

intrinsia

*This magazine was edited, produced, and contributed
to by the Students, Faculty and Alumni of Western
New England College.*

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intrinsicia



Spring, 1970

*he arrived with the dawn
and said*

I seek. . .

for within me

is the power to realize. . .

Ilene Schecter

Analysis

**As Flowerpot Fantasies
As Orbs of bubbled light
Mental Gaskets cannot hold it
As the Multifaceted Tide**

**Bursts through the curtains of Sanity
As thought and sound
Become color with feeling
All not to be repressed**

**The Mind is a creative individual
The body a slave.
As all the feeling ever felt
Takes refuge
Wherever an open mind exists**

Frederick Bayless

From a Mountain Top

Night

and lights burst from the smoky underworld
too beautiful to be flames of hell.

I see mushrooms

phosphorescent
scattered with demonic intent
upon an unused forest floor.

Flash

red upon red
I see "Drink Cocoa-Cola"
"Open All Night"
"Ladies Invited"

I see all this and I remember
a night among the forest lights
—red upon red flash

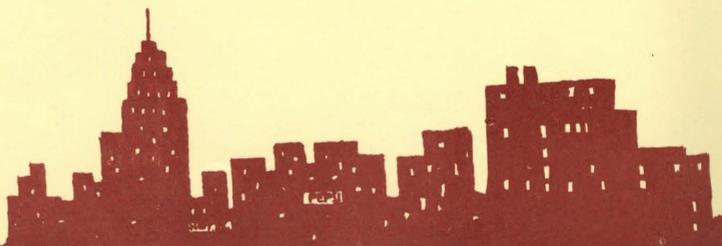
I remember faces trying not to see each other
trying not to see loneliness's mirror

I see many flashes

—red upon red
—white upon white
—green, red, yellow, blue

And I see small loney clues
hiding under phosphorescent mushrooms
waiting for the dawn.

Derek B. Clives



October Moratorium

In spite
planted, lied to sleep by early frost
ostrusive seeds sallied out to meet false Spring
to witness sanquine leaves clinging,
a cabal, spurning change of season without change,
resilient, gaining brief respite
with gossamer weapons, dreams of eternal summer
from October's callous night

moratory fleeting victory remained
till autumn's watchman entered
chilling heresy by varying degrees
then in silence leaving, unwilling to explain

turgid days subdued chilled to death
turned pallid, thin
quiet shivering
till northern winds danced
the colors to the street
licked now to aimless drifting
and crystalized to sleep a restless silent eve
of impotence and anxious dreams
till altered is the season and the fashion brings
by revolutions.
rebellion back in Spring

Brian Braskie



On Old Age

The bent old man trudged down the darkened corridor. His work done for another day, Pop had nothing to look forward to but a cold lonely supper. Pop; that's what most of the office folks called him. He had been janitor as long as most of them could remember. Although advancing in years, he was first to arrive and usually last to leave the towering mid-town office building.

Lately, however, Pop was fearful. He noticed that he was slowing down considerably, and the new efficiency expert who was trying to cut corners wherever he could would surely detect this defect eventually. Just how long could he keep up this masquerade? Ironically, his gold-plated company watch seemed to be mocking him!

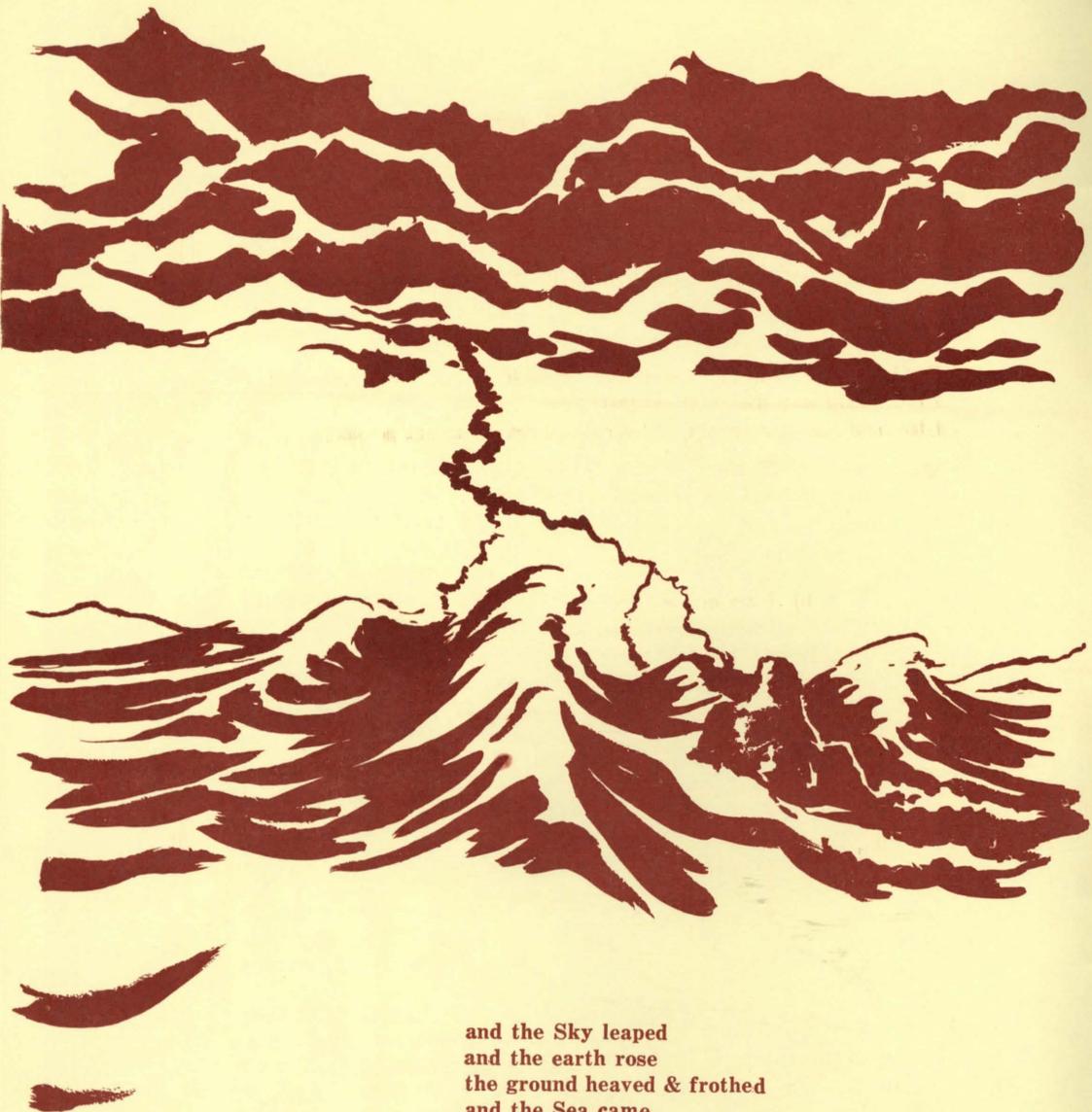
One question plagued Pop unceasingly. If he were fired, what would he do? Most of his friends were either dead or confined to nursing homes. His sons and daughter had moved away and apparently had no use for a shattered, half-lame old man. What would he do? Even the perennial inevitabilities, death and taxes, had been reduced to one because of his meager earnings.

Life, for Pop, had become a series of memories. Memories of happier times when he was young and had friends and more important a loving wife. His wife had died six years before, and he struggled without success to blot out this memory. She had praised his successes, and she had a way of making even the most frustrating disappointments seem insignificant. Her death left Pop with an empty feeling.

Since his wife's death Pop's health declined steadily. In his attempts to forget her, he worked ten and twelve hours a day. The consequences were not long in coming. His back and legs ached so that it was nearly impossible for him to get out of bed each day.

Climbing the now insurmountable stairs to his room, Pop felt his legs refuse this last journey. Tumbling unmercifully, he lay at the foot of the staircase in a twisted wreckage that had once been a man.

The people at the office hearing of the incident were not surprised. Pop had worked harder and longer than most of them ever would and they knew it. On the death certificate, however, the cause of his demise was rather stark and explicit; Accidental Death due to old age.



and the Sky leaped
and the earth rose
the ground heaved & frothed
and the Sea came
The Sky reigned a new death
and Noah drowned too

Randy Fisher

Hope in Winter

With a forgotten scarf fastened by
An icy knot and, now, arbitrary eyes
of shifted coal, an abandoned snowman
stoo half buried in a white hillside
stretching the limbs of his traced out
image against the morning sky.
His shadow went sprawling on the
snow behind him attempting to hide
from the sun, each day with shorter
success. Above my window I saw
the icicles slowly melting; soon to
shift and fall with sliding snow
that loosens from the eaves. And,
since all this seemed temporary,
I placed my hope in change and made
the best of winter mornings.

Brian Braskie

*There's a fly that'S buzzing loudly, he's buzzing in the dark,
And he knows that it annoys me, but he does it for a lark.
He waits till I'm a-sleeping, then he buzzes in my ear,
And I grab out in the darkness at that sound I hate to bear.
Then a-quiet falls the nighttime and back to sleep I go,
Till a tickle beats my eardrum and once again I know:
That that bastard still is flying in his scornful zig-zag way,
And I curse the air around him, and I swear that he will pay.*

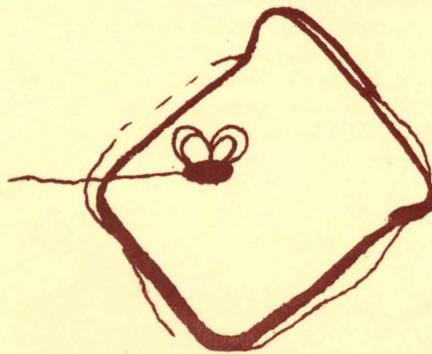
*Then I stretch my arm to bedside; the lamp is lit once more,
And I throw off all my covers as I see him by the door.
Then I jump up from my mattress: all furious with rage.
And I roll up Sunday's paper (Obituary page).*

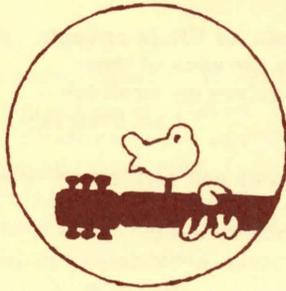
*I creep in Injun fashion to the one I'm out to kill,
But then before I get there he's a-flying to the sill.
I chase him to the window where I swing with all my might,
But what I hit is nothing for the fly he is flight.
I track him to the mantel where he seems a "sitting duck"
And I bring down Sunday's paper: But I can't believe his luck.
For all this while sitting, he now decides to move.
And now I think, in manly terms, "There's something here to prove."*

*Then I chase him to the corner; then I track him to the pail.
Then I stop and think a second where next he'll rest his sail.
"I think I know," I said aloud, as there came to me a bunch,
"Where next he stops, I'm sure I know, is on tomorrow's lunch."*

*So there I waited, my arm was poised, in case he dare would try.
And then he came. And then I swung . . . my ham and fly on rye!*

Bill Palmer





I am music, bending, floating into place.
Eyes closed, muscles moving to the beat.
Sounds unraveling like many skinned onions.
Crescendos reached like long awaited climax,
Only to fly again to another vision.
The whole world contained in your mind,
Traveling on the high pitched squeal of a sax.
Feelings felt from the sorrow filled blues singer.
Radiance glowing around the impact of a diving beat.
The eminence of a supreme being in a single movement.
Rock for the ages, Jazz for the soul.
The setting is awaiting you,
For the turn of the disk unlocks treasures,
Unlocked by awareness of insight within.
Drift with me now as you climb into your mind.

Bob Wheeler

The Field

Strange accounts, of life in amounts, of disregarding cruelty
Seen in the eyes of those
who paralyze my emotions —
I am irrelevant.

The will to search and create from within me
lies dormant —
as I try once again
desparately, seemingly —
to begin.

I once had a dream when I was young and foolish
and thought more of myself then.
Time once was when I felt free
The innocence stings as I recall.

How I want to be born again.
I love Nature, all her beauties cradle me
as if to say, you are mine and mine alone.
Unquestioning, deep from within
a hand, black and ominous
beckons to me and I must take
my leave of you.

I call upon you and you grow silent
I lie still, keeping warm your bed.
Wilt thou fail to come lie with me?
Who doth make this so?

Ilene Schecter

Tears of Truth

I close my eyes.

Dream 1

I see you –

*Standing in a meadow
your shadow forming a likeness of you
in the tall green grasses.
Gently caressed by the soft breezes
that rustle your mind
and clear your thoughts
Until they are devoid of all but
Serenity and Peace
We are One;
Equal with Nature –
and each other.*

Awareness 11

I see you –

*in a fog
The swirling and encompassing mist
enveloping you in a vacuum of
Silence.
Protecting you from Truth and Ugliness;
But you grope
And you probe,
Trying to break this pragmatic seal
of
Isolation and Ignorance
Before it seeps into your mind
And chokes your soul,
Locking you away from all feelings,
all caring.
Until you are no longer One;
We are no longer Equal.
I open my eyes.*

Reality 111

I see you –

*By yourself in a place
Unknown, yet
Familiar to me
Yet you are surrounded by thousands of
Feelings
I have never experienced,
Never really known.*

*A rainbow is around you,
but it is not as beautiful as it looks
for only a chosen few colors
have a pot of gold at their end.*

*My mind is reeking
with the smell of burnt flesh,
Yet your mind is innocent.
My body pains
with wounds that will not heal,
Yet yours is whole and virgin.
My ears hear ceaseless sounds
of Pain and Torture from sources
I know not of,
Yet you are deaf.
My eyes sting
from decades of
Tears
that have welled from within,
and burned so fiercely,
with such
Feelings;
Yet yours are dry.
I see you —
But do you see me?*

Kim MacLeod

Drifting, turning, the flight begins.
Falling, jostling for position.
Thrown by movements unseen.
Light is cast to the white particles
Out of the nebulous, gray cloud they fall
They strain to reach their spot,
Fighting the air that tries to keep them up,
The ground, barren and cold, draws nearer.
Wind picks them up en masse,
And touches their crystalline structure with icy blast;
Earth grows ever larger, no longer brown.
The flight almost complete now.
A final swirl, a twist, a turn,
Other brothers, all different, all unique,
Are now joined with ones younger.
The blanket envelopes all from its grey decent,
As placidity draws the land.

Bob Wheeler



Love . . . confession

I never was afraid of it
And I've made the most of it
from time to time

As A word
To test the limitations of your feeling
And to veil the void of my own.
I couldn't trust it — since
I've hated too '

And that has passed.
Yet, as a device it served to
Excuse the emptiest
deed between us

Delaying the inevitable collapse
That we hastened by our struggle.
Lately, with passage of time-spent-feeling.

I've come to look at love
As being something
more than masturbation.

It has become the only thing
That I can truly seek
without guilt

Or reasoning, to give or gain.
Now, love is love is love again,
for that is all it
really ever was.

Brian Braskie

As I lay upon my bed
Ceaseless in my teeming head
Come the memories of the day
As they pass and go their way.
Some are welcome some are not
But none of them can be forgot,
As they scratch and scourge my brain
Never ending seems the pain.
Remembering things that will not die
Hopelessly I toss and lie
To myself when no one's near
Fearful that someone may hear.

Dave Vasilchik

I

Halved,
Scooped out.
A fragmentation of the whole
Emptiness is
a shell
that has lost its fruit;
a carcass
that has lost its soul

II

Existing,
without living
The very essential fluid
of life
ebbs out –
a vacuum?
a vacuum doesn't ache
for the contents it lacks

Kim MacLeod

Inside of him there is something to fear-and yet within and during the game, he continues to do only and all that matters to only him.

There are stars within the sea, and all we see is part of me. To follow will never be but follow you will when time is come, and time is always at the door.

Remember days gone by in rain and in heart when the thought to die was neither here nor over the hill and we were there on the spot in full color and 10,000 watts.

Come with me. I am bound for the hills to catch the wind in a net; it is my life's ambition and my lifework. Who will follow me without my voice? Actions have spoken for me before, and often spoken well because people see what they want and see what they view.

All loves are right and none never quite the same. They land and fly like so many flocks of hearts in the center of the eye. The hurricane eye in Miami and Pittsburg, Pa. . Thinking is the best way to travel. Non-stop, here we are and there we'll be. **The sky is mine-as is the place in the heart for those who have come and gone.** I've seen that before. Bring in the Scout. --- Father. I have pushed her in for not putting out, (excuse the crudeness of my language, it shocks me too); pushed her off that White Rock into 12 fluid ounces of pure and sparkling, extra pale dry. God knows it's best to follow love. It's not so hard.

Hector LaTorre



*Plastic, plastic, plastic, that's all I hear you say
Well let me tell you something, it's a plastic plastic day.
With plastic, plastic houses, and plastic plastic games,
And plastic plastic guys, and plastic plastic dames,
And plastic plastic hippies, with their plastic plastic talk,
And the plastic plastic dove and the plastic plastic hawk.*

*But when you get sick of this plastic plastic scene:
Glimpse inside your mirror at some polyethylene.*

Bill Palmer

**Take life my breath
Give me Death
And stand a while
By my side
Where the mortal died
And my soul was swept
To halls unkept
And places dark
Where none may see
The way I flee
In my grief as cold as ice . . .**

Frederick Bayless

Remnants of Retrospect

Life
grows silent
blurred
distorted
Flickering between
Reality and Unreality
-As a candle flickers
from a single breeze

The once-beautiful memories
crack
and age -
as does the mind
that holds them

A withered
shaking hand
Reaches out;
only to find
apathetic and alien
Faces
glaring back
so it shrinks
In fear

The pounding pulse
of
Time
throbs louder
with each day
A systematic schedule
of Countdown
For Departure

The breeze grows stronger
and instantly -
the candlelight
is
Out.

Kim MacLeod



Early afternoon,
 sunlit trees
To be free -
 from my window.

From my window
I can see a tree.

From my heart
I can feel a tree.

 Unable to touch
with my mind -

I wonder,
 is it real?

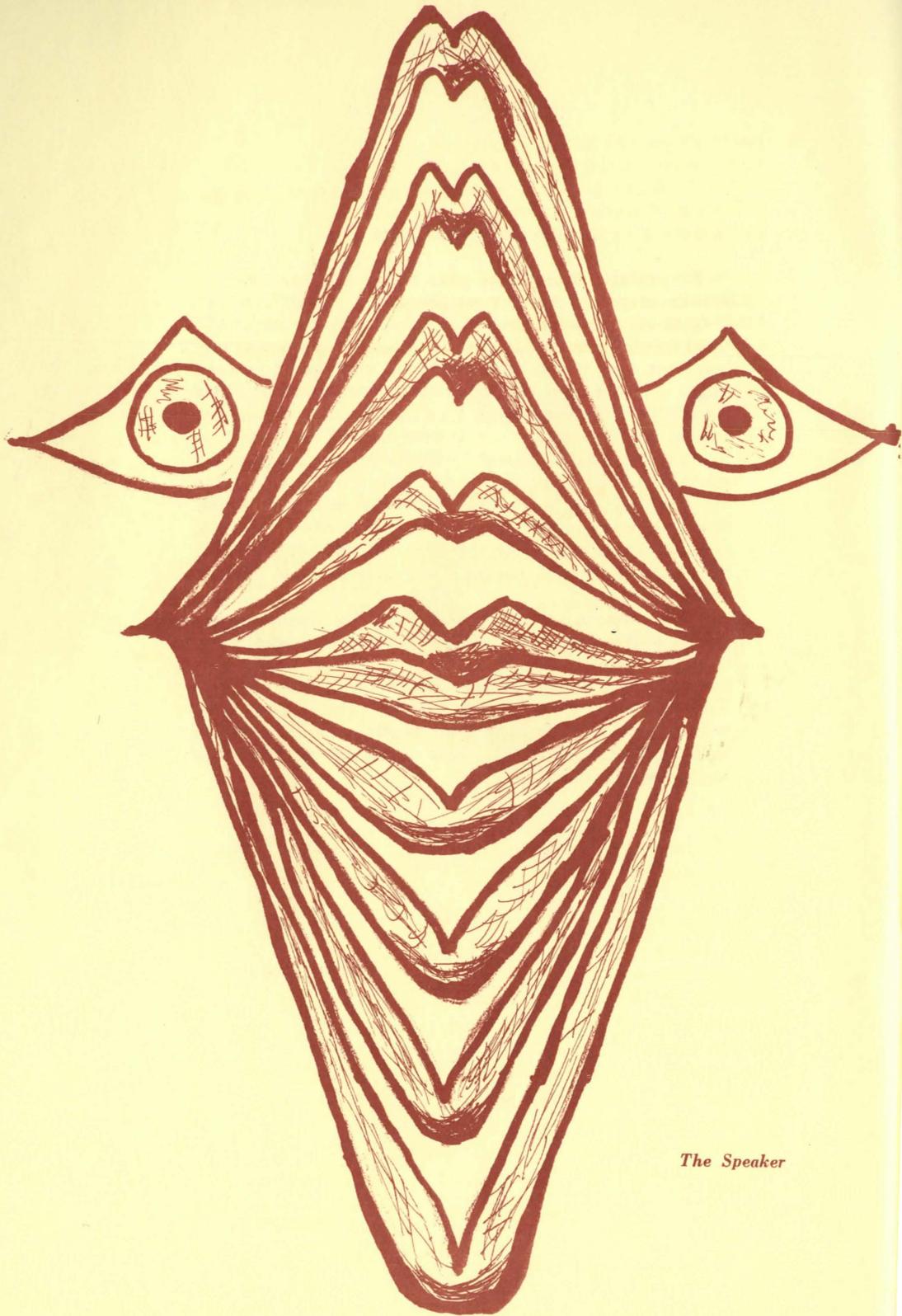
Ilene Schecter

In Defense of Machines

Events and places now pass before me, but time has remained still. I see a creature with a round forehead, long nose and hairy body. Comparatively, he looks odd in our world. He travels from one clan to another swinging from long vines. His teeth are shut as if in deep anger and his lips are red with the presence of blood drawn by the sharp corners of leaves that are in his mouth. He sets out on a new venture that will take him to the "uncharted forest". Observations have to be made if he and his family are to survive. He has traveled all day and yet the uncharted forest is not in sight. Soon he must return for his fear now overcomes his passion to continue, for the beast of darkness prey on him. Someday he will charter the unknown forest. Oh . . . some day.

I turn, leaving the laboratory with its massive computers solving equations that would require hours, even months, for one man to solve. People are busily preparing their departure to seek the shelter of their homes. They are happy knowing that with the turn of a key their vehicle will take them to their destination. So I depart with my little secret . . . how wonderful it is to have such devoted servants.

Michael Lucey



The Speaker

Enigma

a) I am soft, and I yield to your touch
I am warmed in the sun and cooled in the eve
Some live off my products, and all would perish without them
Often I am trampled, crushed, turned and abused,
But always I am loved.

I feed the young and cover the old
Endlessly, eternally, I watch my people
Live, fight and die over me.
Life and nourishment are the gifts I return to my people.

b) I am not my own
I am someone else
A follower;
One who turns and twists to the will of another
One moment I may stretch out like a rubber figure
And snap back – midget-like
To conform to my master.
I am constant, only to be lost when the sun is gone
And return when the sun is nigh
I mimic;
I am like an actor playing a role,
And fitting the character
To perfection.

c) Here I stand, knobby with age
Having withstood all of Nature's worst
I stand –
Reflecting, but for a moment, when
I was young.
My covering was thick
And cool to the young lovers that came, and oft
Sojourned me in the setting sun.
Such moments I'll keep; the parting of two;
Who carved eternally the remnants of their love
To this day I keep it, on myself, but in my heart.
Ah, that they would see;
Protected with height from all the world
And safe until I fall.

c) Tree

b) Shadow

a) Earth

Kim MacLeod

Limbo

If you feel you must wake me,
wake me slowly.
Indifference is too appeased by
blind fantastic sleep for me
to jolt it free, though
I will gladly listen
to you for
a fee.

If my sacrifice is not enough,
you have my sympathy.
Yesterday my life was choked in its
own fear of loss
of ladder rungs
before I could
begin.

Today, I measure off your place
to feed my enemy
within.

Cold in hand
They march
stealthily
to wreck some land

No drums beat
No horns blow
No sound
of booted feet

On clouds they tread
And the rain whispers
"The march,
of the living dead" . . .

Frederick Bayless



The Old Man and the Store

The bent, white-haired old man peered over the archaic glass candy case at me, patiently awaiting my decision. The ten cent transaction, it seemed, held as much importance for Mr. Terpack as a multimillion dollar defense contract would for General Electric. As I recollect those tender years, various humorous, tragic, and often educational incidents come to mind.

No one really knew where Mr. Terpack came from; he was just there one day, not unlike the appearance of dandelions in the most carefully kept lawns. One thing was certain, however, he was a thoroughly mystifying businessman. Hardly anyone apparently patronized his small stucco store, and how he stayed in business puzzles me to this day. He was truly a lesson in perseverance.

I remember vividly the first time I visited Mr. Terpack's small store. As the faded weathered door creaked open, I was greeted by an ominous tinkle above my head. The store was a literal time machine! As one entered, one felt transported fifty years back in time. The well-trodden hardwood floor creaked with every other step. In the corner stood a seldom used penny arcade and faintly illuminating the whole room were two truly antique oil lamps, dubiously suspended from the gray ceiling.

As I cautiously browsed about the store, I came upon a dozing Rip Van Winkle who curiously seemed appropriate to the scene. He was obviously unaffected by my untimely entry. The longer I lingered there, the more I wondered why this old man persisted in running a store which was so economically unsound.

There were no advertisements plastered all over the small windows; not even a sign with the familiar 7up or Coca-Cola dominating it and the owner's name in small print below. No, this store had a personality of its own. Each of Mr. Terpack's idiosyncrasies was reflected in his store. His distrust of electrical conveniences which explained the presence of the oil lamps; his frugal nature which explained why the grim walls were never painted; and his sense of independence which explained the absence of advertisements. This man was a rare specimen indeed: a non conforming businessman!

There is a lesson, however, to be learned from this observation of an old man and his store, although it is not one which is immediately apparent. Many people have no doubt passed Mr. Terpack's small, white stucco store and never given it a second thought. To them, he was an eccentric old man living out his days in an obscure town. Strangely enough, however, we all share with him one universal human need: the need to belong. We all satisfy this need in different ways. Some devote themselves exclusively to their work, others to the service of their country, but all of us need to belong. Mr. Terpack belonged to this store.

Sons and Daughters

**The hearth casts warmth about the room
Welcome ray from snow without.
The children playing beside the fire
Now tire, and standing glance across the room
To where their father stands, fresh words across his paper bloom,
Their eyes entreating as if to say:
“What is it you have done – that we may follow soon”**

Thomas O'Neil

Selab. . .

