

**Point of View**

**Spring 1981**

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**Point of View**

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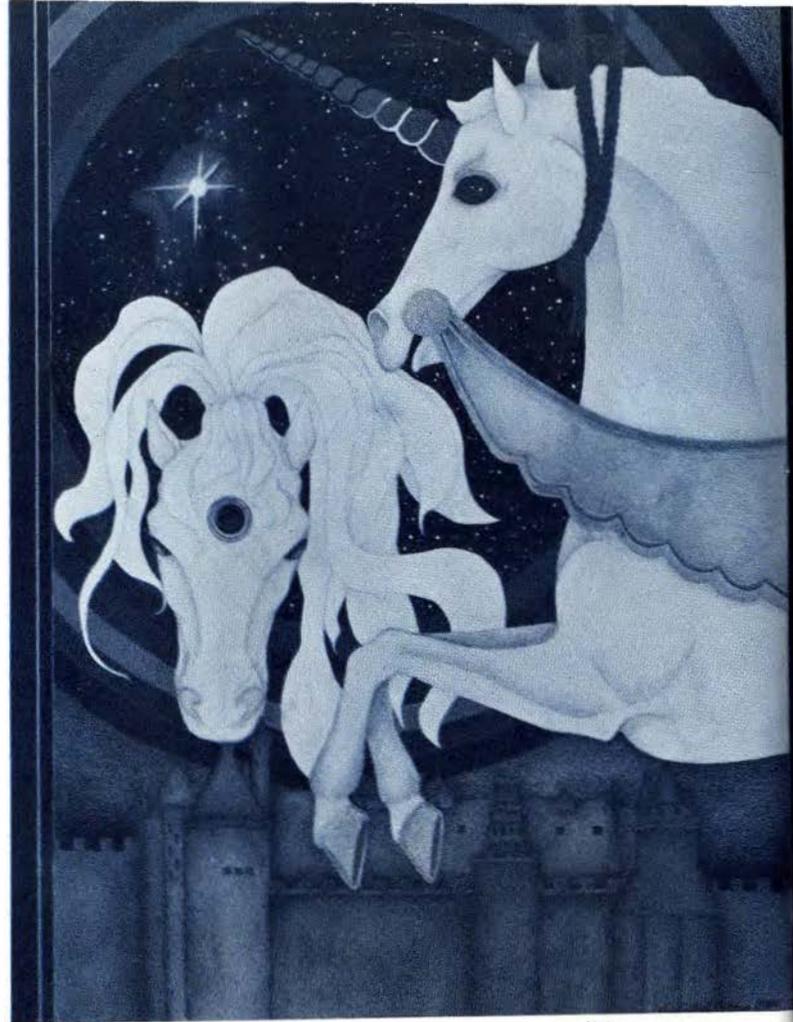
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# A Drop of Relief

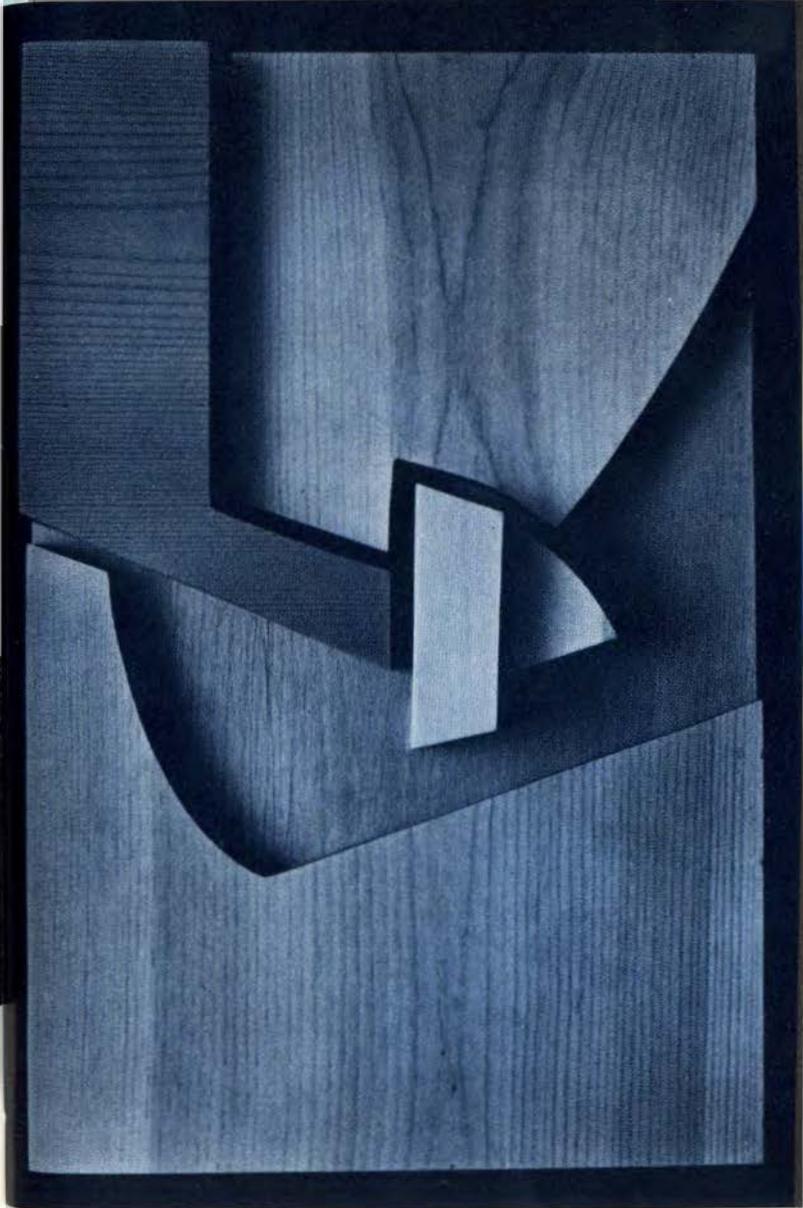
Holly E. Kutler

A tear forms in the corner of your bloodshot eyes  
There is no allowed room for its growth.  
It spills onto felt tip lashes.  
Washing thru your midnight mascara,  
it runs down your face,  
straining it of all hidden soil.  
it slides off your chin,  
Black, and soiled as the anger  
that was the cause of its birth.



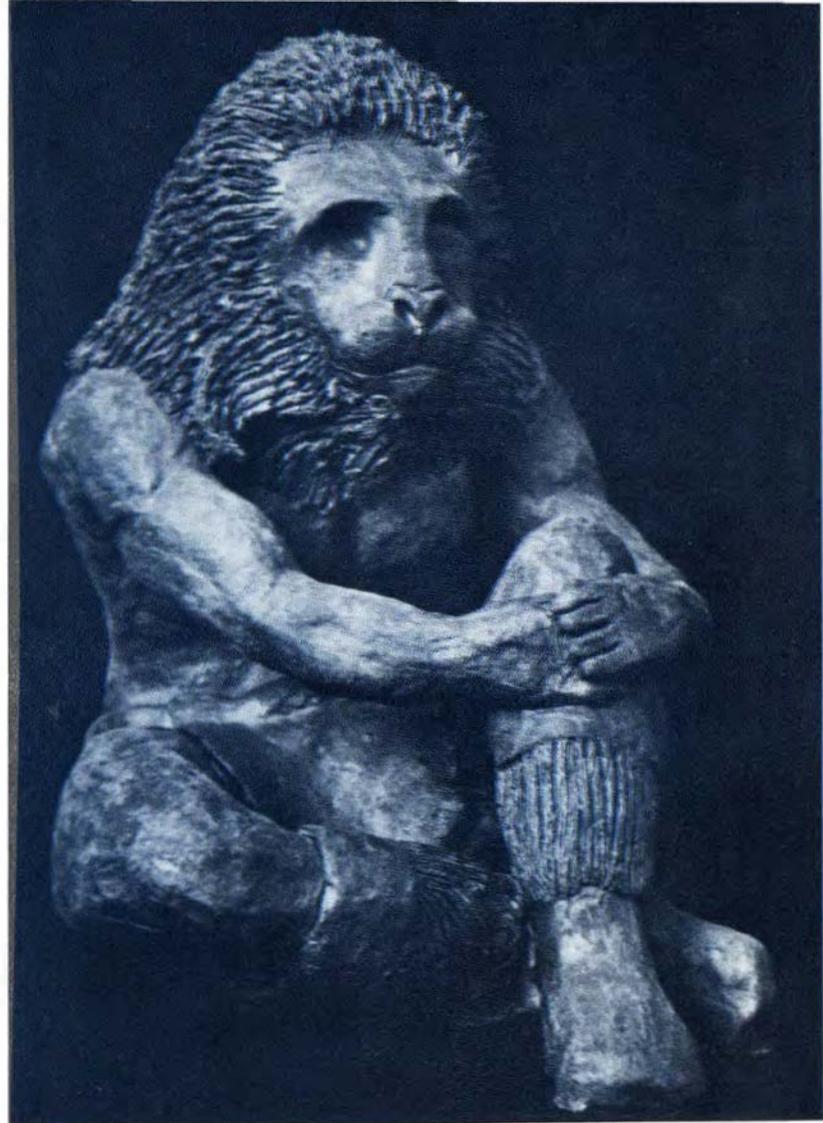
Linda's Unicorn

Judith L. Hoenig



*Wood Form*

*Barbara Bader*



*Sculpture*

*D.J. Navigato*

# Deja vu

Steven Johnston

"This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper."

—T.S. Eliot



Untitled

Carrie Gorr

Bolt Upright.

Terror rouses me from  
a slumber of routine life.

Again I hear—I see through the mist

Four riders, grey and bleak

They are coming.

The pain in seeing when all about are blind,  
They who breed the hope that clouds their eyes.  
Together, we have killed the future,  
Yet the future comes.

Then all is in darkness.

The horsemen at last receive their reign.

Friends throttle lovers for feed

Or battle for worthless wealth.

Starving, sightless, twisted wrecks

Shriek to God for respite or release

As if God could deliver them

From a hell they made.

The horror of grappling the horsemen before us,  
As our own surge up to slay us from within.  
I see grief, the wailing. Slaughter—I am sinking . . .

Awake.

I am chilled and shaking. Listening to

The rumble of the hooves, the crashing gnashing of the bit,

And the crack of leather over the frothing horses

die.

Lying.

Wrapping myself in bedclothes

To let the horses retire

And grab sleep spare us til

Tomorrow's twilight falls.

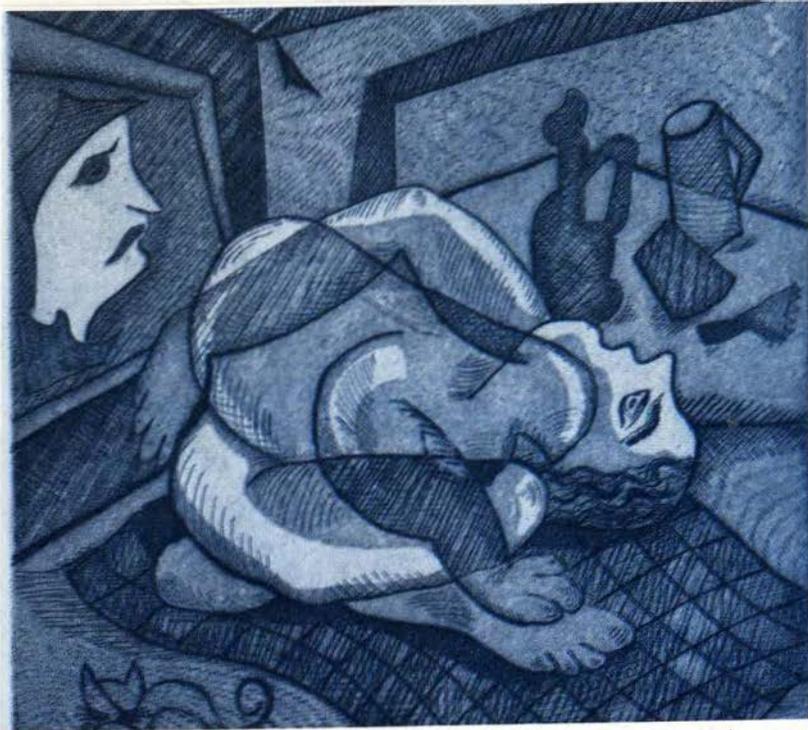
# Just Pure Fantasy

Gita Kodavatiganti

Pictures dance freely,  
Through my mind.  
Fingers entwined  
Like a tight braid  
Down a little girl's back  
Of lips seeking to draw  
Life's breath  
In one long kiss.

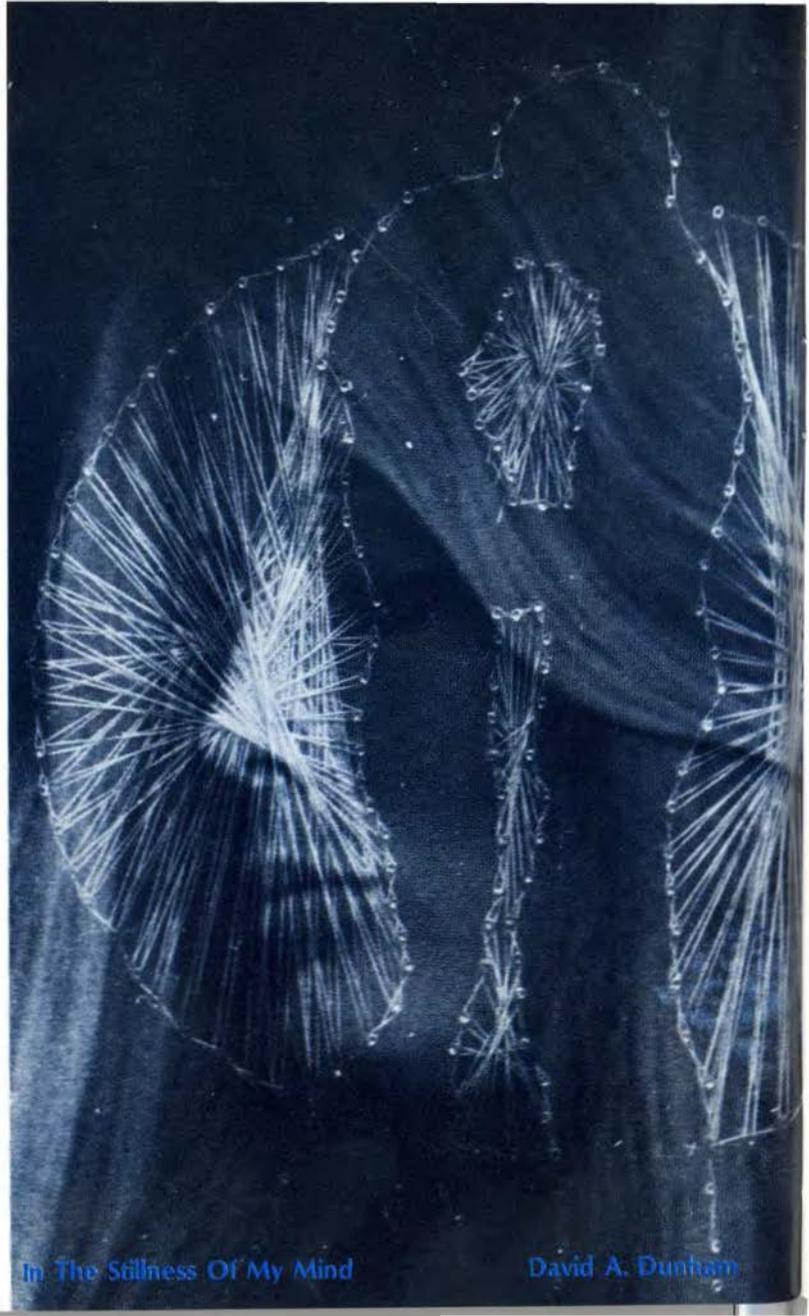
Yet, when you touch me  
I freeze.  
My hands clasped  
determined behind my back.  
My lips retreat  
into a deliberate babble.

Guess dreamers like me  
Must muddle through dreams  
Contrived and sought,  
But hardly lived  
at all.



Nude I

Mary Jane Kassnee Kirkwood



In The Stillness Of My Mind

David A. Dunham

# Constructive B.S.

Kris Piepenburg

Zero in to a small place. Zero in to a gas station perched on a busy suburban corner. Zero in, through all of the complexities and simplicities, to a man in a chair behind a counter. A man, open to everything that could walk, crawl, or squeal into his place of business. A man who could be robbed or murdered, or raped by someone of either sex. A man with his nose caught between the pages of a paperback and his mouth sipping a cola. A man who gets up out of his chair to tend to the needs of the roadway creatures.

"Pack of Newport lights."

The clerk looked up from his book to see a tall, stocky man with a fat face. His baseball-style cap topped and shaded a pair of thick-lensed, wire-rimmed glasses. A combat jacket, with camouflage designs on it, completed the man's uniform. The mouth opened and yawned, revealing stained teeth.

"Pack of Newport lights."

The words came out thickly, and the character tapped both of his hands on the counter.

"You new here?"

The clerk replied, sort of; "yeah, I just started a week ago." He pushed the green-and-white pack across the counter and mumbled, already by rote, the cost. "Sixty-five cents. From one." He counted out the change and turned to go back to his book; the man didn't leave.

"Was driving down twelve the other day, saw a great car wreck."

"Oh, yeah?" the clerk inquired, rather bored.

"Yeah, this fucker in a blue Monza pulled out in front of a pick-up truck. You shoulda seen the look on the face of the guy driving the truck." The man chortled with over-emphasis. The laugh wasn't deep, and the clerk could tell that it certainly wasn't genuine. It had a duck-like sound to it, a

kind of "heh-heh-heh." This guy could have waddled around and turned into a duck; the clerk was hoping he would. The man spoke:

"Y'see my car out there? Some nigger was backing out of the parking space next to me, and he swerved into my car and dented the door. Yeah, I bitched that motherfucker out, good, and drove away. Back in Kentucky, we used to tie the nigger's legs to the back of our cars and drag 'em around on ropes."

The clerk was desperate for a diversion from this ugliness. What did he care about this idiot's car? And how did this guy think he could tell sensational stories to him? The clerk turned on the radio and nodded to the man, who was now alternating between two activities; smoking a cigarette and stroking his moustache. A Ford Fiesta commercial blurted out of the portable radio, and this stirred the man back into action. He snorted, taking on the appearance of a horse.

"Fiestas. Little shit-boxes. Y'know how they stamp those out? Fuckin' tin-cans. Saw one of those piled up last summer. They had to use crowbars."

"Pretty crumpled, eh?"

"Crumpled? That fucker was flat and smashed in the ditch."

"Wow. Was he speeding, or what?" queried the clerk, now resigned to the fate of having a conversation with the moron.

"Nah, some fool in a Bronco swerved into him and he swerved between two cars in another lane. . . ."

Luckily for the clerk, the man was interrupted by a customer who put down a ten for gasoline and requested a pack of Winstons. "God," thought the poor clerk, "why is this jerk standing here, boring me with these stories?" The clerk was dismayed when the walrus-man didn't leave when the other customer showed up. Now the customer was gone. The clerk sat down and began reading, but the guy stood there. He was standing in the doorway, looking out at the highway. "Just like on the screen porch in Kentucky," thought the clerk.

"You smoke pot?" the man asked, as he flicked the ashes of his cigarette onto the floor.

"Not really. Just once in a while, when I feel like it. I used to do it a lot, but I got too stupid."

The man snorted again, and pressed the cigarette to his mouth; now he looked like a turtle. The clerk was able to see quite a few animals in this guy: the duck, the walrus, the horse, the turtle, and even the pig. His face was rather piggish; the nostrils were wide. Pig—like policeman. He looked sort of like a cop, with his regulation short hair and camouflage coat.

The clerk wanted to create an awkward silence, perhaps to embarrass the pig and make him leave. He turned off the radio and went back to his book.

The pig drummed his fingers on the counter-top and looked really beefy. He ground his cigarette into the ashtray and turned to go. The clerk chewed his nails, pleading silently with the guy to leave.

But he didn't. The clerk should have been aggressive and said "later," when the man made his first move to the door. Too late now. The man started in again, this time talking about "babes." The clerk cradled his head in head-ache fashion; the guy rambled on about this and that, warehouses and binoculars. The clerk barely replied. It was like having a child tugging at your shirtsleeve and begging for something, while you're trying to solve a problem. You're off in a different plane, and all of a sudden, annoying reality intrudes. "No, you can't have a candy bar."

After a few more comments on a woman who was outside filling her tank, the guy shut up and left. The clerk sighed with relief and tossed a pencil into the air. Who populated the earth with boors like him? What psychological problems accounted for compulsive boredom? These questions and more raced through the clerk's head. But who was bored? Was it he, himself, or the man, the pig? Who was boring? Definitely the pig. But how did he (the clerk) appear to the pig? "Christ," thought the poor clerk, "human relations are enough to make you sick."

Indeed, sick. During the conversation with the pig, the clerk had experienced a tight feeling in his stomach. It was, of course, tension.

\* \* \*

It was a week night, and the clerk decided to go shopping at a mall in a neighboring town. The fifteen-minute drive passed without incident; he

parked his car in a space within comfortable walking distance.

The clerk was more fascinated with malls than most. He was somewhat sickened by the atmosphere of American consumption but the architecture made up for the odor of free enterprise.

He opened the door and entered. A Japanese family stood in the vestibule, armed with plastic bags bearing the names of a wide assortment of stores. How did this compare to the homeland? The clerk side-stepped the youngest, a little girl who was wandering around, singing through a straw. It made a weird noise, a kind of half-human "loo-loo-loo. . . ."

The clerk burst forth into the mad scrambling of people. The mall was set up in a way that made the consumer tunnel through a department store before hitting the main shopping area. The clerk hurriedly elbowed through the store, brushing against other people in ways that probably annoyed them. He finally came out on the upper level of the metropolis and settled into his casual, "I'm just looking," walk. He browsed in a book store, and bought a new copy of *Brave New World*. "How ironic," he thought; "I'm buying this book that told about the future." He must have looked as if he were in a daze. The clerk selling him the book went through the sale by rote; clerks are pretty much the same way everywhere.

The clerk ambled through the palace and decided to go into a small store called "Static Transmission."

The television sets were all alive with color. Three sets in the front of the store all put forth the same picture of football players grappling in a drizzle, their mud-splotted uniforms made more colorful with a lens. Another screen depicted a sullen beauty displaying jeans; a seductive voice cooed a message that would prick up the ears of any male.

The clerk debated whether or not he should acknowledge him, and, had his next encounter with emptiness. He was looking at a video-tape unit; a salesman walked by. The clerk knew the salesman from one of those social inter-actions called parties. The salesman's name was Adam. The clerk debated whether or not he should acknowledge him, and finally, when the salesman asked him if he needed assistance, he did. There had been a trace of recollection in Adam's eyes; the clerk knew that the greeting was inevitable and unavoidable.

"Hey, how ya doin'? What's your name, ugh, that's right, Glenn!! So what's goin' on? Ya checkin' out some video equipment?"

"No, I'm really just browsing around. Checking out the mail, you know."

"Oh, looking at the women, eh? Yeah, across the way in that gift shop, there are some real nice girls. Classy, y'know? Not like some of the reamed-out rags that come in here. God, there's this blonde that—well, I don't think I have to explain."

The clerk chuckled. "No, you really don't. Have you heard from John lately?" John wasn't really a close friend to either of them, but they both

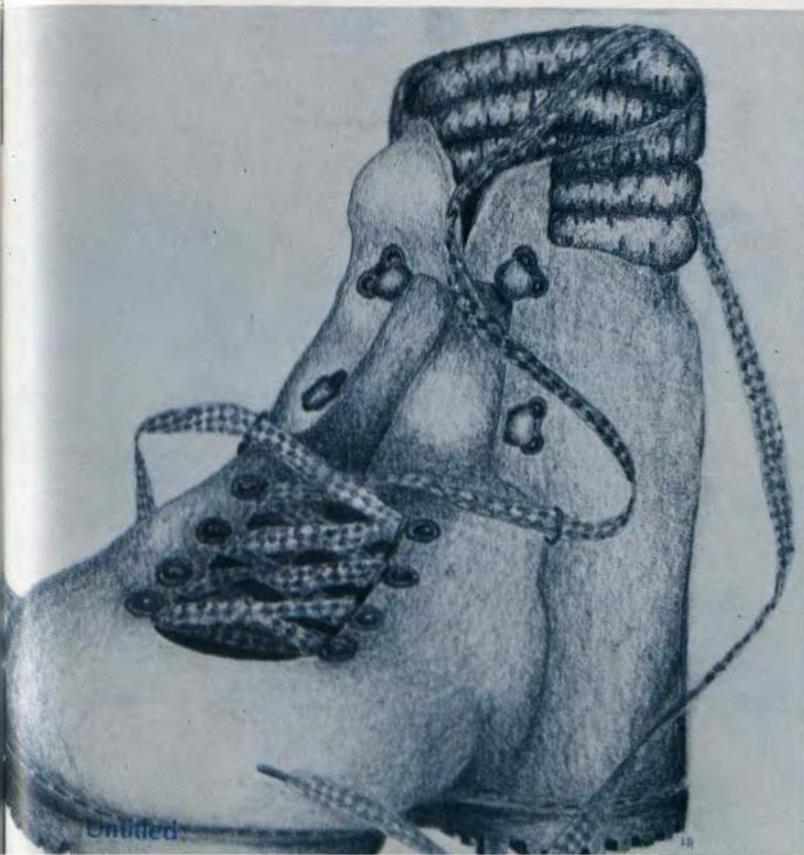
said they knew him.

"Yeah, he's going to school down in New Orleans. Renting a house, I guess."

"I didn't see him all summer. Someone told me he was back in town, but I never did see him."

"I didn't either. So what are you doing with yourself now?"

The clerk contemplated several smart-ass remarks, and then said, not at all smugly, "I'm going to school. I work at a gas station. What can I say?"



There isn't too much interesting that I do." He brushed his long hair out of his face; he was becoming uncomfortably warm in this place.

Adam was wearing a sport jacket, white shirt, and black pants known in many circles as "disco pants." His short, feathered black hair looked kempt but unkempt. The face was uncharacteristic except for a sharply pointed nose. He was crisp.

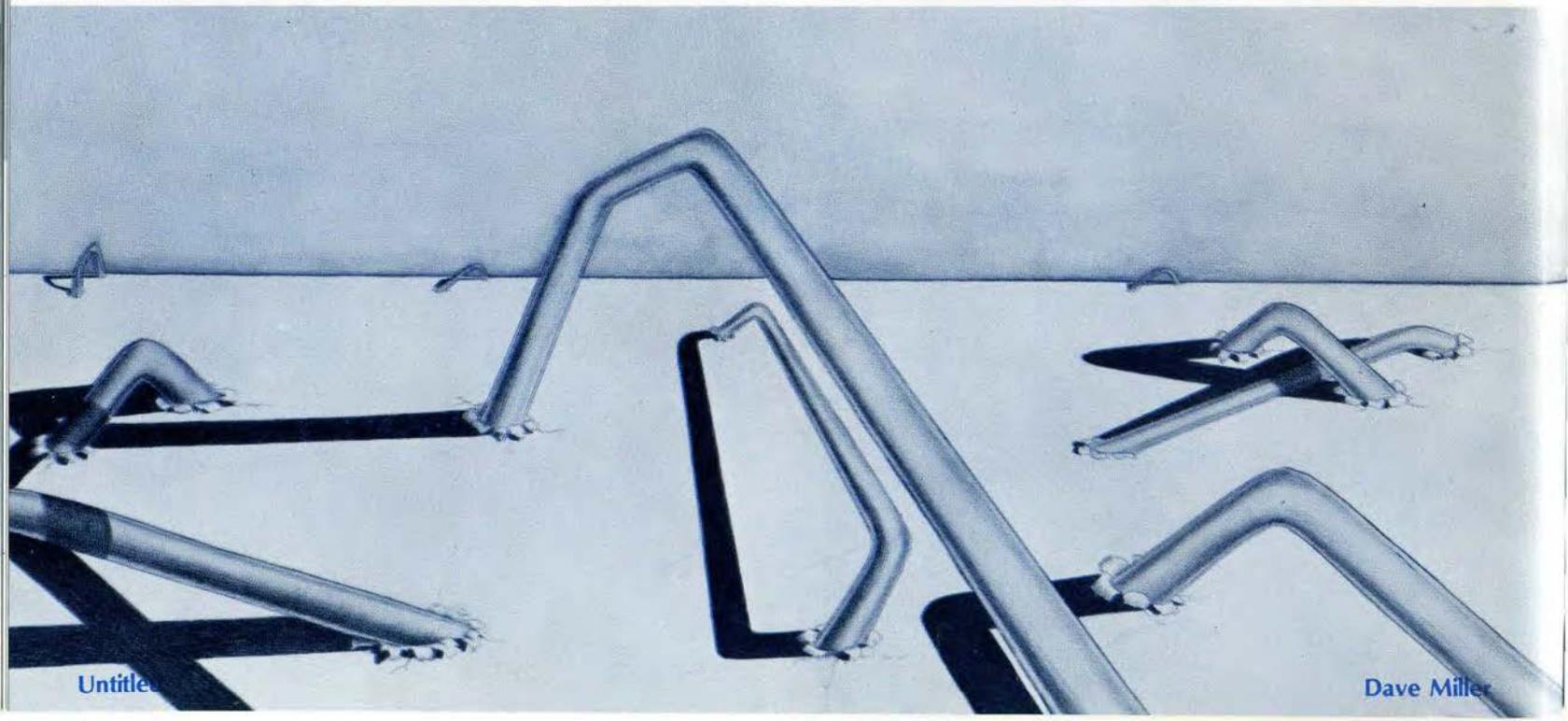
The clerk viewed himself on a dark television screen. His long, dark hair curled around the collar of an old tweed sportcoat. His eyes, that were giddily admired by a few girls, were protected by lightly-tinted shades. He was of normal height, and very trim. He viewed himself further, and saw that his face had a pained expression on it. The tension had begun; he pictured it as a grassy vine spreading from a central point in his stomach. Adam continued on.

"Yeah, I'm not going to school, but I'm not doing bad now, I'm pulling in six-bill checks every two weeks." The clerk let his gaze drift to Adam's clothes. "Of course, I had to dress more business-like, but you see, I'm selling things to people."

"You get commission?"

"Sure. None of this stuff has a fixed price on it;" he made a sweeping gesture with his arm, to encompass all of the gadgetry. "We're given a top price to work down from." Adam sniffed several times through his pointed proboscis, and then exclaimed, "yeah, that's where a lot of my money goes." He grinned slyly at the clerk, who merely felt the tension becoming unbearable.

"Incredibly empty," thought the clerk. "This guy has as much identity as



a piece of chalk." The clerk spoke through pursed lips; rather curtly: "yeah, I snorted coke once. It made me sweat." "Whoa," he thought, "don't get smart. He may be empty, but use some manners."

Adam's face had begun to nod, in a kind of half-agreeing limbo. "I know what you mean."

No you don't, you blind fool; you haven't the faintest idea what I'm talking about. You're in here selling visionary equipment to people that go home and make pornographic adventures. You're living a vision, you're accepting yourself as a person you don't even know. You talk to me like I'm an old buddy; I met you perhaps twice before this. I pity this whole conversation. The clerk wanted to run from the store, but instead he continued to exude his uncomfortable manner. "Ugh, well, it's been good talking to you." He checked out the image on the blank screen. The face was taut now, tight as clothesline. Adam stood there sniffing, and as if his sense of smell picked up on the clerk's mood, found an excuse. "Well, I've got work to do." He indicated the silver-haired, sportcoated football brain turning the knobs on a T.V. set. The tube blossomed into a view of a railroad yard in the pouring rain. "Got to make some money. Hey, we'll get together sometime."

"Sure," gasped the clerk, not yet relieved. They shook hands and half-glimpsed each other's eyes. The clerk walked normally out of the store and then braced himself for tension release. The first thing he saw was a girl clad in tight-blue jeans. He recalled Adam's words, "reamed-out." Someone's brain has been reamed-out. A hose has been shoved up his nose and his grey matter's been annihilated. The repetition of all of his living patterns has reamed him and cubed him down into an empty box.

He left the mall. There was no franticism, no rushing through stores in a wild-eyed frenzy. The clerk was at home in his body and comfortable in his state of mind. He wasn't losing his grasp, he was merely sharpening it. Strengthening it.

He was driving home, through rain that blurred the stoplights and made everything wiggle. He was thinking: "A hole is easy to spot. It is different because you can see through it. These people around me are empty holes to stare through. A hole is a void, an empty space. An air chamber. A pocket of nothingness. They try to fill their holes with "meaning," with drugs and sex. They're burying themselves, filling a grave. These holes are so obvious and easy to avoid stepping in, these empty holes. I come close

to the edge but don't fall." He accelerated and shifted his position in the traffic. He was ecstatically happy; profound thought did this to him. He pounded his hands in time to the radio.

The next day at work, he read Huxley. The people in Huxley's book talked in whole paragraphs, in streams of thought that were well-constructed and elaborate. Still, they were somewhat stuffy. If someone walked into the station and started talking to him with an airy philosopher's style, he'd probably wish for a phone call. When would he be satisfied? The door-chimes jingled and an emaciated-looking chap with a red nose walked in.

"Hey, how you doin'? Pack of Marlboros."

The clerk did the same thing he always did. He put the pack on the counter and dumped the man's money into the drawer.

The man stood there packing his cigarettes. He looked like he was an old hand at this; "tap-tap-tap-tap." Finally, he extricated one from the pack and lit it up. He looked over the cloud of smoke billowing out of his mouth. He looked at the clerk and then at a stylish Corvette being filled with gas.

"My vettes, man. I'm working on two of 'em out in Highland Park. When I get them goin', I'll bring one of them around. You can borrow one for a night. Impress your chick with it."

The clerk said "sure." He didn't really know much about cars, but he could tell that this guy was making up a story. The man's eyes were pale blue, swimming in a glaze. They pleaded with the clerk to listen. to "please believe me." They were yearning for an audience. The mouth had a half-smile on it. The man had an almost kindly look about him, but, then again, there was that desperation in his eyes. The clerk gave in and listened. The man went on:

"Yeah, I'm puttin' a posi in one of 'em. God, it's a bitch, but I'm pretty good with cars. I gotta go out there tonight. I'm gonna be there til four tomorrow morning."

"Do you work there?"

"I inherited it. It's a foreign car dealership. Every once in a while, I have

to test out new cars. Last Summer I had this Ferrari you wouldn't have believed." The man's eyes widened and his smile brimmed, as if he was settling into one of his fondest stories. "Yeah, I took that thing across the country. Out in the desert, I had it up to a hundred and fifty."

"Really? Was that out on some back road, or something?"

"Shit, yeah. Man, there was dust everywhere when I got done." He took a final drag on his cigarette and opened the door to fling the butt out onto the asphalt. The man who owned the Corvette came in a second later to pay for the full tank.

"Twenty-six, seventy-five," said the clerk. He wished that the liar would tell his stories to someone who could appreciate them. Here was this dapper young bull-rider, a Corvette owner, within conversational reach. But no, the guy was paid up and gone within the space of a minute.

"Yeah, I'll bring that vette around some night. You watch for me, I'll be here." He moved towards the door. The clerk became impatient.

"Yeah, catch you later," he heard himself say.

NOPE, I hope I don't. Why did the vultures descend on HIM? They were harmless, but they nagged. They didn't invade his sleep, but they were certainly bothersome during his waking hours. He wondered, did anyone ever talk on a personal level anymore? Was there anyone genuine, not loaded with a magazine of B.S.? He longed for a Huxleyan mansion, with a few pompous intellectuals gathered around a fire. At least THAT was constructive B.S.

He picked up his book and read:

... The gratifying thing would be if we could find in contemporary society evidences of peculiarly human virtues ... the conscious rational virtues that ought to belong by definition to a being called himself HOMO SAPIENS.

The above quote is taken from "Those Barren Leaves," by Aldous Huxley, 1925.

## Yo-Yo

Barbara Bastian

I hold you in my hand—  
Nestle you solidly in my palm.  
Your presence is hard,  
But here.

I admire your designs—  
The colors, swirls and geometrics.  
You say they're prettier in motion,  
Out there.

I fling you outward—  
Your designs dance out of sight.  
But I want to see and touch them so I  
Pull you in.

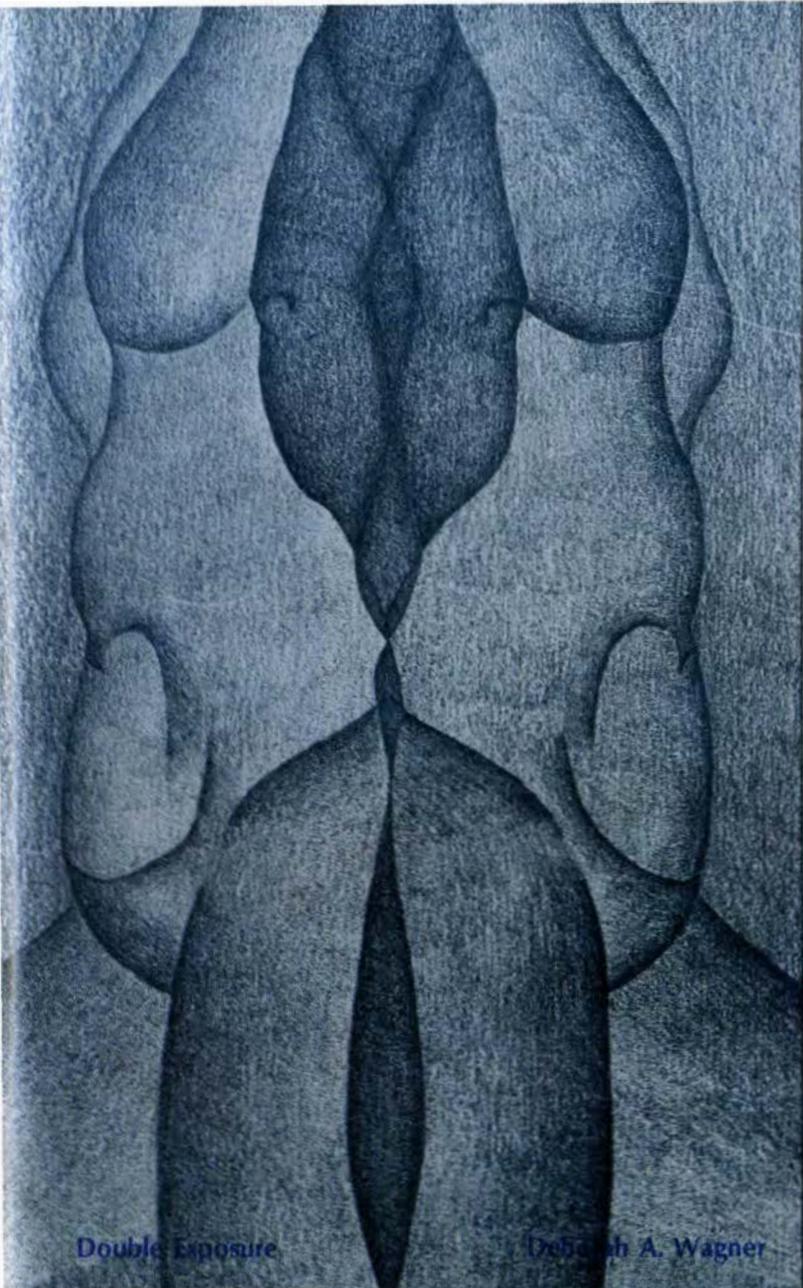
Readily you return to me—  
While telling me beauty is motion.  
I wonder who will see the beauty as I  
Push you out.

I would think you're gone—  
But you pull and strain so on the string.  
My finger feels the beckoning and I  
Bring you back.

The twisting pain in my finger subsides—  
You rest briefly in my palm again.  
But the motion—the motion! So I  
Send you forth.

I tire of straining to see you—  
Instead set my sights around me.  
But I can't ignore the tugging and yanking—I

At once we are wound together—  
Too soon we'll be stretched apart.  
Will you ever see I don't want to  
Let you down?



# Stream of Consciousness

Kathleen Brown

Thoughts of you and me  
Create a whirlpool  
In my consciousness.

They float for a time  
Within the vacuum  
Of my eddy.

Suddenly — turbulence,  
Struggle, darkness, spinning  
Deep into my subconsciousness.



# Hold the Anchovies

Sherry A. Christensen

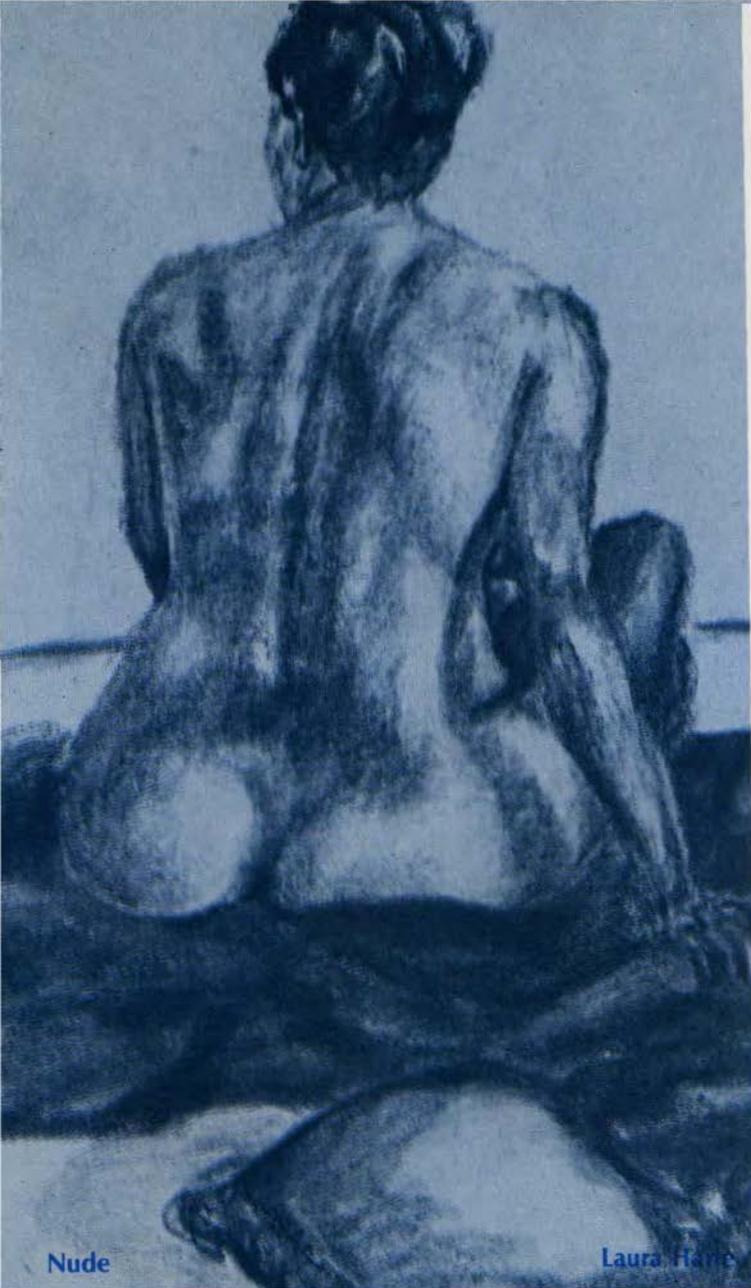
Sausage, cheeses, crust so thin  
Yet it is a deadly sin.  
Chew it, swallow, lick your lips  
Have you looked down at your hips?

Olives, peppers, onions too  
What a tasty treat for you.  
Nibble, giggle, eat it all,  
It's my choice, it's my downfall!

Order, pick-up, carry out  
I am left without a doubt.  
Make it, bake it, try your hand  
Any pizza tastes just grand.

Tell me, pizza, what's your game?  
What's the meaning of your fame?  
Do you want to make me bulge?  
Fattening, sure; I'll still indulge!

Diets come and soon they'll go;  
Pizza's my true love, you know.  
Smoking, drinking, I'll say 'pass,'  
But pizza, yes, and make it fast!



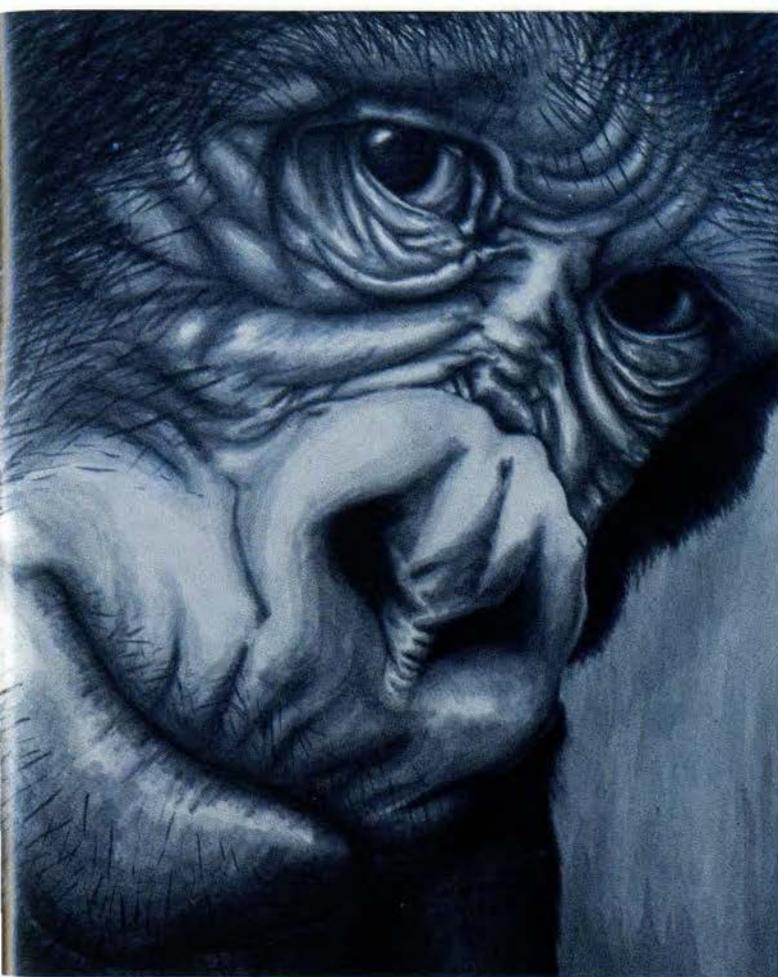
Nude

Laura Hane

# Cheap Revelations of a One-Time Actor

Carrie Gorr

He was stone-cold stoned  
and leaning on whatever would hold  
and he only half-dreamed of making it with her  
cuz his dad teaches Sunday School  
but no one noticed  
they all got their scenes to play  
and some can act  
and some just play  
and some are out for the parts  
and some love what they do  
but won't admit it  
because it's just another line in that crowd  
of mine and yours.  
They don't hear.  
They learned their lines  
and practiced their responses  
in front of mirrors,  
to tape recorders,  
and other machines that are easy to clean  
and reading between the lines  
was one of those ideals they believed in  
at the latest party  
the significance of which escapes them at this late date.  
And maybe that's why I look at parties  
like fish bowls  
with hot pink gravel struggling to shine  
and just getting shit all over.



**Face to Face**

**Timothy Hurt**

## Exceptions

Barbara Bastian

This movie of our life—  
The dog chasing the tail—  
Except sometimes.  
We run the movie in reverse  
And the tail chases the dog.

This portrait of our life—  
Deep purple swirling in peaceful pastels—  
Except sometimes.  
We attack the canvas with stabbing strokes  
Of piercing, passionate paint.

This music of our life—  
Harmony and melody blending beautifully—  
Except sometimes.  
We add staccato cacophony  
Of discordant sharps and flats.

This dance of our life—  
A perfectly flowing adagio—  
Except sometimes.  
We charge and leap and run  
Out of synch—in opposite directions.

This glory of our life—  
Our souls reveling in fulfillment—  
Except sometimes.  
We clash and lash out vengefully  
At the curse of tasting forbidden fantasy.



# If

Sharon Kaminski

If I could  
I'd place a ballpoint pen between my toes  
And lie upon my bed.  
My legs would stretch with muscles taut  
Until these supple digits doodled  
Oodles and kaboodles  
Of scratches, scrawl, and scribbles  
High upon the ceiling blanket white with space.  
I'd first play tic tac toe, you know,  
(With my left foot being circles  
And my right one being x's.)  
And when that was through  
You know what I would do?  
With pen in foot  
I'd take that Bic  
And stick it at the farthest corner  
Of my plaster page,  
To write the Gettysburg Address,  
In case I might be faced  
With task of recollecting it  
Someday.  
If scope allowed, I'd fill the void  
By etching out a sketch  
Of Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck or  
With whatever my mind be struck.  
Then when every ounce of space  
Had been satiated with my splended scribe,  
Until they had encircled and crased  
The draft expanding wide  
From end to end.  
And then,  
I'd begin again.

# A "Chic" Story

Barbara Groshans

Now let me understand this clearly. You think you're what? Well, let's just C'EST CHIC for now. If you can "freak," that's "chic" and that means you're KOOL (& the Gang). Would you believe that some FOREIGNERS think they are chic, well GUESS WHO is going to tell you an American story of chicness? WHO? YES, you're right, me. I'm going to tell you everything I know about chic people and how to be "chic" and "kool."

First of all, you'll find the chic people in all FOUR SEASONS. SPRING (steen), (fire) FALL, WINTER (edgar), and SUMMER (donna). You'll also find them in the chic places of the world, such as ENGLAND (dan & john ford coley), BOSTON, DENVER (john), ORLEANS, ATLANTA (rhythm section), MCLEAN (don), and yes, even in CHICAGO. How many chic people do you know who are from the SOUTH (joe), or BAY CITY (rollers), or KANSAS or OHIO (players)? Not many, I'll agree.

Let me explain something — the chic look is a little different than those who are just plain normal but, perhaps, still kool. They (chicers) have TALKING HEADS, LITTLE FEAT but LIGHTFOOT (gordon) and very BADFINGERS. They also talk as if they are in DIRE STRAITS.

Before I tell you the different levels and kinds of chic — you must understand that those who consider themselves chic have one distinguishing characteristic than those who are not — they love ANIMALS of any kind but, mostly, exotic animals. Here are a few of the many examples: SEALS (and crofts), (iron) BUTTERFLY, BLACKBYRDS or simply BYRDS of any kind as long as they are exotic; RAITT (bonnie), CAT (stevens), HERMITS (hermans), TURTLES, EAGLES, MONKEES, BEATLES, an occasional (three) DOG (night) or (steppen) WOLF and a PARTRIDGE in a pear tree.

Now listen my children and you shall hear, the different chicers of the years. These are THE PACEMAKERS or trendsetters of the day. They were the ones who originally said that it was CHIC to be KOOL and that THE DREAMERS, SEARCHERS, and NEW SEEKERS were just seeing life through a LOOKING GLASS, and further, that they all ought to go and take a CRUISE (pablo). And also that it was a WONDER (stevie) that this wasn't

some type of CHEAP TRICK being played on us by those who kept some BAD COMPANY with a bunch of OUTLAWS who were running away from THE POLICE who, in turn, were having a Big MAC (fleetwood) attack!

Now we have the other types of chic. There are those that go way back in religion to the DAWN of GENESIS. They were ANGELS in some ways and even had such holy names as PETER, PAUL and MARY or even an occasional SIMON (paul): but towards the end of this FIFTH DIMENSION, TEMPTATIONS started to set in and these SUPREME thoughts soon turned into a BLACK SABBATH which was, of course, totally void of any MIRACLES. These eventually became very greedy and had strange cravings for things like MONEY (eddie), CARS, cold CASH (johnny) and even a stranger craving for MEATLOAF. They had lost any PRIDE (charley) they might have previously had. And if this wasn't insulting enough, they often went so far, so crazy enough to think that it was better to be part of the working class, THE VILLAGE PEOPLE, than it was to be chic and thus some of them joined the dreaded working class of people who were HOOKED (dr.) on working common jobs. This ASSOCIATION of jobs included some TAYLORS (james and livingston), a MASON (dave) here and there, a MILLER (steve) now and then, some CARPENTERS, some BEACH BOYS, and some even, God, dread the thought, even got jobs in the PARLIAMENT! They even drove cars like a FLASHY CADILLAC or a FORD (j.f. coley). But not to worry. This little HEATWAVE of YOUNGBLOODS with all their EMOTIONS and KINKS who wanted to go to WAR with the elite had no chance, since the elite were higher up in class — holding titles such as CAPTAIN (& tennille) and many were COMMODORES. The highest rank ever reached by any of the VILLAGE PEOPLE was a mere SGT. (pepper's lonely hearts club band).

Family also played a big part of your induction into the chic ways. Some big names, which you may refer to when you need direction, are THE DOOBIE BROTHERS, SISTERS SLEDGEM THE BROTHERS JOHNSON, THE POINTER SISTERS, (sly &) THE FAMILY STONE, and, of course, we can't forget the parents — THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS.

Now if you happen to like getting back to the basics, as I do, then you'll fit in perfectly with this type. Now there are two ways of getting back 1. Going all the way back to EARTH, WIND, AND FIRE or what may now be considered to be BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS — these are the health food fanatics — purity was stressed — sort of like an Ivory commercial. They ate food like PEACHES AND HERBS, GRASSROOTS and now and



Paradise

Kay E. Pankey

then some BREAD. For beverages they drank only water from the purest RIVERS (johnny) and OCEANs. Sometimes, they would splurge a little and eat some WILD CHERRYs with some CREAM.

Well that's about it for my chic story — just one more thing — anyone who is chic appreciates the gift of being YOUNG (neil) and not like a lot of people who think they are DEAD (grateful) before their time.

## "IDA A."

Carolyn Gorr

Early green country graveyard.  
"IDA A." in white marble.  
Three leaves of Ivy  
Cast in a circle,  
Laced with lichen.  
One weed and a  
Handful of thin grass.

Shallow roots  
Fastened to cool, damp cement.





# **The Chain-Smokers**

**Kris Piepenburg**

**He fumbles in the pockets of his coat,  
And finds matches.  
He ignites another topic.**

**Drag coolly, suburban gangster,  
Tap the ashtray's edge and leave  
A cherry to smolder and glow.  
Sip from the coffee cup, drain  
A few more minutes of sleep  
From your night.  
Discuss marital madness  
With a listener that looks and nods.  
Anticipate reactions,  
Get expected responses,  
Crush the butt of conversation  
Deep into your memory,  
That ashtray full of rejected rhetoric  
And wasted words.**

**Find the flame and chain smoke  
More dirty menthol snow.  
Grind the smoking stink  
Until it burns into your soul  
And awakens you from the senseless  
rambling  
Of three a.m.**

# The Wandering

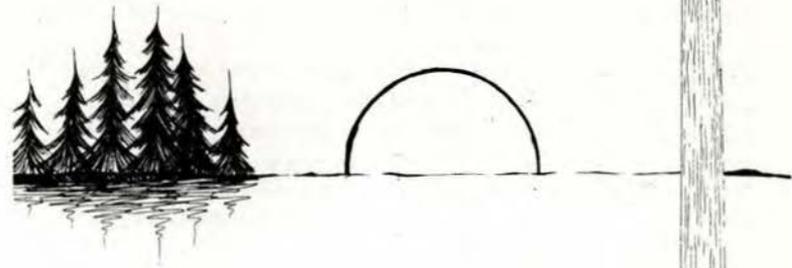
John Apostolopoulos

... And we were there  
in the empty world,  
Birds of wandering, searching for a beginning  
in the endless world,  
and when we set up the commencement,  
the end was coming,  
in the small world.

... And we were there  
at the station to the unknown,  
and we hoped that the train of truth  
would pass by there,  
so it could take us to the destination  
of knowledge,  
ignoring the journey.

... And we were there  
in front of the foot of Calvary  
looking at the Cross,  
without meditation for our endless passions,  
our everyday crucifixions.

... And we were us the world,  
and we were us the Beginning and the End.  
And there was no station,  
because there was no destination.  
There was only CALVARY, and we carried  
the Cross and our passions within us,  
that's why we were looking for a God,  
that's why we relied on hope for tomorrow.



# Descent to Hell

Karen Langer

"I still think it's a lot for a dumb game." Adrienne turned away and examined a set of Sesame Street Puppets.

"Hey, this is a neat one, though. Look, it's got this weird design on the cover. Don't you think this is neat?" It showed human-like faces with frighteningly ugly expressions on them, almost comical but on second glance terrifying and eerie.

"Yeah, real neat. Come on, let's get out of here. All these toys make me nervous."

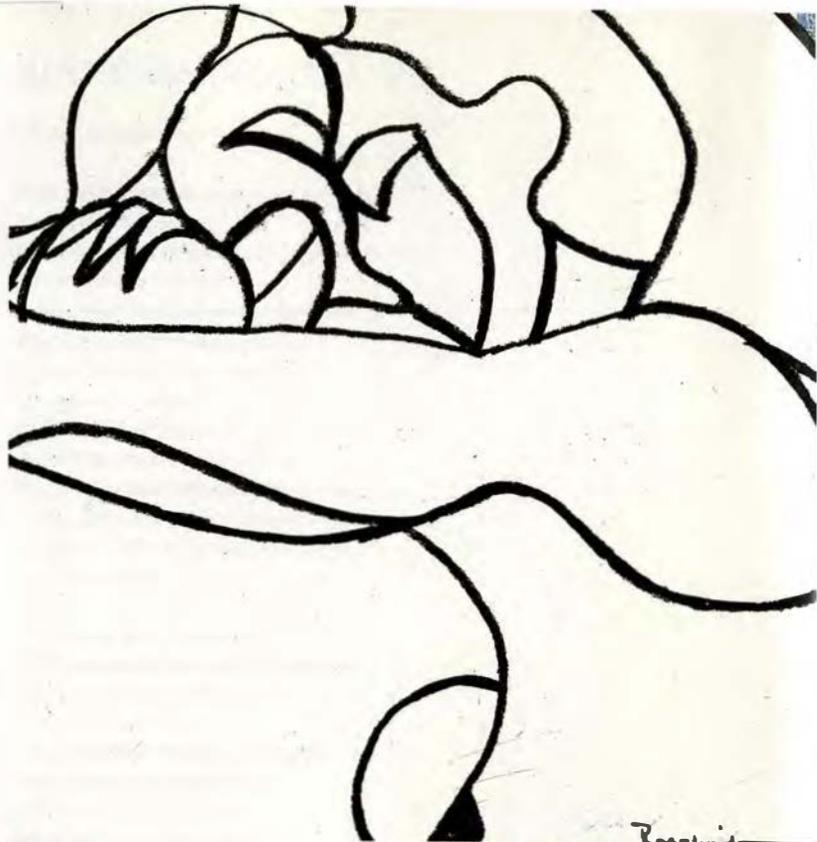
"I really do want to get this." Tom turned the box he held over in his hands and thought about the price, thirty-five dollars. It was a lot, but it looked well made and interesting. "It looks like fun—more than Scrabble anyway."

"Well, it's your money. If you want to waste it on some dumb game, go right ahead."

Tom took it up to the checkout counter and wrote out a check while the teen-aged girl put it in a big bag. She had a date in fifteen minutes and looked tired. It was almost closing time, and she couldn't wait to get out of there. "Have a nice evening," she mumbled through her chewing gum.

At home, Tom opened a beer and got the game out and unwrapped it. It consisted of a board with a strange design of interlocking snakes with huge fangs biting each other's tails or twisting threateningly around each other, with flaming eyes and fantastic colors against a black background. The snakes were segmented into spaces upon which the players moved their pieces—little figures made of metal shaped like a man and a woman. The woman was naked, which amused him, but the man was dressed. There were two piles of cards marked "Setback" and "Incentive" and a particularly nice pair of dice made out of a dark reddish colored wood, like rosewood. Addie was painting her nails and watching *The Loveboat* on T.V. She said, "That really is one weird game."

"Yeah, it sort of looks different than it did in the store." He found a sheet



Ellen

Rosalinda Martinez

of instructions, but they seemed inconclusive and vague. "I wonder what the point is?" he said to himself, and Addie looked up after recapping the nail polish with a snort. "Good question."

"It says 'Each player throws the dice and the higher number takes the first turn.' Sounds easy enough so far . . . . The players move around the board according to the number face up on the dice."

"Sounds just like 'Uncle Wiggly' to me," giggled Addie.

"'When a player lands on either a Setback square or an Incentive square he takes a card from the corresponding pile.' Well, let's give it a go, eh?"

"Ohh, okay." Addie sighed. Let me get some more wine first."

"I'll have another beer as long as you're up."

She came back in a moment and said, "Did you yell at the dog again? She's hiding down in the basement. She never does that. She doesn't like it because it's cold."

"That dog is neurotic. C'mon, take your turn."

Addie took the dice and shook them roughly, coming up with a six and a four. "Ha, I go first." Tom had a five and a three, so she moved her little metal figure ten squares down the snake's body, just missing the first "Incentive" square. "Damn," she swore. Tom moved his piece eight spaces and landed on a black one.

"Hmmm . . . I wonder what this could mean." He picked up the sheet of instructions and read "When a player lands on a black space he forfeits one turn." There was a loud thump from the basement, and Addie said, "I hope she's alright down there. I wonder what that was," and she got up and went off to investigate. Several minutes later both Addie and the dog were back. "The radio fell on the floor. I guess Tuffy knocked it over or something. It's okay though—still works." She sat down and sipped her wine. "Is it my turn?"

"Yeah, I have to miss one turn. Go ahead. I don't get it, there just doesn't seem to be a point to this game. How do you win?"

Addie tossed the dice again and got a five this time, which landed her on a space with a little star in the corner. "What does this mean? Look it up," she demanded. Tom reached once again for the instructions and told her that it meant she had "Cosmic possibilities."

"Terrific," she replied. "That's all I need."

On her next turn she landed on an "Incentive." "Oh neat." She picked up a little red card from the pile and read it aloud, " 'You meet a stranger who intrigues you and changes your outlook on life.' Oh, that's just plain ridiculous," but she turned the card over and tucked it under her end of the board while trying to hide a secret smile from Tom who was watching her intently. But, he took his turn and landed on the same square.

"Aha! Let's see what I get this time. 'You graduate from medical school and become a cardiac specialist who develops a new technique for coronary bypass operations.' Well that's impressive."

"I can just see you in one of those white coats," joked Addie. "Huh . . . I could've been a doctor's wife, instead of an accountant's."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you? The country club life, maybe drive a Lincoln—poor Addie, so disappointed."

"Oh, getting serious now? Just play the game. It's getting boring enough without listening to your nasty comments." She took her turn and landed on another black square. Tom smiled viciously and she made a face at him, then got up and went to the kitchen. She turned out the light over the sink and opened a bag of potato chips, which she sat and munched on while Tom took his two turns. "Damn it, Addie," he said to her, "You know you shouldn't be eating those—aren't you supposed to be on a diet?"

"Mind your own beeswax," she retorted between chips.

He landed on another "Incentive" square. "The life you save may be your own."

"Now that's cosmic."

"I'm the one with cosmic possibilities just remember that."

"Yeah, but I'm the doctor."

"How are you going to save your own life?"

"At least I don't smoke two packs a day and drink like a fish."

"Huh. . . . Hey doc, can you fix a broken heart?"

"Why, you got one?"

"Huh."

Addie took her turn and came up with a setback this time. "Shit!" she exclaimed. "This'll probably be bizarre. Let's see—'A secret desire is

revealed which brings your downfall.' " She turned the card over and quietly lit another cigarette. These messages were giving her a creepy feeling, as if she were being warned somehow.

Tuffy whined from behind the armchair and came out to look at Tom in some distress. "I think she's gotta go out again. Is she alright? She's been acting real strange lately. Do you think she could be pregnant? There was this Basset hound hanging around the yard last week. God, that would be awful, wouldn't it?"

"Shut up, that's disgusting."

"Hey, what about this secret desire, huh?"

"It's just a game, Tom," said Addie with disdain in her tone. And you wanted it, I didn't. I think it's dumb."

"Whose turn is it? Oh, it's mine." He shook the dice and a seven fell, which got him another star like Addie had gotten. "●h no, now I've got cosmic possibilities, too!"

"Don't let it go to your head." She picked up the dice and gave them a violent rattle while stifling a cough, and her eyes remained staring at the board. There was something about this game that was really bothering her, but she was at a loss to understand what it was. The cards she had drawn so far had a ring of truth to them; she had met a man, with whom she had slept a few times, and he had been enigmatic and mysterious. But, it hadn't lasted long, and she felt bitterly disappointed and used by him. He had given her a glimpse of a life beyond her own narrow existence, of possibilities that she had only been dimly aware of before. He had been a lawyer, an arrogant and cold man who, she supposed, had cast her aside for more attractive and willing young women who were free and not married. Now she wandered around the nearby shopping mall with so many other bored young matrons or spent her day drinking wine and getting high, too apathetic to try to find any other way of life. Tom's career as a CPA was slow but steady, like himself. He was a good man, hard-working and honest, but sometimes, when she looked at him, she wondered how much longer this joke of a marriage could go on. Still, they had a comfortable life. She did not have to work, which was good because she hated to work and could not stand the mild pressure she had been subjected to when she had been a secretary at Tom's firm, where she had met him and fallen in love. She had gratefully quit as soon as she

could and retired from the business world.

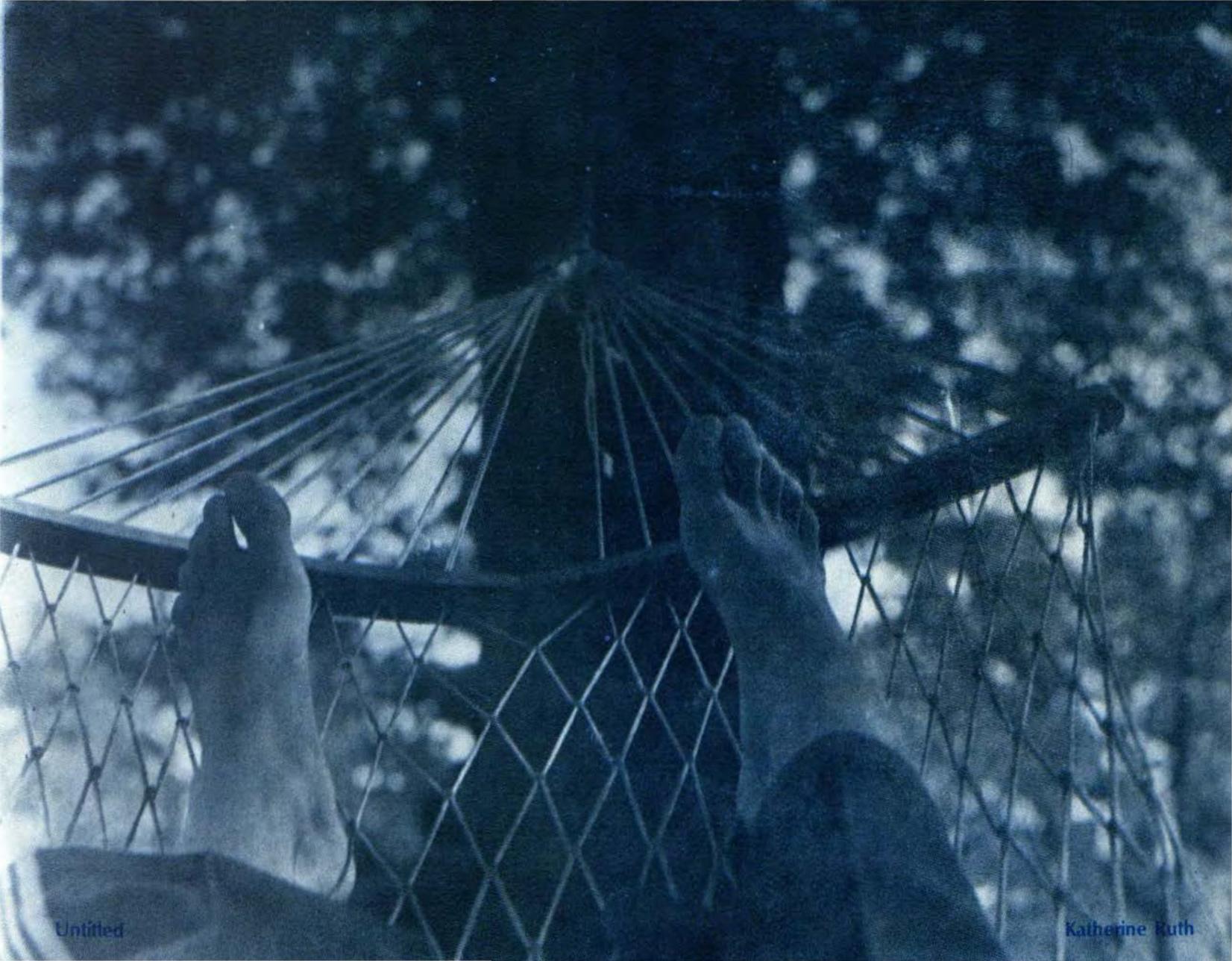
Their house was tucked in between two similar homes in a dreary neighborhood thrown up in the early fifties to accommodate young post-war families, a small cheaply built ranch with a brick front which distinguished it from its neighbors only slightly. Addie gave up trying to care about it and looked after the housework only perfunctorily. She had once had dreams, of Tom and two or three children all snug and cozy forever in their little home, but now Addie was too lazy to dream. Tom spent more and more time at his office, and she did not give a damn. It kept him out of her hair.

"Ha—Snake-eyes!" she laughed, and moved her piece two squares ahead, which was a black square so she got up and went to the bathroom.

She stood before the mirror and brushed her long hair with furious strokes. "Damn him! Damn, damn, damn!!" James had been tall and handsome, a real turn-on, but he had not revealed any secrets to her, never seemed like a real person. Addie would question him closely as they lay in bed at the Holiday Inn, but he would turn away coldly, and his face would become a mask devoid of any feeling, stiff and silent. Still, she loved him and ached to know him, to be with him all the time, and she hated herself for being dull and married and supposed that she meant nothing to him at all. But, that glimpse of that other world beckoned to her like an open window, and she imagined herself moving among his crowd of intelligent and interesting people, attending elegant parties, wearing the very latest fashions just like The Beautiful People, as if his love could transform her somehow. But, in the end she had cried like any foolish teenager and slashed his name in lipstick across the mirror in some crappy toilet, violently smearing the scarlet grease into the dirty glass in an enraged attempt to rub out the memory of his cold, hard face and the way his hands felt upon her skin. That had been the last time she had seen him. He never called again. She would never sit in her sunny little kitchen with the crumbs from breakfast still all over the tablecloth making secret plans with him.

"What happened—ya fall in?" Tom yelled from the kitchen where he was standing in front of the refrigerator trying to decide on a snack.

Addie sighed as she left the bathroom. "Do you have to be so crude?" she said as she resumed her position on the couch with her wine. "Who's turn is it?"



Untitled

Katherine Ruth



Untitled

Robert Dorn

"It's yours again. I got this card: 'A heavy darkness will soon descend.' Christ, it's over my head. This game seems so serious—maybe we should've stuck with Backgammon after all." When he had seen the game called "Descent To Hell" in Toys R Us, he figured it was some sort of send-up of board games in general and thought it was funny. He was not one for games as a rule. They usually bored him, and he would end up feeling stupid when he tried to play. Growing up with his older brother who was better than he was at practically everything had taught him that competition was useless. He grew up quiet and serious with a few close



Welcome ?

Katherine Ruth

friends and a few interests that demanded nothing from him. He had gone to a small midwestern college and majored in business and then went on to receive his CPA license. The life of a bachelor did not suit him for long—he could not cook for himself and had no social life whatsoever—so when a friend introduced him to Adrienne he fell in love with her almost instantly. She had been a wildly beautiful girl then, a couple of years older than him, with problems of her own and looking for an easy way out. Marriage to the serious and thoughtful Tom seemed to be it. But, lately, her eyes were empty of that green light that made him think of sunlight in a forest that he once loved, and in bed at night she lay beside him curled into her own world. If he kissed her while she slept, she would smile with her eyes closed, but, when she awoke to see Tom, she turned away abruptly. Finally, he did not care anymore. Even his secretary with her long blonde hair and heavy make-up treated him like a fool and had merely laughed at him when he had asked her to lunch one day.

He looked across the table at Addie, who sat picking her cuticle and was apparently lost in another daydream.

“Addie, it’s your turn.”

“I know—I’m thinking.”

“About what? Just play the game.”

“Yeah . . . this is all there is, isn’t it?”

“And what do you mean by that crack?”

Addie sighed deeply in irritation at his denseness. It was no wonder they never had any meaningful discussions about the state of their marriage. He was just too damned stupid. “Fuck, I don’t know. All right, where’s the dice?” She picked it up and rolled a seven. “My lucky number . . . aha, an ‘Incentive.’ ‘Incompleteness is completed and you go on and find what you need.’ *Brother*. . . .”

Tom knew about the affair with the lawyer. He had found a slip of paper in her deskdrawer with a phone number on it, which he traced to a law firm in the city. Alan, a co-worker at the office, had mentioned seeing Addie downtown last fall in a chic restaurant and had asked if that was her brother she had been having a drink with. He imagined that the whole accounting department knew about it and could feel their pitying

eyes on him, could hear their laughter over coffee in the cafeteria. He wondered from time to time how many others there had been that he did not know about and then realized that he should have known. Addie was the sort of girl who would never be faithful. She was almost too pretty back then, even dangerous. She attracted men like flies, and she always flirted back in a cheap way. It made him sick, it really did. She was a whore. He looked at her now in her flashy clothes and vacant expression. What a tramp she looked like. Seven years later, here he was, stuck in a tacky little house with this woman who was only a stranger to him, a somewhat distasteful stranger.

Addie lit a cigarette and thought with annoyance that she was running out again. Maybe if she was real nice about it, Tom would run up to the 7-11 and get her some more, and maybe a bottle of that wine that she had had with James that last day. Maybe the card’s message really was a prophecy, that the incompleteness in her life would be rectified, and maybe that meant that she would see him again. She thought of the way she had lain in his arms and about the way she had felt secure and calm, the nervous edge that she usually took for granted taken away for a little while. Even so, she thought tiredly, she would always be afraid of losing him again, and, if it were not him it would be someone else and on and on it went, seeking solace and never really finding it. “Shit,” she said to herself. “There’s got to be a better way.”

When Tom took his turn, he struck it rich: You marry a beautiful and wealthy woman, and your dreams are realized. “Hey, hey!” he smirked, much to Addie’s disgust. But for a moment he almost looked happy.

“If you did marry someone with lots of money, maybe you could go back to school like you once said you wanted to,” she remarked tonelessly, trying to be nice.

“Sure, that would be the day. I’m too old now, don’t you think? Besides, what would happen to you?”

“Would you really care?”

Actually, he did not, but he sure did not want to open that can of worms now.

“Well, would you, Tom?” She stared at him through a screen of cigarette smoke.

"Aww, c'mon, Addie, relax. You know how much I love you, you know I wouldn't leave—no matter *what*."

That's what she was afraid of. He'd go on, passively taking shit from her like the true sucker he was. She stood up and faced him. "Tom, I don't want to play this game anymore." It . . . it's too weird, it makes me uneasy, as if there's this presence, and it's sort of more than a game. It seems evil, like the damned name — Descent to Hell — that's a real scream." He watched her as she began to pace around the living room.

"I mean, Tom, it *is* more than a game, ya know? Let's face it right now—we're not happy together anymore. I'm not, you're not."

"Wait a minute!" he interjected. "Don't go making my decisions for me as to whether or not I'm happy!"

"Well, are you? Sure we have all we need right now, and thank god we didn't go ahead and have a baby last year. *Maybe* that's my fault. I don't know. But, Tom, I know I can't go on like this. I'm only 29 years old, and I feel like 59. I feel trapped and bored and dead already. I don't love you anymore." Her face remained impassive as she said it, and it chilled Tom, but it was not exactly news to him. Still, it hurt to hear her say it so dully, as if she were only stating a fact and nothing more. God, the woman was bloodless, she was dead inside—dry and dead and cold as glass. When he looked into her eyes, all he saw was a reflection of his own heart—he saw that he did not love her at all either.

She repeated insistently, "Well, are you happy? I don't know how you could be, living like this. But you probably are. I never meant more than a list of expenses to you anyway. You have the soul of a calculator, don't you? Push the right buttons for the right answer to the problem. Well, at least it makes you easy to handle. God, you make me sick, you're such a fucking wimp, Tom, a real fucking wimp!" Her hair streamed down her back in a wild tangle, and her face became twisted with hatred. She looked like a witch, Tom thought, standing in front of him and staring.

"Get away from me," he whispered. "Just get away, you ugly bitch."

"I wish to Christ I could."

"Yeah, but you'd rather hang around and sponge off me so you can afford your sleazy clothes and your lovers. . . ."



Orage

Sue Waller

"Lovers! That's a real joke, Tom! Congratulations! You finally said something amusing—whatta sense of humor!"

"Yeah, well it's not going to be so funny when you find your ass out on the street—where it belongs."

"Eat shit! Damn, how could I have been so stupid to get hooked up with a wimp like you?"

Some hidden power sprang up within him, something terrible and unbidden, he jumped up and struck her full force across the face. She fell back against the wall hitting her head on the corner of a picture frame with a crunch and slid down the wall like a limp doll. But, then she got to

her feet staggering, her face writhing with pain and madness. "You . . . you bastard, get out of here, get away from me before I kill you! Go on, wimp! Take a walk, get lost, get outta here before I kill you!"

"I'm not going anywhere!" Tom shouted, "If you'll remember, this is my house; I own it, and I own you, too!" He reached out and took her by the wrist, twisting it cruelly with surprising strength. But, Addie moved sharply to the side, wrenching free, and ran to the kitchen. He followed her and grabbed her from behind just as she snatched the huge chef's knife that she had used earlier to chop green peppers for spaghetti. She struggled in his grasp, waving the knife crazily close to his face, but he managed to get it away from her. They were both panting heavily with more passion than their marriage had known for a long time and uttering animal-like sounds. Tom grabbed her long hair, and it came away in his hand with a nauseating ripping sound, and he shook the black swatch to the floor hearing her screams ringing in his ears. The large bald spot on her scalp quickly filled with her blood, which spurted all over the front of his shirt. But, surprisingly, she broke free again and turned to pick up a heavy black iron skillet on the stove and, filled with an awesome, hideous excitement, raised it high and brought it down on his head with a finality that matched nothing else on Earth. Tom fell, in a pool of blood and small white bits of his skull. For a second, Addie was filled with intense joy, her pink lips parted in laughter.

She awoke several days later, strapped to a hard, white bed. Faces, voices, and another injection. A kind, bland face that reminded her vaguely of someone she knew in the city said to her, "Why did you kill your husband?"

Addie looked at him serenely and replied, "Incompleteness is completed. . . ."



# Photographs

Carolyn Corr

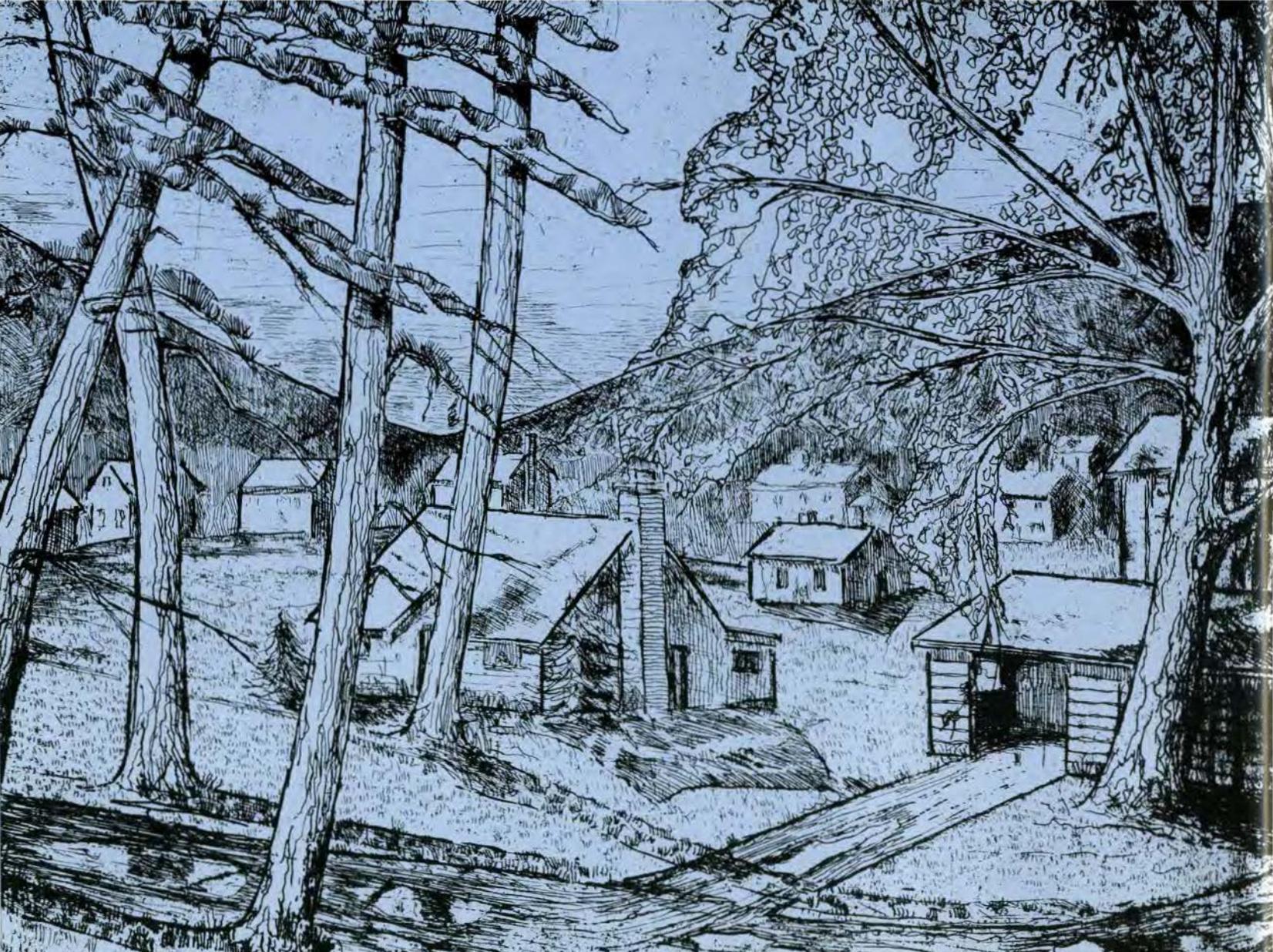
(after Susan Sontag)

Ghostly traces of unknown generations  
Stare blankly from tintypes.  
Sepia laced ladies propped against  
Mustached, derbied men.  
Peacocked predecessors, preserved.

Old Faithful, spouting faithfully.  
Grand Canyon mule train, 1906,  
Hauling placid tourists.  
Miniature pieces of the world  
Postcarded, possessed.

We laugh at primitive tribes  
Who refuse to be photographed.  
They know the camera steals souls.

And we, who know nothing,  
Continue to collect and  
Polish our mirrors of reality  
And hope for immortality.





Nude

Nita Stanko

## Kristallnacht

Betty Ann Dailey

*I saw a Gothic town in Germany  
Where craftsmen labour near great ovens, warm.  
In fiery rites they play their symphony,  
While breathing life into a molten form.*

*The hills beyond hide ovens not so pure;  
The men who commandeered them had no shame.  
Death vapors filled the air and still, obscure,  
Remains the burning question: who's to blame?*

*If a man can mingle smoke of different ash—  
The one from holy toil and one defiled—  
There must abide within his breast a clash  
Of energy controlled and flames gone wild.*

*Yet, in the end the crystal still remains.  
The holocaust is gone and quiet reigns.*

## The Glass Blowers

Betty Ann Dailey

*I saw a Gothic town in Germany,  
Where craftsmen labour near great ovens, warm.  
In fiery rites they play their symphony,  
While breathing life into a molten form.*

*Transparent shapes emerge to make a whole  
While twisting free from steel umbilicals.  
Clear glass or stained, the polish bares the soul,  
And careful cuts ring crystal musicals.*

*From nothingness can beauty be derived?  
The heated mass caressed by human hands  
Expands into a brilliance just arrived,  
Responding to the shape the mold demands.*

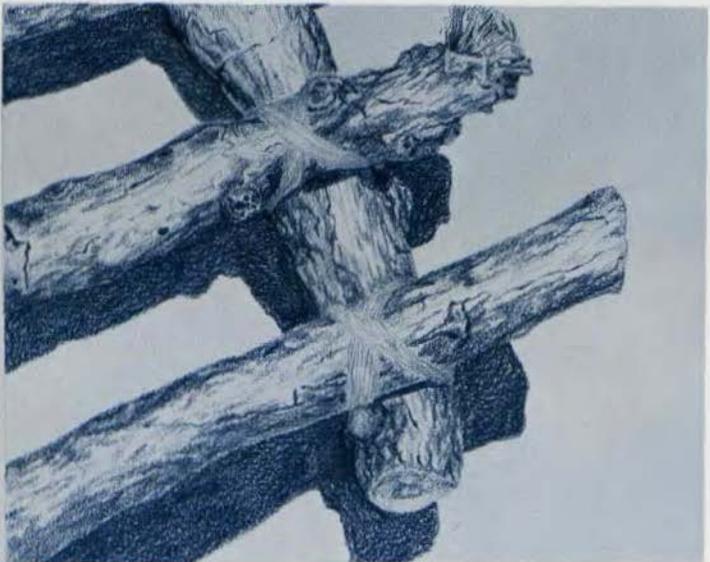
*One wonders yet, is this how earth began?  
And what designs may still be wrought by man?*



Corner of first set of twigs



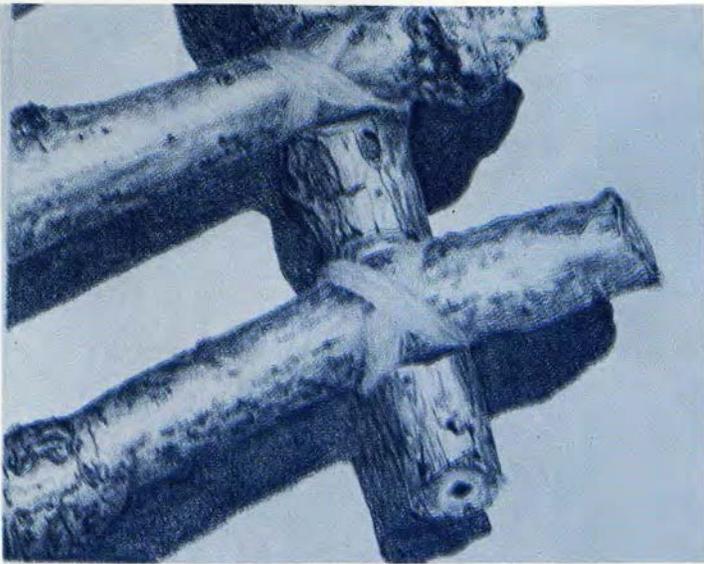
Corner of second set of twigs



Corner of fifth set of twigs



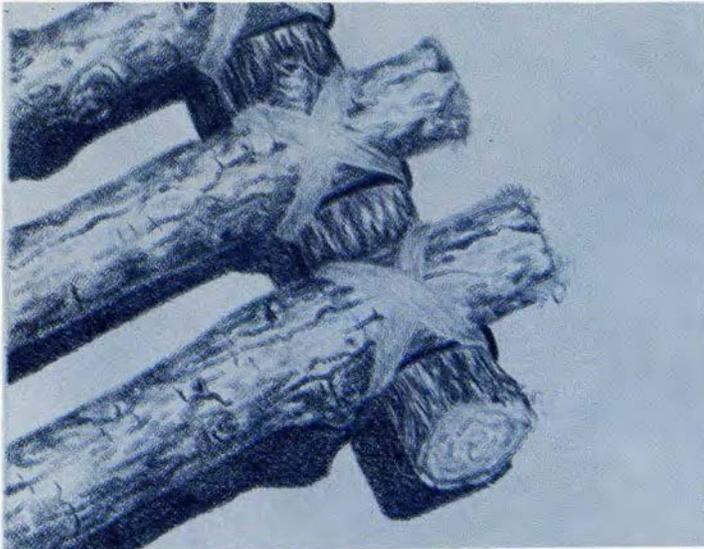
Corner of sixth set of twigs



Corner of third set of twigs



Corner of fourth set of twigs



Corner of seventh set of twigs

This project involves twigs and their drawings. The idea evolves from the process of finding a dead tree, peeling out a branch, and cutting that branch into twigs of seven general sizes. There are seven groups of twigs ranging in size, and in each group there are seven twigs, according to their size. By putting the twigs together in a certain way, similar to railroad tracks, one can almost see how a tree grows. In the sense, the process of binding the twigs together also shows the growth, because even the material that binds together the pieces ranges from thread to thick string. As the twigs get larger, the string also gets thicker.

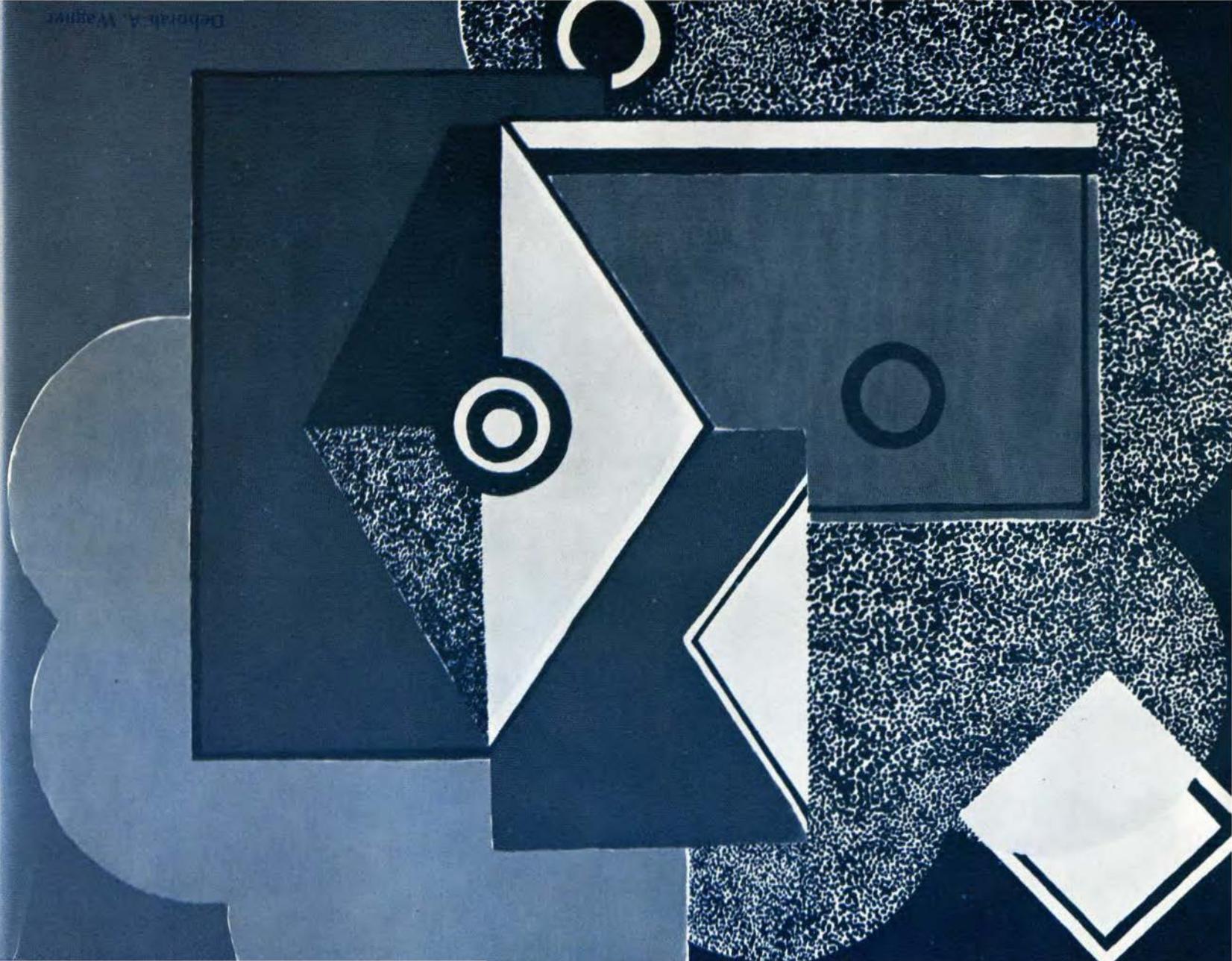
In the beginning, the twigs were supposed to represent only the growth of a tree, which they do, but my interest in the twigs alone grew.

There are seven drawings of certain corners of the seven groups of twigs, the drawings are not at the scale of small to large as the twigs, but the drawings are at a certain scale. Each drawing is at approximately the same size, which is a large blow-up of just a corner from each set of twigs. The drawings represent the differences of texture and other physical features within each group of twigs. Even though the twigs are all from the very same tree, they are all very individual.

This idea of individualism allows one to view the twigs and their drawings in another way. Still considering life and growth, but not of just a tree, one can see kind of a representation of people. The twigs are individual and so are people; physical features and all. The drawings are the portraits, while the twigs pose as I try to show just how individual each twig is in these drawings.

**7 Sets of 7 Twigs**

**Laura Harte**



# Building Blocks

Curt G. Ghislin

Graffiti on the walls explain us all,  
We live in parts, just segments of a whole  
Like bricks laid down to build a life, a wall,  
Some gold, expensive, to be bought and sold.

So often pieces hang apart, aloof;  
So high and wide, they float along to show  
An incomplete foundation short a roof.  
A fire, in vain to find its heart, its glow.

Fine pebbles of silk sand stretch far and wide;  
Beneath, necessity to find a leach;  
Thousands of grains—oasis never tried,  
But separate—itself—is not a beach.

So build your life on firm and steady ground;  
The lasting homes are built from top, then down.



# Lavender and Brown Her Eyes

Curt G. Chislin

*I saw her lavender and brown her eyes.  
I dreamt of her to no avail—one day,  
Suspecting anything but her, this fey  
Embraceable, an embryo surprise,  
Lived out my dream. Tongue sharp, hands quick, life size!  
Conversed a conversation to convey  
Her alibis. Her arms akimbo say  
Without a doubt, she'll only tell me lies.*

*What more could I ask for? What else is there?  
She'll bring me pain, backwards love affair, but  
To me, a straight and grand initial plea.  
Is emulating empyrean where  
I dwell? Program a pointless need to shut  
The door and keep away society.*

# The Shoes

Carolyn Gorr

Red-brown well-worn leather  
Laced with limp yellow noodles  
Through four tired eyes.  
Soles once looked like  
A child's drawing of ocean waves.

We traveled as agreeable friends  
Marched in the redwhite&blue of a Bicentennial  
A pair of high steppers, we.  
Separated, momentarily, by a puddle of mud  
On our way to a seedy washroom  
In an equally seedy campground.

The waves, washed away,  
Are stilled and colored flat.

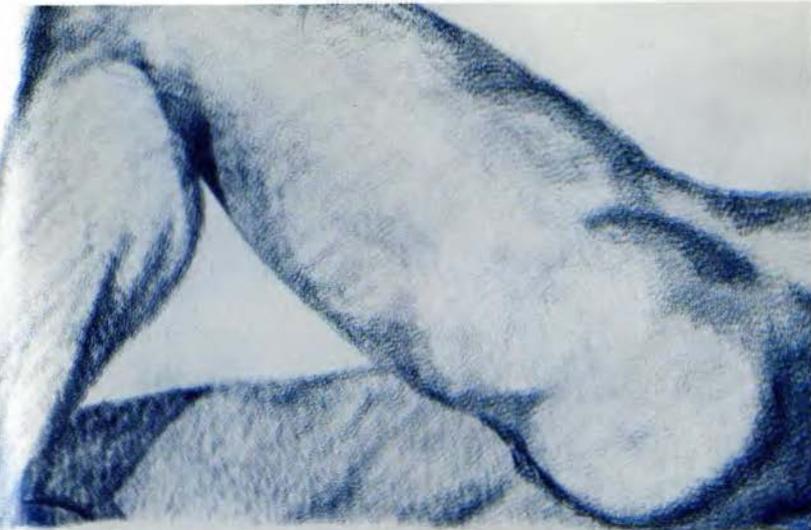
Like old friends, we stick together,  
More out of remembrance than  
For any future we might yet share.

# Mannequins

Carrie Gorr

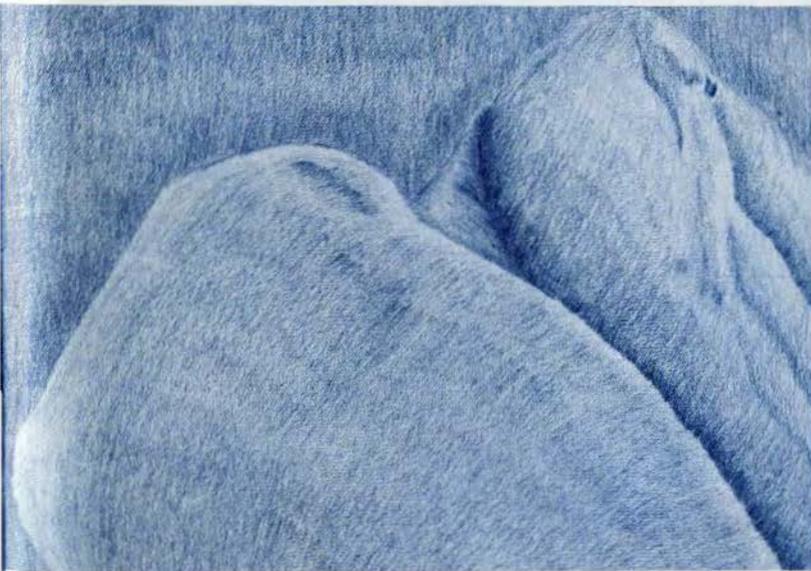
The mannequins are placed in their window seats  
one to each  
Their living death stirred only by solid gentle rocking  
Newspaper in hand, each feigns life  
PARK RIDGE  
more mannequins

Within the dead plasticity emotion is a foreign country  
black patent leather feet tremble at the thought of crying soil  
glass faces are as fragile as their windowless lives  
and the sun smiling on them is slightly less amazing than  
their white-siding miniature suburban mansions  
or their yachts forever docked in laughing harbors.



Untitled

Carrie Corr



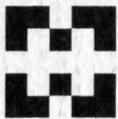
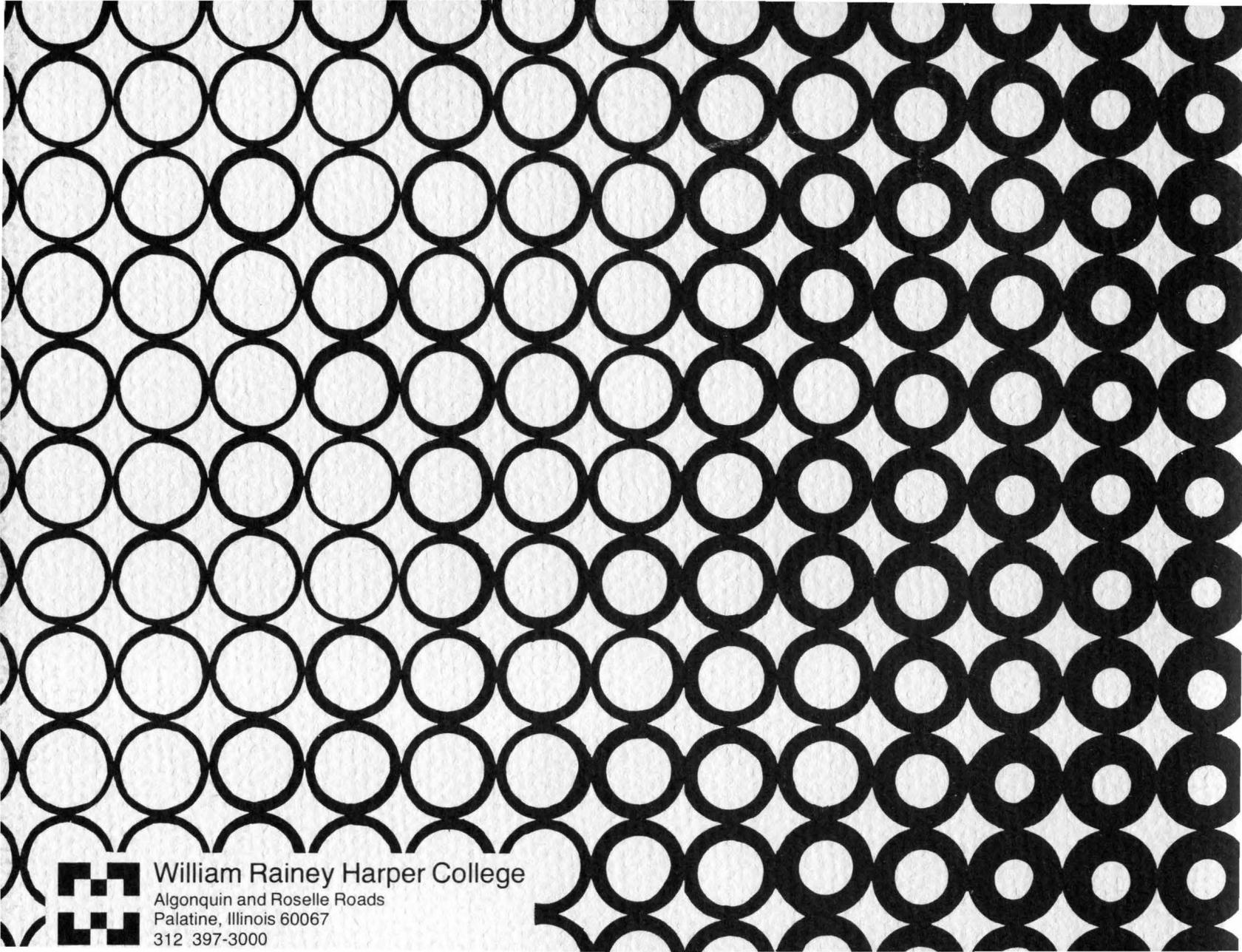
Nude

Nita Stanko



Determination

David A. Dunham



William Rainey Harper College

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