



# POINT OF VIEW



## POINT OF VIEW 1988-89

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# OF VIEW

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Nufri A. Asani

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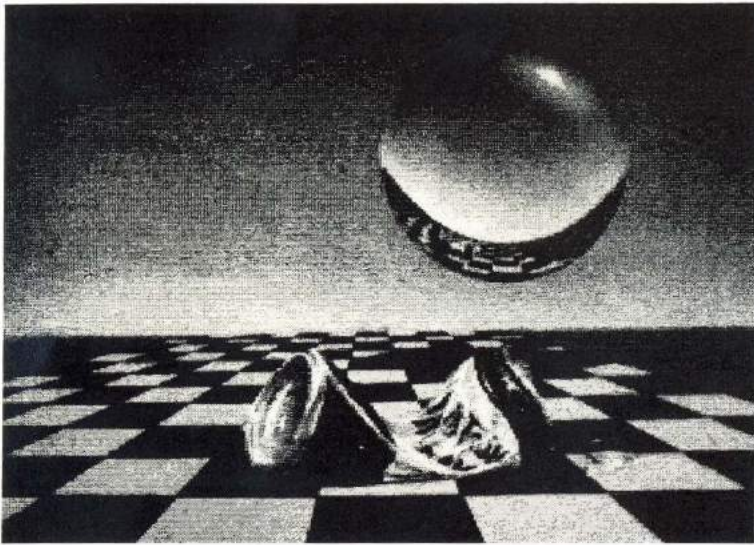
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 Winner of The Ray Mills Award

 Winner of The Vivian Stewart Award

 Winner of The Point Of View Award



**Digital Series**

John Furtek

computer generated  
7.5" x 5.5"

**R**oom Mates  
by Sue Costello

Kelly closed the door on me today.  
She doesn't like the way I think.  
I'm too tolerant, too freethinking.  
So I closed my door louder.  
She's too restricted, too tight fisted.  
I hear outside my room.  
It sounds like she's building a wall.  
Now she's putting barbed wire on top.  
She wants to keep me out.  
She'll tell her friends I'm unGodly.  
She'll tell them I lie with every breath.  
Her friends will gather at the wall.  
They'll cast stones as I walk by.  
I'll get my friends to throw stones too.  
We'll throw stones, then shards of glass.  
She'll throw bottles, then sharp knives.  
I'll make a bomb and threaten her.  
She'll make one and tell me I wouldn't dare.  
If I blow up her room, I'll blow mine too.  
She still won't like the way I think.



# Ulysses An Apology

by Paul Andrew E. Smith

I, Ulysses, told Truly:  
A place has sprouted deep in the faraway  
where light falls only  
in brief green patches,  
leaves grow sharp enough  
to flay the skin from your face,  
all the pits are bottomless;  
every step tests your grace.

I told Truly about the birds:  
bright yellow-red-green exotic drinks with pink parasol wings  
and celery stick tails.  
They fly upside-down--legs feeling the overhanging branches,  
groping like a drowner for the chlorophyll-thick sun.  
They sing a song of Sirens: a strychnine choir churning passion  
into poison;  
tempt you to follow them into the abyssmal holes, past the  
razored flora--

Truly stared into my lidless eyes as I explained how I set fire  
to the birds,  
how I listened to the crackle of burning flesh and  
feathers as the smoke wafted into the clouds,  
feeding the miserable blueness . . .

Because she asked, I told her:  
This wax in my hand never made it to my ears:  
this rope never tied my wrists;  
I was forced to look when my eyelids tore.

# F

## or Grampa

by Dana Logsdon

While staring at the empty house, I know  
The owner of this home might take offense,  
Yet, probably stare back, as I would do  
At countless numbers who have stared there since.  
I stand, feet fixed, with no desire to move  
From this, my point of observation. Quite  
A view, I think. A shame I can't see love  
Amidst this place of ultimate respite.  
Ah, there's an open door and windows in  
The same condition as the door, but cracked.  
A simple entrance, yes, but I begin  
To notice things this dwelling's always lacked.  
At times I come quite close to death's estate,  
But won't rush in, just ponder by the gate.

### Confusion

Jeff Brodnicki

etching

8.5" x 6"





## A Day By the River

by Mark McAvoy

Come on down to the riverside  
We'll sit together on the bank  
We'll count all the money in our pockets  
Then we'll dance for the rain  
We'll watch the sun shine  
And kick the heads off the toadstools  
Throw dandelions into the water  
Then swear that God made this domain our rule  
Then when we tire  
We'll lie against a willow  
And watch father moon put his son to bed  
Welcomed by the call of the grandchildren,  
the crickets and the toads  
And when the bark bites through our clothes  
We'll stretch our weary limbs  
quieting the moon's grandchildren for a moment  
And stagger home through the knee length grass of the open fields  
Looking ever so deep a green in the moonlight

## Memory Mailbox

Eugenia Makowski

mixed media sculpture  
approx. 4'







**Untitled**

Steve Lane


ink

15" x 12"

**“Cages”**

A Work In Progress  
by John Staszak

The radio droned on nonsensically, the announcer's voice becoming a rhythmic, somnolent buzz, as the little car made its way towards its preprogrammed destination. Lost in the crowd, its movements were mindless. "No free will here," the announcer seemed to say amid various ten-second news blurbs and a sprinkling of condescending "human interest" stories. But, somewhere behind clenched hands on the steering wheel, hastily applied make-up, and sleepy, blinking eyes struggling to focus morning dry tinted contact lenses, there was a spark. A spark surely half drowned by two hurried cups of life-giving coffee. If not, then choked by the smoke of the absolutely necessary cool-menthol-lite-ultra-suave cigarette now held between lacquer tipped fingers. A spark that seemed to say, "Fine, I'll let myself be dragged out on this Godforsaken morning, like every morning, to go



off to an interminable eight hours of drudgery just to ensure my bare existence, but I don't have to like it. In fact, I hate it." This was not a happy spark. This spark was pissed off. This was not one of the contented jolts that was perfectly willing, patiently eager to meld themselves into the throbbing current of our work-play-sleep society. Dammit, she would go along with it, the hours of work followed by more hours of diaper changing, snot wiping, bed putting misery before she, herself could at last rest. She would do it, she would play the game, but only knowing, always knowing, that if any chance to escape, any handhold to lift herself out presented itself, she would be gone, and whining kids and busy-body in-laws be damned. She had a name, and it wasn't her social security number and it God-damned definitely wasn't Mommy.

This was Laura. These were her thoughts. She did not express them in any conscious, dot-to-dot way. They manifested themselves more subtly, passing in a split second to shadow her outlook, to darken her personality. That she was a desperate, profoundly unhappy woman was apparent. The reasons for her condition lay hidden deep within herself. Probably pre-adolescent love starvation, a psychologist would say. Whatever the reason, it was clear that at this late date, she would probably live out her days insignificantly as the same frustrated woman. Ironically, she had, by American standards at least, a lot going for her. She just never took the

time to look. She was pretty, not in a luscious, glamour girl way, but at age thirty-four, she could still attract an appraising glance or two. She noticed this but had neglected, so far, to use it to her advantage.

Her face was small, saved from being called pinched by a large, perfectly shaped mouth ringed by full, red lips. Her teeth were straight and white, except after a too-long day of many troubles and many cigarettes, with incisors somewhat longer than the rest, giving her a slightly predatory look when she laughed in a certain way. Above her mouth, her nose came down in a gentle slope ending with just a hint of the knob that as a child people could not resist tweeking. This, of course, was done affectionately; Laura was a pretty little girl, but as she grew older she learned to hate it. Perhaps it was because she could sense no love in this gesture or that none existed. For whatever reason, it was an annoyance that she steadily grew to hate. It was thus, that upon reaching puberty she was quite relieved to find her face growing larger and thinner, while the knob steadily shrunk. Her eyes saved the world from classic beauty. Ordinary enough taken one at a time together they were too small for her face and set just a little too close. While not to the point where they could be called beady, they suggested some of the meanness of her soul. She compensated for this, to a degree, by the skillful use of eye shadow and by wearing just the right eye glasses, a

little larger than would be considered stylish. Also to this aim she plucked her eyebrows thinner and higher than most women's. Unfortunately, in this she failed. They robbed her face of warmth; two thin, dark lines contrasting with her pale white skin.

The weather changed abruptly from an intermittent, wind blown mist to a driving prewinter thunderstorm. Laura cursed at the decreased visibility as she navigated the last few miles of her daily commute. Her job at a local insurance company was not strenuous, but was stifling. Clerical work, even in the middle-management position she held, is, by its nature, drudgery if no hope for advancement is realized. Laura knew her attitude precluded her from promotion as well as she knew her aptitude kept her from dismissal. Though she knew she commanded her ranks of subordinate typists and computer operators well, her continued inability to establish relationships with her co-workers isolated her. She simply could not tolerate the office politicking that was so necessary to move up. This would have to change. Even if no real warmth for them existed, it would have to be manufactured, if for no other reason than to ensure her continued financial survival.

Laura parked her car, thankful for underground parking. She was annoyed, however, to see that once again the elevator was broken. For some as yet unknown reason, it could not be coaxed

below the fifth floor. Sighing, she started on what had become a daily trek up five flights of stairs before she would finally be afforded the luxury of an elevator ride for the final three floors. At last reaching the top, Laura made her way wearily toward the elevator. As she reached the door and walked in, a tall top-coated form burst from the stairwell yelling, "Hold the elevator!" As he swept through the closing doors, he lost his balance and fell heavily into Laura, dropping his briefcase on her foot, spilling its contents onto the floor. Laura was about to unleash a withering storm of abuse on the clod, but remembered her plans to become friendly with her co-workers. She decided to give this moron a chance to explain. Grimacing, she turned towards the vile protestations of remorse. The man bent down, hurriedly stuffing his papers into his briefcase. He looked up, embarrassed. "God, I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Laura said shortly. Catching herself, she added, "Really, it's all right. You just startled me a little."

"Are you sure? I should have waited for the next elevator, it's just that after all those stairs — Oh Jesus, I spilled my coffee all over your coat. Here, take my handkerchief. I really am terribly sorry."

"Please -- don't worry. It's all right," Laura said stiffly, barely managing to hide her irritation. She had just picked the damn thing up from the cleaners!

"Well, okay, if you say so. But I insist on paying for the dry cleaning. Why don't you drop it off on lunch and stop by my office with the bill? Or I could drop it off on my lunch," he added, lamely.

"There's a cleaners around the corner. Why don't I have it picked up and I'll give you the bill later."

"That sounds fine," he said as they reached her floor. "I'll be expecting to hear from you. Oh, and listen, I really am sorry."

"Please, your apology has already been accepted," she hesitated, "but there is one more thing you could do for me."

"Name it."

"No, name you."

"What?"

"I don't know your name."

"Oh, yeah, that would help, wouldn't it? Bill Hodgkins," extending his hand, "and you're. . ."

"Laura Stanton."

"Well, okay Laura, I'll let you go then. Bye."

"Bye."

Bill rode the final floors to his destination and got off the elevator thinking about the woman he had just met. Good looking and surprisingly mild about him spilling coffee on her. There was something intriguing about her. Something she was holding back. He would be interested to find out what it was.

Arriving at his office, Bill sat at his desk and started on his daily pile of work. It was important to keep it the same size every day. Make sure that no more was added than you had completed, and you would never have to work late. Make sure that no more was completed than usual and they never assumed that you needed more work. It was a system that had served him well in his eight years with the company, and he didn't intend to change it. He had not been working long when someone stopped outside his door. Bill looked up, "Oh, hi, Jack."

Jack Horton, Bill's friend and immediate subordinate, had a reputation as a ladies' man and usually stopped by about mid-morning to say hello and brag about his latest conquests.

"Hey, how ya doin', buddy?" Jack said, leaning against the door frame.

"It's been a hell of a morning so far. That traffic out there is murder."

"Yeah, I'm not much looking forward to going home if all that rain freezes."



"No kidding. Listen, Jack, you ever hear of a girl named Laura Stanton?"

"Boy, it must have been a hell of a morning if you ran into her," he said with a whistle.

"How so?"

"Man, are you kidding? That broad's a cross between a cat and an ice cube. She shot me down twice already."

"Well, I didn't just run into her, I kind of ran into her."

"You what?"

"Yep, ran into her and spilled coffee all over her coat," Bill said with a sheepish grin.

"My God, Bill, you're lucky to be alive. What'd she say?"

"Not too much, actually. She was really kind of nice about it."

"You spilled coffee all over Laura Stanton and she was nice to you? She must have hit her head."

"Well, I'll find out soon enough. She said she'd stop by after lunch to drop off the cleaning bill. I was thinking of asking her out."

"Listen, stud, watch it with that woman.

She'll rip your lungs out."

"Jacko! Don't worry! She's nothing I can't handle. And besides, if she's a bitch, I'll tell her to hit the road."

"Well, all right. I 'spose you can take it. Listen, bud, I gotta get back to work. I'll talk to you later."

"Yeah, see ya."

Bill turned back to his paperwork and spent the rest of his day maintaining the delicate balance of incoming and outgoing work. Sometime after lunch, while he was on the phone, there was a knock on the open door of his office. He looked up to see Laura.

"Oh, hi Laura. I'll be with you in a second," he said, turning back to his phone call. "Yeah, Pat, sounds great. Why don't you run it past the old man and see what he says? Yeah . . . Uhuh . . . I'll talk to you later then. Bye. Sorry about that, Laura. Were you able to get to the cleaners?"

"Yes, I've got the bill right here."

"Okay, let me get my checkbook . . ."

Laura decided to run a little test of Bill Hodgkins' good will.

"Really, Bill, it's all right. It was just as much my fault . . ."

"Now, now, I insist. If I hadn't been in such a hurry, we wouldn't have this problem. Right?"

"Right."

"So there you go. Now, how much was it?"

"Fourteen seventy-five."

"All right, I'll make that out to Laura Stanton . . . and here you are."

"Thanks, Bill."

"No, thank you for being so nice about this. You know, Laura, I still don't feel just right about this. I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but would you consider having dinner with me tonight? It'd really make me feel better about this whole thing."

This is it, she thought, and it was so easy! "No, really, Bill, it's not necessary."

"Come on, I'd really enjoy it. How about if I promise not to spill anything on you?"

"I've got my kids . . ."

"So get a babysitter. Come on, Laura. Don't leave me feeling like a goof. Let me make it up to you. I'll impress you with my good taste and sophistication."

"Well . . . I suppose I could get my mother-in-law to babysit."

"Great! See, I told you. How about meeting me at the Arlington Club at eight?"

"That'd be fine."

"Okay, I'll see you then."

Laura walked back to her office, thinking about her encounter with the clumsy Mr. Hodgkins. She was pleased with the way it had turned out. She had hoped it would make her happy. It didn't. There was something missing. To be sure, Laura was a realist. She knew that people couldn't give her the fulfillment she craved, but she had hoped that a demonstration of her ability to swim back to the mainstream and interact with her contemporaries might give her confidence. It did. It was so easy after all. Even her slightly rusty performance with Bill. Just smile here, titter coquettishly there, keep them talking, stroke their ego, but keep laughing inside to maintain sanity. It was a recipe for success that worked on almost anyone: man, woman, or child, although children were harder; they were so damn inquisitive. If you worked at it you could have a whole circle of "close friends" who didn't know a thing about you. For God's sake, though, keep laughing at them. The minute you take it all too seriously is when it's over and they know all about you.

Certainly Laura was superior, but she had hoped that her ambition might be teased. It had. Bill was finely dressed, good looking, had suggested a very nice place to eat,

and wore no wedding ring. With the proper manipulation, a relationship with Bill, or another of his like, could lead to an easier life for her.

Laura was pleased with the outcome of the day, and was therefore annoyed at her discontent. She felt spun around. She had made a decision to change course in her life. And had. And now she felt no different. Granted, not much time had passed, but there should be something. Well, discontent would have to wait, for now she would proceed as she had and hope that time and success would provide her with what was missing.

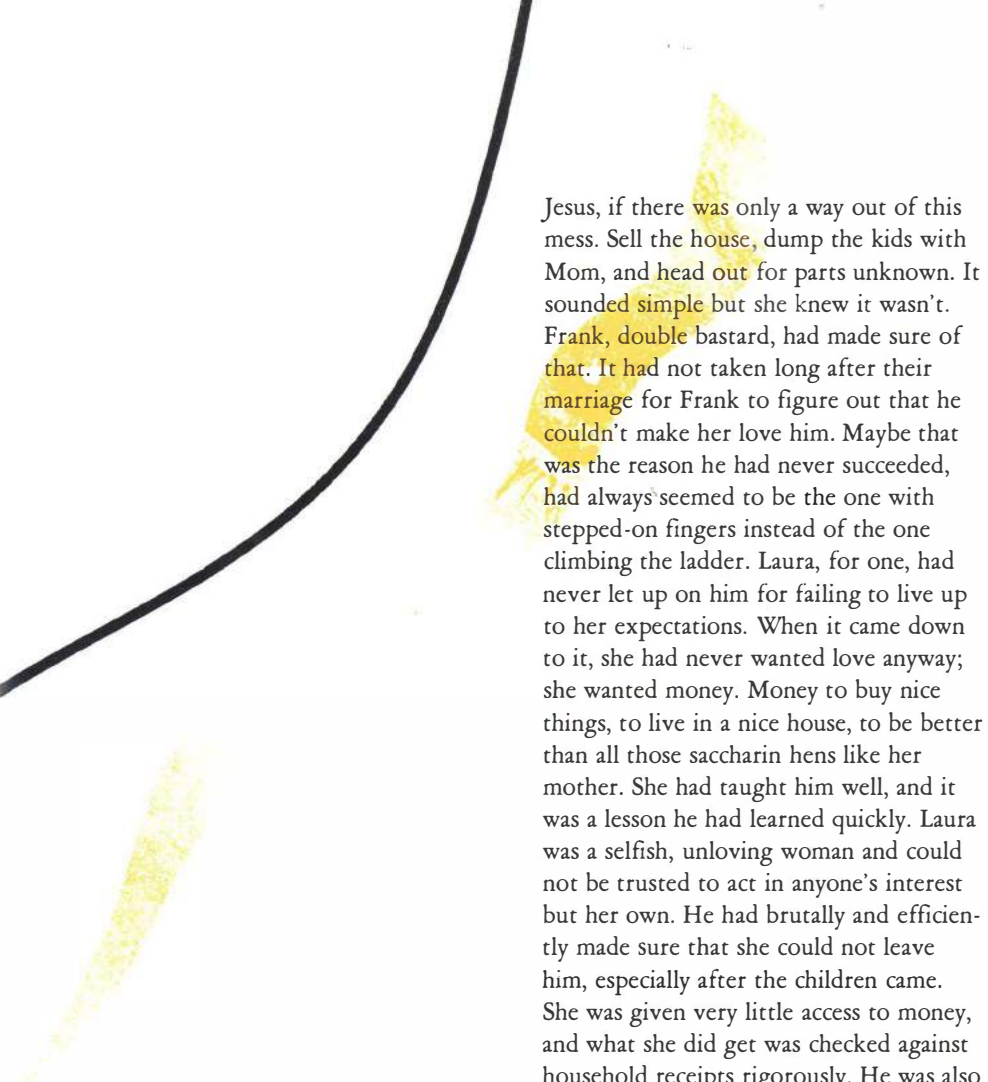
She sat down at her desk and turned toward the pile of monthly personnel reports that she had been working on since morning. Thankful for the diversion, she immersed herself in her work that drove her temporarily from her mind.

The dishes clattered angrily as Laura washed up after her brats. She was in a hurry because she had met someone today. Someone who was taking her out tonight. Someone who would buy her nice things. Someone who would help her out of his hell of broken appliances, too much work, and too many responsibilities. Someone she would see just as soon as she could pack her three miserable children off to their grandmother's. She wasn't seeing Bill tonight. She was seeing someone whose name was Bill. Names didn't matter. She was not looking for love, she was stalking

a victim.

Despite her hurry, Laura lapsed into a moment of bitter reflection. God, how she hated this house! It was so typical of her life. Especially the kitchen, all so prim and mean and efficient. Of course it was clean that was one of the habits her dear departed husband had taught her, and made damn sure she never forgot. But here were little hints that Frank, that bastard, was gone. The floor, of dull yellow linoleum, had a ring of waxy grey around the edges like dirty fingernails. In the doorways and traffic areas there was no wax at all. That was one habit that was easy to break. She would never scrub another floor, especially this one. Above the floor, though, things were much the same. The refrigerator still stood in the corner, snoring, as if the food were alive and only sleeping. Across the room, the counters were a vast, milky white glacier. A flat white landscape without break of form, brightened by sharp shafts of light reflecting from various happy home appliances. Blender, can opener, glittering chrome toaster, all sitting like chunks of broken glass, cruelly beaming ice-cold shards of light from every sharpened corner. The whole room was bathed in a cool, bright fluorescence that left no shadow, no place to hide. Only the dirty yellow floor betrayed sterility.

"Frank Junior! You leave your sister alone and get your ass down here! Janey, if you don't stop crying, I'm gonna give you something to cry about!" Laura shrieked.



Jesus, if there was only a way out of this mess. Sell the house, dump the kids with Mom, and head out for parts unknown. It sounded simple but she knew it wasn't. Frank, double bastard, had made sure of that. It had not taken long after their marriage for Frank to figure out that he couldn't make her love him. Maybe that was the reason he had never succeeded, had always seemed to be the one with stepped-on fingers instead of the one climbing the ladder. Laura, for one, had never let up on him for failing to live up to her expectations. When it came down to it, she had never wanted love anyway; she wanted money. Money to buy nice things, to live in a nice house, to be better than all those saccharin hens like her mother. She had taught him well, and it was a lesson he had learned quickly. Laura was a selfish, unloving woman and could not be trusted to act in anyone's interest but her own. He had brutally and efficiently made sure that she could not leave him, especially after the children came. She was given very little access to money, and what she did get was checked against household receipts rigorously. He was also a stickler for cleanliness. There would be hell to pay if he could see that kitchen floor, or for that matter, the kids. He had loved the kids all the more after finding out she didn't love him, and had made sure she couldn't desert them. He found out he was dying long before he told her and had made sure she could leave anytime she wanted, without a dime.

Laura finished the dishes, sighing as she lit a cigarette and carried it up to her old-maid bedroom. The room was as clean as the kitchen but not as bright, lit only by one small window, and seemed shabby. Her doudy twin bed was covered with a spread of cheap, bright cotton that failed to pierce the gloom. The rest of the furniture of dark wood was low quality and seemed to be of no particular style. Typically machine made, it was difficult to imagine any thought or craftsmanship being directed at its production. The carpeting was dark green and worn. Overall, the bedroom was as depressing and dim as the kitchen was cold and bright.

Laura went to the closet to pick out a dress for her date. Clothes were one thing she had. Frank had always insisted that Laura look her best. He had bought all her clothes for her, and, she had to admit, had shopped for quality. She found one to her liking and proceeded to the bathroom to freshen up. After washing up and applying her make-up, she slipped into her dress, primped a little and was ready.

Downstairs, the children were amusing themselves by chasing the dog. Laura quieted them with a curt order to put on their coats. She hustled them into the car, an eight year-old Rabbit with bald tires, and they were off to Grandma's house.

The restaurant bill had suggested was tastefully decorated in brass and highly polished dark wood. Laura was impressed

as the maitre d' greeted her cordially and led her to the table. He explained that Mr. Hodgkins had not arrived, and asked her if she would care for a drink. She ordered a scotch and soda and looked around the room. It was beautiful. A rich, golden light spread throughout the room, giving everything a mellow glow. The booths were attractively separated by lush, tropical plants. Everything pointed toward subtle good taste. As her drink arrived, Laura lit a cigarette and waited impatiently for her escort to arrive. It wasn't as if she wanted to fall in love. Love isn't real anyway. But dammit, she deserved something more than the shabby suburban hell that she had been living in. If Bill wasn't her ticket to the life she wanted, then she would find someone else. For now, she would accept his gifts and put on the adoring mask she was sure he wanted to see.

She looked up and saw Bill being led toward her by the ever courteous maitre d'. She rose as they approached, her lips parting in a smile.

"Hello, Frank."

**Out of order**

Chris Bischoffer

mixed media sculpture  
approx. 5'



## Unconscious Minds

by Mike Theodosakis

Laughter bounces throughout the room  
from mentally unconscious minds  
who know but do not feel.

It is nearly time.

Glasses clang with a tingly crunch,  
bottle tops explode letting loose  
a flowing river of spirits  
that toasts the insides.

Quietly, the unaware Grand time machine  
ticks on like a menacing time-bomb,  
preparing to set off an explosion of glee.

Brashly, the drunken warriors

Commence Countdown

"... three, two, one," they cry,

Launching an exhausted  
shuttle of time into history  
and calling on the uncertainty of a  
New Year.



**T**hat Cat  
Jesus

by Jerry Schwartz

That Cat Jesus  
always hanging 'round  
on living room walls  
when I was a kid.  
Like Elvis showing his stuff.

King Cat Jesus  
came tumbling down  
and broke his crown  
of thorns and curds and whey.  
Like evangelists on the cockhorse.

Fat cat Jesus  
doing The Catholic Show  
headlining on Sundays,  
matinees in-between.  
Like some blue light special on souls.

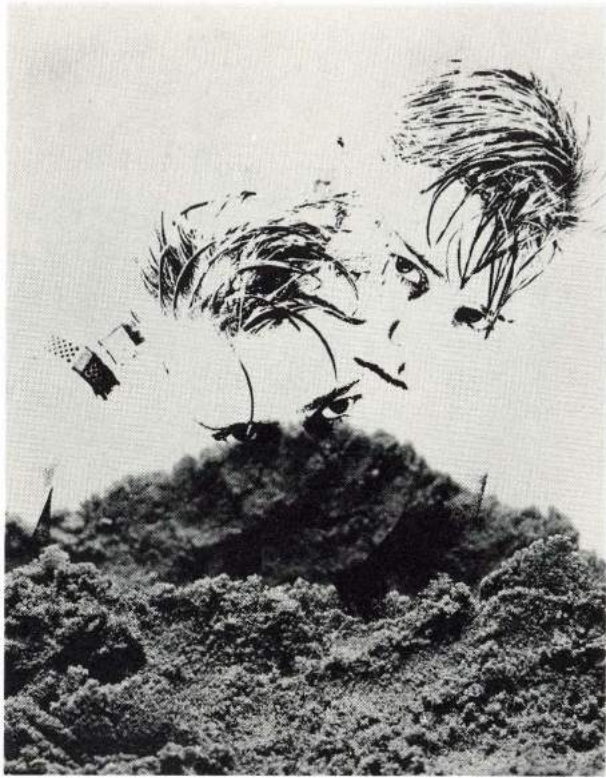


**Inner Items**

Mary Appleguff

stoneware clay, iron oxide  
3" x 13"

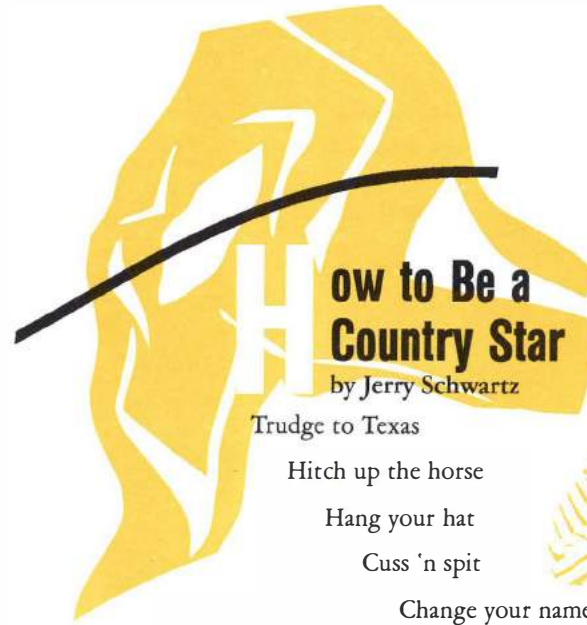




**Ten Hours**

Gwendolyn Rae Rodig

photo  
7.5" x 9.5"



Trudge to Texas  
Hitch up the horse  
Hang your hat  
Cuss 'n spit  
Change your name  
to Wailinwaylon  
Or Willieweeper.  
Tawlk in a drawl.  
Grow a smelly beard  
Sit ass on stool  
Whack your doodle  
(You creamy cowboy)  
Buy a big beer and  
Sing about crying  
Your fuggin heart  
Out in it.





# The Equilibrium

by Keiko Uchiyama

The wall of an acropolis prosperous for 200 years  
Is steeply rising from the rusty desert.

A beast came across the ocean,  
crouching on the scorching freezing sand,  
scratching the wall day and night.

Scratch

Scratch

Scratch

With no knife, no chisel,  
With his fingernails,  
The beast scratches  
The surface of the gray wall  
Never has allowed even one minute sand grain to excavate.

Scratch

yesterday, the day before yesterday,  
ten days ago, ten weeks ago,  
ten months ago, ten years ago.

The sun grabs his shadow away and back.

Scratch

Scratch

Scratch

Scratch

S c r a t c h

chSrtca?

His nails are powdery scarlet snow.  
Roling and roaring,  
Dry wind tears his soul.

The beast cries to the moon,  
"My ancestor was theirs,  
and theirs was mine.  
IS THAT TRUE ?"

The beast cries to the wall,  
"Beasts lurking deep inside the old wall,  
Beasts dreaming your own food and shoes,  
NAME ME!

With your sandy eyes slowly open.

CALL ME!

With your hoarse voices,  
Pronounce my name you haven't ever heard.

And

ASK ME!

The country I came from,

With your lips distorting  
In the shape you haven't ever created before."

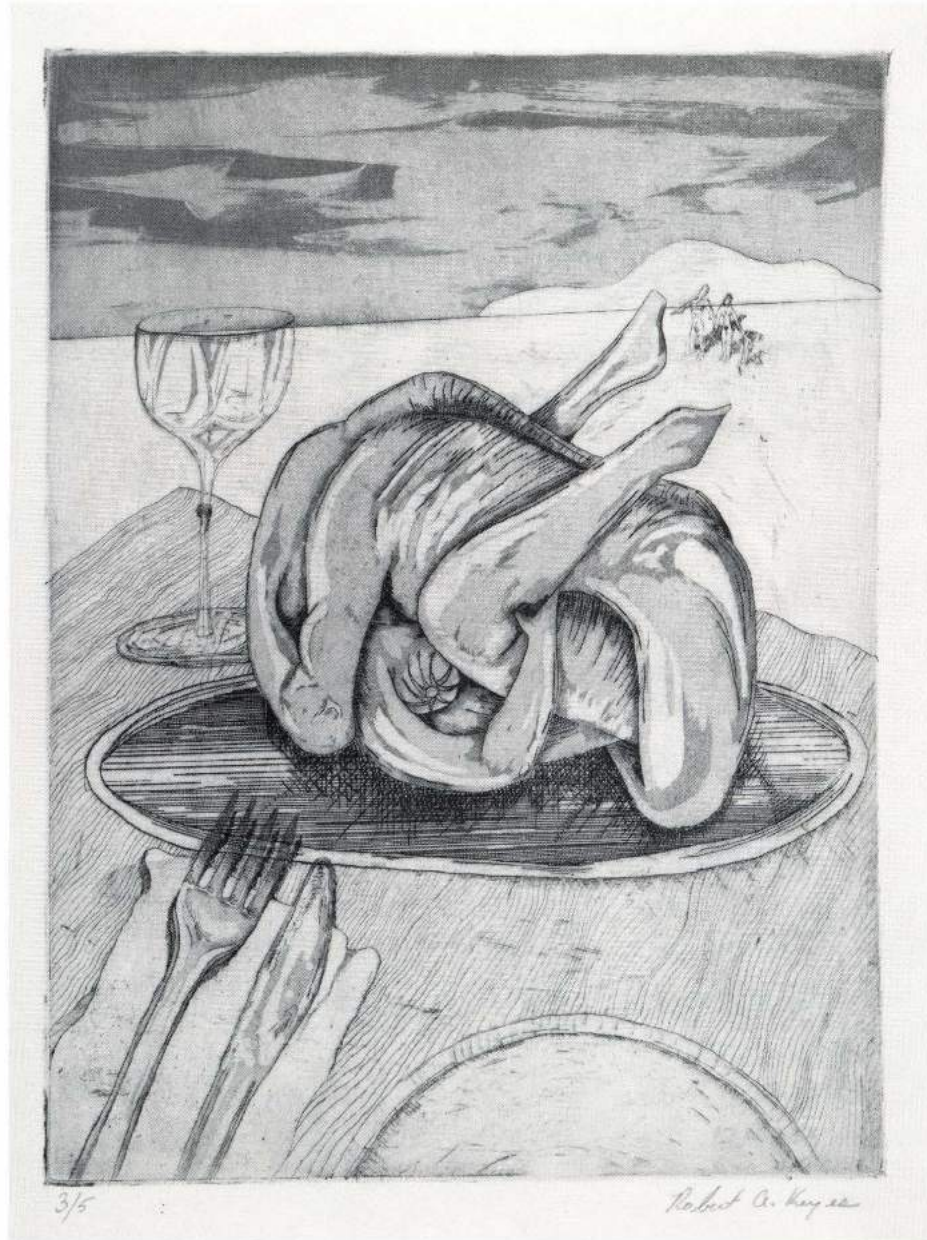
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## MOTHERHOOD

by Andrea Fratto

Today-  
staring  
out this window,  
I can see  
farther.  
Unscared  
of the  
distance,  
the  
undone,  
and the one  
who created it.

Today-  
feeling  
you tumble and jerk at my walls,  
I can't see  
beyond  
today.  
Scared  
of the  
distance,  
the  
undone,  
and the one  
who created  
you.

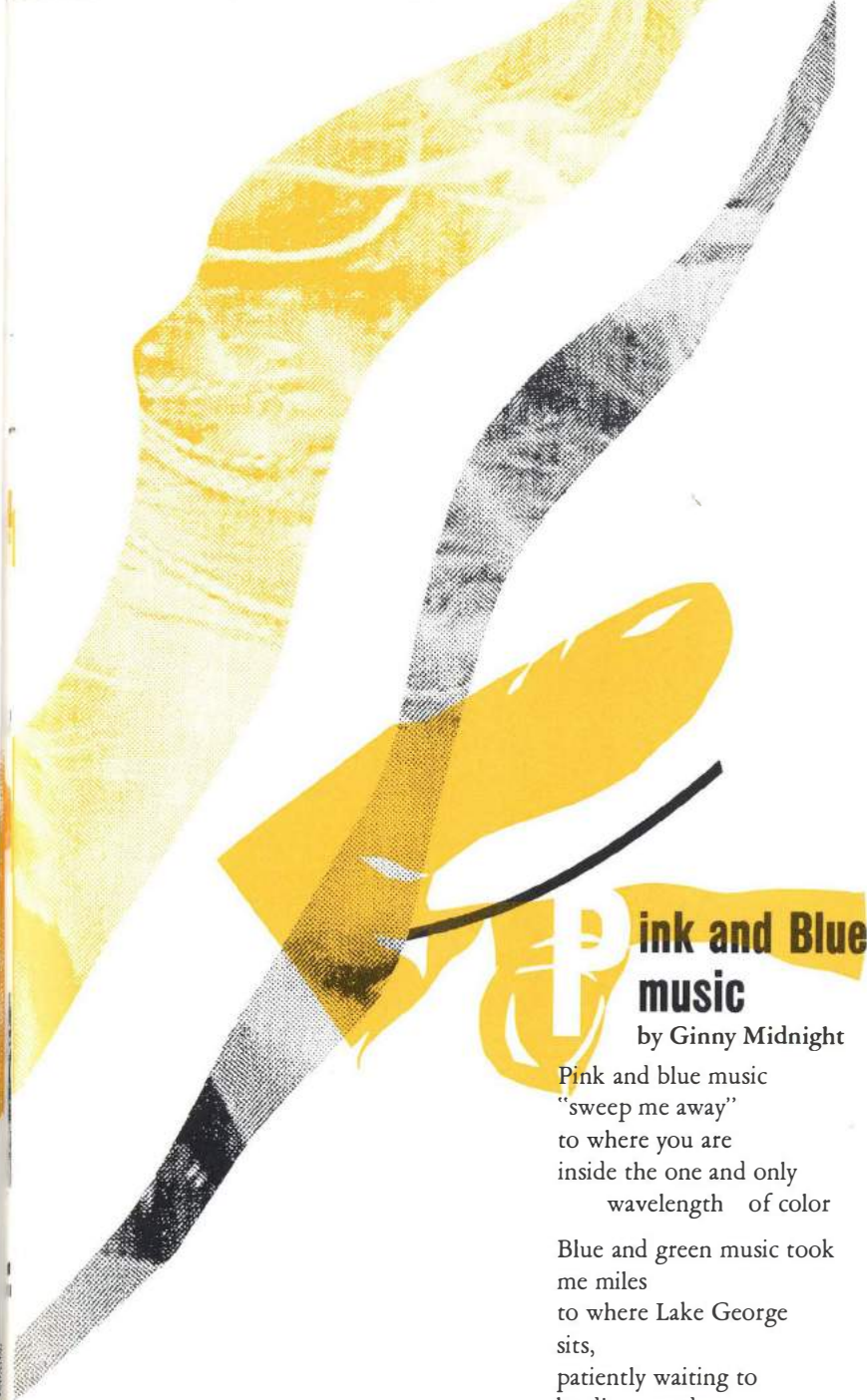


### Thanksgiving

Robert A. Keyes

etching

11.5" x 9"



## Pink and Blue music

by Ginny Midnight

Pink and blue music  
"sweep me away"  
to where you are  
inside the one and only  
wavelength of color

Blue and green music took  
me miles  
to where Lake George  
sits,  
patiently waiting to  
be discovered



Lost Spur  
Robert Roeser

linoleum block print  
12" x 9"

inside a single white rose.  
Only there can one feel  
the heat of the desert sand-  
while in a large forest.

Pink and blue music  
"sweep me away"  
vibrating ovals, peak and fall-  
guess music,  
guess feeling.

Vibrations melt into one another.  
The beauty of color,  
just color,  
pressed up against each other.  
Pink and blue music  
sweeps me away.



**Blurred Pasts**  
Paul Lombardi

photo  
10" x 8"

# Calisthenic Cats

by Daniel Ryan

Ferlinghetti,  
stylized "papish cat"  
pontificates ideologies  
through the haze of peyote-pulsed-  
pupils.

Those  
"bell-bottom" philosophies ain't  
hip baby,- dig?

As  
aerobic Icons  
lift their sweat-filled "pits" in  
righteous jubilation,-  
LIFT, STRETCH & HOLD ON 5  
AND 6 MORE- - - PUSH IT!

The  
"Dharma Bums" and "Pranksters"  
retch their minds of  
social-consciousness  
and slither into the nefarious  
grave, where

Kerouac  
sleeps;

While  
the doers' price index  
escalates  
into crisp books of fresh  
green paper,-  
EXHALE & KICK-IT-OUT ON 3,-

For  
the "day-glo" painted  
libertine bus  
has  
careened into the bowels of  
synthetic  
software:

Dig  
the "hipish cat"  
as he rolls-up his sleeves  
and joins  
the  
calisthenic  
revolution.



**The Revelation**  
David Menard

linoleum block print  
9" x 12"



**Principle**

Dan Chambers

pencil

10" x 22.5"

**Sleep**

Dan Chambers

pencil

19.5" x 14"

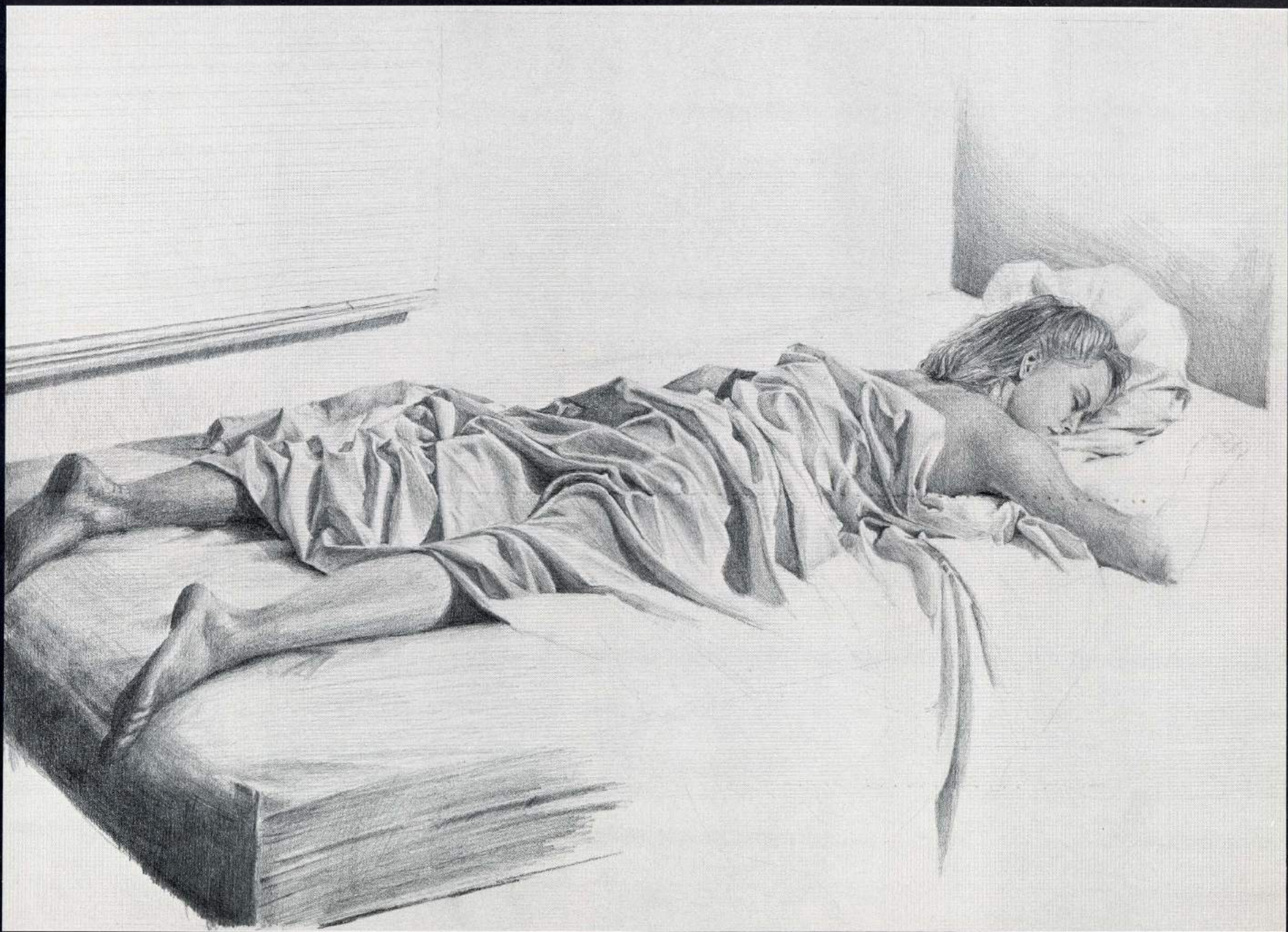
**Dottie**

Dan Chambers

pencil

18' x 24"









## “The Prodigal Self.”

A Work In Progress  
by Brad Ravenswood

“Fuck off, Marcie!”

I slammed the receiver down, realizing that I might have said the wrong thing. Well, my mom said once that I had a way with words. I don't really think that's quite what she had in mind when she said it, though. She was probably thinking about the seventh grade spelling bee. I had kicked ass, beating everyone, even the “gifted” kids. Gave them all the finger afterwards backstage.

I walked over to the fridge, opened the door, and searched the old icebox for a bite to eat. Nothing looked too appetizing, so I just grabbed a Coors. I think they should change their marketing strategy to something like, “Coors, with juice and toast, is an important part of a well-balanced breakfast.” Lately, a beer was becoming increasingly important to get me well-balanced each morning.

I shuffled out of the kitchen and flopped onto the couch in the living room. It took me about three minutes to find the remote control. Damn thing had an annoying habit of hiding between cushions or underneath the debris on the coffee table. Yeah, I know that in the time I spent looking for the remote I could have gotten up and changed the channel myself, but come on, this is America: Land of the Free and Home of the Fat and Lazy.

I flipped the channels, scanning the Tuesday morning T.V. scene. What a great line-up we have at 10:00 a.m.: High Rollers, General Hospital, or Sesame Street. I was pretty tired of all that other crap, so I put on the kid's show. Game shows and soap operas every morning for four months straight would drive anyone to watch Sesame Street. Besides, I kind of liked the Cookie Monster; he knew the true meaning of excess. And Oscar the Grouch? I could really relate to him. “Come on over and make yourself at home,” I said aloud as my eyes scanned over the piles of garbage in my living room: Crunched up beer cans, empty pizza boxes and fast food bags. Typical bachelor stuff.

Midway through Ernie's stirring rendition of “Rubber Duckie”, the phone rang. I didn't answer it right away, tossing the possible callers around in my head. The only two people I could imagine would call me were Marcie, who was probably calling back to tell me that she wasn't

talking to me, or those friendly folks at VISA with another gentle reminder that my payment was long overdue. I decided to let the phone ring a bit more before answering, to see how badly they wanted to talk to me. After twelve rings I finally picked it up.

“Hello!” I growled.

“David? It's me, Ted.”

I wasn't too sure if I wanted to talk to Ted just then. I held the phone away from my ear, wondering if I should just hang up. No, I decided, I'll be polite and tell him that he's being hung up on.

“Look, Ted, I don't know what you want, and I really don't care, so whatever you've got to say, you had better say it quick.”

“No, not over the phone. I'm on my way over there now. I just wanted to make sure you were . . . home.”

“Well, it's really nice of you to call and let me know that you're inviting yourself over. But, to tell you the truth, I'm really no up to receiving house guests right now. So, why don't you turn your cute little BMW around and drive back to work where you belong.”

“Look, David. It's . . . important. I have to see you.” It sounded serious, but lawyers tend to overdramatize everything.





"No dice. I don't want you here. Say what you've got to say and leave me alone."

"Jesus, David, you really make it hard, you know?"

"Yeah, I know," I spat back. "I'm supposed to be the difficult one, remember?"

"David . . ." There was a long pause. "Dad's dead."

I didn't respond for a moment. Ted started to ask me if I was still on the line, but I cut him off.

"That's too bad," I said. "I'm sure you'll miss him very much."

"David, he loved you! He . . . He said so . . . We tried to reach you . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Yeah, well sick old men will say anything to clear their conscience before they die. Look, if you really feel it's that necessary, come over. I'm not going anywhere."

"I'll be there in twenty minutes," Ted said faintly.

I hung up the phone and sat down on the sofa to catch the end of Sesame Street. Feeling a little chilled (the room had always had a bad draft), I grabbed the quilt that Mom had made me years ago and wrapped it around me. I took a swig of the beer and waited for my brother to

arrive.

\*\*\*\*\*

I lay back on the sofa, listening to Ted's footsteps fade away down the hall. I should have known better, I told myself. I made a mental note not to have him over anymore.

"Stay out of my life, Ted!" I shouted, not really expecting him to hear. The footsteps stopped, though, somewhere just short of the first landing. After about a five-second pause the footsteps echoed in the stairwell, finally fading away totally. I really hadn't meant for him to hear that. But what the hell, I thought. If he stops bugging me, so much the better. I didn't want another incident like the one we'd just had.

As I downed the last of the beer in my hand, I thought about what I would do today. Salazar didn't have any odd jobs for me until Thursday, Marcie was already at work, and Jimmy's Tavern didn't open until 11:30. I decided to take it easy for a bit, then maybe take a walk over to Jimmy's. Besides, I should be relaxing this morning; I'm mourning the loss of a loved one.

"That," I announced, "calls for another drink." That made five this morning. All I needed were a couple more and I'd be on the road to oblivion. I stood up a bit too fast, for my head began to reel as I

grabbed the arm of the couch for support. I stared at the ashtray to get my bearings. It's a little habit I'd picked up. When I started to feel like I was losing it, I just focused on some object for a while, really focused. Before I knew it, that object would stop spinning, and then the rest of the world (or at least the room I was in) would follow suit.

My picture of the ashtray finally sharpened and I felt stable again. I walked to the kitchen cautiously, arms outstretched slightly, just in case my body decided to bail out. I arrived at the icebox without a hitch and pulled the door open. "Fuck," I said as I put my hand around the last bottle of beer. I underlined Jimmy's Tavern in my head as a definite stop this afternoon. Hopefully I could beg Jimmy to extend my already overextended tab just once more.

I twisted the bottle cap off and tossed it over my shoulder. Staring at the beer for a moment, I collected my thoughts, foggy as they were. "Here's to you, Dad," I proclaimed as I put the bottle to my lips.

After about the sixth or seventh swallow I started to stagger. I stopped swallowing, and the cold beer ran down my shirt, soaking its front. The bottle started slipping from my fingers, so I quickly tried to put it on the table, only half succeeding. The bottle lay on its side, as the remainder of the beer gurgled out over the table's surface, to the edge where it spilled over,

creating a yellow puddle on the checkered tiles of the kitchen floor.

Swaying, I watched the river of beer flow over the table, and an image popped into my head . . . me and Dad camping at Lander's Falls. Ted had stayed home. The big football game was coming up, and Dad didn't want him catching a cold. I had caught my first fish on that trip, a walleye I think it was . . .

The memory swirled away as the flow of beer ceased. I was holding on to the table for support my knuckles turning white. I groggily turned my head towards the living room. If I was going down, the sofa would make the ideal place for a crash landing. But could I make it? I ventured a step.

no dad!

Blood came pounding to my head. I leaned on the wall to keep me standing. Only about six or seven more steps . . .

My feet felt like lead, but I half-lifted, half-dragged one forward, planing it as firmly as was possible on the floor. As I did this, another wave crashed down on my head.

you cheating little bastard!

My head was reeling. I tried to focus on the couch, that soft and mushy coach, but even that wouldn't stand still for me. A

few more steps . . .

I did it myself, honest!

I made it to the living room . . . more waves breaking around me . . .

please believe me!

That did it . . . clear blue waves swirling . . . going down . . . put my arms out . . . break my fall . . . perfect form, perfect form . . .

Perfect form! I thought to myself as I sliced into the water with a precise 90 degree angle. The cold water of the swimming pool felt good against me as I shot through it, angling upward to break the surface of the clear blue waves.

"Yes!" I shouted as I surfaced. "Was that a dive, or what?"

Mark stood at the edge of the pool, tapping his foot impatiently.

"I'd have to call that 'or what', said Mark. I playfully splashed some water his way. "O.K., fish man, do you want to get out of the pool now? You're gonna turn into a big prune, or a raisin or something."

I laughed. "What if I told you my life's ambition was to become a raisin?"

Mark smirked. "Then I'd probably recommend that you seek some help in the

Counseling Office, which is where I'm going now to pick up my ACT score!" he said, practically shouting the last few words.

"I'll be right out!" I gasped, and I swam to the ladder at the end of the pool. I was really excited now! Kind of nervous, too. I had studied my ass off for that exam. At the time I thought I had done pretty well, until everybody else started crying about how badly they had done. That started to throw doubts in my mind. Especially when one of the admissions of failure came from my brother, Ted. I had figured he would probably ace it.


I scurried up the ladder and grabbed my towel, drying myself as I walked to the locker room. "Come on, Mark," I beckoned, "talk to me while I change." My friend followed me into the locker room.

"So," Mark said, "you still think you did pretty well on it, huh?"

"I think so," I responded tentatively, not wanting to sound too sure of myself. That kind of talk could be left to my brother. "I guess I'll just have to wait and see."

"Well, I sure hope you did O.K. I'd hate to see what your dad would do if you bombed it." I nodded my head in agreement, although what Mark said wasn't necessarily true. Dad might carry on for a while, but in the end, he'd say something like, 'What should I expect', or 'That's





David for you'.

"Where's Ted?" Mark asked.

"Kid All-American? He's got eighth hour off, so he probably went home to rest up for football practice. I wonder if he picked up his test result yet."

"Boy Wonder probably aced it, huh?"

"Probably. He says he bombed, but that's just like my brother. He'll really underplay something at first, but when the results are heard, he stands there, in awe of himself. What an asshole he is sometimes."

"He's pretty cool, though," Mark observed.

"Yeah," I agreed, "overall he's O.K."

I finished drying my hair, got dressed, and got my things from my gym locker. Mark and I left the locker room and headed down towards Counseling.

Lots of kids were coming from that direction, each one's face telling the 'tale of the tape'. They clutched the test scores that would get them into the right (or wrong) college. Some smiled, laughed with friends as they compared scores. More often than not, though, a student would come down the hall, holding the envelope as if it were a time bomb. The looks on these kid's faces were not encouraging. Mark and I exchanged worried glances and continued

down the hallway.

"Oh shit," Mark muttered as we came upon a girl, leaning against the wall, staring disbelievingly into her assessment folder. Tears were beginning to roll down her face.

"I don't like what I'm seeing, pal," I whispered.

"Ditto."

We arrived at the Counseling Office. A short line was coming out of one of the conference rooms. Mark and I joined it.

There was no chattering or whispering in the line. Definitely not typical teenage behavior.

Mark got his folder first. He started to rip it open, but I stopped him. "Wait until I get mine. Then we'll open them up at the same time." Mark nodded.

"Name?" the man asked without looking up. Huge boxes of folders were laid out on the conference table, each box accounting for two or three letters of the alphabet.

"Barrister."

"Oh, yes," the man said, now looking up. "You're Ted's brother." "Yes sir," I sighed. This was something I had never gotten used to over the years. I wondered why

my parents had bothered to give me a name. I had always been, and would probably always be 'Ted's brother'. I tried to forget about the remark. The man found my envelope and handed it to me. "Do you have my brother's envelope there too? I thought I might save him the trip."

"No, he came by and picked it up last hour. Seemed kind of nervous about it. He's usually not that way, is he?"

"No," I responded, "he's just being modest. Thanks." I went out into the hall, where Mark was waiting, ready to tear his envelope open.

"O.K.," I signaled as I tore my envelope open. Mark did the same. It kind of reminded me of Christmas, the way we feverishly ripped open the packets. The present inside could be a bright and shiny Christmas star. Then again, it could be more like-

"Shit," Mark muttered, staring blankly at the contents of his envelope. "21, pal," he said, looking up at me with a dismal expression. "Well," he said, feigning cheerfulness, "it won't get me to Yale, but at least I can go to State. How about you?"

I slowly opened the envelope and looked at the different columns of numbers and their significances. I waded through all the unimportant facts and got to the bottom line number I was searching for.

"Jesus Christ." I stared in amazement at my score. My first thought was, maybe I got my brother's envelope by mistake. But no, BARRISTER, DAVID C. was clearly printed across the top.

"How bad is it?"

"Twenty-eight," I whispered.

"Very fuckin' funny," Mark sneered and grabbed the grade sheet out of my hand. As his eyes fixed on the number, his entire face seemed to drop several inches. His eyes widened as he stared at me. "You weren't kidding! Jesus, Dave, a twenty-eight? Jesus!"

I stood there, thinking about what would happen when I brought this home. For years and years I had tried to succeed, to measure up, but it always seemed like Dad would find some way to belittle my accomplishments. At the seventh grade spelling bee, Dad said I had won because I got lucky with an easy word. At the Cub Scouts Pinewood Derby, he said the only reason I had won was because Ted helped me build my wooden car. But when Ted was picked first string for the junior league football team? Totally different story.

But this would change all that. Finally I had accomplished something that couldn't be made light of. A twenty-eight on the ACT was good enough to get me into just about any college I might pick. And who

knows, maybe a scholarship . . .

"Well, genius, are you gonna stand around all day, or are we going to catch the bus before it leaves without us?"

I gave Mark a friendly punch in the arm, and we started towards the buses.

During the bus ride, Mark and I chatted, but I was mostly responding out of reflex. Mark sensed this and stopped talking. Mark had always been good that way, sensing and anticipating my moods.

As we passed through the tree lined neighborhoods, my mind was on what would happen when I got home. What would Dad say when I handed him the test results? Ted had probably already gone home. Tuesday was Dad's day off, so most likely he had seen Ted's results. This would work in my favor, for he would already be in a good mood.

The bus neared my corner, and I gathered my things. "Hey," Mark said softly, "call me and let me know how everything turns out, O.K.?"

"Sure," I said. "Thanks for-"

"Don't worry about it. Now get outta here."

I walked to the front of the bus as it slowed to a halt. I hopped off, tightly clutching my test envelope. As the bus

continued on its way, I saw Mark in the window, giving me an encouraging thumbs-up. I nodded and flipped my own thumb his way.

I walked down the street and reached my house. Entering the front door, I immediately noticed my father. He was in the living room. He was sitting in the wing chair, facing away from me, so I couldn't see his face. On the end table next to the chair were Dad's vial of heart medicine and an empty glass.

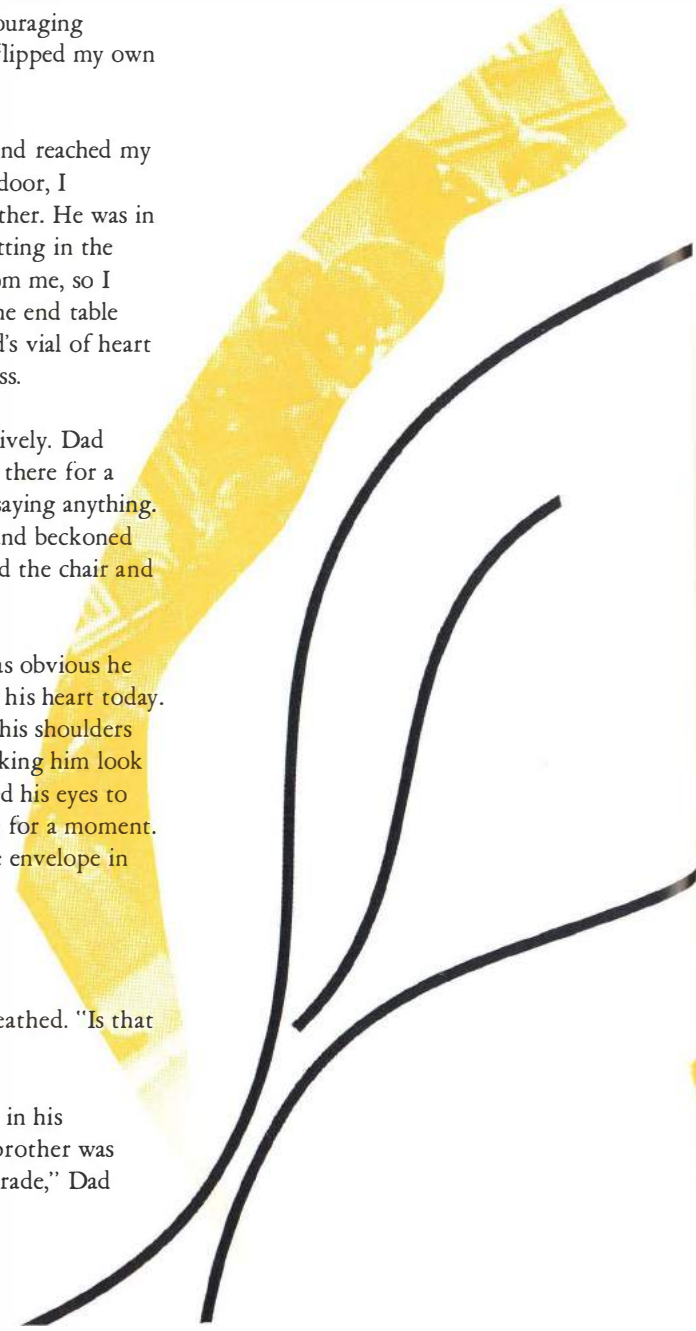
"Oh, hi Dad," I said tentatively. Dad didn't respond. He just sat there for a long time, not moving or saying anything. Finally he raised his hand and beckoned me to him. I walked around the chair and stood in front of him.

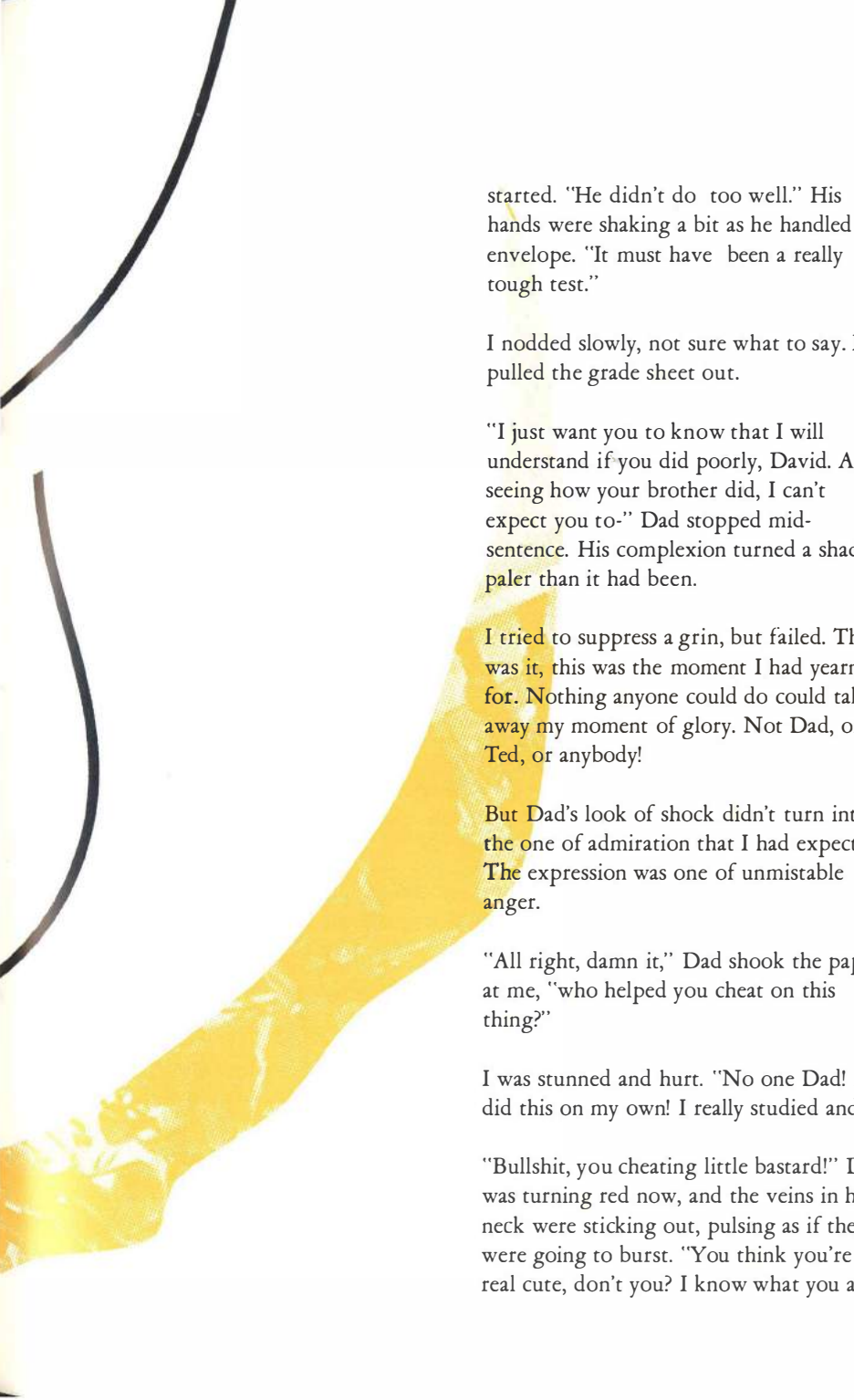
He looked really bad. It was obvious he wasn't doing too well with his heart today. He looked really pale, and his shoulders were slumped forward, making him look old and worn out. He raised his eyes to look in mine, staring at me for a moment. Then his eyes fell upon the envelope in hand.

"Are you O.K., Dad?"

"I'll be fine, David," he breathed. "Is that your ACT result?"

"Yeah." I put the envelope in his outstretched hand. "Your brother was already here with his test grade," Dad





started. "He didn't do too well." His hands were shaking a bit as he handled the envelope. "It must have been a really tough test."

I nodded slowly, not sure what to say. He pulled the grade sheet out.

"I just want you to know that I will understand if you did poorly, David. After seeing how your brother did, I can't expect you to—" Dad stopped mid-sentence. His complexion turned a shade paler than it had been.

I tried to suppress a grin, but failed. This was it, this was the moment I had yearned for. Nothing anyone could do could take away my moment of glory. Not Dad, or Ted, or anybody!

But Dad's look of shock didn't turn into the one of admiration that I had expected. The expression was one of unmistakable anger.

"All right, damn it," Dad shook the paper at me, "who helped you cheat on this thing?"

I was stunned and hurt. "No one Dad! I did this on my own! I really studied and—"

"Bullshit, you cheating little bastard!" Dad was turning red now, and the veins in his neck were sticking out, pulsing as if they were going to burst. "You think you're real cute, don't you? I know what you are

up to." His voice fell to a whisper but his face retained that anguished expression. You fixed it all to make your brother look bad. You're jealous, aren't you?" He waved his finger in my face. "You know that you'll never be as good as your brother, no matter what you do!"

I was really scared now. I had seen Dad angry before, but never like this. I backed away a step as he rose from his chair.

"Dad, I did it all by myself! Please believe me! I wouldn't do anything to hurt you or Ted!"

"Liar!" he screamed. He was raving now; saliva was dripping from his bottom lip, and he was shaking, almost in a convulsion. Then he rolled up his right fist and hauled it back, as if he were going to hit me. It was obvious to me that he was out of control, but he had never hit Ted or me before, and I never believed that he would. It just wasn't the kind of thing that Mom would allow.

His fist smashed into the left side of my face squarely; I had made no move to defend myself. A searing pain shot through my jaw, and my body spun around from the force of the punch. I felt woozy as I began to fall to the ground. My arms outstretched, I tried to break my fall . . . I missed the sofa by a good five feet . . .

I awoke to find my face pressed against a

cardboard pizza box on the floor. At least that broke my fall, I thought groggily.

I dragged myself onto the couch and buried my aching head in the old quilt draped over it. It didn't help, though. My head felt like an artillery unit had used it for target practice. My body was screaming for booze, but it didn't seem very willing to assist me in getting some. I lay there for a good fifteen minutes, getting my bearings. I rubbed my aching jaw; I must have hit the floor face first, for the whole left side of my face was swollen. Even my teeth tingled. I slowly inched myself up to a sitting position. Aspirin, I thought, I need some aspirin. I remembered having some in the closet. There was an old first aid kit on the top shelf. I gathered my strength and staggered across the room.

I opened the closet and reached up to get the first aid kit down. As I did this, my foot kicked something on the floor. I looked down and saw a nondescript cardboard box. It took me a second, but then I remembered. My textbooks from high school.

When I dropped out, I had just planned to trash them, but something inside me wouldn't let me. For some reason I had always felt that one day I would want to bring them out and read them, study them. God knows why. I didn't have any ambition to go back to school. I took the aspirin and went to the kitchen for a glass

of water.

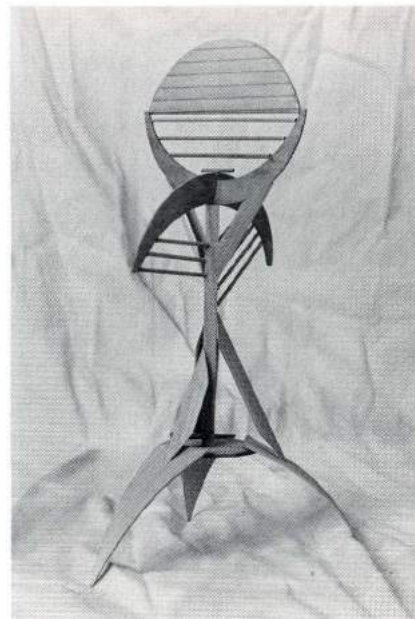
I took the aspirin, then sat back down on the couch. I grabbed the remote control (it was easy to find for a change) and flipped on the set.

I turned it off after a few minutes. My eyes kept finding their way back to the open closet and the dusty box on the floor.

I dragged it out, opened it, and started looking at the old books.

I picked up the first book, Studies in Psychology. I reached back for a memory, grabbed it. Mark Chapman had been in this class with me. I got to thinking about my old friend. The last I had heard, he had two kids, both boys. It would be really nice to see him again. Maybe if I shaved and put on some clean clothes, I could visit him sometime. Forget it, a voice in my brain said. That part of your life is dead and buried now, dead and buried. I tossed the book back in the box, closed it up, and shoved it back into the closet.

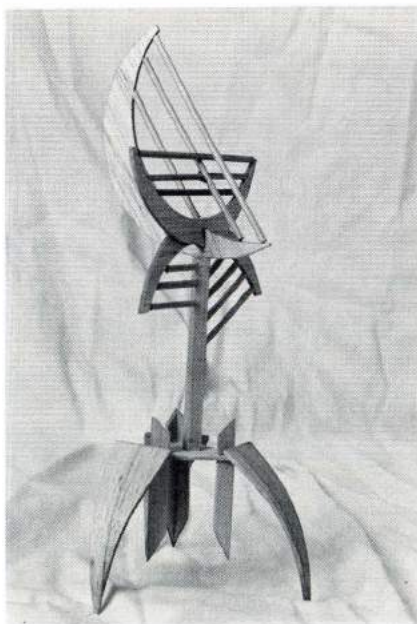
The clock in the kitchen told me that it was 11:47. Jimmy's would be open now. I figured I might take a walk over there. I really needed a drink, and the fresh air would probably do me good. I grabbed my jacket and left.



**Architectural Structure**

Chris Bischoffer

balsa wood and glue sculpture  
3" x 8"



**Architectural Structure**

Chris Bischoffer

balsa wood and glue sculpture  
3" x 8"

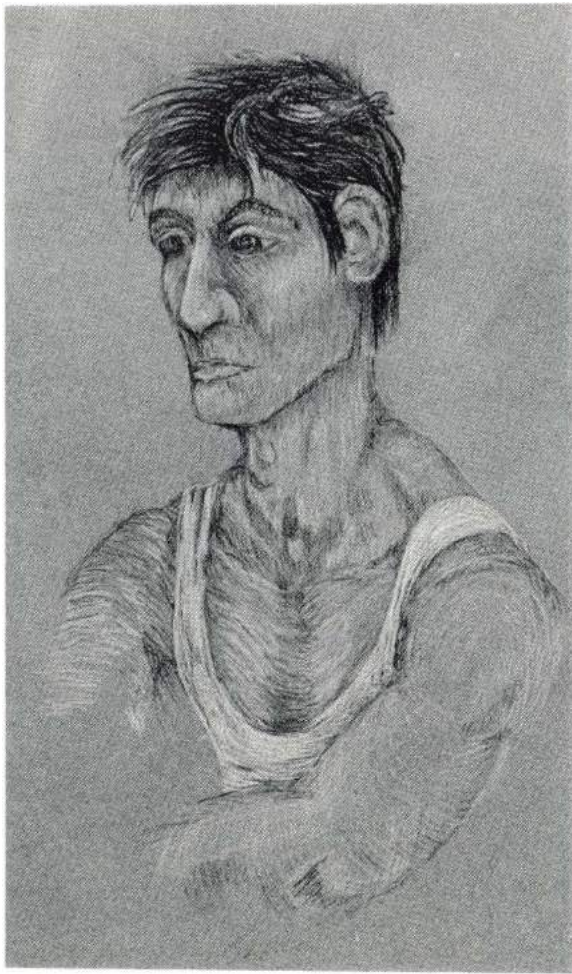


**Three Point Perspective  
Harper Hallway Building A**

Carol Haase

pencil  
13.5" x 11.5"





**Untitled**

Robert A. Keyes

charcoal  
12" x 20"



**RANDMA'S  
LONDON FOG**

by Andrea Fratto

Hanging  
limp and  
dusty.

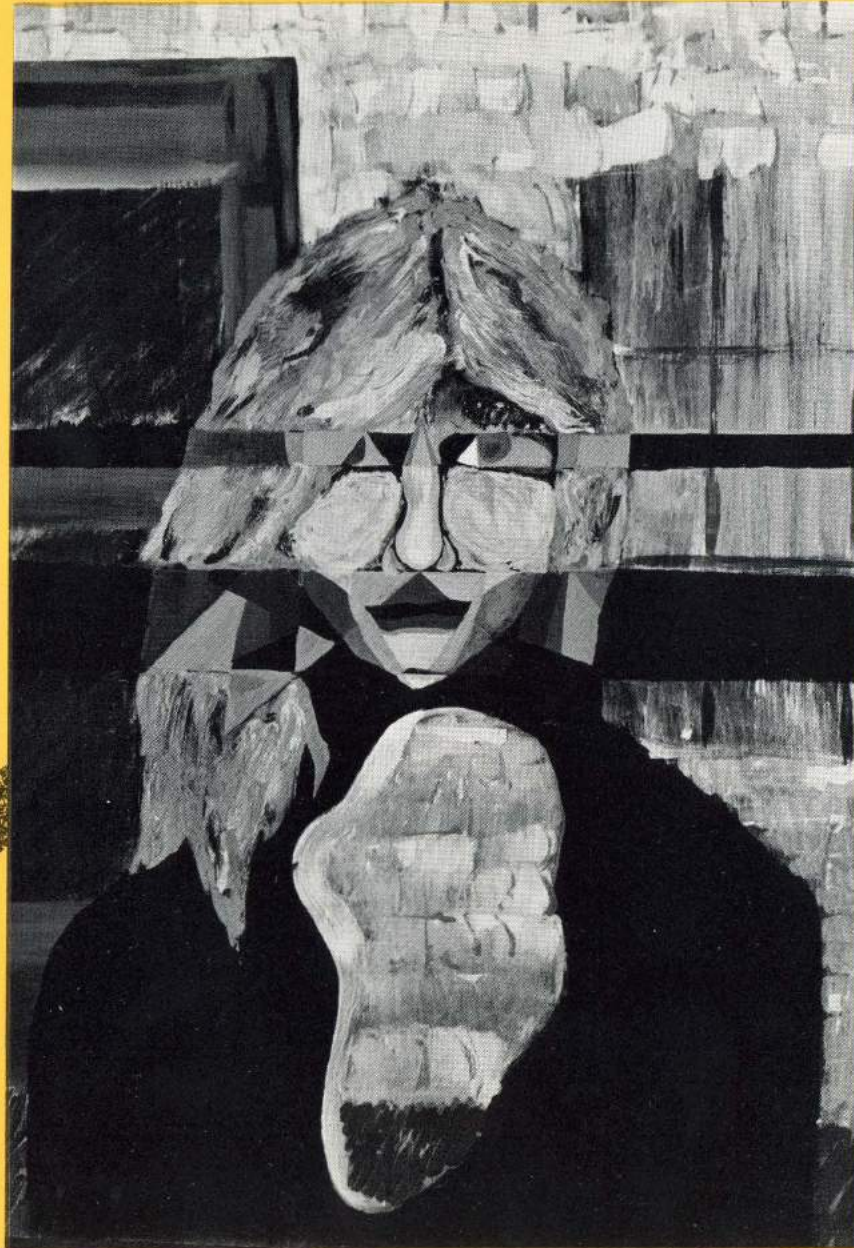
Its life  
has left.

Braved  
December's snow  
and Autumn's  
rain.

Tears and pain  
stuffed  
deep  
into  
pockets.

Gossip and  
laughter  
woven  
into  
burgundy  
wool.

The coat  
my grandmother  
wore  
still hangs  
in the back  
of  
my closet-  
weeping...



**Self Portrait in Blue**

Robert A. Keyes

painting

30" x 40"

## Freedman's Column

by Ginny Midnight

Races into the sky  
metal buffed and shined  
circular lines give motion  
to the solid,  
amassed state.

Freedman is escaping  
the confines of his freedom:  
straight narrow ways  
need circular patterns  
to encompass  
life.

Living the truth,  
reaching a climax within  
straight narrow ways  
a climax dulled by rules  
and assigned rituals.



Freedman is escaping  
shooting up and out of  
straight narrow ways  
impounding an imprint  
from movement,  
imprinting a circle.

Freedman is escaping  
into the sky  
to fly with angel's wings.  
To realize the truth of life:  
frustration yet cohesive struggle

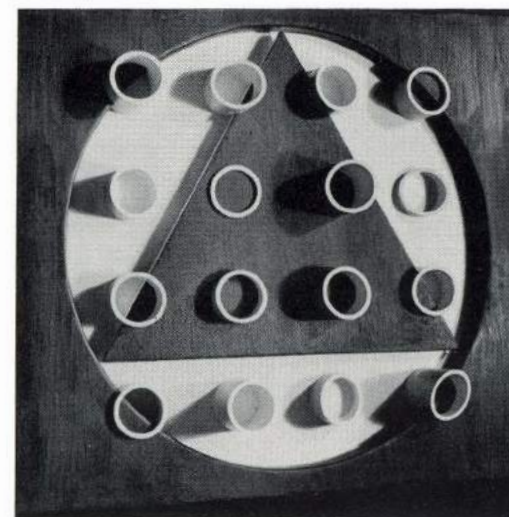
bombards the mind.  
Attempting a firm exaltation  
that life is to be lived  
that living cannot exist  
within the straight and narrow.

Freedman is escaping  
to reach his destiny  
within a choice of  
form.

### One Nude

P. A. Rotello

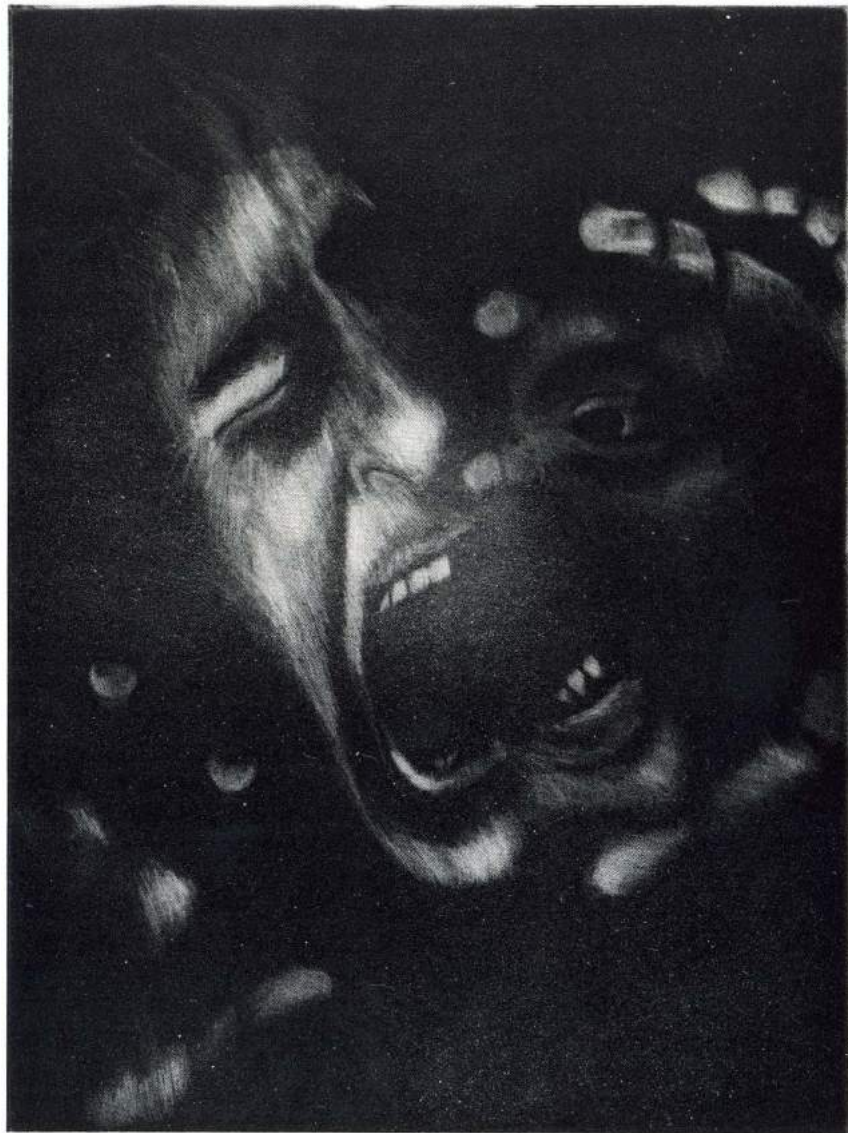
clay  
5" x 10"



**Composition**

Robert A. Keyes

wood and plastic  
30" x 31"



**Frayed Ends of Sanity**

David Menard

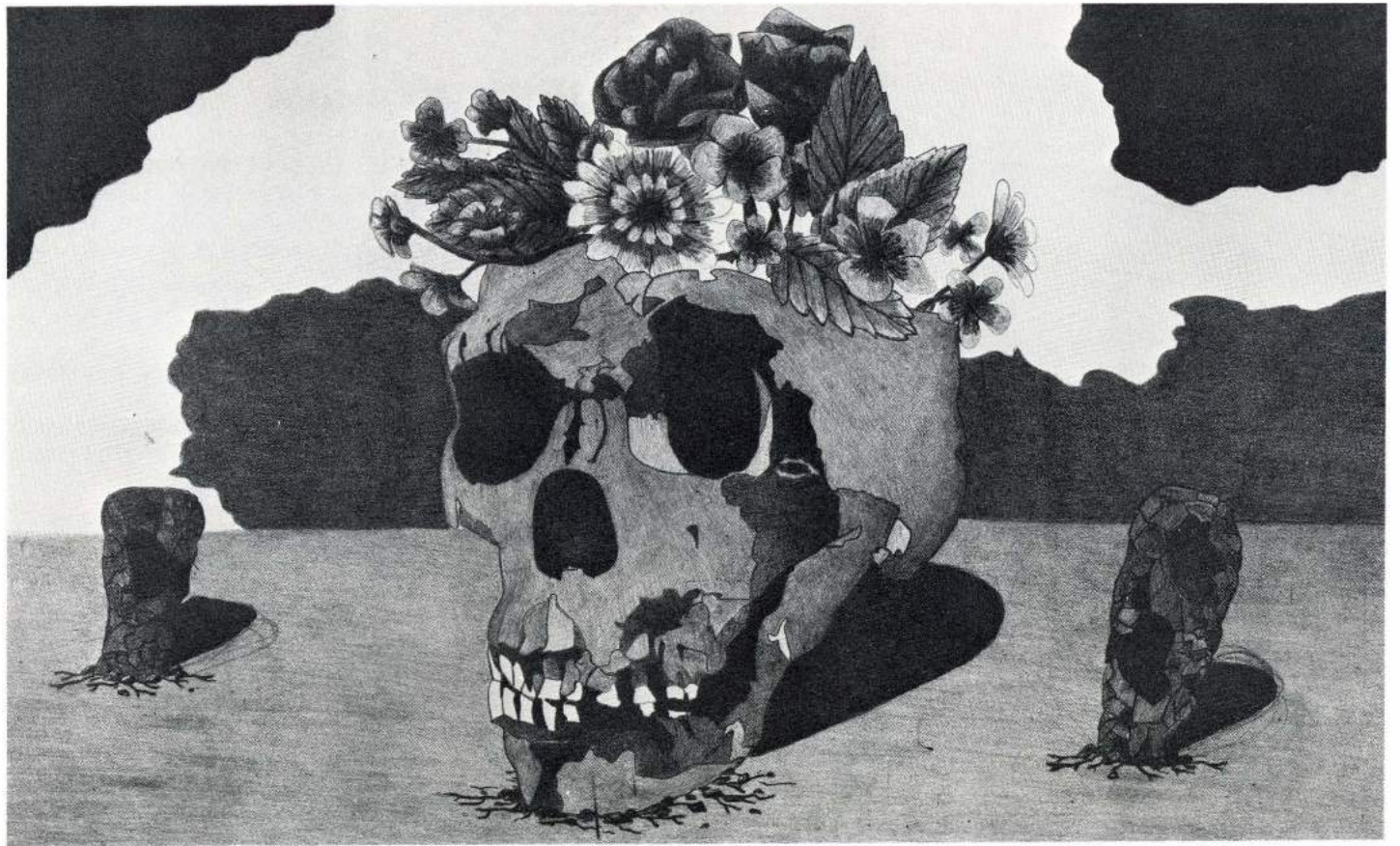
etching  
9" x 12"



**Untitled**

Robert Roeser

Lithography  
20" x 14"





**untitled**

by Andrea Fratto

If this apple  
were your heart,  
I'd surely  
choke on  
a worm  
and die.



**Custers Last Stand**  
Gregory Chapman

ink  
28' x 23"

# The Scrounge

by Jerry Schwartz

The scrounger crawls out of cold woodworks-  
Be wary where the scavenger lurks!  
Some leech for a living, some for thrills  
Making mountains out of our molehills.

Like a vulture circling in the sky  
Awaits our passing to peck our eye.  
They flit through ashes for wood unburned;  
Shitsifters leaving no turd unturned.

Nothing brings the Scrounge more pleasure  
Than one man's trash as his own treasure;  
The sordid stench of vilest Hell  
To the Scrounge a rose-the sweetest smell.

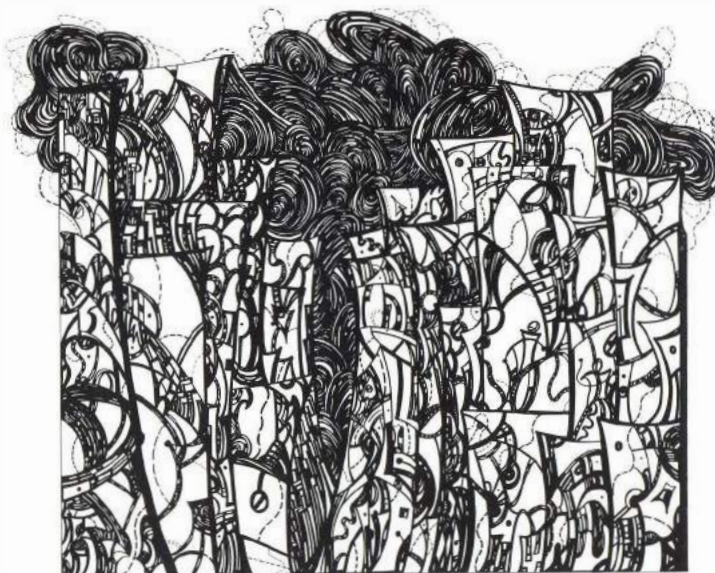


## See the man run

Gregory Chapman

ink

22" x 28"



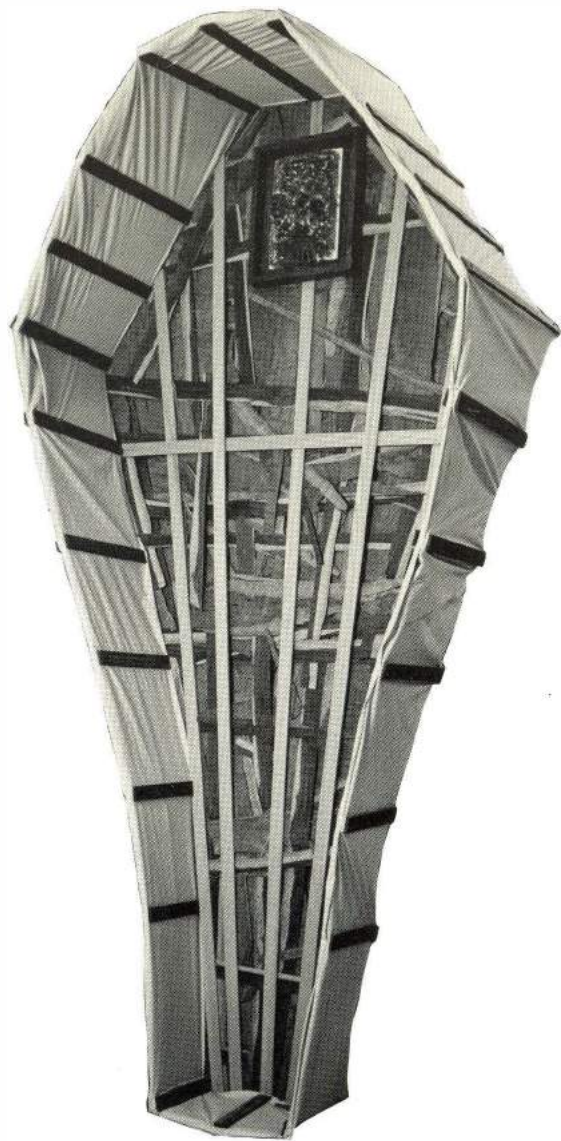
## Windy City I

Gregory Chapman

ink

28" x 23"





### To My Mummy Egyptian Coffin

Chris Bischoffer

wood sculpture

9' x 5'

## Illinois Needs Your Donations

by Paul Andrew E. Smith

"Donate your eyes with me," said Tim, marking the little box on his Illinois driver's license.

When we die the undertaker will remove our eyes, replace them with marbles, no matter if that box is checked.

They go to the hospital or the garbage-- not to the grave.

So how will we know where we've gone: to heaven or hell?

The Heat!

Here in the Drought Days we mix martinis in silver, monogrammed shakers.

That's shaken, not stirred, because that gets the drinks cold faster; but don't shake too much or the gin will bruise and cloud.

We want it clear.

Clear enough to see the worm on the bottom.

Clear enough even to see through to where we are going, before our drying eyes are exchanged for marbles less colorful than those in the fish tank where even my gourami feels the evaporation and sees his own water clouding.



# FULL-SERVE

by Andrea Fratto

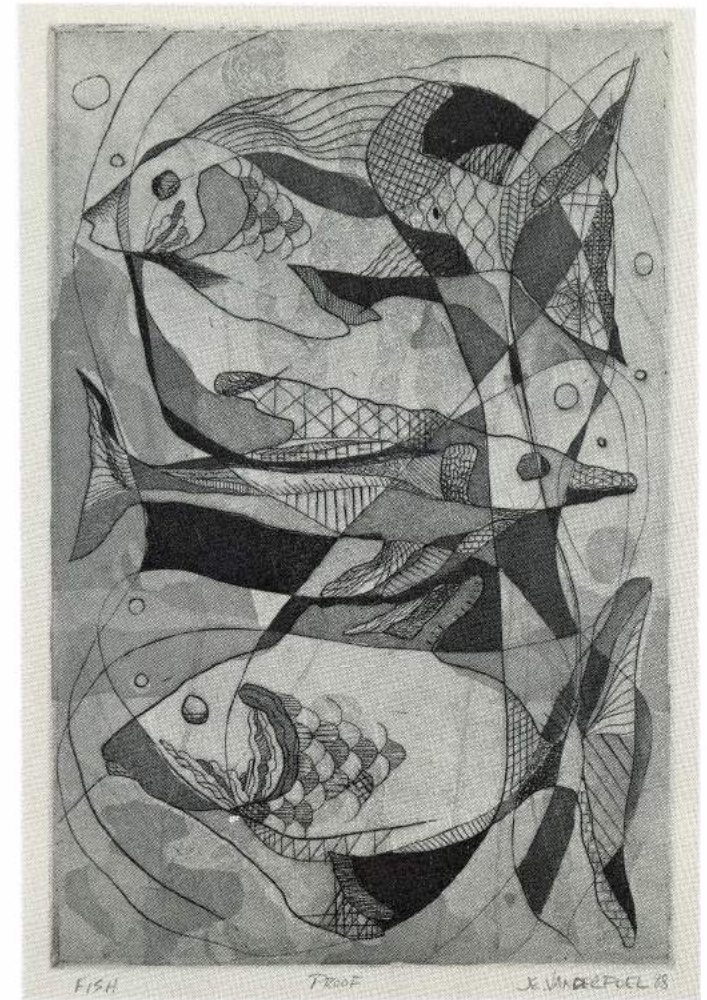
I saw him  
checkin' himself out  
in the gas station window.

He had a  
hunting-for-fun  
smear of smile  
lacing  
his unshaven  
face.

Dressed for  
back-yard football  
he wore-  
torn Levi's and  
a tired flannel.  
(Stained with a  
summerful of  
waxed Buicks  
and shutters painted  
red.)

He saw her.  
She flirted by him  
in Georges Marciano  
real tight.

As I caught his  
baby-browns,  
he dropped mine.  
Because I was just a  
pink pile  
of  
ordinary girl.



## Fish

Janet Vanderpoel

print  
9" x 5.5"



**Staring Back at You**  
Gwendolyn Rae Rodig

photo  
11" x 14"





**Untitled**  
Nufri A. Asani  
mixed media  
20" x 30"





**POINT**



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