The background of the entire page is a complex geometric pattern. It consists of a grid of squares in two shades of red: a darker, more saturated red and a lighter, more muted orange-red. The squares are arranged in a checkerboard-like fashion, but with some squares missing or replaced by other shapes. In the top row, there are three small circles of the same two shades, positioned within the squares. The title 'POINT OF VIEW' is printed across the middle of the page in a bold, sans-serif font, with the letters in a light orange-red color that blends with the background. Below the title, the pattern continues with larger squares and circles, some of which are partially overlapping or cut off by the grid lines.

POINT OF VIEW

POINT OF VIEW, A
COLLECTION OF PERSONAL
RESPONSES, VERBAL AND
VISUAL, BY HARPER COLLEGE
STUDENTS TO THE WORLDS
IN WHICH THEY LIVE

nineteen seventy

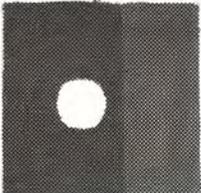


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<i>by Christy Skuban</i> |
| IFC | Pen and Ink
<i>by Pat DeJulio</i> | 5 | Lost in Reality
<i>by Janet Jones</i> |
| 1 | Collograph
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by Robert Mechling
- IBC Felt-tip Pen Drawing
by Christy Skuban



THE BUNCH OF PARSLEY

Nora Jacob

The morning rush was over, the children in school; my husband just drove out of the garage. The aroma of freshly perked coffee filled the kitchen. I was about to pour a cup and sit down to organize my schedule for the day when Buksie, our dog, started her excited dance at the door. She ran back to me, pulled my skirt, licked my hand; certainly she wanted to go outside. As I opened the door, the air felt warm and inviting. I went out after the dog. Buksie was running around intoxicated and rolled all over happily on the dead yellow lawn. All the snow melted, the garden looked bare, mourning its past beauty.

Suddenly my eyes caught something green by the edge of the vegetable bed. The parsley, which I missed pulling up last fall, grew new leaves under the snowcover. Their green color had a peculiar weak yellowish tint, pale, like a sick child's face. I bent down to break off some tender leaves, and rarely recalled memories rushed through my mind.

I remembered the first time when I picked parsleys. I was visiting my Aunt Etel, my father's sister. I was eleven years old, recovering from whooping cough. The doctor recommended fresh country air for the convalescent period. We had always lived in the city on the fifth floor, and that visit opened a new world for me.

Aunt Etel was a very kind and special person, and I loved her dearly. There was something different about her. I remember that her house reminded me of an illustration from my fairy tale book, it was very small. Her tiny kitchen smelled like baked apple and cinnamon. She wore her gray hair twisted

to a small bun on the top of her head, not in the nape of her neck, like my grandmother did. Her silver rimmed glasses always sat crooked on her nose. She hummed little tunes usually, when she worked, or talked to her bird and dog, just like to me. Her hands were small, full of blue veins, and knots deformed her thin fingers. I still remember the faint scent of lavender of her forever black dresses. Aunt Etel was an excellent cook and it was great fun to watch the almost sacred rituals as she prepared our meals. Her little garden was beautiful and she was quite fond of it. Old-fashioned flowers grew in abundance, pansies, daisies, bachelor buttons, cosmos, balsam, violets and lavender. But the herb and spice bed was Aunt Etel's real pride. She took special care of it. Every day we watered the bed twice. She taught me how to recognize the different herbs, how to use them for flavoring, and her instructions went on constantly while she was weeding the garden: "Listen, dear, thyme, sage, basil, rosemary and hot red pepper we must dry first and use them crushed very sparingly because they have a very distinctive taste. Parsley, dill, chives, sorrel and tarragon we use fresh, but for the winter, we will dry some also. These few herbs are different again: only the seeds we collect. Collander, carraway, mustard, and poppy. You remember that, dear, you remember that."

We went for long walks to the nearby meadows. These were joyful times. We picked wildflowers. Aunt Etel knew the names of all the flowers and showed me how to tie dainty bouquets. I can almost hear her highpitched voice, even now. During these walks she went

on sharing her knowledge generously. I listened with open ears, for everything that she said was new to me. "Now is the time to pick the chamomile flowers, just before sunset. You see, the flowers are all open, the dew did not moisten them yet. That would ruin their delicate flavor. Chamomile tea is important remedy, dear, very useful in a household. It is an excellent gargle, settles your upset stomach, soothes the pain in gall-bladder troubles. The tea will wash away the redness of your tired eyes, will cleanse your face, even blonden your hair. For cold and cough the best cure is linden tea with lots of honey in it. But the linden flowers and white locust we should gather, my dear, before noon. Look, the rosehips are almost red. They will be ripe soon. Their tea is so good for the kidneys. Fried fritters are best with rosehip jam, so we have a big task ahead of us, to pick enough of them."

I remember one day a rose thorn stung my finger. Aunt Etel, of course, was ready to cure me. She actually forced me to eat three small cakes of yeast daily for a week. I protested strongly, but she insisted.

Every day we had some new program to do. We canned fruits for the winter, dried mushrooms, prepared raspberry syrup, made cherry wine, hard candies, caramelles, or

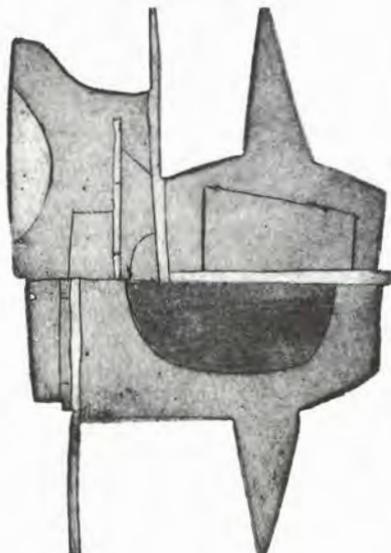
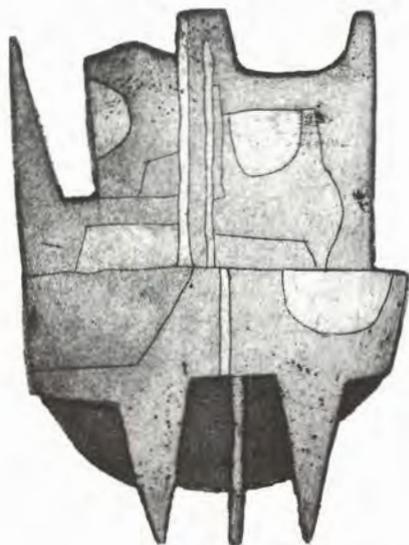
sachets of lavender for the linen closet. We even poured small white candles for the Christmas tree.

In a wonderful way Aunt Etel opened her treasure of experience for me. The recipes that she learned from her mother were handed down through generations. It is my great loss that I don't recall most of them anymore.

Years later, I accidentally overheard my father jokingly referring to my aunt, that she was the last of the witchdoctors. In the Middle Ages she would have been burned at the stake. I resented chamomile tea for a long time.

Now, I have a small herb garden. The cupboard holds a collection of teas, although I buy them at the drugstore. If somebody has a cold in the family, my first reaction is to brew some linden tea and put honey in it. Of course I make sure they swallow aspirin or antibiotics also. Ironically, my husband calls me a witchdoctor too, especially when I make my teas for him. But remembering my aunt, I don't think I deserve the honor.

I picked a nice bunch of parsley, Buksie running at my heel. I went back to the house. The coffee was still hot; sipping it slowly, I decided we would have pork chops and potatoes with parsley butter for dinner that night.



LOST IN REALITY

Janet Jones



*Awakened from a clumsy sleep
Of dragon head and rats;
Awakened by mock merriment
Of ululating organ pipes and
A luring carousel,
Born of a buoyant pastel spirit,
Flooded the inner sight.*

*Carving hung imbedded in
A massive parasol,
Resting peacefully upon
Cylinders of stone;
Beneath and within—
Five painted chargers—
Preserved in flight,
Moving upward
Then defending,
Curiously contented with
Their circular parade.*

*Perched astride a horse;
Of mediocre quality,
And glancing to the rear,
A vision there of cavaliers;
Clothed in differently tintured garb,
And each upon a steed.*

*The first,
A pompous horseman,
With the smell of arrogance
And a molded parafin mask;
Straddled a beast,
The child of Lucifer's mare perhaps,
And both were clad in a mourning shade
Of purple.*



A crimson knight,
Behind the first;
Upon a horse with
Searching eyes,
Grasped within his trembling glove,
A miniature bell
Cracked toward one side;
Shaking the treasure
Frequently
As if to reassure himself
The melody
Had not died.

Then came
Rays of marigold,
Pulsating from a figure
Impossible to catch with sight;
The fear of retinas burning,
Improbable to touch;
The carousel still
Whirling;
While the mount
With drooping jowl
Seemed weary of his cross.

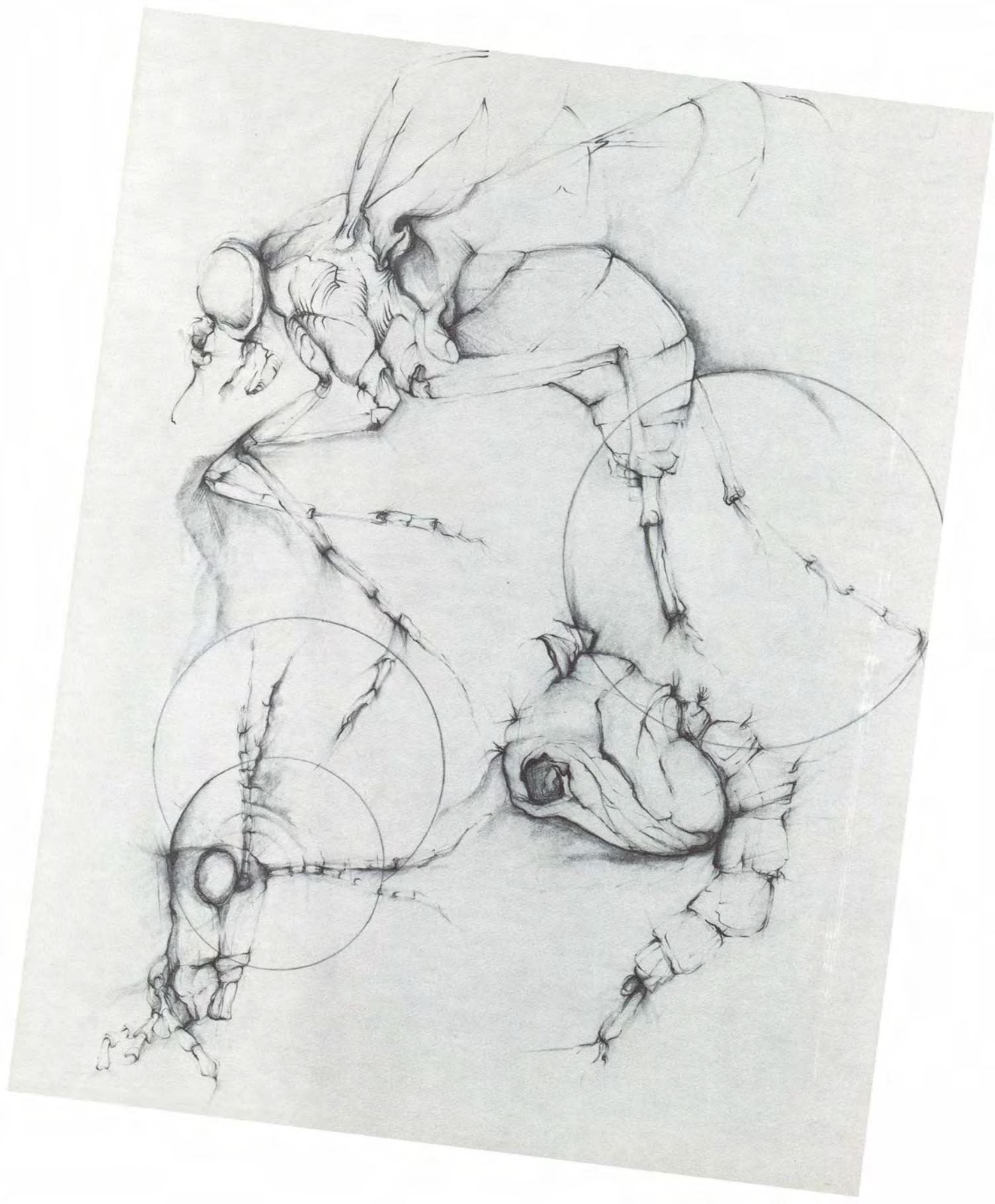
Behind
The Unknown,
In robes of white,
A rider, armed
with a poet's song;
Singing as he rode,
(Lyric answers without questions)
Ignoring all the others;
(Confident, assured)
Seated upon
An animal
Which grinned
A knowing smile.

Abruptly,
With frantic leaps,
Four chargers fled
In natural rhythm
From the triteness
Of up
And downward motion,
Carrying their passengers
To varying
Destinations.

The musical pagoda ceased;
Its turning stopped,
And was destroyed.

Amid the pillars of another
Ruined and lost Atlantis;
Groping for the lyric answers,
Imprisoned in upward
Downward movement;
Circling no more,
And hopelessly perched
Astride a horse
Enveloped
In anticipation
Of the next parade;
Left there
To remember the
Simplicity
Of the demon heads
And rodents.







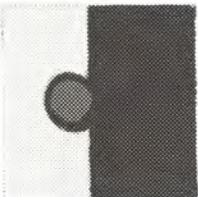
Rembrandt Lady

For several months I had worked at a home for the aged as a nurse's aide. In this time I had come to know all my patients fairly well. I was deeply impressed by their loneliness. Each woman had a particular way she was cared for.

Anna had a cup of tea before retiring. Mrs. Camden read the newspaper from front page to the last. Little Mrs. Leslie walked along the halls clutching the side wall rails and singing a tuneless tune. Big Mrs. Ledder climbed out of bed around midnight and all four of us would sit quietly. Mrs. Hall still thought she was a supervisor in her office. So when we entered her room, I was called to take dictation, and Sue was sent to pick up the mail. Crazy Florence would sneak up behind you in the medicine room and just laugh quietly. She craved sugar but was diabetic. She often snuck some off the food carts at suppertime. If you took it from her, as I did, she promptly slugged you!

As I worked, I came to love each patient for their quirks and fussy ways. They had little to look forward to in a day so we all took pains to see their orders were carried out exactly. While working with them I started searching for an old lady that would fill my artist's image of a grandmother. All my ladies had some grandmotherly characteristics, but none had all.

Then one night I walked into a two-bed room and saw her, a tiny little woman no taller than four feet, seven inches. She had the biggest, softest, brown eyes. When she smiled all her wrinkles crinkled upwards and her cheeks



turned rosy red. She had a little chignon of white gray hair and a whisper of a voice. At night she wore a white puffed night cap and shawl to bed. Everytime I looked at her I pictured a Rembrandt masterpiece.

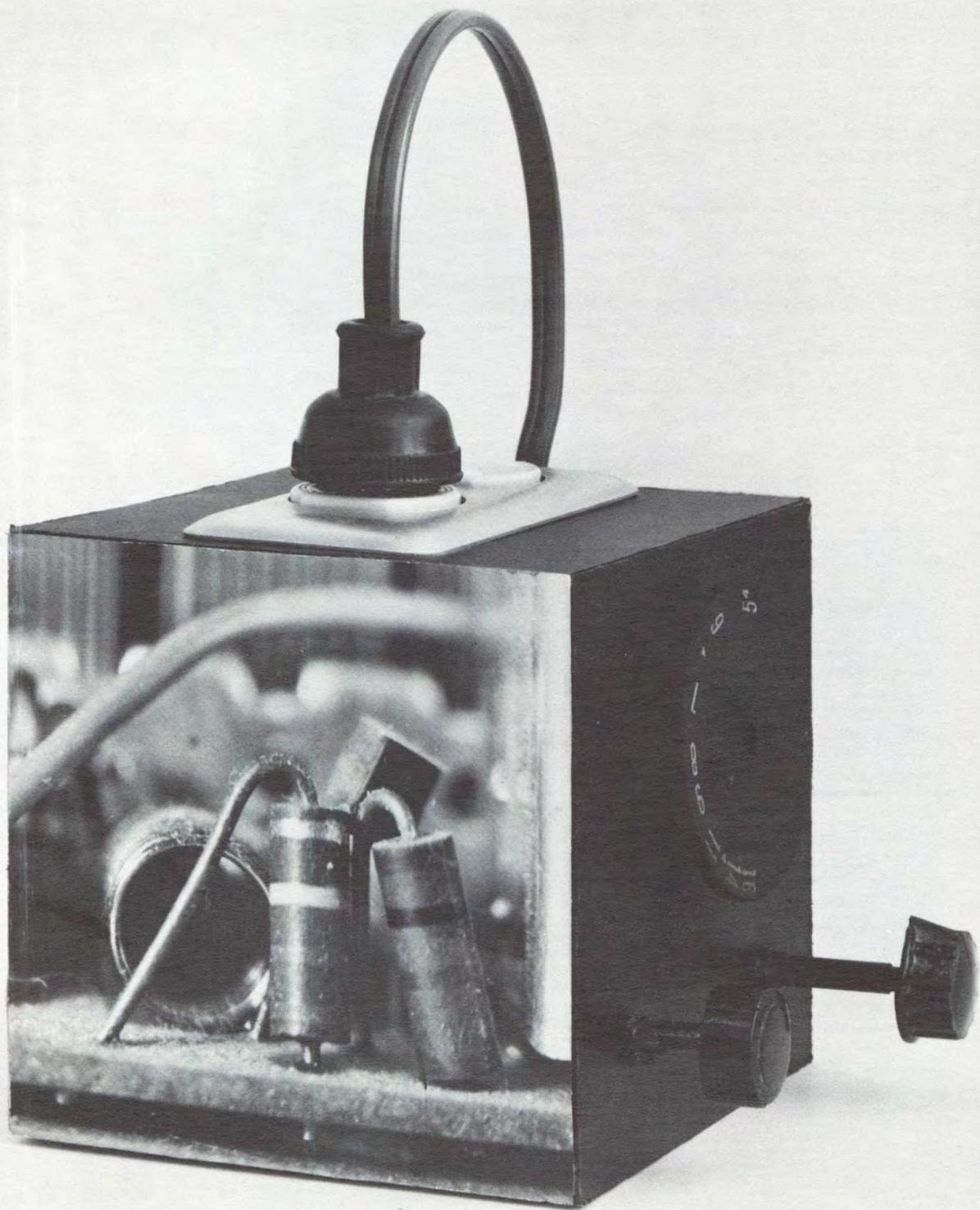
I hurried through my work nightly to have extra time to care for my grand lady. She could barely speak English, so we talked mostly by gesture. Then one day I returned to her room ready to make her smile but my little lady had died.

I waited till darkness came and I was alone to cry softly, to think that I would never see this little old woman again. We would never laugh together. She would never scold me for not wearing my sweater in the cold winds.

I left the nursing home soon after her death but still have her with me. I just close my eyes, and I see her smiling in her little white night cap and shawl, and I smile back.

Christine Gates





HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO YOU?

How can I explain to you?

Somewhere
in
the middle
of
silent words
and
obtuse minds and
loveless beds
and
all night cafeterias:
(second cup free)
and
fears that creep
up
the
walls at night
by themselves
(in my room)
and looks and words
that
finally
speak

of what
is
there: not a thing
and
hard black soul
belting
it out
over
the phono
(poor old phono)
and

NO ONE THERE
NO ONE THERE

and God, I can't
you
must
how? When; Now!
memories — remember
think
Please God help me
Who is there?
Who is there?

who cares
Oh Jesus,
Think! Try, how!
STOP!

final verdict
lock up
(flip out case)
in and
out.
Somewhere; in
the
middle (of desperation)
it
was
gone.

Do you
understand
that
I heard a laugh
like
that
a

cool
day
with
the smell
of
apples
drifting up, tickling
my
nostrils?
It
had a
lovely sound: but
don't ask
me to hear
that
same
sound
the same way
twice.

(Isn't it enough
I love you?)

—Susan Maynard





UNTITLED POEM

—Richard Johnson

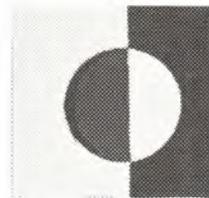
I looked at the young man
And wondered where his troubles had begun
He had a lost look in his eyes
That seemed to say, "my life is done"

I had seen him many times in the past
The cruel world had broken his free thought
His blue eyes pierced my mind and understood
That all my feelings in his face were caught

A tear rolled down his cheek
And his hands would never write again
for his friends who had put his work down
Had laughed him to this ugly end

I felt the tear on my cheek too
But my mind was filled with fear
for the face that I gazed on
Was only an image in the mirror





HORTONVILLE, WISCONSIN

Laura Williams

We were ready to go! At last my parents were sitting in the front seat of the car. (I had been there, hopping in and out, all morning long.) Mom swiveled her head around to be sure all the doors were locked. My Dad listened with a critical ear to the mysterious conversation going on in the car's engine. I was going to pop with excitement! The car lumbered down the street past my girlfriend's house. We were finally on our way to Grandpa's church and I had to go to the bathroom.

Grandpa's church was in Hortonville, Wisconsin. It was a pleasant drive up there,

but seemed "forever" far away to me. I can remember sitting quietly for a while, lost in thought and mesmerized by the passing scene. However, that period passed all too soon and I'd end up teasing and fighting with my brother in the confines of the back seat. This phase would end when Dad would swat wildly at us from the front seat, while trying to keep the car under control. We would stop eventually for a picnic lunch and bathroom privileges, but it was never often enough as I was always hungry and seemingly in need. I'd finally dozed off on the shoulder of my most

hated enemy, my brother.

Wake up, we're here! Grandma and Grandpa were smiling through the car windows—oh fun, oh happiness, we were on vacation for two whole weeks. I'd shyly greet my Grandparents then disappear to check in with all the fun places I remembered from last summer.

My Grandfather was a Baptist minister to a small farming community. The church was next door to their big frame house and I'd usually head there first. The bell rope was still frayed. Grandpa would lift me up tomorrow and I'd pull the rope long and hard. I'm sure I pulled much longer and harder than necessary, but he'd let me.

The foyer of the church was bright with sunshine and varnished wood. There was a coat rack and a single pew under the window. The interior of the church seemed gloomy because of the trees and bushes outside. I walk down the soft, wine colored carpet, touching each pew as I passed. I'd stand behind the pulpit and look at the emptiness and sunshine in the foyer.

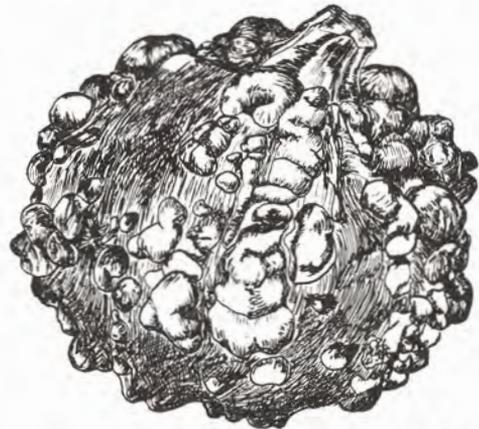
My favorite occupation inside the church was to play the foot pumping organ. I could read music and church hymns were my specialty. There I'd sit pumping till my legs gave out and trembled. I'd often sing enthusiastically and loudly too, I'm afraid. That must have been something to hear, because I wouldn't always stick to hymns. Occasionally a little boogie woogie would bounce off the walls. Grandpa never said anything about that.

I'd go outside in some deserted bushy place and lie on my back and watch the clouds collide, part again and pile on top of each other. Sometimes they looked like pinnacles reaching up to God. I'd feel the heat seep inside my clothes and prickle my face. Ants would scamper over my fingers then I'd begin to feel itchy all over and imagine bugs of all sorts crawling on me, then I'd jump up and run into the cool house to see what Grandma was cooking.

My favorite playthings were the two swings. One was on the front porch of the house which I could lay down on and watch the slats of the porch roof go sweeping back and forth. The other was a single-seater old fashioned rope swing with a tippy wood plank for a seat. The ropes of the swing reached up very very high into the leaves and encircled the biggest strongest limb of the oak. I could swing dangerously high on that one.

There was also a two steps up and two steps down block of cement next to the dirt road between the house and church. I would hop up and down the two steps. Stand in childish poses on the flat top—jump down the other two steps backward. I learned later this was a carriage stoop used heavily on Sunday morning, years before I played my little games.

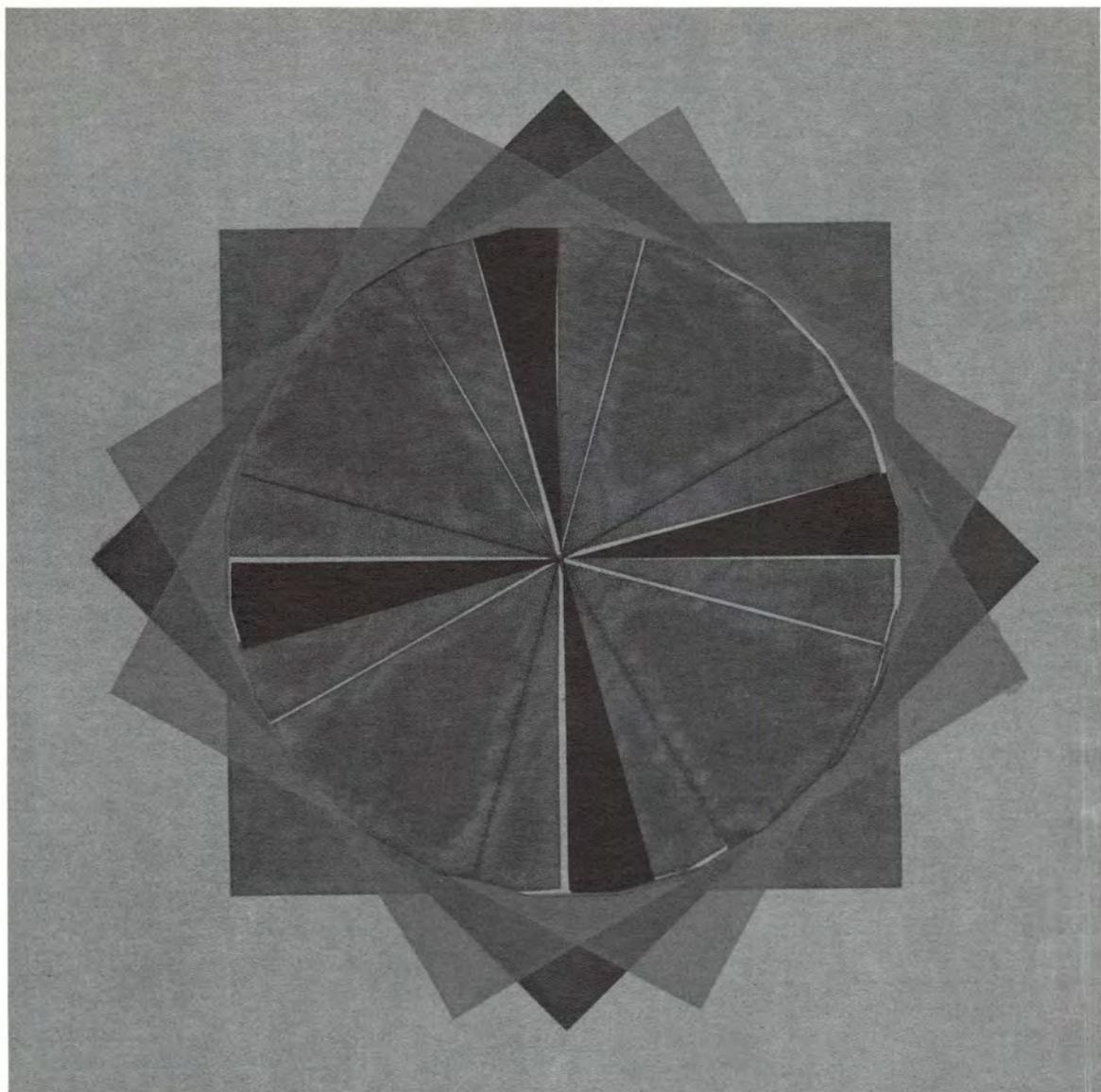
I've thought of going back and seeing it all again, but I know time and growing up would spoil it. So I guard my memories of warm family love, simplicity of living, innocence of mind. It is mine just as it was, forever.

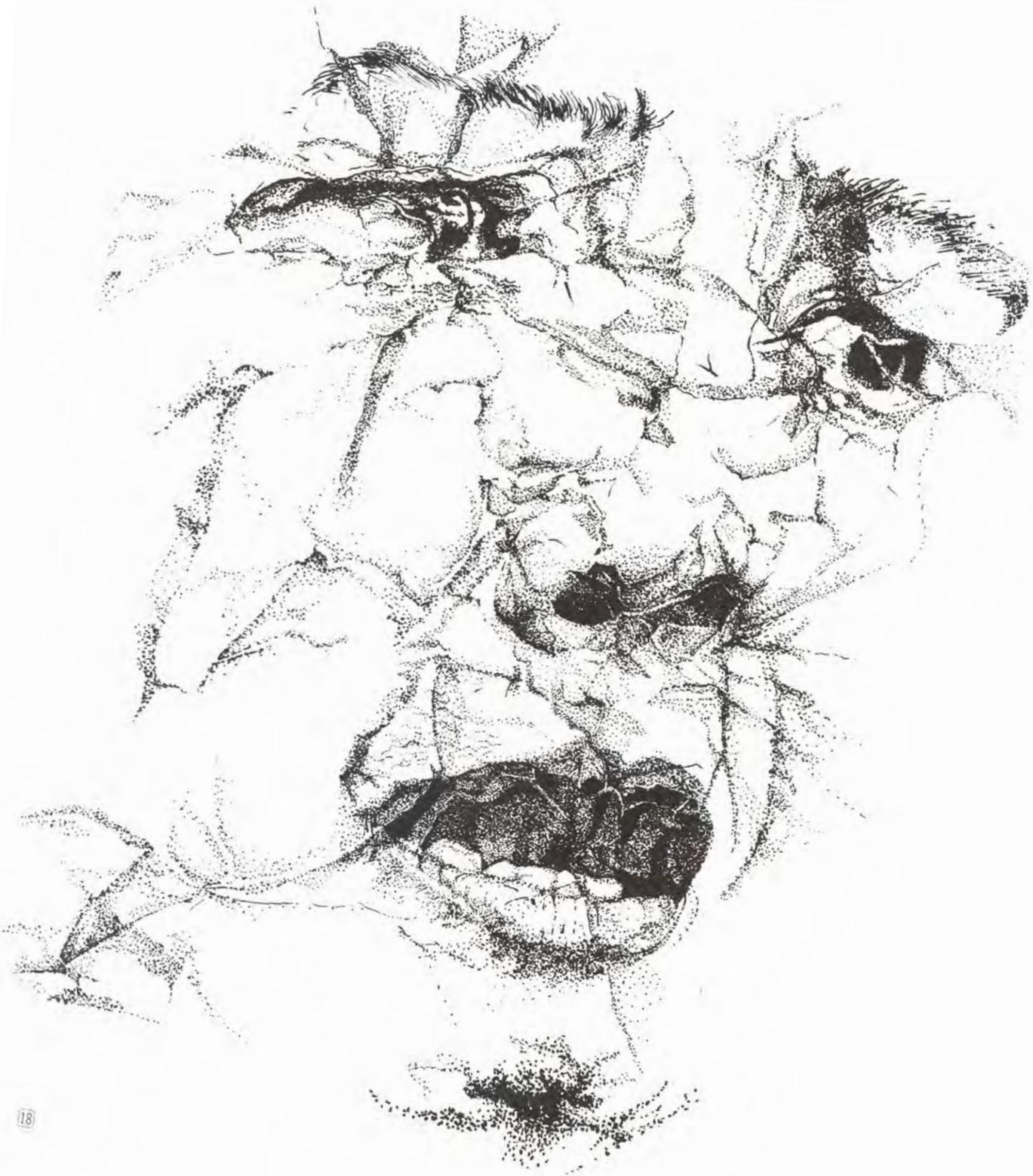


Cheryl Haugh
11/1/09











HE IS DEAD

For some small reason he went to the doctor. "Nothing much," he was told. "It's just a polyp. We will have to remove it though."

They did. The polyp became a tumor, because it was malignant. That was when he started to wither. The color in his cheeks was slipping away. The sparkle in his eyes was dimmed a little more each day with the increasing pain.

I helped him move his weakened body around the house. Three times a week we went down for the radium treatments. Their purpose was to check the growth of the malicious disease, but their effect was to drain him of all his strength. His leg muscles wouldn't hold him up any more. Every movement was painful for him. His dull blue eyes registered every pang of pain.

Some days he would just sit motionless for hours and stare out the window. There wasn't anything else he could do. We talked sometimes. I could even make him laugh. I did more for him with those few childish jokes

than all the doctors and treatments. For with the smiles came signs of recovery. His eyes would sparkle again and his cheeks seemed to be regaining some of their original, healthy color. But the time for laughter too soon ended.

With the last radium treatment his body seemed to relinquish all claims on life. He never came home from the hospital. He couldn't get off the table on which they had skillfully laid him for his last, life-restoring treatment. They carried him to a bed and kept him.

The next day I went to see him. My heart was filled with terror when I saw him, a living corpse with sunken cheeks and bulging eyes. The needles in his arm pumped in the only nourishment his body had the strength to accept. He turned and saw me sitting there with tears in my eyes. He took my hand and grasped it weakly. I saw him smile. Then he closed his eyes. The doctor ushered me out of the room.

He is dead.

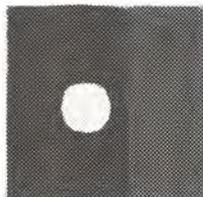
—Nancy Arnold

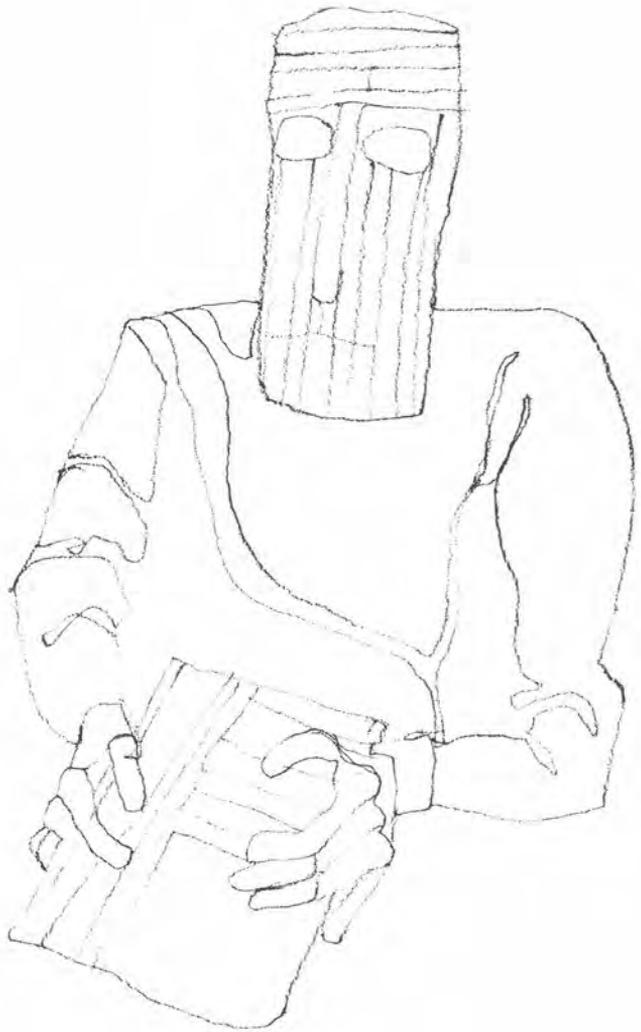
Riding
along on the back of a cycle
with the wind
whipping
my
hair
i feel the FREEDOM of a
long
summer
day.

Feeling

Nancy Arnold

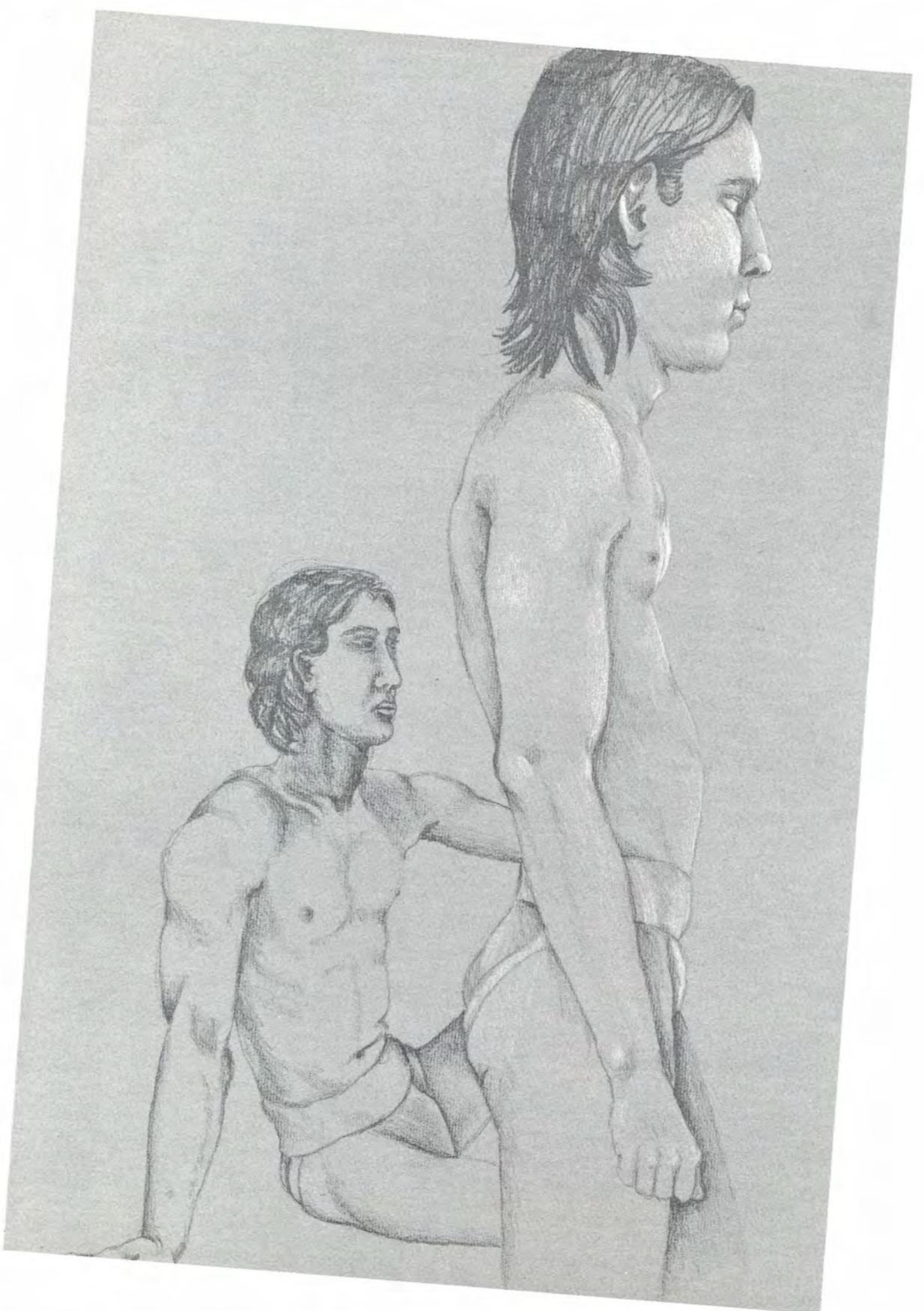
Standing
under a hot stream of water
beating
my
flesh
chastising me
i feel the HOPE of
blue
through
storm clouds.





*Marching
along as one, as a mob
with cold stares
attacking
me*

*i feel the hatred
strangeness
fear
of those lonely frightened animals
(they won't reach out;
they
can't
under
stand)*





"I'M YOUR SWIMMING TEACHER"

Here they come! all the drippy-nosed, big-eyed, scrawny, angular kids. Of course, they are not all that way. Some are bouncy and round with absent teeth and numerous ailments. Their swimming attire varies in color and pattern, but is similar in deficiencies. The boys wear skimpy suits with white strings dangling in front (which I must tie frequently because of backside exposure). Girls wear the tie around the neck pull up in the crotch kind; or the two piece creations which part company far more than the designer ever intended.

Some come with terror in their hearts and a determined mama. Others are full of exuberance and pop up and down like toast in a hyperactive toaster. A few are bored with the whole thing and listlessly comply to appease me. There is always at least one child with a stomach ache, "throw-ups" (some for real) or sprained something or other.

"Well, hi gang," I say with enthusiasm and a winning smile, "I'm Mrs. Williams, your swimming teacher." Thus begins our common adventure.

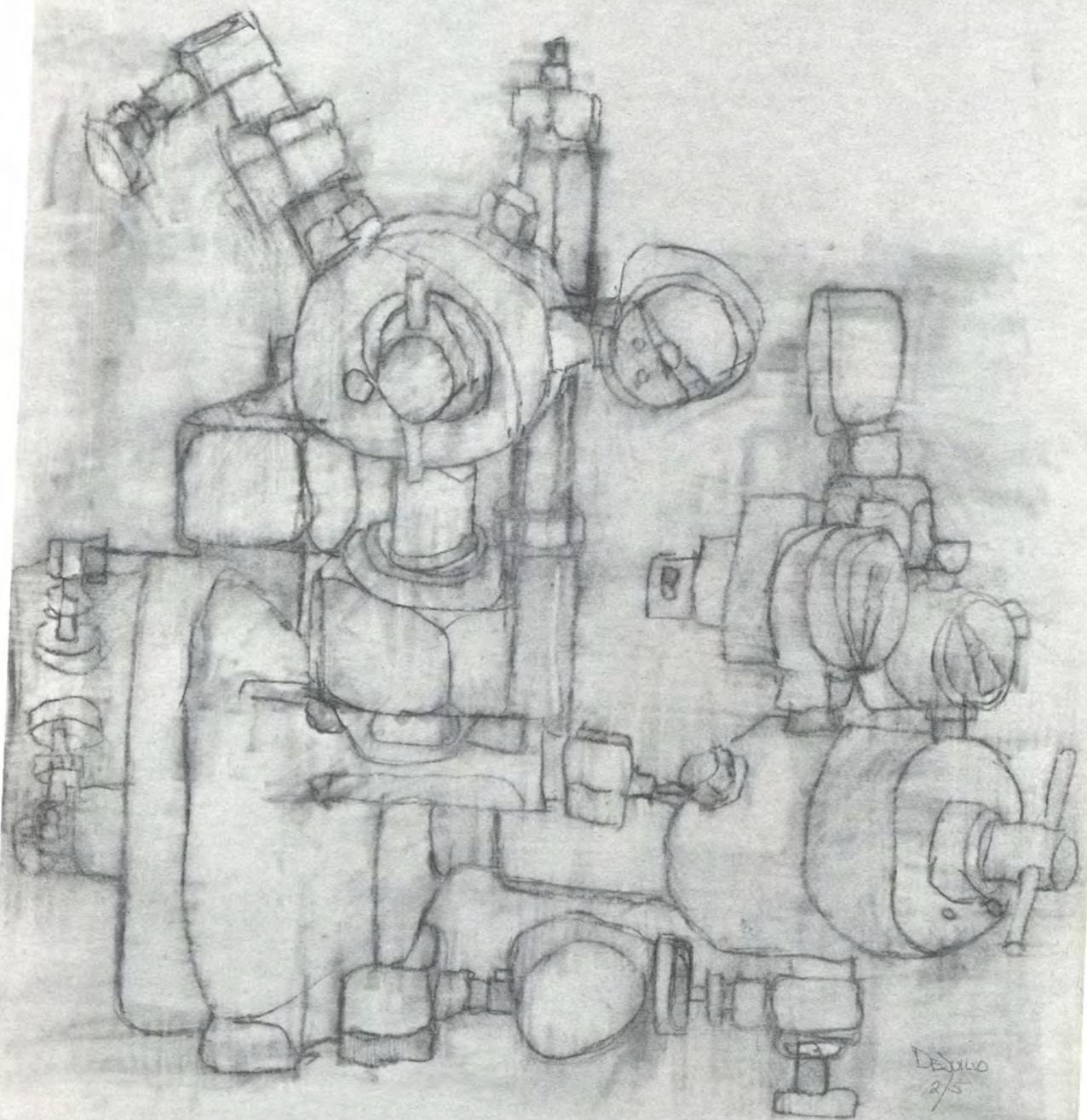
This class is listed as Small Fry Beginners in the YMCA brochure, but they are really tackling a man sized job. They must overcome

fear to realize it is fun. They will learn to dismiss what used to be discomfort and function where they had floundered. As their teacher I reassure, play with, sympathize, praise and educate all my tender charges.

As time sloshes by, we get to know each other and progress is made. However, in spite of my efforts, there will be one dumpling who will sit on the edge of the pool for seven weeks and cry (with varying degrees of intensity). Another may never stop pestering, "look at me, look at me" If I am unusually charming, one or two may fall in love with me. This is demonstrated in several ways, but the uninhibited fling their twig-like arms around my waist and try to "shimmy" up to some place higher on my anatomy.

When classes are over and testing complete, I fill out the passing cards with a flourish and gravely congratulate each one. It is satisfying to see them learn, but what about the criers, dum-dums and mischief-makers? Ugh! Wish I could be rid of them. Pass them on? That won't work; my next class is called Small Fry Intermediate. I have no choice. There is no avenue of escape. I do what I must. I love them all, the drippy-nosed, big-eyed, scrawny

—Laura Williams

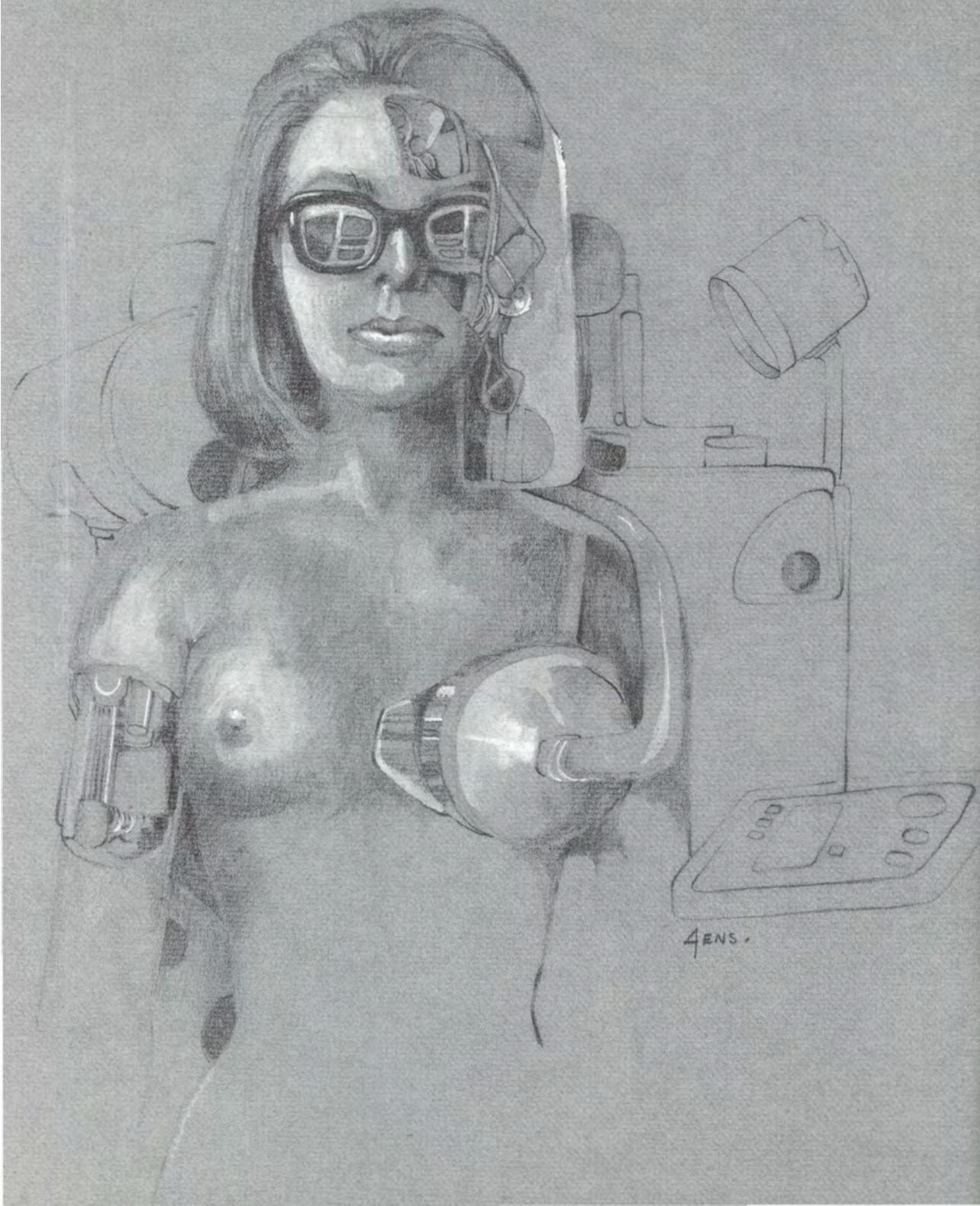


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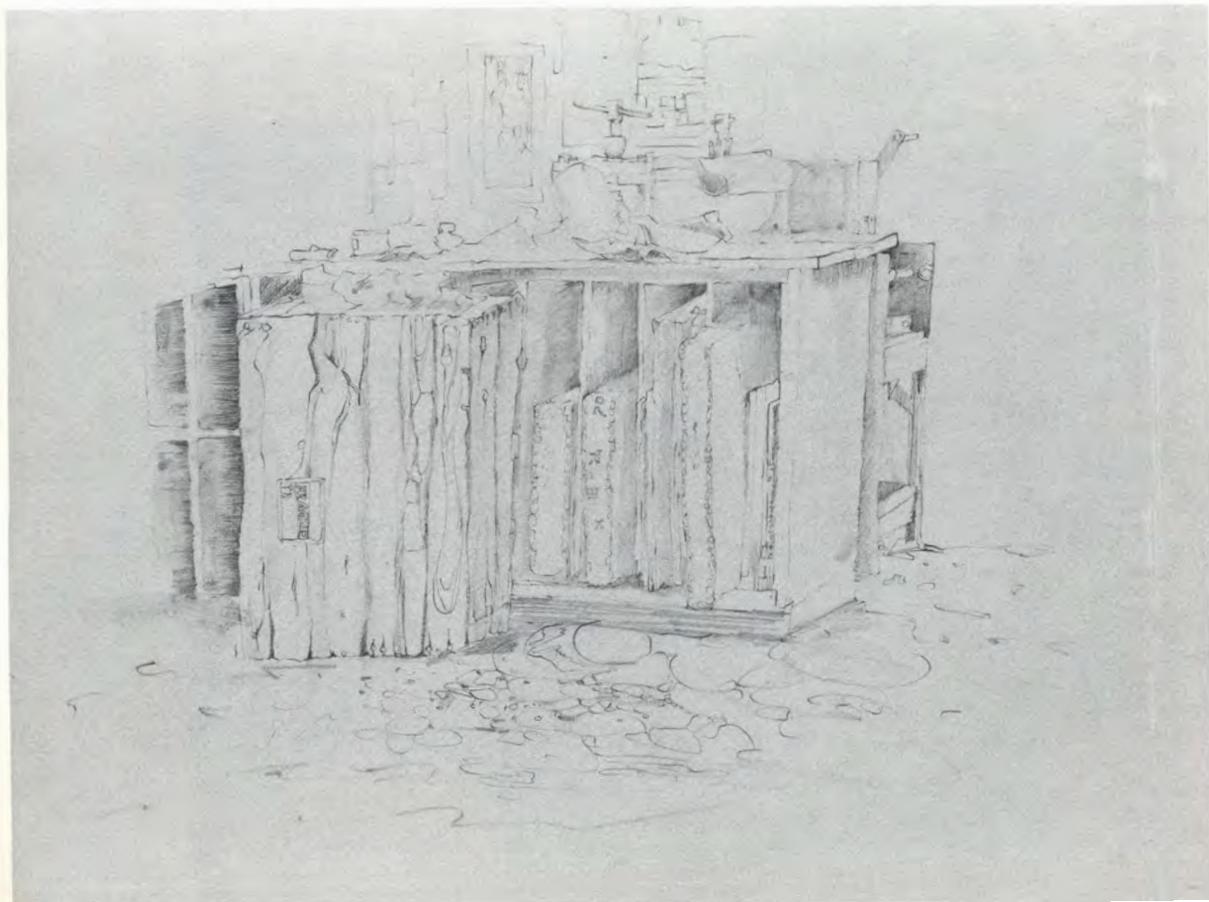
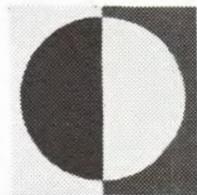
UNTITLED POEM

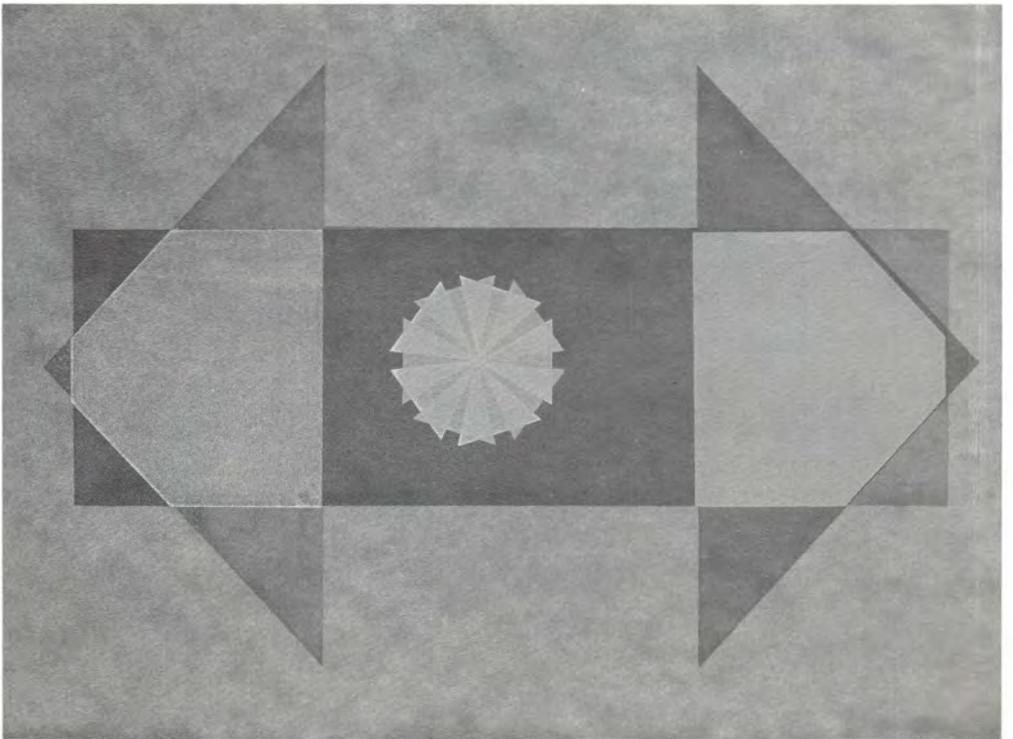
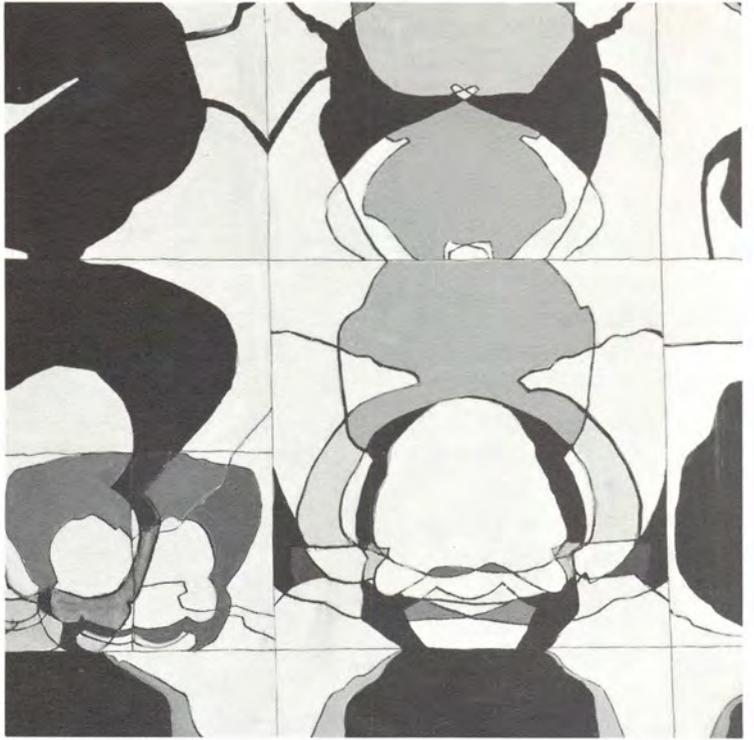
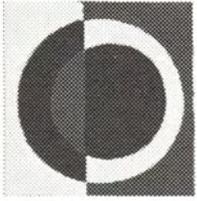
Dean Hansen

In a good stand of pines,
birches will try to grow,
long and skinny.
They will slip through
and mushroom at the top.
I was once like
a good stand of pines.
It was easy
to keep birches out,
and save the good stand of pines.
But when I turned my back,
to look at other things,
they came snaking back.
At first slight and weak,
then strong with deep roots,
they crowded out the better.
The good trees are sure
to turn brown and die,
because now my saw
is weak rusted and broken.
At first with good intentions
I was pointed, it seemed.
But now its lost,
and the birches will not stop.



4ENS.





Rain

It is, softly
And so surely,
Raining;
Pouring down
In a final effort
To cleanse the earth.

So many drops;
Risen from the seas,
Now returning to rest
In different beds of peace.

So often thought of
As a weeping sky,
Yet it is merely
Raining;
Attempting to wash down
Every offensive brown wall
And give purpose to the
Bridges.

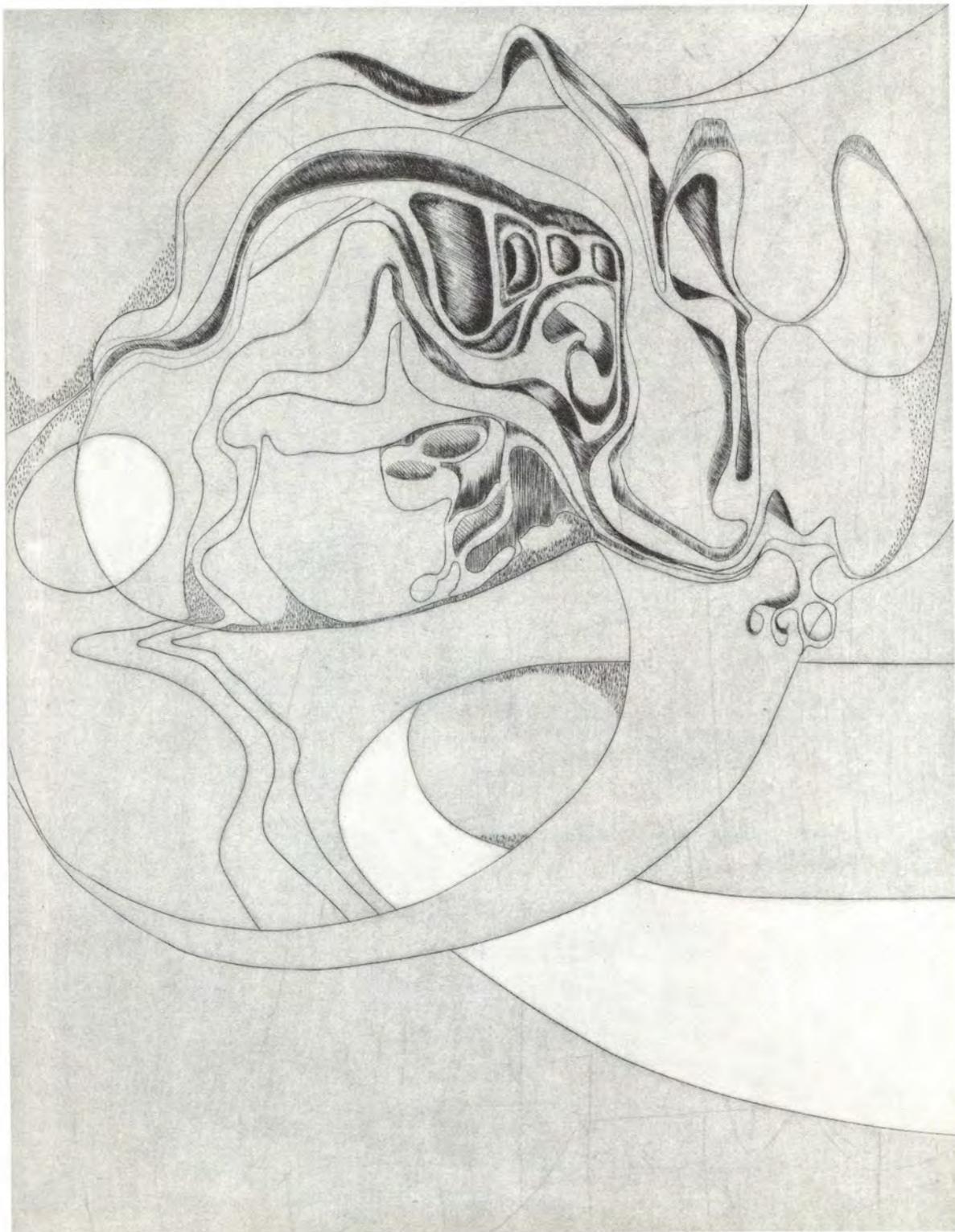
This hopeless task,
Attempted again and often;
In numerus, final, futile efforts,
Never realizing that
After the rain,
Loneliness
Will still
Exist.

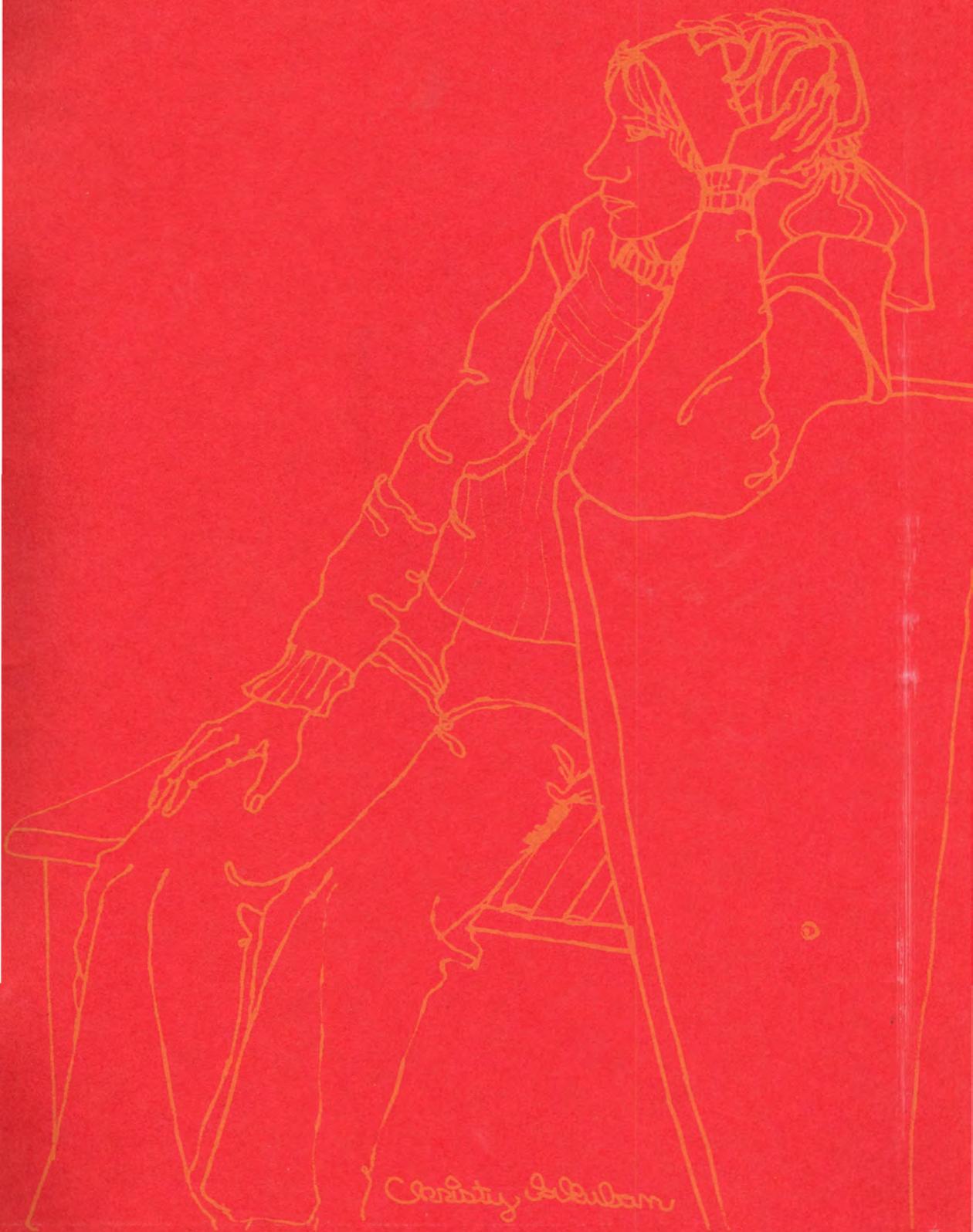
Only
When it rains
Is there hope.

—Janet L. Jones









Christy Sukuban

