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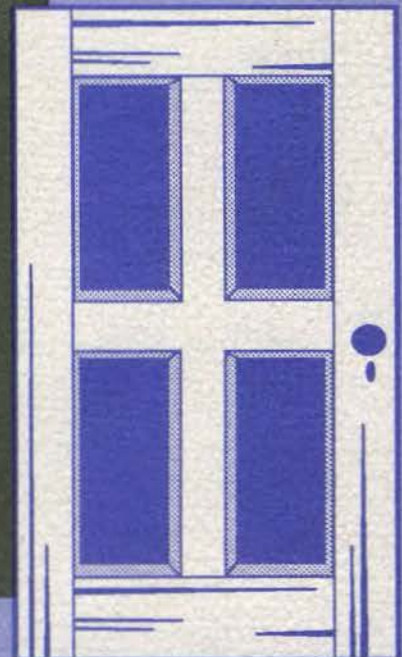
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IN CONCLUSION





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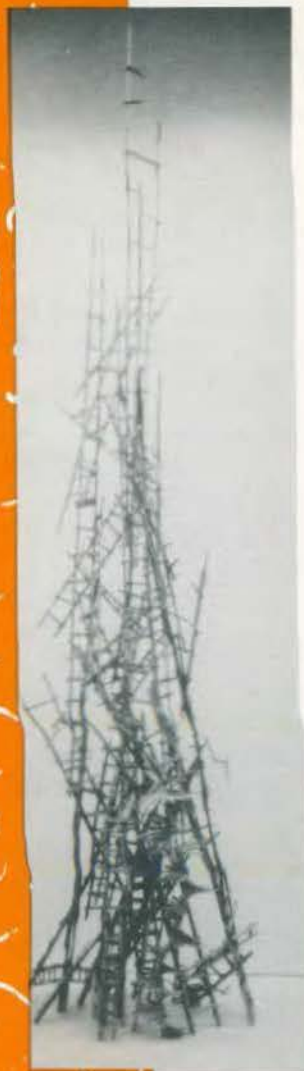


Mask

Paula S. Chapman

linoleum block print

9" x 11"



Adventure

Ed Kowalczyk

Wood

Approx. 6'

Joo  
Too



Kirk Kaczor

"The Realization of Time's Descent"



Within the darkened realm of night  
I move unsure of earthly fate,  
That twists the visions of my sight  
As might a powerful opiate.

Upon the moving tides of time  
I float downstream nearer the truth,  
That shows sad signs that age sublime  
Will rob this richness granted youth.

Richness of being, born brand new,  
To soon mature within this life  
As those before were 'quipped and grew,  
To labor long in field's of strife.

To rise to ripeness, as oceans ebb  
Has done from the onset of it's birth,  
Tangled in the mashings of the web  
That nature weaves upon the earth.

There in I prosper, proud to be  
As one bestowed the earthly gift,  
To move in time as move's the sea  
With motion urged by law moves swift.

Quickened for living a span so short  
That leads into the lap of death,  
Who patient waits, to well escort  
Me from the episode of earthly breath.

Removed from grandeur now I must  
Dwell, with others who here have passed  
From existence on earth, with sacred trust  
to a life new-found in regions vast.

Vaster than seasons on earth short-made  
That waver not and are undying.  
T'is not a fad that is bound to fade  
But one that proves most satisfying.

Insight can brighten as a light  
Can reveal the palace of death a shrine,  
Found to the haul at heaven's height  
A fortress forever a draft divine.

Matchless in beauty, is this place  
That was wrought a world to extend  
Life, after life paused for the race  
That could leave their world and transcend.

Transcend existence known on earth,  
To dwellings placate and unannoyed.  
Portioned a mixture of palpable mirth  
That creatures on earth once enjoyed.

Content in finding freedom at last,  
Above the notions of trials mundane,  
That vexed the mind within the past  
with anxiety, that shackled man like a chain

Free now is he from his great seizing sentence  
Of bondage, to the rule of aging appalled  
As he finds his way to pure repentence,  
Freeing himself from the bonds of the enthralled.

No more to be filled with despair  
About his fate willed undefined.  
Within his realm he may now share  
The dream of peace, God has designed.



## Hiking Emotions

Large the feline,  
 coat of black and grey,  
 tail of a woodchuck,  
 body sleekly lioness  
 trimmed in a 'coon's stripes.

Eyes emit a piercing glare  
 in crossing the trail;  
 it flees into hedges  
 with slippery, sliding  
 snake-like stealth.

From among the leaves  
 its eyes grab onto mine  
 as a magnet to iron.  
 Then it springs, sailing,  
 fangs, clawing, flailing.

But fate sides with the prey  
 who catches the antagonist's  
 flank with a strong,  
 heavy pendulum knob  
 of well walk-worn leather.

# PERCEPTIONS

Sickly guilt sets in  
 as a sequence to this  
 horrific attack as  
 the escapee flees from  
 further catty assaults.

Chilled to the hilt with  
 bodily trauma, the hiker  
 encounters another kind  
 uneasiness: an ornery  
 gaggle of hissing honkers.

Fearless and forty in number,  
 they project their lances  
 for attack, honking horns  
 to warn, to bar the path  
 they claim as their domain.

Their eyes intense,  
 as if to commit a slaying,  
 petrifies the hiker into  
 a stance of praying,  
 staying, not straying.

continued

page

seven





Ravens

Paula S. Chapman

linoleum block print

11" x 9"

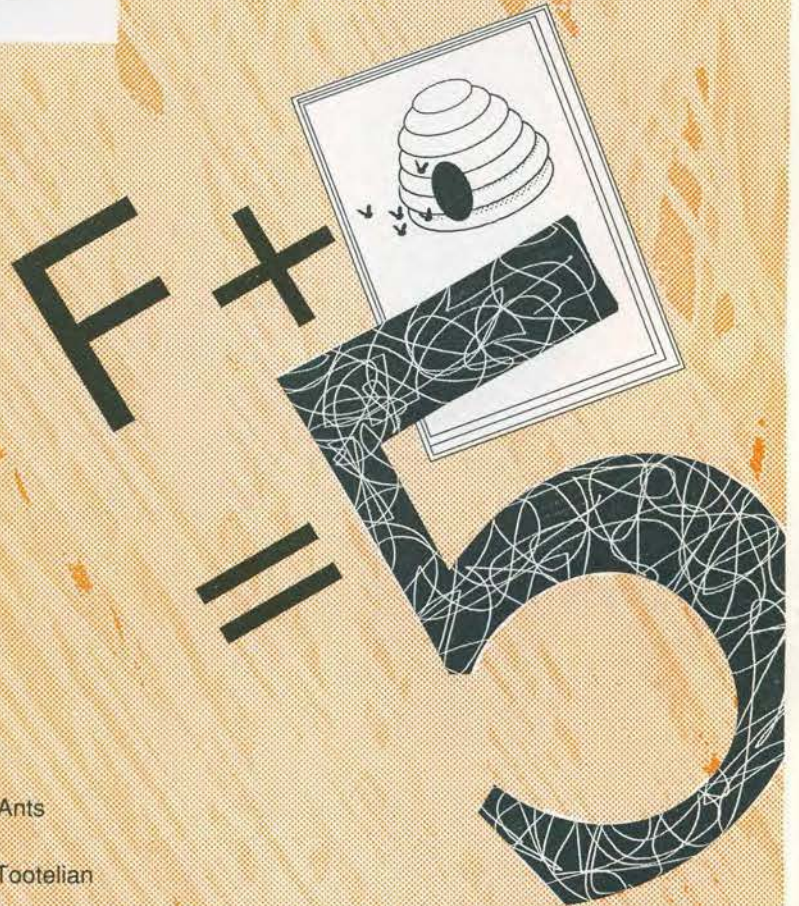


Sister Ants

Emily Tootelian

woodcut

4" x 7"







Lobo My Company

Jim Kim

Charcoal

23" x 29"



Not sure what comes next,  
then walking forward  
not about to sway  
(but neither were they)  
as a ransom was offered.

From balding pate a  
chapeau de Cub is doffed  
and extended shakily  
to the hissing invaders  
about midway in attack.

Taking the ruse as friendly,  
head honcho takes the bait,  
seemingly appeased by  
that colorful, but Oh so  
indigestible ball capper.

Honkers follow their leader,  
disbanding, distributing  
ebony webbings hither  
and yon, to open widely  
a breach by which to flee.

However, the luck of the  
walk lasts only a instant  
when sight of a teathy,  
black man-eating monster  
enters the hiker's log.

its approach is more than  
accosting, driving the  
hiker's neck nerves to ranting.  
Sweat again is profuse as the  
rate of his ill heart rockets.

As the hiker plans to retreat  
in infantry fashion,  
the beast's master is seen  
retrieving it with  
a 30-foot, fish-reel rein.

The hiker's stomach squeaks  
a guttural flush of relief  
just as a pilot after  
a near-hit realizes that  
life is unsure, so unsure.

Regathering bodily energy,  
nerves, and overaccelerated  
emotions, the hiker's day  
of cardiac exercise is done,  
done in psychic hyperbole.





# Ate

Keiko Uchiyama

## The Earthquake '89 - - - The Sheep Of the Earth



Lost Fears

Denise K. Renaghan

linoleum block print

6" x 9"

No one knows

Such big shepherd's feet

Sl o o o wly

Turned around

Under the ground.

No one heard such flurried shepherd's call

Echoing, echoing,

Beneath our feet.

Keep Sheep Deep

Deep Keep Sheep

No one knows such sheep's vigorous hearts

Woke up to wander.

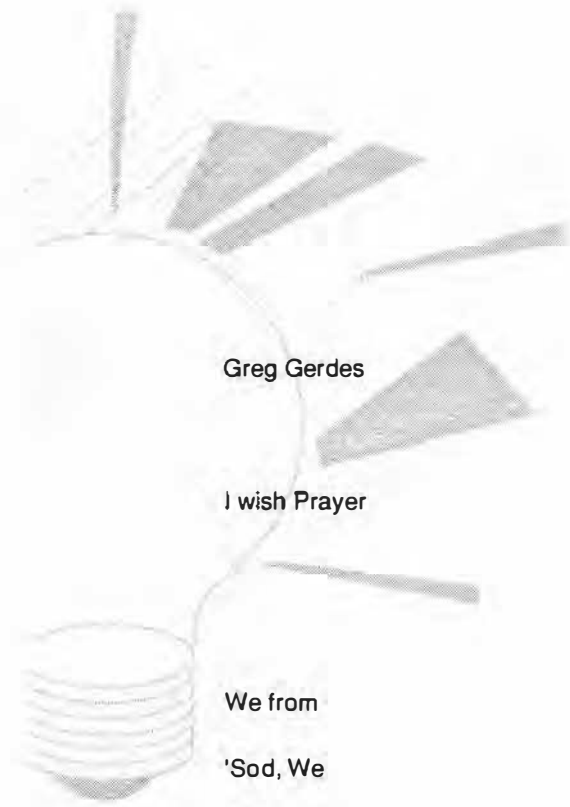
Thumped heart beats

Thousand heart beats

Keep Sheep Deep

Deep Keep Sheep





Greg Gerdes

I wish Prayer

We from  
'Sod, We  
know God.

We pray  
hard, We  
on guard.

We see  
dove, We  
say Love.

We sign  
cross, We  
like Boss.

We shun  
sin, We  
wish in.

The hoofs roared and broke the rock bones.

The hoofs swished and split the earth skin.

No one could catch the sheep of the earth.

No one could rule the energy of the universe.

The sheep are grazing in the mantle meadow,

Peacefully,

Pretending to be wholly harmless.

But

Everyone knows

Every sheep has such a hazardous soul.



T

EN

Mark Devlin  
The Tap.

The tap dripped.

(the drips tapped in the kitchen sink

but no one heard their sound)

And it kept on dripping!

The water tasted salty

And she wanted it finished.

So she clenched the metal and said to herself, "stop."

But it kept on dripping.

She didn't feel able to end it,

And that seemed to be her fault.

Every night when he wore her

The tap would drip,

And only she would hear,

And wish.

(and wish)

She could stop it.

But she didn't, it was screwed too tight.

So her tap dripped on,

Unfixed,

Dripped on to a silent rhythm.

Diann Squires

Patterns on the wall

Group as figures in my eyes

Frightened ones become tall

Unspoken ones tell lies

A hand pattern reaches from beyond

To be, I want to go

Curiosity will grow me fond

And my unmasked face will no longer show.

I extend to the unknown

Most delicate part to them all

No longer shall I be alone

As I become a Pattern in the wall.

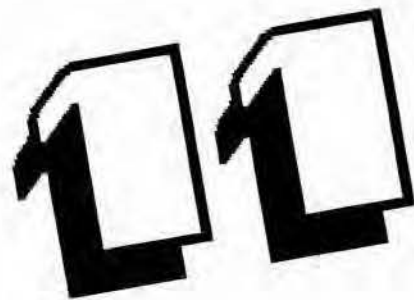


chwartz

Poem in Two Parks

Park I: Smother's Park 1981

Just sitting uprightuptight  
 copping rays and watching waves  
 on this park bench  
 by an ugly river  
 sitting on this park drunk  
 my thoughts and I  
 wondering if tomorrow  
 will be  
 one of those days  
 where  
 all you do  
 is sit around  
 wondering  
 if tomorrow is  
 going to be  
 one of those days.  
 Just like yesterday was.

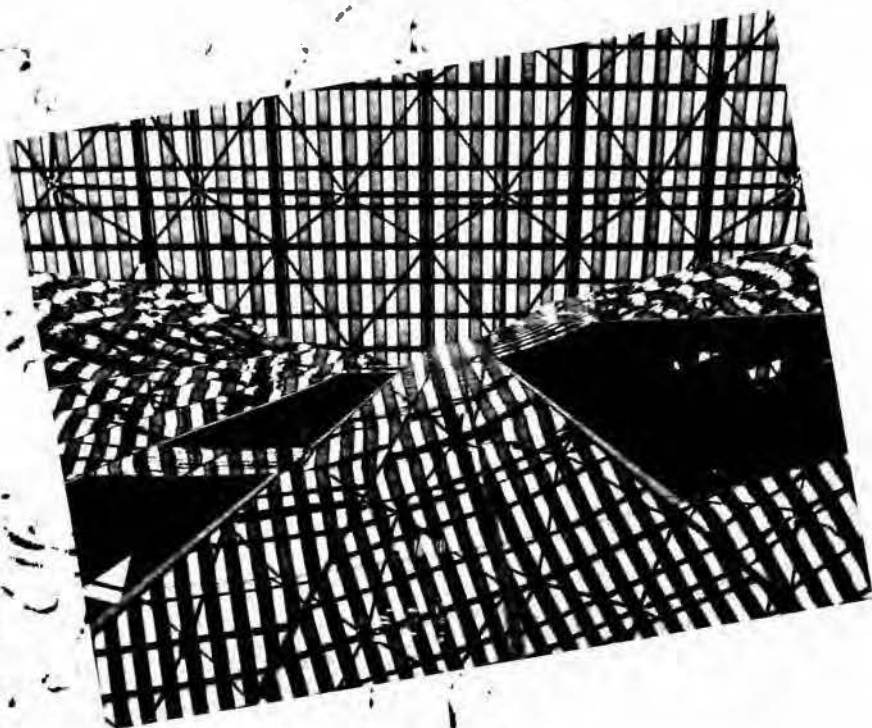


State of Illinois Building

Brad Seiner

photograph

9" x 7"



Part II >>>>>



Jerry Schwartz

A Poem in Two Parks

Park II: English Park 1983

In an abandoned riverside park

we were walking, my wife and I

in derelict grasses cluttered and scattered

with weathered concrete slabs

and orange rusted rebar.

Above us a town of decadence

and the scent of sweet Death;

all devouring, ever swallowing,

grabbing us up by the minute;

waiting to claim us at Last Breath.

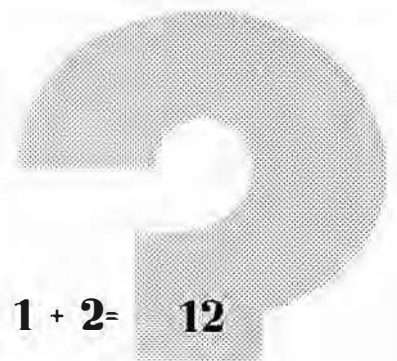
Below us a river of shit brown mud

belching dead fish-

cups and peels and butts and gills

float past a bridge where

a few have called it quits.





Ideas  
Ideas  
Ideas  
Ideas

Lo, but as a hawk graced us with

soaring sustained motionless Flight

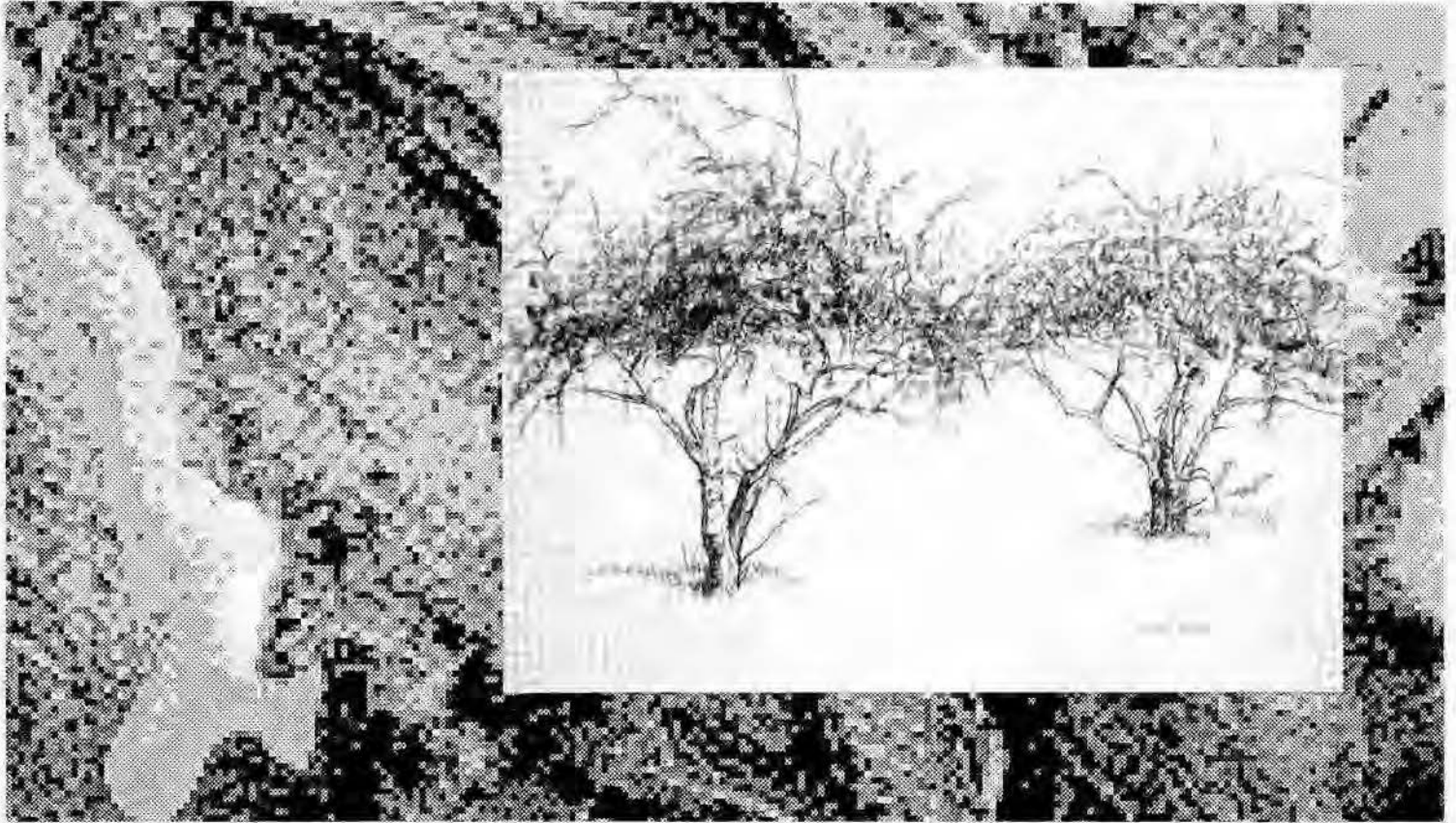
our spirits were lifted

and our hearts were set to sail.

We kissed where a Gold leaf had fallen;

A silvery silvery fish

left shimmering ripples.



Trees

Linda F. Kauss

pencil

24" x 18"

Thirteen



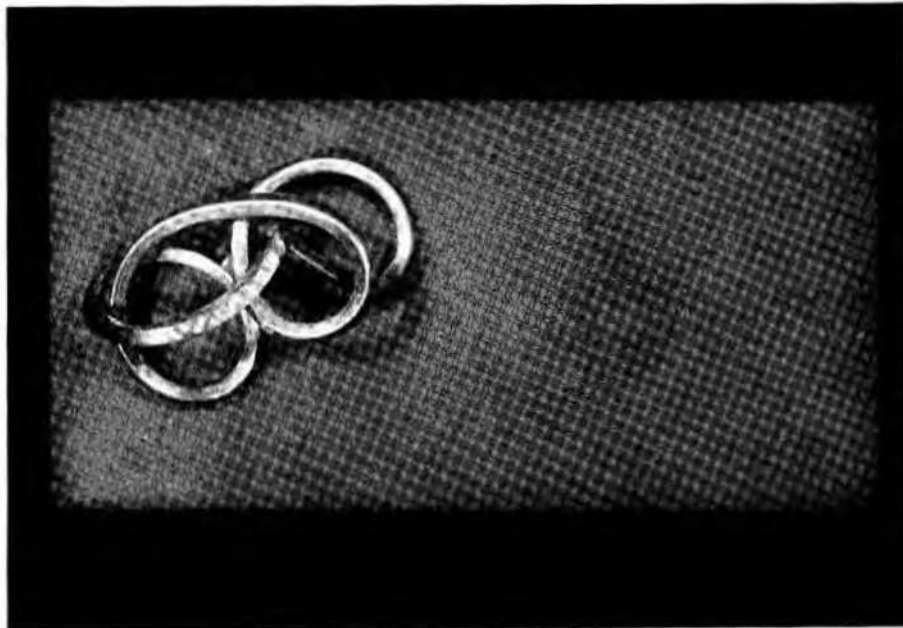


Tree #2

Richard S. Lane

wood

Approx. 4'



Dancer on Stage

Carole M. Gieseke

sterling silver sculpture on red slate

4" x 6"



Christine E.K. Kemnetz

Pearls

Snowy white pearls

The epitome of innocence

Rough and round

Formed by an animal

not for the purpose of beauty

but for defense

against

a grain of sand

The pearl

growing larger and larger

as time goes on

Suddenly

Torn from its home

pierced

strung on a rope

Sold for money

like a slave

Worn

Used

Then passed on

to the next generation



Nicole LaBeau

I Should Have

Look at them. As of next week, I will have lived next door to those people for a full year, and they haven't changed one bit. They're still - happy. The whole lot of them, Daddy, Mommy, and Sonny (whose name is actually Bobby). They remind me of that one television family that is always saying good night to one another at the end of the show - the Waltons.

Not only does that family probably wish each other sweet dreams every night, but they are also always playing together outside. Granted there's only three of them, but it's the whole idea of a family playing together. It just doesn't happen anymore. Marlena's out there now with Bobby, trying to teach him to catch a ball. It never fails though, no matter how close they are, Bobby always manages to miss the ball and get hit in the face with it even though Marlena's arm extends across most of the great divide between them. I don't see how he does it, or actually doesn't do it. First off, Marlena is nearly dropping it in his arms she's so close, and,



Carring

Eugenia Makowski

clay

10" X 13"





+ TEA + nnn

Continued

secondly he has one of the firmest stances I've ever seen: feet two shoulder widths apart. He never falls over. When he gets hit by the ball he kind of drunkenly stammers backward and then re-sets himself for the next toss. I think the problem lies in his arm positioning. His elbows are clutched into his sides as if he already caught the ball and his fingers are springing forth from his body like spurs from a boot. Now, I know he's trying to catch the ball, but those little fingers are so tense that they just kind of bat the ball away. Maybe, if his arms weren't so stuck to his sides, there would be a little more room for the ball to roll down - into his arms. Marlana must be thinking the same thing. Whenever she goes to toss the ball, her jaw drops just a little bit and her mouth subtly widens as if to pry Bobby's arms from his chest and toward the ball. I know that's what she's trying to do. Heil, I tried the same thing until I saw her doing it.

They've been at it for fifteen minutes now. First the toss, then the miss followed by giggling. If I wasn't watching, I wouldn't know better and think that Marlana was some three year old girl playing with her new doll. But, I am watching and I do



Untitled

Linda A. Lenhardt

Wood

9'

know better. I'll even lay odds that as soon as Dan gets home, they'll all be playing ball. After about five minutes of that, Marlana will go in and fix dinner while her two boys continue playing ball. And, I'll further wager, that since it is such a nice day out, they'll have a little picnic dinner under the maple tree in the backyard. I guess that makes for hamburgers and hot-dogs tonight. I'll probably toss in a microwavable Lean Cuisine.

I should have gone outside today. It's quite pleasant out, and I don't have any work from the office tonight. I even could have introduced myself to Marlana and Bobby when they came out. But, I didn't go out before and now it's too late. They went outside before I did. I feel funny going outside, there's nothing for me to do out there except stand. Besides, I don't want all my neighbors watching me, especially when all I'm doing is standing. No, I much prefer the status quo, me watching them. This way I can see them being happy and I don't have to know them being unhappy.

I wonder where Dan is. Normally, his beige Toyota Celica has already turned our corner. The only cars I've seen drive by have been the usual cars of the neighborhood kids. Some of their cars are okay, like the Ford Mustang GT, but the majority of them are just beaters. They are reliable beaters though, I have to admit. So is Dan's Celica. I remember last winter everyone had to borrow jumper cables and Dan's car to get started on a few mornings. I'm glad they have a reliable car especially since they have a two year old in the family. Bobby was even younger last winter so it would have been worse if they didn't have a reliable car. Speaking of reliable car, I think I hear one coming around the corner now. Nope, just a beater screeching around the corner, not even one that I recognize. Shit, if Dan doesn't get home soon, maybe I will go out and introduce myself to Marlana and Bobby. I'm sure I'd get a delicious picnic dinner out of it if nothing more.

Where are those two anyway? Marlana couldn't have given up on teaching Bobby how to catch yet. There's the ball, it's kind of twittering around the curb.



And there's Marlana. She's looking at something, but I'm not sure what. Oh, now I see, it's Bobby. His arm is laying out on the asphalt. She must be changing his diaper or something. Once I saw Marlana do that on the sidewalk here, right in front of my house. They even had fun changing the diaper. She'd kind of tickle him and he'd squirm and giggle, then she'd giggle, and they'd continue playing.

I wish Marlana would hurry up, I want to see if Bobby's any closer to catching the ball. She shouldn't be changing a diaper in the street any way. While I'm labeling things should and shouldn't: Dan should be home by now and Marlana and Bobby should get out of the street. You never know what car is going to be coming around our corner. Like that one beater that shouldn't have been screeching around the turn. There are too many little kids like Bobby everywhere for those kind of antics.

Some of the other neighbors are beginning to come out now. They shouldn't be doing that yet though. They always come out later. They also shouldn't be congregating in the street; they get mad enough when the kids do that. None of this should be happening. They shouldn't be out there like that. They should be playing like they always are. Dan should have been home by now too, or I - I should have gone outside. If I had gone outside everything that shouldn't be happening wouldn't be happening. Bobby wouldn't have gone into the street after the ball and the beater wouldn't have sped by so close to him. None of those people would be standing out there.

I could be introducing myself now and Marlana could be giggling and playing ball with Bobby like always. Dan could be coming around our corner and then Marlana, Bobby, Dan, and I could all enjoy a picnic dinner. That ambulance should not be coming around our corner, Dan should be. This should not be happening. I should have gone outside. But, I never go outside. That damn beater shouldn't have turned our corner at all. Things should have just stayed the way they always are, or at least were.

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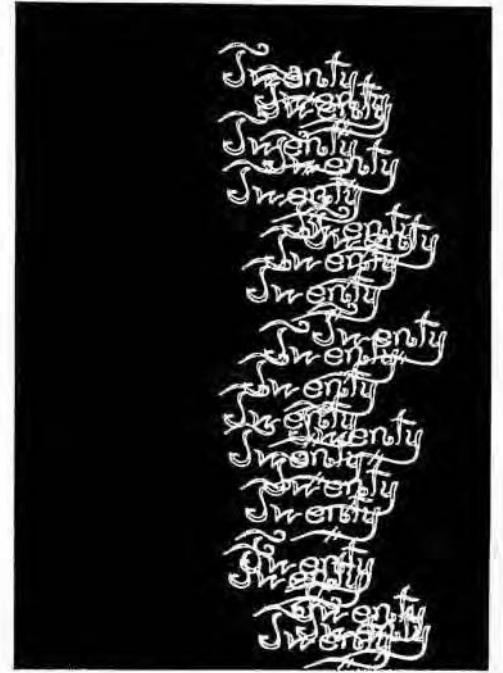
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'Der Wolf Kommt Immer Näher'

Ron Bielezki

etching

10" x 9"





David L. Miller

## THE WAIT

Missy sat on her bed with her back pressed against the chest and her arms tucked under her head. She stared at the wall around them. She had her eyes tightly shut and did not want to see anything.

The walls were a yellowish-brown color, the cheap paint of a tenement building. The dirt-strewn floor was made of wooden planks. Outside the door, the city groaned and squeaked with the sounds of angry car-horns and screeching tires.

She would sit like this for hours, most days and most nights, waiting for someone to come through the door and take her away.

Missy felt a strange optimism that someday someone would come for her. She was always waiting for that moment in time when someone would take her away.

The time passed, but eventually Missy grew weary of her vigil. She rose from the bed, walked over to the window and peered out into the city. It was mid-afternoon and a shadow was reflecting on the window. The radiance contrasted sharply with her dark skin and hair. She looked at her wide brown eyes and saw a shadow.

Out in the hallway, a door slammed shut and a sound of angry, shouting was locked in a sudden debate.

It went on for several moments then she heard the sound of bodies slapping against the thin wall. There were several

screams and then a shot rang out.

Missy inhaled sharply and ran to the bedside. She hid there while outside the door the sounds of terrified screams and heavy running feet

echoed through the building. Several more moments passed and, eventually, like the passing of a violent storm, the sounds died down into nothingness. Outside the window the city's groans were joined by the high pitched scream of a siren.

Missy crouched there, beside the door for a long time. Eventually her knees began to tire out and she stretched out on the floor. She rested her head against the wall and within moments she was sound asleep.

When Missy awoke, she was in the hallway and the city was silent. She looked out the door and saw a shadow. She was deceivedly out of the hallway and she returned to her room.

*Twenty One  
Twenty One  
Twenty One  
Twenty One*

lights. Off in the distance she saw the lights of an 'L' train moving swiftly along a high bridge. Missy turned from the window and walked across the room, carefully avoiding the bare light bulb which hung on a shredded cord from the ceiling. Missy left and did not make a sound as she slipped down the hallway to the stairwell.

The street below Missy's building was inhabited by a variety of unfortunate souls. They were bent and sinister people who seemed to be part of the night itself. Most of them gathered, like insects, around filthy garbage cans. Missy made her way around their sinewy arms and glaring eyes and headed for the 'L' platform. She arrived there many minutes later and ascended a flight of stairs up to the platform. It was bathed in cold light and the harsh smell of exhaust fumes hung stubbornly in the air. A group of huddled forms stood next to the train tracks. Missy

interest until they were out of sight. Then, slowly and cautiously, she got on the train.

Missy walked down the crowded aisle observing every strange face which stared back at her. She found the very last seat, in the back of the train, to be empty. She quickly slid into it.

A tall elderly man with scraggly white hair and a reddish complexion sat in the seat next to Missy's. She wondered if he was an Indian chief of some sort. For a few moments she considered asking him, but the idea soon drifted from her mind. At the next stop the old man rose majestically from his seat and disappeared into the night.

The train stopped still for a moment and a mass of new people boarded. A group of three young men pushed their way through the throng, headed towards the back.

They dressed in black leather jackets and spoke in harsh, obscene words. They leaped themselves across the aisle from Missy and regarded her with leering, perverse eyes. Their presence made Missy very uncomfortable. Her heart pounded in her chest and her mouth became very dry.

Then, just before the doors of the 'L' train slammed shut, a lone figure stumbled on. The young man, dressed in a brown leather jacket and clutching a sports bag clumsily fell into the first seat available to him. He breathed heavily and couldn't have looked more out of place if he'd had the word 'lost' stamped on his sweaty forehead. Missy ignored the three thugs beside her and focused on this unexpected new comer. She found his fair skin and nervous countenance fascinating.

To Be Continued



walked over and stood behind  
them. She leaned against a  
support beam and tried to relax.

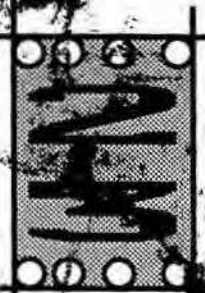
Several minutes passed and the  
train came roaring in; a sleek,  
greyish behemoth, beaten by  
weather and scarred by vandals.  
The doors slid loudly open and a  
group of people ambled out. Most  
of them were older people  
wrapped in woolen cloaks and  
carrying great, mysterious  
bundles. Others were younger  
Missy's own age in fact, who  
walked with a visible rhythm and  
spoke in loud, self-assured tones.  
Missy regarded them all with



Untitled  
Jon Abend  
ink  
3" x 3"



Untitled  
E. Barczynski  
pencil  
15" x 14"



After several moments of staring at him, Missy suddenly realized that the three leather-clad youths were also watching him with similar interest. She heard them whisper to each other and eye his jacket and bag wantonly. The train hurried on through the night and they went through several more stops.

Finally, as if on cue, the strange young man grabbed his sports bag and bolted for the doors of the train. As soon as they opened, he leaped out. The three adolescents followed suit and quickly left the train.

Missy sat absolutely still in her seat and watched them all leave. She could imagine what was going to happen. She looked longingly out the window for a moment then left her seat and stepped off the train.

The platform was quiet and all but empty. Missy looked around and saw the three youths scrambling down a metal stairway which led to the deserted street below. She paused momentarily then followed them down the stairway and gracefully slipped into the shadows to watch the scene unfold before her.

The street below the 'L' tracks was dimly lit and bordered on both sides by huge, dark buildings which resembled warehouses or factories.

The gaunt youth carrying a sports bag seemed to be the only living, moving presence. He tried to walk as swiftly as he could and looked very conspicuous doing so. The three men behind him spread themselves out across the street and followed at a steady pace. Missy, unbeknownst to any of them, watched

from the darkness just out of their sight. About halfway down the thoroughfare, the hunted became aware of the hunters. At first his pace slackened noticeably, but a second later he began to walk much faster. The pursuers sensed his fear and closed in. They were within yards of him when he suddenly cut to his left and took off running down a dark alleyway.

Missy began running also but she did not follow them down the alleyway. Instead, she dashed down a street which ran parallel to the alley, cut across the empty lot, and situated herself at the other end of the alleyway. Within moments, the young man with the sports bag burst from the dark gangway. He hesitated a moment frantically pondering which way he should run. He noticed Missy and surprise flooded across his terrified features. "Follow me!" she whispered and extended her hand.

twenty

**FORE !**







25 25 25 25 25

25

He grabbed her hand and she led him behind a nearby parked car as the three pursuing youths emerged as one from the alleyway. The hunters began to slowly search the surrounding area for the place where their prey was hiding. Before they even reached the car, Missy had led the youth far from their grasp.

They stood together in an empty lot. Missy's back was to a high brick wall as she faced the young man she'd just saved. He was staring at her with a look of great uncertainty.

"I don't know how to thank you," the young man finally said.

Missy looked at him intensely.

"I have a little mon. . .," he began.

"Take me," Missy interrupted.

"What?" he asked.

"Take me with you!" Missy pleaded.

"I don't understand."

Missy grabbed his leather jacket and shook him violently. "Take me with you! I've been waiting!"

"What are you talking about?" the youth asked as he stumbled backwards.

"I've been waiting! Take me with you!" Missy screamed, grabbing and shaking him again.

"No!" he screamed.

The young man seized Missy and threw her to the ground. He turned away from her and ran off into the darkness. The night swallowed him up and he was gone. Missy just lied there silently and rested her head against the brick wall.

When she awoke it was dark. She shivered from the cold and forced herself to get up off the ground. She was back in her room, and outside the window the city hadn't changed. With a patient sigh, Missy climbed onto her bed, tucked her knees against her chest, and closed her eyes.



Dove

Mary Teel

linoleum block print

10" x 9"



Beached

Ed Kowalczyk

etching

10" x 9"



Spinning Lady

Jocelyn H. Roberts

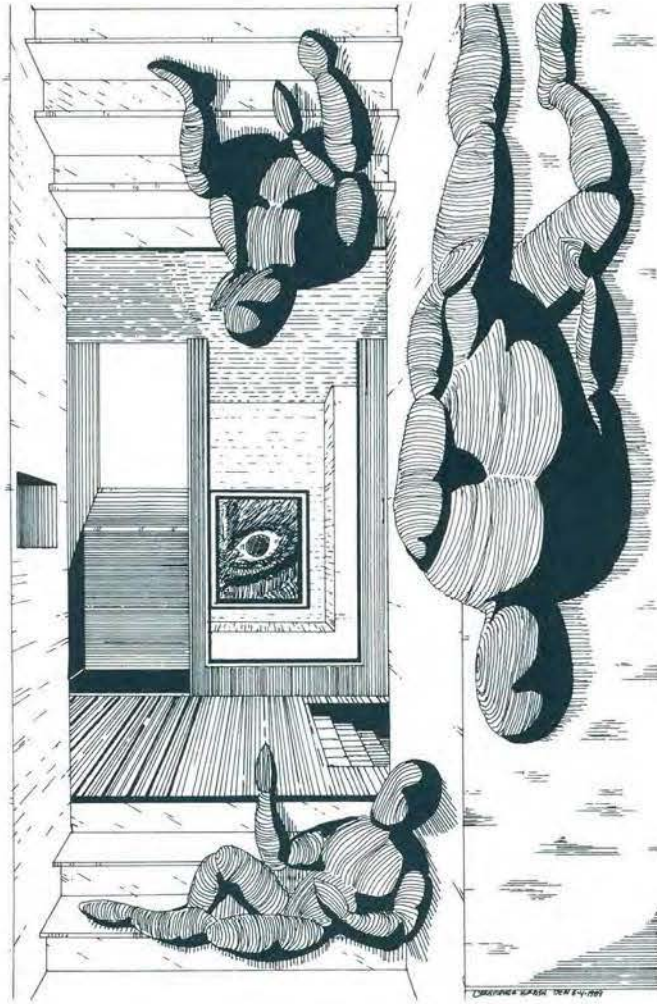
pastel and colored pencil

8" x 11"





# Twenty Eighth



Untitled

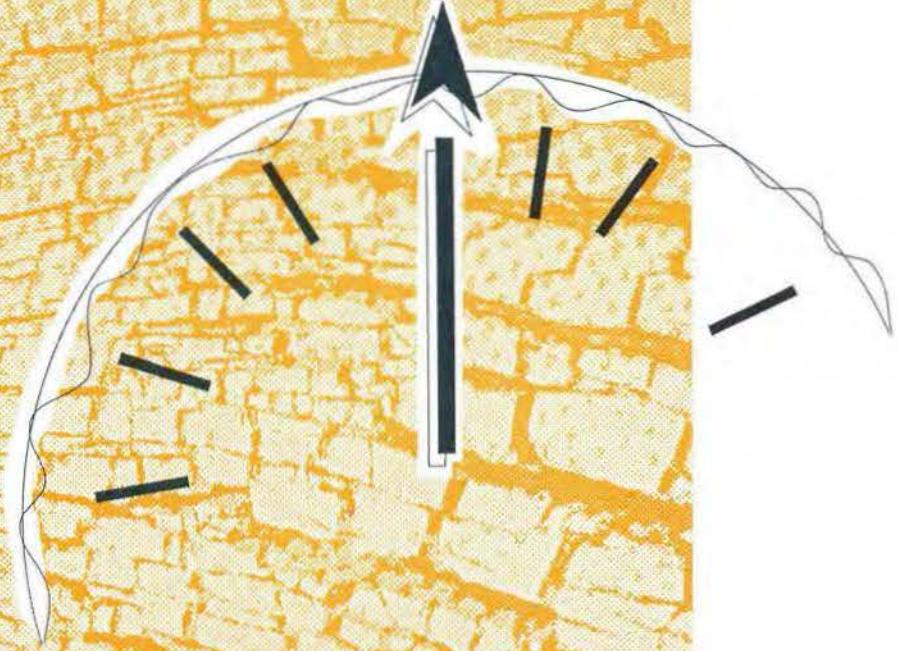
Christopher Kurash

ink

6" x 9"







Kris Messerschmidt

The Visit

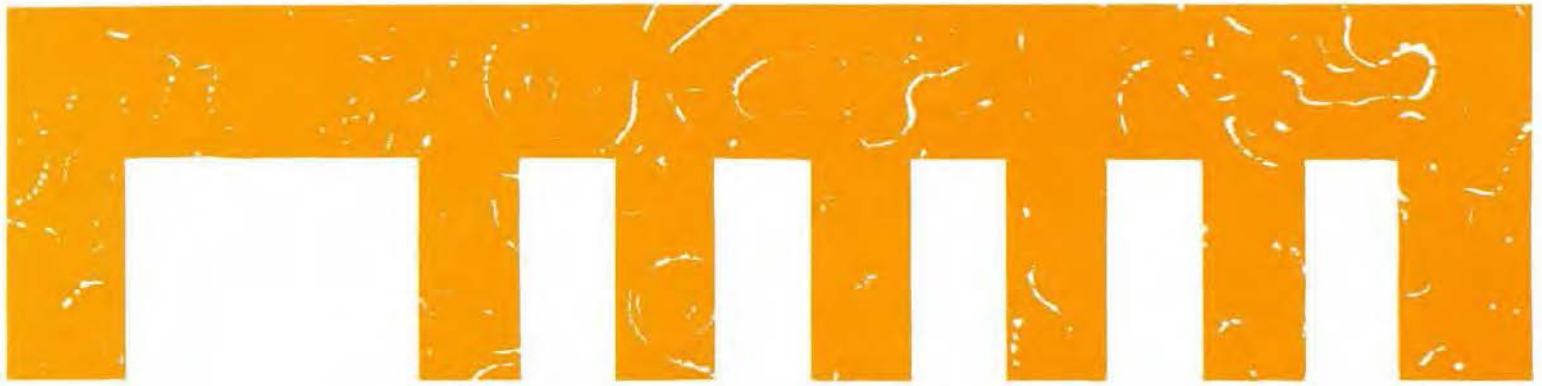
A fragile figure slumps  
 in a faded flower-print dress.  
 Limbs once strong with the vigor of life,  
 having carried many a child  
 heavy with sleep,  
 now gnarled, knotted, and loosely draped  
 over the wooden arms of the wobbly chair.  
 Gray hair straggles across entrenched lines  
 etched by the passing of years.  
 She ceases to hear  
 the music of children's laughter,  
 but only the drone  
 of crisp-white dressed voices.  
 Once knowing eyes  
 now issue a blank stare,  
 no glimmer of recognition.  
 An obligatory kiss and wan smile  
 end the anguished visit.  
 I escape down the sterile corridor,  
 metal doors closing behind me.

Greg Gerdes

Dad's Ailing Head

Thinking makes me think I think,  
 but my kids kid me saying,  
 That's a lot of bunk.  
 So I just laugh a little,  
 tachay away down the walk,  
 leaving my lovely smiling  
 group of six on the stoop  
 of my humble abode to talk.  
 They go on sitting and grinning, knowing:  
 Pop knows best as he heads west  
 to the dram shop with a little  
 bit of hippity  
 hoppity  
 in his step,





Within You Without You

Dan Arnold

Linoleum block print

9" x 11"



Rex/Stretch

Emily Tootelian

charcoal

18" x 24"

P

E

R

S

P

E





Self Portriat

Rob Urquhart

pencil

11" x 17"

C

T



V

E

Outward In

Laura Alberts

cut paper

6' x 19"

(below)

Blurred Basketball Hoop

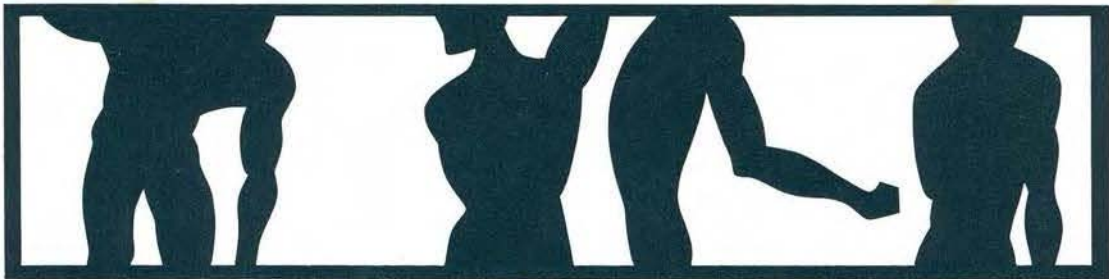
Brad Seiner

photograph

10" x 8"



thirty-second





Tony Rivera

Lookout Post

Independent passions, starved from home's hills,  
blur on the illuminance of distant cities.

And when street music's heard at the source,  
and a skyscraper's color is seen from the base,  
The mind views the home's yellow porch light.

Life and frivolity prevail as a mirage.

Two piercing points of structure take no  
regard of one another.

No child's born of trepidation, so find a  
hummock, grassy green and leafy, between the  
prairie and palatial realms.

Imbibe the dichotomy in your windy panorama.

Back to Back

3E



Sprouting

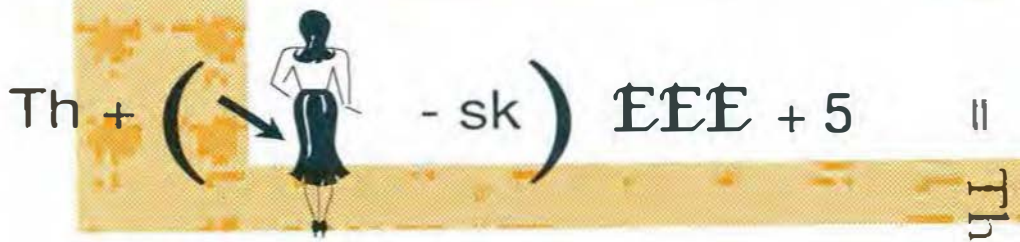
Eugenia Makowski

wood

3' X 6'







Daniel Ryan  
Part 1

An Ode By Annabeth Gleason

They say that I'm short of a quarter,  
By more than a nickel or dime;  
I suppose they're probably right,  
Ninety-two is a rather long time.

You see I'm just an old woman,  
No one fusses or caters to please;  
"Poor Mother just isn't the same,  
Perhaps it's Alzheimer's disease."

My name is Annabeth Gleason,  
And I'm really not falling apart;  
In fact I'm feeling quite dandy,  
Just a bit of an actress at heart.

I've breathed life into three daughters,  
And for a moment had me a son;  
The certificate read death resulted,  
From congestion deep in his lung.

But I've also had hours of splendor,  
Great moments under the sun;  
When Albert returned after fighting  
Lost battles of World War I.

Albert loved his children well disciplined,  
Cleaned, polished and put out of sight;  
And none of them teared when he died,  
One bitter-cold December night.

I was born a Roman Catholic,  
And I'm sure I'll die one, too;  
Though on several church decisions,  
I don't share their point of view.

Now I sit at Loretta's window  
On the days I get out of bed;  
My relations pay me a visit  
Just to see that I'm properly fed.

My sister doesn't talk much,  
Likes to read her Whitman and Poe;  
Weekly we head for the market,  
Write lists, dress each other and go,

My daughter Jean, the timid one,  
A blessing so was she;  
When at only twenty-six,  
She held a Doctorate degree.

Francine was my baby girl,  
Always high strung and angry it seems;  
Bouts of depression and acne  
Curtailed her theatrical dreams.

She drifted from husband to husband,  
As often as city to city;  
When she died from wounds self-inflicted,  
The family refrained "such a pity."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE  
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Thought Pattern

Lisa During

Paul Grossman

computer graphic

7" x 5"





# thir•ty—sev•en

I remember the radio days as the best,  
Fibber McGee and Miss Fanny Brice;  
Life might have been tougher and cold then,  
But somehow the memories nice.

Used to love the game of baseball,  
Till the Dodgers packed-up and left;  
Now I watch, but I never listen,  
That's the fun in fakin' deaf.

They say that this woman is batty,  
And I fear that it just might be true;  
Though I've finished a silk tapestry,  
Not bad for a gal ninety-two!

Smells like supper's on the stove,  
Now it's just Loretta and me;  
I like the quiet moments,  
With our stitching and French Mocha tea.

I collected tolls, for over thirty years,  
And was a Union card-carrying member;  
And never missed a single day,  
Except for that one bleak November.

I've buried two kids and a husband;  
But don't believe I ever cried;  
As I did that fateful day,  
When "John Fitzgerald" died.

Loretta and I have a songbird,  
With feathers all yellow and blue;  
He sings to us every morning,  
The way that most Parakeets do.

Used to love my gin and tonic,  
Seemed to soothe away the pain;  
Perhaps a bit too much,  
For I'd quit a lot in vain.

Must be twenty years gone by,  
Since I've even had a taste;  
Learned the "12 steps" easily,  
I hadn't time to waste.

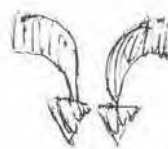
They said "She can't drink alcohol,"  
Or I'd soon be in my grave;  
Now the only thing I miss,  
Is the confidence it gave.

My eldest daughter Ruby  
Quit school and headed out west;  
Now she's widowed, three brats grown,  
With a tumor they can not arrest.

I'd sent her a card, when I heard the news,  
I thought it might brighten her day  
She sent back a note rather curtly,  
"I can't read when you scribble what way!"

Our "Cagney" gets fed every morning,  
Though Loretta hates cleaning his cage;  
We sometimes run out of newspaper  
And use an old telephone page.

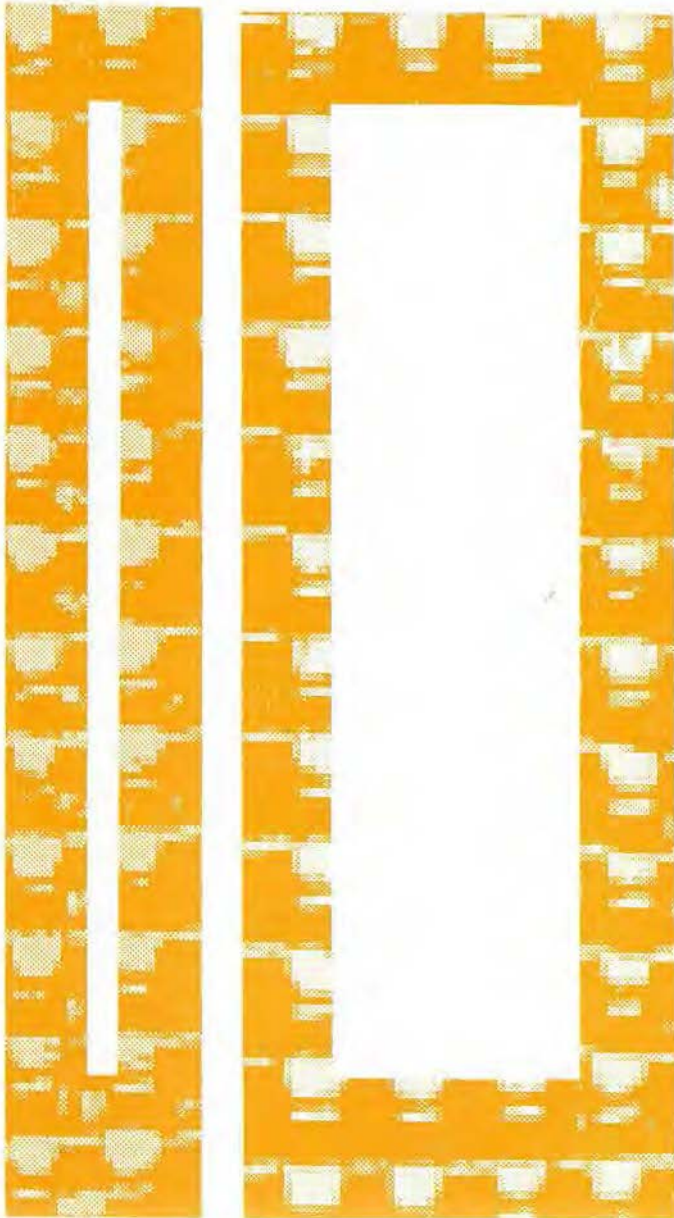
My left ear is almost deaf now,  
Though I seem to hear fine in the right;  
I believe it's true Mr. Thomas,  
"Do not go gentle into that night."



continued

My doc says I'm fairly healthy,  
 And will probably see ninety-nine;  
 But what the hell does she know,  
 She's merely that daughter of mine.

Yes my name is Annabeth Gleason,  
 Reared three daughters and had me a son;  
 They say my life's nearly over,  
 But I fear it's only begun.



Part 2

Cagney

Folks seem to think I'm stupid,  
 A feather-brained-fowl-piece-of-meat;  
 But look a little bit closer.  
 At this caged-up old Parakeet.

If you trust Miss Annie Gleason,  
 Then you have no fear of death;  
 Cause I've lived with her for years  
 And I don't trust old Annabeth.

She pretends to be so lovely,  
 So frail and tenderly aged;  
 But I can honestly tell you,  
 She's the one who oughta be caged!

The way that she flatters herself  
 You'd think she deserves coronation;  
 She mentioned that Albert had died,  
 But offered you no explanation.

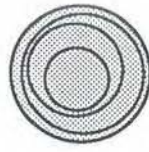
She storytells ever so cooly,  
 Doesn't tattle about Alberts fate;  
 Just says he died "one cold evening"  
 (From digesting something he ate!)

Tells the family that she's ninety-two,  
 Her mind is coming undone;  
 I remember her last birthday cake  
 Had candles that burned eighty-one.

She spoke of the telephone paper,  
 When Loretta is cleaning my stall;  
 But, if it were left up to her,  
 She wouldn't use paper at all.



# A nything to whom



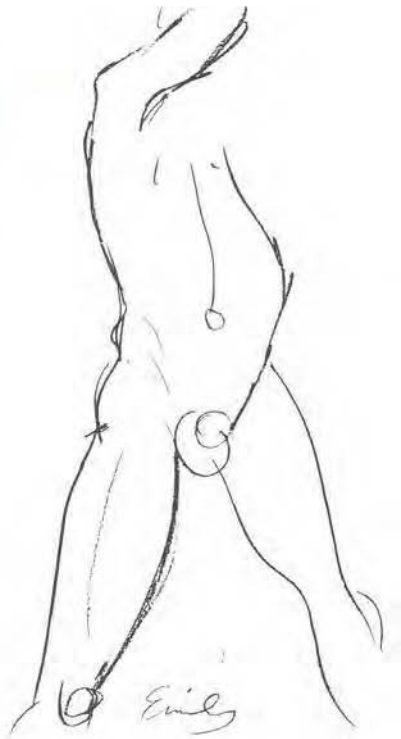
The Begger

Eugenia Makowski

clay

8" X 12"

C  
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Rex/Head

Emily Tootelian

pencil

18" x 24"



Rex/Big Body

Emily Tootelian

pencil

19" x 24"





## The Continuation

And whenever our neighbor comes over,  
She brings her old Calico cat;  
Annie snuggles his face to my cage door  
And secretly snarls, "EAT RAT!"

She waits till Loretta is bathing,  
Annabeth is so scheming and clever;  
Then pokes with a pencil at me,  
Jabbing my beak and my feathers.

She talks of her dead daughter Franny,  
And the deed the child had done;  
She doesn't bother to mention, she'd  
Enticed her to loading the gun!

And all of this Kennedy dribble,  
Makes this tired old bird rather sick;  
Guz if memory serves me correct,  
Miss Annabeth voted for "Dick."

Yes Ruby took off years ago,  
And this "tumor" has poor Ruby dying;  
It was really a ganglion cyst,  
Once again Annabeth has been lying.

The cyst was removed, Ruby's mending,  
Her post cards say she's "just great";  
See Ruby was widowed a windfall,  
And Annie just wants her estate!

And her memory is rather convenient,  
Says she "no longer drinks alcohol";  
Brother if you believe this,  
Then you don't know Annie at all.

Likes her "quiet moments of stitching",  
Well quiet they'd never have been;  
If into her French Mocha tea,  
She hadn't drowned two shots of gin.

Oh she's really a fun-loving lady,  
Though a caged-bird I won't be much longer;  
Since my ribs are infected and swelled;  
Now she's poking at me a might stronger.

So listen my friends and be forewarned,  
This woman is out of her tree;  
Don't believe a word that she babbles,  
Or you'll end up a dead bird like me!

# PAUSE



Kimberely R. Herrington

SHIMMERING DELIGHT

It flutters and it dances,  
It flurries and it prances,  
It blissfully romances,  
As it twirls down from the sky.

It sputters and it splashes,  
It sticks onto my lashes,  
It's brilliance simply dashes,  
As it delicately flies.

The trees are softly covered,  
While stars do brightly hover.  
Oh, What beauty to discover,  
In this shimmering delight.

Untitled

Kevin Kusiak

photograph

6" x 4"





Untitled

Jim Kim

charcoal

20" x 26"



Michelle Sackis

Jump rope

black as death

in the heat of the night

my loneliness searches

for a guiding light

I cry and I scream and I laugh and I moan

doesn't matter anyway; no one's home

hasn't been any one for years and years

to hug or to kiss or to dry my tears

a spider hangs by a delicate thread

doesn't matter anyway; he'll soon be dead

crumbled into dust and light gray mold

doesn't matter anyway; there's fears untold

they hid in the darkness and just lay there

doesn't matter anyway; no one cared

raise the blade, flashing smooth and bright

doesn't matter anyway; heat of the night

scarlet blood runs deep and cold

doesn't matter anyway; no one to hold

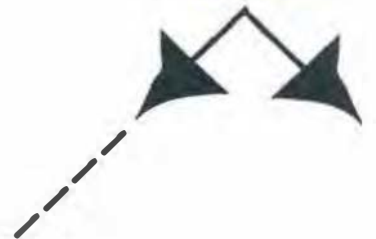
black in death

as the heat of the night

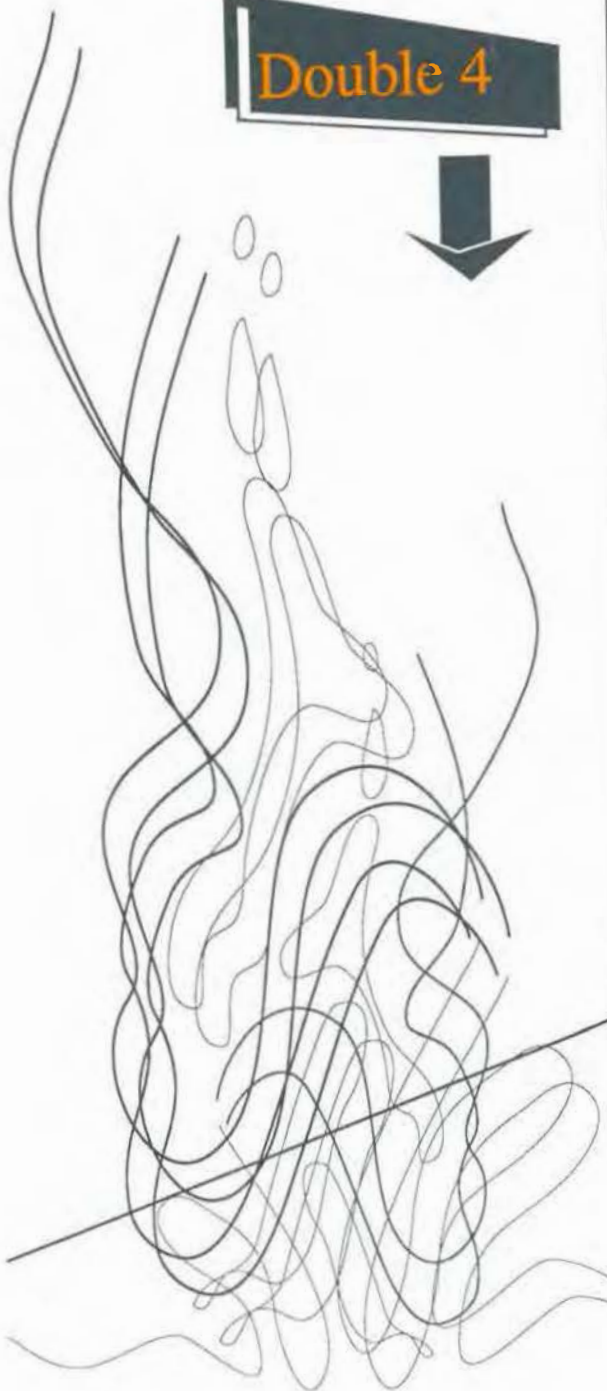
carries me away

to that guiding light

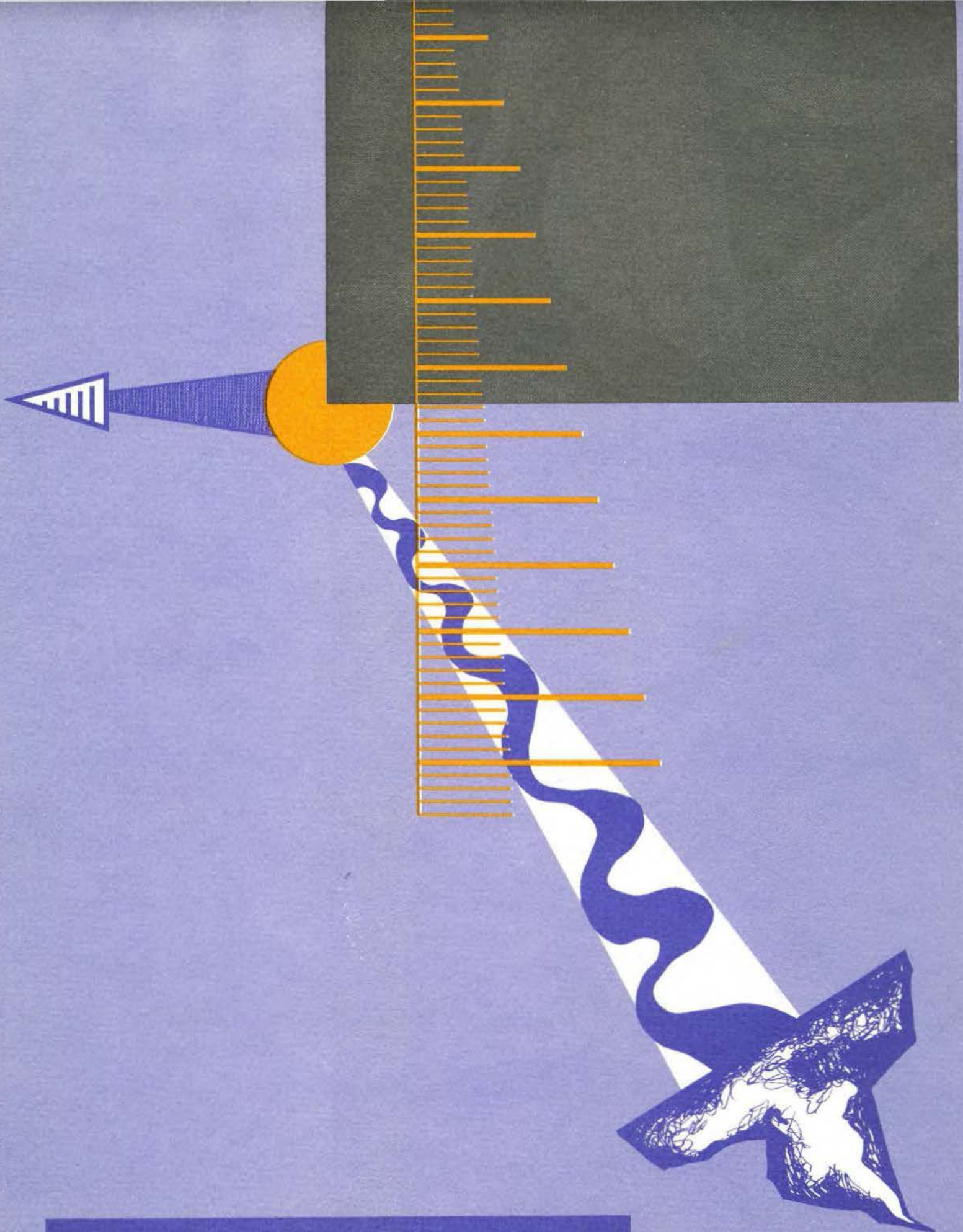
43



Double 4







*To Be Continued . . .*