



POINT OF VIEW

Spring 1982

Visual Editor

Kay Pankey

Assistant Visual Editor

Laurie Dunn

Faculty Advisor

William Faust

Graphic Staff

Alice Billings

Ray Mills

Mike Becker

Cover Design

Kay Pankey

Literary Editor

Shannon Woolfitt

Faculty Advisor

Dr. Frank Smith

Literary Staff

Mark Anderson

Betty Ann Dailey

Kirsten Yates

Table of Contents

<u>Graphic Work</u>		(Untitled)		Calles Cruceñas		Nightmare
	25	Tom Baldoni	40	Michael Hopkins	15	Ali Carlile
3 Pegasus		Mother and Child		Notre Dame Paris		I Have the Right ?!
Penny Kendzie	26	V. Marianne Potter	41	Robert E. Esbensen	16	Steven Hanson
4 Gesture One		Early Morning Fog		Solo		Seaswept, by Russa Graeme—
Sara Stephens	27	Mary L. Pahlke	41	Ron Stuchl	24	Review Shannon Woolfitt
5 Gesture Two		Meadow Knoll		Landscape		The Barn
Sara Stephens	28	Howard Russo	42	Ron Stuchl	26	Steven Hanson
6 Les Fleurs		Trunks		Changes		(Untitled)
Vicki Luempert	29	Kellie Krambeer	43	Rachel Wyatt	28	Vicki Lynn Atkinson
7 The Taj Mahal		(Untitled)		Christ's Crosses		Only In Ireland
Robert E. Esbensen	30	Janet Keena	45	Gary Tite	30	Mark Anderson
12 Point of View		Ramsey				Wasteland
Robert E. Esbensen	31	Vicki Luempert			32	Kirsten L. Yates
13 (Untitled)		Patricia's Lesson		<u>Literary Work</u>		Beginnings
Janet Keena	32	V. Marianne Potter		(Untitled)	33	Betty Ann Dailey
14 Butler Park		Still Life With Duck		2 (Untitled)		The Wallflower
Robert E. Esbensen	33	Ann Ingerson	2	Mark Anderson	34	Donald J. Frost
15 Exploration of Ice Formations				4 Sonnet #1		Animation
Rachel Wyatt				Jan Fendler	38	Ali Carlile
20 (Untitled)		Ebony		5 Omega Man		Killard
Mary L. Pahlke	37	Kathy Milauskas	5	Kevin Kilgore	39	Catherine Smith
21 Self Portrait		Rocky Mt. High		8 Rebecca		Ghost
Brad Butz	38	Kathy Milauskas	8	William C. Scherwin	40	Kristen Sanberg
22 Troubles the Clown		Black Crow Flying		13 Happily Ever Before		(Untitled)
Jim Martin	39	April Sopkin	13	Ali Carlile	43	Jan Fendler

(Untitled)

a poem is it? a poem it isn't?

on kilmer! on kipling! on jarrell and
thurber! go browning, quit frowning.
who's seen keats and shelley?

a poet's touch have i?
i am touched by all.
as i revel in donne, who's bells toll for
thee, there sits the giggling bean
whacking infernal knee!

a touch of the amateur you
say! reading a rectal retort you say!

you're right says i.

a poem is it?

when not mired in sophomoric slop,
clinging cliché's amongst illiterate
alliteration, the true touch of the
poet is not for me to define, his blacks,
his lights (no grays), his knights in
shining metaphor, are left to those
who laze and ask who, what, why, and
wherefor.

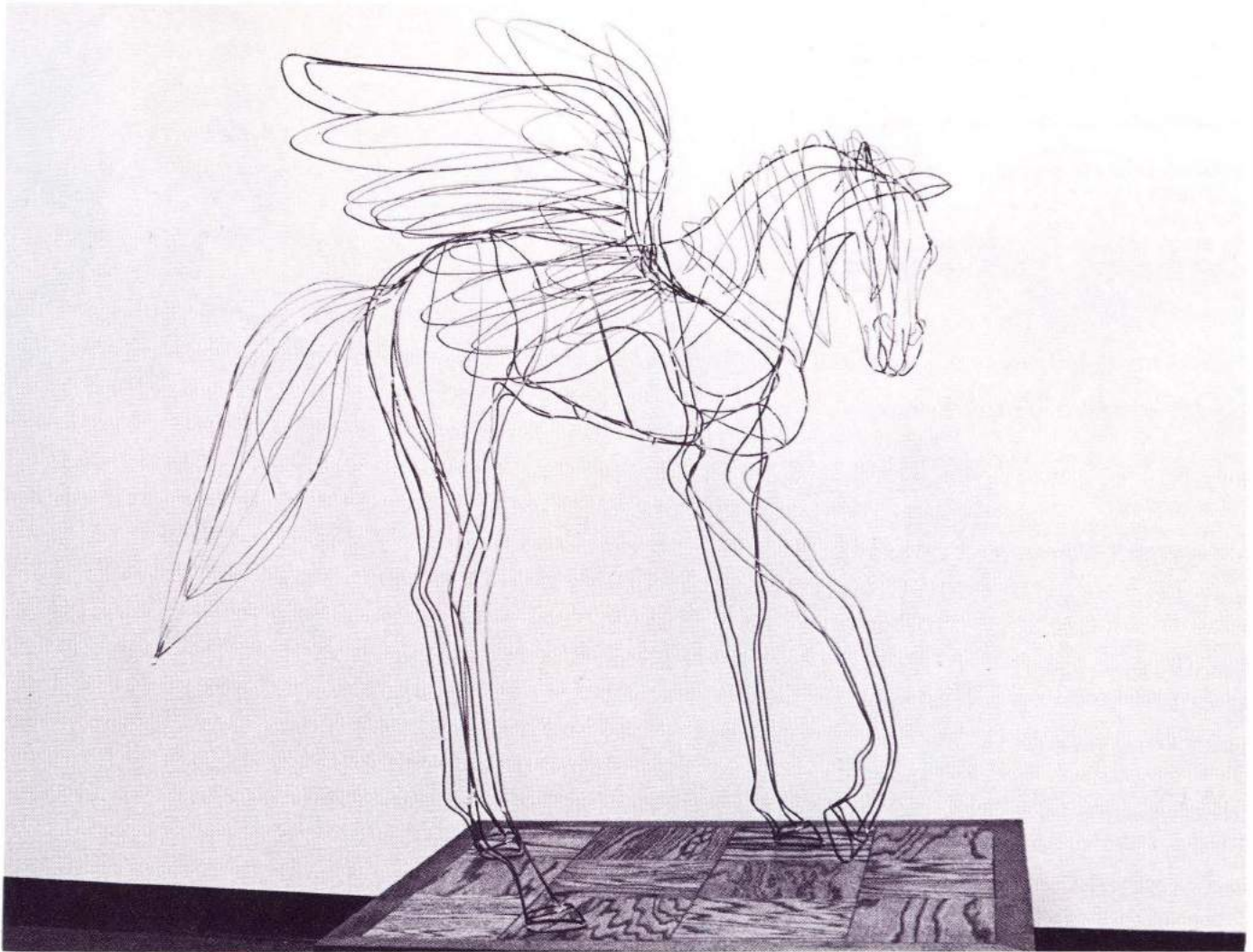
he's somewhat unhinged
you say. someone's pulled his pin
perchance. to you i say blond, blue and
left, the rest your mind must enhance.

a touch of the dreamer.
an idealist who scorns lennon, porter
he cannot resist.

a touch of the
soul, however sub-par.

revision be
damned!

you are what you are.



Pegasus

Penny Kendzie

Sonnet #1

A love poem should be
Mushy, mad and passionate;
Full of sweetly-scented, delicate, flowery
Prose
All heartache and heavy sighs
And “. . .eyes. . .
Like limpid pools. . .”
And the many redeeming qualities
Of your ears, lips, cheeks, and well-shaped
Nose.
(Oh, spare me.)

After all, your facial features
Have little to do with us;
And, in trying very hard to be sentimental
I find
That I can't write a poem to your eyes.
(Your thighs
Are poetry-worthy
But that's not what this poem needs.)
It's just to say that I love you for more than
Your mind.
(You're so well-rounded.)

So, in closing, I'll say
That being not-sentimental
Makes a love poem like this sort of hard
To write
And I was thinking just now
About how
It might be more beneficial
If we got together sometime
And talked. Or something. So anyways, how about
Tonight?
(Now kiss me, you fool.)

Jan Fendler



Gesture One

Sara Stephens

Omega Man

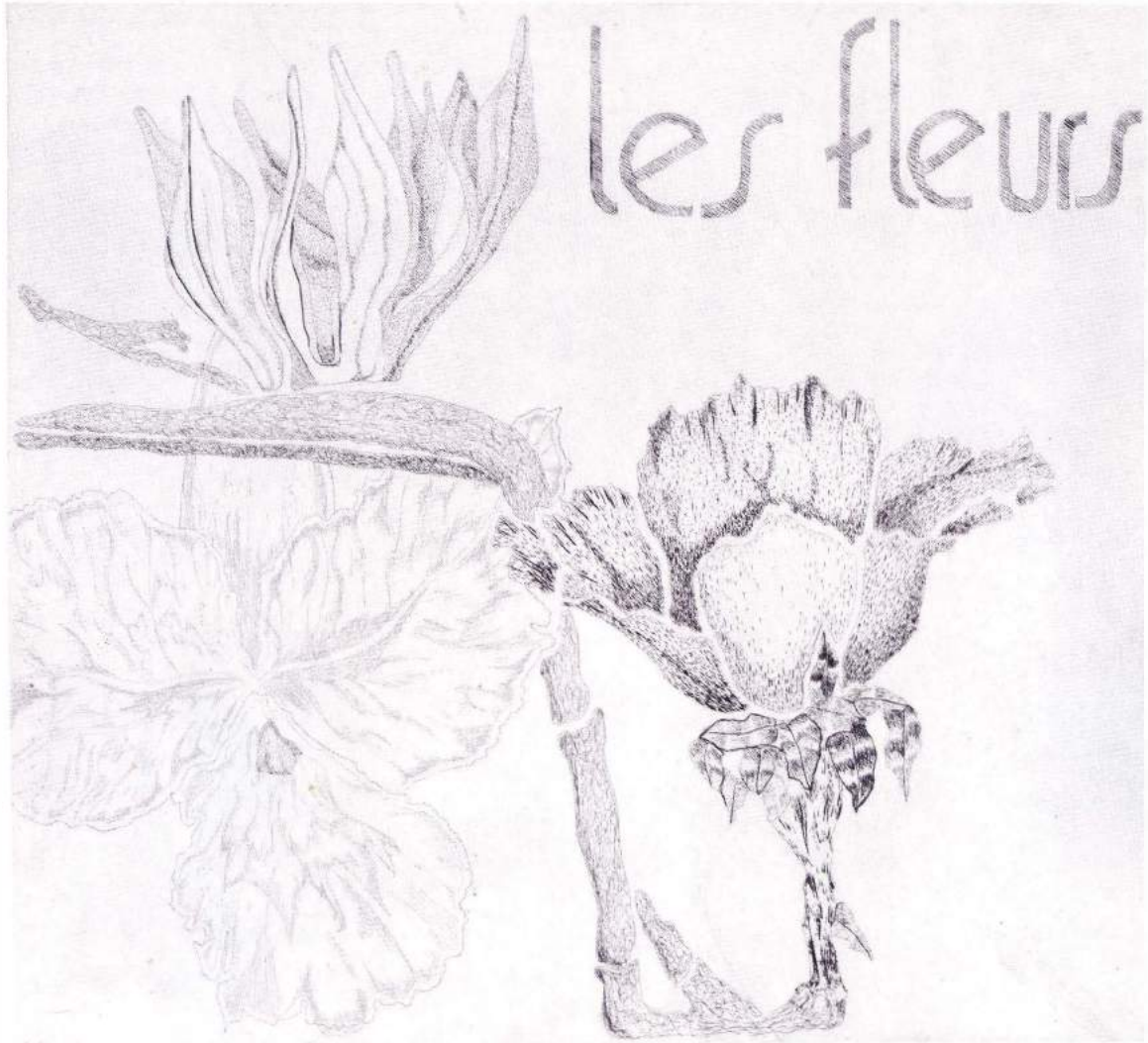
The quickness
of his hand
grabs a lightning bolt
from the northwest corner
of his living room
and throws it
like a javelin
into the sky
through a nearby window
and he watches it
disappear,
a look of pride
decorating his steel face

Kevin M. Kilgore



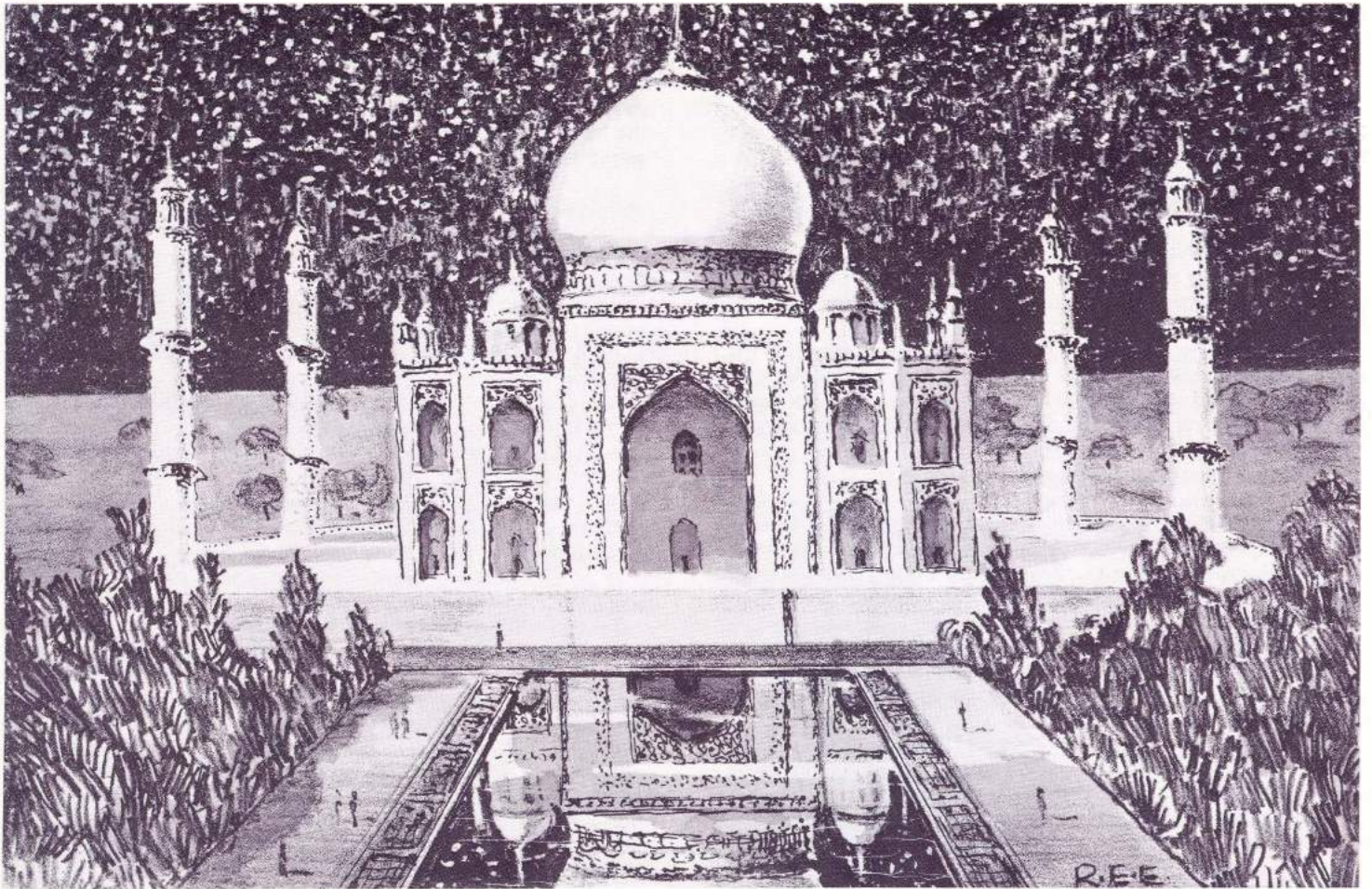
Gesture Two

Sara Stephens



Les Fleurs

Vicki Luempert



The Taj Mahal

Robert E. Esbensen

Rebecca

David knew something different was up. The only time his dad ever wore a tie was when he went to church. Easter wasn't for two or three weeks yet, and Sunday wasn't until tomorrow. He could not figure it out, but he was supposed to look presentable as well.

His dad called down the hall, "David, are you ready yet?"

"Almost. What's the hurry?"

"We have a long way to drive, there and back. If we don't get an early start, we'll be getting back late tonight. So, come on, get a move on."

"Oh, all right." Just who was cousin Rebecca, he wondered? How did she rate? She was family, right? People don't get all dressed up just to visit family, do they? The only time people get all dressed up for family is for a wedding or a funeral or, maybe, a graduation.

"Come on, David." His father called.

"Okay, okay. I'm coming."

"It's about time. Clearfield is two or three hours drive from here. We might be late as it is. Let's get in the car." His dad was always impatient when he was driving somewhere.

"Just a minute, Davey," his mother said. "I want to straighten your tie."

"Mother, please." She always had to make one last finishing touch before she let him leave the house. He knew how to dress himself, for God's sake. He didn't even use the clip-on ties any more.

"Can I drive, Dad?" he asked. He knew the answer to that almost as soon as he said it. Dad was the only one that drove on long trips. He wouldn't even let his mother drive.

"No, not today. The roads are too dangerous from all the melting and freezing lately. Maybe another time."

"But I've got my learner's permit with me. How am I ever going to learn to drive if I never get any practice?"

"Not today, David. We have to make good time, or we will be late for sure. Another day, okay?"

"You never let me drive."

"Another day, David. That's enough."

"Okay. Maybe another time?"

"Maybe next time."

Sometimes they still treated him like a little kid. He

was old enough to drive, after all. When would they ever realize?

As they drove along, David tried to remember who Rebecca was. He didn't recall ever having met her. He had just assumed that she was one of the multitude of cousins that the family rarely saw. He didn't even know how old she was or why they were going to visit her.

"Mom? Why do we have to be all dressed up to go visit cousin Rebecca?"

His mother smiled. "We're going to her party. She is celebrating and wanted as many of the family to come as possible."

"What is she celebrating? Her birthday?"

"No, she's celebrating her first job. Her first real job."

"Celebrating a job? I don't get it. We never had a party when I got my first job."

Yes, but Rebecca is special. She has never been allowed to have a job before."

"You mean her mom and dad wouldn't let her go out and work? Was she old enough?"

His mother became very sober and looked out the window at the passing houses and trees. Then, she turned back to look at David.

"Yes, she was old enough. She is my cousin, David. She's about six months older than I am."

There wasn't much conversation for the rest of the trip. Without realizing it, he had apparently touched on a sensitive topic that no one was willing to talk much about.

But that still left him in the dark. He was now sure that he had never met cousin Rebecca, or any other cousin that old. He was forced to rethink his idea of what a cousin was.

Cousins were the kids of aunts and uncles; that much was for certain. He just had not thought of his parents as having aunts or uncles as well. It made sense. But, it also gave him a sense of the depth of time, of things happening long before he was ever around.

Soon they passed a sign. "Clearfield, pop. 8635, 'A Planned Progress Community.'"

"How much further is it?" David asked.

"Not too much further," his father replied. "It's just on the far edge of town."

They drove right through the center of town but had to stop at the only traffic light for a minute. David noticed that there was a park in the center of town, about one block

square.

"What is that building on the other side of the park, Dad?" he asked.

"That is the county court house. Clearfield is the county seat. All the county government buildings are located somewhere around here."

They started to drive out of town, across the railroad tracks and past the grain elevator.

David didn't see any place where they were going to stop.

"Where is it?" David asked.

His father pointed. "There, just ahead on the right. It looks like an old farm house. Do you see it?"

He saw it. It was a large, three, maybe four, story farm house like Grandma and Grandpa lived in. It even had a front porch and a barn out back of it.

"Does Rebecca own that farm?" he wondered. Maybe she inherited it from her parents or something.

His mother answered, "No, it belongs to the county. She just lives there. She's lived there for a long time."

"If the county owns it, why does she live there? I don't understand, Mom."

"I'll explain it later," she handed him her pocket mirror; "here, comb your hair. We are almost there."

They pulled into the driveway between two flower beds. David saw the first green shoots of tulips or crocuses poking through the snow at the base of a sign. The sign said "Chariton County Home."

There were only about a dozen cars in the parking lot, but they had to take the last space that was open. The next car would have to park on the grass.

They got out of the car and made the final adjustments to their appearances. Then, they walked up the short walkway to the front door. David noticed that the door didn't match the age of the house. This was more like an office door. The sign said "Come On In," so they entered.

There was a lot of talking and general commotion coming from a room just down the hall from the entrance. As they were hanging up their coats, a voice called out.

"Lori! You made it! I'm so glad you could come."

David's mother replied, "Becky! How are you?"

They met in the hall with a hug. This must be cousin Rebecca, David thought.

"Congratulations, Becky," said David's father.

"Paul! I'm glad both of you could make it. I wasn't sure that you would come all that way just for my party. But, here you are. . . and who is this? This must be David."

As Rebecca turned toward David, his mother introduced him, "Becky, this is our boy, Davey."

It made him sound like such a little kid. "Mom, no."

"I'm sorry. He doesn't like to be called that. This is David. David, this is my cousin Rebecca."

"I'm pleased to meet you too, ah. . ."

"You can call me Becky. Most people who want to be my friend call me that."

"Okay. . . Becky."

"Come on everybody, the party has already begun."

She escorted them off down the short hallway to a kind of living room. All along one wall there were goodies and snacks and tiny sandwiches. People were sitting and standing all around holding clear cups of a pink Kool-Ade kind of drink.

"Help yourself to cake and punch, David. There is plenty for everyone."

David saw that there was a rough division across the room. On one side a few people that he knew, a couple of uncles and an aunt, but on the other side were people who were a lot older. A couple were sitting in wheelchairs and one woman was sitting in a chair beside her walker. There were even a couple of women in white nurse's uniforms. But every one was, more or less, adding to the medley.

Rather than suffer the awkwardness of meeting new people or have to endure being told how much he had grown, David chose to stay close to his parents. There were other cousins that he recognized, but they were just kids.

"Hello, Becky." A man came up dressed in a dark three piece suit. "Who are these people? I don't think that we've met before."

"Oh, hello, Dr. Springer. This is my cousin Lorretta, her husband Paul, and their son David. Lori, this is Dr. Springer. He is the one who has helped me so much in the last few years. If it wasn't for his help, I don't know where I'd be today. He gave me my first job doing the books here at the home. He was the one that helped me find the job I have now as book-keeper at Petersen's Hardware in town."

"Don't overdo it, Becky. Most of the credit has to go to you. Most people in your position would have given up

long ago.”

After that they mostly exchanged pleasantries and talked about people David didn't know. He decided that it was time to refill his cup. When he got to the table, though, he had to wait in line behind his aunt. She was talking to a man he didn't recognize.

“You know who's missing from this celebration, don't you? Lenora and Earl. They're the ones responsible for her being locked away in here for so many years,” his aunt said.

“I can't say that I expected them to show up on this occasion, though. If I were her parents, I don't think that I could face myself shaving every day. No, I didn't expect them today. Especially not today.”

“You're right, I suppose. They never once visited her here, so you could hardly expect them to show up today,” his aunt said.

“Do you know what I don't understand?” the man said. “I don't understand how Earl could let Lenora get away with a thing like that. I can see how he could want to remarry after Rebecca's mother died, but how could he let her do a thing like that? I'll never understand it if I live to be a hundred and fifty.”

“Well, that's all in the past now. Life has to go on. Too bad for Becky that the law wasn't changed sooner. They couldn't get away with it today, I'm sure.”

David had a creepy feeling. He wanted to stay and hear more, but he didn't want to risk being discovered as an eavesdropper. He sneaked in and refilled his cup and then returned to where his parents were still talking to cousin Rebecca.

The doctor had left, but they were still talking about people and things he didn't know about. He looked around and saw people just sitting and talking, but they were all strangers to him. He decided to go explore some of the house.

David went out into the entrance hall and went further down the corridor. He liked discovering secrets of old houses; it made him feel like he was a private detective on assignment.

He went into one room that was a kind of living room, different from the party room. There was a T.V. in one corner and a card table set up for checkers. The window shades were fully opened, flooding the room with waning afternoon

sunlight.

“Who are you?” a voice said from behind him.

He was startled; he hadn't expected to find anyone, much less be discovered. He turned and saw an old man about a hundred years old looking at him.

“Are you one of Becky's kin?” the man asked.

David nodded. “She's my Mom's cousin.”

“She's a good gal, that Becky. I've known her since her folks left her here. . . . when she was about your age. What's your name, son?”

“David.”

“Loretta's boy, eh? They did to poor Becky about what my kids did to me. They couldn't find any use for me, so they brought me here and signed the papers that said I wasn't fit. Now I have no place to go. They've sold the house years ago and moved away.

“Becky took it pretty hard. I reckon she didn't talk to any one for almost a year after that. But that just confirmed the notion that she wasn't fit.

“Things were pretty bad around here until Doc Springer came around. He saw right away that she didn't belong here. He's a good man, that Doc. He's helped her an awful lot. We're all proud of her, here at the home. She's going to turn out all right.

“Have you had some of the cake yet? They baked it right here, in our kitchen.”

The old man needed a little help walking back down the hall, so David went with him.

He returned to where his mother and Rebecca were still talking.

“It's scary, Lori,” Rebecca said. “Dr. Springer is already talking of my moving away from here into my own apartment.”

“He's just thinking of your best interest. You don't belong in here. You need to get out into the community.”

“I know. It's just that this is the only home I've known for so long; this is my family here. I know I'll have to move away someday soon, but it's scary to think about.”

At the other side of the room someone banged a fork against the side of a glass to get people's attention.

“Can I have your attention, please,” said Dr. Springer. “I want to propose a toast to Becky. Come on everyone, a toast to Becky.”

The room became quiet and everyone turned toward cousin Rebecca. David saw that she was blushing.

"Rebecca, you've gone through a lot in the last few years. You've studied hard and worked hard to finally make this day come true. Congratulations on your first job. There is no one that deserves it more than you. Good luck, Becky."

At that, everyone lifted their glasses and drank the toast to cousin Rebecca. David noticed that his dad had to give her his handkerchief.

The party went on a little while after that. David did have to meet people he didn't know and was told a number of times how much he had grown. There was no escaping that in the presence of so many relatives. And, he still didn't like being called Davey.

It was after dark when his parents finally decided to leave for home. As they were putting on their coats, his mother said, "Congratulations and thanks again for inviting us to your party. Whenever you decide to move, just give me a call; I'll try to come out and help, okay?"

"Thanks, Lori." She kissed her on the cheek. "I'm glad you all could make it. I will call, just you wait and see."

"Good luck on your new job," said his Dad. "I hope everything works out for you."

"Thanks, I'm sure it will. Davey. . . David?" she said, looking at him. "I'm glad you could come, too. I'm glad we met."

"It was good meeting you, too. . . Becky."

They all waved as they got into the car and his dad tooted the horn as they drove off.

Both his mom and dad were talking about the events of the party for most of the way home. But there was one thing that still bothered David. There was one thing that he didn't understand. He waited for a lull in the conversation.

"Mom? Did cousin Becky's parents really leave her there to stay?" he asked.

The conversation in the front seat stopped. There was a short silence.

"Yes, they did, David."

"Then, I don't understand. How. . .? Didn't they love her?"

His mother let out a slow sigh. "I don't know. I really don't know. It was such a long time ago. . .?"

There was only silence filled with the hum of the

engine. David thought about everything he had learned that day.

"Mom? Do you love me?" he asked.

She didn't answer right away. But in the dark, she took his hand and kissed his palm. She held it against her cheek, and David noticed that her face was wet.

William C. Schwerin



Point of View

Robert E. Esbensen



(Untitled)

Janet Keena

Happily Ever Before. . .

(sly aren't we)
living in a white picket prison,
on a block of angel cake homes,
their puffing, pink, apple chimneys;
gossiping about weather,

our smokestack coughs up bickering soot;

pale flowers strain against fences,
watching rays for release,
buried struggles

their marble-eyed dogs dig to bury
bones,
not their masters;

and Daddy is a bottle drowning in
a puddle of the past. . .

Ali Carlile



Butler Park

Robert E. Esbensen

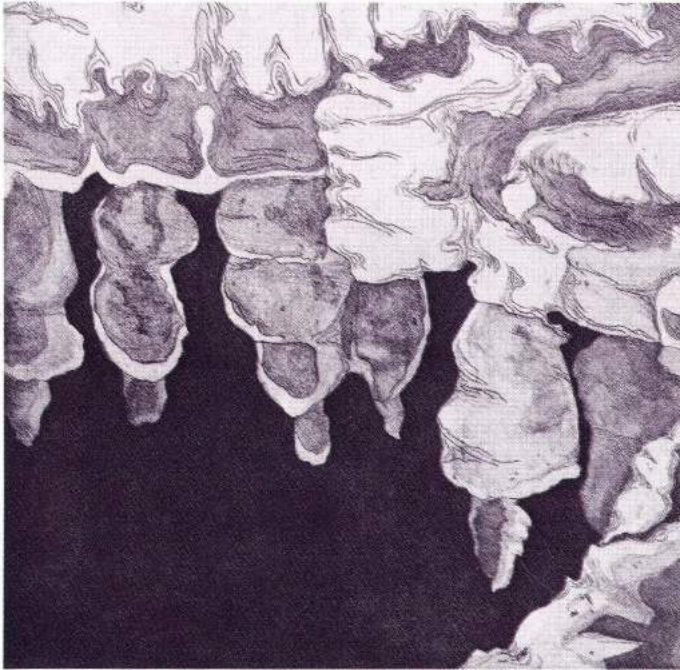
Nightmare

Drooping owl eyes guarding against the furies,
against the waves of insanity
crashing with silk jabs on,
cringing gray rocks.

Lace bedspreads soaked with the warning spray of deep sea dreams,
soaked with the indoor revelations.

The tide is rising in sleep to awaken the drowsing senses,
rising to drown the relief
of the alarm clock.

Ali Carlile



Exploration of Ice Formations Rachel Wyatt

I Have the Right ?!

"Oh, my God!" moaned the man wearing the rubbery black clothes. He stumbled several half-steps up the bank and leaned against a very young oak. The dinner he had finished only fifteen minutes before began to spew over the trunk of the tree. It left his mouth hot and ferocious. His stomach began to feel void and hollow. Spatters of undigested baked ham clung to the bark of the innocent oak. Yellow brown phlegm oozed in the grooves and crevices of the bark and gathered in a delta of mess where the tree met the ground. Blood-shot eyes refused to turn from the mess.

"Hey! What is it? You okay, Ron?" said another man wearing a rubbery jacket and big black boots, as he slid down the steep hillside toward the young, defaced oak and his gagging partner. This man carried a large shiny bag over his rubber shoulder. The bag was glossy black with a long white plastic zipper following the length of it. "Agh, man. Is that it?" he said, stopping next to his friend. He stood, grimacing, pointing at the thing floating in the thick, dark water.

"Uhgh, I'm really glad I was eating when we got the call. You better take a couple deep breaths before ya go down there, buddy."

A grotesquely bulbous figure floated stubbornly in the peaty shallows, nudging the shore. It refused to bob in the extremely slow ruffles. The windless day could hardly tear a brown leaf from the young, innocent oak. A stench of death hung along the bank, like every other October day. Brown brush had combed the tumbling leaves on breezier days so that piles of crunchy oaks and maples guarded close to the shore. Officers Hendrickson and Newton made their way to the water and waded in until the water reached their thighs.

They looked at each other over the large white ball of what used to be a woman. The skin had been nibbled by fish and slid off the body as if it were fresh algae. Eye sockets stared vacantly and some scaly creature swam laps in the cavern-like mouth.

As the bag was finally zipped shut, the crowd at the top of the hill, moved closer. "Who is it?" "Is it a man or a woman?" "What happened?" "How long has it been there?" "It was a woman! Didn't you see her chest? Gad! It looked like a couple sixteen inch softballs hangin' there." "How awful, I

wonder who it was." "I heard that Mrs. Epstein hasn't been in school lately. I think she's missing." "It was probably some gangland killing." "I bet it was one of those rape victims from the city that came out here to kill herself." "No, it's old man Pederson." As the emergency vehicles pulled away, the grumbling, mumbling crowd dissipated into smaller groups, then disappeared.

Morgan glared at the paper savagely. He left the room for a minute, returning with a pipe and pouch. He packed the deep bowl with his favorite, cherry-flavored leaf. With one knee propped against the mahogany desk, he sat at the typewriter, and puffed on a S-shaped Dr. Grabow. Finally, dense clouds of whitish smoke poured from his eager mouth, bringing a somewhat disillusioned smile to his pursed lips. Satisfied, he blew a thin, thick stream of smoke at the threatening match, killing it. "Ah shit, I need a drink," he said, quietly. Morgan thrust his free hand at the typewriter, while holding his pipe in the other, and ripped the page from the carriage. The crumpled papers radiated briefly in the fireplace.

Morgan left his house, hoping that Terry would be at Wittenberg's tonight. He needed conversation. More importantly, he needed to listen to real people, just talking.

"Excellent," he said, seeing Terry's '66 Mustang parked in the alley next to the tavern. He parked behind her and combed his hair. The night air was unseasonably warm for October, so Morgan wore only a shiny, black windbreaker.

Inside, a tall, slender brunette with glossy red lips stood behind the bar, mixing a pitcher of Bloody Mary's.

"Hi, Sugar!" she said, seeing Morgan in the doorway. "I had a feeling you'd be in. I even took the chance of mixing up a batch for you."

"Thanks, sweetheart. Remember—"

"I know. Lots of Tabasco."

"Yeah, make it burn."

"You really are weird sometimes, ya know?"

"That's not what you were saying last night."

"Oh, you."

They exchanged smirks and Terry passed a tall Bloody Mary across the bar. Morgan gulped half of it.

"Woohu!! Just right."

"I'll be right back. The pain at the end wants another."

A large man stood at the end of the bar. His hair was cut close to his scalp, and he wore a neatly trimmed beard. He, also, wore a vanilla colored neck brace.

"My name is Barney. Is Whit in? He knows I was comin' in tonight."

"No, sir. He left about an hour ago," said Terry, lying.

"They call me the 'Collector,'" continued the colored man. A young couple sitting near him were about to move to a table when he turned directly to them and said, "I'm in the collecting business. I break heads of people who don't pay their bills."

"Oh, really?" mumbled the young woman, as the pair settled, unwillingly, back into their bar seats. Terry glanced at Morgan and shrugged.

"That's why I'm here, and that's why Whit ain't. Well, that's okay cause this all goes on my tab, then comes out of his pocket. A round for the bar, missy."

Terry set shot glasses, upside down, in front of each customer. Five, in all. Morgan, Barney, the young couple, and an older gentleman to the right of Morgan comprised the customers. Morgan shook his head slightly and uttered, "Geez," just loud enough for the older gentleman to hear, who then smiled sheepishly. The bear-sized man continued by explaining his neck brace.

"Two days ago, I was down in the city near Washington and Des Plaines, collecting at a restaurant owned by a punk nigger. He had three, no four big black thugs waiting for me in the alley next door. Man, I'm lucky I'm here today."

So are we, thought Morgan, unamused.

"One of the jerks tried bending a pipe around my neck. Shit, I kicked two of 'em in the jewels and knocked the other between the eyes with his own pipe. Didn't even have to pull my .357. Oh, scuse my French, ladies."

"That's incredible," said the young man. Morgan thought it was more than incredible and shook his head unnoticeably, again. The old man noticed, and smiled thinly.

"Well, I've never shot anyone that didn't need it. I don't believe in shootin' unless there's no other way. I've had to kill a couple of spics, last year."

The young couple squirmed nervously in their seats, mutually wishing they had chosen another bar.

"I've never hurt anybody, too bad."

"You just said that you had to kill some men," blurted

Morgan.

"Well, yeah, but only one or two spics."

Oh, brother, was the silent consensus of the customers.

Morgan stood and walked to the men's room. He was combing his hair when the bearish man stepped in.

"Hey, buddy! How ya doin'?"

"I'm all right, Barney isn't it? How bout you?"

"Other than a sore neck, never better."

"Say, how much of that is true?"

"You callin' Barney a liar?" Morgan saw the hair on Barney's fingers stand straight out.

"No, just curious. You seem pretty callous about killing. How did it feel?"

"Huh?!"

"Killing? How did it feel?"

"Are you shitting. I started killing nips when I was seventeen. Joined the Marines in time to go to Iwo. Then I took another tour in Korea, killin' chinks and gooks."

"Fine, but that's war. How about the spics?"

"Shit, man. That's war, too. What dya want to know for?"

"Told ya. I'm just curious. Guess I'm just an old Boy Scout at heart. You know, 'Be Prepared.'"

Barney stumbled out of the door and back to the support of the bar. The young couple stirred uncomfortably. After glancing and nodding at each other, the young man asked Terry for his tab.

"No, no, no, no. Hold it. Put their tab on me, will ya honey?" the big man said, recomposed.

"No, we can't."

"I inshist, insisht. Shit. I insist!"

"Well, thank you very much."

Morgan walked out of the restroom, hair neatly in place, and sat down at his stool. Terry stared at him intensely, nervously. Her stare seemed a question, but Morgan avoided it.

"What did ya talk about in there?" she whispered earnestly.

"Ah, nothin' but a little men's room talk."

"Humpf, sure."

"Well, folks, have another on Whit. Set 'em up, missy. I've got one more stop to make tonight. Turkey down the road owes me two grand. Have a good night."

He left the bar, walking as if a policeman had just asked him to walk a straight line. Terry watched him get into his truck, which was parked just outside the large picture window.

"That man is a plumber," explained Terry. "He did some work for Whit about a month ago. This is how he gets paid off. He just runs up a tab, and Whit deducts it from his bill. Last time he came in here, he was a professional wrestler. I doubt that anything he said was true."

The young couple, the old man, and Morgan, all seemed confused.

"Well, he's got some pretty interesting views on killing."

"Morgan, he's probably never killed a fly."

"Who knows?" he said, raising his palms upward. After a short pause he said, "When do you get off tonight?"

"About ten. Why? Will you wait?"

"That's what I had in mind."

"Good!" said Terry. Her eyes caught the soft light and seemed to sparkle. "I'll be right back."

"No hurry. I've got all night," Morgan said. He folded his hands behind his head, leaned back, and smiled broadly.

"Mm, good," she said seductively, then glided to the end of the bar where another young couple occupied Barney's spot.

Several minutes later she returned to fill Morgan's glass.

"So, how is the story comin'?"

"What! Um, what story?"

"The one you've been working on lately, dummy."

Morgan stared into the crimson liquid in the glass tipped to his lips. "Oh yeah. Um, it needs some work."

My father died right after I was born, she told me. After I got into high school, I began to wonder if she was telling me the truth. Every once in awhile, I would hear her ranting about how he deserted her. Not us, just her.

It could not have been my fault for his death, even if it had been a difficult birth. Yet, I went through my entire childhood feeling guilty. I think she hated all men after I was born.

One night when I was about twelve, I had an accident. The kind of accident that most young boys experience.

My mother found the pajamas that I had hidden underneath my bed, behind a junior chemistry lab. Infuriated, she gave me an ultimatum. Either, never allow this to happen again, or she would make sure it never could happen again. I opted for never allowing it to happen again, since I did not understand what had happened, anyway. Besides, I wasn't sure but I did not like the sounds of the second option.

Unfortunately, it happened again within a few days, and I got caught. She beat me with a wooden spoon until it splintered and I cried dryly. Then, she smiled devilishly at me. I knew then that I hated her and could never forgive her. That wicked smile that I saw every time she offered me a piece of candy and then slapped my hand with a ruler made me despise her every breath.

There were times I would be doing homework at the kitchen table, when she would walk by and slap me across the head. "Sol! You're one of those, huh? I'm not surprised," was a typical remark, while she kept on walking. All I had been doing was homework, simply sitting at the table with the tip of the pencil in my mouth.

Another time, I was at the table, working on a paper. I had a red Flair pen in my hand. I clicked the cap on and off when, suddenly, she grabbed it from me and called me filthy names and a whole array of expletives, not worth mentioning. "All you ever think about is in and out, in and out. That's all any of you ever think about. I know," she had commented. That had been my freshman year in college. I knew that something had to be done, so I wrote a stupid letter to the school newspaper. No other paper would print the letter, for various reasons.

"I am so sick of a society that sees a penis in every cylindrical shape. I don't understand it. A rocket or missile is supposedly the ultimate phallic symbol? Well, I'm sure that there were many other shapes that offered less resistance at supersonic velocities, but they chose that shape because it would look like a giant dildo. Sure makes sense to me. Well, I'm sick of it, and the blind people who see all things in that way should be made to suffer; they way they make others suffer."

"I believe we're out of time now, Morgan."

"So, that's how you started writing, huh?"

"Yep, completed my first novel and sold it when I was twenty. For the last four years, I've done nothing but

write. I guess it was escapism or something. Maybe some sort of release that I'd never felt before."

The two men sat in their kitchen, facing each other from across the table. The semester had begun nearly two months ago, but this was the first personal discussion the two had had. Ron had left school six years before because of a business opportunity in Chicago. For six years he regretted leaving college, but it took bankruptcy to get him back.

Morgan, also, left six years before. He enjoyed a somewhat lucrative writing career for four of them. For some reason, his macabre tales were gobbled up by the public. It seems that the public has a ravenous appetite for trash, but Morgan tired of vomiting it into his typewriter.

"What bothers me is that people bought my crap, literally my crap. It boggles my mind."

"What do you want out of college, though?"

"I don't know, I just want to pick up where I left off, many moons ago."

"Ah, come on. You've got to tell me. You're a twenty-four year old boy wonder of the publishing world. Now you're starting school over to learn how to write, right? I don't get it."

"I'm starting over. My whole life I'm starting over," said Morgan without any real conviction. "All the ties are broken now."

"What ties, man? I hear you up all hours at your typewriter. I bet you're not writing letters to your mother."

Morgan left the kitchen quickly, beads of perspiration expanded on his brow.

The coroner was unable to pinpoint the exact cause of death. Multiple stab wounds, thirteen to be precise, in the back had punctured the heart, lungs, liver, and spinal cord. Any one of the wounds could have caused death. However, there were also contusions at the temples, behind the ears, and at the base of the skull. Again, any of these blows could have killed. There were also welts on the backs of each hand, obscured by fish bites. The coroner believed, but could not verify, that the woman had been beaten to death, and then stabbed with a stiff-bladed knife. The woman, however, had been killed while wearing clothes. Fibers of cloth and tiny splinters of wood were embedded in the contusions. Her clothes had been removed before she was dumped in the lake. According to the bloated state and extent of deterioration, the body had been in the lake for no

more than five days. She had been identified as Mary Lindsay and was approximately fifty-two years old.

"Well, see, in my books, the hero," he flexed the first two fingers of each hand around the word, hero, "is named Morgan. In every book I've written, the fuckin' hero is me."

His hands were in the air, in real exasperation. Then he slouched back onto his chair. "I dunno. I guess I'm just tired of jerking off pulp. I want to write something captivating. Something that I can be proud of."

"Why can't you be proud of making the bucks with your other books?"

"I want to forget all about my past. I want to experience things for the first time, on my own. No ties."

We interrupt this program to bring you the following update. The body of the young woman found this morning in a shopping cart at the downtown Jewel Shopping Center has been identified as Terry Wilkes. The apparent cause of death was suffocation, caused by a pair of women's panties lodged in the trachea of the victim. There are no suspects at this time. Now, back to Rick.

Damn world! This is Rick Eliot at QQB. How about a little "Helter Skelter" by the Beatles, just to lighten things up a bit.

"I want to fly and breathe underwater," said Morgan, his eyes glazed, but not with tears. "Ya know what I mean?"

"I think you need some R & R, partner. Really, why don't you get some sleep."

"I don't want to sleep, anymore."

"Oh, boy."

"Ya see. I wanna be an individual. I don't want to do things that other people do."

"Sounds to me like you shouldn't be in school again, Morgan."

The doorbell sounded several times. Ron left the living room to answer the door.

"Hey, Morgan," he said, reentering the room, "there's a telegram out there for ya." Morgan's attempt to cover it up made his shocked expression even more obvious. He wrinkled his forehead and cocked his head toward the door.

"I guess you still have ties."

"No!" spat Morgan. The word was pronounced so fast that it seemed to echo in the room.

Morgan walked cautiously to the front door. A young man in a dull green uniform stood on the front stoop, tapping a telegram against his right thigh.

"I'm Morgan Lindsay." The young man looked up and shoved the telegram in Morgan's direction, leaving his palm flat in the air. Morgan grabbed the cable and turned. Sonofabitch, thought the young man as he left the house.

Morgan

I know what you're planning STOP Don't go any further STOP I swear I'll tell STOP You can't do this STOP

Terry

Morgan smiled wickedly as he crumpled the telegram.

Steven M. Hanson



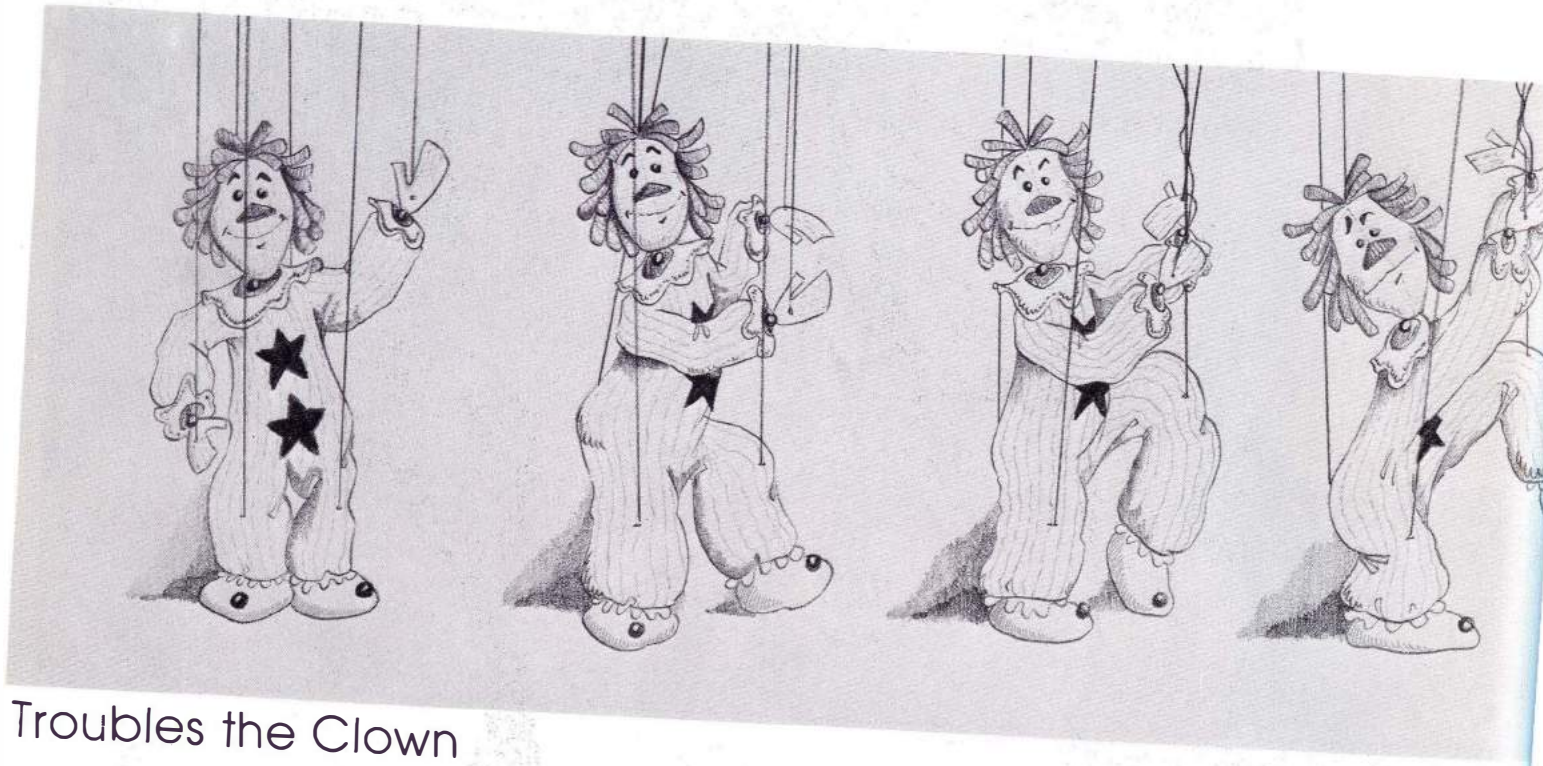
(Untitled)

Mary L. Pahlke

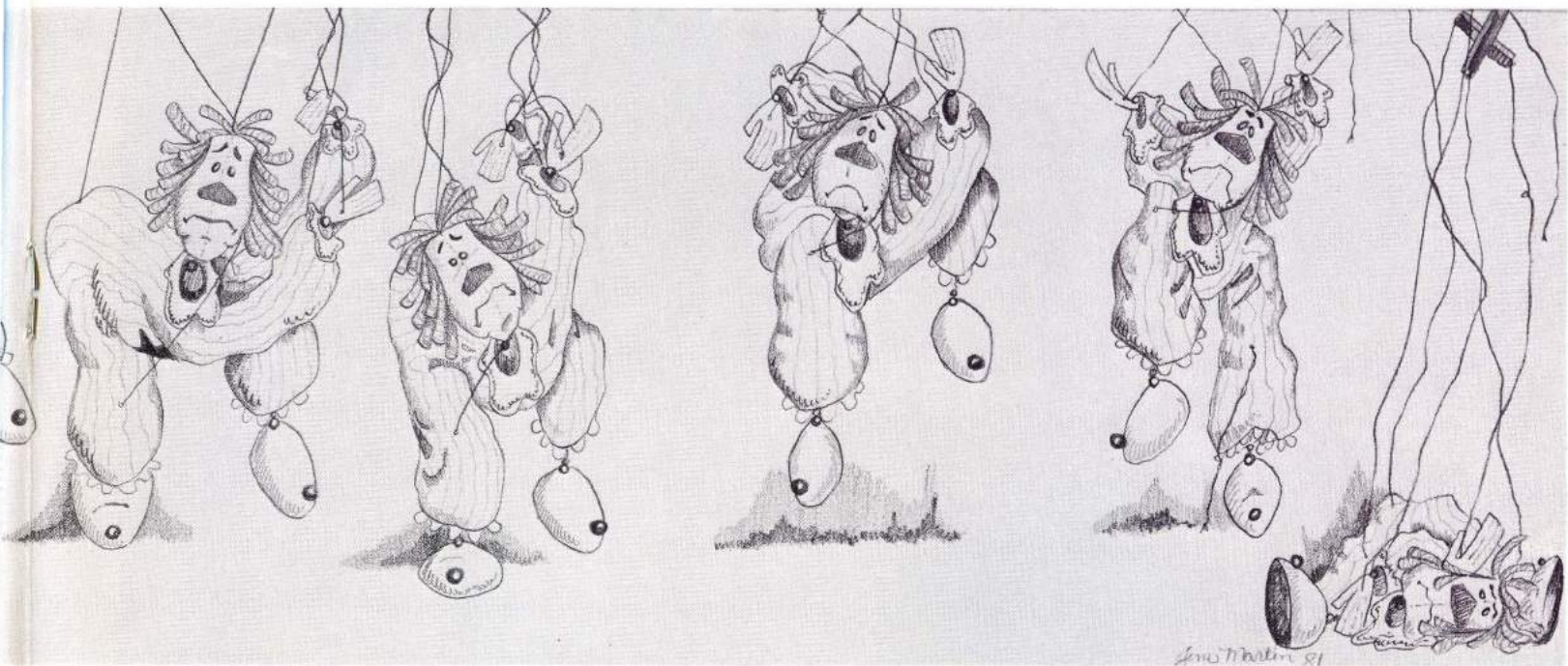


Self Portrait

Brad Butz



Troubles the Clown



Jim Martin

“SEASWEPT” by Russa Graeme — Review

“In review of Miss Graeme’s work
I find a somewhat disturbing use . . .”

Hey, Russa!
you, again -
a simple beach scene
your name
unthinkably not mine

“of color in that the warm and
cool colors meet and cause
startling contrast . . .”

Russa -
The sharpness,
chills my thighs, my
stomach
blue splashes
to tiny specks of hot
my comfort is
cool green
the growth

“well outside the standards
of blending and breeding.
Also, I don’t understand the
need for a ramshackle cabin . . .”

Little house, my home
Little peeling, bit unbalanced
light smells
broiled fish, sunshine
citrus
ensalada con cukes
granules in corners
dumpy clean - mine

“nor the need for a separated
portion of print at the
bottom of the piece. In fact,
Miss Graeme . . .”

Russa, how thoughtful
so carefully I’ll transfer
heart to skin
adhered - never forgotten

“I find no need for this
particular print at all.”

Thank you, Russa
My hero, mine love mine now

Shannon Woolfitt



(Untitled)

Tom Baldoni

The Barn

Ancient braided wires lost their ravel.
Blacksnakes slid behind to loose their skin.
Handy perches for nesting swallows, these wires,
Always followed by dull humming.

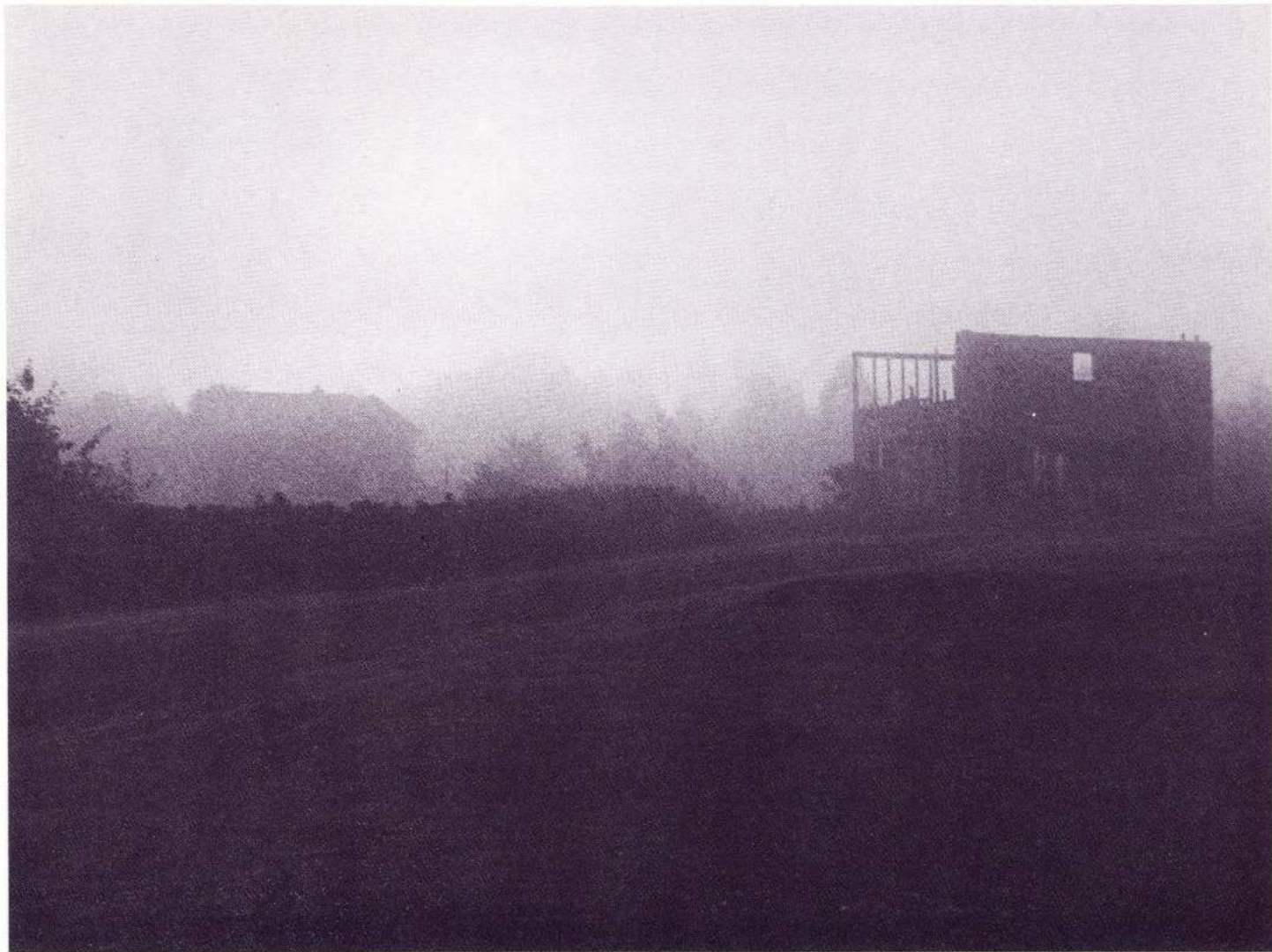
Orange, Yellow, and White streamed from vertical boards.
Reaching higher, higher
Whipping, thrashing, tickling great timbers
Dried by ninety some years.
Once faded red face now blackened and bright
Screaming and panting giant clouds of grey
Toward a blue morning sky.
The old barn was cooing, hissing, fluttering, falling.

We played in a dusty haymow.
With small-bores we made sport of rock doves
Roosting in lofty heights.
Hot, spent, smoky shells dropped
Merging, mingling, melting into the floor's dry grasses.

Steven Hanson



Mother and Child v. Marianne Potter



Early Morning Fog

Mary L. Pahlke

(Untitled)

Precision Reigned as all were sweetly stacked
Queen with commoner, King with Jack.
With sinister simplicity the digits sliced the pile
Spewing forth the fragments of a Kingdom gone awry.
Relocation is rarely welcome.

Bemused visages sight unseen; personalities not yet sought
Spun together shiftily -
Scrutinized from above.

Salty palms of moisture; Calisthenics are part of the plan.
Flexed and fondled, picked-plucked and tugged
In preparation for alignment
Soldier-style.

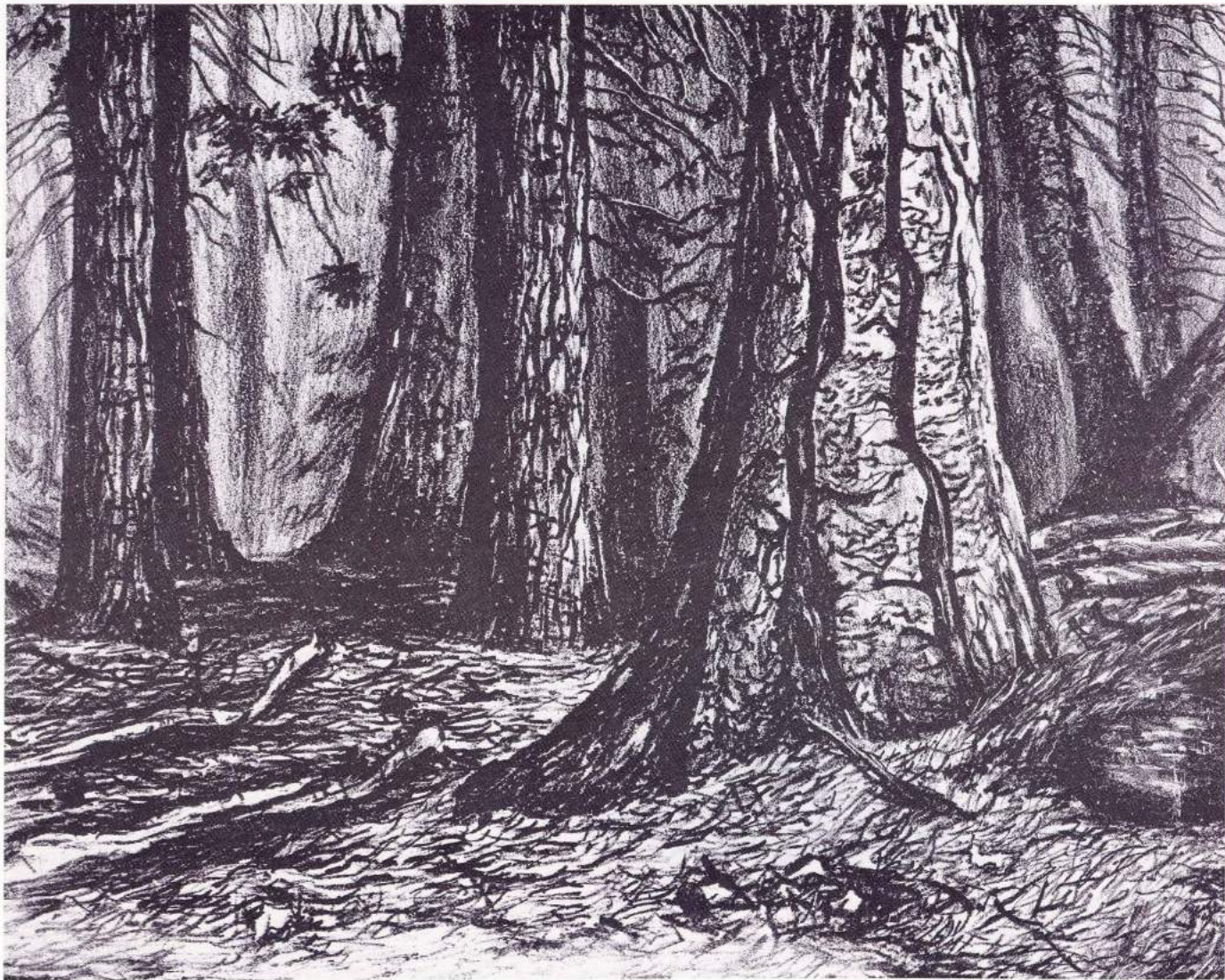
Victors reap the virtues of her Lady's fickle favors
As inferiors fade into obscurity, escaping to somber solitude.
From an unvanquished corner, a spoiling voice inquired:
"Nouns, verbs or adjectives, old boy, which do you prefer?"

Vicki Lynn Atkinson



Meadow Knoll

Howard Russo



Trunks



(Untitled)

Janet Keena

Only In Ireland

A bunch of boys were whooping it up
Last eve, a vain attempt to bring back life.
Big Mike O'Flynn drank from the silver cup,
And left behind the one he loved, his wife.
A damned whiskey bottle, an eyedrop full
Was cradled in his mighty arms. "To Mike!"
Bawled Pat with crimson eyes, "O'Flynn could pull
A tear in song, or in jest if you like."
We bury him tomorrow, but tonight
Is still ours, to drink a toast to O'Flynn.
Going down easy and without a fight
Never entered his mind, 'Twould be a sin.
Michael, we wake you, glasses raised on high,
Satan behind us, "See you by and by!"

Mark Anderson



Ramsey

Vicki Luempert

Wasteland

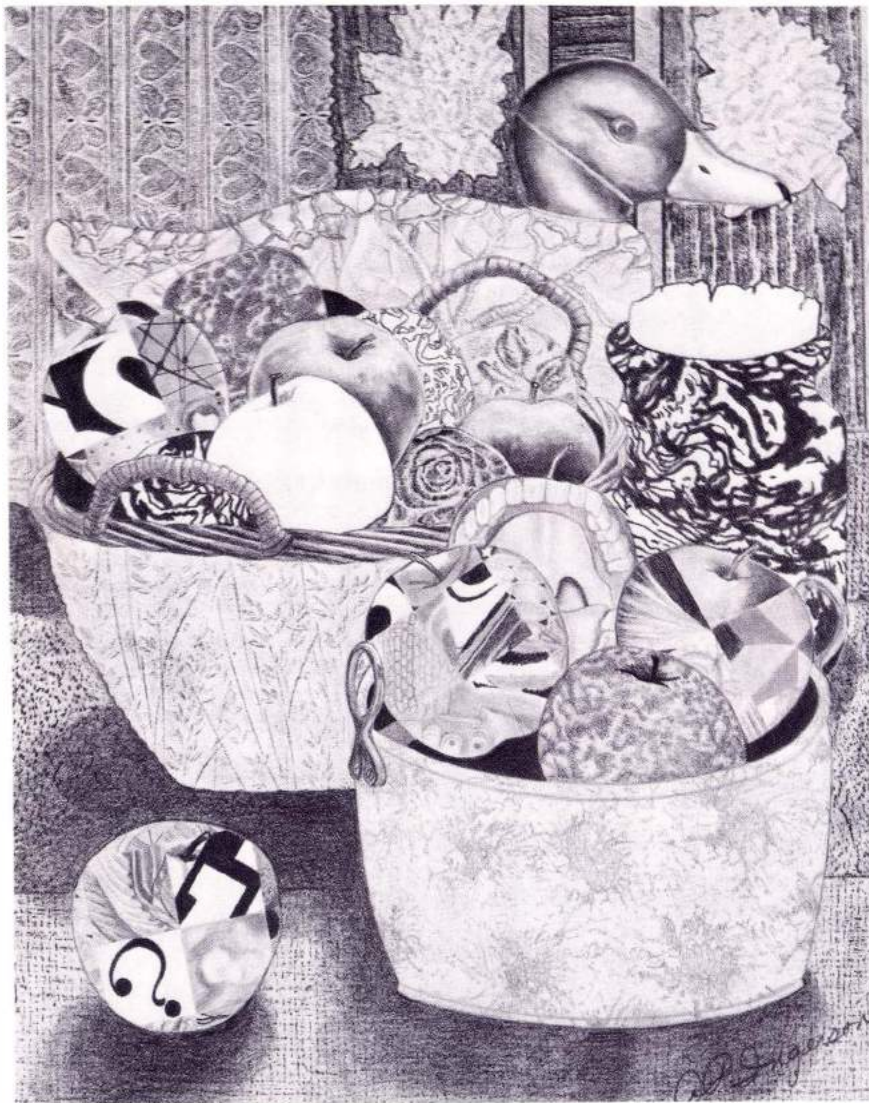
A generation's tossed debris is that
Which we must wake to witness with each sun,
To view where thoughtless fools and foulness sat
Like misers, hoarding life from future's fund.
Discarded empty bottles represent
Inherited existence for those who
Now share the stagnant smell of assets spent
On atom-mushroom-billowed-barbeques.
Too late repentance passed on to their kin,
The sand's eroded in Time's hourglass
And left, but 'mind-stripped' souls in their children
To pay the price for parents who were crass.
The Generation Gap: the canyon where
Our forefathers strewed refuse without care.

Kirsten L. Yates



Patricia's Lesson

V. Marianne Potter



Still Life With Duck

Ann Ingerson

Beginnings. . .

Slowly swirling through warmblooded passages, which have never known light, a newly formed life in cullular mode inhabits a trepidous, tangled entree to earth.

Dividing, yet multiplying, swelling then changing, infinitesimally insignificant, incalculably complex, voicelessly vulnerable. A tiny orb, captured by a silent spirit. A mortal, carrying the promise of immortality.

Betty Ann Dailey

The Wallflower

"Bye, Daddy," Elaine said. "I'll call when I'm ready to come home."

"So long, Sweetheart," Mr. Johansen said. "Have a good time."

Elaine slammed the creaking door on the old '51 Chevy as Sylvia grabbed her arm and excitedly said, "Come on! We've got to get a good spot before they're all taken."

Sylvia Graham's excitement was infectious, and Elaine forgot her own misgivings as she followed her friend into the Waller Junior High School gymnasium.

"Oh, the decorations are marvelous," Sylvia said as they put their coats on portable steel racks. "What did you do?"

"I hung the jack-o-lanterns and some of the cardboard cutouts," Elaine said, indicating the traditional orange and black witches, cats and goblins taped to the cinder-block walls.

"My mother let me put on a touch of lipstick," Sylvia said as they weaved their way through the knots of party goers toward a vacant area near midcourt. "Can you see it?"

Sylvia turned and pursed her lips in a way she presumed to be provocative, bringing a grin to Elaine's face.

"It looks just great," she replied. "Not too much, not too little."

"Oh, really," Sylvia said, scrunching up her face in disappointment. "Maybe later I'll go to the john and smear some more on. I really love your dress."

"Thanks," Elaine said. "It was my cousin's. Mother had to let it out a bit."

"Well, it looks just fine and so do you," Sylvia said, giving her friend's hand an affectionate squeeze.

The dress might look all right, but Elaine could not forget that her cousin Gloria had always been the "poor little girl who could be so cute if only she'd lose some weight." And Elaine's mother had to let Gloria's dress **out** so Elaine could wear it.

Sylvia towed Elaine toward their destination with look-out-here-I-come ease, poking her pencil-thin form into the crowd to open the way for them.

They'd known each other only since August when

Elaine moved to town, but already they were best friends, though their personalities were vastly different. Elaine was quiet and introverted, while Sylvia was aggressive and extroverted—qualities Elaine admired and envied, for Sylvia did not let her freckles, braces, plain features, and boyish figure stand in her way of fun.

"Hey, Linda," Sylvia called out to a stunningly attractive blond girl. "Where's Mark?"

"Oh, he's off with the rest of the basketball team," Linda called back.

"That Mark Bradley is the cutest guy," Sylvia gushed. "Linda's lucky."

"Oh, yes," Elaine agreed, and then added with just a trace of superiority, "he was here this afternoon helping with the decorations."

"He was!" Sylvia exclaimed. "You're so lucky. I wish I'd been here, but I had to stay home to babysit my little brother."

Elaine did not add that Mark barely acknowledged her existence, and then only by calling out, "Hey, you," when she was atop a ladder and he wanted her attention.

Elaine and Sylvia settled into steel folding chairs near the wall and chatted aimlessly while clusters of boys and girls swirled around them.

Then, suddenly, the recorded music began—Bill Haley and the Comets doing "Rock Around the Clock." Sylvia moved and bounced in her chair, snapping her fingers and tapping her toe in rhythm while Elaine self-consciously tapped her toe.

"Know what I wish?" Sylvia said when the music ended. "I wish one of these turkeys would ask me to dance."

Elaine stifled a laugh. "I know what you mean," she said.

"Well, it's their tough luck," Sylvia said. "I'm a terrific dancer. Oh, oh. There's Miss Halperin. I told her I'd help with the punch for a while tonight. I wish I hadn't promised."

"Oh, that's all right," Elaine said. "You go ahead. You'll probably see a lot of kids that way. I'll be just fine right here."

"Sure you don't mind?"

"No, go ahead. I'll save you a seat."

Sylvia strode across the floor, pausing now and then to banter with friends on her way to the refreshment booth.

Elaine squirmed into a new position, her prodigious

frame overflowing the narrow seat of the chair. She quickly dabbed away the perspiration that had collected on her forehead and then returned her handkerchief to the dainty evening bag that immediately became lost in the broad expanse of her lap.

She smoothed her dress as she'd done a dozen times already that evening and recrossed her ankles beneath the chair and pressed her hands into her lap.

She breathed a modest sigh and glanced up at the clock above the basketball hoop. It was only 8:30.

The room buzzed with mingled conversations punctuated now and then with a burst of laughter, a curse, a stifled giggle, a name called across the room.

Elaine had only been attending Waller Junior High since September and she didn't know many people. Those she did know, she didn't feel she knew well enough to join in their little groups scattered around the dance floor. Then, too, what would she do when the groups of girls broke up as each of them was asked to dance? No, there was little else she could do but sit and watch and dream.

With a wistful sigh, Elaine directed her attention elsewhere. Across the floor, Sylvia was having a wonderful time laughing and joking as she dispensed paper cups of punch. Skinny, plain, boyish, happy Sylvia.

The records spun in a predictable pattern—slow, then fast, then slow again—and Elaine quickly and easily imagined herself moving around the dance floor with fluid grace. In her mind she was light and lithe and beautiful. Then the record jockey put on Sarah Vaughn's "Make Yourself Comfortable," and Elaine's inner tempo slowed as she softly hummed the lyrics.

The sudden pressure of eyes intruded upon her, and she cast quickly about the room. Then, she saw Larry Johnson walking toward her around the periphery of the dance floor. A half smile twisted his lips, freezing the blood in her veins.

She tried to convince herself that he would pass by, that he was on some perfectly innocent errand. But, she could not make herself believe it. Larry was the class clown. Crude humor was his mark. And, now, her instincts told her that she was about to become the object of his cruel jokes.

He was going to ask her to dance. She knew that. It was a dare, a joke, or a lost bet. It didn't matter.

A ball of ice seemed to form in her throat and slide slowly to her stomach.

She wanted to run; she wanted to stay. She wanted to cry; she wanted to laugh. All she could do was clutch her purse more tightly in her suddenly clammy fist.

He stopped directly in front of her, and she kept her eyes downcast. Maybe he would go away.

"Hi," he said.

She lifted her eyes to his. He was grinning cockily. She wanted to speak—to say something clever, something that would put him in his place. But, all she could manage was a weak smile as the awareness of amusement assailed her senses from across the room.

"You wanna dance?" he said.

Of course I want to dance, she thought. I'd love to dance. But not like this. Never like this!

At that one crucial moment when she might have saved herself with a simple, curt, "no," she was incapable of any emotion but icy terror—the awful panic of being wholly at the mercy of unfeeling strangers.

She might have told him to drop dead. She might have politely declined. Later, she would think of a dozen clever, witty ways to extricate herself from this terrible moment.

Yet, she could not refuse. She could not bear to go home if she did not dance at least once. She had to accept even if it must be on these painful terms.

She took his extended hand and allowed herself to be led onto the dance floor.

The beautiful music suddenly seemed eerie, sinister. The romantically dim lights seemed unnaturally bright and the now drab crepe paper streamers felt oppressively low. . . and all eyes were on her.

Her knees trembled as she felt herself being guided in a tight circle in the center of the floor. All her dreams of her own grace dissolved as she felt the reality of herself jolting along on unfeeling feet.

"You're in Mr. Monroe's homeroom, ain't you?"

Yes, I am."

"I had him for English last year," Larry said with exaggerated casualness. "He's an all-right guy. You like him?"

"He seems very nice."

Elaine's insides churned. She was doing something terribly wrong, but she didn't know what.

"My name's Elaine," she blurted.

"Yeah. I know. Mine's Larry. . ."

He went on talking; but Elaine didn't hear anymore. Hot tears stung here eyes, and she fought to keep them back.

He knew her name. He knew her homeroom. He knew these things because he and his friends had been talking about her.

She felt enormous, awkward, and foolish. She wished fervently that the music would end, that the evening would end, that she were safely at home with her mother and father and brother. She wished she'd never come to the dance—that she'd never been born.

He stopped trying to make conversation, and Elaine was grateful for being relieved of the responsibility of having to make a response, but all the more uncomfortable because she knew she should be making lively small talk and laughing at nonsense things as she'd seen other girls doing, as she knew Sylvia would.

Through the haze that enveloped her she saw Mark and Linda dancing together. Her heart ached with envy, with longing. If only she could change places with Linda, even if only for a short time. . .

Mercifully the music ended, and Elaine had only a dim awareness of the long, lonely walk back to her chair by the wall.

She wanted to weep; but knew that would wait until she was home and alone in her room. Later, when the numbness had left, the flood of hurt tears would burn down her cheeks and into her pillow.

"Hi, kiddo," Sylvia's cheerful voice interrupted. "I saw you dancing with that creep Larry. How did you stand it? He's such a jerk."

"Oh, he didn't seem so bad," Elaine said with a wan smile.

"He's a plus perfect ass," Sylvia said leaning forward and squeezing Elaine's hand. "Never pay any attention to what he says or does."

Elaine smiled at her friend and shrugged her shoulders. "Well, at least I danced, didn't I?"

"I could kill that creep Larry," Sylvia said vehemently.

"Hey, Sylvie," a boy said, grabbing her by the arm. "They're doin' the 'Bunny Hop' next. Let's go."

Elaine smiled and waved as her friend was dragged away and the bouncy music began.

The evening wore slowly on. The seconds dragged into minutes, the minutes to an hour. Sylvia had fallen in with a crowd of friends, and Elaine didn't see much of her friend. Finally, it was 10:30, nearly 2½ hours after her arrival, and Elaine began to feel that it would be a respectable hour to go home.

"Elaine," Sylvia called as she rose from her chair and began making her way to the cloak room. "Wait up."

Sylvia bounded up to her and said, "Don't go yet. A bunch of us are going to the Sugar Bowl pretty soon. Why don't you come along?"

"Oh, thanks, Sylvia, but you guys are paired up. I'd feel funny—the only girl without a guy."

"Hey, it's no big deal. It's not like we came as dates. It's a gang date—just a bunch of kids. Nobody's **with** anybody."

"No, I'd feel funny."

Sylvia paused and gave Elaine a disapproving look, but then relented. "Okay," she said, giving her friend an unabashedly affectionate hug. "Can I come over tomorrow? Maybe we can sit around and just listen to records."

"Sure. That'll be fun."

Sylvia turned and was gone, and Elaine was alone. Outside groups of boys and girls were trudging down the walk, heading for town and the Sugar Bowl amid squeals of laughter. The blustery wind clawed at her, and she clutched her coat more tightly around herself.

A horn sounded and she turned to see her father's familiar blue sedan. She forced a carefree smile and waved as she walked to the car.

"Hi, Baby," Mr. Johansen said as she slid onto the seat beside him and slammed the door. "Have a good time?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy. It was a great dance and the music was something else."

He gave a short laugh and put his arm around his daughter's shoulder to give her a gentle hug before easing the car away from the curb.

It was warm, comfortable, and secure in the car. She felt safe.

"Good. I'm glad you were able to go. Bet your feet are tired from all that dancing. I don't know how you kids do it. Did you get enough dancing to last you a while?"

"Yes," came the soft reply. "A boy named Larry."

Oh, Daddy, Elaine thought as they drove through the parking lot. Don't you see the other girls with their boy friends? Don't you see how pretty they are? Don't you see how fat and ugly I am? Oh, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. I love you so.

She leaned her head against his arm and hugged it. He did not see the tear that slid from her cheek and soaked into his sleeve.

And, she did not see the tear that he brushed quickly from his own cheek.

Don Frost



Ebony

Kathy Milauskas

Animation

Earrings hang on wrinkled lobes,
like spray-painted gold concrete.

The movie screen offers ceramic dolls,
with cracking glaze spiked around
tarnished blue eyes.

Ali Carlile



Rocky Mt. High

Kathy Milauskas

Killard

Fifteen bodies, dewy-footed, moving slowly
Single file
Enter through a spattered doorway
Heads down, bumping, find their places
Heads down, feeding
And the process starts.

As the chair is hooked she turns
And watches, snorting stops then starts
Again. She belches, rumbles, blinks then slowly
Turns around and grinds the hay.
At the metal touch the belly twitches,
A foot lifts, the tail flicks
And the suction starts.

These older ladies, warm and tawny, have seen
My family come and go.
Once Grandad's head, and Joe's and John's,
Had leaned against their heaving sides.
A hard rain sound from empty buckets softening
With the rising foam.

Now the job is done much faster.
Steel and suction have replaced
The hands
And the songs
Of milking time.

Cathy Smith



Black Crow Flying

April Sopkin

Ghost

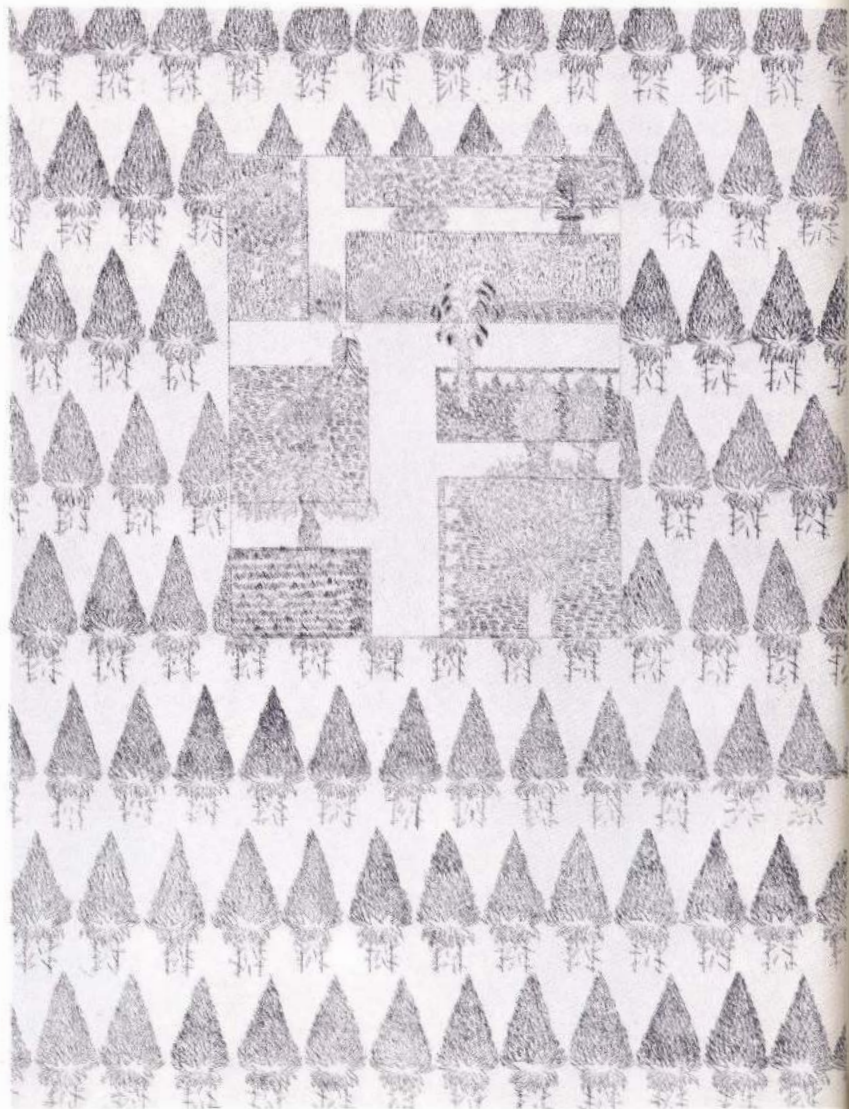
This loneliness,
this near-escape,
haunts me like
the man in the black cape
lurking in celluloid allies;

mute as in a dream,
words
slip
through
my head
like sand.

It follows me
to each end of town,
to any niche of any park,
to any bar.

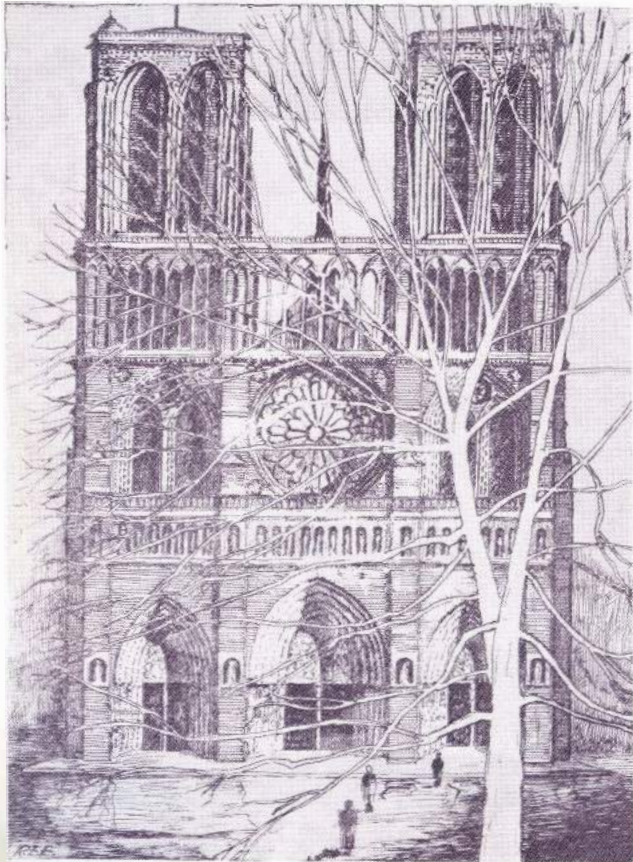
It knows my address
and beats down my door,
on the 12th stroke of midnight.

Kristen M. Sanberg

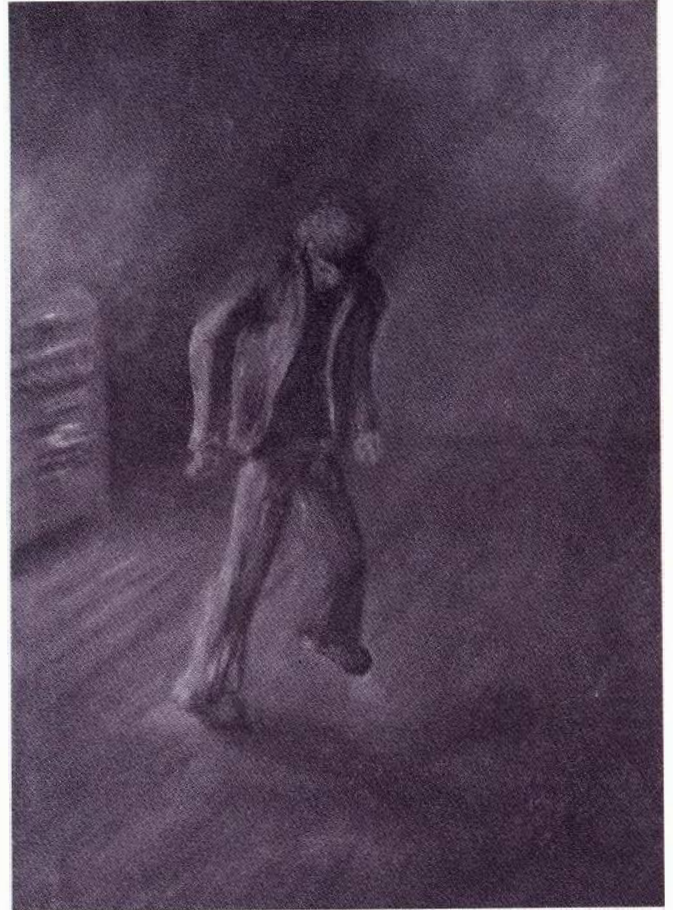


Calles Cruceñas

Michael Hopkins



Notre Dame Paris Robert E. Esbensen



Solo

Ron Stuchi



Landscape

Ron Stuchl

(Untitled)

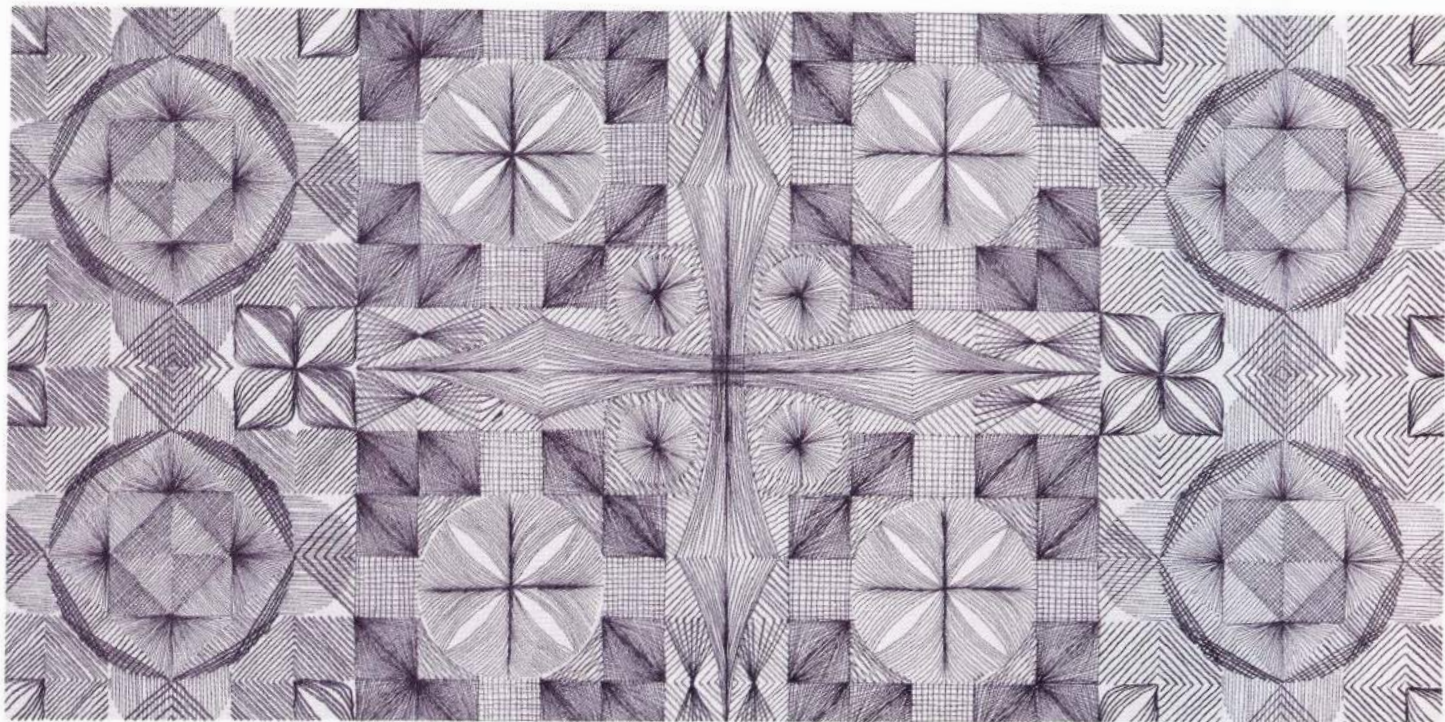
I didn't know that the world was Colorforms
Until I noticed that everything in it
Was made of sticky
Vinyl (reuseable) and I didn't
Know that the world was
A finger-painting
Until I saw how everything could be
Blurred and mixed together
By simple use of the side of the hand and
I didn't know
That the world was a game of Chutes
And Ladders until I struggled up a chute
And fell down a ladder and I
Didn't know that there was a
Child in a sky-blue nursery
Who was rather spoiled and
I didn't know Colorforms could
Melt until I did
Being promptly sent to that Great
Garage-Sale-in-the-Sky
(Child receiving a new set of Colorforms
For His birthday)

Jan Fendier



Changes

Rachel Wyatt



Christ's Crosses

Gary Tite



William Rainey Harper College

Algonquin and Roselle Roads

Palatine, Illinois 60067

312 397-3000

