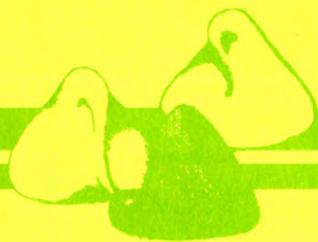


Point of View



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Cover Design and Magazine Layout By Lynette Franz	
Do You Beat Your Child With Your Tongue? By Carol Rusch	2
First Woman Anonymous	3
Charcoal Drawing By Tom Sorensen	3
Charcoal Drawing By Tom Sorensen	3
Reflections By Christopher J. Smith	4
Pen and Ink Drawing By Bev Graves	6
The Stranger You Passed On the Street Today By Diane O'Dea	7
Etching By Laurie Peterson	7
Lithograph By Carolyn Grazinkas	7
Writer's Cramp By Rich Giovanoni	7
If I Live By Mary Lou Ghannam	8
Lithograph By Laurie Peterson	8
Heather By Helen Dieringer	9
Lithograph By Rhonda Banett	9
The Requited Lover By Don Bimmerle	10
Lithograph By Sue Cadkin	10
Lithograph By Debie Parotto	11
Drypoint By Dietmar Spiess	11
Pen and Ink Drawing By Marlene Hunt	11
Prejudice, Perpetuated, Continued, & . . . By Carolyn Gorr	12
49c By Meg Thibauden	12
Etching By Lynette Franz	12
Our Fairy Tale World By M. Bartsch	13
My Back Pages By Scott Elliot	13
Etching By Lynette Franz	14
Control By Bob Putman	15



Do You Beat Your Child With Your Tongue?

Carol Rusch

Much to-do has been made over the question of child abuse. During the past few months city officials have been openly confronted with the problem of physical child abuse because of the widespread publicity on the death of little Johnny Lindquist. Johnny, a six year old boy, was brutally beaten into unconsciousness by his father and as a result of the beating he died two months later. This and other forms of physical violence and aggression toward children are inexcusable and intolerable. However, there is another aspect of child abuse that virtually goes unnoticed. The aspect I am referring to is the psychological abuse that results from the way adults orally communicate with children. The effects of physical abuse are obvious. The effects of psychological abuse, although not as readily apparent, are equally as devastating.

As a parent, I am guilty of not spending nearly enough time talking "with" my children. As I find myself talking to them, at them, or around them, I always try to keep in mind that they are human beings with the same basic feelings and emotions as I have. In many cases, the average child has not yet built walls around his feelings, and because of this his feelings are apt to be hurt more easily. Many times I have heard a parent or other adult

belittle a child for a wrongdoing. Suddenly the act the child has committed becomes irrelevant and the personal attack on him takes on the appearance of a guerrilla army out to exterminate a pesty ant. "Tommy, if you don't stop chomping when you eat, I'll put you in a pigpen. Just look at you. Your hair is much too long. Tomorrow you are going to the barber," says mother. Needless to say, the barber won't help Tommy with his table manners and the attack served no other purpose than to humiliate Tommy in the presence of others and to distort his perception of himself. In her anger, mother didn't stop to think about what she was saying. As one man put it so uneuphemistically, "Too many adults have constipation of thought and diarrhea of the mouth."

Just as a child experiences love and hate, he also experiences embarrassment and humiliation, shame and guilt. When a parent consistently tongue lashes a child, the child begins having difficulty discriminating between his parent's general attitude toward him as an individual and the attitude toward his specific behavior or act. Thus, if Tommy is time and again told he is a pig, he may eventually become to think of himself as sloppy or dirty. If belittling him does alter his self image, negative behavior and

aggression become evident in the forms of vandalism, delinquency, and juvenile crime. No child becomes delinquent overnight, but consistent ridicule certainly hastens the transition.

As you can see, the results of psychological child abuse are as senseless and equally as destructive to the child.

Criticism should be constructive, not destructive. As the Chinese have said, "Just as a sharp knife cuts without drawing blood, so does the tongue."

First Woman

Anonymous

In the Beginning there was Woman, and She said,
I shall create a world of beauty and plenty, and
people it with women after My own image, and no
men shall be allowed.

So her Mother took her down to Sears and bought
her a Build Your Own Universe kit, catalogue
#U235*896AB8.



Tom Sorensen

Tom Sorensen



Reflections

Christopher J. Smith

At one time the Grove was a mansion of great proportions, immaculate inside and out with well-kept grounds. But over the last few decades it has deteriorated so that the outer walls exist only to reminisce about what was once the ideal home of an upper class family. The lawns are covered with knee-high grass and fallen trees. The quarter mile driveway is all but impassable for pot-holes. What was once a magnificent and inspiring tree is now a worm-eaten log. Its beauty may be remembered by some, but its present condition is a picture of time in its most destructive character.

The great main door is now supported by one surviving rusted hinge. The inside is like the vast space within some hollow mountain. The hall and the thirty rooms are empty. There is no distraction from the void. The house is like a deserted warehouse, immense and silent and lonely.

One room, however, is still part of the world. It is the library where the parties are held and where the local musicians come to display their electrified talents. The walls are covered by bookshelves which in more prosperous times contained the world's greatest literary masterpieces. These are now the cemetery for innumerable gadgets, tools, and modern relics of a society based on replaceability and dispos-

ability. They are the resting place for the cats, and the showplace for bizarre objects collected in junkyards. Two walls of the four are comparatively naked. One of these is a twenty foot length of windows which at night (It is always night) become a mass of black tinted mirrors. Beyond are the invisible remains of the garden, but this is a matter no longer of consequence. The other wall is the one which contains the fireplace upon whose massive mantel stands the corpse of a clock. The fire is always blazing, casting grim shadows and weird lights on the room. The windows for all practical purposes do not reflect these lights. Above the mantel is one of the more peculiar denizens of the Grove. It is the pair of out-stretched arms which protrude from the wall. What makes this interesting is that the arms appear to be a part of the original design of the room. No one questions them any more. They have become accepted in the spirit of the house.

It was midnight (it is always midnight) when I entered the room. The fire greeted me proudly, announcing that it was a product of the oxidation of wood rather than the inhuman gas which is now so popular in such homes. I was alone—free. Whatever I would do would be of no consequence

to anyone else. I could do anything. I did nothing. The cat awoke as I sat on the floor (there were no chairs). He looked upon me as an intruder, but one who could be overlooked. Soon enough he resumed his sleep. Typical cat reaction. The fire crackled and sent sparks up the chimney. I glanced only once at the windows, but not long enough to really see them. Time passed. It was midnight. Nothing moved. For a moment I wished I had a book, but realized that it would be blasphemy in this room. I sat thinking of how the earth was spinning around and making time inevitable. But it was still midnight. It was still now. All else was nonexistent. I need not concern myself with illusions which were not within my perception. I was content to deal with those at hand. The door opened. Bernie stumbled over imaginary furniture in his usual manner. He greeted the cat with an oath and sat down facing me. I was afraid he'd ask me what time it was. He lit a reefer and began to smoke.

"Do this in memory of me," I said. He smiled, then coughed a laugh.

"You're a swine," was his reply. His English accent was quite forced but nonetheless fitting.

"You're the first," I said as I refused a hit of the reefer.

"You'll never learn, will you?"

"What's this!" I cried, "Peer group pressure?"

We laughed. He told me the others would be along shortly. This phrase amused me. I questioned him: "Just how is it possible that they could be a long shortly—or did you say a short longly?"

"Puns are out this year."

"I keep trying."

"They're bringing a sax player this time—he's supposed to be a bitch."

"Like the drummer?"

"I was drunk—I thought he was a drummer."

"This conversation's becoming a bit too superficial for a story. I'm in a profound mood. Hey, I found out where you can get Coors in Chicago—"

"Bullshit."

"No really, there's this liquor store on Milwaukee around Jefferson Park."

"Hmm."

The van and two cars arrived. We knew this by sound rather than sight.

"Well," I said, "Here it goes again."

"Gloomy bastard."

They brought in the drums, amplifiers, p.a. columns, guitars and other implements of the musical world. A new piece of equipment showed up: a three hundred watt Marshall amp with two bottoms. The session was going to be violent. Introductions were made where necessary and the preliminaries began. A pipe, a case of Bullfrog beer, and

various chemicals in little bags. The new sax player offered me a joint.

"No thanks—makes me paranoid."

He gave me a look of distrust, but Bernie came to my defense. "He's cool. He's a beer man. It's cool."

I felt slightly nauseated as I opened a can. I wondered if the beer was really made from bullfrogs. By this time the organ had clumsily made its way into the room. Another cigarette. There were only three more in the pack. I wondered what my lungs looked like. I presided over the tuning ceremony. Fifteen minutes later (at midnight) everything was ready. Bass, two guitars, sax, drums, and my organ were all prepared. I dedicated the jam.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if the women don't kill you, the whisky must." One, two, three . . . Noise. The cat became upset and left the room. I envied his good taste. The music went on and on, everyone having his solo, cheap thrills. Then it stopped. The sax player wasn't too bad. In between songs he disappeared. He returned with a bewildered smile on his face. And, I assumed, a hole in his arm. We started again, but louder than before. The walls began to shake. I got up and, with the excuse of a weak bladder, left the room. I found

the cat by the door and escorted him into the forest. He soon took off on some catly errand and I found myself alone. The music was forcing its way out through the pores of the house. Realizing there was no escape, I returned and looked in the window. It was now a television. They couldn't see me, but I could watch them as long as I liked. I sat down.

There was an old man lying on a cot with his arms folded across his chest. His face was covered with miniature canals. He was smiling. Somewhere a young girl was giving birth to a baby. This was of no concern to the old man. The band was becoming louder. It seemed the glass would shatter. Slowly, the old man got up, walked to the sink and stood there gazing into the mirror. The baby screamed. The bass guitar was out of tune, but there was so much distortion that no one noticed. I began to think about the concept of being suspended in time. It was midnight. The baby was now entering junior high school. He was twelve years old. He had a profound love for the Beatles. I realized that all events are suspended in parallel planes of time. The bass was in bad need of re-tuning. The old man knew he was dying. It was unavoidable. He had only seen one person die in his life, and became afraid at the idea. The twelve year old was at his

piano lesson. He played a song called "Swans on the Lake" and then "The Triad Waltz." The old man looked down at his arthritic hands and wished there was someone he could talk to. The young boy was at a party. Someone was offering him a marijuana cigarette. The sax player realized that Bernie's bass was out of tune.

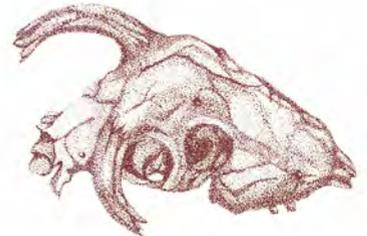
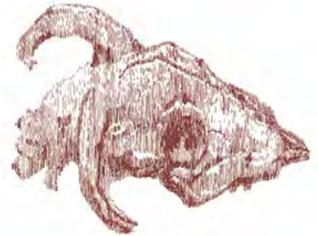
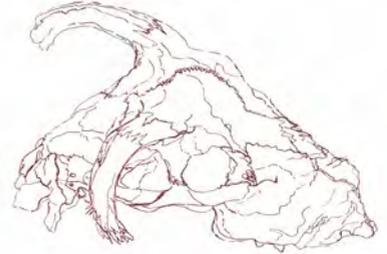
"How horrible it is to die," sighed the old man. He remembered the dead man in his past. He wanted to say something to him. The boy was graduating from high school and going to work. The music stopped. The old man thought of the gun. He saw the murder committed in his memory and wished there had been something he could have done. The boy was now in college. He was a good organist and played frequently at an old mansion called the Grove. There was fighting inside the house. The sax player was freaking out about the bass being out of tune. The old man could see the fight. If only—The boy was walking out to the forest with the cat because the music was too loud. The old man's face grew distorted as he recalled the sound of the gun. Chaos. A shot was fired.

"My God! Bernie!" cried the old man.

There was such great confusion in the house that nobody seemed to know what was happening. I jumped up and

ran to the window. Bernie was lying on the floor curled up with his hand over his face. The boy was looking through the window. His best friend had just been shot. The old man sat down on the cot shaking.

I called for an ambulance even though I knew it was too late. It was midnight. The library was now empty. The fire greeted me as I entered the room. I sat on the floor. I was alone—free. I could do whatever I wanted. I did nothing. Somewhere a young girl was giving birth to a baby. Somewhere an old man was dying. The cat looked upon me as an intruder. I stood up and stared at the reflection of the outstretched arms in the window. Then at myself.

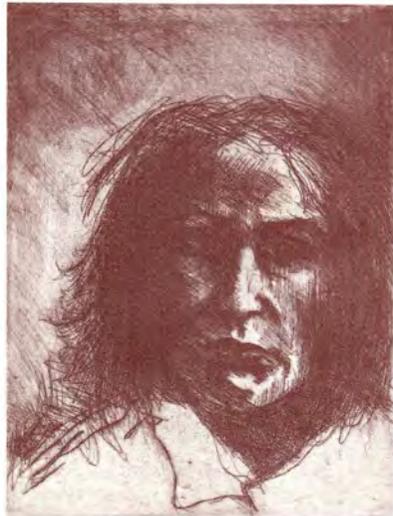


The Stranger You Passed on the Street Today

Diane O'Dea

Like a knife
his tear cut his face
a smooth pane of glass
now broken.
The feelings,
icicles inside
jagged points piercing
his mind.
"At last!"
they cried, "We are you.
What more do you need?
Do you need?"
Among spikes
spongy brain shuddered
quivered and pulsated
oozed together and bubbled.
Thoughts spluttered and
splashed;
waves of grey flames; lapping,
licking, thirsty cannibal,
devoured the spikes.
They drained down his
thoughts
and his world shook
with his scream.

Laurie Peterson



Carolyn Grazinskas



Writer's Cramp

Rich Giovanoni

Why waste your time writing a poem?
It doesn't say nothing that needs to be told.
You'd be better off sleeping or picking your nos
Than trying to write a good piece of prose.
If writing's an art, then I'm glad I'm a clod
'Cause Shakespeare leaves me as cold as a coc
Don't want to be famous or covered with glory
So I ain't gonna write any goddam short story.

If I Live

Mary Lou Ghannam

Laurie Peterson

Everybody called my grandmother Busia—the Polish word for grandmother. Her name was Mary, but she was Busia to our neighbors, our landlady, and even the laundryman. It was as if she were grandmother to the world. Everyone loved Busia, especially the kids. She had a knack of making even the youngest know that he was extra-special to her. Busia never lost her peasant philosophy of valuing children as the wealth of a family.

A study of contradictions, she was imp and angel, bawdy and prudish in turn, intelligent though illiterate. She didn't waste anything, whether it be chicken parts or happiness. Her life's experience taught her to accept adversity as the norm, so when good fortune made its transient appearance she'd say, "God bless," and get the most out of it.

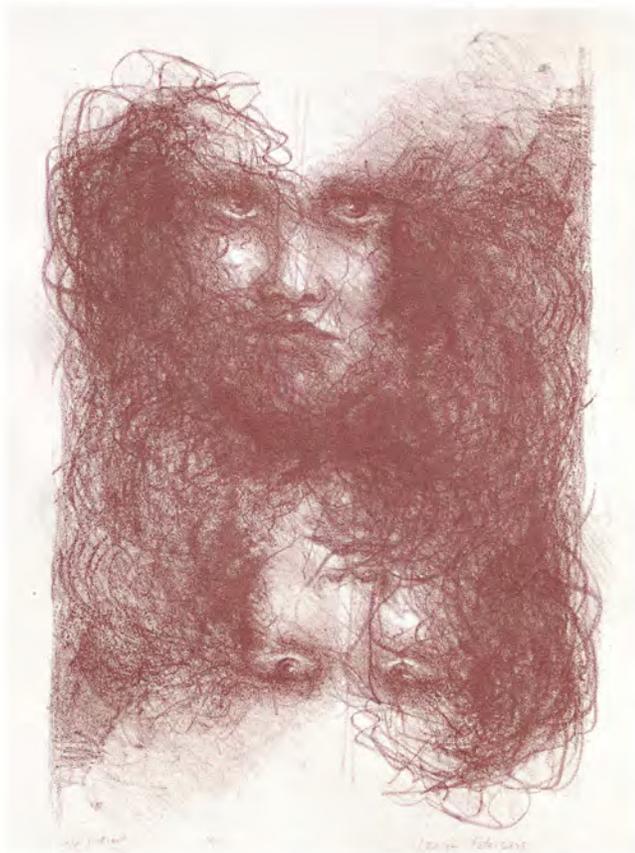
I can see her now in that old third-floor walk-up apartment we shared; my mother, we children, and Busia. Always Busia. Busia walking from the sink to the stove; Busia making her famous Polish bread, measuring the flour and sugar with her hand; Busia always there when we needed her, and it seems we needed her all the time. She was a whole family's security blanket, our resident fairy godmother.

In those precious days we didn't have to wait for Monday nights for our "Laugh-in." Busia provided that any day of the week. Her advice, in broken English, on how to handle an errant husband was basic: "Take 'um pot, hit 'um head." When a girlfriend of mine confided to my grandmother that she was 1/32nd American Indian, Busia forever after referred to her as "the Indian."

Busia loved to travel and was

always making plans. She'd say: "Next winter, if I live, I'll go to California to see Judy," or "Next spring, if I live, I'll plant some pretty flowers in your garden." "If I live"—when talking of the future, she'd always add, "if I live."

We'd all laugh at her. If she lived, indeed! Busia would always be here. She was as much a fixture of life as the earth we walked on, the air we breathed, the sun in the sky. Busia was immortal, naturally!



Heather

Helen Dieringer

Poodle-framed sun glasses,
chic
On cherub child howling . . .
gram
Maw, wanna cookie. Fix sash
Hanging down. Where's the
gum, baah!
Devourer of silent
Peace, chafing breathless,
hear her
I doan wanna . . . yee . . .
it hurts
Kiss owie, gram maw, nice,
mine.
Ah sanity . . . a card game
To trump the ace of confusion.
I wanna play too. Gimme
Card. My turn, pease, gimme,
pease.
Bro my broom up—yee . . .
gram maw,
See cah, cah wannut run, cah.
Pri tee, gum, that's good,
that's, aw
Gimme coke, pease, coke
pease, ah.
Name Heather age three.
Future
Miss World, present to me,
Gram maw, Helen, sixty-three
Hang in there world.

Rhonda Banett



One morning, two days after Mother's Day, the phone rang. Busia was dead. The sun was shining, the mailman was delivering the mail, my tulips were coming up. It was all wrong! Why wasn't the earth shaking? "This can't be just another beautiful day," I thought, "my Busia is dead! Tulips, how dare you bloom when Busia can't see you?" I watched the children skipping along to school, and shook with rage at the sight of them laughing and playing as if it were the same world it was the day before. I wanted everyone to mourn Busia. It wasn't right that it should be just another day.

The past mentally reclaimed me. I was a child again and wanted my Busia. I could feel her holding me in the rocking chair, singing a Polish lullaby. I could see her dusting the furniture. She wasn't in that coffin. All this couldn't be real.

And yet amidst the delirium it occurred to me that the manner and timing of her death was of divine inspiration, rekindling my long forgotten belief in a just God who now blessed her in death as he blessed all who knew her in life. Busia had died peacefully in her sleep with a rosary clutched in her hand and a look of satisfaction on her face. A job well done?

We cried, though not for her. She had the love and well-earned respect of her family

and friends. Had she lived ten years longer, she couldn't have been more assured. How many have that special reward? We cried for ourselves, selfishly thinking that she no longer would be there. Now, finally we had to grow up. No more would she provide that haven where, whenever the pressures became too great, we could escape into childhood again.

"If I live," she'd always say. A week later I was grating potatoes for potato pancakes and noticed the angle of my arm. It might have been hers. Suddenly she was there with me. The pancakes even tasted as if she had made them. At night I open a jar of cold cream and the scent conjures up countless memories of her. I catch myself, oh how often, saying an expressive Polish word she used.

Busia, did you say, "If I live"? If there is a heaven (as you stubbornly insisted) you're up there laughing at us for

believing that spectacular joke you pulled off. You know you're living through all of us, through all the love you taught us to share. Who could stay sad thinking of you? We recall some poignantly cute thing you'd say or do and laugh out loud.

"If I live," indeed! What a silly thing to say, Busia, you'll live forever!

The Requited Lover

Don Bimmerle

Desperations spur him on as he
strives to reach his goal.
Left with little love for man,
only bitter feelings grow . . .
Darkness mounts within the
soul.
Searching for another man,
stealthily through the night
he goes,
Unaware he's being watched;
unaware his quarry knows
And hides in shadows from the
blow!
The jealous quarrel scarred the
hunter; spiteful vengeance
could not wait.
The lady and her lover new,
they had cast this pitied fate
And left him filled with only
hate.
The moment fast approaches
now, confrontation near to
them.

Sue Cadkin

The hunted breathes a single
sigh; wishes lighting not so
dim,
Wishes killing not so grim . . .
The hunter passes quietly,
seeking only his just due.
The hunted springs from hiding
place and thrusts knife into
His neck . . . spurts crimson
hue . . .
Hunter's dying on the spot,
wishing that he hadn't found
The trap; the pain when steel
came down that served to
silence every sound.
Revenge had plunged him to
the ground.
But cackling marks his end to
life. The hunted's vict'ry turns
to fright.
Behind him stands the lady
dear, the cackler to her
right . . .

He's the killer of the night!
His gun is drawn, a shot is
fired . . . the hunted now lies
still.
Laughing was the husband
true when he spat upon his
kill . . .
Seemed to have some mad
urge filled!
With eyes shot blood he turns
to her, as frozen as she was
in fear!
Her death was next—she
cringed at thought.
Instead he begged while
drawing near,
"Arrange another, could you
dear?"



Debie Parotto



Marlene Hunt



Dietmar Spiess



Prejudice, Perpetuated, Continued &

Carolyn Gorr

Toward mathematics I have no inclination,
My head suffers defacto, numerical starvation.
My brain, unbiased by indoctrination,
Can't cope with an algebra examination.
Bigoted, me?
Intolerant, sí!
I'm saturated with mathematical discrimination.

Lynette Franz

49c

Meg Thibaudeau

we bought
goodwill umbrellas
i wanted'
old red with thick
plastic handle
"no this one's fine,"
i lied
blue plaid pink detoured
a year of raindrops
and was a parasol
for a halloween clown
then yesterday
rain kept a lady
on church steps
handing her
blue plaid pink
i yelled
"keep it"
knowing this one's fine



Our Fairy Tale World

M. Bartsch

He's only 9 months old,
he giggles and gurgles
People smile, care, love a lot
and start to build the mind within.
He's two years now, the terrible twos
He walks, He talks, He touches
He questions.
And little does he know of sadness and pain.
Today he is four, He can count to twenty, sometimes
He lives in a world of Mouse Factory,
Fisher Price toys and fairy tales.
Slowly but surely he will finally grow up.
But in between he will sadly learn that the biggest
fairy tale of all
is what he was told
and thought
and felt
this world was.
You see, for some strange reason
He thinks the world is a beautiful
peaceful place to live.
Where people care and love one another.
And for Why? must he cry and be hurt?
When he learns that that world is only a
fantasy, never ever to come true?
For Why can't this earth
start growing up,
open its eyes and see!
The hurt, the pain, the war,
the bloodshed, the filth,
the confusion . . .
all of it is real and must be stopped!
And maybe someday a little boy will
grow up and the fairy tale world will be
his reality.
Please God,
help this world,
for I fear we can't help ourselves.
Dear world,
just cuz we grew up like
that doesn't mean it's right.
So change it!
Maybe people will live.

My Back Pages

Scott Elliott

Waking up in morning
The sun flies in my eyes
Wishing for another time
Perhaps a new disguise
And as I go and give things up
Almost before they start
An endless stream of hopes
and dreams
Goes running through the
pages
Running through the pages
The back pages of my heart.
Waiting, wanting, battleworn
Pen firmly in my hand
I sit and fidget, make a song
About water o'er a dam.
And so I sit here stumbling
Forcing words into a rime,
(believe me!)
An eternal flow of things I know
Goes running through the
pages
Running through the pages
The back pages of my mind.
But yet I sit and scribble
Voice crying for an ear
I stand in the sun impassive
And not yet shed a tear
Legs dangling in the canyon
Lie on a grassy knoll
A ceaseless run of things I've
done
Goes running through the
pages
Running through the pages
The back pages of my soul.

Lynette Franz



Control

Bob Putman

Leigh just didn't seem to be getting anywhere. It was always the same old thing, boredom followed by snacking followed by more boredom. He sat on the bed in his dorm nibbling on a handful of Fritos. The crumbs were falling on his bedspread, which hadn't been washed all semester.

"Who gives a damn?" Leigh spouted to the mirror in a manner accustomed to him. Frankly no one did give a damn. He glanced out the window at a passing chick with obnoxiously large breasts, which made him think of his present ex-girlfriend. "No deposit no return, yes that's it, no deposit no return."

She had been a groupie just like the others; cheeseburgers, clearasil, and big brown machinegun eyes. She loved T-Rex and had a "hubcap diamond-star halo" which sounded nice even though she didn't understand it. She screamed in bed, so she had to go.

"Expendable, recyclable," muttered Leigh with emphasis on the "a bull" part. Boredom. He gave up on his homework and went to bed.

He woke up feeling mean; his first class was history with the old bitch Mrs. Kragg. She always talked in eighth notes, waved her hands around, bumped into empty desks with her Hindenburg body, and repeated the phrase "In this

She was off the subject again. Trivia was her specialty, audio pabulum.

"And Thomas Jefferson collected . . ."

"Who gives a damn, lady," he cut in. The class chorused a hearty laugh and when it subsided she just stood there staring at him red-faced. He had been a little louder than he'd expected.

She cleared her throat and went on. Thomas Jefferson collected large quantities of . . ."

"Brassieres," he suggested. Her eyes lit up, she was steaming and determined to keep going.

"Artwork and sculpture which he kept in his . . ."

"Lower dresser drawer," he continued.

The class roared.

"colonial estate at Monticello. Jefferson was a member of the colonial . . ."

"Mafia," Leigh added. This was too much.

"Aristocracy and was well known for his writing of the . . ."

"Abortion act," he cut in.

"Declaration of Independence and listen young man, you can leave anytime you want." Her voice never changed tone or speed, or even paused. "You're disturbing this class and I'm area." Leigh had made a game out of counting how many times she used the phrase in her lectures; forty-six was the best.

sure there are other students who would like to go over this material."

"Who gives a damn, lady?" The class was going insane—chairs banging, books slamming, and students stomping their feet. She went on.

"In 1796, Jefferson became vice-president to John . . ."

"Wayne"

"Adams. While in office he authored the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions which supported the idea of . . ."

"Prostitution." It wasn't funny anymore; it was becoming a battle and both he and the teacher knew it.

"states rights." She was a little louder this time, like she was talking through her teeth.

"The resolutions were used for Jefferson's platform in the election of 1800; when he and Aaron Burr defeated . . ."

"Lawrence Welk and Kublai Khan." This time it wasn't Leigh; it was from the other side of the room. The teacher looked surprised. Leigh beamed; maybe he had started something.

"Federalists Adams and Pinkney. Since Jefferson and Burr received the same number of votes, the election was thrown into the House of . . ."

"ill repute." This time it was from the middle of the class. He had started something.

"Representatives." She looked worried. Was she big enough to control a class of two hundred and sixty? She'd never

thought about it before. "After Hamilton had dissuaded the Federalists from supporting . . ."

"Flintstone."

"Frank Zappa."

"Gomer Pyle."

The whole class was going, this was great.

"Burr, Jefferson was duly elected . . ."

"Dogcatcher."

"Latrine scrubber."

"President." She was getting it in quicker now. "and was . . ."

"raped."

"embalmed."

"inaugurated on March 4th,

18 . . ."

"12," added Leigh who was packing them in quicker and quicker.

Mrs. Kragg paused temporarily and the class tapped and clicked in four-four time, building to a crescendo followed by laughter and more tapping and clicking. Someone on the left started clapping, which quickly caught on along with the chant, "Go, go, go, go."

Mrs. Kragg was really worried. What could she do? Hopefully it would just die away or else she'd blow up. She tried to go on: "Jefferson's main objectives as president, were to . . ."

"seduce."

"remove some of the so called . . ."

"Dildos."

"aristocratic tendencies in the government, reduce the national . . ."

"income."

"debt and"

"fornicate."

"govern as little as possible."

It was way out of hand. She just didn't seem to be getting anywhere. By now she was practically hiding behind the podium. Why were they doing this? How could she stop them? And if she couldn't, what would it lead to? The class was giving her some answers to her last question. Someone in the back was yelling, "Hang her! hang her," while people on the right side were throwing pennies, shoes, nuts from the desks, pencils—anything they could get their hands on.

"You call yourselves college students?" She was practically in tears.

"Do you call yourself a teacher?" snapped Leigh. He was standing up now, sort of in the spotlight. He stepped out into the aisle and scuffed his way down to the podium.

Raising his hands in the air he gestured to the class.

"Is this a teacher? No really, is this what you want to pay thirty-six bucks a semester hour for?"

Mrs. Kragg was horrified, frozen.

"Look at her, she's an Enormosaurus, an air bag of quivering whale klubber." He gave her a little kick in her overstuffed posterior. He signalled to the class to be silent. Sniff, sniff. "Ah ha," he was sniffing in her direction. I detect a sweet fragrance here." he paused for suspense, "much like my grandmother's sweaty Right-Guard armpits." He was horribly bitter.

She gasped, her eyes as big as her mouth.

"Also notice the way everything is paired, as if in the normal fashion. Two eyes," he pointed to her eyes; "two arms," he pointed to her fatty arms; "two legs," he pointed to her legs, "and two of these." he poked her in the left breast with his index finger. It just sort of sunk in. She swung to slap him but he'd already ducked. He had her pinned up against the blackboard with one hand around her layered throat and one circling menacingly in the air. The class was on the edge of their chairs.

What would he do next? Would he . . . kill her?

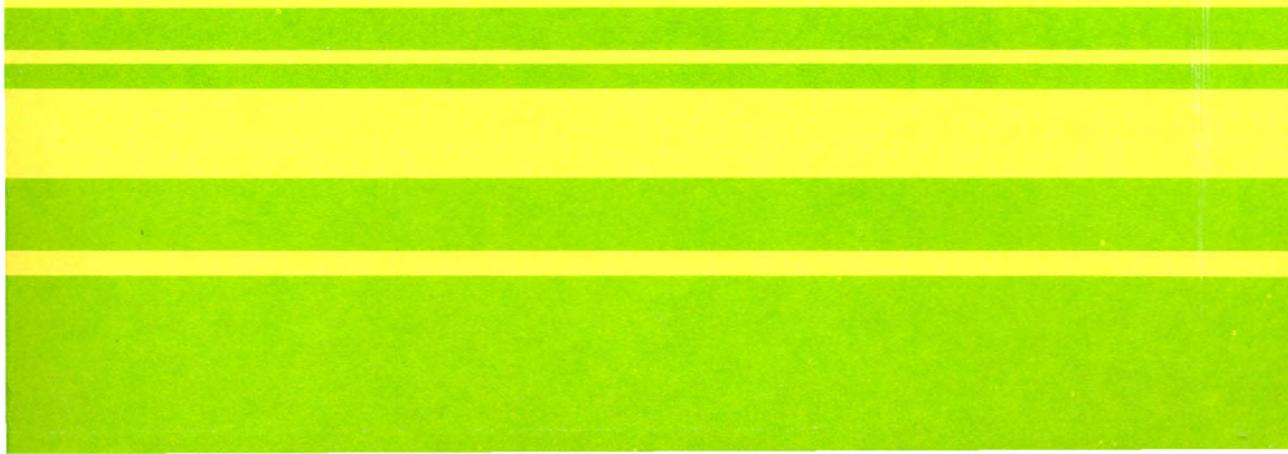
Leigh stared her right in the eye; he had total control: it was his game.

"There's something I always wanted to tell you, teacher dear," he hissed. The other hand was now on his belt buckle.

She was too shocked to breathe, to move, or even to think. Leigh moved in closer, squeezed her neck a little more, and moved his right leg in tightly between hers. He kept staring her right in the eye. "Yeah, that's it, expendable, recyclable," he sneered a vampire's smile. His breaths were shorter and heavier now. Suddenly he jumped back and screamed, reeling wildly, "You bore me to death."

The class applauded and Leigh returned to his seat. The game was over.

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