

Point of View



Spring 1977

Cover Art
Lori Mellou

Literary Editors
K. Ward
C.J. Wells

Visual Editor
Kathy McDonough

Designer
MaryPat Schmidt

Faculty Advisors
Dr. E. Hull
W. Foust

Production
LRC Production Services

A magazine devoted to the literary and visual arts,
sponsored by Student Activities, William Rainey
Harper College, in cooperation with the Liberal
and Fine Arts Divisions.

Copyright© William Rainey Harper College 1977

Table of Contents

2	Sacrificial Offerings <i>Leslie Fischer</i>	17	Juliet and Romeo <i>Al Balaz</i>	33	Friends and Lovers <i>Mindi Adams</i>
3	Engraving <i>Chris Brewer</i>	17	Silk Screen <i>William T. Helmer</i>	34	The Cruise <i>Patricia A. Santana</i>
4	Untitled Poem <i>Kathleen Orr</i>	18	Wood Relief <i>Janet E. Bishop</i>	35	Photography <i>Carolyn Swenson Gorr</i>
4	A Matching Set <i>Ballard S. Holdren and Margaret Shay</i>	18	To T.S. Elliot and Leonard Cohen <i>Violet S. Simmel</i>	36	Etching <i>Daniel J. Bowens</i>
4	Etching <i>Lori Peddicord</i>	19	Aeolus <i>Lori Bodor</i>	39	To Veena (or A Blanket) <i>K. Ward</i>
5	Call Me Softly, Love <i>Margery M. Munn</i>	21	Pencil <i>Carolyn Dodson</i>	39	Etching <i>Frank J. Leon</i>
7	Intaglio <i>Lori Peddicord</i>	23	Lithograph <i>Carolyn Dodson</i>	40	Bored in the Streets <i>Steve Howard</i>
8	Replay <i>Mary Fisher</i>	24	Charcoal <i>Janet E. Bishop</i>	41	Pencil <i>Terry Anne Maggio</i>
9	Serpentine <i>Carolyn Swenson Gorr</i>	25	The Visit <i>Susan Dencker</i>	42	Zimmerman's Glass Eye Rag <i>Ballard S. Holdren</i>
9	Charcoal <i>Robert W. Hines</i>	27	Pomme D'Amour <i>Kathy Swartz</i>	42-43	Etching <i>Daniel J. Bowens</i>
10	Maxwell Street <i>Micki Gerstein</i>	27	Etching <i>Barbara Soroka</i>	43	Untitled Poem <i>Al Balaz</i>
10	Photography <i>Carolyn Swenson Gorr</i>	29	Tempera <i>Lori Mellou</i>	44	Oil Painting <i>Mary Ellen Klotz</i>
11	Symphony <i>C.J. Wells</i>	30	A Poem and a Friend <i>Violet S. Simmel</i>	45	The End of the Line <i>Ellen Germanos</i>
11	Etching <i>Daniel J. Bowens</i>	30	Etching <i>Martha J. Zeile</i>	47	Man Made God <i>Robin Olsen</i>
12	Forget Knottings <i>Laury Cramer</i>	31	Engraving <i>Lori Peddicord</i>	47	Charcoal <i>Janet E. Bishop</i>
15	Charcoal <i>Carolyn Dodson</i>	31	Warehouse <i>Al Balaz</i>	48	Lithography <i>Janet E. Bishop</i>
16	Laminated Wood <i>Robin Fronz</i>	32	Oil Painting <i>Kathy McDonough</i>	IBC	Silk Screen <i>Judith C. Reese</i>

Sacrificial Offerings

Leslie Fischer

Helen felt a vague sense of uneasiness while arranging the flowers for the bridal bouquet. She pondered the blossoms lying loose and limp on the tabletop. Why of course, she thought thankfully. She was relieved that she wouldn't have to puzzle over the matter all day. The violets represent faithlessness; the pansies are for thoughts; rue for sorrow and repentance; and ironically daisies, which were Amy's favorites, were for dissembling. She mused over this while adjusting the flowers on top of the veil.

She ran upstairs with the headpiece; Amy had just stepped out of her bath. While she brushed Amy's hair Helen thought, what fine hair she has, like filaments of gold; no, much lighter, more celestial than mere earthly metal. Why, it's the color of angel's hair. Helen's face clouded as she thought, he always called me his Flemish angel, a seraph. The bitterness she had been suppressing all day was flooding her consciousness.

Quickly putting on her mask of joy, Helen adjusted Amy's veil. "You look beautiful," she exclaimed.

It was true, Amy did look beautiful. Crowning her pale, almost white hair was a modest veil adorned with the delicate arrangement of flowers. Her eyes were a brilliant blue which enhanced the fresh, flowerlike quality of her face. The gown, so carefully selected, suited the childlike innocence of her face and slight body. Helen thought it suited her childlike innocent personality as well, though she never said so. This was Amy magnified a hundred times. She was a fairy princess doll which could be shattered easily and instantly.

What could I say? . . . No, Helen thought, this is her wedding day. How could I even think such a cruel thing? But she had nothing to fear, her intent had been just a fantasy which she was totally incapable of putting into action.

As usual, Helen put her thoughts into a battle of frenzied emotions within herself. Within three seconds she relived the emotional traumas she had experienced with him: their fights, her unwillingness to trust him completely for fear of

ultimate rejection, her surrender to him, his soothing voice saying, "Helen, you know I love you, but I love Amy, too, and she loves me. I'm going to marry her," and all of Helen's patient prayers and dreams that he would realize how foolish he was being.

Amy turned from the mirror. "Thanks so much. I'd be lost without you."

"What are friends for?" she answered ironically. "Listen, I'll be right back. I'm just going to freshen up, okay?" With that she hurried to the bathroom and securely locked the door.

Grateful that her friend had left, Amy wearily sank into her overstuffed chair where she felt the warmth of the favorite cushions encircling her. Ah, that feels good, she thought contentedly. She was exhausted and her tiny body sagged with the old chair. What a hassle. I don't know that I'll make it to the altar. But it is exciting; a girl doesn't go through this every day. She sobered. I wish it was an everyday occurrence; it would be so much easier to endure. Now it seemed overwhelming, so irrevocable.

But, God, he's done so much for me. I want to be a good wife for him. She hung her head and wept silently in the great armchair.

Helen stood in the doorway looking at the miserable child through eyes that only hinted a touch of red. She's just a vulnerable little girl, she thought, unhappily preparing to do the work of woman. Helen pitied not only Amy, but also the man who was to be her husband.

Quietly, Helen walked across the room and, hesitating, touched Amy's shoulder. How could I have been so insensitive, she thought crossly. "Come on, I've heard that almost everyone gets premarital jitters. Let's go wash your face," she said gently.

As they prepared their entrance to the church Helen saw him standing there, looking so refined in his rented tuxedo; she wanted to run down the

aisle and have him take her in his arms. She glided across the floor toward him, but was intercepted instead by his brother.

What am I doing here? I'm the maid of honor at the wedding of the man I love, thought Helen as she took his brother's arm. I've got to stop thinking like this.

Helen turned to watch Amy approaching. The girl looked unusually pale. Helen hoped she wouldn't faint.

Standing before the altar, Helen sincerely prayed that they would be happy together. I only want what's best for him, Lord — best for both of them, she amended. I've been so selfish; I'm so sorry. Please help to let them be happy.

Amy was also thinking as the priest's voice intoned the familiar words she had heard so many times that they were eternally engraved in her mind. She didn't listen to his questions, but answered them automatically.

Let this be good, she prayed. I'll make up for all the times I've hurt him; I'll be the best wife anyone ever had. She continued lost in thought until the

Sacrifice of the Mass restored her to her surroundings.

The reception was held in the basement of the church. The stone walls were gray and dreary in spite of the gay decorations hung to induce a festive mood. It's like a dungeon down here, thought Helen shivering; those streamers on the walls might just as well be chains.

The groom was looking at his wife with unconcealed affection. He fussed over her as she picked at her food as he would fuss over a finicky child.

The photographer seemed to be everywhere. All at once he took Helen's arm and guided her toward a group of young women forming in the empty expanse of floor designated for dancing. Amy stood in front of them, bouquet in hand.

Was it Hardy, Helen wondered, who said, "The flowers in the bride's hand are sadly like the garland which decked the heifers of sacrifice in old times"? Why that's exactly what she's doing; sacrificing herself for him. Well, the little martyr, she thought indignantly as the bouquet landed squarely in her hands.

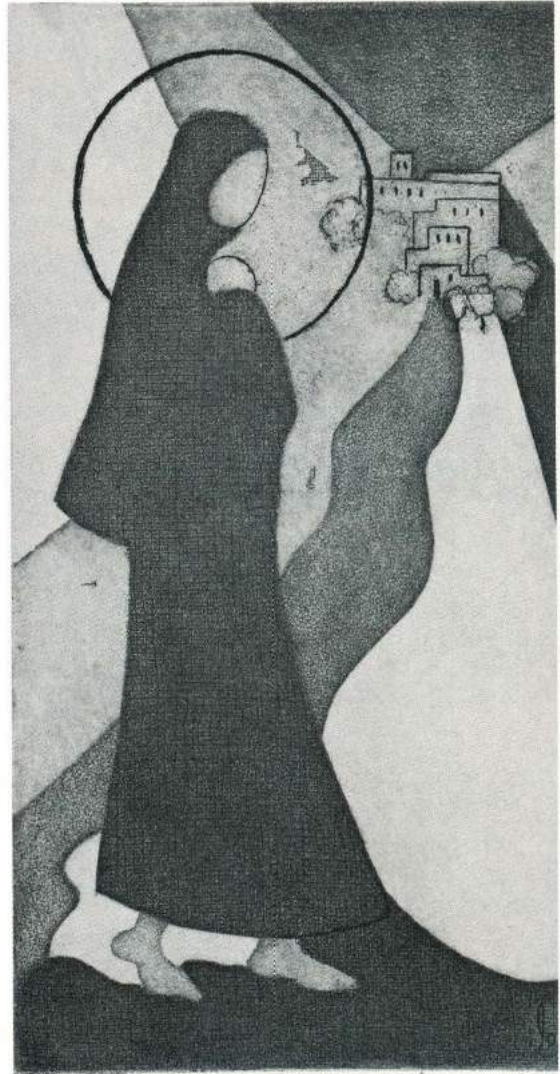


Chris Brewer

Kathleen Orr

*The lightness of your touch
binds me to you.
I cannot escape,
for I don't want to.
The freedom you give
keeps me captive
in a love I don't need,
don't want –
a love that hurts.
You are my pain.
You are my comfort.*

Lori Peddicord



A Matching Set

Ballard S. Holdren

and

Margaret Shay

*She asked somebody to teach' her,
And she was taught.*

*She asked for some one to love her,
And she was bought.*

*The taskmaster was stern,
He had bridled many a restless buck;*

*He had laboured without gain,
Bond servant to a factory.*

*They shared indifferent umbilical cords.
Being set apart with more than words.*

Call Me Softly, Love

Margery M. Munn

He awakened first this morning. Actually, he wakened first every morning. All the years they'd been together, he had always wakened before she did.

As his eyes became accustomed to the early morning light that bathed the room in a soft, pink glow, he looked over at her, lying so quietly on the other side of the bed.

Her once beautiful, long, brown hair was completely white now, and her step was no longer lively; he mused, neither was his. All the same, he loved her devotedly, and would do all he could to please her.

He thought of getting up, but it was still quite early, and he really didn't want to disturb her. She had spent a restless night, and that worried him. No, he would wait for her to waken.

He let his thoughts wander. What would they do today? Since she had had that stroke a year ago, they hadn't done much. She wasn't at all strong. Her heart, the doctor said. Traveling was out for her, and he'd certainly had his fill of being with the circus all those years. So, both were content to stay at home and enjoy each other's company. Maybe they could just walk over to the post office, then come back and sit in the yard. They enjoyed sitting in the sun by their small garden.

Very slowly, trying not to disturb her, he shifted his body to a more comfortable position. His legs stiffened quickly these days if he stayed in one position too long. She didn't stir.

Suddenly he noticed a fly on the window. Damn fly, he thought to himself as it buzzed rapidly against the glass. He wanted to get up and catch it, but he'd make too much noise, and wake her up. She hated flies with a passion. He'd lost count long ago of how many he'd killed for her. Hell, they didn't bother him. All those animals he'd worked with at the circus — they'd been surrounded by flies — hundreds of 'em. After a while he hadn't even noticed them.

Ah, those were the days. Exciting days! Busy, too. Always moving from town to town. And rehearsing, constantly rehearsing, trying to make the new stunts look easy. Had to please the crowds. They wanted harder, and harder feats. He grimaced inwardly remembering the many falls he'd suffered just to make a stunt look easy. Those falls had finally taken their toll, though. His heart was not strong his doctor had said. They made a fine pair!

He'd had a lot of friends then, too. Show people.

Show people were a special breed. The circus was in their blood, just as it had been in his. Charlie, Freddie, Hector, Chipper, and Susie. Oh, that Susie! What a cute trick she had been. She was Freddie's girl from the beginning, though. Always faithful to Freddie. Even after he'd died from that fall. Freddie had been too old to try that stunt, but then he'd always been a real show-off too, and this time it killed him.

These were unpleasant memories. He didn't want unpleasant memories. Anyway, those days were far away now. His new life was good, and more to age abilities.

He wished she would wake up. He wanted to get outside and see what kind of day it was. Besides, he was getting hungry.

He sighed deeply.

"I'll just close my eyes for a few more minutes, then waken her. Can't afford to sleep a whole day away at our age."

His eyes closed, and soon visions of the circus, Freddie, Chipper, and rehearsing floated into his mind.

There was Chipper for gosh sakes! And Susie!

"Hey, Chipper! Susie!" he called. They smiled at him. They were watching the big top go up.

He loved to see how the elephants strained to straighten the huge poles that supported the tents. Everyone else would pull on the ropes, and soon the poles would be in place.

Once again he was aware of the tantalizing smells connected with the circus. Roasted peanuts, fresh-cut hay, buttered popcorn, HOT buttered popcorn, greasepaint from the clowns' tent, warm manure, cotton candy, and sizzling red hots. His heart beat happily.

By god, there was Mongo the Magnificent — and The Bearded Lady. She was fighting with Fat Tully, as usual. Mongo was the strongest man he'd ever seen. Once Mongo had lifted Fat Tully right over his head because she had said Mongo was fat, not strong, Tully had screamed bloody murder. He chuckled as he remembered this.

All at once the scene shifted, and he found himself in a field. How had he gotten here, he wondered. Where were Chipper and Susie? Where were the elephants?

He looked around. Field as far as he could see, except for that hill over there. Hey, someone was standing on top of the hill.

His heart leaped joyously. She had wakened and was calling to him. She wanted him to join her on the hill.

He bounded forward, eager to tell her of seeing Chipper, and the circus people.

The combination of warm sun, gentle breezes, and the scent of lavender wild flowers was intoxicating to his nostrils.

His chest was pounding. The hill was steeper than he had first realized, but she was calling. She looked so young! Her hair was not white now, but a soft shade of brown, and it was blowing gently about her shoulders.

His breathing was unbelievably labored. He wanted to rest. What was wrong with him? Why

was she calling him so insistently? He wanted to say he was coming as fast as he could, but he just didn't have enough breath.

Suddenly, she began to fade. What the hell was happening? He strained harder. Where was she going? His legs and chest were throbbing.

The last thing he heard was her voice crying out to him as he reached the summit and leaped desperately toward her retreating figure.

"Freddie, I'm falling!" he cried.

She had awakened shortly after he had started dreaming. She had seen his body twitching, and heard his labored breathing. Stiffly she had moved over to him, raised herself painfully, and pulled his already damp head into her lap.

She called his name softly, over and over as she stroked his head, but she could not seem to rouse him.

She was frightened. She knew what would happen if he didn't awaken. The doctor had said any strain would be too much for him. She called his name louder, and then began to cry. Oh, she didn't want to live without him!

Several days later, the neighbors got worried about the old lady, and went into her house. They found them then, both hearts now still. She was slumped over in her bed with the old dog's head cradled lovingly in her lap.

Lori Peddicord



Replay

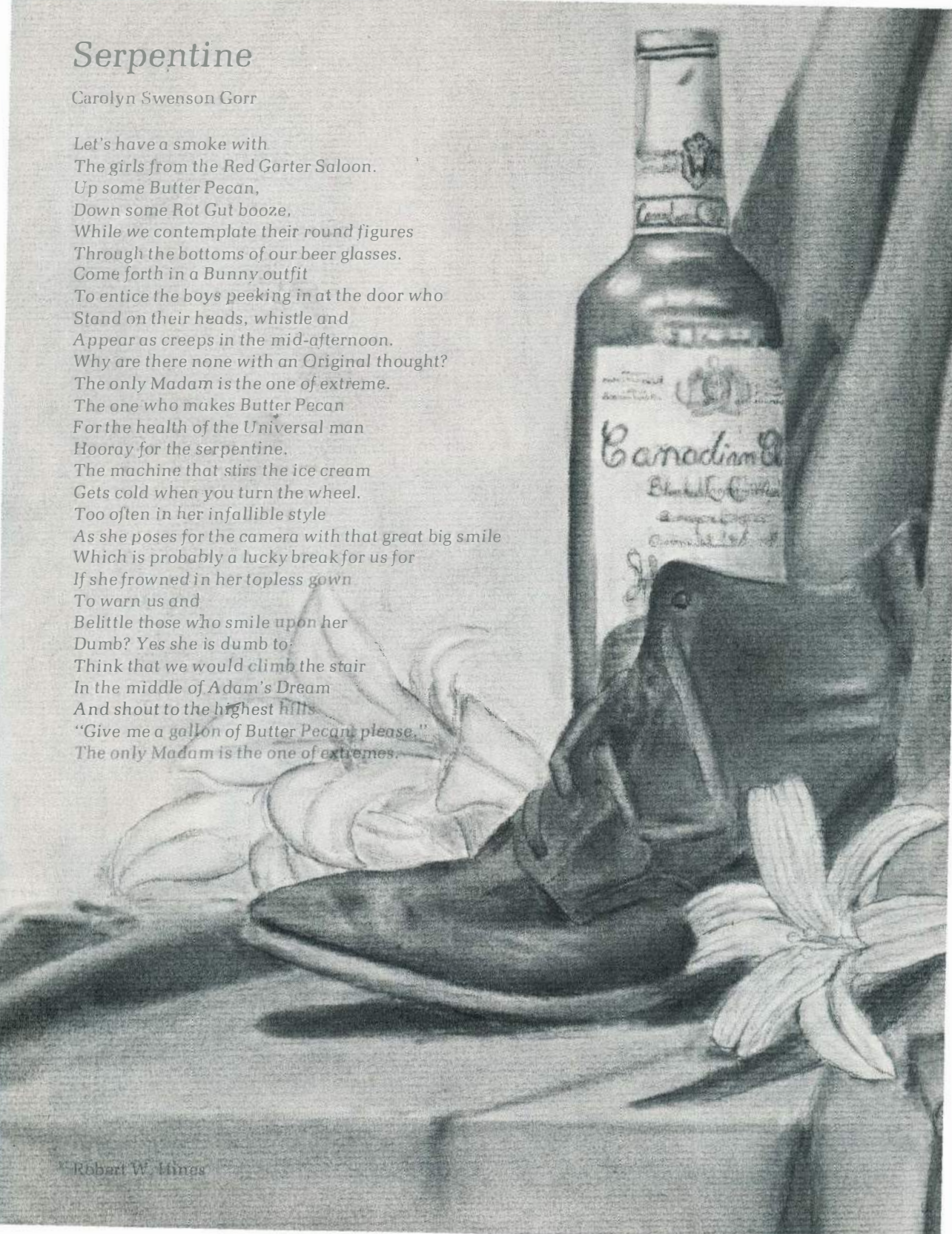
Mary Fisher

I waved
as you drove away
but perhaps you didn't see
I've set my hair
big soft curls
made-up my eyes
surrounded them with green
I've even polished my nails
bright shiny red
The way you like
and if you come back now
we could play a hand of gin
before the ten o'clock news
I'll even let you win
I've changed into my nightgown
the pink satin one
and am sitting in front of the T.V.
Don't worry though
my brown furry robe is keeping me very warm
But I am wondering where you are
I guess you too are watching the news
and do you believe it
the Cubs finally won a game
This is an historic day
and if you come in right now
you'll be just in time for
Replays
I've already kept
your side of the bed warm
for two hours now
and am getting tired of talking
to the ceiling
All of me is asleep
nerve endings
dead
My flesh becoming one
with the blanket
All that is left are bones
cold and fragile
Without you
I'm hollow
like a big chocolate Easter bunny
filled with
air
My thoughts bump around recklessly
and I'm too tired to control them
Anymore
Please
Please
Bring out the chains
and the whips
for this type of torture
is far too
cruel

Serpentine

Carolyn Swenson Gorr

Let's have a smoke with
The girls from the Red Garter Saloon.
Up some Butter Pecan,
Down some Rot Gut booze,
While we contemplate their round figures
Through the bottoms of our beer glasses.
Come forth in a Bunny outfit
To entice the boys peeking in at the door who
Stand on their heads, whistle and
Appear as creeps in the mid-afternoon.
Why are there none with an Original thought?
The only Madam is the one of extreme.
The one who makes Butter Pecan
For the health of the Universal man
Hooray for the serpentine.
The machine that stirs the ice cream
Gets cold when you turn the wheel.
Too often in her infallible style
As she poses for the camera with that great big smile
Which is probably a lucky break for us for
If she frowned in her topless gown
To warn us and
Belittle those who smile upon her
Dumb? Yes she is dumb to.
Think that we would climb the stair
In the middle of Adam's Dream
And shout to the highest hills
"Give me a gallon of Butter Pecan, please."
The only Madam is the one of extremes.



Maxwell Street

Micki Gerstein

It's only a small corner of the city where life unfolds at dawn, explodes with excitement and color during the day, then closes up at the coming of night. And yet, this small part of Chicago is heir to more pathos than most neighborhoods of this or any other city.

Maxwell Street: a filthy, grimy, ragtag street where a myriad of smells permeate the air; where desperate, lonely, woe-be-gotten creatures of life meld into the scene of garbage cans and crap-filled alleys. The dregs of humanity who inhabit the alleys have no need for creature comforts. Strewed newspapers are their makeshift beds. Bathrooms? Why bother, when all one needs to do is turn his face from the world and spray the red bricks of some dilapidated building.

And then there is the street itself, the main street. Stores of every description line it. Early in the morning, while everything lies still and only an occasional rat can be seen darting into his warm sewer house chased by an angry half-starved dog, the shopkeepers pull aside iron gates from dingy store front windows and unlock the many locks on the doors. The street begins to awaken.

Sidewalks are swept and the rotted wooden stands are brought out and piled high with shoes and clothes and gimcracks and then set on walks and in the street as well. The street vendors, with special deals and "hot" merchandise, most of which are watches up and down their arms, start their walk up the street. Each man knows his territory. No man oversteps his boundaries.

The hot dog and polish sausage stands are open now. And the smells that are famous far and wide start traveling the airways of the street. Out of their store front homes come the young Gypsy girls to buy the sausages for their families' breakfast. Their clothes are made of brightly colored silks and they wear no scarves about their heads because they have yet to wed. Their older sisters are out on the walk plying their trade to unsuspecting tourists eager to learn their fortunes and to lose them at the same time.

"I read your palm, Mister? Small fee for tell your future, beautiful man?" Who could resist the big black eyes, deep olive skin and sinewy figure. There goes another sucker! How proud her family is of her. What a dear, sweet, hard working girl!

The pullers are lined up in front of their respective stores waiting to "pull in" the first customers and start the business of the day.

The alleys and their secrets are concealed by dark, young children playing in them. Tourists flock to the street for "Bargains Galore" and "Miraculous Savings." It is Sunday. And for the gawkers and the hawkers, the tourists and the thieves, the day has just begun.

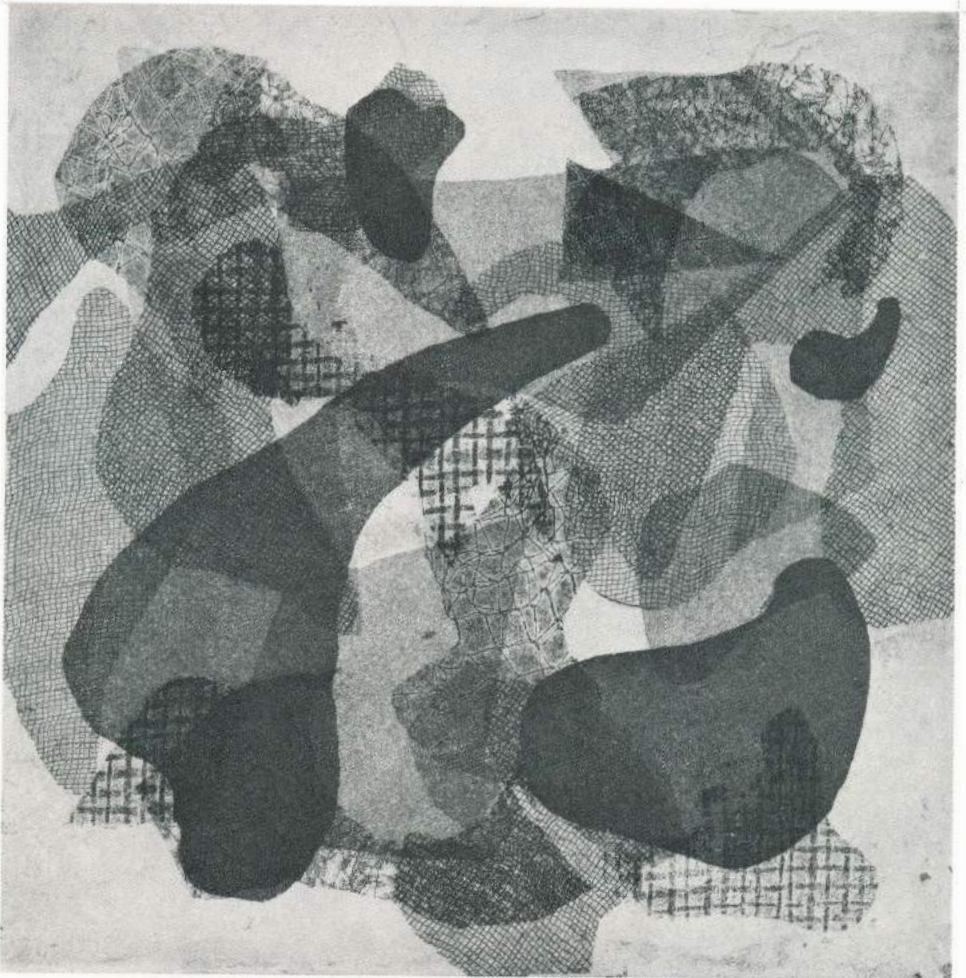
Carolyn Swenson Gorr



Symphony

C.J. Wells

*It began.
As it started, slow and quiet,
I expected nothing.
As it built up higher and higher,
I lifted with it.
It crept towards me sneaky and slow,
Carrying me off to euphoria.
A multitude of feelings held me,
Then expelled me onto a surrealistic level.
I was tossed to unknown heights and unidentified
Places.
It came down and remained quiescent.
I slid down to reality.
I was replenished.*



Daniel J. Bowens

Forget Knottings

Laury Cramer

Characters:

ROB — 6'1" — medium build. 27. Employed as a stock clerk. High school graduate from the school which is hosting the reunion.

STEVE — 6'2" — medium build. 29. Employed as general factory help — loading trucks. He and Rob were on the school's football team. They are still close friends but they don't see much of each other since the graduation.

GLORIA — 5'5" — average weight. Wife to Steve. Graduated from the same school as did both Rob and Steve.

CONNIE — 5'7" — average weight. Wife to Rob. Graduated from a different high school than did the others.

SETTING: A bar. The time about 12:30 a.m. — they have arrived just shortly after leaving the reunion which has been held in their old high school gym. They are all sitting at the bar. They have been there for about fifteen minutes. Each person has been drinking for some time — especially the guys. The conversation begins.

ROB: (To Steve) C'mon, hurry up and finish your drink buddy — you're way behind me. You used to be able to polish off five or six by now — remember? You always use to beat me. Not now. I'll order another drink. I'll give you a chance to catch up — o.k.?

STEVE: I think I've had enough. I have to drive home tonight anyway. Thanks for the offer though.

ROB: Thanks for the offer. Some buddy. You never used to turn me down — used to keep right on drinking till they threw ya' out.

CONNIE: Well maybe he's grown up (pause) — something you ought to try doing.

ROB: Ah, yes, the lady knows everything. She's never wrong! I'm always wrong — ain't that

right — love? (pause) No need to answer. You've voiced it publicly so many times — am I right? Like tonight for instance.

CONNIE: Don't start.

ROB: Start what? You've already started it. I'm just trying to put an end to it — if I can. (pause) See? (He waves to the bartender) Another drink for my best pal sitting here. Give him the same. As for me — I'll have a screwdriver. As I was saying —

CONNIE: Aren't you going to ask Gloria or me if we would like a drink?

ROB: I figured both of you would continue to be your same boring selves — LADIES — and would not on any special occasion or special event — indulge in the finer luxuries of the poor — such as having a nip or two — to put it more correctly; to share in the experience of getting drunk. I mean of the seven years that we've been married — I cannot recall even one occasion — in which I have seen you drunk.

CONNIE: You do enough drinking for both of us.

GLORIA: Hey, guys, c'mon, let's change the subject if you're going to tear each other apart.

STEVE: Hey, babe, don't interrupt my friend when he's talking. Besides, he don't want your thoughts on the subject — else he would have asked ya! (pause) Right, Rob?

ROB: It isn't polite — is it Connie? I mean you always used to tell me that.

CONNIE: You're sickening.

ROB: Now, what did I do?

CONNIE: You know.

ROB: If I knew, I wouldn't ask you.

CONNIE: About tonight — (pause) — at the reunion.

ROB: Let me think —

STEVE: You know — (pause) — the thing about coming on with all the chicks.

ROB: Is that right Connie? (Connie doesn't answer) That has to be it. (pause) So what? They knew I was charming and handsome and —

CONNIE: Irresistible, I suppose.

ROB: Right you are. I haven't changed.

CONNIE: I suppose that's why she dumped her champagne on you. (Connie starts to laugh, so does Gloria)

ROB: Very funny. (Steve nods his head — agreeing with what Rob has just said)

STEVE: (To Gloria) What are you laughing at? (Turns to Rob — taps him on the shoulder to get his attention) Want to hear something funny?

ROB: Sure.

STEVE: At the reunion — Well, you know when you first walk in you got to sign your name on those visitor cards so everyone knows who you are —

ROB: Yeah, so?

STEVE: Yeah, well, my wife did something real dumb — you know? She printed Mrs. on the card and didn't write our last name behind it. Like — she could parade around there and be anybody's wife — you know? I mean all she had to do was print her name on the card. Ain't that dumb?

ROB: God!

STEVE: You should have seen the hostess's face when she saw it! (Everyone starts laughing except Gloria)

GLORIA: (To Steve) I don't know what you're laughing at! It's nothing to laugh at. Didn't you ever once wonder why I didn't print our last name on my card?

STEVE: Yeah, I thought about it, but I figured since you were dumb, it all fit.

(Everyone starts laughing, all except Gloria)

GLORIA: You're impossible!

ROB: C'mon you guys — we're supposed to be having fun. I'll order another round of drinks for everyone — even the girls.

CONNIE: (To Rob) You think that'll solve everything — don't you?

ROB: Can't hurt any.

CONNIE: Why don't you grow up?

ROB: Maybe I already have and you just don't know it.

STEVE: (To Rob) Did you see Eggert tonight?

ROB: Yeah. Real egghead ain't he? (Steve starts laughing. He looks around — sees that no one else is laughing) Hey, you guys — you're supposed to be laughing. Rob here just cracked a great joke. (Turns to Rob) I guess they don't get it. Maybe we ought to repeat it. (long pause)

ROB AND STEVE: (unison) Did you see Eggert tonight? Yeah. Real Egghead ain't he? (The girls don't laugh)

STEVE: They still don't get it. Are you girls dumb. Can't you see the connection? (long pause) Eggert and Egghead.

CONNIE: Real funny.

GLORIA: Yeah, real funny — ha ha.

ROB: Oh, forget it. We're wasting our time. Steve, my best pal, will you pass the bowl of peanuts PLEASE?

STEVE: Sure will, buddy.

ROB: (To Connie) Did you catch the "please" at the end? I said it right (pause) didn't I?

CONNIE: Just fine.

GLORIA: (To Steve) We better go.

STEVE: (Looks at Gloria) We can't leave now — (To Rob) — can we Rob? (This last question, "Can we Rob?" is said in a way that gives the impression that Steve really doesn't want to go)

ROB: I would really like you to stay. A reunion is held only so often — you know?

STEVE: I guess it's settled then. (pause) We'll stay.

CONNIE: (To Steve) You didn't even ask her if she wanted to stay.

STEVE: (To Connie) I'm the head of the house in our family — ain't that right, Gloria? (Gloria nods her head) She knows her place. She knows if she says the wrong thing, I'm around to put her in her place. Ain't that right Gloria?

CONNIE: Hey guys, you think we could switch the topic?

ROB: (To Connie) What do you want to talk about?

CONNIE: School.

ROB: Wow. Some fun.

CONNIE: (Sarcastically to Rob) Do you have anything better to talk about?

ROB: Well —

CONNIE: It's settled then.

GLORIA: I'll start. I was a pompon girl all four years of high school. You didn't make the squad unless you were cute, so obviously I was.

ROB: WAS is right. (Rob and Steve start laughing)

CONNIE: (To Rob) You were never any prize yourself.

ROB: I never pretended to be.

GLORIA: (To Rob) Like I did? (long pause) Anyway, I was in Pep Club, and Spanish Club, and in Choir, and a candidate for homecoming Queen. Can anyone top that?

STEVE: I can't figure out how you made choir.

GLORIA: I had a great voice.

STEVE: Then how come you didn't make the church choir?

GLORIA: They don't know talent when they see it.

STEVE: Oh, is that right?

GLORIA: Connie's turn. (Turns toward Connie)

CONNIE: I don't know what to say, Glor.

GLORIA: Tell us about Frye.

CONNIE: There's nothing to tell.

GLORIA: That's not what I heard.

CONNIE: All right, it's no big deal. I went with a guy named Frye during high school. (pause) See, no big deal.

GLORIA: He was gorgeous — that's what I heard. William Frye, number 72 linebacker for the

Bucking Bronsters. (pause) He was a hunk —
(slight pause — looks at Connie) Right, Connie?

ROB: I always called him Willard.

GLORIA: She went with him because he was a
hunk.

ROB: (To Connie) So how come you never married
him?

CONNIE: I met you.

ROB: And you married me. (long pause) What?
You think it was a mistake or something? You
didn't think it would be so bad; otherwise you
wouldn't have married me — right?

GLORIA: Let's change the subject.

STEVE: (To Gloria) Butt out!

ROB: (To Connie) Then why did you marry me?
(Connie says nothing) Uh?

CONNIE: Because I believed you. I believed in all
your plans for us. I believed in all your stupid
plans for us.

ROB: You never thought they were stupid when I
told you about 'em.

CONNIE: Maybe I wanted them to come true.
Maybe I really wanted to believe in them —
(long pause) — and in you.

GLORIA: (To Steve) Maybe we ought to leave.

CONNIE: Don't.

STEVE: (To Connie) You forgot to say please. (He
starts to laugh)

CONNIE: And don't laugh. None of this is funny.
None of it! Did you see the people at the reunion
tonight?

ROB: No, I walk around with my eyes shut. (He
starts to laugh)



CONNIE: After ten years, they've changed. All of them.

ROB: You don't know that. You didn't go to that school. You didn't go to OUR school.

CONNIE: You're right (*long pause*) I didn't go to that school and I never got to know all of the kids, but they've changed.

ROB: The lady is right — right again. Of course people change after ten years; they can't stay young forever — now can they? (*Begins to laugh*)

CONNIE: Some people move out of their slots and up a notch. Others never move. They're so secure where they are. So damn secure!

GLORIA: This whole discussion is getting me depressed.

STEVE: Maybe we ought to go.

ROB: Yeah, maybe we all better leave. It's getting late.

CONNIE: Now you people want to go. You're all making excuses so that you can leave. It is getting late but since you stayed this long: is a little more time really going to make that big of a difference to people who have no ambition?

STEVE: Hey! Wait a God damn minute! I have ambition. I get up every day and go to work in a stinking factory so that there is bread on my table every evening. So, don't you go around preaching to me about ambition!

GLORIA: (*To Connie*) You should apologize!

CONNIE: (*mad*) To whom? To your husband? To you? To Rob? And then for whom should I feel sorry for? For you and your husband? Or for me and my husband? And then the next thing to follow is: BLAME. And on whom should the blame lie? Certainly, not on yourselves! (*long*

pause) No, it should lie in the times we live in — shouldn't it? Or we could put the blame on our education. Oh, we could think up — so many damn excuses — couldn't we?

ROB: Listen, baby. (*looks at Connie*) None of this applies to me. I haven't moved up a notch, if you talk about success. But, good news: We moved up a floor in our apartment building. Now, we're on the sixth floor. (*Gloria and Steve begin to laugh*). And love, I haven't moved down either.

GLORIA: That's right, you can't get lower than rock bottom. (*No one is laughing except her. Finally even her laughter dies. Now, nothing remains but silence*)

CONNIE: I think it's time to go now.



juliet and romeo

Al Balaz

William T. Helmer

from forth the sundered folds
of your plundered gown
springs a brace of rose tipped breasts
slowly dipping
towards my saucy lips
eagerly awaiting
their firm, warm impress.

your gently groping hand
sagaciously assuages
the pert cock of my codpiece
whilst i redouble my determined efforts
at removing my doublet and shirt.

whispering of silks
and other insistent rustling
supersede for a moment our lusty breathing
as we slip free from the clinging
of our vexing clothing.

clasping our bared bodies,
grasping and surrendering
to the heady surge of our erotic intoxication,
(having doffed our cares, too, in the offing)
slaking our thirst
kissing, embracing, caressing,
savoring
before quaffing that amorous nectar
now in the brewing.



To T.S. Elliot and Leonard Cohen

Violet S. Simmel

*J. Alfred Prufrock, here's Suzanne.
Let her take you by the hand
And lead you to the River
And watch the ships go by.*

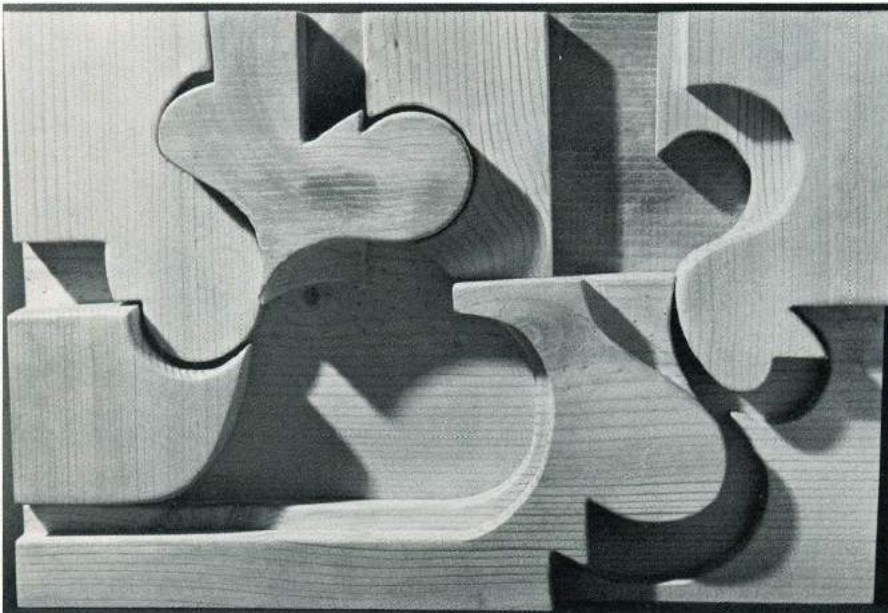
*Walking, you'll forget just why
Your life is full of staid convention.
She'll release you from yourself
And all your dull intentions.*

*She'll accept you, with your
Balding pate, your collar stiff
And smoothed tie, your clothes correct,
Your manner shy of bold adventure.*

*She'll never pin you to the wall
In bold cold stereotype.
If she thinks of you at all
It's that you've been led into her life.*

*Let her take you by the hand
And lead you out of yourself.
Perhaps you'll even understand
This is her love song to you.*

Janet E. Bishop



Aeolus

Lori Bodor

There was something melodic about the wind as it whistled through the colorful tresses of the trembling trees, yet something painfully urgent as it tugged her coat and whipped the ends of her tan scarf across her face. She tilted her chin toward the caress of its icy fingers and closed her eyes.

She is floating. Higher, higher and higher. Below she sees the tiny houses and trees. Calmness . . . beauty . . . all around her. The winds gently carry her, but to where? Oh, such peacefulness. But suddenly the sky darkens and clouds move swiftly. Rain slashes across her face like knives. So frightening! For the winds have gone and she is falling!

falling!

falling

fall — ing . . .

“Oh!” She quickly opened her eyes and touched her stinging cheek as the vicious wind shook the bus post. Go away, she silently cried, Go away!

A tarantism of dust circled her feet and swept up over her slim ankles. The litter of the streets danced by the edge of the curb and scurried further and further away.

Her cheeks reddened. She made a moist clicking noise with her tongue and pulled her coat collar high over her neck. She glanced at her watch. Why was the bus always so late?

A thousand drums drummed within her head and tiny bolts of light rippled and darted before her eyes. She closed her eyes and rubbed her temples with icy fingers.

Bees. Millions of bumble bees all around her. They hover around her head and she screams! For they swarm into an invisible opening in her head . . . embedding their stingers deep into her brain. Dullness spreads like molasses, and numbs each of her senses.

The cold wind thrust against her back, jarring her to awareness. She opened her eyes and saw that the bus pulled up along side her.

She sat on one of the two remaining seats. The window rattled like the faint pounding in her head.

Ha. ha. You can't get in . . . she mused silently to the wind. A cold shudder ran through her body. Or can you? she thought. She clasped her coat tighter and looked around her. It was freezing! Who would have the nerve to open a window when it was so cold outside? A faint whistle shrilled by her ears, and a stream of cold air rushed through a tiny crack in the window beside her. Her eyes slitted. Can't get away from you, can I? she thought dismally. The throb inside her head dulled a bit, yet the numbness remained. And now there was a steady buzzing noise inside her ears.

She untied the ends of her scarf and stared at her faint reflection in the window. She adjusted the small gold barrette that severely pulled back her bright auburn hair. Was she always so drab looking? Or was it the ugly, dreary day that made everything seem so drab?

She gasped, and clutched her chest as a sheet of newspaper swept up from the street and fluttered against the window like a butterfly trembling and beating its colorful wings against a glass cage. She leaned back against the seat.

She is locked in a small paneled room . . . no doors, only smooth wooden walls. She pounds the walls . . . searching for only one small crevice . . . so she can escape. Is there no way out? Please help! Someone! Help! And then . . . a door opens. There is a bright yellow background . . . light! And a shadow of a . . . man! Yes! A man! His arms are outstretched . . . he beckons to her as he approaches . . . slowly. She feels her heart pounding. The adrenalin flows . . . flows through her veins like lava from an erupting volcano. She hesitates as he stands before her. She does not want to go, yet she runs to his arms!

She awoke, tingling with disorientation. What's wrong with me, she thought. She had been having dreams lately . . . vivid recurring dreams so haunting and disturbing that she awoke drenched with sweat, and her heart pounding. For the last two weeks, she had dreamt of a bus.

She was walking down the street when suddenly the bus appeared. It was almost . . . almost as if the bus was alive! For it careened the corner and started after her! And she ran, and ran and ran. But no matter how fast or how far she ran, the bus followed her . . . it was chasing her! And suddenly she ran toward a house for refuge. She looked out of the window and there was the bus parked at the curb. There were no passengers on the bus . . . only a lone bus driver. The bus was waiting for her! But she could stay in this house forever, if necessary . . . couldn't she? And suddenly, the walls of the room started closing in on her . . . closer . . . closer . . . and closer . . . and —

She always awoke screaming after that dream. And now more frightening dreams . . . what did they all mean?

"End of the line, miss!" the bus driver called out to her. She reached for the handrail above her, and silently cursed herself for she had missed her stop.

The sound of rustling water roared in her ears as she stepped off the bus . . . was it the ocean? Or was it the wind? Her head buzzed faintly like the sound of the white-crested waves surging against the jagged rocks, spraying a fine mist over the sandy shore. Sunlight flickered through the trees, casting eerie shadows over the sand-sculptured beach. A flock of birds soared through the air, their rasping cries drowning a distant knell.

Where was she? What was she doing here? The wind beat against her back, pushing her slight frame across the sandy boardwalk toward a small weather-beaten shack in the middle of the beach.

The boards creaked and groaned as she climbed the wooden steps. A strong waft of bacon, eggs and coffee jarred her momentarily as she opened the screen door.

Well, here I am, she thought dismally. She propped her elbow on the streaked counter and cupped her chin in one hand. Her weight shifted on the small uncomfortable stool. Perhaps if she would eat something, the dullness would clear from her head. And then she would call Mr. Hartley and explain. But explain what? she argued with herself. That she was sitting in some small cafe by the ocean when she was supposed to be at work?

"Toast and coffee, please," she told the waitress.

The mug felt good between her hands; the steam rose to envelope her face with a fine mist.

"I've been waiting for you . . ." a voice whispered so close to her ear. With a start, she turned her head and gasped. She hadn't noticed anyone sitting beside her.

"Pardon me?" she asked weakly.

"I said . . . hibernating so soon?" The man spoke softly, yet his words rang clear. His smile was disarming. Had she ever known him? Something about him was so familiar, but she couldn't pinpoint it. She felt small under his penetrating gaze. He was a god . . . an Adonis!

His face, in the harsh brilliance of the cafe, was soft and framed by tiny dark ringlets of hair. She searched his finely sculptured face for a clue to his identity. He reminded her of a Greek statue . . . and those piercing blue eyes!

"I — I'm sorry," she said, shaking her head. "I must've been daydreaming." She shrugged her shoulders in such a way as to avoid further conversation.

"The time's come . . ." the voice whispered. She raised her eyebrows and turned to the man.

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"Try some?" He offered some jelly to her, not once taking his eyes off her.

She shook her head. Was she going insane? Mad? "No thank you," she said. She straightened her shoulders emphatically. "But . . . that's not what you said." She cocked her head and slightly frowned. "Is it?"

The corners of his lips danced merrily. "Well then, what did I say, Miss Warren?"

"How! How did you know my name?" she gasped.

He peered deeply into her eyes. "I've known you for a long, long time."

She said nothing; only stared at the man. "No," she said finally.

He leaned toward her and clasped her hand in his. And his words were a sweet melodic breeze that drifted to her ears. "Do you not remember the gentle winds that gathered you in their bosoms? The way we danced for hours under the starry

heavens in the perfumed garden? Intoxicated by the beauty of it all? Do you not remember our last promise that we shall meet again one day? Do you not remember?"

Her eyes watched his, and forgotten memories stirred within her. She could almost feel herself being lifted to the heavens by the winds. The dream! The visions she had earlier. Did they mean anything? Would they ever mean anything?

Suddenly she felt terror. She wanted to leave . . . run out of this place and never return . . . run back, but back to where?

There was something about this man that awakened a deep, sleeping emotion.

"Who are you?" she breathed.

"Names are irrelevant."

"But what do you want from me?" she gasped.

YOU . . . his answer reverberated, clear as a bell. He spoke, yet his lips had not moved. She felt the



cool of his hands on hers, and his breath, sweet as nectar, fanned her cheek, like a zephyr.

Was anyone watching? Listening? Couldn't they hear the curious whistle that echoed the air? Her eyes scanned the cafe. No, no one had noticed. The few people that were in the cafe were engrossed in their meals . . . submerged in their own problems. It was as if time had suddenly stood still.

Panic and terror suddenly rushed through her veins. She had never felt such fear before in her life. She was 32 years old, but it seemed as if she had lived so much longer . . . caught in an old silent movie with its whirlwind of grey and beige colors and characters clouding her mind. Was this really happening to her? Was this real?

The window of the cafe rattled and pounded viciously. She turned her head toward the noise.

"Ah. The gods are restless," the man spoke. "Aeolus is waiting."

Aeolus. "Aeolus?" she asked softly. Yet she knew his answer.

"Watcher . . . god of all winds. He is waiting, Miss Warren. Come with me . . . come!" She felt his breath close to her ear. "Come, Miss Warren . . ."

No! she silently cried, no! "Yes, of course," she said softly, "Yes, of course." Suddenly a surge of dizziness swam over her and she lowered her head to the counter.

Thousands of gray, ugly shadows swirl around her. They tug her dress . . . her hair. Go away! she cries out to them. Please go away! They turn into giant moths and race to the sky . . . up! up! They finally leave her, and she is alone. She falls to the ground and weeps. The tears she sheds brings a giant flower to life . . . a flower that springs up from beneath her and lifts her to the sky. Higher and higher! Until she finally sees the moths . . . They shed their skins and become butterflies! They surround her, and she laughs! for she is among friends . . .

She opened her eyes. The man was gone! She motioned to the waitress with frantic gestures, and pointed to the stool beside her.

"The man that was sitting here, please. Please where did he go? Did you see him leave? Please, it is very important!"

She didn't wait for a reply for she saw a tiny figure at the edge of the beach. Wait! she silently cried to the silhouetted figure. She ran to the door and flung it wide open.

The wind was waiting for her. It thrust at her from all directions, pummeling her back and twisting her coat vengefully. The sand gritted beneath her shoes as she ran toward the ocean. She paused a moment to fling her shoes to one side across the sand.

"Wait!" she screamed. "Please wait!"

Blood rushed to her head as the ocean lapped her feet. The icy water pierced her feet as she ran along the edge of the shore.

Her hands were flung high in the air. The man turned, and beckoned to her with outstretched arms. His black curly hair quivered in the wind, and she could hear his whisper floating through the air . . . hovering close to her ears. "Come!! . . ."

The air was very cold, yet she felt as if she were inside an angry fire. The roar of the sea came in close and pummeled her body to the shore. She was swept along the shimmery sand with her arms stretched in front of her. Swirling visions flooded her mind and her head pounded like the wind pounded against her limp body. The water rushed over her face as she gasped for air. And she finally surrendered, for the ocean was more powerful and she was tired of fighting.

* * *

It was the most beautiful garden she had ever seen. Perfumed breezes caressed her cheeks and gentle winds lifted her ever so softly and lowered her to the ground. She languishly leaned her face toward the winds and listened to their soft melodies. The

flowers seemed to bow, as if welcoming her to their world; and the lush greenery beneath her bare feet was softer than anything she had ever felt. Butterflies tugged at her clothes until finally her dress fell to the ground, by her feet, and she was naked.

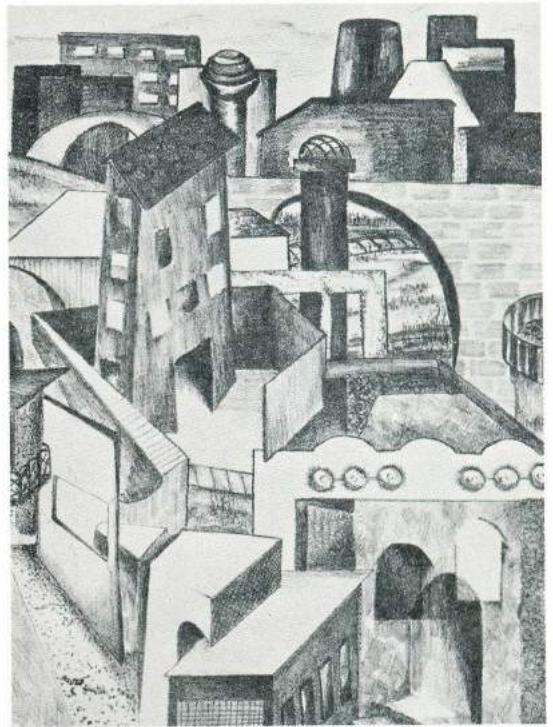
“Finally, you have come to us!”

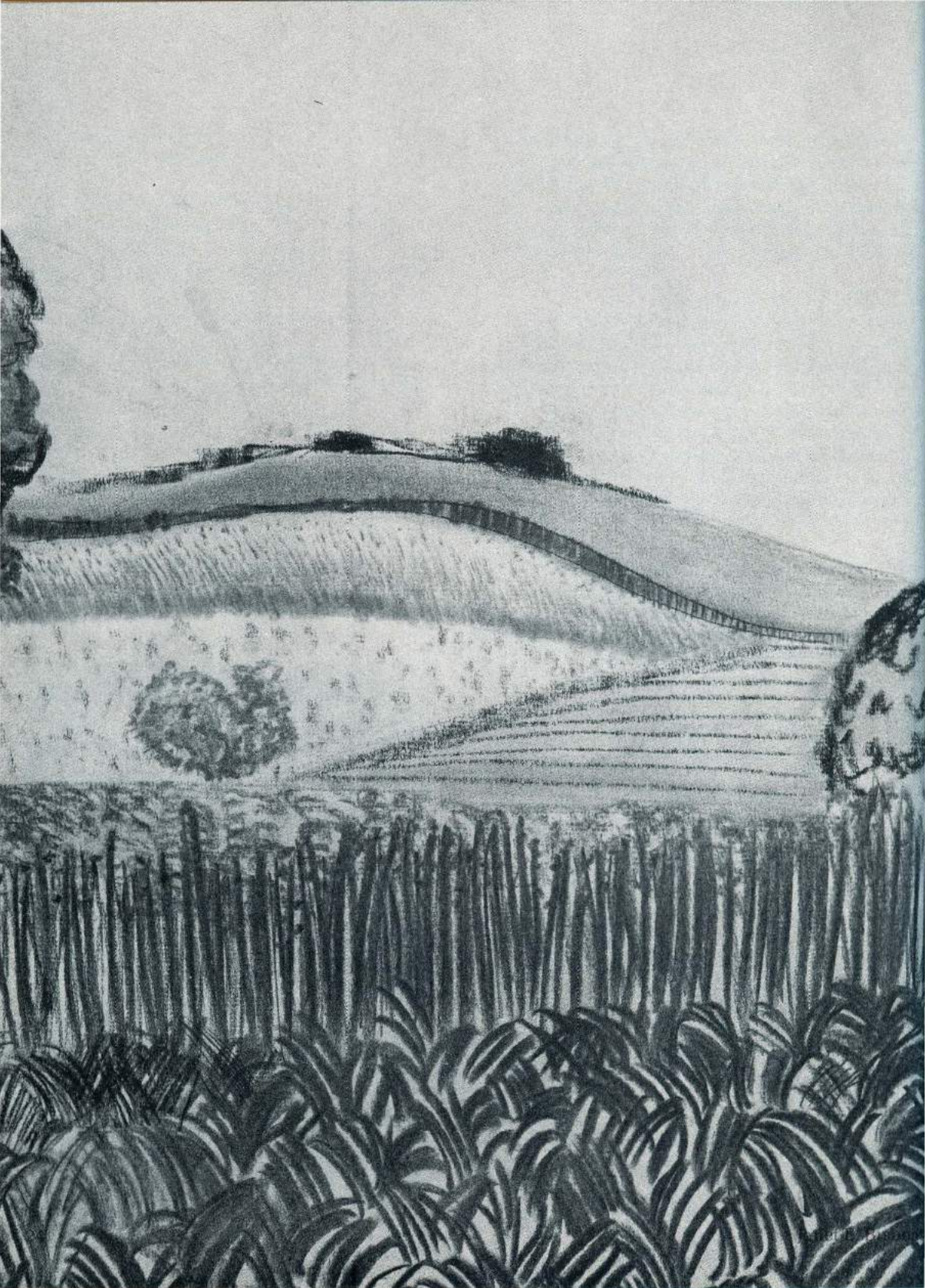
She looked up and smiled as she saw the man standing in front of her. His finely sculptured face was framed by black ringlets of hair that fell down around his neck, and his smile was warm.

“Aeolus!” she spoke.

“Let us dance! Let us dance for we are reborn!” he chortled.

She breathed softly and unclasped the barrette from her hair. Her auburn tresses fell down around her shoulders and she laughed with delight as Aeolus lifted her high in the air. They danced under the star-lit heavens. A delicious joy rushed through her for she was home at last!





The Visit

Susan Dencker

It was a fine autumn day with thick clouds hanging low in the sky. I drove down the narrow shady lane and tried to fight off my feelings of apprehension. I clicked the radio on and immediately turned to a station with soothing instrumental music.

"Why I really shouldn't be nervous, after all," I murmured. "It's been almost a month now since I've seen Tessa and I just know she'll be glad to see me." I smiled at the thought.

I pulled up in front of the familiar, enormous, red brick building and parked my car. I quickly looked into the rear view mirror to make sure I looked presentable. Then I got out of the car, walked toward the immense structure and timidly knocked on the front door.

"Hello there," I heard the melodious, yet high pitched voice of my fiancée, Tessa. Her thin, frail frame was situated in a chair by a window. With her golden brown hair neatly braided down her back, she almost looked like a small inquisitive child. But her sea-green eyes still possessed a unique, hypnotic quality. I entered the room and quietly sat down in a chair near her. She immediately began to gaze absently out the window. I glanced around at the dingy room where we were sitting. Tessa didn't seem to notice how barren the room was. Only two chairs, a scratched table, and a brown couch filled the tiny room. I awkwardly cleared my throat before I spoke.

"Tessa, how are you, honey?" I asked as my voice cracked. She turned toward me and smiled slightly.

"Now, Brad, I am just fine, really I am. Would you like some tea?"

"No, dear." I let out a heavy sigh. "Tell me what is new with you."

"Well, I don't know where to begin! I've been so busy lately, you know."

I nodded silently. She began to chatter on, her eyes full of mischievous excitement.

"First of all, I have this audition tomorrow for a new Peter Bogdonovich film. Oh, I do hope I get the part. If I do, I will surely be on the road to super stardom."

"Ah, yes." I said barely audibly. Tessa suddenly looked very grave.

"Do you know who I saw grocery shopping the other day?" I shook my head. "Well, you'd never guess in a million years —"

"James Caan."

"No."

"Burt Reynolds."

"No."

"Robert Redford."

"No!" she shrieked, then regaining her composure she said, "Let me tell you." She pulled her chair closer to mine and looked me straight in the eye.

"Brad, I saw, uh, oh dear, now I've forgotten his name!" Tessa got up out of her chair and began to nervously pace back and forth. She clicked her slender fingers in time to the beat of her footsteps. "Al Pacino! That's it!"

I nearly jumped off my chair in fright.

"Tessa, honey, why don't you sit down? You're making me tired pacing like that." I said almost as a command. She sat down once again.

"Yes, anyway, I was grocery shopping as I often do on Thursdays and all of a sudden I saw Al at the meat section. I barely recognized him, actually. He was dressed just like a bum, you know, in terribly old clothes. So I walked over to where he was and began to examine the meat. Well, you know what the little dear did? He turned to me and said,

'Aren't you the Dr. Pepper girl? I think I've seen you on television and you're quite good. You've even got me drinking the stuff now and I never used to.' Well, Brad, as you can imagine, I was simply amazed that someone as busy as Al is would spend time watching T.V. And for him to recognize me from a commercial, well that is utterly too much!"

"Tessa, you're very talented," I said quickly.

"And very beautiful, Brad?"

"Yes, beautiful."

She put her arms around my neck.

"Oh, Brad, then why didn't you call me or see me for so long?"

"Because darling, I was on a business trip. You remember me telling you that, don't you?"

"Business trip? No, I don't really recall that. But then I seem to be forgetting a lot of things lately. I don't know what is wrong with me, really I don't." She hung her head sadly.

I brushed the hair from Tessa's face and held her chin in my hand. "Perhaps you've been overworked lately, with all those auditions. Maybe you should take some time to relax."

"Oh Brad, maybe we could go to Europe for Christmas!" she exclaimed brightly.

Suddenly a pretty, young nurse in a crisp, clean uniform entered the room.

"It's time for you to join the others for dinner, Miss Goodbody." She sounded as if she were talking to a six year old child.

"But I don't want to go!" Tessa screwed up her face in an ugly scowl.

"Now Miss Goodbody, please don't be difficult. I know you must be simply famished." Her smile

looked as if it were painted on. "You can speak to the gentleman again, some other time."

Another nurse entered the room. This one was older and rather plain-looking. "Come Tessa," she purred. Tessa looked confused for a moment and then jumped up and kissed me on the cheek. She waved good-bye and left with the plain-looking nurse, still babbling on about her "encounter" with Al Pacino. The pretty nurse swiveled over to me.

"Brad, darling, you don't have to worry about Tessa, any more. She isn't going to get well," she paused, then added, "Ever." Then she pulled me closely to her and kissed me passionately.

"Yes," I thought wickedly. "I know."

Pomme D'Amour

Kathy Swartz

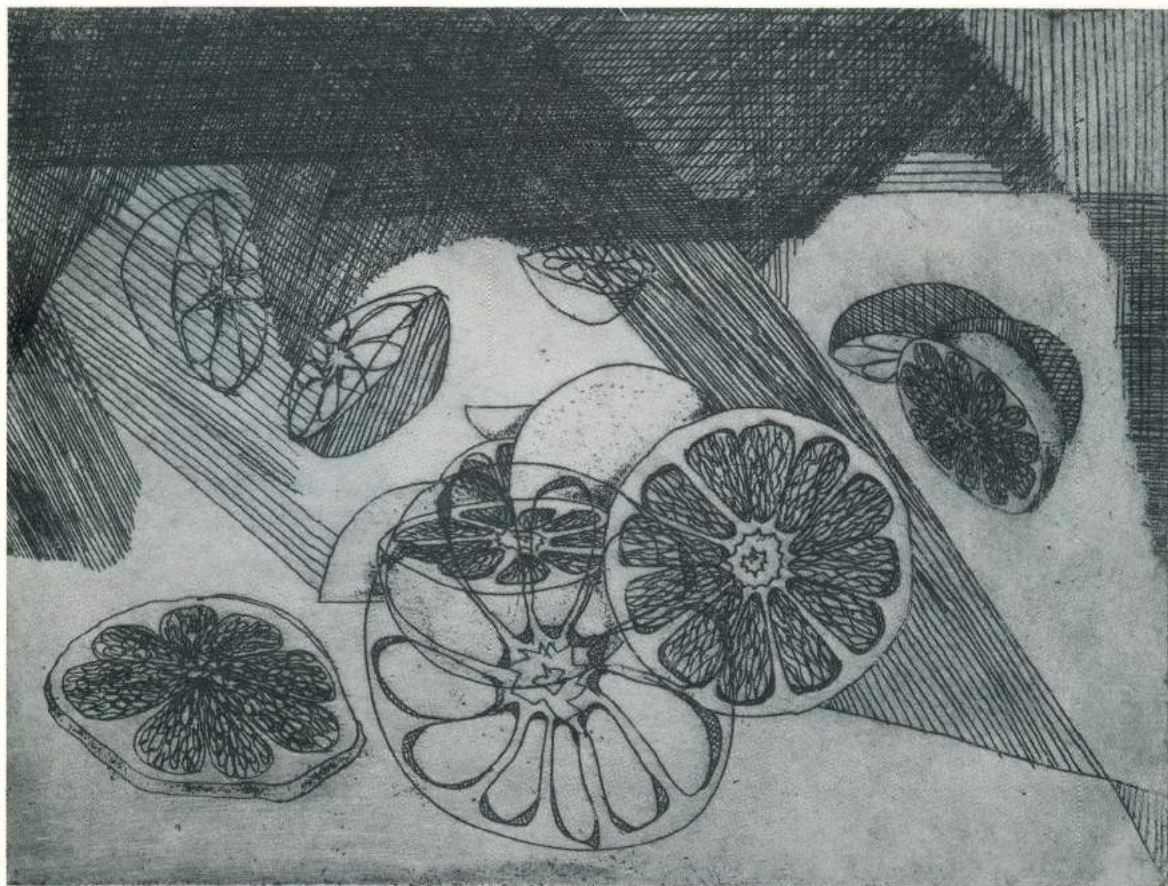
"Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, Maryellen. Happy birthday to yooooou!" Maryellen smiled and blushed. "Make a wish," chorused the family. Maryellen closed her eyes and wished, then opened them and blew out the sixteen candles on the apple cake Grandma had made. She squeezed back a dry tear.

After waiting for a baby for seven years, Glen and Gloria Scott adopted Peggy. She was everything they always wanted. A brand new, blue eyed, blonde, curly haired, dimpled darling.

A year later Gloria awoke one morning violently ill. A trip to the doctor confirmed what she expected.

"Glen," she hesitatingly began, "you know I haven't felt well for a while. Well, today when I saw Dr. Weiner he told me that the rabbit died."

The look on Glen's face changed gradually from one of not understanding to one of delight. He took Gloria into his arms and kissed her gently. "I love you, Honey. Now I can have the baseball player I've always wanted! When people adopt and then have one of their own the baby is always of the opposite sex. We have seen it happen to friends of ours — Jim and Carol had a little girl after they adopted Steve — and after Ralph and Betty adopted the twin girls they had a little boy."



Barbara Soroka

“Oh, but Glen, dammit! Oh, Dammit! Why couldn't this have happened a long time ago!? Peggy is all we need! She is at such an adorable age and I do not know how I'll really be able to manage two babies.” Gloria sobbed while Glen cuddled her in his arms.

Grandma, who lived only a few blocks away, came to stay with Peggy when Glen called her in the middle of the night to say that Gloria was about ready to go to the hospital to give birth to his son. He came home late the next afternoon red-eyed, stubbly-faced and rumped — the picture of dejection. Grandma knew something was wrong when not a word was spoken. She made coffee. That was her solution to everything. They sat at the kitchen table and Glen drank two cups of the hot, black brew.

“Mom, I don't have a son! We have another GURL!”

This was the way Maryellen was ushered into the world. When her parents brought her home five days later she was still without a name. Her birth certificate read: Baby Girl Scott. A week later Gloria called the hospital and gave them her baby's name: Maryellen.

Maryellen was dark haired, dark eyed, and not a bit dimpled. She was a fussy baby. Grandma tried to make up for the love and tenderness that her parents at times could not give to her. She had upset their plans and even though they tried hard not to let it show, resentment sometimes crept out. Maryellen might as well wear the snowsuit that Peggy had — it was worn around the cuffs, but only a little bit. Maryellen didn't sit up by herself until she was almost seven months old. Peggy could sit alone at six months. Peggy could hold a conversation by age two, but at that age Maryellen just didn't seem to have much to say.

Peggy could eat anything. There were some foods Maryellen could not tolerate. When she broke out in hives from peaches, Grandma took pleasure in making special apple sauce for her.

One of the greatest pleasures Maryellen had when she was a little girl was going to Grandma's house. There was an apple tree to play under on hot days, and eat apples from. The two sisters liked to play games with the little green apples that fell from the tree. They would see who could toss the most of them into a basket from ten steps away, then fifteen steps away, then twenty steps. By this time neither girl seldom even hit the basket. They would try to knock pop cans off the picket fence by throwing the little green apples. They would even see how far they could fling the apples from a stick. The old apple tree was good for climbing too, but Peggy could always climb higher and faster.

Anything with apples came to be Maryellen's favorite. On her seventh birthday Grandma gave her a little basket filled with seven shiny red apples. After she had eaten them she saved her nickles and dimes until she had enough money to buy paper mache apples to put into the basket which she kept on the dresser in her bedroom. Another birthday Grandma had given her a big apple shaped soap on a cord to use in the shower. She had made her an Easter dress once that had little apples printed all over it. And another time had given her a little red apple shaped pin. One Halloween she had made Maryellen a costume like an apple. It was all stuffed out with crumpled newspaper to make it nice and round and had a green leaf collar. Maryellen had won a prize for having the most original costume.

Peggy's favorite thing to eat was chocolate, so Grandma baked chocolate chip cookies for her. When the girls walked home from grammar school they passed Grandma's house and would nearly always stop in for snacks. A cookie for the one, an apple for the other.

Both girls took dancing lessons. Peggy was as graceful and as coordinated as a gazelle. Maryellen was more like a little frog.

Because she had to spend so much time with her books Maryellen had less time to have a social life and just plain fun. She desperately wished that she were more like Peggy who hardly ever studied and

yet made excellent marks, and who seemed to be forever going to parties.

Maryellen had yet to have her first date.

The summer after Maryellen's sixteenth birthday Grandma moved to Arizona because the cold winters of Wisconsin were getting to be too hard on her. Even though they wrote to each other frequently, Maryellen missed her extremely.

Grandma's birthday was late in the autumn and Maryellen called her.

"Hi, Grandma. Happy Birthday!"

"Hello, Darling! It's sweet of you to call! I miss you so much. Tell me what you've been doing."

"Well, Grandma, mostly I've been missing you. School is okay but a lot of work. I just wish that I were smarter!"

"Now, now, I don't like to hear you say that. You are just beautiful the way you are. Some things are

easier for some of us than others, that's all. And when it comes to sweetness, you are the very best that there is."

"Thanks, Grandma, but that isn't what gets good grades. Oh, yes, I do have one bit of news. Remember Kevin that lives down the block from us?"

"I sure do. He used to shovel snow for me in the winter."

"Well, Gram, he asked me to go to the homecoming dance with him! Isn't that just super?!"

Two days before Maryellen's birthday there was a call from Arizona. Grandma had died in her sleep.

The next morning a package arrived in the mail. It was a birthday present for Maryellen. When she opened it she found the biggest, reddest apple she had ever seen. With tears streaming down her cheeks she bit into it. A worm wiggled out.



A Poem and a Friend

Violet S. Simmel

*I would rather take a poem
and shake it up and mull it
Over and think and rethink
About it, fluff it up a bit,
Exposing it to the sun,
Turn it upside down
And downside up –*

*Than to sit down and read a long
Book of poem after poem.*

*I would rather have one friend
That loves me, turns me
Upside down and downside up,
Who fluffs me up in the sun
And exposes my weaknesses
As well as my strengths,
Who tastes my love
Becoming part of my flesh,
As he digests me bit by bit –*

*Than a crowd of friends who say
“Good Morning” and let it go at that.*





Lori Peddicord

warehouse

Al Balaz

*we have a dark steamy place,
with a radio,
where we can smoke our
cigarettes
amidst the smell of the oil,
and stare out the door
at the glare in the car lot,
smoking
and listening to the tinny tiny radio,
the smoke
lazing in the still air,
hot.*



Friends and Lovers

Mindi Adams

Like dreams that come and go
In the night before there is time
To think about them,
Our love affair was a passing moment.
How easy it is for friends
To become intimately involved;
I was guilty of wondering what
It would be like for the arms
That went around my shoulders
When I was feeling low
To hold me tight in passion.
But I will never know for certain
What he felt . . .
Once he said my smile comforted him
And we shared laughter easily.
We were like brother and sister in so many ways,
And perhaps that is why ours was
Such an awkward situation.
Neither of us gave it any planning.
It was just another day in March;
The rain was falling around us
Like it does in all good love stories,
And our senses told us
It was the right thing to do,
So the books and papers of the weekend
Were forgotten
As we loved.
Gone are the mudpies we made together
As children
Gone are the tassels from the high school graduation caps
We wore as we walked down the
Gymnasium side by side
Gone is the moment
We shared as lovers . . .
It is April and although
The rain is falling around us,
We watch the water hit the pavement,
As friends.

The Cruise

Patricia A. Santana

Characters:

MRS. WILLIARD P. WELLINGTON, IV — 61 years old, tall, slim, dressed very fashionably, beautifully coiffured, exquisite jewelry. Boston accent.

MRS. IRVING GOLDBERG — 65 years old, medium height, slightly overweight, bright red hair, heavily laden with jewelry, Jewish accent.

MRS. ANTONIO CARABETTI — 63 years old, short, very frail, plain black dress, no jewelry, hair pulled back tightly in a bun, Italian accent.

MR. ANDREW SMITH — 65 years old, tall, well-built, salt and pepper hair, mustache, well-dressed.

Scene I opens on the sun deck of a cruise ship. Three ladies are seated in deck chairs.

MRS. WELLINGTON: You know, last summer I took a cruise to Europe on the QE2. I had a simply marvelous time. I met the most charming gentlemen. (*puts on a pair of sunglasses*)

MRS. GOLDBERG: I took a Mediterranean cruise last summer. Have you ever been on a Mediterranean cruise?

MRS. WELLINGTON: Oh yes. It's a lovely trip too. I believe it was three . . . maybe four summers ago that I went. What ship were you on?

MRS. GOLDBERG: *The Aquarius*.

MRS. WELLINGTON: That's the same ship I was on. (*takes sunglasses partway down and peers over the tops at Mrs. Goldberg*) I met a couple of fine gentlemen on that cruise.

MRS. CARABETTI: (*very timidly*) This is my first trip.

MRS. WELLINGTON & MRS. GOLDBERG: (*together*) REALLY!?!?

MRS. WELLINGTON: I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself, my dear. The itinerary on this ship is the best of any of the Caribbean Cruises I checked into. I'm really looking forward to our stop at Barbados. I've heard so much about the place.

MRS. GOLDBERG: Most of all, I am looking forward to seeing Caracas and Granada.

MRS. CARABETTI: I want to see everything! I thought San Juan was so pretty. All those lovely old churches. There really wasn't enough time to see all the things I wanted to see.

MRS. GOLDBERG: Only eight days though. That's too short and we only have five left. I wish it was for a month. I hate to think of going home. Since wonderful Irv passed away, I'm all alone.

MRS. WELLINGTON: Oh, I understand just how you feel, my dear.

MRS. CARABETTI: I too am alone now. But — I have my children. They are good to me and visit as often as possible.

MRS. GOLDBERG: Actually, I'm not completely alone. My 38 year old son lives with me. But that's almost the same as being alone. Such a schmuk! (*throws hands in air*) What he needs is a wonderful girl to take care of him and set him straight. But thank God, I have a terrific daughter. Such a princess! And, I tell you, her little girl — what a beauty! Looks just like my daughter.

MRS. WELLINGTON: I'm sorry to say, I have a worthless, good for nothing son, too. All he does is drive fancy cars and throw his money away at the gambling tables in Las Vegas. But when it's gone, he needn't think I'll give him a penny. In fact, I'm doing my best to spend as much as I can before my time comes. I certainly don't plan to let him get his no-good hands on the money my Williard worked so hard to make. Williard was a financial wizard, you know. He

had a Midas touch. Williard's family tree dates back to the Mayflower. I'm of French extraction. Our family was of royal blood, actually. Both families have a great deal of money.

MRS. CARABETTI: *(busy knitting)* How nice for you.

MRS. GOLDBERG: My Irv was in furs and jewels. *(flashes hands loaded with rings and bracelets)*

MRS. CARABETTI: Oh! That's why you wear so much of both.

MRS. GOLDBERG: Irving left me very well cared for. I tell you, I couldn't ask for more. When I think how poor we were when we got married — oy vey; we were — I never would have believed things would have turned out so well. Irving was such a brilliant man, but of course, without me to push him along, — well, I'd probably still be poor.

MRS. WELLINGTON: What about you my dear? What did your husband do?

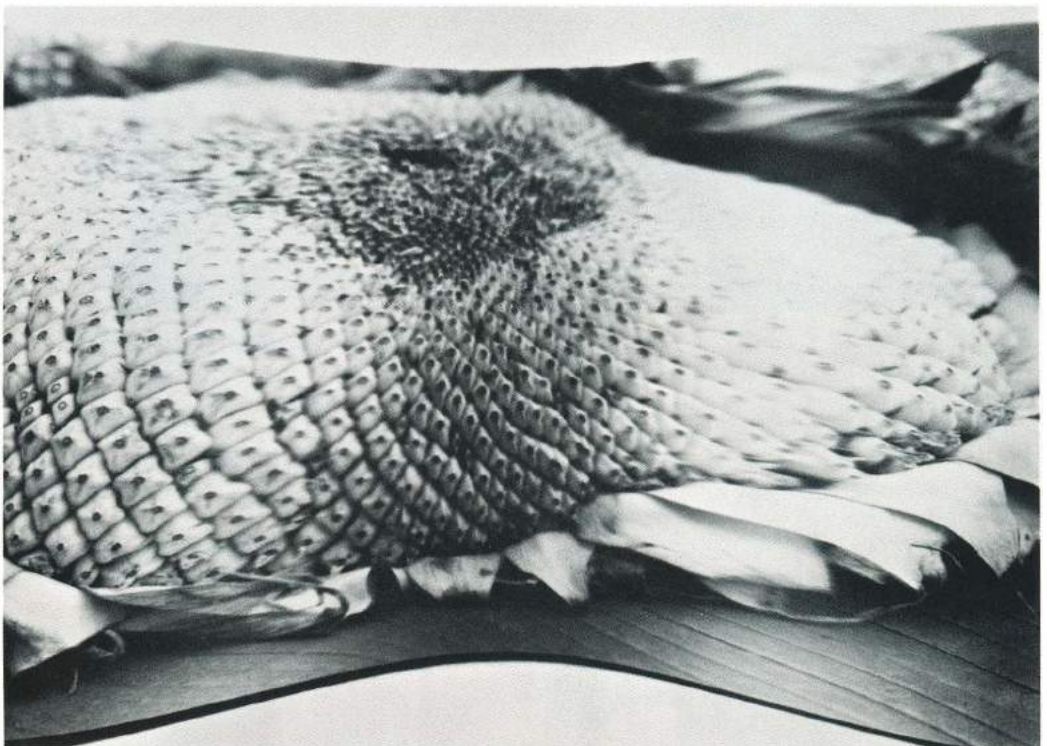
MRS. CARABETTI: *(puts knitting down and folds hands on lap)* Oh, my Tony was a hard working man. Very good at his work. Wonderful husband and father. But not so much money. But Tony finds job very quick and good thing because then the babies start.

MRS. GOLDBERG: The babies? My dear, how many children do you have?

MRS. CARABETTI: Oh, I only have 8.

MRS. WELLINGTON & MRS. GOLDBERG: ONLY EIGHT!!

MRS. WELLINGTON: My God! How did you stand it?



MRS. CARABETTI: Children are wonderful gifts from God, I wish I could have had more. Now I must settle for the little ones of my sons and daughters. *(holds up knitting)* A new one is coming soon and I'm making this for the little one. My children, they are the ones that say "take a trip", and then buy me tickets for this cruise or I would never have gone.

MRS. CARABETTI: Tony always wanted for us to go to Italy to see our families and friends. But with a new baby coming all the time, never money to go for trips. And, Tony liked the wine a little too much,

(a well-dressed, handsome man about 60 enters stage left and sits opposite them)



Daniel J. Bowens

MRS. WELLINGTON: Since Williard passed on, almost five years ago, I just travel all the time. It's just so awful being alone. I keep our home at Hyannis, but I'm hardly ever there. Much too damp and cold. I go to my villa in Acapulco in October and don't come back until May. I like to spend May and June at Hyannis. It's lovely there at that time of the year. During July and August I always take trips. One year I went to England and France; another year I went to Italy and Greece. Two years ago I went to Hawaii and last year to Spain. Next year I believe I'll go to Japan.

MRS. WELLINGTON: Look over there. *(points toward the man being seated across the deck from them)*

MRS. GOLDBERG: You mean at the gentleman over there?

MRS. WELLINGTON: Yes. I noticed him at breakfast this morning. A very dashing looking man, don't you think?

MRS. GOLDBERG: I wonder if he's alone? I didn't see him with anyone. *(pats hair and adjusts jewelry)*

MRS. WELLINGTON: Good heavens! Will you look at that! *[gestures at a bikini clad, well-endowed blond strolling toward the pool]*

MRS. GOLDBERG: It's a disgrace the way these young people dress these days.. They have no morals at all! Why she might just as well have nothing on at all — for all she's covering with that little piece of cloth.

MRS. CARABETTI: I think young people dress that way just to attract attention.

MRS. WELLINGTON: Oh, she's attracting attention all right. Just look at all those dirty old men leering at her.

MRS. CARABETTI: She is pretty. I've seen many without the shape she has wearing things like that. That really looks terrible!

MRS. WELLINGTON: *(waving at the gentleman)* Look, he's smiling at me.

MRS. GOLDBERG: How do you know? He might be smiling at me. *(pats hair again and toys with her necklaces)*

MRS. CARABETTI: It's almost time for lunch, so I'm going to go to my cabin and freshen up a bit. See you at lunch. *(picks up knitting and goes off stage right.)*

MRS. WELLINGTON: Yes, I think I'll go freshen up a little before lunch, too.

MRS. GOLDBERG: Me too. See you later.

(both exit stage left)

Scene II opens with the three ladies seated at a round table eating lunch.

MRS. WELLINGTON: This crabmeat salad is just marvelous. *(takes a taste)*

MRS. GOLDBERG: I wish I could get my cook to learn to prepare food this good. *(takes a bite of sandwich)*

MRS. WELLINGTON: Good help is impossible to find. *(takes another bite of salad)* I have one live-in housekeeper in Hyannis. She's been with me so long I haven't the heart to let her go, but she's too old to be of much help. When I'm in Acapulco, I have a dozen servants. It's a good thing they work for almost nothing, because they are so lazy you have to hire double help to get anything done.

MRS. GOLDBERG: I only have a cook and a maid that live in. My handyman comes twice a week during the summer and whenever I need him during the winter. Chicago is the worst place when it comes to getting good help. They are all so independent and lazy. It is so much easier to stand in line once a week and get that welfare check! And if you do get someone, you have to keep after them every minute to see that it gets done correctly.

MRS. WELLINGTON: *(turns to Mrs. Carabetti)* Do you have help, my dear?

MRS. CARABETTI: Me? Oh no, I do all myself. It keeps me busy.

MRS. WELLINGTON: I wouldn't know the first thing about cleaning or cooking for that matter. I've always had people. My mother always told me it wasn't lady-like to do manual chores.

MRS. CARABETTI: What do you mean? I think I'm a lady.

MRS. WELLINGTON: Oh. My dear, I didn't mean that the way it sounded. No, no, not at all.

MRS. GOLDBERG: Look. *(pointing at the man being seated near them)* There he is again. I have a wonderful idea. Let's tip the steward to seat him at our table tonight. What do you think?

MRS. WELLINGTON: I think that's a marvelous idea, my dear.

MRS. GOLDBERG: Okay, we'll do it.

(They finish eating and lean back in their chairs.)

MRS. WELLINGTON: *(wipes mouth with napkin)*
I'm going to take a swim and cool off. Then I think I'll take a bit of a nap so I'll be fresh for dinner.

MRS. GOLDBERG: I think I'll get a massage to relax me and, of course, get my hair done. I want to look my best tonight.

MRS. WELLINGTON: What are you going to do, my dear?

MRS. CARABETTI: Oh, I'm just going to go back to the sun deck. I want to sit in the nice warm sunshine for a little while more.

(They leave, all say: "See you tonight.")

Scene III later that afternoon finds Mrs. Carabetti seated in a deck chair on the sundeck, head back, eyes closed.

(The man approaches from stage right.)

THE MAN: Pardon me.

MRS. CARABETTI: *(opens eyes and sits up)*
Y-E-S?

THE MAN: May I sit here?

MRS. CARABETTI: Of course. Please.

THE MAN: Are you traveling alone?

MRS. CARABETTI: Yes, I am.

THE MAN: Good, I've had my eye on you since we sailed.

MRS. CARABETTI: You have? On me?

THE MAN: What's your name?

MRS. CARABETTI: Rosie. Rosie Carabetti.

THE MAN: My name is Andrew Smith. My friends call me Andy. It's a pleasure to meet you Rosie.

MRS. CARABETTI: Thank you. It's a pleasure to meet you also.

THE MAN: Would you do me the honor of having dinner with me? I hate to eat alone.

MRS. CARABETTI: Well, I guess it would be all right. Yes. That would be very nice.

John Satyr

*Warner's Seven Arts was industry's
Gain; they've sailed the oceans
And Spanish Main
And searched for plunder'd audience.*

*Paramount, their quest in view
Did help to solve prolific
Loss, old and new
To keep from mortgage their foreclosure.*

*M'God's the Mayer! Their talents cried, while
Larger contracts there they spied —
The Bogart close upon the run
To bigger income through his gun.*

*Jack Warner truly made them,
But what was there to save him?*

To Veena (or A Blanket)

K. Ward

And just as today's children out of yesterday's come,
And just as flowers out of the fertile earth bloom
So I am renewed in your friendship. A very special
Relationship we share; intertwined like threads on a loom
Yet our lives are separate as we combine our experiences.

Yes. A very special relationship is friendship. Threads
Weave together yet each is distinct. Threads may
Tangle or break, but still coalesce to form
A comfortable blanket, that grows day by day.



Frank J. Leon

Bored in the Streets

Steve Howard

They come in the night by ones, twos and sometimes in large groups. They are spoken of with dread and contempt and watched warily always. "They" are the children of the suburbs, the progeny of the middle class. Rather than being products of deprivation, they are the end result of an affluence known in few areas of the world.

With communities geared to production and requiring mobility, there is little or no point in being an adolescent in the suburbs. The activities which are geared towards them are often too costly or inaccessible. With the wide spread of the suburbs and the general lack of public transportation, adolescents are left with plenty of energy and little to do. To some degree this has resulted in widespread vandalism and group disorders of a nature that has long been associated with the inner city rather than the children of the commuter class.

In Palatine groups of youths, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen years old, roamed the neighborhoods wielding baseball bats, stopping cars and terrorizing the occupants for periods of up to half an hour. The adults of these neighborhoods reacted by forming "citizen patrols" to supplement police service. There were then adults and adolescents roaming the neighborhoods with baseball bats.

Vandalism is increasing rapidly in many of the suburbs with sometimes shocking results. Early this year three boys, twelve, thirteen and fourteen years old, vandalized two schools in Arlington Heights and Mount Prospect on the same day. Duntun School in Arlington Heights sustained sixteen thousand dollars worth of damage, a figure which is dwarfed by the nearly sixty thousand dollars damage suffered by the Gregory School in Mount Prospect.

While this is an extreme case, it is not an isolated incident. The problem has become so great in the eyes of village government, that strong measures have been taken. Buffalo Grove unanimously passed an ordinance placing a five-hundred dollar fine on the parents of vandals for each act of

vandalism. The ordinance also provides for possible psychiatric treatment and special classes. It is only a punitive measure and quite possibly not a preventive one. Some vandals are not necessarily in need of psychiatric care, but may be remanded by the courts into this stigmatized realm. Also, the youths who do need such care are quite possibly the children of parents also in need of it.

The end results of this ordinance, and ones like it in Arlington Heights and under consideration in Mount Prospect, may be more harmful than beneficial. They could intensify the home problems that may have originally caused the destructive behavior. They could perhaps become nothing more than a "vandal tax."

In the cities, where these problems grew out of control years ago, more emphasis has been placed on positive community action through churches, neighborhood organizations, and city-run programs to give the youth of the areas a sense of purpose and belonging. In contrast suburban groups usually either ignore the problem or become more concerned with apprehension and punishment after the fact:

Perhaps more understanding and constructive thinking is called for. Adolescence is a difficult stage of life where one is considered more often a problem than a person, a functioning non-entity. A cartoonist by the name of Kliban may well have put it best into perspective with his drawing of an old man over the whimsical newspaper heading, "It was hell, recalls former child."

Will making it worse make it better?

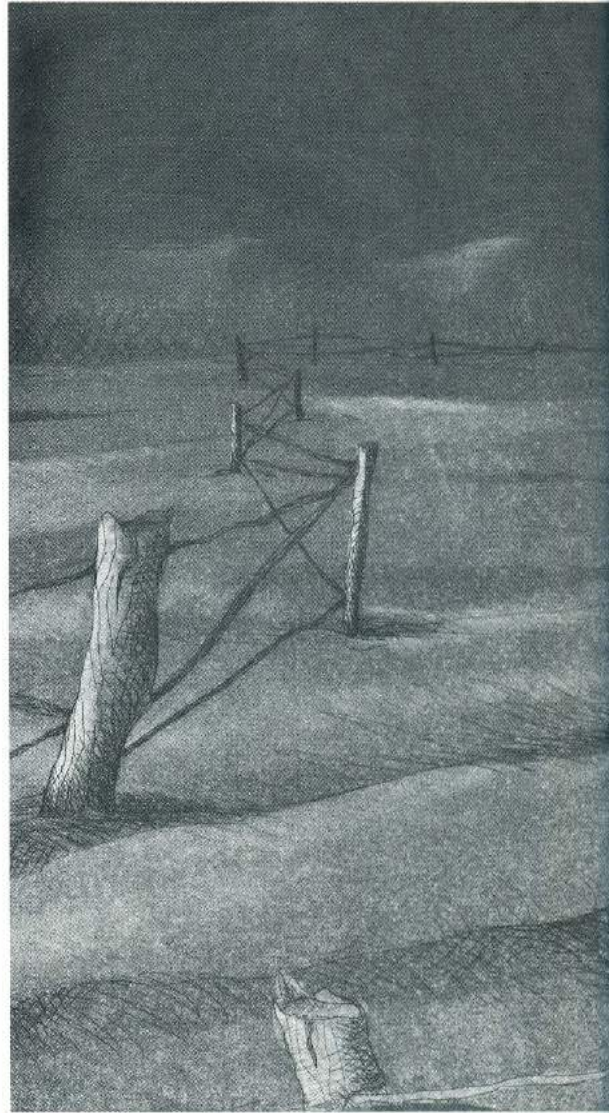
Terry Anne Maggio



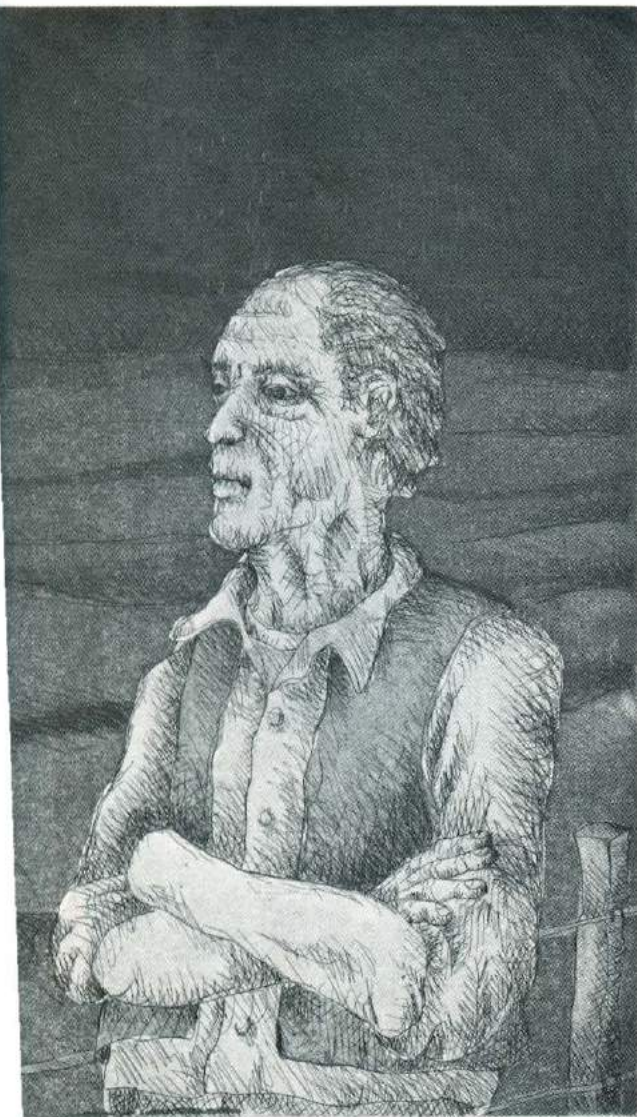
Zimmerman's Glass Eye Rag

Ballard S. Holdren

I climbed the Eiffel tower
just to get a bird's eye view,
I saw a girl with King Kong
and she looked a lot like you,
You're making me go crazy
with your hairy legs and arms,
And yet you say "the sane,
they are not without their charms."
I found your glass eye yesterday
behind my swimming pool,
And lost it in a marble game
and learned a golden rule,
To find and lose a piece of junk
is not a mortal sin,
So quit your howling at the door,
or else "you can't come in."
I didn't see the manhole
and the sewer, it was deep,
I landed with a splash
and saw you coming in a jeep,
I tried to thumb a ride
but "you were with your brother Jane,"
The new ball bearing eye you got
was lost and down the drain.
The sun was shining down on you
in shades of golden brown,
I said I've had enough of this,
I ain't nobody's clown,
And then I saw the quarter pounder
floating by my knee,
I flipped out in McDonald's land,
and drank my anti-freeze.



Daniel J. Bowens



Al Balaz

*chewed tobacco,
that despicable spit!
amber and viscous,
his juice sluiced
from his jowl's swell
past glistening lips
and out towards its target!*



The End of the Line

Ellen Germanos

The retiring autumn sun slanted through the window onto the objects on her desk, creating shadows multiplied by more shadows. Elizabeth Simpson Cutter arose from her chair to close the drapes but, before doing so paused to stare out the thick thermopaned window at the monotonous repetition of trucks and cars on the street far below. Semi-microscopic people darted around and about the sidewalks, in and out of random doorways, undistinguishable from this height except as dots of color against the blah beige of the concrete.

She reflected for a few moments on how easily it was to stare blankly at the machinations below; to mesmerize oneself, totally obliterating one's physical surroundings, one's own physical reality. Strange thoughts, hadn't gotten off on that vein since college "psych," when the kids in the dorm were into the pseudo-hypnotic thing in a big way.

"Back to work, Elizabeth Simpson Cutter," she ordered herself. She so prided herself on her self-discipline and organization. She must not digress.

"Jack, please come in." Strange how a flick of the intercom button, so seemingly insignificant, could command such awesome power if so dictated through its microphone.

Jack entered through the black walnut-panelled door, pad in hand. Her private secretary for twelve years, sober-of-manner, he was unquestionably loyal.

"Please take a letter, Jack. Address it to *Who's Who International*, 185 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10075." Jack remained standing. "Direct it to the attention of J. Roderick Brown. Dear Mr. Brown:" she continued. "In response to your recent request for additional data to update my file may I add the following items: After my divorce from Lawrence Bateman, I resigned my position at Macy's and came here to Chicago to assume the position of purchasing manager at Sear's Store #72 on Irving Park Road. In the thirteen years I have been here I have been

promoted seven times to attain my present position of Executive Vice President in charge of purchasing. I have remained unmarried and have no children. I belong to several professional organizations and serve in a directorial capacity on the boards of various civic and philanthropic organizations. A list of these positions is attached."

"Please end that with the usual amenities, Jack, and attach that list too. And how is the other correspondence coming along?" She leaned back in her armchair as she looked up questioningly.

"They're all completed, Ms. Cutter; I'm just waiting for inventory control to finish duplicating the additional copies of the reports to be included in the letters to the Board of Directors. I left strict orders they were to be on my desk by 3 p.m.; since you have no appointments this evening, I assumed you would be catching the 3:45. Will there be anything else?"

"No, that will be all, Jack. Thank you."

She watched him leave the room, reflecting on what a fine job her almost all-male staff did for her division. The company grapevine from time to time blossomed with juicy tidbits about this one or that and some steno from the next floor but, no matter, that did not affect their efficiency — let them have their fun — as long as their working hours were productive and fruitful. They had all been loyal to her; she had no basis for complaint.

A small neat stack of inventory reports were to her right on the long, black, Spanish style desk. She had overheard one of the workmen who had installed it refer to it as a long, black cigarbox. Well, perhaps so, but it was still quite handsome. It blended well with the blacks and tawny browns of the rest of the office, which mellowed so much at this time of year.

The inventories took one half hour to read. This would have been a remarkable feat fifteen or twenty years before computerization was able to condense reams of data into easily readable reports

such as these. Yes, Elizabeth Simpson Cutter, you have come a long way in this business.

She glanced at her watch 3:10 p.m.; that time already. Fortunately, she didn't have to waste time clearing off her desk, since she never permitted it to become cluttered.

She released her jacket from its coat rack peg on her way to Jack's office where she rapidly and methodically scanned the letters awaiting her, signing each in turn. Something in that last one to *Who's Who* created a break in pace as she paused to look it over a second time.

"Your taxi is awaiting you, Ms. Cutter," Jack interjected.

Thank you, she quickly signed the *Who's Who* and walked to her private elevator; descending in twelve seconds to the lobby; cabbing to the station in eleven minutes, while the driver vocalized various and sundry opinions, diatribing the other drivers and flavoring the ride with "streeteze" a well worn and hard learned language. A quick jaunt through the station brought her up the steps and into the passenger compartment of the "3:45" where she took a seat near the window.

Relaxed, she sorted out her thoughts on the events of the day. That letter — the *Who's Who* one — what was that line? "I have remained unmarried and have no children," How ironic! She thought to herself that twenty years ago no well-bred female, or male for that matter, would have stated such a thing, even if they had mothered or fathered offspring.

A rather matronly woman, perhaps in her late thirties, laid some packages in the seat next to Elizabeth's. The train was rapidly crowding with shoppers downtown for the day. She turned her back to ensconce two children in the seat across the aisle. Task completed, she sat next to Elizabeth, smiled quickly and turned to watch her children.

Children. Elizabeth had never in her adult life entertained the thought of procreating. She could never identify with women such as her seatmate. During her marriage to Larry Bateman, there was a mutual understanding that she had her career and this was first and foremost to her. He had never made this demand of her or, for that matter, any other demands. Their parting had been mutual and amicable. Her major contact with men from that time on was at Sears where she had skillfully molded the best purchasing division in the Midwest, and been acknowledged as expert in her field.

The sun flicked in her eyes for a minute as the train rounded the bend approaching her station. She descended the steps to another waiting taxi, to a less vituperative cab driver.

The front door was unlocked and she stepped into the foyer. The paper was on the lattice-backed love seat. She glanced at the headline as she called out, "I'm home. Where are you, Love? Come and see me."

"Here I am," a breathless voice responded.

Elizabeth laid down her paper and kissed her lover on the cheek. "You look ravishing today, Carol. Go get me a drink so we can sit and talk and you can tell me what you've done all day while I've been gone."



Man Made God

Robin Olsen

He's cried a million tears and yet his eyes are dry and clear,
He's been across the stars and yet he's always been right here.
A nomad of the barren wasteland, he who has no name,
Look into the mirror and you'll find that you're the same.
"Guilty!" cries his shadow and his thoughts betray the truth,
Older than the sun is he who seems to be a youth.
Strong enough of will, his mind can make the planets spin,
Weaker of the spirit, with a heart of tarnished tin,
Watch him live eternally, a life without a death,
But listen very closely, and you'll catch his final breath.
He who lights the candle is a wiser man, my friends,
The man who lights it from the tip instead of both its ends.

Janet E. Bishop



Judith C. Reese





William Rainey Harper College



Algonquin and Roselle Roads
Palatine, Illinois 60067