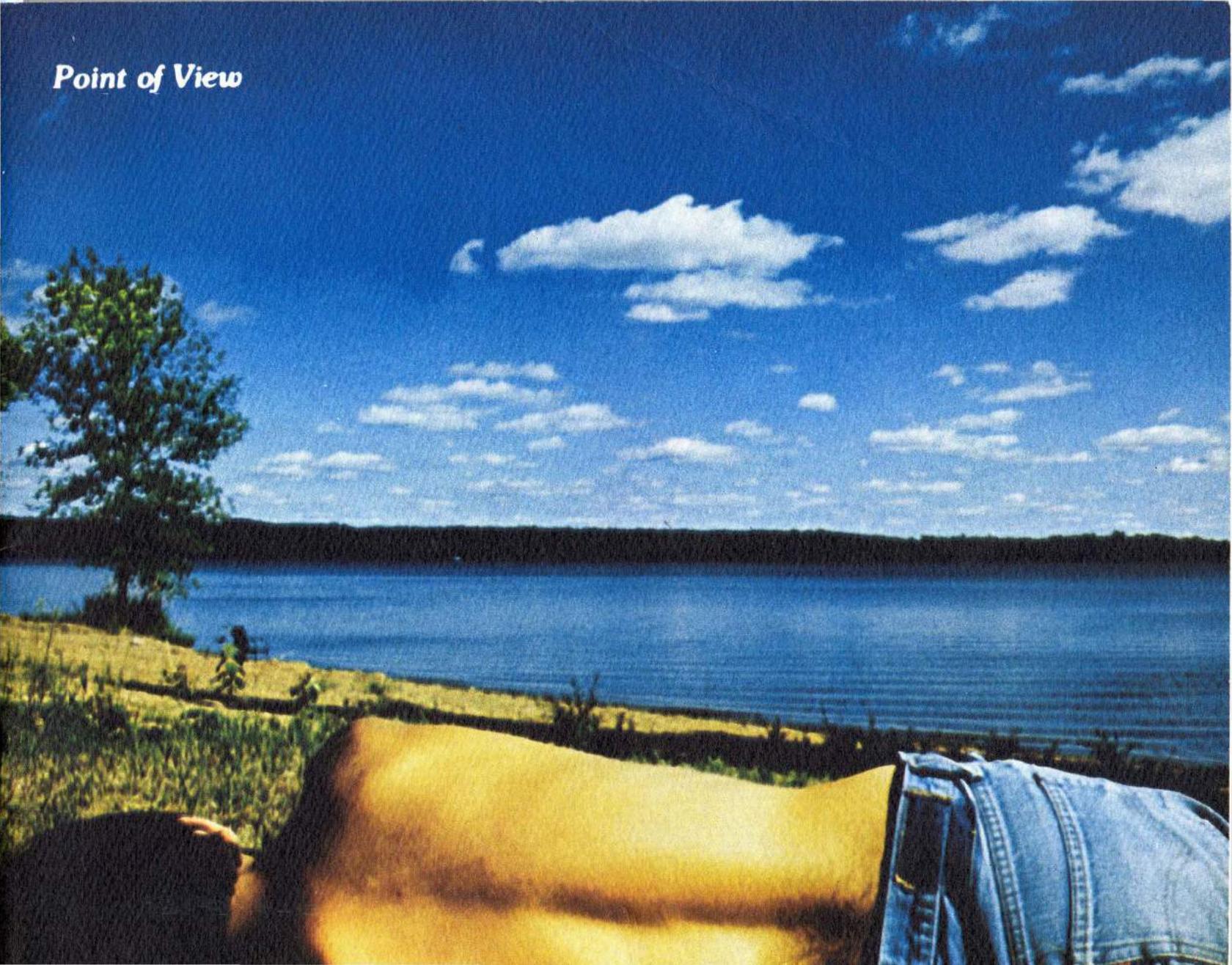


Point of View



Spring 1980

**A magazine devoted to student
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*Point
of
View*

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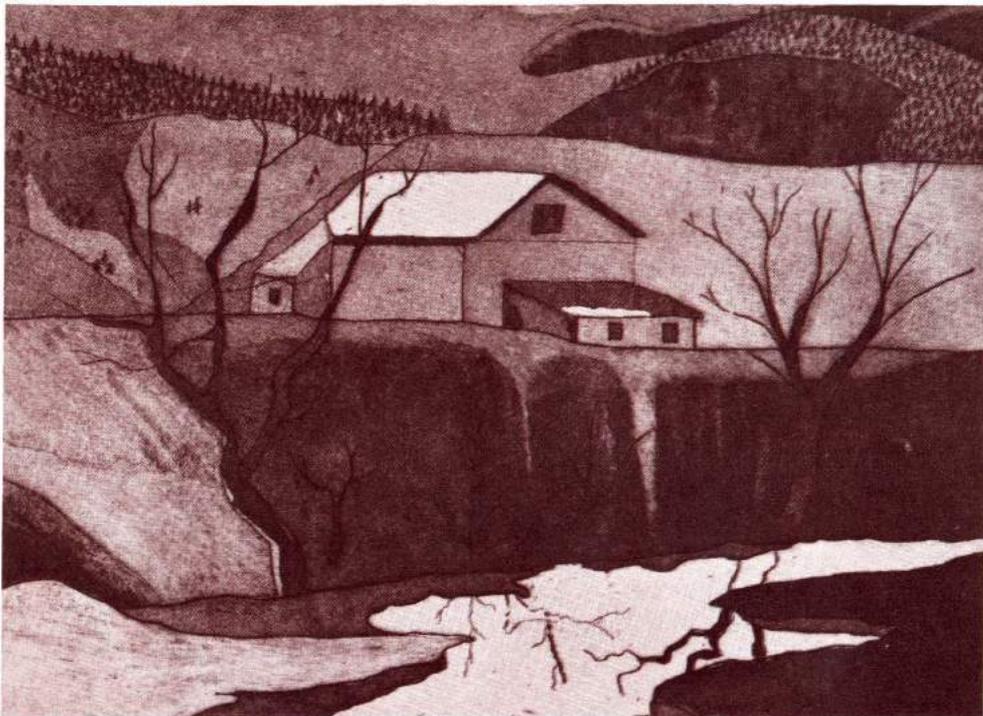
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Landscape

Debbie Ellis

The children of Winter,
Contemptuous of life,
Take the bliss out of living,
And make love a strife.

The children of Spring,
Happy and bold,
Make haste to sing,
And watch life unfold.

The child of Winter,
The child of Spring,
One sings a dirge,
Joy, the other sings.

“The Children of Life”

When I see Winter,
I beg of Thee,
Remind me of the joy,
That life gave to me.

— Kay Hedenberg

The spring is answering its calls
And performing its duties;
Meeting up to expectations
Introduced by basic instincts.

These same trees
Look down impassively —
They have no desires
Beyond their goal;
They touch the sky
From down here.

If I took a polish of leaves
Or a scent of blossoms
And presented them to you
For every summer hour,
For every winter day,
Would you accept them
With a waiting, watchful heart?

The spring days
Are the best days
To think of you,
Your place in my mind
Hasn't been empty
In two winters,
 two springs,
 one fall, one summer.

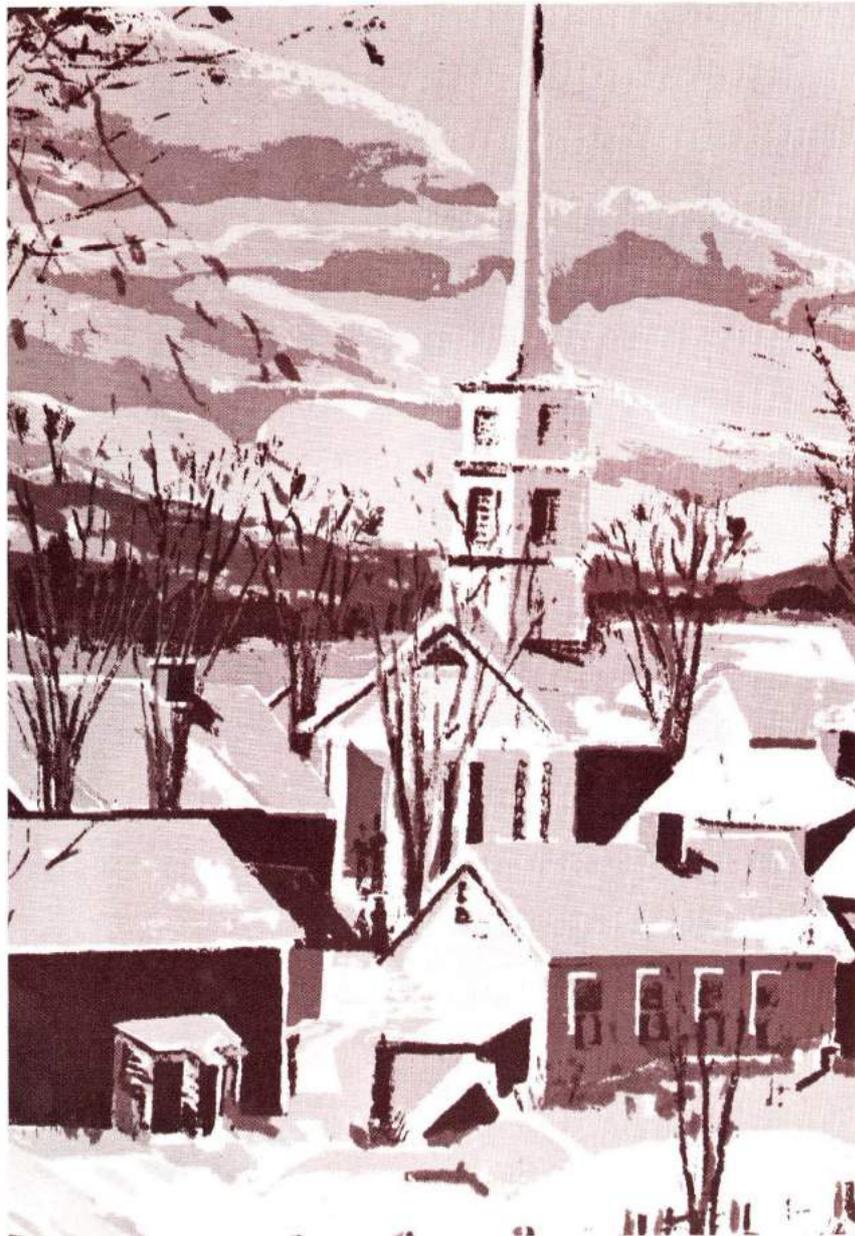
Sweet spring
Beckons to these carefrees,
"I have no troubles,"
Says the spring.
And you — there can't be spring
Without you.

Is this bud you've handed me
Cut off from its tree,
To remain a bud?
Or are you its mainstay?

Stagnant Spring

Feeding it,
Letting it bloom with spring . . .
Give me a flower
Let me be part of spring.
All of summer,
For I still hold
The sad bud of yesterday.
And the petals
Are dropping into my depths
One by one.

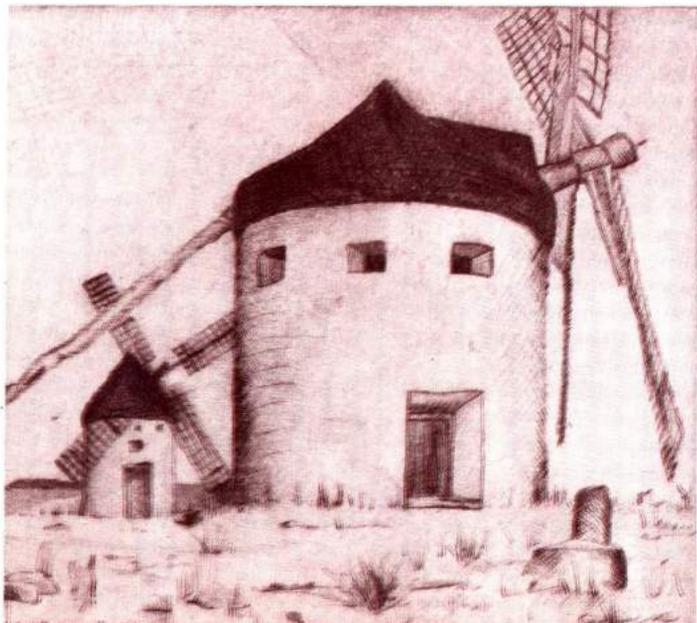
— Debra Nelson



Center Church

Robert E. Esbensen

Bicycle days



Untitled

Gail Semple

are rolling by

on sunny wheels

that spin crazy

in blue turns

on your cold asphalt eyes

and punc

ture

on broken glass

hidden in cracks

like sharp thoughts.

— Susan Betz

When Jr. High began
 and we danced in our shells
 (because we were afraid of rain) and
 there was one
 who cracked her walls and I recall
 You weren't fond of white
 and less fond of walls because
 Pink and Yellow sky was your style,
 and the rain couldn't touch it
 or you as dancing
 you painted life on my shell
 and later the interior
 and I remember
 the rain
 was a new adventure
 with you.

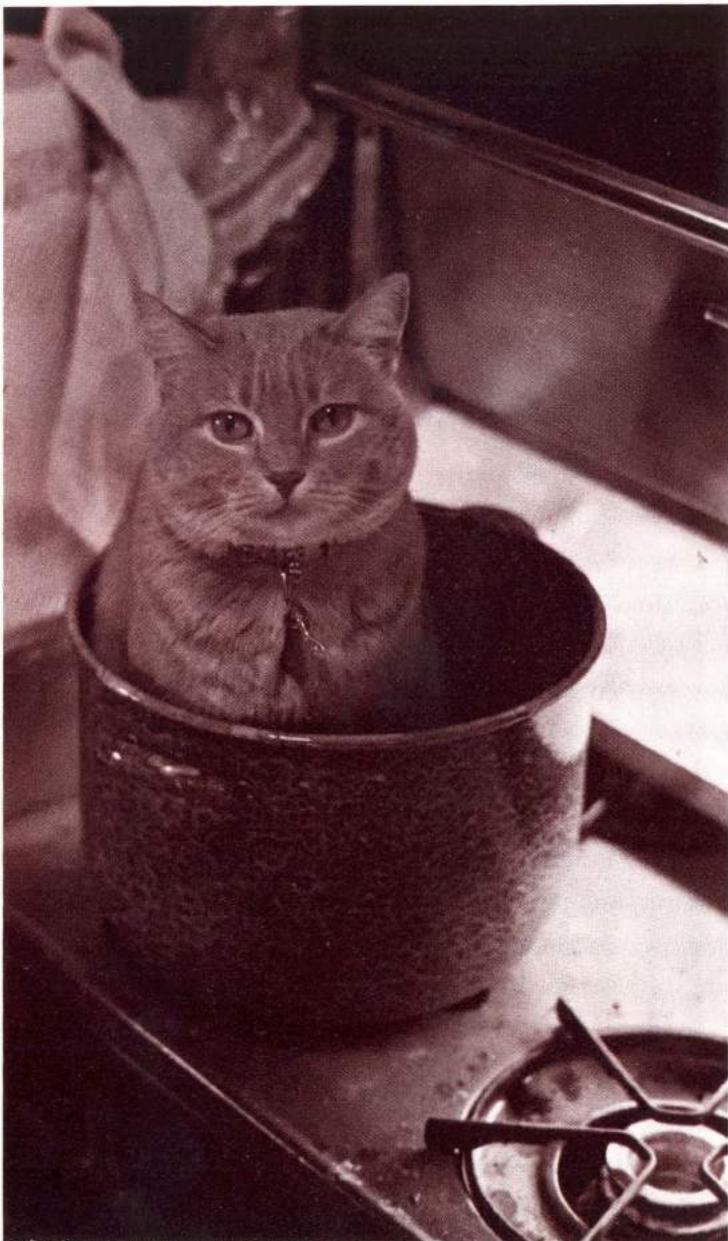
— Carrie Gorr



Untitled

Leila A. Pepper

I Remember



Cat Stew

Steven A. Lasaine

Little girls without daddies are forever empty
 little girls
 without kisses and warm hands
 and someones besides mommies
 to hold them

Little girls who stiffen and concede to saying "Dad"
 when they long for daddy
 are forever strong little girls
 confusing,
 with independent minds
 looking for daddies.

She sits behind a window and watches for a smile
 even reproachment,
 anything that suggests life
 or the meaning to the word
 used by other little girls.

And she never speaks to boys
 (they'll only turn away)
 though a few daddies always remain.

Little girls without daddies
 only want to be women wrapped in a man
 but Little girls without daddies are forever empty
 Little girls
 without love.

— Carrie Gorr

**Little
 girls
 without
 daddies
 are
 forever
 empty**

Intersection

A small, handsome boy of fourteen stood looking in the mirror, imagining the day when the top of his head would be cut off by the top frame of the mirror. Someday he would be that tall. Until then, he saw every inch of his Levi's, football jersey and blow-dried hair.

It was a pain to be so short. He constantly thought of the day he would drive to school and tower over all of his friends the way Jack, his brother, did. Jack was over six feet tall, and a senior in high school.

As he stood looking in the mirror, alternately admiring and criticizing himself, Jack burst into his room.

"Hey! What were you and your dumb friend doing hitchhiking from the game last Friday?"

He leaned against the dresser, unwrapping a piece of gum, not looking up as he talked.

"Well, how are we suppose ta get home, huh, Jack? You wouldn't take us."

"Listen, I don't want to be seen with a bunch of freshman on a Friday night." He looked up briefly, with disdain in his eyes and voice. "Why didn't you have one of your friends' mommies drive you, huh, Philly?"

"Oh, right, sure!" He kicked the rug, put his hands on his hips and looked out the window. Jack continued his lecture.

"It's dangerous, ya know Phil? Don't do it. It's stupid."

He turned on his heel now and headed for the door. On his way out, he threw the gum wrapper at the garbage can, but missed.

"You and your friends are so dumb," he finally mumbled, disappearing around the corner.

"Hey!" Phil shouted, following him down the hall, unconsciously

imitating the confident strut of his brother. "Hey, Jack! You going to school now? Huh?"

"Yeah, but I ain't driving you."

Jack stepped outside, taking his keys from his back jeans pocket, and jingling them in rhythm to his quick, showy walk.

Behind him, Phil took a comb from his back pocket and began hitting it against the palm of his left hand.

"Come on, Jack. What'll it do to ya? I'm tired of walkin' everyday."

Jack turned around, and looked down at his brother. Phil wiped the admiring look from his eyes, gazing cockily up at his brother.

The two faces were almost identical: fine, yet masculine features in a tanned face, sharp blue eyes that observed everything and sandy hair, Jack's slightly longer than his brother's.

Looking down at him, Jack felt somewhat annoyed. Phil stood there, hands on hips, his head cocked to one side. What was his problem, anyway? The little snot. He remembered how well they used to get along together, but junior high had done strange things to the kid.

Keith's brother wasn't like that. Keith's brother, John was always asking for advice and opinions, and Keith answered all of his questions, slightly amused. But Phil? Heck, he could take care of himself. He hadn't asked for any advice for the past four years. And there he stood, cocky and self-confident. He didn't need Jack.

"Naw!" he finally said, giving Phil a slight shove on the shoulder. "Go on, get outta here!"

"Aw, come on!" Phil's voice went up to its natural freshman pitch. He stomped his foot, then continued following Jack down the driveway. "Come on, Jack! It won't kill ya!" He paused for a second

on the driveway. "Please?"

Surprised, Jack turned around. Phil's face was screwed up, squinting into the sun.

"Okay, okay," he said, hitting him lightly on the arm. "Get in the car, go on."

"Aw, thanks Jack!"

Phil quickened his pace and sprinted to the car. It was sleek, low-slung and constantly polished. Wait till everyone saw him in this! He got in and turned to see Jack, still standing on the driveway with his hands on his hips, smiling and chuckling.

"What's so funny?"

"You. I was just thinking that you look just like you did when I got you that bike on . . . what was it? Your tenth birthday?"

"Yeah!" chuckled Phil.

"You went skipping down the driveway, all excited."

"Hey, man, I don't skip. I just walk fast."

Jack leaned in the window and messed his brother's perfectly cut and styled hair.

"Hey, what are you doing anyway, with this perfect hair? Got a girlfriend or something? Huh, Philly-boy?"

Embarrassed, Phil turned away and mumbled, "What do you think?"

"I think you're weird."

Jack hit the roof of the car energetically and walked to his side of the car, still jingling his keys.

He got in and started the engine. Looking at him, Phil felt a great deal of admiration for his brother in his boots, Levi's and perpetual flannel shirt, which he carefully never tucked in.

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"What are you staring at?"

"Nothing! I wasn't starin' at nothing!"

"Don't give me any of your lip, kid."

"Ah, shut-up and drive."

"Hey!" Jack pointed an admonishing finger and bit his lower lip, but really wasn't angry. His brother was a little weird, but not too bad.

As they drove along, an uncomfortable silence swelled in the car. Jack, driving easily with one hand on the wheel, stroked his upper lip absently, then leaned forward and turned the radio on. Guitars and bouncy rhythm flowed out of the speakers that Jack had installed in the back.

"I hate this AM radio garbage," Phil whined.

They had just stopped at a stop sign and Jack turned toward him angrily.

"It's FM. Listen, Phil, I'm pretty tired of your attitude, always cuttin' everything down! What's with you anyway?"

"Nothing!" he squeaked defiantly.

"Man, you used to be such a nice little kid . . . at least you kept your mouth shut! I mean you have no respect for a senior, do you?"

“Well, what in the heck is that suppose ta mean anyway?”

“Just what I say! Think about it, just think about it. Now, when you were little, things were different . . .”

A car horn honked behind them, and in a startled move, Jack put his foot on the gas pedal and started the car moving again.

“What about when I was little?” said Phil, putting gruff emphasis on each word.

“When you were *little*, you *respected* me. Yeah, I remember you always *bragged* about me to your little friends. Now I bet you don’t, do ya?”

Embarrassed and confused, Phil looked straight ahead out the windshield without blinking an eye. They were coming to another corner and he remembered that on the first day of school, the only other time Jack had driven him, he had made him get out there.

“I don’t want to drive up to school with a *freshman*” he had barked. Phil had felt hurt and ashamed, but had gotten out of the car without a word, never turning around.

Now he mumbled, “I think I get out here” and stepped out of the car just as Jack was pulling to a stop. If he wasn’t wanted, he’d leave.

He didn’t hear Jack turn the corner as he normally would have at that corner, he didn’t even hear him pull away. But, no, he wouldn’t turn around.

Why did Jack hate him so much? Why was he embarrassed by him and why did he tease him and make fun of him? He thought about what Jack had said, about not bragging about him anymore. Well his brother didn’t know all the bored sighs the name “Jack” drew from his friends, as he mentioned Jack’s name again and again. The way he talked to his friends, Jack was always willing to spend time with him. Jack knew it all as far as he was concerned. But how could he tell his brother that?

As he shuffled along, he bent down and picked up a stone off the sidewalk, tossing it across the street. Just as he turned to the left, he saw Jack’s car pull up slowly to the curb.

“Phil, what the hell’s the matter with you? Get in the car.”

“Naw, go on. You don’t want me in your car.” He hung his head down miserably, still shuffling along.

“Oh, God! Don’t go feelin’ sorry for yourself, kid! You’re breaking my heart! Now come on, you’re gonna be late for school.”

Phil turned his head slowly to face the car. Jack was leaning all the way over the passenger’s seat, his arms resting on the window. Phil walked over and stood by the window, playing with the door handle.

“Jack?”

“Yeah?”

“Ahhmmm . . . well, all my friends . . . ya see, they all like your car . . .” he kicked the grass with the toe of his boots. “And . . . they think you’re pretty cool too, I guess.”

Jack’s eyebrows were two raised crescents.

“Oh, yeah?” he said, smiling and opening the car door.

“Yeah.”

Phil climbed in, turning to his brother apprehensively. Jack observed him closely for a few moments, then they started for school again. Phil tapped his foot and slapped his thigh in time to the music.

The school came into view, and as they drove into the parking lot, they drove by three of Phil’s friends who were walking.

“Hey, you turkeys!” he laughed, leaning out of the window and waving. He was still laughing when Jack pulled him back into the car.

“Don’t do that, Phil. You could fall out. It’s dangerous.”

“Aw, you think *everything’s* dangerous. I’m not a baby, ya know.”

“Hmmm!”

Jack found a parking space, and they both got out of the car. They walked towards the building together. Jack stuck his thumbs in his belt loops, and next to him, so did Phil.

When they got inside, Jack turned toward his brother and punched him lightly on the shoulder.

“So, what d’ya say, kid? You want a ride home?”

“Yeah! Would ya? Thanks, Jack!”

“Okay, okay, calm down. But, hey, don’t go thinking I’ll be doing this every day, ya know?” He pointed a good-natured finger of warning at Phil.

“Yeah, I know, Jack” he said smiling.

“Okay, now go to class.”

He messed up his small brother’s hair once more. Phil strutted away as Jack stood and watched him, chuckling and shaking his head.

—Debra Nelson



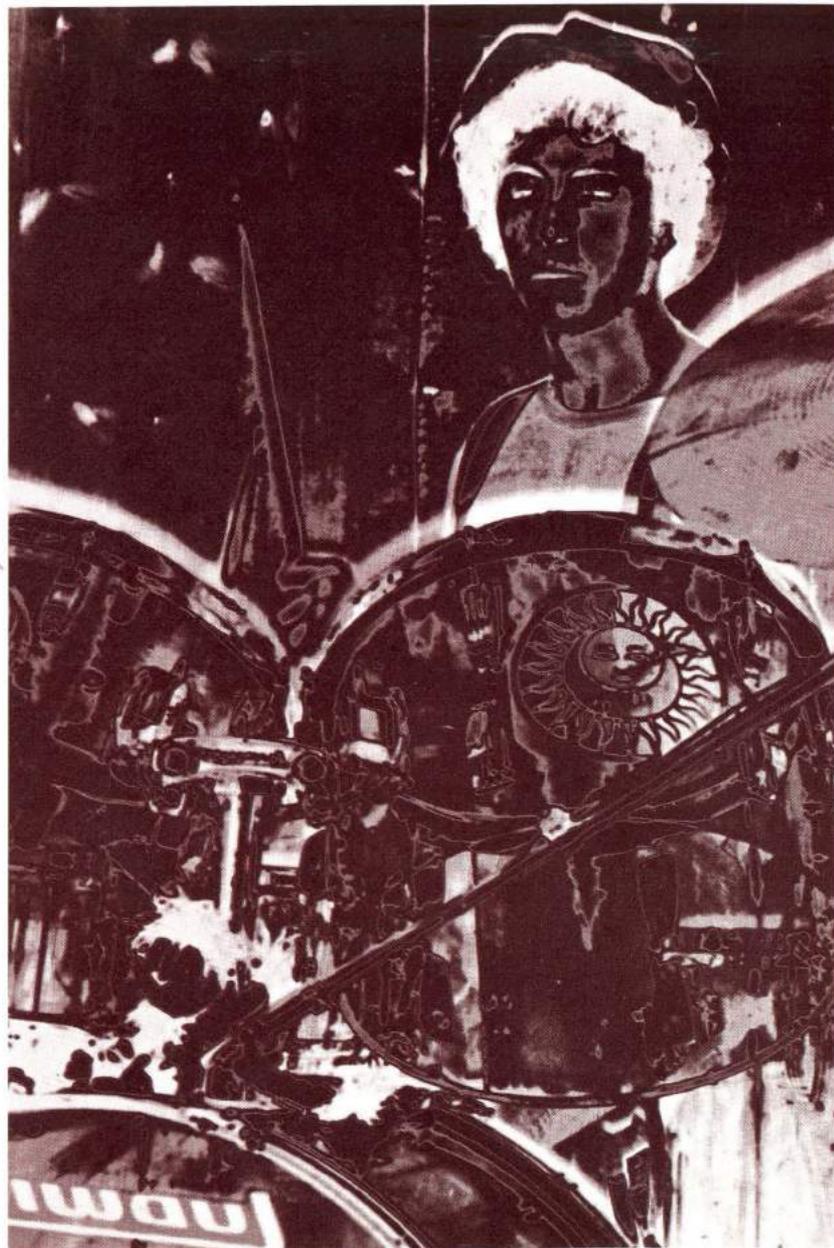
Cat

Scott Arnemann

The Social Life of Monkeys

What are you into?
 What do you do?
 Questions for "What's My Line."
 Name some others that you
 Get along with so I can
 Say I'm the same.
 Have another drink — smoke
 Another cigarette — Go along
 With your host —
 Become plastic for just one night,
 You'll come away feeling
 Shredded ghosts.

— Kris Piepenburg



Solarized Drummer

Rick Kohnke

Starving for burgers broiled
 Quick order, fast food
 Two hands not needed
 Only got one mouth

Breakfast, lunch and supper
 Junk food that needs the salt
 I'm a Pepper; she is not.
 Coke or orange. but no great shakes

Fingers clasped, soft whispers
 Small talk turns to rings
 Of onions, pickles, lettuce
 Catsup, please, hold the mustard

Golden fries, hot pies
 Muzak to my ears
 Swing-out chairs, flourescent light
 Mopping the floor, yes, good night

— Bob Rasmus

The subject of my rhyme:

**feed
 my
 face
 at
 any
 time**



Fruits and Nuts

Matthew A. Romanello

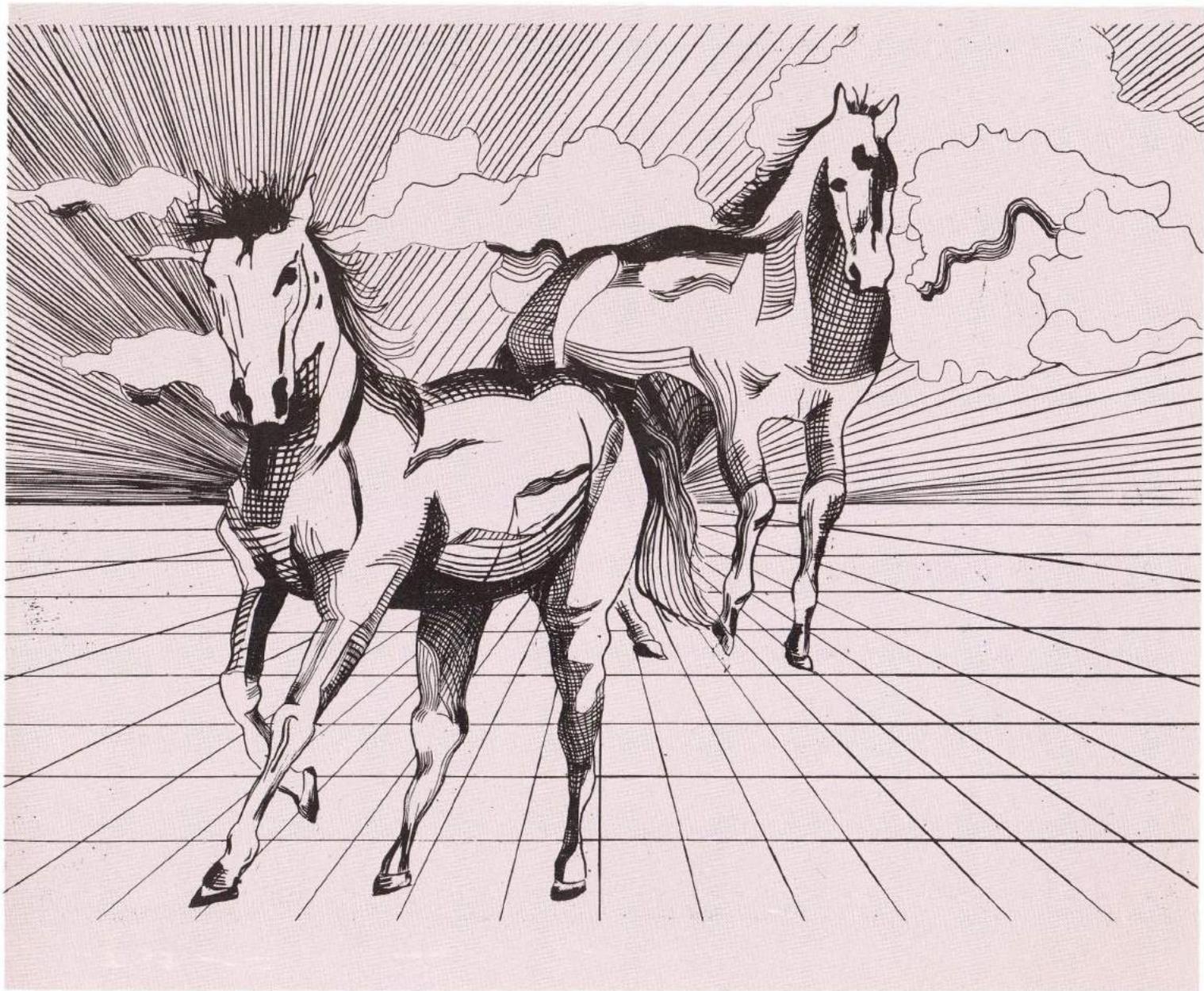
Untitled

Crisp Winter
 They Meet.
 Speak.
 Smile.
 Turn away.
 Again they meet.
 Watching eyes.
 Speaking to others.
 Turn away.
 Again together.
 Still observing.
 A spark.
 Together, alone.
 More sparks.
 Time passes.
 Time together.
 Conversations.
 Being together.
 A bond.
 Joy, delight.
 Peace, contentment.
 Understanding.
 Sharing.

Bright Spring.
 She reaches out.
 Fear.
 He turns away.
 Words — spoken — unspoken.
 Questions — unanswered.

Time passes.
 They meet again.
 Not touching.
 Watching.
 Motionless.
 Fear!
 He turns away.
 Despair, loneliness,
 Sorrow, pain.
 Grief!
 Time passes.
 She moves forward.
 He turns backward.
 Both alone.

— Emily Moritz



Untitled

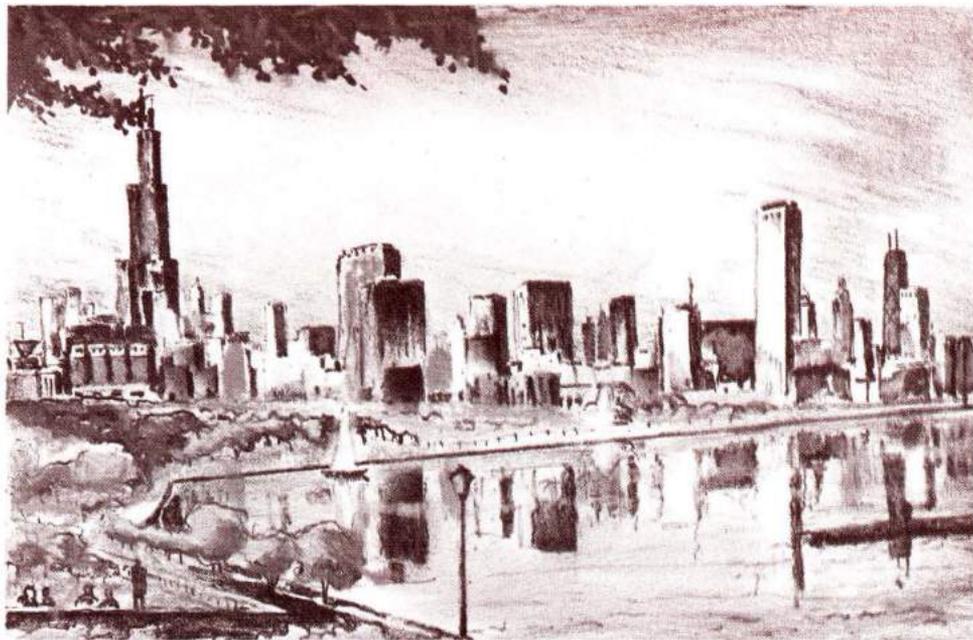
Ron Green

I remember those
 Summer nights of old.
 The sound of acoustic guitars
 Hung in the hot night air.
 A cool breeze
 Was all we needed to make us happy.

But you,
 You've got me looking forward to something new.
 Waiting, hoping for
 Those magic summer nights.
 Just the two of us together with jazz guitar
 Backgammon and a natural high.

So lay down beside me,
 Let me put my arm around you.
 No need to say a word,
 'Cause I know your mind.
 Just breath in the cool night air
 And enjoy the magic summer night.

— Lance Schriner



Chicago Skyline

Robert E. Esbensen

**Magic
 Summer
 Nights**

I sit in my seat on the edge of the world
and observe those
with more talent for love
than I.

They play so well
with their manipulating touch.
Like pinball champs they never tilt,
can't fall.

My touch is too soft for feeling.
And though the rules were neatly posted
I never found my way through their words.

They hop stones across rapid waters
And with every new step
cast away each precious stone.

While I,
with nothing left to follow,
do fall, and fall deep
sometimes almost drowning deep
only to tread, pride slighted,
dripping salt-taste droplets
back to my seat.

— Carrie Gorr

Tongue- tied in Love

French Quarter/New Orleans



Joyce Novak



Still Life

Robert E. Esbensen

Steps

Rose-red geraniums,
Deep purple heather,
Burnt-orange marigolds
heighten the scene

of

Steps going up,
Steps going down,
Steps going nowhere.

— Nora Norton

Sonnet

She slices my tomatoes, dropping ripe
Crimson jewels upon my plate. And I,
The daughter, once a child of chatter, wipe
Smudge from glist'ning tablespoon. My hands sigh,

Ashamed of sloth, shamed of my palm's promise.
The truth of fifty years tracks her hand's back.
Loose and brown, skin barely sheaths the lattice
Of vein, of bone. She lived a pace so packed

With duty. Duty pleads with me to stay,
To give a fraction of her time, her love.
But no. We stand, both searching eyes to say
What tears already vow. It aches to leave.

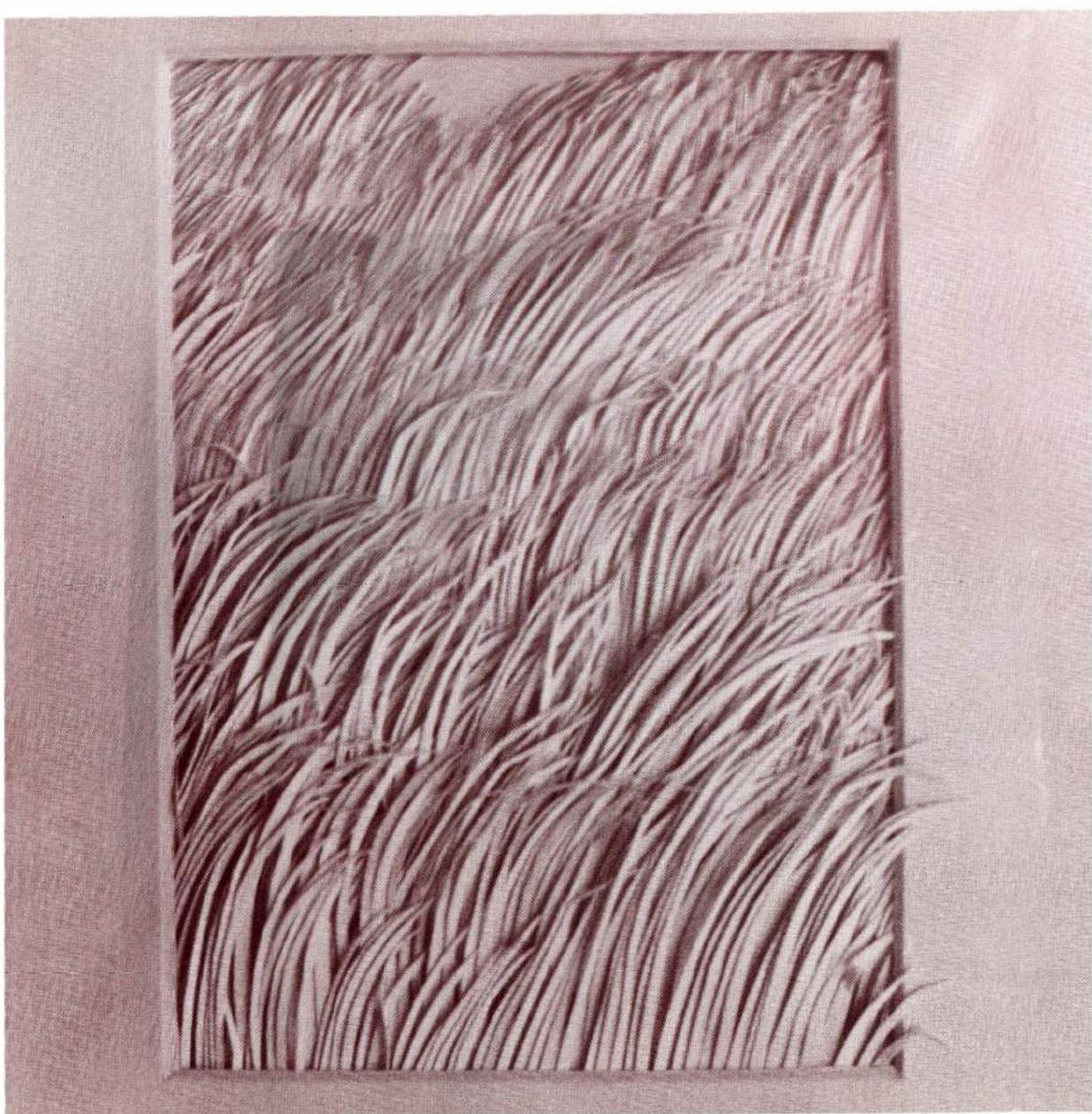
I still come back to water, weed, advise.
In garden rows, tomatoes wait her slice.

— Joan Bingley



Self Portrait III

Katherine Tootelian



Breeze

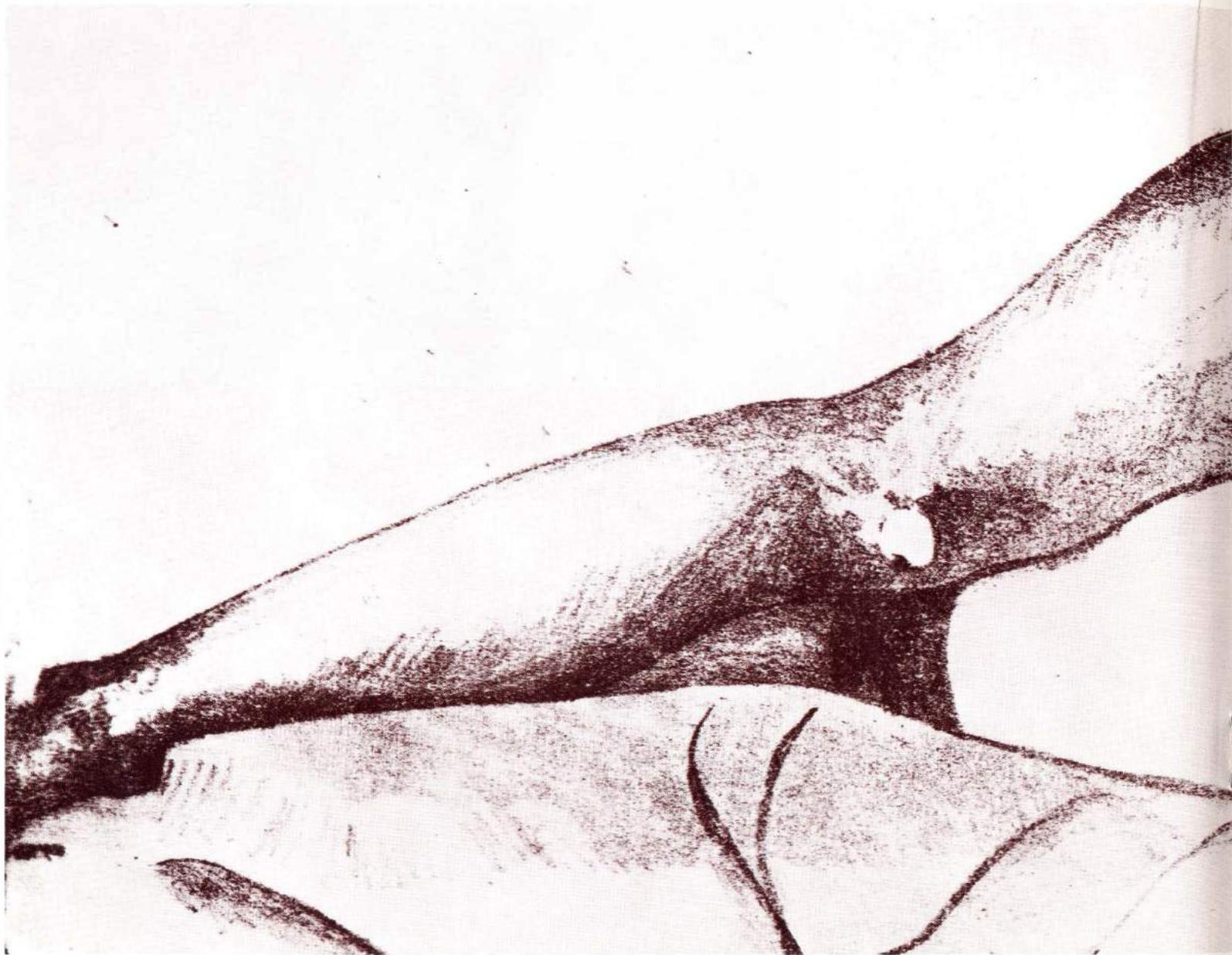
Sue Broun

Deep Thought

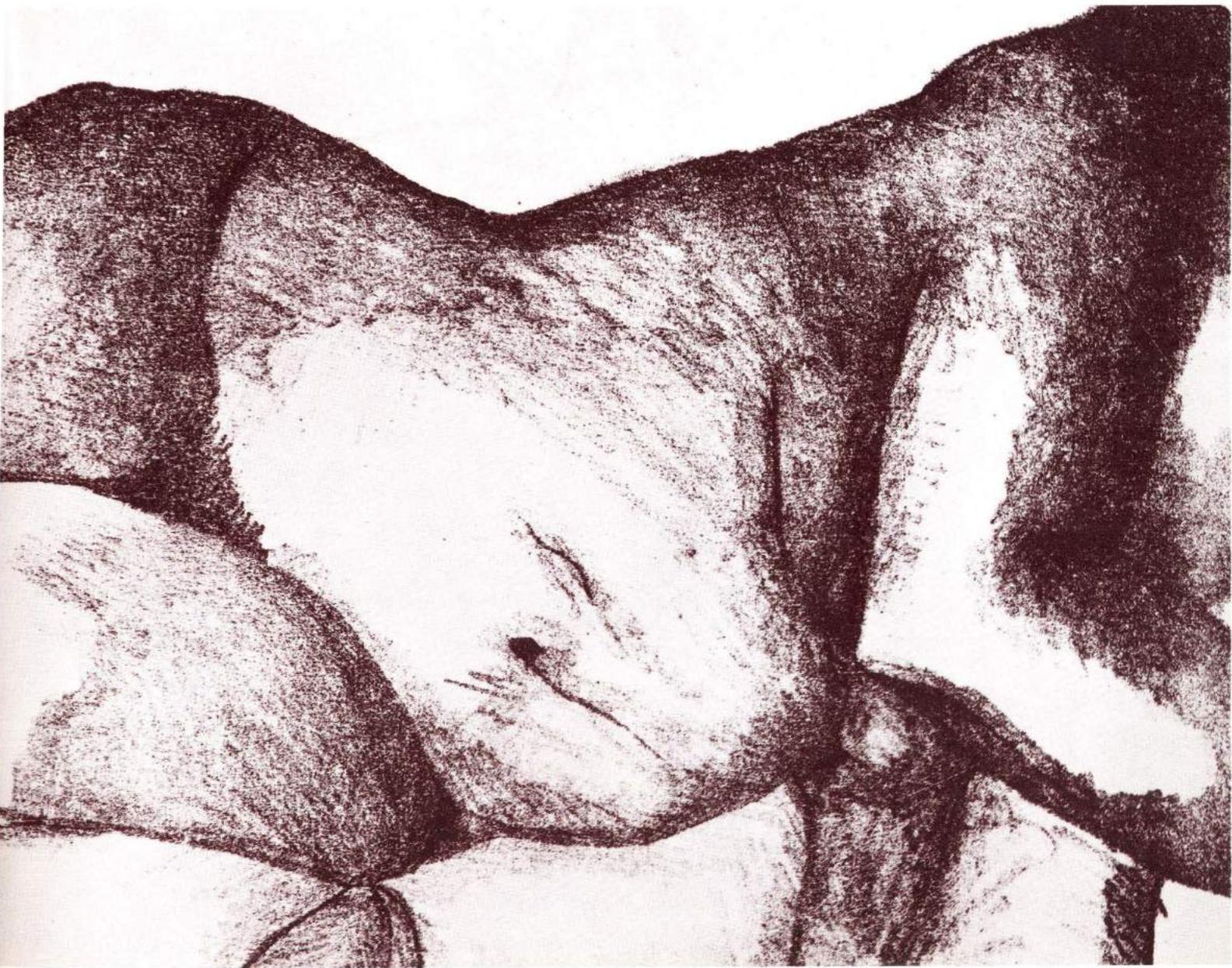
It's really cosmic man —
 when the Daffodils play the dance of the tango
 in the platonic breeze.
 And can you dig-it man;
 The Freedom
 The Purity
 The Simplicity?
 Peace Brothers,
 Don't step on my polished toes —
 polished with dirt, and soiled with your bureaucracy.
 Lets be like the birds
 Lets be like the free flowing rivers.
 Hell I don't need schools
 And their books
 And their provided laws
 And their demanded patterns of thought.
 Come —
 Lets build a revolution
 Just like them forefathers did.
 We'll title it;
 "Back To Nature"
 And our motto will be;
 "Simple Is Best"
 Shit — thats the only answer.
 Get rid of all the junk we've been left with
 pollution
 gas shortages
 inflation
 and made for T.V. movies
 Wouldn't it be excellent? Simple is best
 Nothing to be thrown at ya anymore,

Wish I was a great writer
 or movie star
 so I could start this Revolution Gig
 But I'm just me,
 And it's hurting my brain to think.
 so lets look into the cosmic Daffodils in the platonic breeze.

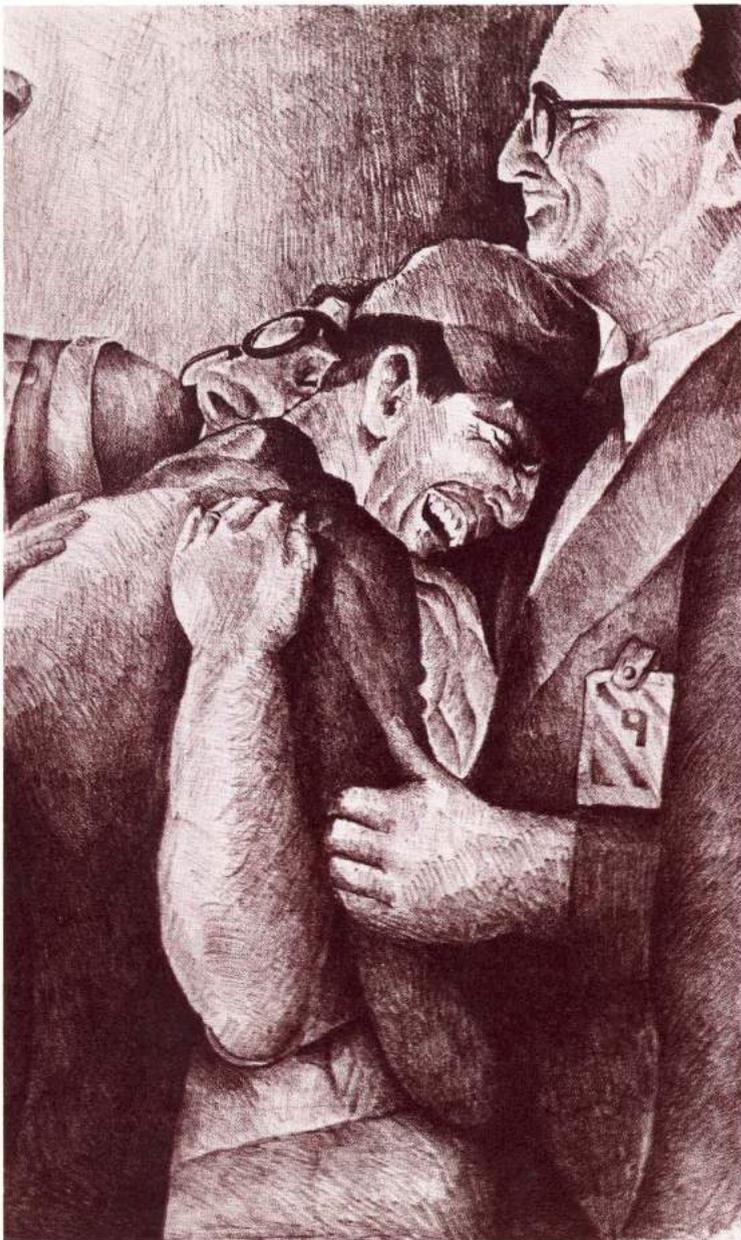
— Tracey Lowing



Thunder Thighs



Matthew A. Romanello



Time Without You

Ralph Domanico

The bell rings

Trapped.
Not by the worn ropes
At your back,
Nor by a gaze
Of black ice,
But by the
Desperation of
The streets.

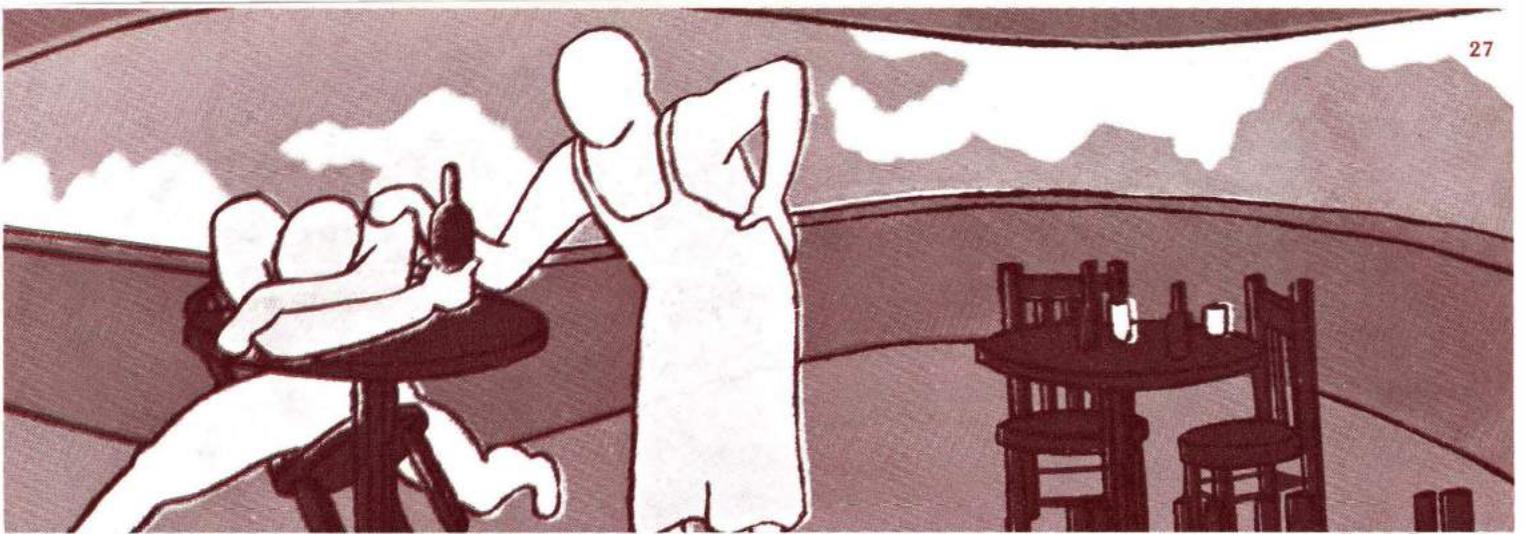
The bell rings.

Pushed.
Not by
Hardened teachers.
Nor promised
Laurel wreaths.
But by a
Hollow belly, burnt
With hunger.
By tenement halls
Christened with cheap solitude.
By a cold light bulb
In a naked room.
By rats in the walls,
By crying children
Through the walls.
By Fear.
By Hope.

The bell rings.
Leather hands touch
Hollowed cheeks.
Starved muscle surfaces.
You pursue your survival.

— Dave Nozicka

The Club Fighter



Social Drink

Ralph Domanico

Our reluctant star
Climbs down from its bed
And puts on its slightly weathered leather.
Merrily trudging down the hallway
It heads backwards into nowhere.

It enters by leaving
Through the front doors of here,
For how else would you get to nowhere?
Getting into its car
It's suddenly jettisoned
To the backyard of someone's.

A stumbling someone
Tosses it a beer.
As it cracks it open,
It begins to bleed its
Plastic blood.
Tonight simply adds to its collection of cuts.

The more it bleeds
The more its identity changes,
Until it thinks it's him;
Which puts it into a pin.
For now that it's a him
Him must pick-up a her.

Him's task is fairly easy
Since all the its, hims and hers
Have pretty nearly bled to death.
So him takes the first her him finds
And gets into him's car.

Her reaches into her bag
And pulls out some Everywhere
And offers some to him.
Him figures that nowhere
Simply must be somewhere in Everywhere
So him accepts it.

Him finds out that her
Is also looking for nowhere.
Ecstatic with their common interest,
They suddenly see the sign
That points towards nowhere
Him cuts a left over the cliff
As we watch them plunge into nowhere.

— Lance Schriner

**It
Finds
Nowhere
(A
Tragic
Celebration)**

People Are People Too

Stop one moment please —

 You've been trespassing upon my emotions.

Don't look so surprised.

What is it,

Shocking that someone

 has finally,

 called you down?

You know,

 it would have been one thing
if you had done a simple two-step
 then exited stage left.

But no,

 I really believe
you put on your army-boots, especially for me.

 nice of you to rise to the occasion

Doesn't it hurt you?

 How in the hell can someone —

 turn it on,

 then,

turn it off.

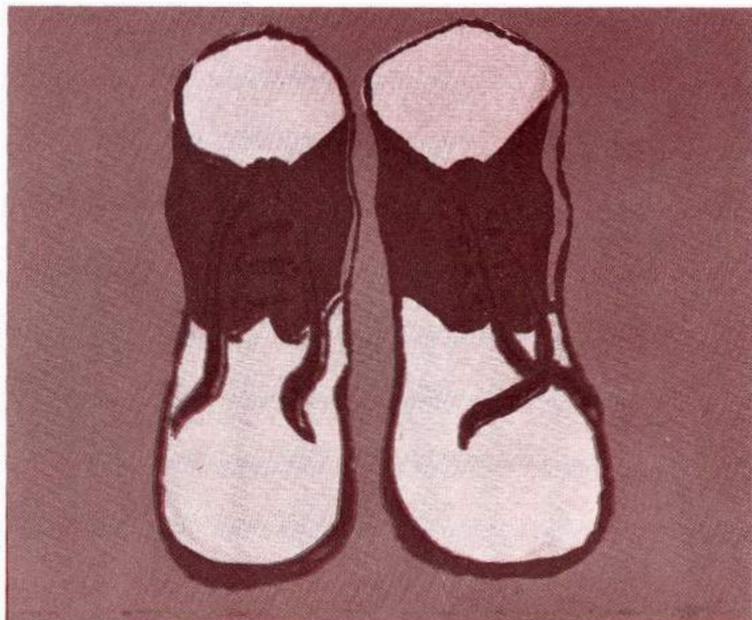
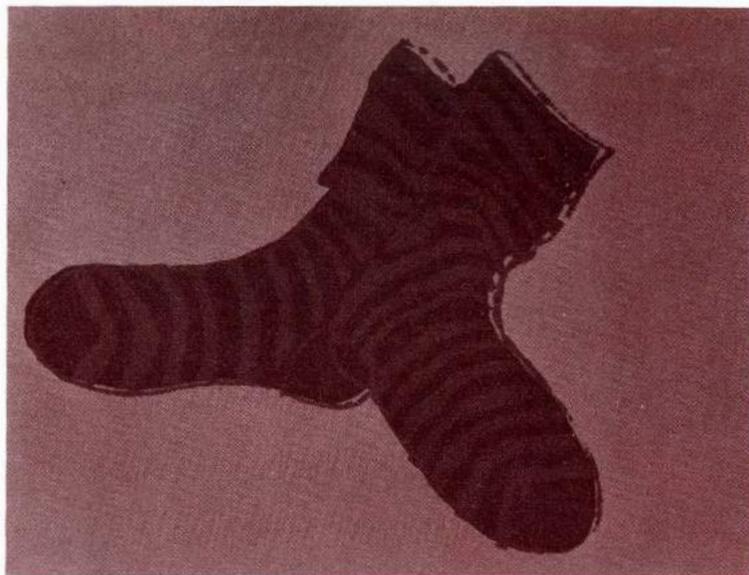
As quickly as you can?

Stop one moment please,

 if not for me —

What about you?

— Tracey Lowing



Shoes and Socks

Janet Lauritsen

Why not sneeze Rose Sélavy?
 Tu 'm?
 Multiple ladies of gold
 Nudely descend the staircase
 Please Touch
 Stoppages, standard, networked, assembled.
 Ready made for urination . . . you Mutt.
 USA's claim to fame: bridging the plumbing?

What is Art?
 A certain way of retouching nature?
 An illusion of an illusion?
 Building on the past works of others?
 If we see ourselves in relation to the works that precede
 Are we not useless then?

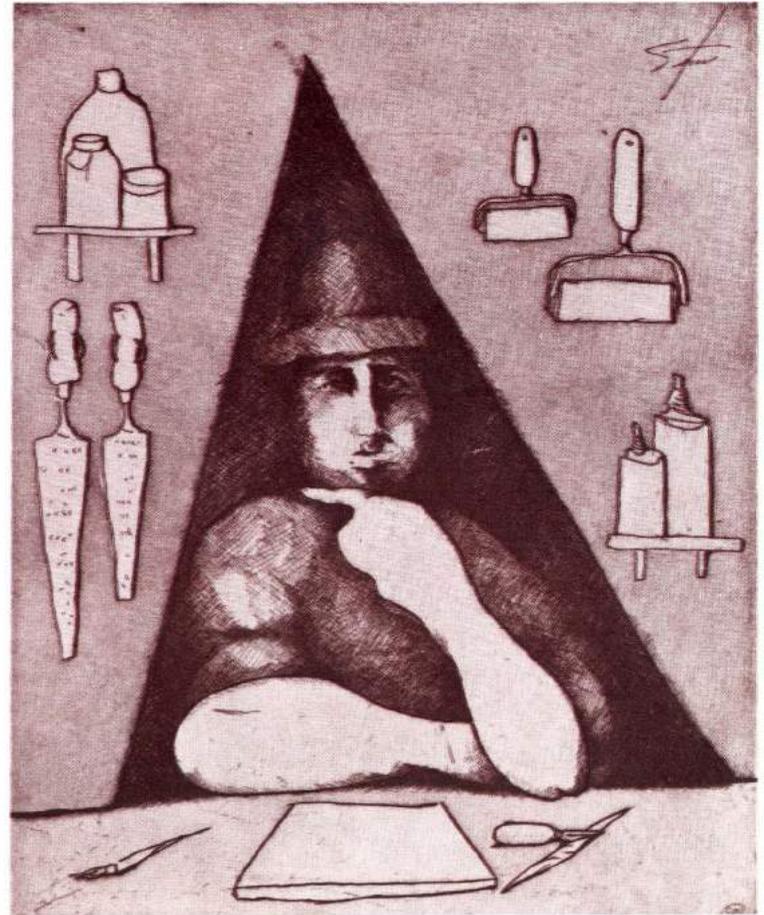
What do you know?
 Crossing France pretending to sell cheese
 Introducing doubt
 Painting a gate to knowledge
 Looking at the spectator looking.

LHOOQ
 Goateed and moustashed . . . loved by Leonardo.
 Voyeur
 with your dismountable likenesses
 What do you know?
 Perhaps nothing, in a green box.

Is Art fake Rose Sélavy?
 Given 1) the waterfall,
 2) the illuminating gas
 You made anything possible
 and altogether ambiguous
 Smiling revolutionary — admirer of paradoxes
 For you painting was not Doing
 but Being
 "Besides, it is always the others who die."

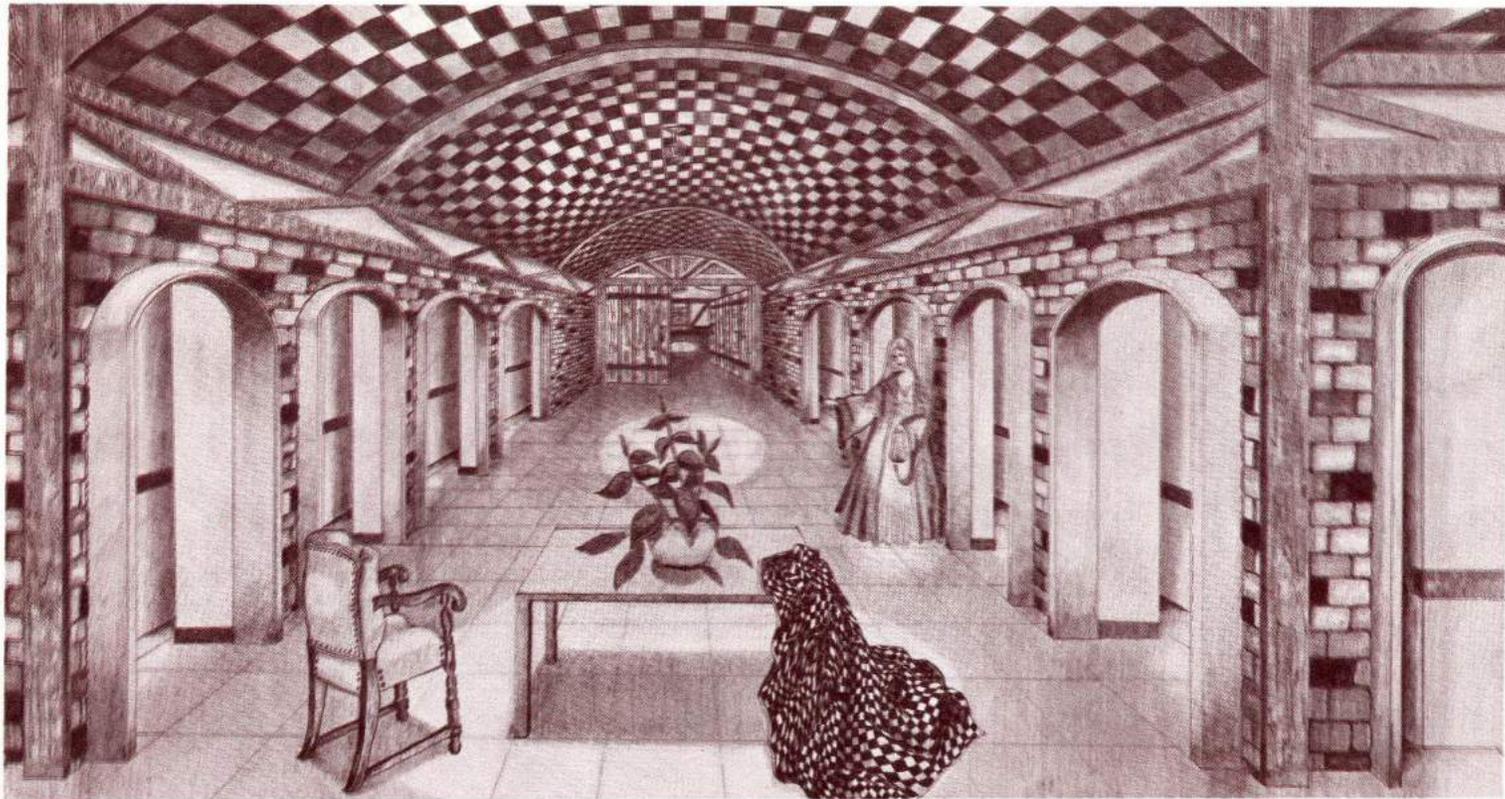
— Carolyn Gorr

for Marcel Duchamp



Tools

Steve Moskal



Untitled

Lynn Meyer

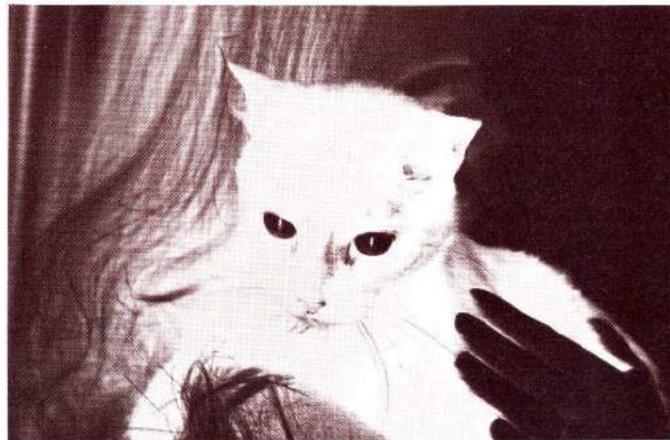
Someone Else's Fantasy

Warm and dripping, I stood up,
Oh, how I must have looked to you
As you hid there in the cold and windy darkness,
Your pink face plastered against the storm window,
Your perfect playmate goddess.

Are you watching me now?
Do you wait for me,
Your mittened hands clinging to my window ledge,
To turn to you invitingly,
Beckoning vaguely?
I am not afraid of you. I too
Have felt the need to watch, unseen,
In secret solitary pleasure.
Sometimes lonely dreams are all we get.

I called the cops; you understand — I had to.
They were here with flashlights and guns.
Don't get caught, stick to the shadows,
For I cannot defend you or protect you,
Although I may want to
For reasons of my own.

— Karen Langer



Girl and Cat

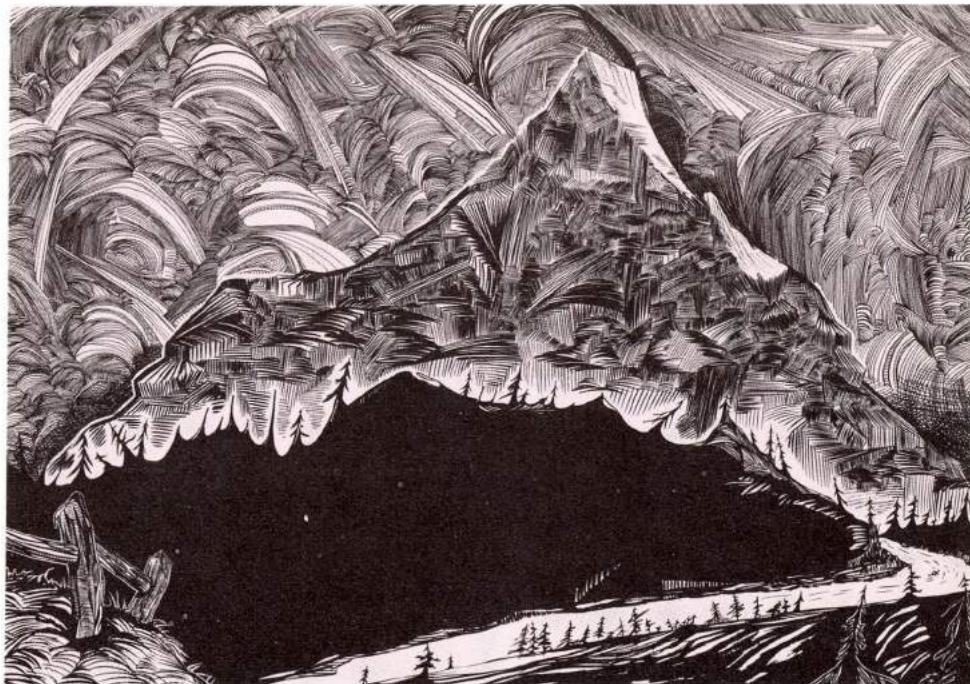
Rick Kohnke

Don't wake me up, 'till I wake up
 Then put me off to sleep forever
 Release me from this trauma
 Held still in mid-air flight.
 The guardsmen are coming now
 But they won't find me. only you
 And they'll be satisfied.

The green clovers in the grass
 Wilt to an ugly brown
 The steady dreams of the night
 Are interrupted only by shattering glass in the distance.
 The guardsmen are closer now
 I really should be going
 Let me go.

Comic book figures, all dance in the air
 Shot down by the masters whip
 My watch has stopped
 No one ever seems to have the time.
 The guardsmen are here now
 Is this to be my final breath
 Or shall the clover grow back in spring?

— Lance Schriner



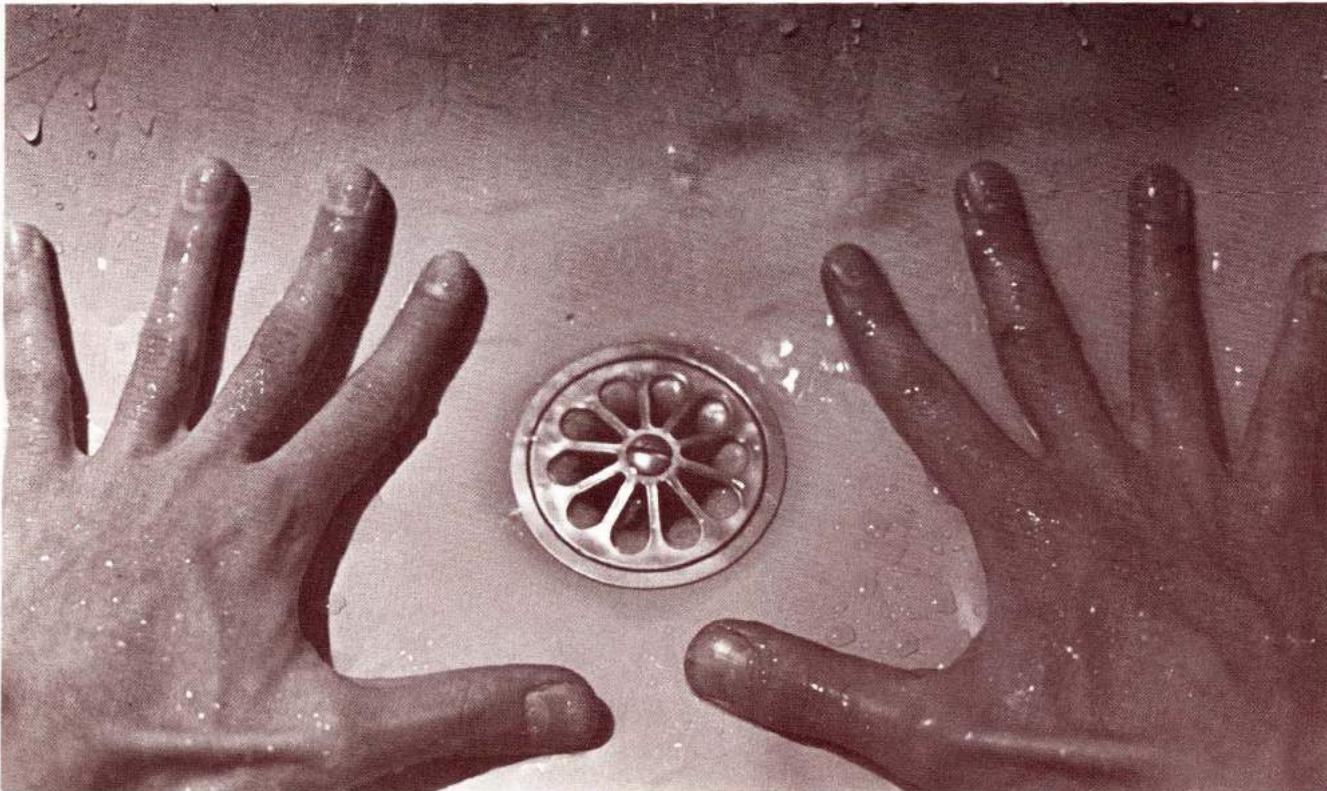
Roar of Tranquility

Craig Engel

Untitled

Poetry is a bubble of soap, friend.
it's round and sensuous
with colours gladly trapped inside it
and you wonder where it gets its energy
as it swirls around you, making a fool of you
Reaching fingers to take it,
while it laughs at your mindless groping
and pops
 sending its selves to other galaxies
because it was never meant to be held.

— Carrie Gorr



Hands

Rick Kohnke

We spent our sunny days
languid in shade beside seas,
sitting at cool tables
in sleepy cafes,
sipping tropical drinks
red with the slow flavors
of a lost lotus-eater's blood.

Spending conversations
in satisfied silence.

We watched the tides of tourists
flowing swift before our dreams
in crashing up and downstreet waves.
And once I raised a heavy hand
with ideas of reaching in
as if to redirect the flow
or test this water's temperature.
But the waiter ran,
refilled my drink,
so I grasped my glass instead.

And we remained.
Seeing the streaming back and forth,
seeing through half-shut eyes
that grew so weighted
I dropped mine
for a dreamy moment . . .

and when again I looked
I saw you standing
as if to be born or die —
frozen for an instant,
framed in stillmovement
beneath drooping palms.

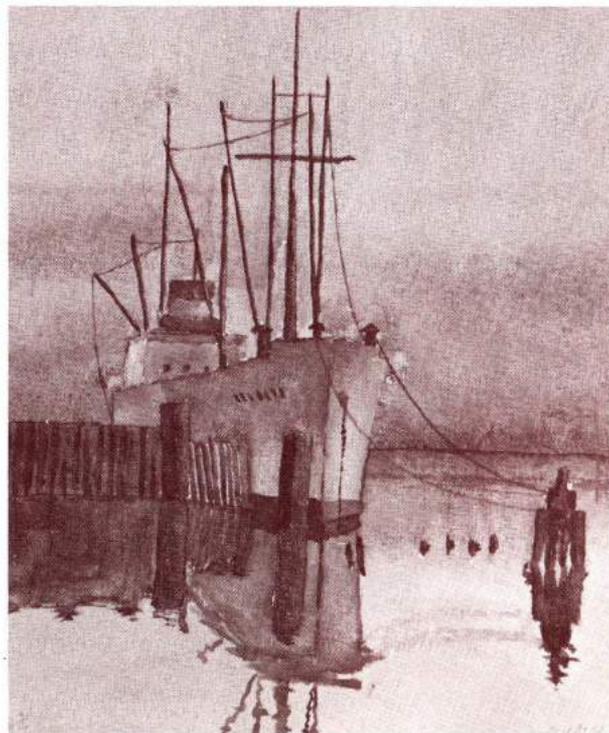
Then like some broken leaf
caught into quick currents,
you were sucked under,
disappeared in the tides.

And I watched alone.
The waiter came,
removed your glass and
wiped you from the table.

As if life were
a Hemingway novel.

— Susan Betz

Beside Seas



Floating Reflection

Deborah C. Wurster

The Plains

Eyes which have gazed
 At mountains carved by time,
 And pasty ruins
 Like so much plaster debris;
 Green verdant columns of power.
 Vast expanses
 Of highway lined with lodging
 For the night,
 Turn back to flat land;
 To the plains they came from.

As a child
 All land was flat
 Yet secretly round,
 The earth, a smooth ball,
 Rolling and rolling
 Till it falls in a crevice —
 And stops.

But now
 The plains are only here,
 The tall stalks of corn
 Grow only here,
 The colorless blue sky
 Only pitches itself
 Above this ancient, forgotten campsite,
 And time has swallowed
 The sounds of yesteryear.

But the plains don't forget.
 They whisper to the night,
 And the paved road,
 And the passing car
 Of what happened,
 And those eyes
 Finally see the plains
 Stretch before them
 Larger than the mind can wander,
 Traveled by eternity only.
 These flat plains
 Blossom for the eye.
 Yet remain constant
 To the colorless blue sky.
 The eyes see all this
 And marvel at the sleekness,
 The foreverness.
 The bittersweetness.
 Yet joy that knows no bounds,
 Of discovering a treasure
 Before it has disappeared.

— Debra Nelson



Untitled

Ron Green

a. The Tower

It's forming; to go back
is death; to look ahead
is also.

The moment, however
Good, Bad, is the only thing.

To find a tower is the key.
The place where people hide is
on the surface, not in the tower (ivory)

To find a home. Underneath
the surface.

b. Lifeshop

I place you above all merchandise,
And commit an error.
I can see now that everyone
Is equally for sale.
So here; A gift I'd like to give —
Your acceptance has been a worthy return —
And is easily the best present
Received.
Demands are there, but never made —
I create my own pressures and
Am at a loss to relieve. Help?

c. Positive Plastic (feeling secure)

create a nest in the plastic;
isn't it comfortable?
all sealed over, all closed in,
nice and warm.
fox's den in the plastic,
hey, we're all underneath it.
feeling attached within the plastic,
mmm . . . this is cozy.

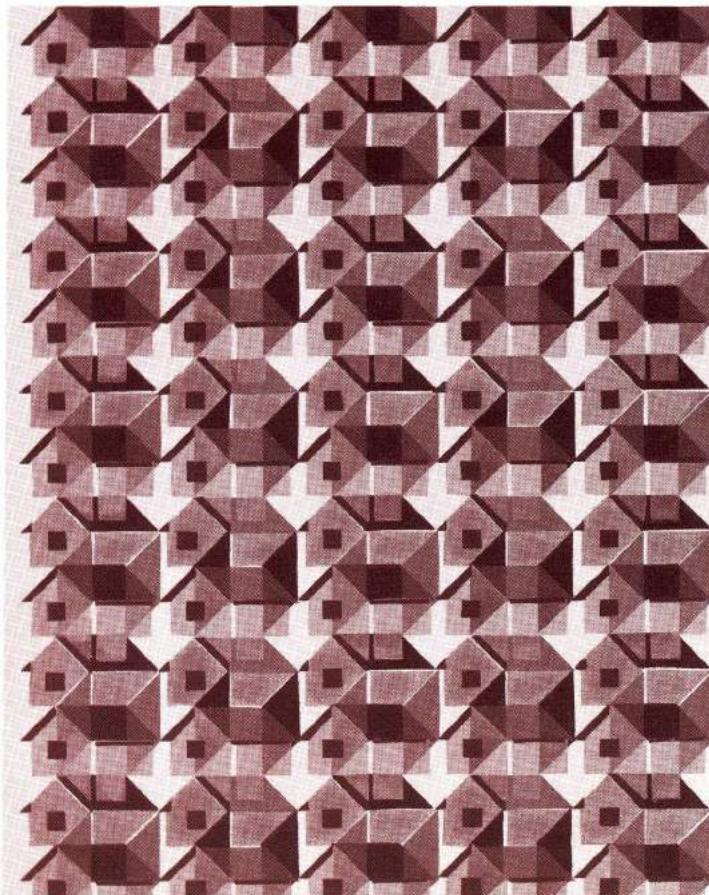
Truly together in the plastic,
there's nothing to be shed.
This word is such a common word,
with meanings yet unread.

This is not negative, it is nice
to be in a protective glow.
Some need ropes to commit themselves,
I need them to hang onto.

Hello.

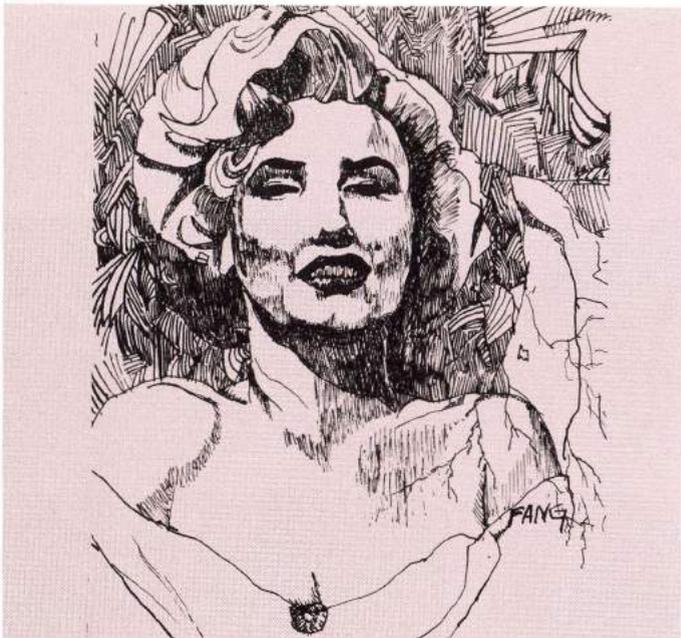
— Kris Piepenburg

Security Trilogy (with respect to time)



Row Houses

Robert E. Esbensen



Marilyn

Steve Fang

I once sd to this
guy, because we are
constantly on stg, — Hamlet,

my friend, we've lost sight of
names, the audience has
left us, where

can we go to find
more or maybe should we
sometimes, and catch a show at home,

I
Know
an
Actor

act, he commanded,
you can't stop
now.

(after Robert Creeley) — Carrie Gorr

- | | | | |
|------------|--|------------|---|
| 6:00 a.m. | Wake up. | 3:00 p.m. | Take break, assume lotus position. |
| 6:05 a.m. | Roll over and wake Linda. | 3:30 p.m. | Have secret servicemen get me loose from lotus position. |
| 6:06 a.m. | Censored!! | 4:00 p.m. | Hold press conference, act concerned and cynical. |
| 6:26 a.m. | Shave, shower & get dressed. | 5:00 p.m. | Jog home, stop every five minutes while the secret servicemen catch their breath. |
| 6:45 a.m. | Eat Breakfast. | 6:00 p.m. | Eat Dinner. |
| 7:00 a.m. | Kiss Linda goodbye, jog to office. Stop every five minutes while the secret servicemen catch their breath. | 7:30 p.m. | Attend Lakers game with Tom Hayden. Discuss why he married Jane Fonda. |
| 7:30 a.m. | Arrive at office. | 11:00 p.m. | Go to bed. |
| 8:00 a.m. | Caucas with visiting governors. Discuss proposed constitutional ammendment to balance the budget. | 11:30 p.m. | Go to sleep. |
| 9:30 a.m. | Call the bank and clear up the check that bounced last week. | | |
| 10:00 a.m. | Assure grape and lettuce growers I'm behind them 100%. | | |
| 10:30 a.m. | Talk to Caesar Chavez, announce total support of the UFW. | | |
| 11:00 a.m. | Speak at luncheon. Subject; Iran and Afghanistan. | | |
| 12:30 p.m. | Go to library, look up Iran and Afghanistan in the atlas. | | |
| 1:30 p.m. | Meet with my shrink. Tell him my feelings about my poor showing in Iowa. | | |
| 2:30 p.m. | Talk to Teddy. ask him to drop out of the race because he got only 31% of the vote in Iowa. | | |

— Jim Davis

**A
Jerry
Brown
Day**



Untitled

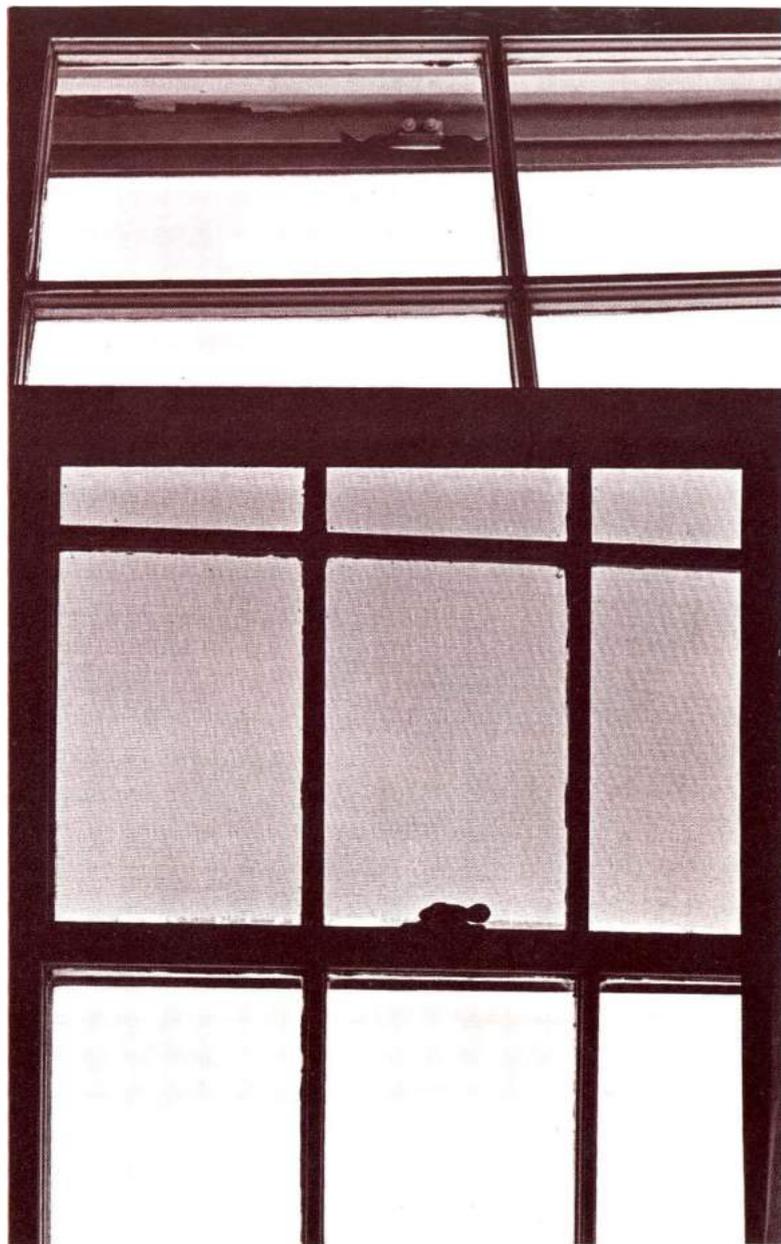
Ron Green

Reflected
 In a mirror clear
 I see myself.
 Lumbering.
 Draggin' slow, thick armed
 Thunder
 From heaven to earth,
 In black sparks of strength.
 With eyes of dulled ember
 And limbs of carbon carved,
 I see myself.
 Staring out in
 Frustration.
 Pacing cold floors on
 Thick black pads.
 My contained strength
 Yawning.
 Fawning
 Weakly within a stone chest
 For Freedom.
 I see myself darkly
 mirroring your stares.
 The blended shades of
 Fear and
 Respect and
 Kinship
 Intercoursing together.
 And in another mirror,
 You see yourself.
 In the tar pit pupils
 Of my eyes is your image,
 Unsettling and clear.
 And the time is not so vast
 That separates us.
 The pull is Magnetic.
 Our like forces
 Repel you
 Repulse you
 Remind you
 My brother.

In the dark green mist
 Of ancient rain
 And filtered sun,
 I see myself

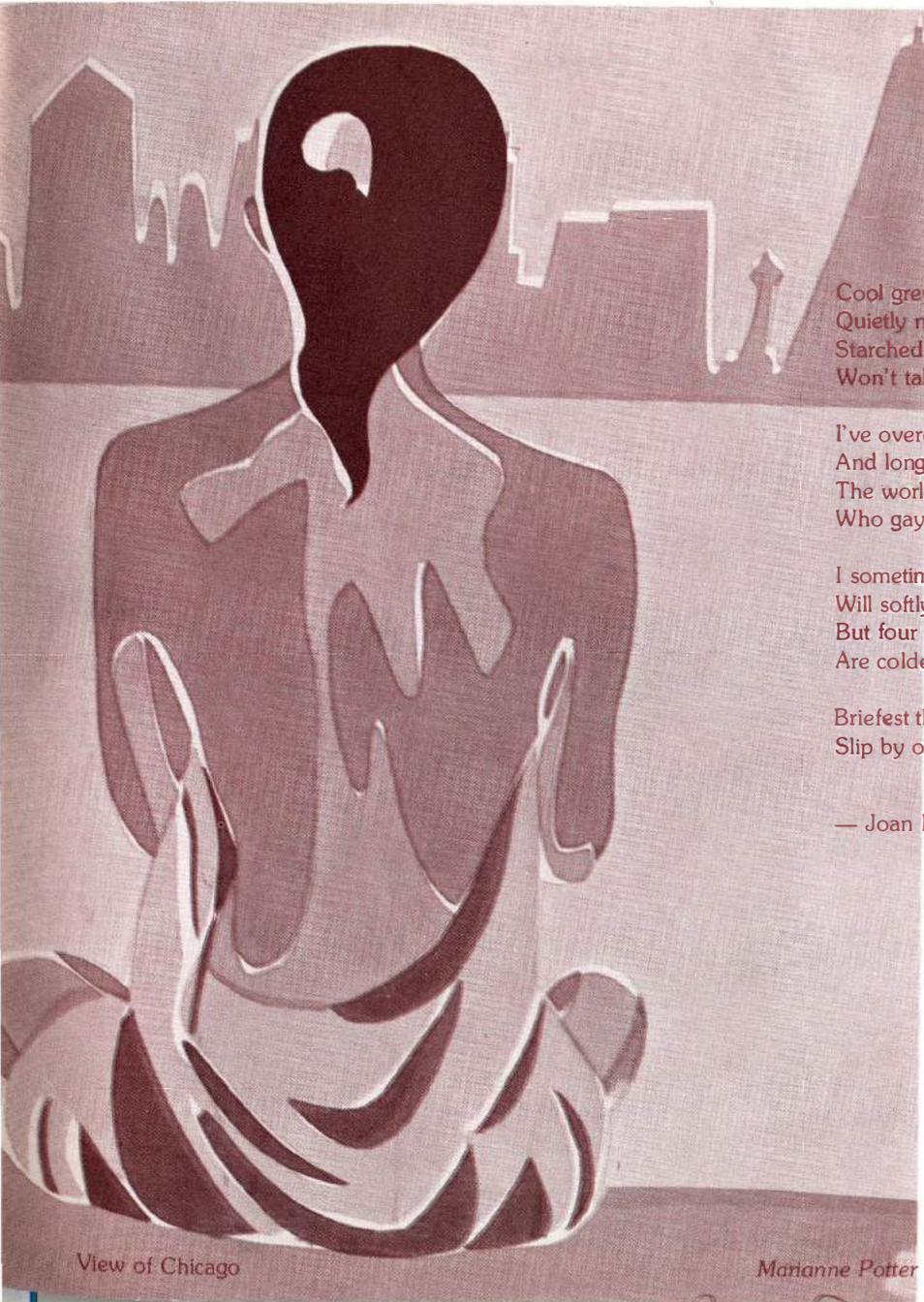
— David Nozicka

Primate



Windows

Rick Kohnke



View of Chicago

Marianne Potter

Cool grey day extends its quiet,
Quietly not answering my sighs.
Starched hands and mouth can't write
Won't talk can't move a shuffling beat.

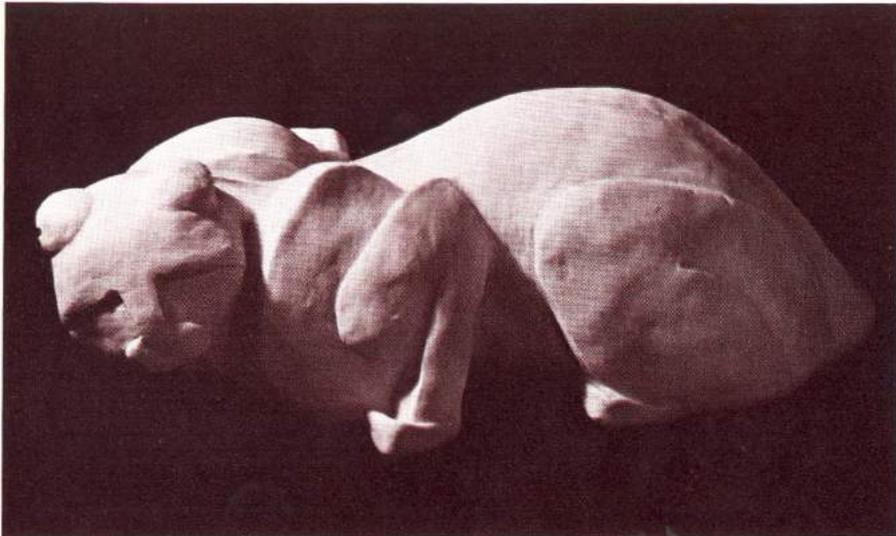
I've overdosed on wedding pics
And long white gowns, and suddenly
The world waltzes in mated twos
Who gayly veil their lonesome swells.

I sometimes fear my own cold feet
Will softly chill my own still bed.
But four cold feet, lost-love's ice-grip,
Are colder still. And so I let

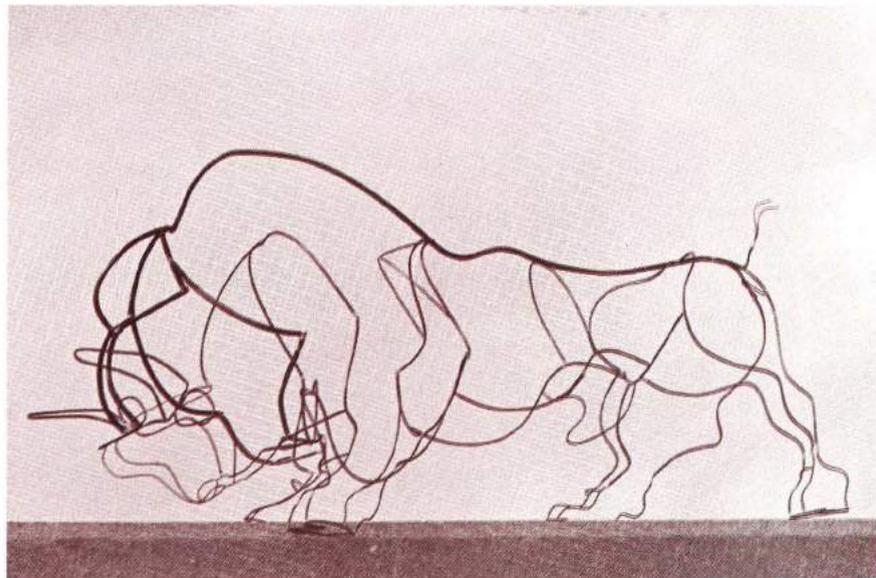
Briefest thoughts of empty spaces
Slip by on subtle wisps of breeze.

— Joan Bingley

Alone

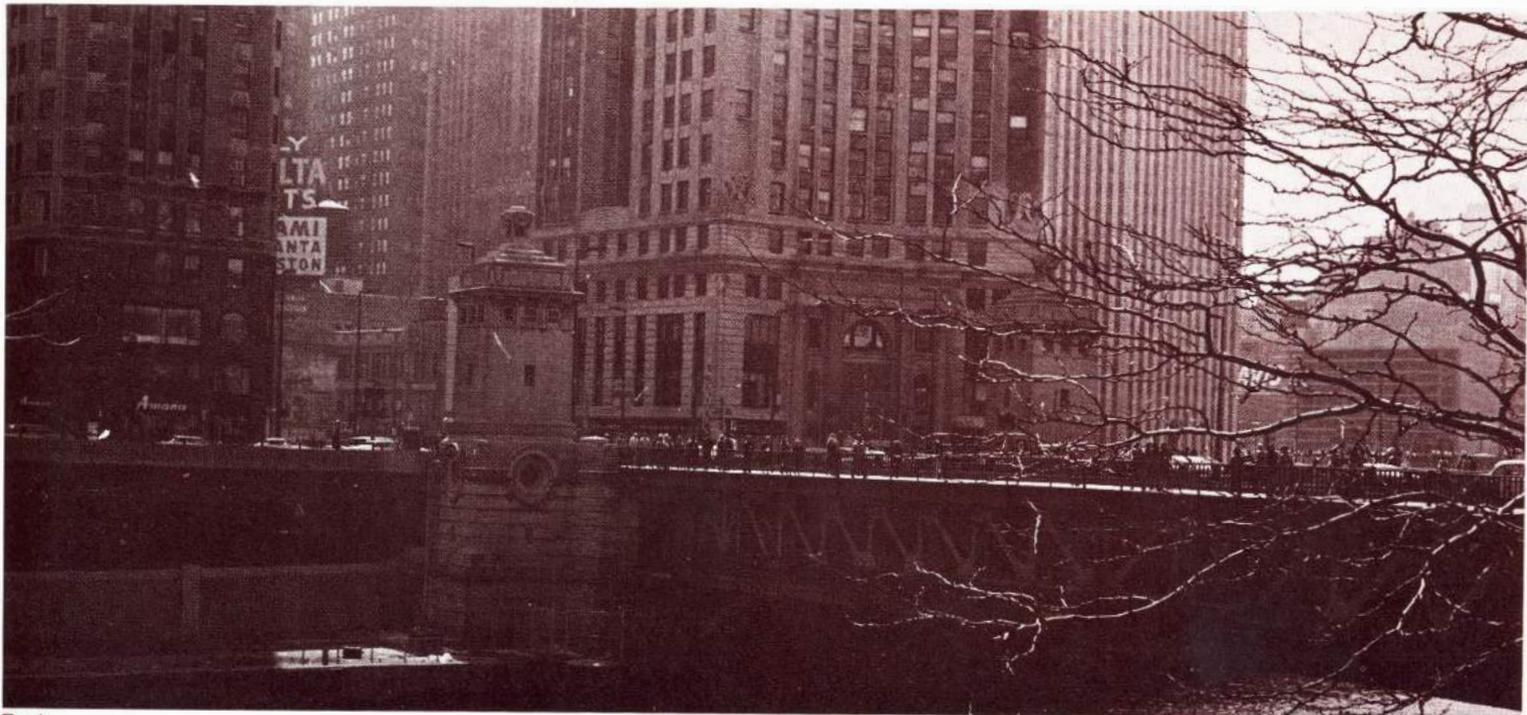


Puma

Deborah C. Wurster

Bison

Judy Robins



Bridge

Rick Kohnke

She was seventy or more,
 Pale as her future,
 "Is this THE bus?" she asked.

"No, this is not the one," he said.
 She turned away stiffly,
 Her bones pushing against her skin.

She adjusted her white hat,
 Buttoned her beige coat,
 And shuffled slowly home.

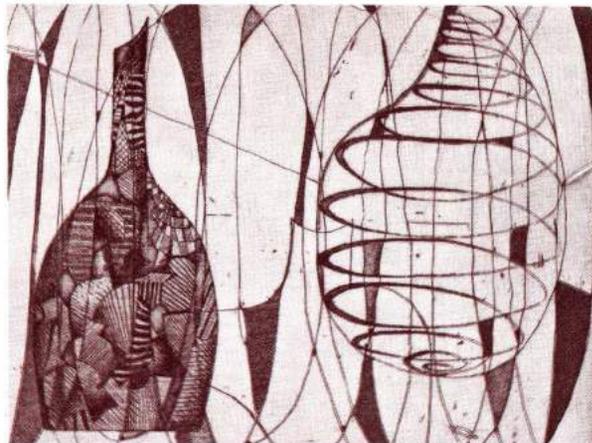
— Nora Norton

**The
 Old
 Woman**

The tree of life lost
 A limb the other day —
 It grew on the side
 That the sun couldn't reach —
 It was green with moss,
 Shrouded in strangeness.
 The ax couldn't penetrate,
 this timber was too hard —
 So the woodsmen left
 And gave up trying.
 Little by little, the limb
 weakened; without sun
 it could not remain; without
 touch it began to wane;
 With more death in it's bark
 than life, cracking and
 tumbling it came.

— Kris Piepenburg

More Life Story

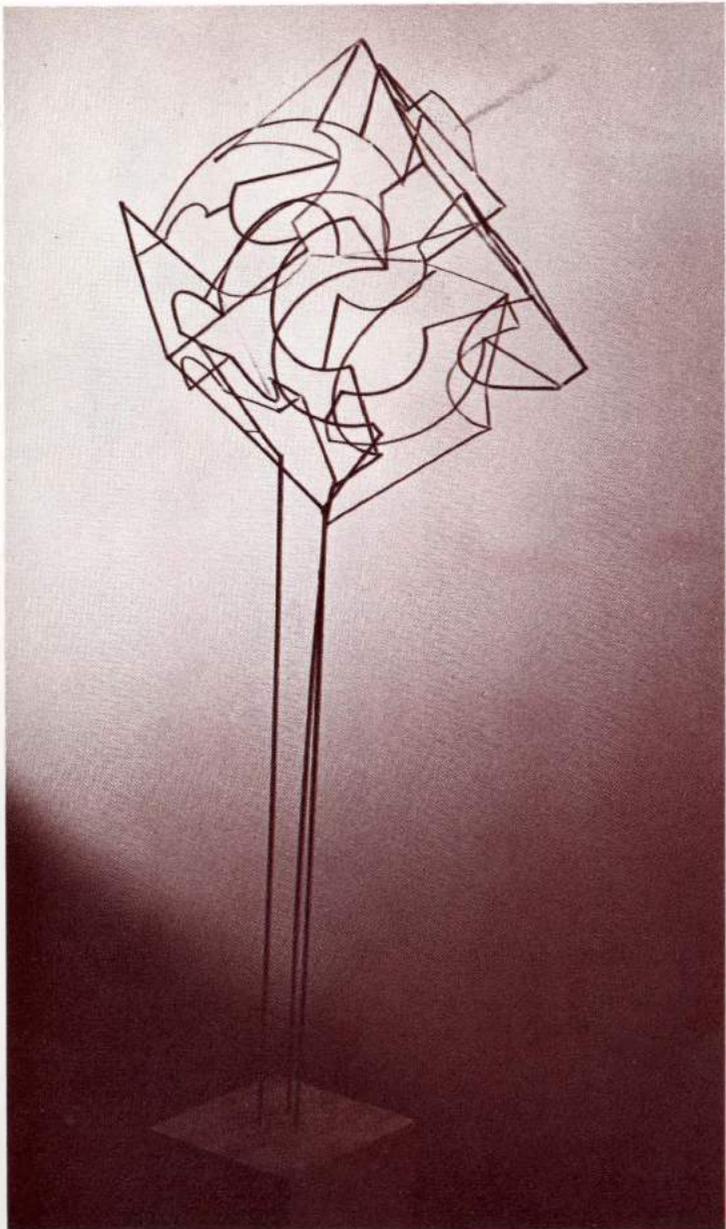


Untitled

Gail Semple



Leila A. Pepper



3/d Wire Form

Penny Kendzu



Michael

Robin Besemann



Big City Street

Robert E. Esbensen



William Rainey Harper College

Algonquin and Roselle Roads
Palatine, Illinois 60067