and neighbor. Later, he would put in the plumbing and wiring, and light could come into the new attic; electricity flowing from the switchbox like blood coursing through veins. And inside this house would be his wife, who had meals ready for the workers after each day of carpentry, cleaned the recently-built rooms, and took care of the children. She did this not only after the days of woodshavings and saws, but also each weekday evening when Martin would come home from the office and Jen and the others came home from school.

It was cloudy but warm on the Saturday they built the skeleton of the roof. The two men notched the beams to attach to the ridgepole, and Jen, enjoying the spreading warmth of the sun and the steady rhythm of the saws, tossed the scrap lumber into a box for kindling. When Michael paused for a drink from the eternal pitcher of lemonade the wife made, Jen would pick up the wood and fill his place. The harmony was broken only when Martin hit his thumb - "Goddamn motherfucking shitass," and three minutes where no one dared speak to him, the entire intermission resembling a misplaced chord in symphony.

It was the rhythm that was in the back of it all, the unfailing regularity of the beers after work, Martin's daily greeting of the dog as he returned from the office, and Michael's repeated assessment, "That big dog you got there, man" delivered in his strong Ukrainian accent. Later, Michael's young wife would come with the baby to fetch "her crazy man" to dinner, always mispronouncing his name with her flat New York voice. Jen would do homework, and Martin would relax in front of the TV with a glass of whiskey.



After the sixteen beams had been notched and laid in a row, they were loosely nailed to the ridgepole, and the roof-to-be straddled the house like an oversized lid on a pot. Jen, the smallest of the three, climbed to the top of the already finished roof. She had to hold the ridgepole in place while the others nailed the studs to the wall, then the skeleton would be complete. Later, plywood and roof shingles would cover the beams, insulation and plasterboard would be put in, and it would become the wife's job to finish the fine work of sealing the plasterboard. She never trusted Martin to finish the job; he was too careless about details.

Jen lay in limbo on top of the old roof. This work was slow and tedious, lying and holding the heavy beam. There was no rhythm to make the work easier. Soon, however, the studs were nailed, lined up like dominoes overlooking the yard. Finished, Martin and Michael stood back admiring their work. "You can let go now," Martin told Jen. Rays of the early evening sun shone through the beams, lining up in rectangles on the floor, like sun coming through the windows of a church. "Nice," said Jen. "Let's get something to drink and find the baseball for the dog." Downstairs, the wife had heard the hammers stop, and had stepped into the yard, looking up at the roof. The dog, too, had ambled off the porch and stood next to the wife. Michael looked at the scene below, and grinned at Jen, shaking his head. "No thanks," he said. "Me and Martin, we going to a bar. Get something real to drink. You know?" He looked around at the work, then at the orange sun, hiding behind the remaining clouds. "Beautiful, ain't it?"



To Dr. Strong...Yes, finally I've written for the Envoy! --  
Chris

"Chris Miller...who the hell is that? Was he that malnourished, epitome of lack-of-a-real-lifeness kid who chewed my ear off at the fall Honors barbeque (Author's note: "Man, we used to settle for a pizza party and like it!)? No, that can't be it. Okay, he's one of those deadbeat alumni come to redeem himself. Bet that's it. Probably the guy who used to write movie reviews who Dr. Strong just can't shut up about." Close, but the movie reviewer was Chris "Moore", and the writer of this goes by a similar name and is from a similar era. By the way, "hi" Chris Moore and Flora Williams. I'm sure you're both on the mailing list; if not, I hope Dr. Strong graciously includes you...lest my greetings drift aimlessly.

Wow! I hadn't thought of this before, but being an efficiency-oriented opportunist, I've realized that this "Envoy" concept allows an alumnus to simultaneously greet some old cronies and oblige Dr. Strong (I've visited him several times, and sure as the 20-degree temperature drop between 8 a.m. and noon brought on by the Alfred winter wind, he reminds me of my obligations as an Envoy recipient.

Okay, enough small talk. I'll introduce myself to those to whom I'm unknown and update anyone who will admit to having known me. After my departure from Alfred one year ago, ceramic engineering degree in hand, the pursuit of excellence ("Alright Chris, it's getting thick!") brought me to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (RPI) in Troy, NY. Having finally escaped the label of "toilet engineer", I thought my days of expounding on my scholastic program had passed. Much to my chagrin, the mention of my major -- now the more well-defined "materials engineering" -- frequently elicits a pensive "Aaah, that is a good field," and occasionally, "Oh, you mean polyester - cotton blends and rayon and stuff, right?" Sometimes I want to just smile and say that my next career move will be to apply for the ph. D. program at F.I.T. in New York. Other times I'm reminded of Charlie Brown lying in the dirt and think to myself, "Good grief!"

So, that's where I am...very focused you might say. Well, guess again. I'm faced with the riddle of the Sphinx; does working as an engineer--being an inventor, a creator of something better, stronger or faster and subsequently, a creator of jobs and profit--satisfy my requirement of "doing something to improve society" (sorry for using an over-used expression)? Or, should a young person who has never experienced much hardship do something benevolent like join the Peace Corps or teach science in Harlem? If anyone has the answer, tell me. I must be a hippie. I'm searching for the meaning of life.

On the lighter side, how are the parties in the new Honors House? Anyone for skiing in the wild west? See you in a snow drift in Jackson Hole, WY in early March.



Hark, ye who hath read thus far!  
Thine humble staff of Editors,  
(Cleft Melissa von Hirshon,  
Mistress Nell of Whitman fame,  
Harlot Amelia Carlotta Maria Christina  
Venezuela Anna y Bringo de la Bill,  
and Gregg)  
did herein submit for thine listening  
pleasure these peerish scribblings;  
If these endeavors to your lips  
brought a smilish twist, or yea, merely  
a short respite from life's bitter toilet  
then, lordlings, please gift us soon  
with graceful fruits of noble quill,  
that once more, Xeroxed-a-plenty,  
shall fly forth and illuminate your pious murk.

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