

**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-one



1971

Acknowledgments

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LOVE

by Ron Spitzer

"God damn you, Margie! That's all I'm going to stand for. I'm sick and tired of your screwing everything up."

But, Harvey, I couldn't h-help it."

"That's what you always say. I could not help it! If you're that damn helpless then you're no good at all."

At that, Margie began to cry in earnest, which is an unfair tactic that women use. So I told her when she could calm down and talk about it we'd talk some more. And I left the apartment.

God, how in the hell did I get into a mess like this. Stuck with the world's most helpless woman. She can't even remember to lock her bicycle.

In the city it's very impractical to have a car. So Margie and I had bought bikes. We lived only a few blocks from the "L" and both could walk to work from the "L" station downtown. We used the bikes whenever we wanted to go anywhere else. I got a good deal on these two used English 3 speed jobs and they were really great. Then Margie had hers stolen. She forgot to lock it when she went into a boutique on Rush Street, of all places, and naturally, someone ripped it off.

Anyway, a couple of weeks ago I was able to pick up another bike for her at the police auction for \$15. Spent another \$10 getting it put into top shape and it was actually better than her old one. So today, she tells me she went to the food shop and had just unlocked the bikes (they are locked together in the basement of our building) and discovered she had forgotten her purse. So the dumb chick runs upstairs to get her purse "just for a minute" and when she came back *both* bikes were gone.



Hell, can you blame me for blowing up. Christ! if she'd only use her goddamn head. It's not that I think I'm perfect. I make mistakes too. Like last week I damn near left my new jacket in McDonald's, with my wallet in it. Lucky thing that no one had grabbed it on me.

But, she is so damn irritating about it. Never really accepts the blame for her mistakes. At least I do. Most of the time anyway.

Well, I suppose I was too harsh with her. I really shouldn't blow up like that. I wasn't really fair about it either cause I never told her about the jacket. But then I didn't lose it either.

Well hell, walking around a little makes it not seem so bad. I should go back and apologize. Hey, a florist. I'll buy her some flowers—that'll make her feel better.

"A dozen of those yellow roses please—Can you put 'em in kind of a fancy box, please."

"Wow ten bucks, huh? O.K. here you go."

"Bye now. Same to you, have a nice weekend too."

Ten bucks. That's a lot of bread. Maybe that'll teach me to keep my mouth shut from now on.

Hey, I feel good now. It's a nice day. Lots of people running around.

"Hi—How are ya."

Made her smile. Funny how you can do that. See someone who looks kind of blue and smile at them and say "Hi." They'll smile back nine times out of ten.

Wow, I've been gone a long time. I hope she isn't worried. Poor kid, I really give her a rough time. Truth is I love her so much it hurts. Thank God she loves me. Man, I'd really be lost without her.

Hey, she's not home. Where the hell—a note—"Screw you Harvey. I'm leaving. M."

For Christ's sake—leaving? She could not leave me. Wow—her clothes are gone . . . nothing . . . gone . . . no, it can't be . . . She's gotta be here somewhere.

Here I am all alone—ten o'clock—Margie's gone. I guess I pushed her too far. Why in the hell don't I learn?

"Harvey?"

"Margie!"

"Why are you sitting in the dark? I really feel bad about walking out, Harv. I just kept walking around. I thought you weren't here 'cause there weren't any lights—I was afraid when I came back that you would be gone."

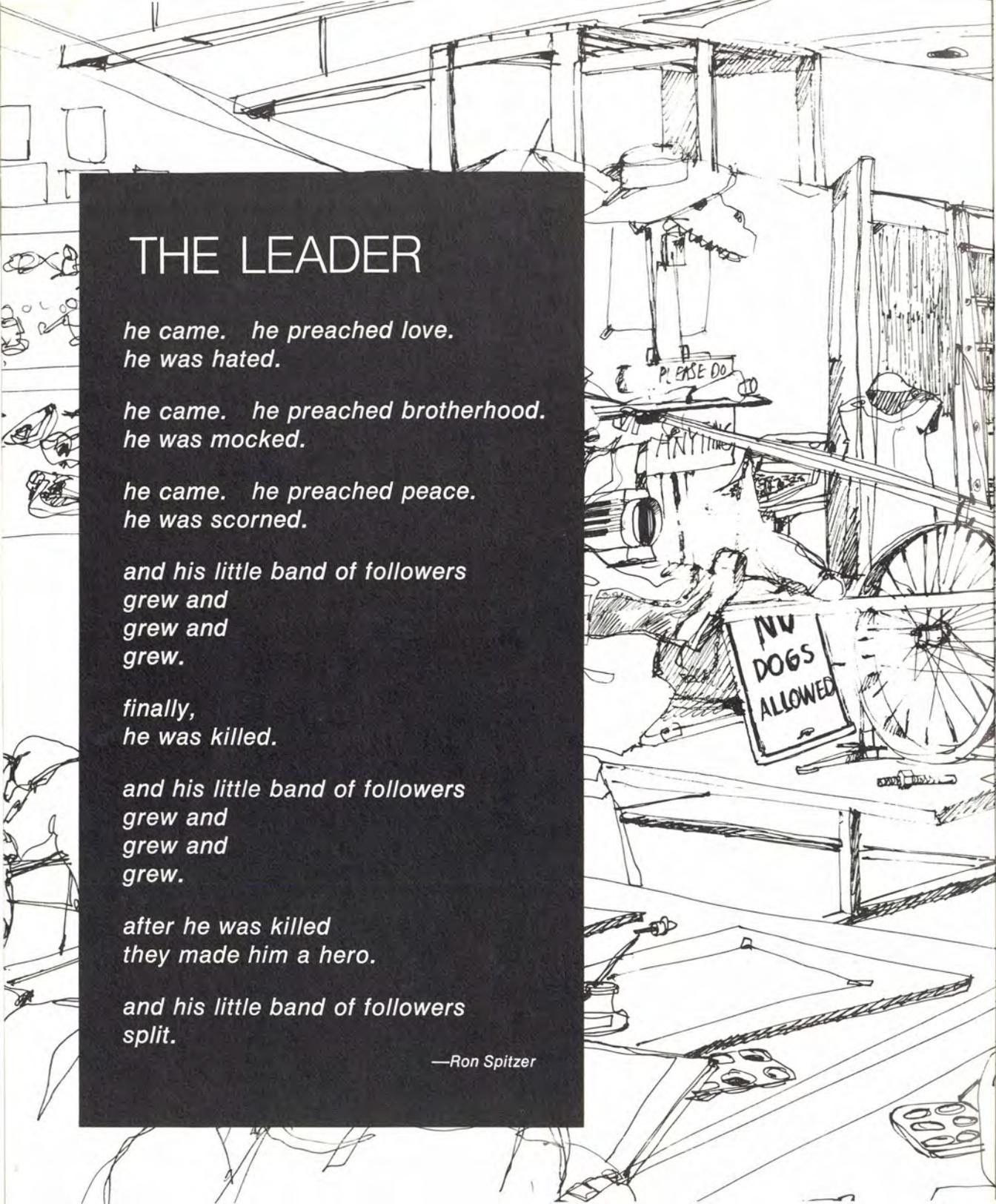
"Margie—"

"Have you eaten any supper? I stopped at the deli and got some corned beef and stuff to make Rubens."

"Margie, I'm sorry." I handed her the flowers.

"Harvey—Roses! You bought me roses and I wasn't here." She began to cry and I just took her into my arms and very softly rubbed the back of her neck.





THE LEADER

*he came. he preached love.
he was hated.*

*he came. he preached brotherhood.
he was mocked.*

*he came. he preached peace.
he was scorned.*

*and his little band of followers
grew and
grew and
grew.*

*finally,
he was killed.*

*and his little band of followers
grew and
grew and
grew.*

*after he was killed
they made him a hero.*

*and his little band of followers
split.*

—Ron Spitzer





Wicker Addiction

by Lillian Moschiano

I've a confession to make. I'm a basket addict. Well, it's not just baskets. That's what's so awful about it. It seems I buy anything and everything made out of wicker. Webster defines addiction as a condition of being devoted or given up to a practice or habit, especially a bad habit. The authority who diagnosed my problem is my husband, and while he admits he is just a layman, he claims to have the advantage of not being addicted and therefore can recognize a sad case when he sees one.

It all started innocently enough a number of years ago. With a certain amount of regularity, I'd find myself in the wicker departments of various shops picking out different size and shapes of baskets. He didn't worry at first. He thought it was sort of "cute". But months went by and soon my love of wicker was showing its effects. Throughout the house were small baskets for flowers, nuts, candies, chips, and crackers; medium baskets for flowers, fruits, breads, hot plates, sewing equipment, and the daily mail; and large ones for flowers, magazines, clothes hamper, waste baskets, toy chest, etc.

My husband agreed with me on the purchase of wicker furniture for the yard. It was comfortable and practical, he said. He

even liked the wicker horn-o'-plenty on the table with fruits and nuts spilling out.

He tells me he really started to wonder about me when he saw me filling a wicker basket with wicker flowers. It just didn't seem right to him. Nor did it seem healthy to him when I bought wicker candle holders, wicker candles and wicker wicks. Of course, I myself saw nothing wrong with all this. I was too far gone by then.

He says he finally realized how I was getting sicker with the wicker when I came home with what he still calls "that thing." I felt lucky to have found such an unusual wicker pedestal base, and after two months of dedicated searching, I discovered hidden in an antique shop what I have desperately needed for this base. The shop was obviously owned by unimaginative clods who let it lay on the floor in a corner of their establishment collecting dust and spider webs. It was the large round flat piece of wicker which was to be the top of my wicker pedestal table. My husband's argument against it was that it was too weak and wobbly to hold even an ashtray without its tipping over. Well, of course, since he was foolish enough to put it off center. When I placed it in the exact middle, the wicker didn't waver a bit. He claimed that he couldn't read a book since the book

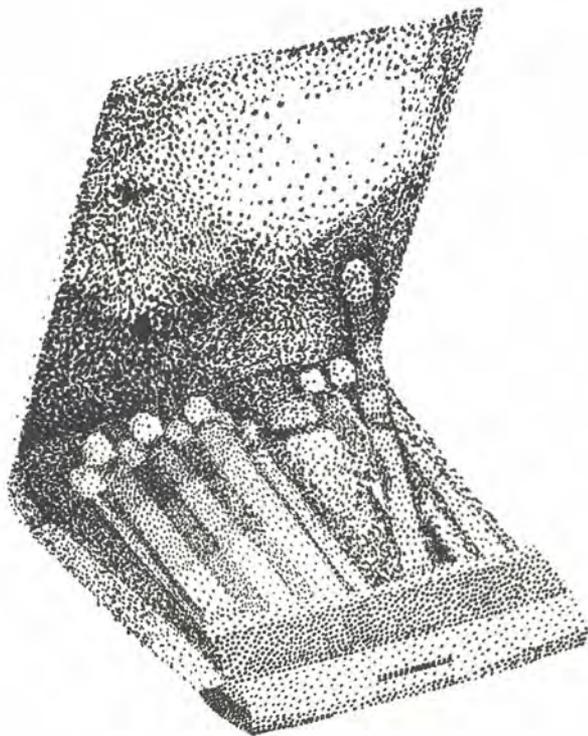
had to sit dead-center and his neck would hurt after stretching that distance for even fifteen minutes. I pointed out that it was a very good exercise for one's neck muscles while at the same time getting in some reading. He argued that he wanted to smoke and read at the same time but that adding the ashtray would unbalance the table. I patiently informed him that of course he could keep an ashtray to one side if he would only place an item of equal weight on the exact opposite location of the table top. He would not let me take the kitchen scale out to show him how well it would work. Instead he preferred to watch television and chew his nails.

Well, he became more and more upset over what he called my "wicker addiction." He told me I must try to control my need for wicker and that he was going to help me.

For the following weeks, whenever I'd find myself in the wicker section of a neighborhood store, the clerk would gently scold me for being there. My husband had given all of them strict orders not to sell me any more wicker. They were kind, understanding, incorruptible, and would accept no bribes. Instead they led me to other departments. But I just couldn't warm up to chrome or brass.

I'd go home frustrated and wickerless. My husband was always at my side ready to help, but I still wanted to buy more wicker. Finally he advised me that I must go cold turkey. This meant packing all my wicker away, out of sight, until I'd learn to handle my wicker with moderation. I braced myself for the ordeal ahead. I knew it wouldn't be easy for me. But I promised to do as he wished. It's for my own good, he says.

I'll pack all of it away, in the darkest, most desolate corner of the basement. And I fully intend to keep that promise, just as soon as I find a wicker cabinet that's large enough to store my wicker.

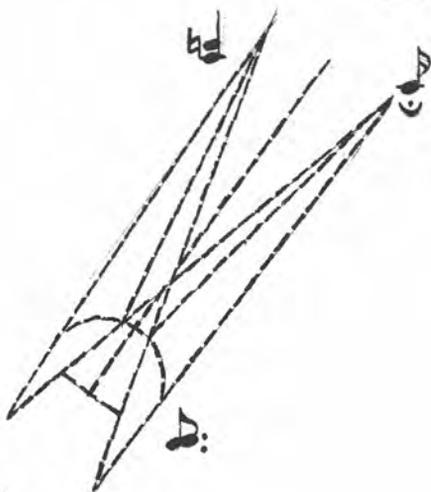




THE ART INSTITUTE

*Guarding creation,
twin lions on dull concrete
each without a mate.*

—Janet L. Jones



BEYOND OUR BABYLONS

*We rode the tarnished mare;
it was spring's beginning and
the sheen had not yet been buffed
upon her back.*

*We traveled into the
eternal life of the blond field
which was recovering
from the sickness of winter;
Witnesses of the vitality
preserved between
the orange striped highways and
the soot blackened cities.*

*We paused,
surrounded by innocence;
hearing the screaming grasshoppers
and knowing that we
were their prophets.
The roar of the insects
carried its message
and we absorbed it;
listening without comprehension,
but awe.*

*The wind,
boldly slapping our cheeks,
hesitating and—
rushing again—
whipping and tossing
dried soil and dead grass,
made us see once more
the still unpatterned scattering
of sparrows and the
proud jog of the red chested quail.*

*It made us smell
the void of clean air and
feel as the solitary elm must,
dependent upon the land
with glossed leaves turned toward
Sun and skies with clutching clouds.*

*Wonder forced us to each other;
because we could not grasp a cloud.
Standing rooted to the earth
we searched, sensing the answer in a glance.
Understanding
wrapped his muscular arms around us
and was gentle.*

*The mare raised her head.
Daylight's passing sparkled in
the soul of her eyes. Tossing her beige mane,
she winnied; confident that soon
the tarnish would leave,*

*and polished gold would replace it.
She carried us forward,
into the flaming landscape,
away from the graves of
murdered fields and slaughtered forests;
away from the breathless cities.*

—Janet L. Jones





Edvard Munch

Incident at Tuoy Hoa

by James Gardner, Jr.

Leaning back against the sandbag wall of the bunker, I gazed through the gunport at the clearing skies over our strip of land between the South China Sea and the jungle-covered hills. The rain, which had been falling for the past three days, was finally passing, and the stars were beginning to appear. Guard duty is such a bore; nothing ever happens at our helicopter compound. Only 2:00 A.M. and three hours to dawn. In the far distance an occasional flash and whomp let me know of a battle beyond the horizon over the water; but from the dark jungle across the road came only the murmur and rustle of small animals going about their nocturnal business.

Jeep lights wobbling over the steel stripping behind my bunker told me the Officer of the Guard was coming to inspect the troops. He was a stickler, so I grunted into a more alert position as he rolled to a stop, climbed the ladder to my position and sighted over the machine-gun post at the narrow dirt road I was covering. Major Fielding, unlike the other pilots who wore their loose, floppy flight suits on duty, never allowed himself this indulgence, but appeared as usual tonight in pressed, starched fatigues. Two small gold leaves gleamed at his throat, a spaghetti-white pistol cord wound around his shoulder and threaded through the loop in his pistol butt. He was an officer accorded the same careful respect normally given to a loaded gun.

"Keeping a sharp eye, Private?"

"Yes, sir."

As he squared his shoulders, preparing to leave, he abruptly stopped, and snap-





ping his head forward to the gun port, peered intently at the starlit road. I turned to follow his gaze.

"Man the gun!" softly barked the major. What had he seen that I had not? I gripped the handle of my M60, finger on the trigger; out of the corner of my eye I saw him staring unblinkingly thru the infra-red binoculars.

Then I saw them . . . three shadowy figures loping along the road in tandem, baskets suspended on poles hanging from their shoulders.

The sandbag to my left seemed to explode with the sound of an ax hitting a tree trunk. Major Fielding ducked to the right, yelling, "Fire, dammit!"

My fingers seemed to respond of themselves, yanking back the trigger, eyes blinking. The weapon vibrating violently in my hands emitted a flickering light, accompanied by a staccato, ear-deafening, rattling chatter. I felt as if I were watching a dream in slow motion. The black-clad figures seemed to rise slightly in the air, disintegrating as they were pushed backward by an invisible hand, bits of cloth, hair, gristle, bone and blood spurting away, never to come together again. As the bodies fell, the wet mud splashed over them, mercifully covering what was left.

Silence.

We kept staring outward, waiting, ears ringing, palms wet. The major and I looked at each other, his automatic unfired in his hand. My heart thudded furiously in my chest.

"Do you think there's more of them, sir?"

"No, these were terrorists. The Cong would normally attack after a mortar barrage."

Flares opened the darkness, sirens began their incessant braying. Above came the rap-rap-rap of the night-watch Huey, its searchlight seeking over the trees, the sand, the sea. The field phone set up the usual quavering whistle, and I reached out a numb hand.

"Bunker Six. Private Gardner here, sir."

"Hey Gardner!" It was Joe at the orderly room.

"What's going on out there?"

The major grabbed the phone, and using his chin as a pointer, motioned me back to the machine gun.

"Major Fielding is here. Tell Captain White to initiate Plan A."

Over Fielding's shoulder I could see the confused faces of my buddies, violently awakened from their off-duty sleep. I knew that I would have a story to tell them later on.

ODE TO THE PENTAGON

*One hundred lives a week.
Magic figure,
Hellish curse.*

*One hundred lives a week.
Seldom better,
Often worse.*

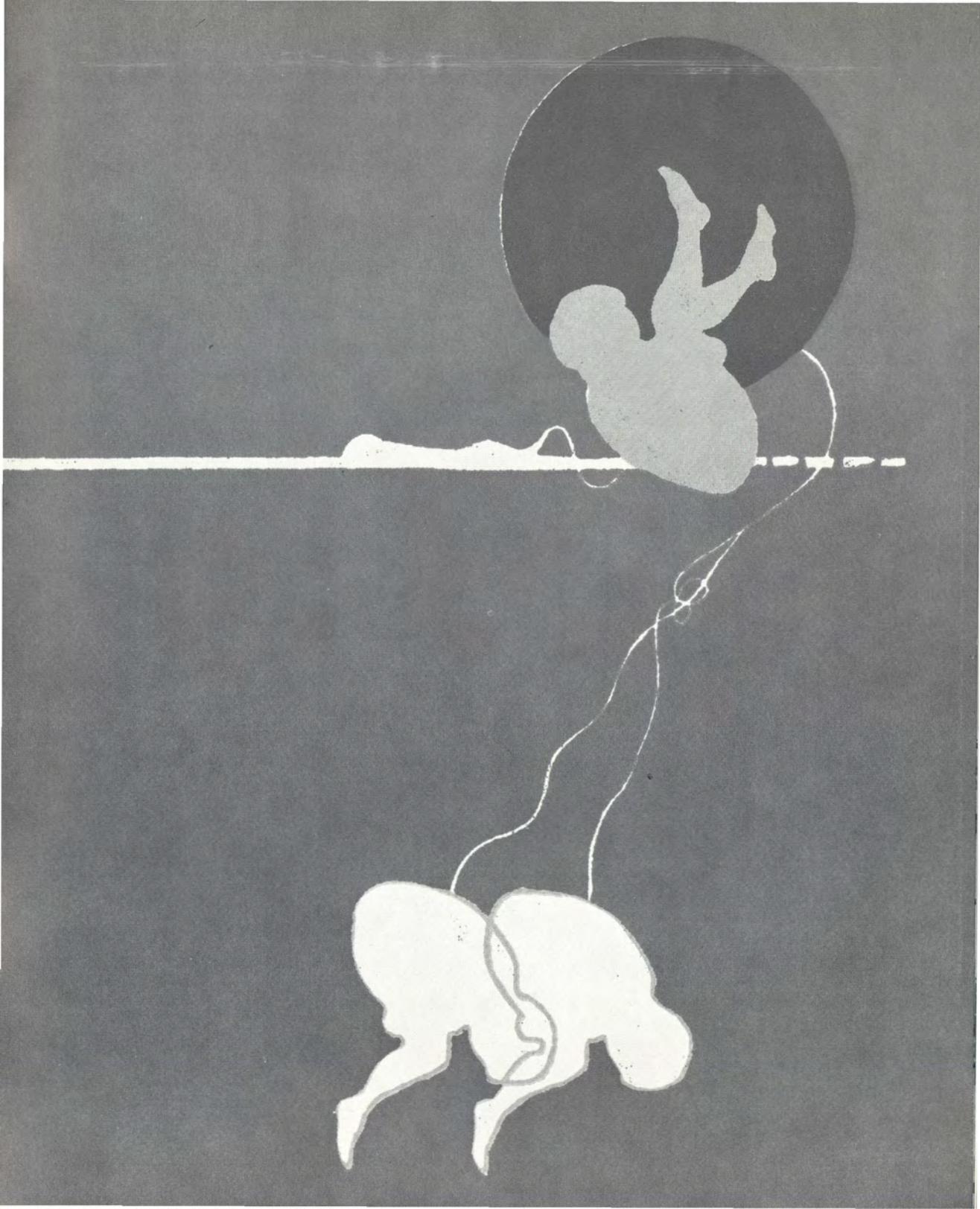
*“More people die than that driving in their cars”
(O, yes, that makes it good)
“Why, heart disease kills more than that.”
(Of course, how stupid, I knew it would.)*

*“A war that kills no more than that
Hardly deserves the name.
A level of death that is so low
Is nothing but a game.”*

*You may be wrong,
You may be right
But, can you tell me why
That in this nameless little war
Even one must die?*

*“But only one hundred lives a week,
How, can you complain?”
It’s easy, friend, so easy when
The bullet’s in your brain*

—Ron Spitzer





THE MOON

*The refugee of
the dark runs lightly in the
day, or not at all.*

—Cynthia Norris



THE "SILENT MAJORITY"

*I know you.
You were in the crowd at Calvary.
You said (to yourselves),
"if he didn't like it here,
He could have gone to Samaria."*

*You were there in Berlin when
Adolph solved the "Jewish Problem."
You said,
"What could I do?
They brought it on themselves."*



*In Moscow, in '36
when Stalin had his way,
You said,
"Those trouble makers should have learned
to live within the system."*

*Oh yes, I know you quite well.
You stood by in East Berlin and
Hungary and Prague.
You were present at every turning point in history
And did nothing.*

What are you here for now?

—Ron Spitzer





From my place by Rosa A. Biletta

It is heavy the soil that bares the name of home; I am part of it. I have seen the children run and play amid the thin newly born grass, and I have heard the many questions asked of yesterday, when I was gone. It is not sad the silence that keeps me awake at night, for thoughts keep me company even when the wind blows the terrified branches of the high cypress: for thoughts are by me when the dying sun stains of thousands reds the tired sky. Above me, empty air scratched by flights of birds and insects. Under me, the humid turf moving slowly, with the erosive motion of constant decay. I see the world turn, turn in the infinite. My home is there, where the herbs reach for the high clouds. The roofs that shelter the remaining of happy days are thickened with beloved memories, and as I see my dear ones, I feel the days go by.

My little man does not play as he used to, when the waters of the creek seemed crystal-powder. He works, my little man, despite his years.

A blonde cascade of soft hair bounces in the wind, there she is, my last breath. She runs from place to place, to please her Dad who she feels is lonesome. "Dad paints, he has imprisoned Mom's beauty within the canvas, and he lives to paint his memories . . .", she thinks. My little angel turns her face to my heap of soil before she rests at night, she prays for Tommy, she prays for Dad, she calls me home. But I cannot undo what fate has built for me, and I see no returns nor futures. They preach of faults and prices one must pay, and I see that this confinement brings me uncomfot, but no hope. I cannot protect or aid my threemost loved ones, for I am no more.

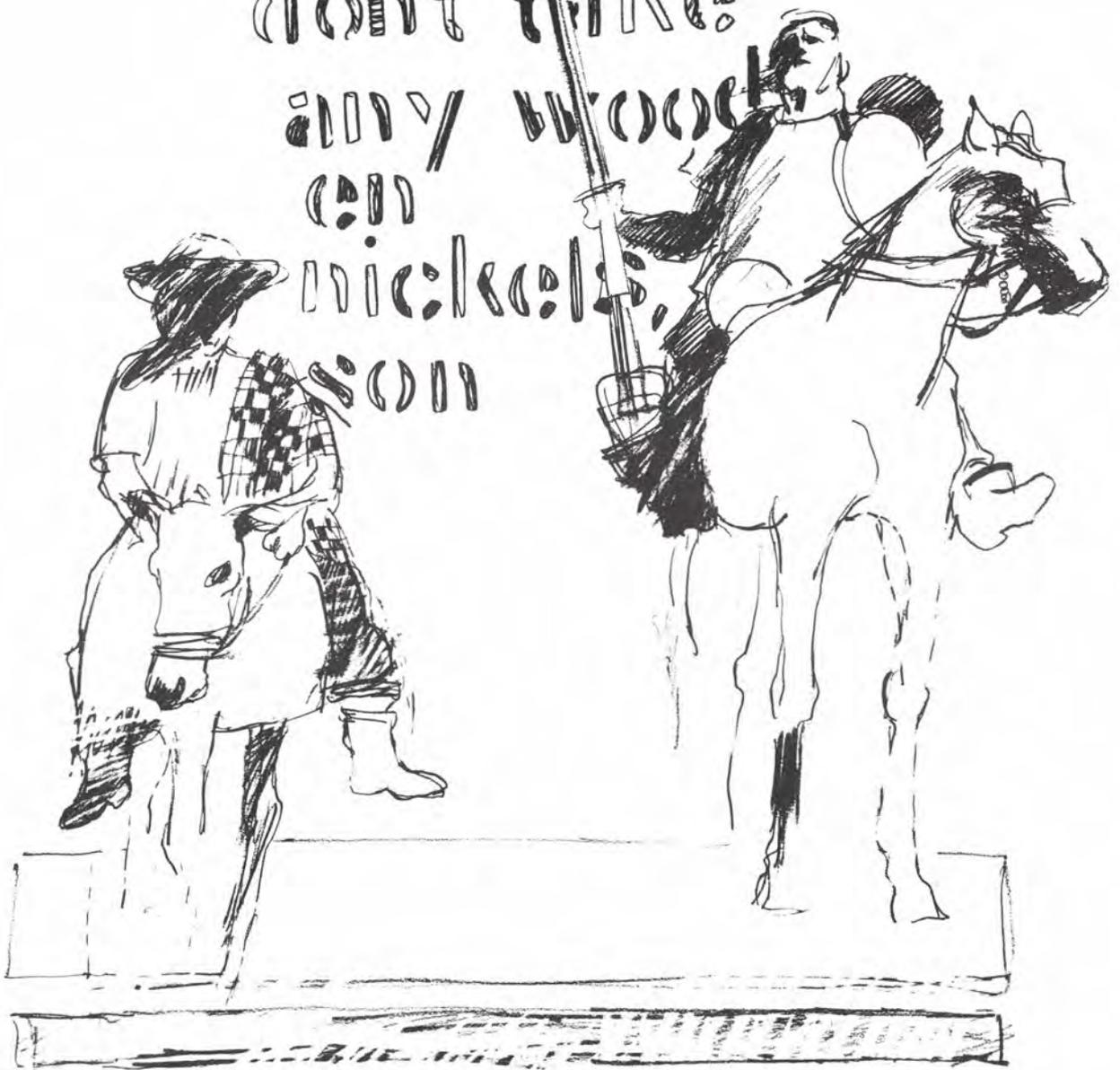
John comes when the morning is still low, when the dew covers the empty path of Honeyfarm. He stands at my side as he did the morning I awoke as his wife, He looks at me but he sees me not, he only feels empty, there are tears on his eyes. He tells me: ". . . You know, Tommy thinks of me worthless, he speaks to me with bitter heart . . . You see, he thinks you have gone for I have done you wrong . . . Have I, dear God, have I sent my life to be buried, my heart to be broken, my mind to be shut? My paints fail me, you liked them so. Our children, our makings of love, are changing . . . Dear God, wish I had been the chosen to leave the harsh life of loneliness . . ." He cries, my John, and I cannot reach for his tears to bless my dusty hands.

Tommy and Lisa come when the day has forced the flowers to open their cluster . . . Tommy says little, Lisa does not know. She stands, my little child, with her hands embarassed by roses. She changes the water of the rusty vase, and she asks no questions of how and why, but, as a real woman, she looks into the sky and hopes that tomorrow will bring rain for the crops.

I grow no more within this hearth. I have lost my age and I have lost all shape. I see the looks of paternal plaitis; I feel the heat of filial friction; I feel the loneliness of my Lisa's heart. Help they need, and I can give none. Their minds keep me as their loves have created me. They add no years, they see no wrinkles. They hope for me, they hope by me.

I am part of a burnt soil that the wind carries on its perpetual run. I see the sun, the sky, my home, and I see today on all my tomorrows . . ."

Lesson 1:
don't take
any wood
on
nickels,
son



UNITED POEM

UNTITLED

*before the only triumph occurred
we were there.
before the flint was struck from the rock
I released my seed to you
and we were set free
to haunt the underbrush of brown trees
and graze upon the forest leaves to splash
through the Garden pool
and run the high grass naked
to marshall our laughing beasts
in a procession of delight as all the day long
we slept and our bodies rested.
you were not you
nor I me,
and we clawed each others blood
in a sweet passion not knowing
we were not sent and never made
we were. Until from the lispng mouth
of the black smooth vine
we were spitted from our paradise
and swarmed from the water.
then our blood boiled
as we learned to hate;
we knew the gift had been bestowed
and wept and gnashed our teeth
in full moon praise.*

*a few years and many days later
we assemble now on the shore
and though you tremble
and think to wait the time,
is coming we're going
and If I should watch the flat pools
of your eyes until a scurrying intent
chokes deep within your mind,
I would take you anyway.
and though my heart beats against you
nor do I choose
wego.*



*to sail back East
and I shall wear my yellow raincoat,
I shall be the beaked prow leaning out,
my oil cap in rough weather
crowned by twelve stars.
and you shall look across
from above the tangled roping,
your breasts exposed to calm the night,
lending their sleek milk to moonlight
and we shall sail,
me leaning out
pulling the ship through darkness with my mind
like a child trundling his toy behind
on a string.
and you looking out
will guide the ship by the blunt edge
of your hand cocked over your brow . . .
and we shall sail,
somehow over the green waters,
to the beginning again
to be sucked through the whirling matrix
into the twisting Eye
and there our ship will be rebroken
and you reborn.
we shall remember
we are struck from the same rock
and the darkness chilling through the
still dawn shall whisper forever.*

—Richard Robey







"Toast

I can't get warm. I wish . . . I don't want nothing to eat and I don't want nobody to talk to me. I just wish everybody would leave me alone. If only . . .

The other night I threw up, and she got in bed with me. She was so warm and she hugged me—she was so nice and warm. Mommies are always nice and warm.

In the morning she made tea for me. She made toast too. Toast like I like it—with gobs and gobs of butter to the edges. She said she'd stay home from work—she'd stay with me. She got in bed with me and read *The Elephant That Laid an Egg*. My best story. I showed her the pictures I like best. When I showed her my very best picture, she crossed her eyes—just like the elephant in the picture. She can cross her eyes real good. She laughed and laughed and tickled me.

She kissed me and hugged me and went to work, and she didn't come home. She's never coming home. I want her to come home!

That night the phone rang and Daddy looked scared and said Mommy was hurt—at the hospital. The neighbors stayed with Margie and me and Daddy didn't come home for a long, long time. The minister came home with him and they told us Mommy was dead. She wasn't coming home any more and I didn't believe them. Margie and Daddy cried and I cried but I didn't believe she was not coming home.

Why would a man shoot her? What did she do wrong? Daddys says she didn't do nothing wrong—the man was a robber and he shot her because she screamed. He just shot her? A robber could shoot my Daddy too . . . he could shoot me!



by Alice Umbach

with butter to the edges”

This morning we went to the funeral home and there was lots of people and millions of flowers and everyone was crying. The lid was closed on the box and somebody put flowers on top and I couldn't see her any more.

The minister read and read, and Daddy squeezed me so hard I could hardly breathe. He shook when he cried—I couldn't cry any more. He hugged me too tight and it scared me to see Daddy crying and crying. He got down on his knees and squeezed me and he cried and I just wanted him to stop crying.

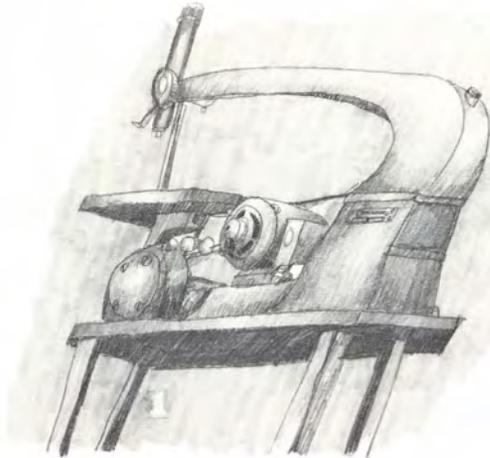
When we went to the cemetery there were a million cars following us. They all had their lights on and when we went around a corner and up a hill, I could look back and see all the cars following us. Margie counted

them and she said there were fifty-six. They all followed us right in the cemetery, and all the people got out, but we waited in the car while they carried the box into the tent and Daddy squeezed me and cried. Then Grandpa said for us to get out, but I didn't want to, but they made me get out—I wanted to stay in the car.

The minister prayed and said we'd see her again. When? I want to see her now. Everything was gray out there, and I wanted to get away from there. Daddy stayed in the tent by himself for a long time.

It was so cold. I wanted to come home. I wanted to come home to —. I think I'm going to throw up, and I'm so cold in this bed. I guess I don't want no more toast. I don't want nothing.





Jim Lyon



The background features a complex abstract design composed of various geometric shapes. A large, solid yellow rectangle occupies the upper-left portion of the page. The rest of the page is filled with overlapping shapes in different shades of green, including triangles, squares, and circles. The overall aesthetic is modern and graphic.

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