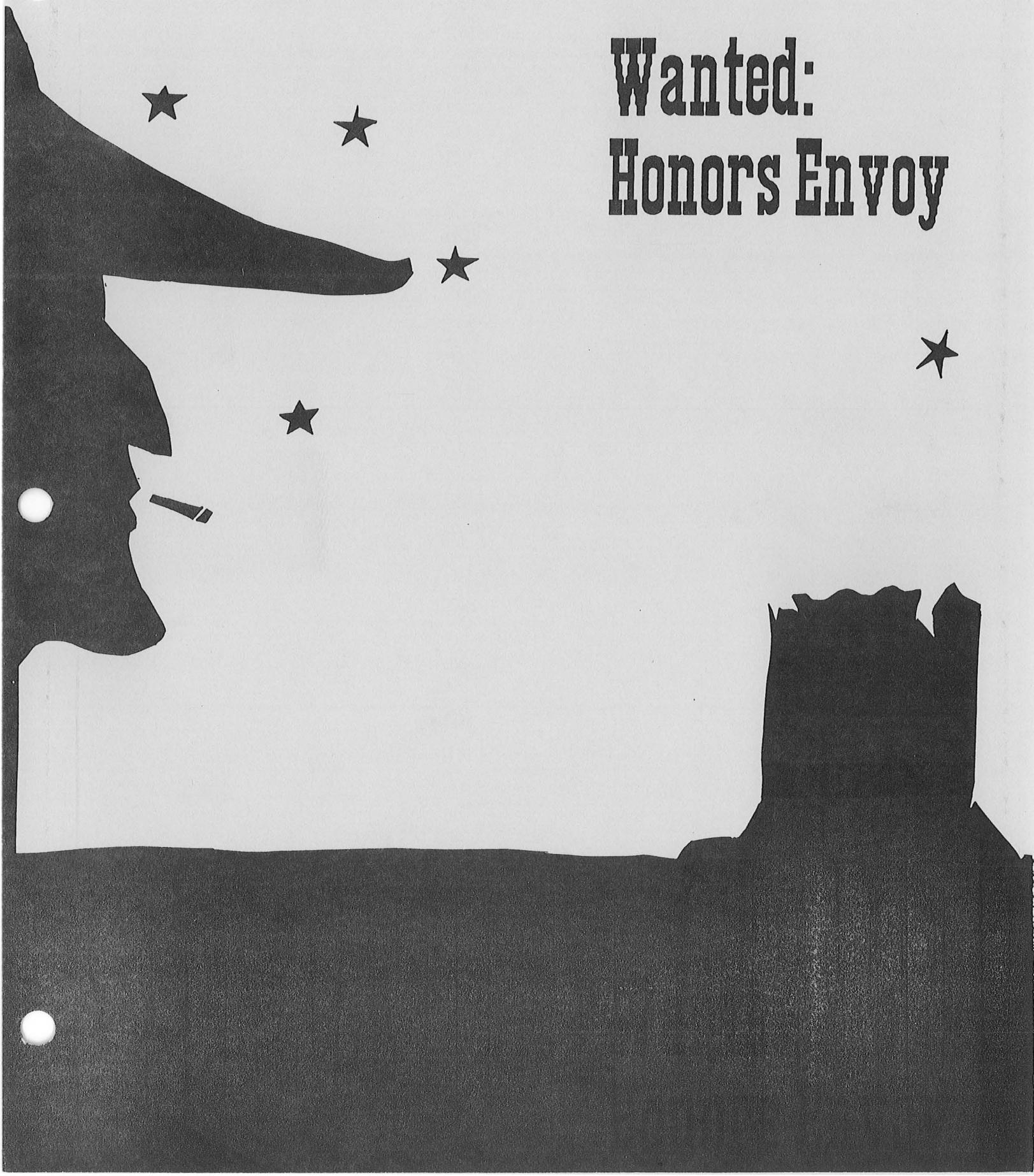


Wanted: Honors Envoy



"Five-Hunnert Was A Year's Wages,
But A Dead Man Couldn't Spend A Dime"

by Bob Barker

In a cloud of plains dust as brown as my hat, as thick as my skull, and as dry as the cattle that was keeling over bone-shrunk alongside the trail, Crunch von Budweiser rode into town and stole my horse, my Winchester, and my saddle.

Now, I ain't complaining. I've had it made, in my time, and I been busted before and since. I run a general store during the silver strike in Carson City, and I found some color once prospecting out in Sierra. Other times I ain't had more than the shirt on my back and it was my own damn fault. But stealing a man's livelihood outside of a poker game is bad manners in my country, and shows a lack of learning that wants improved.

Wasn't long before I heard who done it, too. Any stranger, particularly one who steals a known horse with kit, is bound to be noticed, if not molested. About five minutes after I'd walked out of the Last Chance and scratched my head I heard who done it from Slem Reilly, who seen it and come telling me.

"His horse was just standing there dead, like one of them statues from the War Between the States, only real sweaty and shaky, Barker! And he gits off, shoots it, and takes your'n! I seen it!"

"Thanks, Reilly," I says, my face hard. "I reckon we got to find this here stranger and teach him good form."

"Yeah! And then Weber comes out of the general store, and drags off this dead horse to use for dog meat and cat glue and maybe Sunday supper, I dunno, and the feller just rides off, but not before I yells, 'HEY STRANGER, THAT THERE'S BOB BARKER'S HORSE AND KIT!'"

"What'd he do then, Slem?"

"He shot me. Looky thar, inna leg!"

I noticed then that Reilly was bleeding through his buckskins. "Don't hold up no banks, Reilly, you're leaving a driptrack that Amelia Gill could follow, after she'd lost her glasses, sprained both ankles, and had a bat stuffed up her nose in an obscure native ceremony **[Not for the first time - Auth.]** Tell Weber I'll be stopping by for some supplies, later." Looked like it was time for another one-man vendetta.

Two serviceable six-guns was still hanging low from my bony hips, with three ammo belts criss-cross the sunburnt chest. On a borrowed horse, I followed von Budweiser on the southwest trail out of town, and at the place where he'd cut out across country. I followed him thar, too.

You see, I know him already. I'd already heard his name once or twice in the Last Chance, and I seen his type all over, usually on the run or strung up for some fool crime. Von Budweiser'd shot a man up in Painted Rock, then kissed his wife and set fire to the hired help. His kind were just bound to do some damage sooner or later, but I figured he couldn't go much lower than horse-thievery. A man who stole my mount ain't going to live to feel the noose around his neck, unless of course I was already dead.

He'd camped on the lee side of a butte, but he'd built a poor fire and I seen the smoke from far off. It was near dusk, and the wind had died during the long afternoon. I climbed up above his camp, hid in some rocks that had a nice spring amongst them, and rolled myself a smoke. The view from up there wasn't half bad even after it got dark, but finally I got tired of waiting.

He'd bedded down, and I shot the tip from his boot through his blankets. (Damn, he was stupid.) "Crunch von Budweiser! You stole a man's horse today!" Blam! I shot a hole in his hat. "That act calls for noble restitution!" Pling! I ricocheted one off his frying pan and skimmed one part of his nose.

Then a funny thing happened. I had him covered for sure down the slope, but when he called out, some trick of the echo made his voice sound like it come from closer. He says, "Consider a being of pure light and love (Whom you can name Padmasambhava, the Lotus-evolved One, if you would like)!"

I put one into the ground near his parts. "What's that you say, horse thief?"

"He is sitting in the midst of a lake on a lotus flower in front of you."

"That so." And I winged his belt buckle.

"Close your right nostril, breathe three deep breaths out of your left nostril. Visualize the air being ejected as a blue-gray and consider it to be all of your mental obstacles and anger."

"Gunmetal blue, stranger," I said companionably, stopping to reload.

"Now visualize a blue beam of light coming from the heart of Padmasambhava to your heart. This beam purifies you of wrongs done in ignorance, wrong thoughts (thoughts which maintain the illusion). The sound associated with this beam is **HUM**

"**HUM**," I said, real friendly-like. "Throw your hat up in the air."

The whole valley started to be filled with his hollering: **OM AH HUMMM! OM AH HUM!** Om Ah Hum Vajra Gum Padma Siddhi **HUM!** I was disgusted.

"Now look here, Pinko, you make me want to spit out my chaw. That ain't no way for a man to talk. What's eating your liver? Whyncha reach for them guns and defend your butt-whipped carcass?" I'd done reloading.

"The forceful activating impulse of wrong desire is the greatest enemy to the happiness of man. Roam in the world as a lion of self control; don't let the frogs of sense weakness kick you around." And he starts levitating. As if I ain't never shot skeet, nor songbirds neither.

"Nice try, homo, but I was raised in Tennessee," I called, and blasted him out of the sky. Before he was done falling I climbed out of the rocks and started down to get my horse. **WHUMPH!** Dad-blamed pussy-whipped sons of bitches always think they can talk a man out of taking proper care of a horse thief. It sure beats me.

Variation on Shelley
The Spirit of Solitude

*In lone and silent hours,
when night makes a weird sound
of its own stillness,*

I listen, rapt in the fog-woven shroud
of its mysterious song—
I strain to trace its melody but cannot,

mocked by trumpets
that battle for attention,
stifling the woodwinds and

defying orchestration.
A chord (sacred harmony!)
teases in its transience and escapes,

yielding only a deep dissonance
stronger, stranger,
the pronounced bass of that

bewitchèd, murderous stillness
that some (naively) call silence.

Gregg Aaron Myers

Stuff

Frosted fluorescent outlines everything
in the room. Double bed. Desk. Computer.
The best distractions that money can buy
climb the walls and shelves and closets and
Carla says, "Gregg, you have so much neat stuff!"
Stuff! State-of-the-art stereo! Compact discs!
Books of poetry! philosophy! art!——
each in its place, dust around their edges,
their blank bindings glare at me.
I sit bitching, bootless, nothing worth doing to do.

Gregg Aaron Myers

What do you do after graduating from Alfred with a liberal arts degree? I was faced with this question in May 1990. I reviewed my two obvious choices, grad school or a career. I plan on someday earning my Ph.D. so I can teach English at the university level. But, fresh out of Alfred, more schooling did not appeal, and without more schooling I was not qualified for my career choice, so I took a job as a waitress on Bourbon Street in New Orleans. Instead of exams and papers I faced cheap tourists, loud drunks and crying babies. But wait, there really is a happy ending; by December I had saved enough money for a trip to Europe. Through the Council on International Educational Exchange, (CIEE), I was able to get a work permit for Britain. I found work in London (as a waitress...) and stayed for four months. Living there gave me more insight than just visiting could have. My job was difficult, but I found time to enjoy the glamour and culture London has to offer. After my permit expired, I "Eurailed" around for three months. The experience was amazing. I learned first-hand about art, geography and politics. I faced new challenges (deciphering the Thomas Cooke Rail timetable, finding a youth hostel at midnight, finding potable water) and gained new insights into myself as a result. I learned as much in my seven months abroad as I did in any seven months I spent in school. And you can guess which experience was more fun, stimulating, interesting and exciting!

The CIEE offers work permits for Britain, France, Ireland, Germany, New Zealand, Jamaica, Costa Rica and Canada. You must show language proficiency for the country of your choice. Other restrictions vary. For more info, contact the CIEE at:

205 East 42nd. Street
New York, NY 10017
(212) 661-1450

Upon arrival in the country, CIEE offers an orientation. You are responsible for finding your own job and housing, although the council is available for advice and suggestions. My final advice - make the decision to travel NOW while you can. Don't wait until you have a house mortgage, a car note, a family, a spouse, and a career. Travel now while you're eligible for youth fares and discounts. Travel now while your standards and expectations are lower. In Florence it did not matter that I only ate bread and cheese because I had David and the Uffizi, and The Duomo. On Santorini (Greece) it did not matter that I slept in a 30 bed dorm because I had black sand beaches, fiery sunrises, and 15 cent Amstel Lights....

BON VOYAGE!!!

Flora Williams

From the home office in Paris, France

The Top Ten Phrases heard on the way to Les Miserables.....

by Jeff Peterson

- #10 Boy, these Honors trips are a real Hoot.
- #9 It's only been an hour, and already I'm hungry.
- #8 Next time, I drive!
- #7 It doesn't look like a serious injury, but it would be best to panic.
- #6 Alfred trips in general are sooooooooooooo exciting!
- #5 Welcome to the Imperial Chinese Restaurant. We hope you enjoyed your meal.
- #4 Brakes would be prudent.
- #3 Why does he climb that fence when he could just walk around it?
- #2 Maybe riding with Dr. Strong in the station wagon wasn't such a bad idea after all.

and the NUMBER ONE phrase overheard on the way to "Les Mis".....

That Dr. Strong really knows how to party!

A Review of

The Stranger, by Albert Camus

The Stranger by Albert Camus is a very interesting book. I liked it because it was interesting to read it. But I thought that the book by Albert Camus, was very good.

The story takes place in a desert, but it was written in English anyway. There was just only one person who was a major character in the book, by Albert Camus. They are Meursault and his girlfriend Marie. Both of these characters are pretty strange, which is probably where Camus got The Title. Meursault and Marie are members of the opposite sexes, but sometimes they kind of make love, together. Sometimes they don't. Sometimes they make love alone. They go swimming lots of times, too (it's a dessert but there's water around anyway.) Sometimes. Like I said, they're pretty strange, by Albert Camus.

Then he was arrested by some police (him, not Camus). Before that, his mother died, but he didn't cry so she was old anyway because it didn't matter. Emotionally, Meursault was unfortunate because he didn't have any. The man upstairs was okay though because he like his dog. Meursault couldn't of cared less about the dog because he didn't have any either, like I said.

After Meursault was arrested, I liked the court scene because it was interesting to understand and I read it. During his trial, Meursault lost his case and so he was sentenced by the judge to be executed to death by a gillotine.

The third reason I like The Stranger by Albert Camus is a very interesting book. I like it because it was interesting to read it. But I thought that the book was very good, by Albert Camus.

Scenes from the Froggy Diner

Wellsville, N.Y.

Michaela Cavallaro

I guess all those movies are true. You know the ones I mean, with a waitress in a cheesy diner, divorced with a kid. Some guy pulls up in an El Dorado, walks in and sits at the counter like he owns the place. They exchange life stories. She's from the area, but has family in Ohio, exotic place that it is. He says he went to Yale, was a writer in L.A., got married and divorced twice - leaving a legacy of a few unappreciative children.

They banter, compliment each other in that awkward, first meeting kind of way. He plays some songs on the jukebox. Here, he slips from the stereotype and, instead of some romantic tune from their faded youth, he chooses "Don't Worry, Be Happy" to fill the space not taken up by banter between truckers or conversation among local college kids.

He orders, wants something "not too heavy." She suggests a grilled cheese and bacon, but that must be too heavy for his L.A. health-conscious self. His sweatpants and hightops try to prove his yuppie identity, but the cigarette dangling from his lonely lips gives the lie away. She wonders if he's lying about anything else, or maybe just stretching the truth a little. She doubts that he really is a writer ... but who is she to question a lonely guy just looking for someone to talk to?

The night wears on. Refills of coffee in unmatching cups, an ashtray groaning under the weight of his nerves, one-hit wonders on the jukebox ... Their talk turns to hopes, aspirations. She says she's stuck in this town. She's not complaining, mind you (wouldn't want him to think she's bitching); she's comfortable here, the kid is settled in a decent school, she has friends. But, just the same, she feels stuck. He hears his cue, remembers his lines, tells her she can get "unstuck." Unspoken meanings and invitations hover around his sentences as they waft through the smokey air.

It's hard to tell what he's up to; is he just lonely, a disenchanting soul whiling away a few hours in a strange town with a friendly waitress? Or is he some kind of sleazy traveling salesman, looking for some action on a bleak November night after leaving his wedding band on the formica sink top at the local motel? Or maybe all this conjecture is just too cynical, and she is the kindred spirit he's had the good fortune to find after several lifetimes of close calls and near misses.

That last scenario is just too hard to believe; it would be too hokey if it proved true. What would happen? Would he put on an apron and start waiting tables while she flipped burgers? If so, would they eventually have a kid, become discontented, and slowly drift apart like characters in a Raymond Carver story? Or, would they go back to L.A. (or wherever he's really from) and set up a life together until she gets stuck in another small town and he gets restless?

Any way you look at it, it turns into a scene from a slick Hollywood movie, condescending to both of them. It's just too hard to grasp the fact that this is real life, that people actually say these things and think this way. It seems to be life imitating art imitating life, like some surreal, Warhol-designed Campbell's soup can sitting on the shelf at the local supermarket. But, that kind of analysis seems far too pretentious; it's just as bad as the slick movie version of the night's events.

So, driving off into the night, snowflakes winding through the headlights, you send a wish up to whoever's in charge of such things, a wish that, just once, the movies can be right. Just this time, let his motives be sincere, let her hopes be fulfilled. Let happily ever after happen.

Taboo
Risky business
Fears that won't go away because
"We Don't talk about it, We won't
talk about it
In this house mister." Mom Dad We
Have to.
Shocked Scared.
"Now Don't upset your mother."
"Condoms?! Word Not found.
In OUR school?! Never Never!
Not my kids Not your kids."
Perilous epidemic
Susan: "not me not me not me or my friends"
"I can't get it I don't use drugs my boyfriend my girlfriend is
not gay It's a fag disease not me, mom dad"
its love love love oral anal vaginal puncture tear rip
semen. Word erased. saliva love blood
not me mom
Drip.
The screams. East west north south of our babies:
yellow white black red rich poor urban rural.
What how why who why why why?
Not my kids.
Susan: "yes me yes me yes me and my friends"
"What you and I don't know can't, no . can, no. will kill us."
"Shush. Not in my house mister. Do you hear me? Do you
understand? I don't want to hear another word. I won't stand for
this."
And all the while it's
Spreading.
Silently, deadly...
Spreading.

Sheila Brewer

Lions and Tigers and Bears, Oh My!

by Richard Ott

The scourge of ill-named athletic teams continues to assault our consciousness. It is not a completely new phenomenon - the Stanford University Indians became the Cardinals a few years ago. But a new level of sensitivity reached a crescendo at the World Series when the chop of the Atlanta Braves received cheers and jeers. The caricatures of Native Americans were viewed as offensive.

It is clear that we need to examine these nicknames and purge those that are offensive. Names like the Buffalo Bills celebrate the slaughter of the buffalo in the west. The New England Patriots symbolize a racially exclusive group of white settlers. Their arrival led to the destruction of the natural state of America. No wonder the New York State Regents have considered making the observance of Thanksgiving a day of mourning!

Stepping further back in history for nicknames hasn't helped at all. The Vikings of Minnesota and the Saxon of Alfred University are symbols which reach back over 1000 years. They again represent the ancestors of the same marauding settlers. The Vikings used to conquer the Saxons regularly in 900 A.D. and would continue that slaughter today were they to meet on the football field, perhaps.

It is not just professional football teams that are insensitive. There is satan worship being glorified in New Jersey every time the Devils play hockey. Even our most prestigious colleges are guilty. The Sun Devils worship in Arizona and the Blue Devils in North Carolina. Is there any doubt that the New Orleans Saints and Los Angeles Angels are but the devil's parody? No wonder our society rots from within.

Violence and lawlessness are glorified every day in these nicknames. The LA Raiders, East Carolina Pirates and the Tampa Bay Buccaneers all make heroes of the bandits who stole and killed throughout our history. Do any of us have an ancestor not touched by wanton savagery? But it is not just the celebration of past violence that is troubling. You would think that the District of Columbia would be sensitive to the sounds of gunfire on its streets. But no, they name their basketball team the Bullets.

We have sexist nicknames as well. The Scarlet Knights of Rutgers are a good example. Can you picture how the women basketball players at Rutgers must feel knowing the fans call them Scarlet women? Some of the nicknames like Minutemen and Sooners are, of course, just an embarrassment to the males.

We need to appreciate the wisdom of a school like Virginia Tech which picked an inoffensive, albeit dumb, bird to symbolize its University. There shouldn't be a snicker when the fighting Gobblers take the field. We need to celebrate the courage of Maryland in selecting a turtle as a mascot.

I appreciate that not every team can be named after a bird, a reptile or even an insect. We need a more creative approach. How about something non-sexist like the fighting Amoebas of Illinois or the New England Hydra. Names shouldn't be limited to the animal kingdom. The Toronto Maple Leafs are a good start in this direction. Flowers offer a wide range of opportunities. Certainly we need to be politically correct here as well. Spousal abuse can't be encouraged by using the Black-Eyed Susans. Rutgers could be the Red Carnations and the Los Angeles Raiders the LA Roses. Not only would they have added beauty to their image but a team odor as well.

We need to make it clear to university and franchise presidents that we expect change. Write these laggards today with your suggestions and demand action.

We had to do at least one crazy thing with our new found freedom at Alfred University. After living on our own for two whole weeks, we could conquer anything. Our parents weren't there to nag, "Do you ever think before you act; do you ever consider the consequences?" At eighteen years of age we are in control of our lives, and we set out to prove it.

Wearily we looked out of Geraldine's windows as we passed the strangers congregated on dilapidated porches. They knew we did not belong here. Chase and I were beginning to have second thoughts. We circled the block several times before we decided it would be safe to leave Geraldine on Lyle Avenue. Luckily there was one open spot in front of "The Golden Needle".

Chase and I left the safety of Geraldine and headed for the door surrounded by Harley bikes and Hell's Angels. I will never forget the last sentence I heard before entering the dimly lit room. "Don't worry girls; it will be fun." I hardly had time to stare at the posters of naked people covered with tattoos, when the Harley man persuaded me to sit on the stool with my bare right ankle on the table. Within moments a rose was stamped on my skin in light blue ink. For a split second I lost my mind, and asked him what the hell he was doing. I felt the bile rise in my stomach as I heard the low buzz of the needle and watched it spin wildly. Suddenly I did not feel in control when I saw the thin red streams trickle down my foot. Every biker was staring at me; betting on whether I would puke or pass out. They were probably surprised when I laughed out loud through the entire painful procedure. Nothing else could express how I felt.

Twenty minutes later I stood in the corner with a tissue stuck on my ankle by masking tape. I tried not to look across the room at Chase, as she winced every time the needle dragged across her back. Strutting through the door came seven or eight fraternity brothers. I knew exactly why they were there. As the first one sat on the stool, I watched his face turn ghostly pale. I had to laugh out loud again.

We did not stay in the parlor long enough to see all the brothers get tattoos, but I can tell you how it resulted. Like Chase and I, they got a little carried away with the "freedom" thing. Soon after each one sat on the stool, he realized he was not in control as the Harley man embroidered on his leg. Everyone has this feeling at one time or another. It is called growing up.

On certain days, Chase and I love our tattoos. We show them to everyone and anyone we meet, graphically retelling the event. There are other times when we ask ourselves over and over, "Why did we do this?" and we check to see if the tattoos are still there. Every day has this in common: we must learn to live with a choice we made at an early age. It is the beginning of many decisions that are made as we venture into adulthood.

by Leigh Ann Vossler

Hark, ye who hath read thus far!

Thine humble staff of Editors

(Cleft Clint von Eastwood,

Mistress Nell of Whitman fame,

Harlot Amelia Marina Tawanna

el Gato y Venezuela del Bill,

and Gregg)

did herein submit for thy 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.

Send your papal bulls, poetry, prose, art recipes, anecdotes, edicts,
heresy, bathroom humor, and other works of grandeur to:

The Honors Envoy - 8 Park Street - Alfred, NY 14802