



Point of View



# Point of View

## 1987-88

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Matthew Mayfield  
visual editor

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\*Winner of the Vivian Stewart Award

\*\*Winner of the Point of View Award

# Little Green Man

I'm here in bed, aggravated, contemplating getting up to close the window. You see, these strange systematic codes have been echoing out in the darkness and filling my bedroom. In other words, some loudmouthed insect isn't tired, and is literally bugging the hell out of me.

"Zip, zip."

"Zeep!"

"Zip, zip."

"ZEEP!"

There it goes again. Okay, that's it! I'm getting up to close the window. Man, it's dark. Damn! I just stuck my foot in the cat's water dish! What a night. I'm never going to get to sleep at this rate.

This window is so sticky. If I could just . . . there! Peace and quiet at last! Now for a little rest and relaxation.

I'm slipping under now; the euphoric feeling of Stage Two sleep is enveloping my body and mind. Signing off . . . until tomorrow . . . arrivederci . . . into dreamland.

I'm struggling with the stubborn window again. This time it won't close. The metallic zipping noises are getting louder; they are moving closer.

What is THAT? It just jumped out of the tree onto Mr. Czapalas' roof. The thing is running across his roof, towards me!

It has halted abruptly now, and is in full view. The bright moon is an aide to my vision, shining down like a spotlight on the little creature that leaped out of the shadows.

It is approximately 10 inches tall, standing erect, eyes staring into mine. I stare at him, curiosity overcoming fear.

Human-like proportions from head to toe, I observe. Arms and legs and hands with fingers, and feet!

I gasp; he moved! He slides his gnarled hands into the pockets of his Levi's Shrink-to-Fit Button Fly jeans; I'd say they've really had to SHRINK to fit this time.

My stare lingers on. He wears red and black hightop PUMA's that have small holes in the toe area. A white cotton pullover sweatshirt, proudly sporting "Northwestern University," covers his middle.

His face is framed by the Klu-Klux-Klanish white hood of the sweatshirt, and appears quite human. A sensitive, kind face with glow-in-the-dark green eyes, full mouth and average nose sprinkled with glow-in-the-dark freckles. Does the moonlight cause those freckles? I wonder.

In fact, I would say the only differences between him and me are the color of skin (his being sort of green) and his obviously miniature stature.

"Can you talk?" I ask him. "Most certainly," he squeaks back, "I speak Spanish, French, German, Latin, Russian . . ."

"Okay, okay." I cut him off. There are thousands of questions I could ask him, but this being a dream, it follows a certain dream-logic and time-frame.

"Why are you making those incredibly annoying noises?" I ask.

"Well, you see, I was on my way home from a football game this evening, and I ran into a bit of turbulence, fell into a tree, and did a great deal of damage to my right wing."

He then pulls his sweatshirt up, exposing a set of transparent, glow-green wings, one of which is badly cracked, limp and hanging.

"Yes, go on," I urge.

He next flips down his hood. A set of springy antennae, resembling SLINKY toys, bob from side to side.

"The noise you heard came from my transmitter system."

"Zip-zip. ZEEP!" he signals. I watch hot blue and white flashes jump from one antenna to the next, creating the noise that now reminds me of an electric bug-zapper.

"I must reach my people. They must hear my signal and come rescue me!" he yells, sounding slightly frantic.

Just then two creatures land on the roof, clad in similar apparel. Wings whirring and glowing, they land at his sides, grab him under the armpits, and prepare for takeoff.

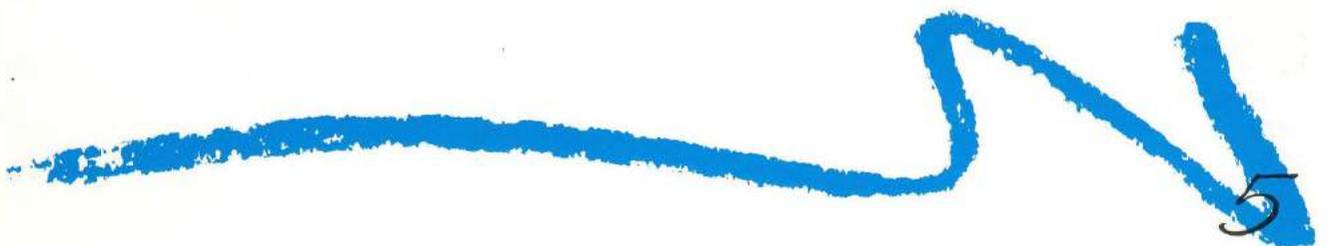
"Sorry I bothered you," I hear him say as they fly away into the night.

"Pleasant dreams!" he yells.

**Candi Christensen**



David Menard  
WHERE EAGLES DARE  
pencil  
18" x 17½"



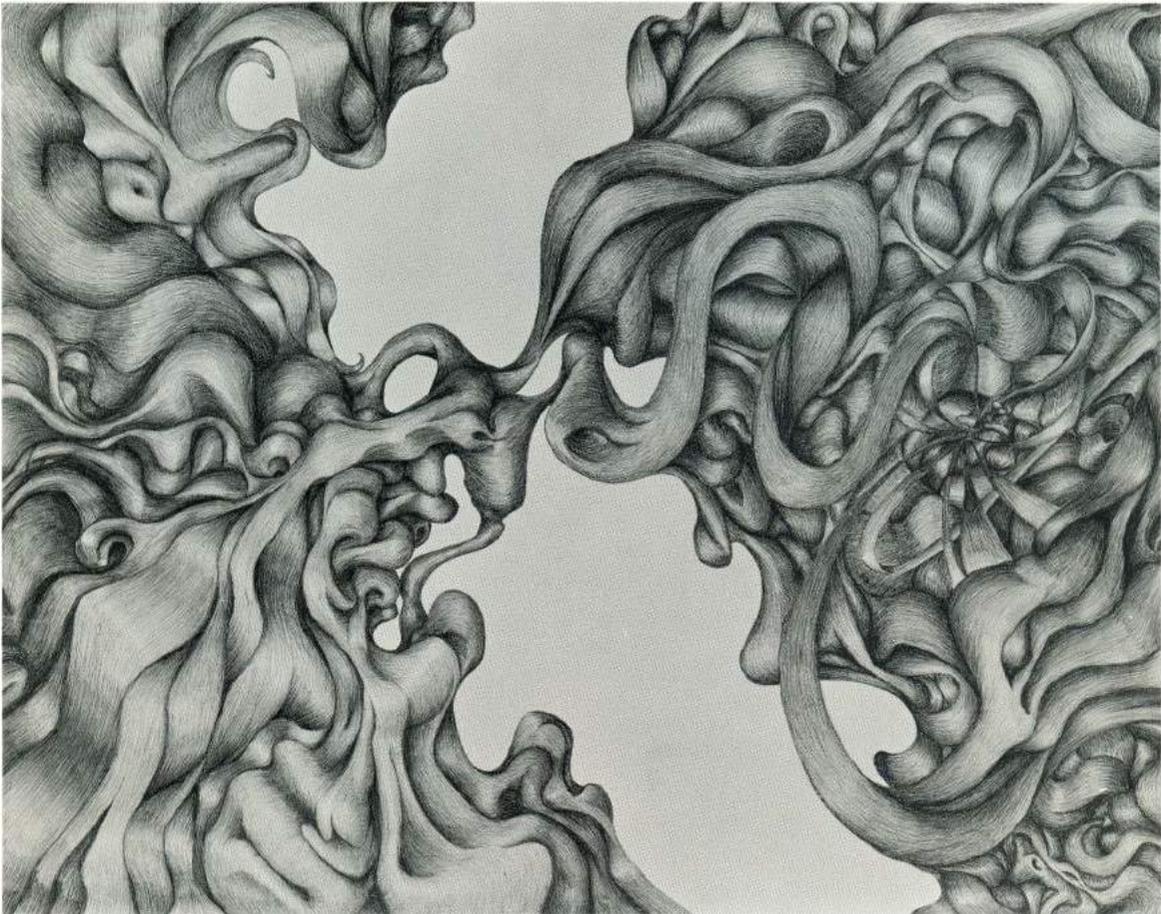
# The Corporate Meeting

Voice,  
speaking;  
other voice,  
adding, pointing;  
still other voices,  
joking, boasting, cutting;

the meeting getting loud, fast, babbling, like a

scrabbling housecat sliding  
across the waxed floor,  
burning toenails,  
till it hits  
the chair  
leg.

**Jim Krueger**



Gregory Chapman  
FIBER  
pen  
22" x 28"



David Menard  
EDUCATION, MUSIC AND WAR  
pencil  
28" x 20"



Eitne Conway  
HAVEN ST.  
lithography, watercolor, color pencil  
12½" x 17¼"

## *Through the Window*

The sky is grey and ominous.  
Dark clouds collect in a bunch.  
Together they stand as an abominable force —  
Unbreakable and unwilling to let even a peep of sunshine through.  
In the window is Jack Frost's trademark.  
Tiny, intricate patterns weaving and winding through the sheet of glass.  
And into it, with my fingernail,  
I draw —  
A heart.

**Elizabeth G. Weyers**

## Against Silence

*We, the editors, in keeping with the precedent set by the previous editor, Michael Hammers, have asked a member of the faculty to write an article for the Point of View. Our only stipulation was that it should reflect on the arts. It is with pleasure that we present Professor Rex Burwell's insights into the mystery of why poets are compelled to speak.*

Is there such a thing as a poetic sensibility? If so, what is it? Is it an art-making impulse, conscious or not? Is it a Way? Is it a Flair? Is it Colorful Clothing? Is it Brooding? Does it pay the Rent?

Does a poetic sensibility need inspiration to create, or is it self-willed? Does it dwell in the Ear or the Mind? Does it need a language, a medium, or is it as purposeless and without effect as a star?

May one meet a poet anywhere?

In an anti-poetic age it is suspicious that these questions are asked at all, for they demonstrate some 'unrealistic' concern with an irrelevant, arcane, and profitless hobby or habit, poetry, which has already been subsumed by advertising, religion, music, and sentimental thought, and, on a higher level, philosophy.

Whether there is a poetic sensibility may not even be the question. Perhaps the question should be: "Id: there a prophetic sensitivity?" or, "It flare a co-ed-ic eventuality?" or, "At when my fluidic sensuality?" At least these questions allow some possibility of responding outside the loop of meaning that the question "Is there a poetic sensibility?" demands. In one way, it is the fact that the question may be asked that makes it impossible to be answered. For, if anything, the poetic sensibility is a-logical, un-rational, and prefers gibberish to too much sense, prefers rime to reason, and prefers song to rhetoric, but may also listen closely to the scream within the song and the wind rustling sheaves of statistics.

Strangely enough, in this age, a poet's first impulse, if he has this 'poetic sensibility' and if that term means anything — his first act sometimes is to repudiate poetry, to attack language, to clear away the dead underbrush of verb so as to get naked next to Soul and Experience themselves, but certainly not through mere language.

Nothing so much as language separates us from direct experience, from the a-historical, instant-to-instant progression the inarticulate may feel, the un-languaged: animals and other mute beings. Yes, to be without language is to be in a truer state, a state closer to Nature, a more primitive or preceding state that is known to exist. But how to get there?

Finally, there is no avoiding responsibility for having language, nor for not using it. Nor for not using it well. We cannot *not* speak, nor at this stage of

development *not* read and write. We have language. Language has us. We are language. Language is us. For better or worse, we must accept that we can never unlearn the program for language we seem to have in our brains, a grid that finds a way to grammar, for if we could unlearn it we would immediately be something else.

It is this built-in grammar-grid in the brain's softwiring, however, that makes the Nations groan and gnash teeth. The Problem is that the Program that orders, that is consistent, that is logical, loses sight finally of how what it is is due to what it says and writes. Finally, it begins to use language as a Code, a series of equal signs, concept markers or data-blips, with all traces of language-consciousness washed from it.

In reaction to this use of language, and to the anti-poetries mentioned — advertising, music, greeting-card verse, etc. — the 'poetic sensibility' may be mute, or may want to be.

That sensibility realizes that a case may be made for anything with the right words. For instance, language serves commercial and governmental interests by telling falsehoods and distortions, and omitting certain ideas altogether. Language more often than not may be misused in subtle and cruel ways by teachers, spokespersons, and 'official' media writers (e.g., journalists), who themselves are unconscious of the bias that is built into the loop of any particular language, including the particular one they use.

Thus, for official purposes, a lie may serve as well as the truth, and better sometimes, as long as the reader is prepared to accept it in terms of the 'logic' the official language presents. No wonder the urge to be silent.

(Against this tide how does the minnow of the poem swim? It does not. It goes along with all the rest; but it faces the other way.)

Yet, perhaps truth is no more served by the poem than falsehood. Let us say that we don't know the truth. If so, how do we presume to tell it? The truth is that which we don't know unless we say it. And maybe we will not know it then, or recognize it. But saying it is the only chance.

**Professor Rex Burwell**

## Yi Ko Tu

Feel me  
growing so near  
growing so near  
Feel me—  
truth is so clear  
and light leads the way when I lie  
down to sleep.  
    a backdrop of night  
    and one glowing flame

You came  
and silence you speak  
silence you speak  
You came—  
and I feel so weak  
all words come from what you did  
not say  
    I look in your eyes  
    you're so far away  
        yi ko tu  
        yi ko tu

Now you  
are walking away  
walking away  
Nicki  
say come home to me  
but a reason to stay is outweighed  
by reasons to go.  
    take on the role  
    you play it so well

Someday  
I don't know when  
we may meet again  
Sure—ly  
more than a friend  
you opened the gate  
and the stallion runs free  
    yi ko tu  
    yi ko tu

**Bernadette Sebastiani**

## The Kid Is Gone

Well, the kid is gone.  
Of course, the kid is 20  
    and more than ready to be gone.  
Parts of him left years ago,  
    bit by bit  
The first day he left for school,  
    First grade, we said  
"The kid is gone. Great!"  
    And when he came home that first day,  
Part of him was gone  
    A bit he had left at school  
    in exchange for another bit  
    foreign to us  
Which he shaped until it was his own.  
Each new friend,  
    Each new teacher or class  
Or game he played  
    Each small hurt or triumph  
Took a small piece and it was gone.  
    Sometimes we noticed a change  
But more often not  
    No matter how close people are  
Each one really walks his own road  
    And arrives at some personal destination  
Alone.

So the kid is gone, really gone  
    And the times and spaces he occupied  
    seem so empty  
Perhaps if we could go back  
    And collect each tiny piece  
Each major and minor change  
    And reverse the process  
If each turning point could be straightened

    Perhaps we could take back the little boy  
    we first knew.  
Somehow it's only today that we realize  
    He's not coming back.

**Jill Haselberger**

# Home Sweet Home

just like ripping burlap  
the metal screen yielded  
to the car key in her fist

reeboks stuck in frozen honey  
where they'd landed on the  
no-wax floor

with the rhythm of the drip  
of the drip-free faucet  
she stepped into the livingroom mess

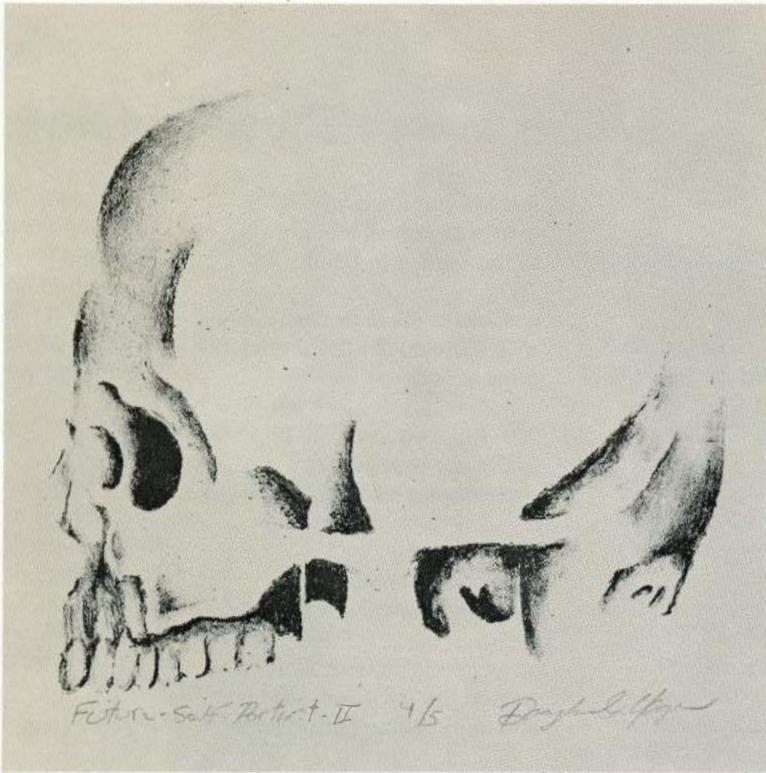
curtains clung  
to windows coated with  
melts-in-your-mouth fingerprints

a cracked from wear ivory hand  
groped the icy doorknob  
and left in white cotton socks

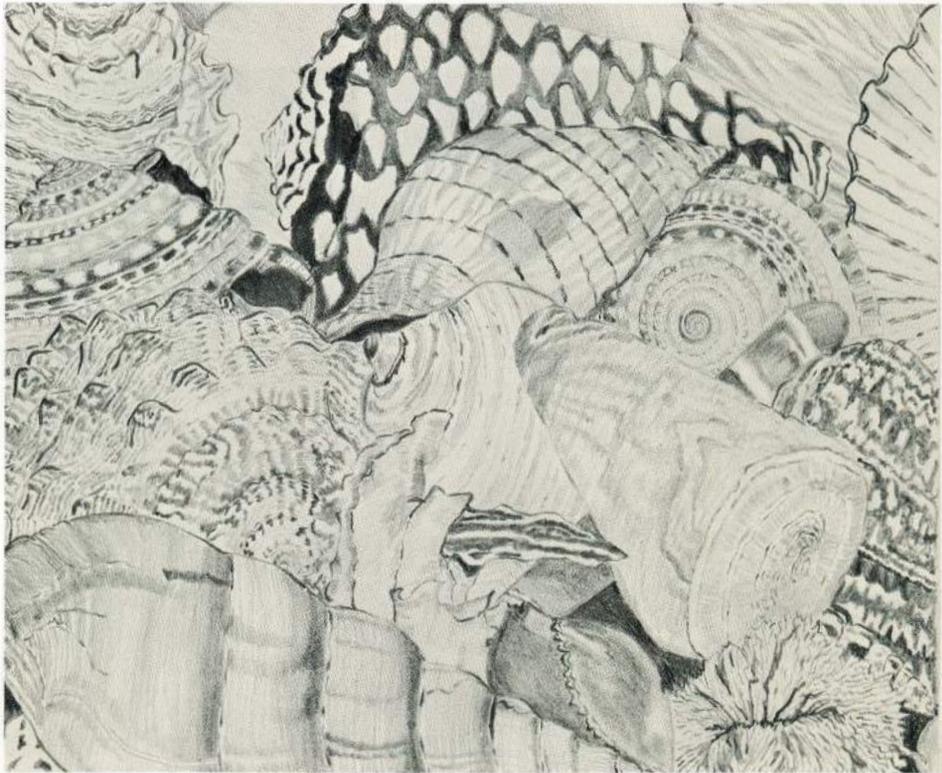
**Tamara Jackson**



Gregory Chapman  
SLEEPING MAN  
charcoal, color pencil  
9" x 15"



Douglas G. Yager  
FUTURE SELF-PORTRAIT II  
lithography  
7¼" x 7¼"



Linda McHugh  
SEASHELLS  
pencil  
4¾" x 5½"

# Would You Like To Buy My Cookies?

I was watching the game on my color T.V.  
When something at the door interrupted me  
I told the sound to go away  
But whatever it was decided to stay

So I climbed the stairs that led to the hall  
Then I heard my team had the ball  
I swore I'd lose this pest, no matter what it takes  
Then I opened the door, my biggest mistake

It was fifty below outside the door  
And I was still in my P.J.'s from the night before  
The wind blew in and I felt a cough  
My fingers froze and my balls fell off

Then in walked some little blond tramp  
She said, "Will you buy my cookies so I can go to camp?"  
Now my first thought was to set this girl on fire  
But then I stopped and thought for a while

I thought about how beautiful children really can be  
And how much joy could be bought for this little fee  
Could I refuse this innocent little scout?  
I said yes and threw the bitch out

**Daniel Fulton**

an eyeful	of sun
as your bus	breaks the shade
heading east	with the lemmings
four weeks	of lying
in a silent	coffin for two
covered me	with dirt
the rains come	and muddily
i arise —	for you are not worth
the smell of worms	

**Tamara Jackson**

# Shopping

Selecting the right person to date can be compared to carefully choosing a fruit or vegetable in the produce section at your local supermarket. Does one pick the mushy, ripened avocado which is ready to enjoy that day? The rock-hard avocado does have its advantages. This one can be stored away, put on the shelf. Eventually it will have its day and be ready to be tossed into a salad. Over time this avocado will ripen.

How does one choose between dating an older man or a young one? Choosing between the two can be compared to the way you select your produce. Know what you are looking for. Do you want it ripe, or are you willing to give it time to get ripe? An older man is experienced, coy and ripened. A younger man is inexperienced, naive and like our friendly avocado — generally someone who will eventually find himself ripened and tossed into the salad of life.

The younger man arrives at the house 15 minutes early. A typical salutation might be, "What's up?" or "How's it goin'?" He will impatiently pace about as you attempt to finish preparing the face.

The older man arrives promptly, bottle of wine stashed under the arm. "Good evening. You look lovely tonight," he might say as you head off to search for the elusive corkscrew.

Younger and older men will open the door for you at the start of the evening. However, a running tally will indicate that the older man outcores the younger at door-openings by the end of the evening. You will learn to anticipate each door-opening on your date with the older man. Graciously you will stand aside and wait as he opens every door. This can become a bit monotonous, especially if the evening consists of hopping from place to place.

The younger man may keep you guessing — "Well, is he going to open this one, or am I going to maul his foot with my heel again when he stumbles in front to grab the handle?"

The younger man chooses moderately-priced restaurants that his mother recommends. If you're lucky, however, he might let you choose the place, whereupon he will thrust open the menu, scan the prices, and comment that the price of shrimp certainly has gone up since the last time he ordered it.

The older man selects a restaurant. You shouldn't find it coincidental that he knows the men at the bar ("Joe, what a surprise! What are you doing here?"). Nor is it surprising that the waitress calls him by his first name — the older man usually has a favorite spot that he frequents. He will order for you. "This place is famous for its seafood linguini," he will urge as you frantically try to explain that seafood makes you break out in hives.

The after dinner movie with the younger man could prove to be a nauseating experience. Younger men prefer movies with titles such as "Friday the 13th, Part 10," Peewee Herman's Big Adventure," or "Bruce Lee Takes China."

The older man might take you to a "club," where you will either have a wonderful time drinking, dancing, and laughing together — or find out he is tone deaf on the dance floor, be winked at by dozens of unattached, handsome dudes, and feel like ditching him.

After the movie the young man will take you out for what he calls "a coupla brewskies." What this generally means is that you will go to his buddy's house or to the Ultimate Sports Bar. At the bar, the main topic of conversation will be Jim McMahon's shoulder surgery.

The actual sequence of events upon returning home with the younger man proceeds as follows:

1. babbles nervously, anticipating "the kiss."
2. puts car in park.
3. leaves engine running, blasts tunes.
4. gets the nerve up for a kiss, but leans over too quickly and slams his nose into yours.
5. finally gets it right.
6. yells, "Catcha later — I'll call you next week sometime!" as you walk to the door.

The older man ends the evening on a different note. This sequence might go as follows:

1. turns car off, switches key to accessory, finds romantic song on radio.
2. anticipates your actions — spontaneous kiss reaction.
3. walks you to the door and opens it (the count of door-openings way beyond estimation by now).
4. says, "I had a wonderful evening. I'll call you tomorrow."

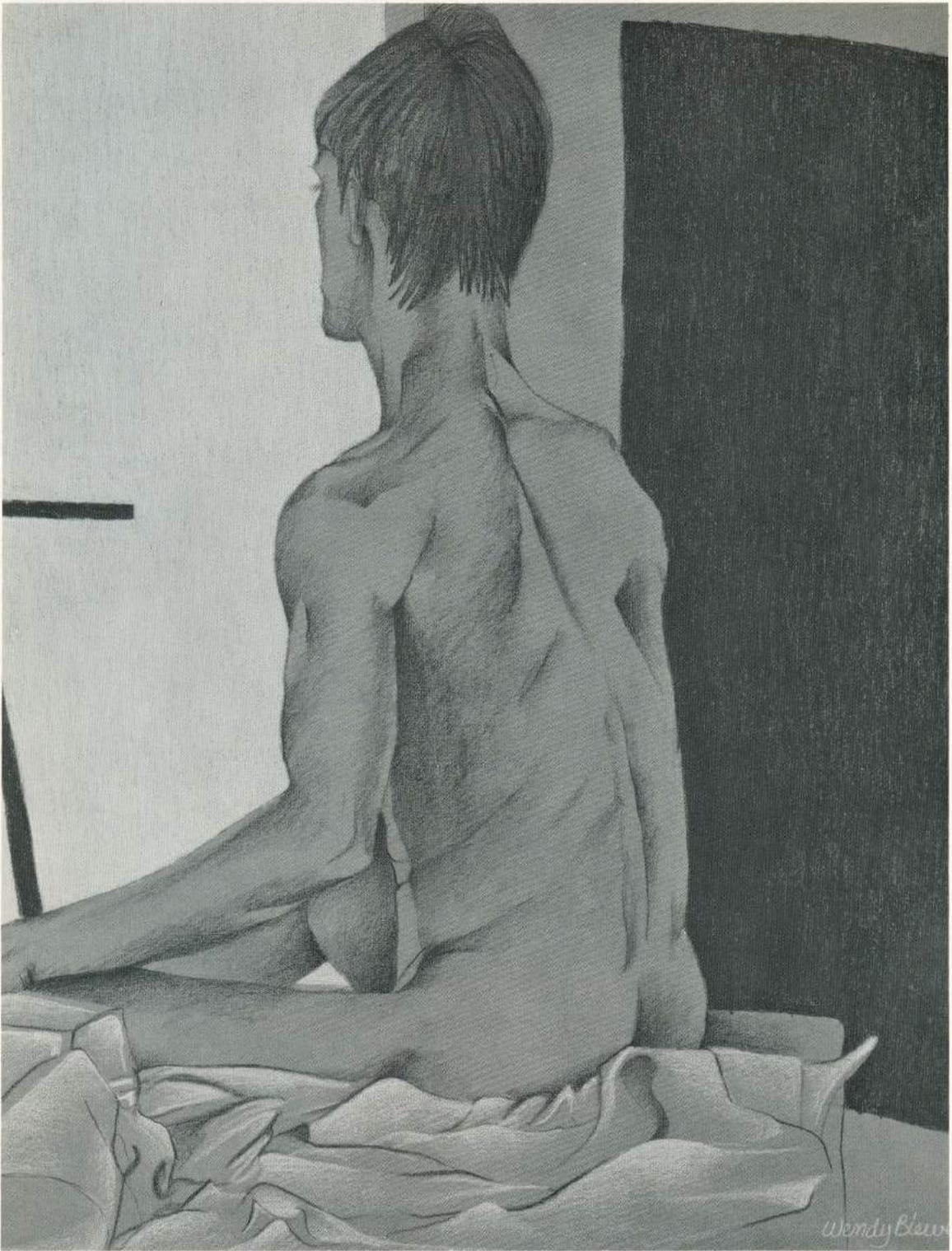
One of the great mysteries of the dating game is the followup phone call. If the date was fun you might find yourself anxiously jumping out of your skin at the sound of the phone for the next week. The younger man will always call earlier than he said he would, usually the next day. The older man will call by the following weekend (Thursday evening, 9 p.m.), and explain that he was busy and that he hopes you haven't made any plans for the weekend.

Whichever you might choose, it must be remembered that both of these men have their advantages. At the produce counter or in the dating game it's your preference — ripe, ready, and possibly spoiled, or young, too green, needing time to ripen.

**Candi Christensen**



Pat Rotello  
THE DESERT WATCHER  
terra cotta  
15" x 5½"



Wendy Biewer  
REX'S BACK  
charcoal  
25" x 19"

## I Learned

I learned about love,  
so I built a wall.

I learned how to hurt,  
and so I wear a shield.

I learned how to lie,  
so I carry a sword.

I learned how to be afraid,  
so I close my eyes.

I learned of life,  
so I live alone.

**Cherry Cohen**

## Unfulfilled

Given everything,  
Given nothing,  
Never to need,  
Always to want,  
Forever bored,  
Forever restless,  
Indifferent to all around,  
Yet forever searching.

Contradictory words to fit  
A contradictory society,  
Poor little rich kid  
Doesn't need a thing  
And yet needs  
What is out of reach.

**Yasmeen Mahmood**

## Running Home

Running home in the cold wind  
As fall slides into winter  
And cool becomes cold and frozen  
My mind escapes, running with the wind  
Blowing to far corners and distant times  
Looking back over my shoulder at  
The crooked road I've traveled  
Reaching out to grab hold of the empty air  
as it whistles and howls past me  
before me, around me  
Finding great handfuls of nothing  
Just cold hands  
Fingers stiff and numb  
from touching the icy wind.

I travel a long way  
And arrive reaching out for memories  
But I find that home is not there  
Not any more  
It has been blown away by the angry winds  
On and on around the earth  
And it always is ahead of me  
or behind  
I can't catch up.  
Just the warmth of memories inside me  
Keeps me reaching out  
Closing my fingers on handfuls of nothing  
Cold gray days  
And wisps of love  
Promises never given, never kept  
I travel on.

**Jill Haselberger**

## A Villanelle to My Fat Cat

A God some say about the cat,  
Possessed with grace and lust for meat.  
But not my cat who's just plain fat.

At night the cat can catch the rat,  
With nightscope eyes and padded feet.  
(A God some say about the cat!)

The cat some say is more than that,  
With unshaved chin and hair so neat.  
(But not my cat who's just plain fat!)

The cat is not a diplomat,  
When chatting with the parakeet.  
(A God some say about the cat?)

A leaping, clawing acrobat  
Some call the cat who lives the street.  
(But not my cat who's just plain fat.)

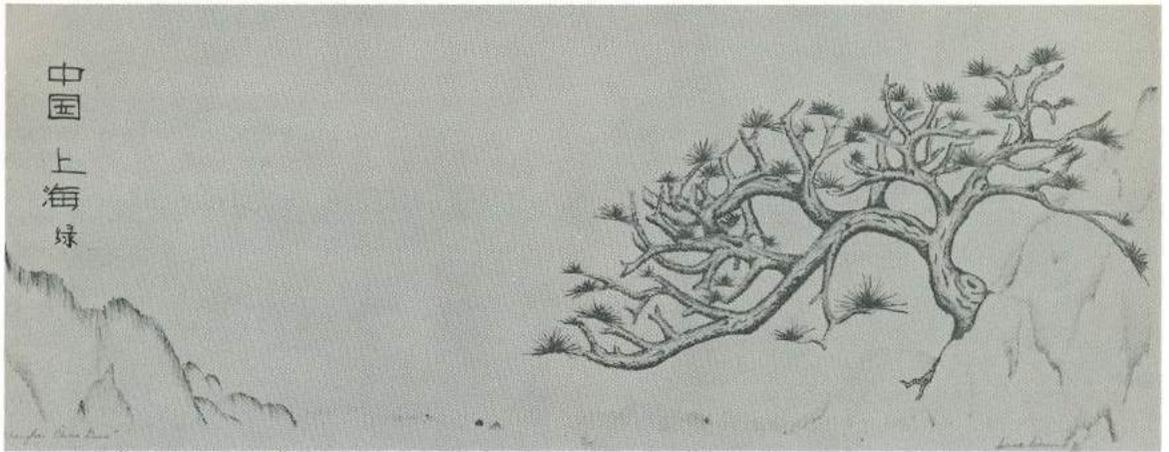
My lap is my cat's habitat;  
He purrs a gentle warming beat.  
A God some say about the cat,  
But not my cat; he's just plain fat.

**Jim Krueger**

## Romance

You are beside me;  
Not inside me,  
Not swallowed up inside my heart,  
But still a part of me.  
You are a mirror  
Of all the things that  
Happen here inside me.  
You are a sounding board  
To help me work out  
All my inner conflicts.  
And I am sorry  
That I hurt you by putting you  
Between me and the struggles with myself.  
I swallowed you  
To help fill up a gap  
So deep inside me.  
Then, I set you free  
To struggle with the conflicts in yourself.  
We are alone —  
Together in this thing  
That they call romance,  
So let's dance.

**Nancy Protz**



Donna Diamond  
SHANGHAI CHINA GREEN  
lithography  
8" x 19½"

## Moving Man

On an Avenue  
    of flying frisbees  
    surfing through air

Of Aztec legs  
    of tennis players  
    playing the net and

Soaking the rays  
    of a fun kind  
    of coppertone sun

I noticed  
    the moving men, man,  
    in their Atlas van  
    and yelling, ran—

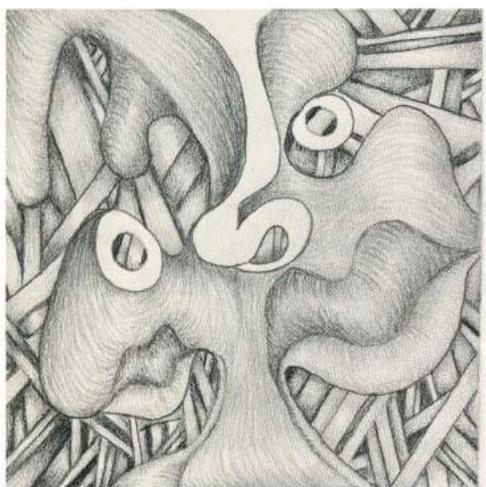
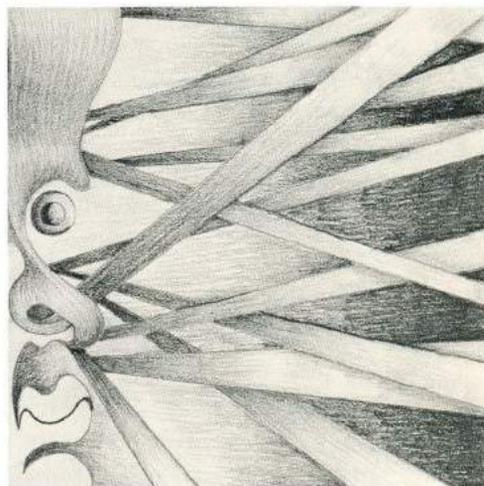
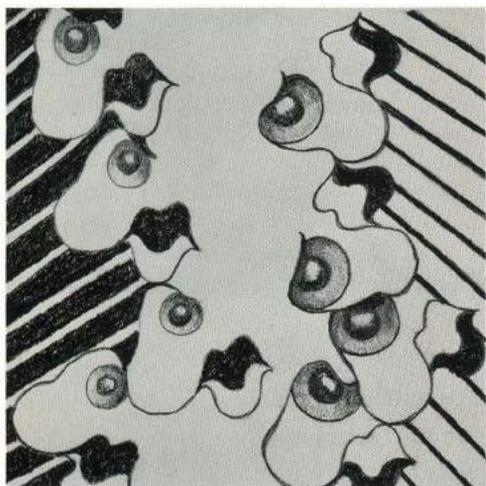
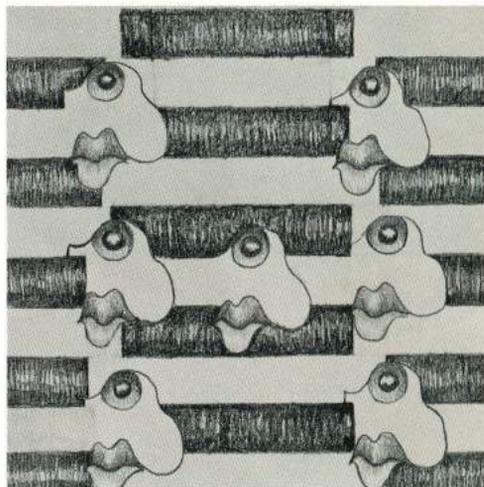
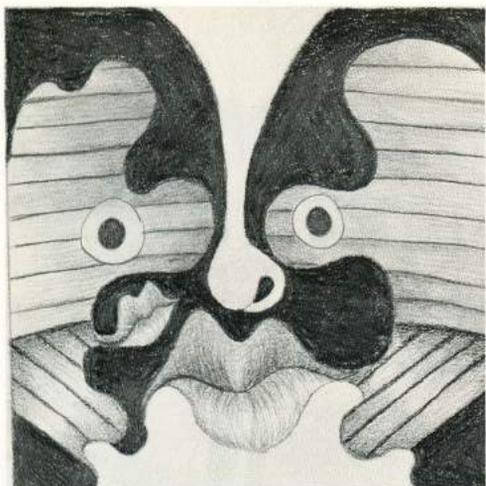
Hey there man  
in moving van  
rather than  
move them  
move me, man.

**Jerry Schwartz**

## Welcome Reunion

A swarm of moving colors,  
multitude of empty faces.  
Strangers don't notice me,  
invisible in a crowd,  
like walking in a dream,  
then I hear my name aloud.  
I freeze in my tracks,  
twirl around to see  
who knows who I am,  
amidst this insanity.  
But no eyes fall upon me  
just two others reuniting,  
a case of mistaken identity.  
I start my pace again,  
and gaze dejectedly at the ground  
as people push and shove me  
and I wait once more to be found.  
Then suddenly a familiar face appears,  
rushing forward, out of nowhere.  
No more nameless people,  
no more loneliness to bear.

**Cindy Ade**



Gregory Chapman  
SERIES 5 OF 5  
pencil  
5½" x 5½" each

## Observations from the Past

The story you're about to read is true. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

My mother says that I prove Einstein's theory of time travel. You see, I live in the past. She came downstairs one night when I was watching "Duck Soup" on TV. She had to. It was three o'clock in the morning and I woke her up with my laugh which she mistook for a pack of wild hyenas running rampant in our pantry. There she stood, watching me recite lines and laughing at jokes before they were said. Okay, I was a little drunk but I really didn't need the lubricant to enjoy the movie. I've seen it 427 times. That's the problem with living in the past. There's nothing new. That would defeat the purpose.

Now I'm not some memory-crazed addict sniffing my baby booties for nostalgia. I know I live in 1988 and I can prove it. George Bush may become president by picking fights with Dan Rather. (I wish Groucho was running. He'd make Bush look like Mortimer Snerd.) On the local front, I know that Governor Thompson is cutting money for education in order to build more factories for his James R. Thompson "Build Illinois" shrine. (I hope they will get built. Not only will it give "Big Jim" the immortality he wants, it will also give all us future generations a place to work since we won't have the education to better ourselves.)

Now granted I'm still the only person under the age of fifty who classifies Glenn Miller under dance music, but I still marvel at the fact that the Bat-defroster happens to be in the utility belt every time Mr. Freeze comes to town. Now it's been rumored that Batman was make-believe and that everyone doesn't have an all-purpose utility belt, but I beg to differ. Isn't it amazing that before Ronald Reagan came to power we didn't have a disease that attacked the people he hated the most, homosexuals and drug users, and now we have one. Holy epidemic! No, wait a second, that came from green monkeys or outer space or something like that. Our government had nothing to do with that. Anyway, I know that Ronnie isn't dumb enough to support an unpopular war taking place in some small country that no one has heard of or cared about before. Why if that were the case he'd probably forgive a country that takes Americans hostage and start selling them guns for terrorist activities. I laugh when people say our president is that senile.

Actually when Ronald Reagan says that because all economic indicators are healthy, the stock market didn't actually fall 500 points, it reminds me of Groucho Marx explaining to a man that he couldn't possibly have twelve kids because he only makes 25 dollars a week and it takes 5

dollars a week to support a child. The man actually falls for it. Thank God the country doesn't believe everything is okay when the stock market falls that much. I don't know; maybe it's the magic of seeing everything in Black and White that soothes me. In those days everything was clear: Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, Church and State. Somehow everything got lost in the psychedelic colors of today's technicolor world.

But when I do step out of my RKO Pictures presentation world I do see how people behave in 1988 and I have some questions. Why do anti-abortion activists feel that not being able to have an abortion will stop people from having sex? I also wonder why these same people think that the babies will be born to loving teenage parents who won't feel that the child ruined their lives, thus causing an increase in child abuse cases. I wonder why we don't just forget our first amendment rights and stop giving free speech to all those satanic rock and roll hooligans. I think everyone would be pleased to listen to Tipper Gore's favorite artists like Little Richard and Elvis Presley. Lord knows they weren't accused of singing the devil's music when they came to town. Why I bet no one knows the chorus of "Love for Sale." My God! What has happened to society?

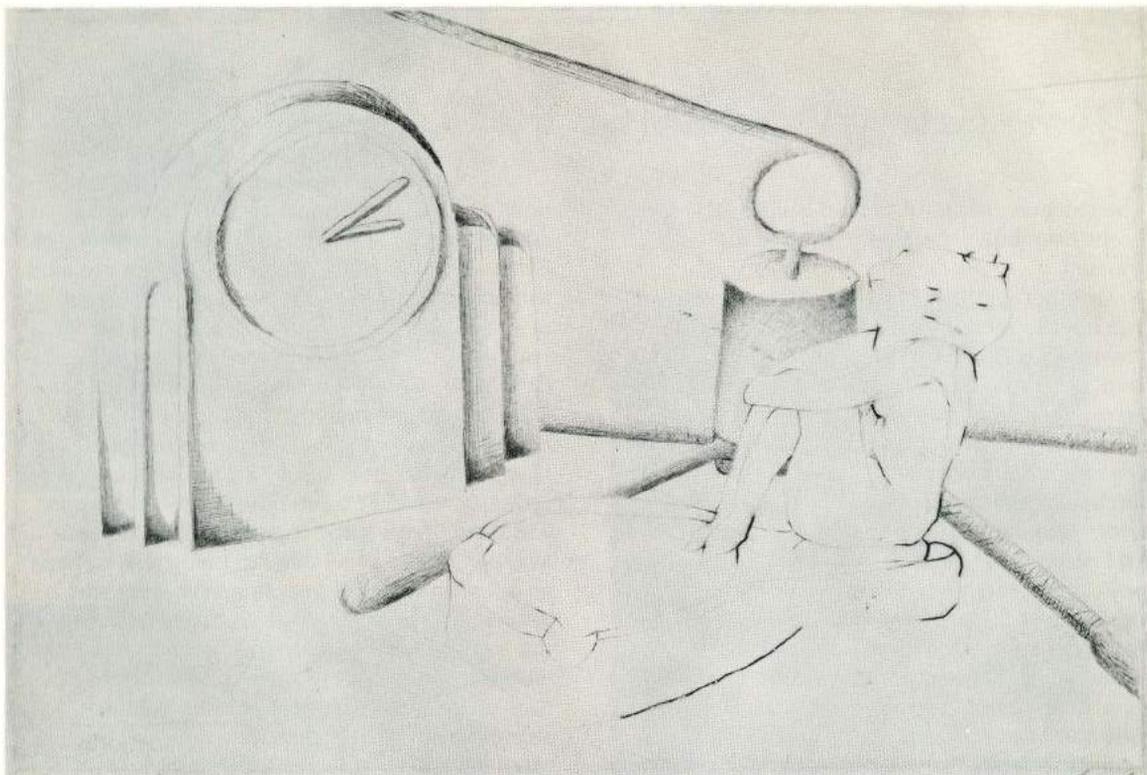
Well, maybe I do live a little in the past. Maybe I do like "Father Knows Best" over "The Cosby Show" (as if there's a difference). Maybe I would rather see us fighting King Kong on the Empire State Building than the Russian Bear in the Middle East. But I see a pattern arise when I compare the past to the present. And maybe if we choose to do so, we can actually learn from our mistakes. I remember an old saying that I think sums up what I think we forget in modern society:

Those who forget the past are condemned to repeat it.

Well, it's four-thirty in the morning now and I think I should get some sleep. I dream of the world where I'm Groucho Marx ruling over Freedomia with the ultimate woman, Marilyn Monroe. Life is as simple and carefree as a Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland movie. Fading out to a typical RKO happy ending.

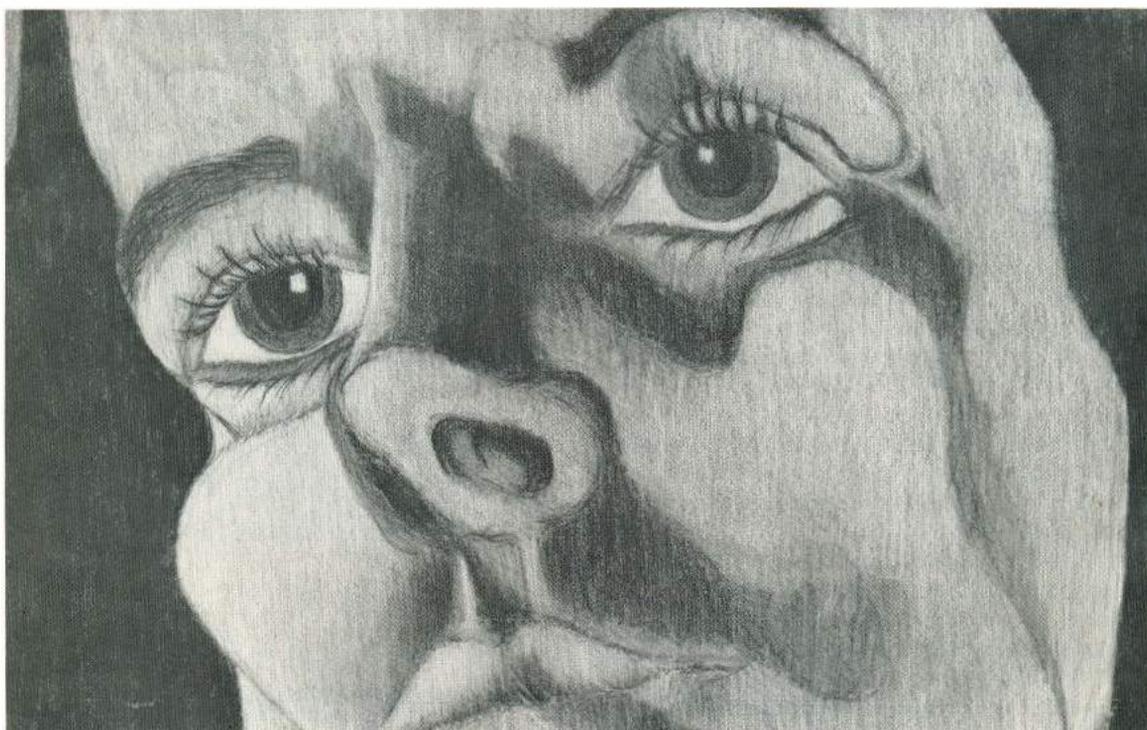
P.S. I dream in color.

Daniel Fulton



Douglas G. Yager  
NUDE ASHTRAY  
engraving  
8" x 11"

Bernadette A. Sebastiani  
MARSHA  
charcoal  
9¼" x 14¾"





Paul DiPego  
HEAVY METAL BITCH  
clay  
30" x 13"

## There Was a Little Girl . . .

There are three people in a car going to a funeral. One of them is my father. He is thirty-six. He is not very tall, but he has good muscles, and he is handsome. The woman is my mother. She is younger than my father, and she is pretty. But she looks very tired. She is going to have a baby. I am the third person. I am a girl and I am eight-and-a-half years old.

We are going to my grandmother's funeral. She was my father's mother, and he is explaining to me the reason I have to go and my little sister and brother do not. He says I am getting grownup enough to go to funerals now. But I do not want to go to this funeral. I do not want to go because I killed my grandmother.

My father doesn't know this yet. When he finds out, he's going to kill me. Unless God strikes me dead first, which I feel pretty sure of right now. I didn't mean to kill her, she just scared me so bad I finally got mad at her, and it just sort of happened.

It was while she was visiting us last time. She had been sick a long time with her heart. My mom had to give her shots with a long needle and medicine in pills. All of us kids had to be real quiet. That was hard to do. When she came to stay, she always used my brother's room (he's five). My brother had to share with me and my sister (she's seven). We couldn't listen to our favorite radio shows, "Inner Sanctum" and "The Shadow" because we would listen in the dark. Then when we were paying attention real hard and sitting very still, I would pinch my sister and she would scream. That would make my brother and me laugh real hard. We couldn't run or wrestle or fight, either.

If we did, Grandma would save up everything bad we did all day and tell it to my father when he came home and we all got beatings. I got the most. My sister was born too early and was always sick so my father didn't hit her very much, and my brother was too little. So I didn't like it when she came to visit. The last time was the worst, too, because of what happened before she got there. I found out about it when my mom and I were on the way to Gilman's grocery store to get some stuff for Grandma's visit.

Gilman's grocery store is on a corner. There are two steps up, with a black railing in the center of them so people going in and out don't bump into each other. The door is wooden with a screen and a big bell, like the ones cows wear. Whenever the door closes, the bell rings. Inside it's wonderful. All the cookies, crackers, sugar, coffee, tea, and all kinds of other stuff are in these slanted bins. They have glass doors with handles and open upwards, and you take your stuff out with a big scoop.

Whenever someone opens a bin, the smell comes out, and when a bunch are opened at the same time it's great — all the smells mix together. But the coffee is really my favorite. That's why I'm always glad to go for groceries with my mom.

But when we started walking that day, I felt kind of funny, like something was wrong but I didn't know what. We know almost everybody in the neighborhood, but they weren't saying hello to my mom that day. Pretty soon I figured out it was because she was wearing sunglasses, and there wasn't any sun. I wished she would take them off; we were in the store now and people were really staring. But when she did, I was so sorry. She looked awful — she had two black eyes, and people stared worse than ever. One lady put her arm around my mom. Then my mom said something about my father and started to cry. I felt terrible. Pretty soon I figured out why. It was my father who gave my mom the black eyes. After that day my mom always cried a lot and my father got mad real easy and everybody got hit a lot. That's why I didn't like Grandma to come and stay. It just made everybody get hit more. And my mom cried more, too. I worried about the baby.

The last time Grandma came was just like all the others. Practically every night someone got hit, and my mother and father would go in their room, and there would be a lot of yelling and crying. The most awful day of all was just before she left. It was the day I killed her, but she didn't die right away.

My mom went to the drugstore to be sure Grandma went home with enough medicine. Grandma was taking a nap in my brother's room, and we were all playing. My sister and I got in a big fight about the doll house I got for Christmas. I wasn't playing with it very much so my father took it and gave it to her. He said it would make her feel better because she had pneumonia at Christmas time and I was so strong and healthy.

Well, my sister and I got in this great big fight because when I played with the doll house I moved the furniture and she got mad. She yelled at me so I hit her and told her it was a stupid toy for a stupid person — just right for her!

You probably guessed by now all the yelling woke Grandma up. She came in and grabbed me by the wrist. She dragged me into the kitchen and made me sit in a chair and hollered at me that I was a bad girl, and selfish, too! She told me when my father got home I was really going to get it this time. I was so scared I got sick to my stomach. I felt like I was going to throw up. All I could think of was my mother's black eyes and how much yelling and hitting and crying this would make. All of a sudden I started to get real mad, madder

even than I was at my sister about the doll house. I think that's what made me do it. I looked at my grandmother and yelled, "You are a mean old woman and I wish you were dead!" And three days after she went home she died.

By now the car is almost to the town where my Grandma and Grandpa live. We're getting closer to the funeral parlor all the time. When we finally get there, I can hardly walk. My mother notices I'm very pale and wonders if I'm getting sick. I'm wondering if anyone will be able to tell I'm the one who killed her. We go in the door and all my aunts and uncles (my father has eleven brothers and sisters) are there. My cousins who are also now grownup enough to go to funerals are there, too. The place is not very light. There are flowers everywhere, and they're pretty and smell nice, but there's some other strange smell besides. I can't figure out what it is.

Now the most awful part happens. My aunt asks my father if we want to see her, and he says yes! We start walking up this aisle, and there's Grandma. She's in a long box with flowers all around her and little pink lamps on each end of the box. She looks very quiet.

All of a sudden my head starts to feel like it did last summer when my cousin was dunking me for the third time, just before my aunt came into the water and made him let go. My legs feel kind of wobbly, too. I figure God finally noticed what I did, and this is it! Then everything goes dark.

The next thing I remember, people are all around me looking very worried. I'm not dead! They're all saying stuff like "poor thing" and "too young" and "too sensitive" and telling my father maybe it wasn't a good idea to bring me. It was kind of nice, all the attention. And I could tell for sure nobody had guessed I was the one who killed her. I also figured maybe it wasn't a good idea to get that mad at anybody ever again.

The funeral is over now and we are home. I am sorry for Grandma being dead, but I'm not sorry there won't be any more of those awful visits. My sister and I are playing with the doll house. Right away she gets mad and we start to fight again. I am sick of my sister and sick of fighting over the stupid doll house. I look at her and shout, "You are the worst sister a person could ever have. I hate you and I wish you were dead!"

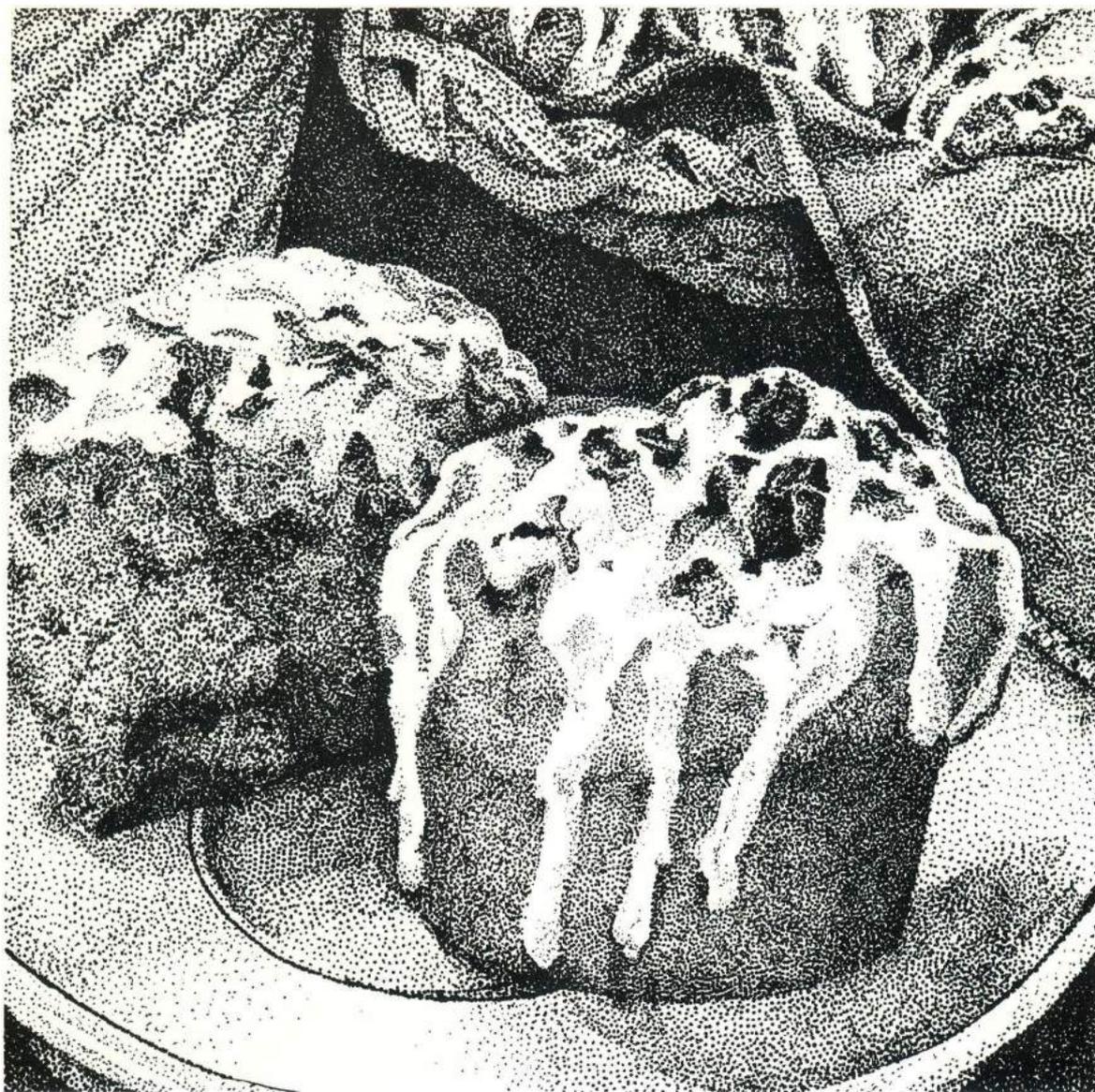
**Nancy Wahl**



Elizabeth O'Brien  
GOODNIGHT & GOODBYE  
clay  
3½" x 4"



Douglas G. Yager  
CHRISTMAS '87  
etching  
5¾" x 4"



Dian D. Johnson  
UNTITLED  
pen  
6½" x 6½"

## *A Child's Naive Wonder*

Children behold an early, invaluable serenity,  
Innocent and untainted they do begin.  
Unscathed by any dangers encountered;  
Perceive no prejudice, ignorant of sin.

Children's eyes reflect a more primitive world,  
Unaware of their rare sense of objectivity.  
No responsibilities, they laugh unrestrained.  
Discovering a genuine smile in simply running free.

If we could capture this spirit desired by the aging,  
The ability to see no evil, trust openly,  
Many shadowed frowns and clouded eyes might  
Reach for a child's hand, and there find the key.

**Cindy Ade**



Mary Applegate  
STRUCTURE  
terra cotta  
21" x 8" with base

# The Icebergers

"Just chip away at this crack for fifteen more feet or so and this berg will be set free," said the Porpoise, while pointing at the prominent line defined by nature that connected the massive iceberg to the rest of the ice that lined the shore of the bend in the river.

The river froze solid every winter, but as it melted, a lack of current in the recessed cavities of the river's bends caused large formations of ice (especially large this year) to remain, as if idling, for a few days after all of the other ice had melted. The boys of the nearby neighborhoods for years had taken an interest in climbing onto these ice formations and floating down the river on them. For lack of a better term the ice formations had come to be known as icebergs. It was not as though the ice formations were large enough to sink the Titanic; however, it was fun to pretend.

"Oh, shit, guess what I forgot?" asked the Porpoise.

"Uhhh, nothing?" answered Eric, spinning around to check for missing items.

"No, I wanted to bring that yellow bucket so we could fill it with sand from the beach and spread it on the iceberg for better traction," said the Porpoise.

"Good idea. Why don't you run back up to the house and get it? Eric and I will finish chipping this thing free while you're gone," said John.

"Can I trust you two boneheads to chip it free without releasing it into the current?" asked the Porpoise.

"Yeah, yeah, get out of here and you'll be back before we release it," said Eric.

The Porpoise walked to the edge of the iceberg and then exited it via a tree that conveniently had its roots on the river's shore but grew sideways, as if the waves from the river had eroded the tree's base, making it lean into the water. The tree's trunk was shaped in an arch, making it the safest, most interesting way to enter or exit the iceberg. The tree came to be known as "the pier" by the boys.

Once on the land, the Porpoise stood on the beach, watching unnoticed by the other two who were diligently at work freeing the iceberg from the shore.

"I still can't believe the size of this thing," said the Porpoise, staring at the iceberg and at his two working friends.

Eric was a tall, blonde-haired young man, and John, like the Porpoise, was of medium height and had brown hair. The three of them grew up in that area and had known each other almost all of their lives. All of them had been passengers on icebergs before, but never had the conditions been right to produce the massive icebergs that there were this year.

"I've got it," said the Porpoise, staring vacantly at the iceberg.

"Got what, Mr. Brainstorm?" asked Eric.

"The name for this berg: The S.S. Death Star," said the Porpoise.

The three of them laughed and then the Porpoise began walking up the hill toward his house. Once inside the house, he quickly found the yellow bucket and proceeded out the door. The Porpoise got about half of the way out of his driveway when a car pulled in. The car stopped next to him and the window rolled down. It was the Porpoise's older brother Frank and his friend Sherman.

"Hi guys, what's up?" asked the Porpoise.

"Oh, not much, we're just about to head out to some stupid bar," said Sherman.

"What are you doing with the bucket?" asked Frank.

"I'm going to use it to spread sand. John and Eric and I are going berging tonight, and I thought that sand on the berg would make better traction," said the Porpoise.

"Hey, that sounds like fun. Let's blow off the bar and go on the iceberg tonight, Frank," said Sherman.

Frank just looked at the other two with a frustrated, confused look on his face.

"You guys are more than welcome to come. It's going to be great. This iceberg is huge!" said the Porpoise.

"Let's go, Frank. We can go to bars anytime, but how often in your life can you go iceberging?" asked Sherman.

"Okay, but let's go into town and get some beer first," said Frank.

"Hey, why don't you take two cars and leave one by the bridge in case we make it that far so we have a way to get home?" said the Porpoise.

"Sounds good. We'll meet you at the beach in about twenty minutes, Porp," said Sherman.

The Porpoise began walking briskly toward the beach, swinging the bucket around the span of his arm in a joyful manner for lack of anything more exciting to do. On his mind were all of the previous iceberg adventures: How small some of them were! One year he and a friend took one down the river that was so thin, weak, and small that it actually submerged slightly when the two of them got onto it, so it had about a one-inch-deep layer of water on top of it. That excursion didn't last too long. The Porpoise chuckled out loud. But this one looks unsinkable, he thought, as his eyes settled upon the large iceberg in front of him with John and Eric on it.

"What took you so long?" asked John.

"I met Frank and Sherman on my way out of the house and they're going to come with us. They went into town to get some beer and drop off an escape vehicle by the bidge in case we make it that far," the Porpoise said.

"Good idea, an escape vehicle," said John.

"Wow, five guys on one berg, and beer — it'll be a regular mobile party," said Eric, chuckling.

"How's the progress coming?" asked the Porpoise, while he methodically scooped up sand from the beach with the yellow bucket.

"The S.S. Death Star is all ready to go; all we have to do is pry it away from the shore with propellion devices," said John.

"Propellion devices were two-by-fours of wood that were long enough to pry the iceberg off the bottom of the river. The name was fabricated by the Porpoise several years earlier. Eric and the Porpoise had managed to obtain three propellion devices earlier, one for each of the intended crew members.

"Hey John," called the Porpoise, "pass over one end of a propellion device, so I can hook this bucket of sand on."

John responded, and upon hooking the bucket's handle around the two-by-four, the Porpoise extended his arm as high as he could, allowing gravity to pull the bucket down the two-by-four, and onto the iceberg. The Porpoise then boarded the iceberg via the makeshift pier and proceeded to spread the sand around the edges of the iceberg.

"How far do you think we'll make it?" asked Eric, looking down the river.

"I don't know. I hope we can make the escape vehicle useful," said John.

"I want to make it under the bridge," said the Porpoise.

"You're nuts. If this thing hits one of the supports, the impact will reduce it to ice cubes, and then what would we be standing on?" said John.

"I don't care. We would be the first to berg under the bridge," said the Porpoise, staring nobly off to the horizon.

After a few more buckets of sand had been spread and a reserve bucket filled, voices were heard in the darkness. It was Frank and Sherman joking loudly and carrying a case of beer. The two stopped in their tracks and stared in awe.

"Holy cow, that thing could hold an army," Sherman exclaimed.

"How thick is it?" asked Frank.

"Probably eight to ten inches. It's thick enough!" said the Porpoise, jumping up and down on it forcefully to demonstrate its strength. It moved about as much as a concrete sidewalk.

"Well, how do we get on it?" asked Sherman.

"You use the pier, of course," said the Porpoise, motioning to the bent tree that joined the iceberg with land.

"Oh I see, how convenient," said Sherman, and the two of them headed toward the tree. They climbed up the arch of the tree, carefully maneuvering the case of beer as the other three watched.

Sherman and Frank were both physically larger than the other three, and although Eric was as tall or taller, the older two were more solidly built, each weighing over two hundred pounds. Sherman was a bit more round in build and wore wire-framed glasses. Frank had dark hair and a mustache. The two of them managed climbing the tree with the case of beer pretty well and hopped onto the iceberg.

"Well, I guess we're ready to cast off," said John, jabbing his propellion device into the land.

Sherman quickly grabbed one of the propellion devices, eager to do his share. He stuck it along the edge of the iceberg and began to exert a great amount of force, prying the iceberg from the beach. Progress was definitely being made, but no sooner had Sherman begun to pry than a loud crack was heard. The four others looked at Sherman, who was holding a useless broken length of the propellion device, with a big smile on his face.

"Hey guys, I've just invented the oar!" Sherman explained, admiring his prize, laughing in the loud, half crazy manner that was all too familiar to the other four.

"What a butthead," said the Porpoise. "A lot of good an oar is going to do for this twenty-ton locomotive." The Porpoise then took the propellion device that John was using and began to do his share of the work. Eric manned the other remaining propellion device, and the two of them worked at pushing the massive iceberg into the current.

"Steady, even pressure will do the job," said the Porpoise, frowning at Sherman, who was pursuing futile attempts at paddling the water with the broken two-by-four.

"Want a beer, guys?" Frank asked, handing out the canned beverages from the box to the other four.

The five of them now huddled in a circle and opened their beverages. The iceberg was well into the current now, so the workers could take a brief rest.

"To the S.S. Death Star," said the Porpoise, holding up his beer in a toast.

The other four drinkers eagerly help up their cans and then drank as if they were drinking water. Just then, automobiles could be heard, approaching rapidly down the street to the beach. All five of

the young men had their attention focused on the beach. Three squad cars raced down the street circling around the beach, frantically shining their searchlights in all directions.

"No, we're not up there in the trees, officer, there's no use in shining your lights up there. We're over here on this iceberg," said Eric, chuckling.

By now the iceberg was far enough away from the beach that it could not be seen in the night.

"We were pretty loud," said the Porpoise. "Especially since this is a weeknight and it's two o'clock in the morning. It's surprising that they didn't come down earlier and ruin this excursion."

The five of them stared toward the beach in amusement and watched the squad cars circling, looking for non-existent criminals.

"Hey, check this out," said the Porpoise. "Look at how fast the trees on the shore are moving."

"Wow, we must be into some good current now," said Eric.

"Let's get the bow of this vessel forward to cut through the waves," said the Porpoise, picking up a propellion device and heading toward the point in the front of the iceberg.

The iceberg had a definite bow to it. It came to a point in the front and had a flat section in the back. It was shaped almost like a boat, except it was more two-dimensional and flat, of course. Also, its outline was a little more rough than a boat. To the few birds above that remained to bear with the cold weather, it must have looked like a scaled-down version of the state of Illinois, only it was compressed a little bit lengthwise.

Suddenly the Porpoise let out a high-pitched squeal of fear that instantly aroused the attention of the others. He was struggling frantically with a propellion device that was quickly working its way away from the iceberg. The propellion device almost flung the Porpoise into the water, when a loud snap was heard and then the Porpoise regained his balance, holding a broken length of a two-by-four in his hand.

"Good going, dick, now we're down to one useful propellion device," said John.

"I didn't plan on breaking it," said the Porpoise. "It got stuck in the mud on the bottom of the river and then the iceberg ran it over."

"Well, now we have two oars like normal rowboats do," said Sherman.

"But normal rowboats don't weigh fifteen tons," said Eric.

"Fifteen tons? I wonder how much this thing really weighs," said the Porpoise. "Let's just try to get a rough estimate here. Now if one gallon of water weighs about seven pounds, and we could assume that about six square inches of this surface

is equivalent to one gallon . . . how many feet long is this thing?"

"Probably about fifty feet long," said Sherman.

"And how many feet wide, roughly?" asked the Porpoise.

"I'd say it's about half as wide," answered Eric.

"Do we all agree on those figures?" asked the Porpoise.

There was a unanimous nodding of heads.

"Well then, Frank, what is fifty times twenty-five, times four, times seven?" said the Porpoise, turning his smiling face toward his older brother, who was always a notable math student. Frank just stood there concentrating for a few moments. Then, as if still thinking about the problem, he slowly gave his answer.

"About thirty-five thousand pounds," he said, "which is — holy cow — seventeen and a half tons."

"Wow! That was a pretty good blind guess, Eric," said the Porpoise.

"Blind guess, my ass. I'm telling you guys, I know all," said Eric, crossing his arms and standing up tall and straight as if he were posing for a portrait.

"Well, I don't know about you, Mister All Knowing, but I'm freezing to death," said John. We should have brought some wood to build a campfire on board." This thought brought a chuckle from the other four.

"Yeah, but what if the vessel caught on fire?" said the Porpoise. "If you're cold, why don't you run around? I like that idea. I'm cold, too. I think I'll go for a jog."

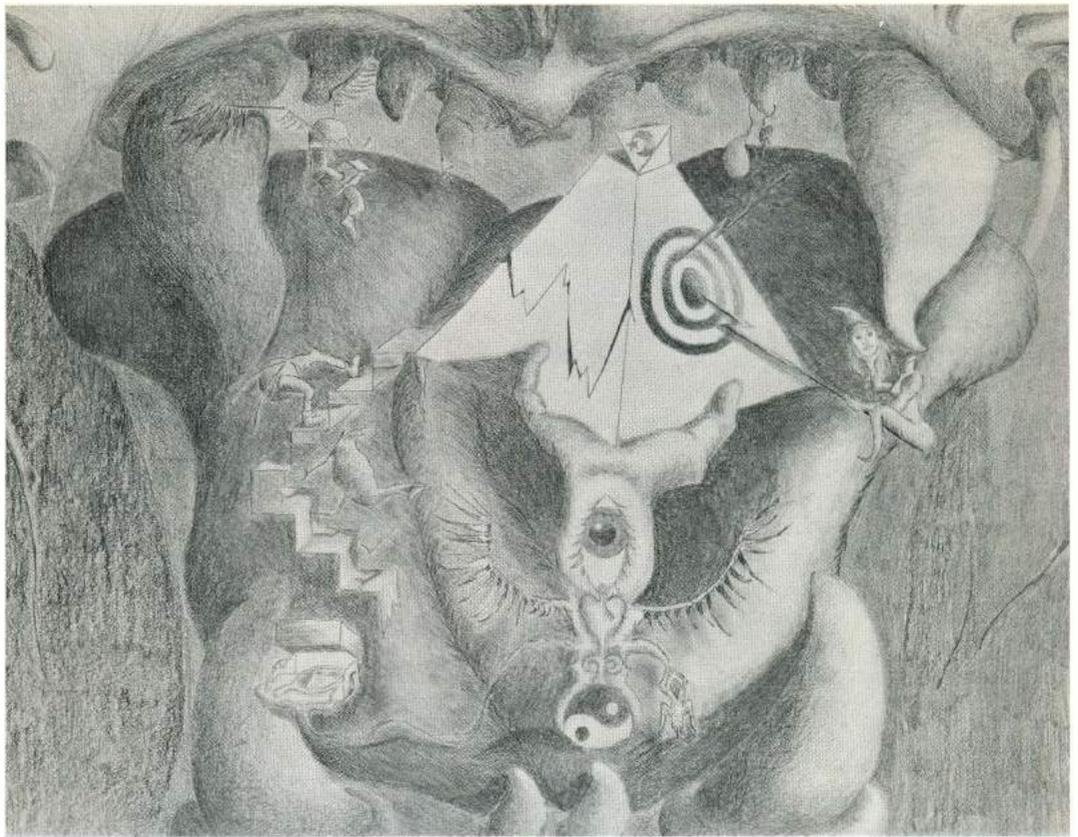
Then John and the Porpoise began jogging around the perimeter of the iceberg. The other three soon joined in. The five of them were laughing and joking loudly while jogging around the iceberg, stopping occasionally only to drink more beer.

"This would look pretty damn funny from the shore when you think about it," said the Porpoise, breathing heavily.

"What do you mean?" said Eric. "I used to see people jogging down the river on icebergs every day last year, and that was during the summer. And most of them were naked, too."

"This is a pretty interesting situation, though," said the Porpoise. "Only two or three days out of the year is it possible to go iceberging, if there are any bergs at all."

Just then a bright light scanned over all of them quickly but continued shining around in circles. It was two police cars with their searchlights on, on the opposite side of the river from where the journey began. There were some trees and houses that obstructed the rays of the lights, and it was pretty obvious that they had not been discovered.



Bernadette A. Sebastiani  
IT'S ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE  
charcoal, ebony pencil  
19¾" x 25½"

"Our voices must carry pretty well over this water or something," Eric whispered.

"Yeah, well I guess it usually is pretty quiet around here on a week night at this hour," said the Porpoise.

The Porpoise then picked up one of the broken propulsion devices and walked to the back of the iceberg and leaned on it. He stood staring at the little swirling whirlpools that made up the not very impressive wake of the massive iceberg and thought about the fact that it was a pretty dangerous thing that they were doing. The water at that time of year was only about thirty-two or thirtythree degrees. He had been told many times before that he wouldn't last five minutes in water that cold; his muscles would freeze up almost instantly. But how could that be true? He had always been such a good swimmer. Surely he could make it to shore if he had to. But what about the others? He was sure that all of the others could swim well, except for Sherman. He had never seen Sherman swim and didn't even know if he could swim.

The way he saw it, there were two main dangers and now one less important danger. 1) What if the iceberg melted or something happened so that they had to swim to shore? 2) What if the iceberg couldn't be brought to shore and they were forced to go over the dam a couple miles or so

down the river from the bridge? He knew there was just about no possible way to survive going over the dam. And then there was the last and least important danger that they seemed to keep attracting — the police.

Once the police had stopped the Porpoise on an iceberg. They came out and got him with a canoe. They claimed they had rescued him — what a joke! And then the cop had the nerve to call it an ice sheet — as if it were a thin skin of ice that formed on a mud puddle over an early winter night!

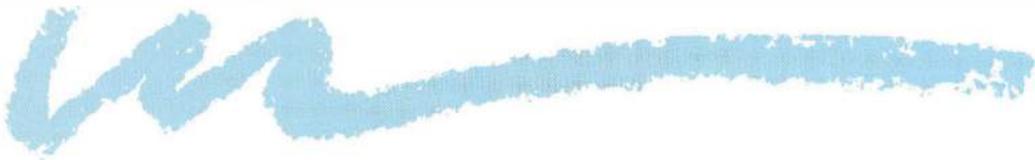
"Hey, Porpoise, let's play baseball," Sherman said, as he stepped on an empty beer can, picked it up, and held it like a pitcher.

"Yeah, the bucket is first base, my glove is second, and my other glove can be third," said John, methodically placing the objects in their appointed positions.

"Batter up," said the Porpoise, holding up the broken two-by-four that he was leaning on a moment earlier.

Sherman pitched the crushed can, and the Porpoise hit it on the first swing. It was a slow-moving line drive, and it hit John in the stomach and then dropped to the ground.

"The play is on first," said Eric, who was at first base holding up his arms.



John picked up the can and threw it at Eric, but the can went through his hands and landed in the water.

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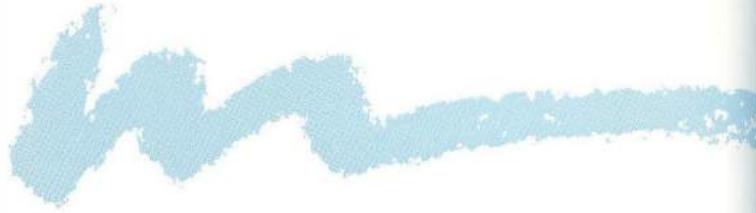
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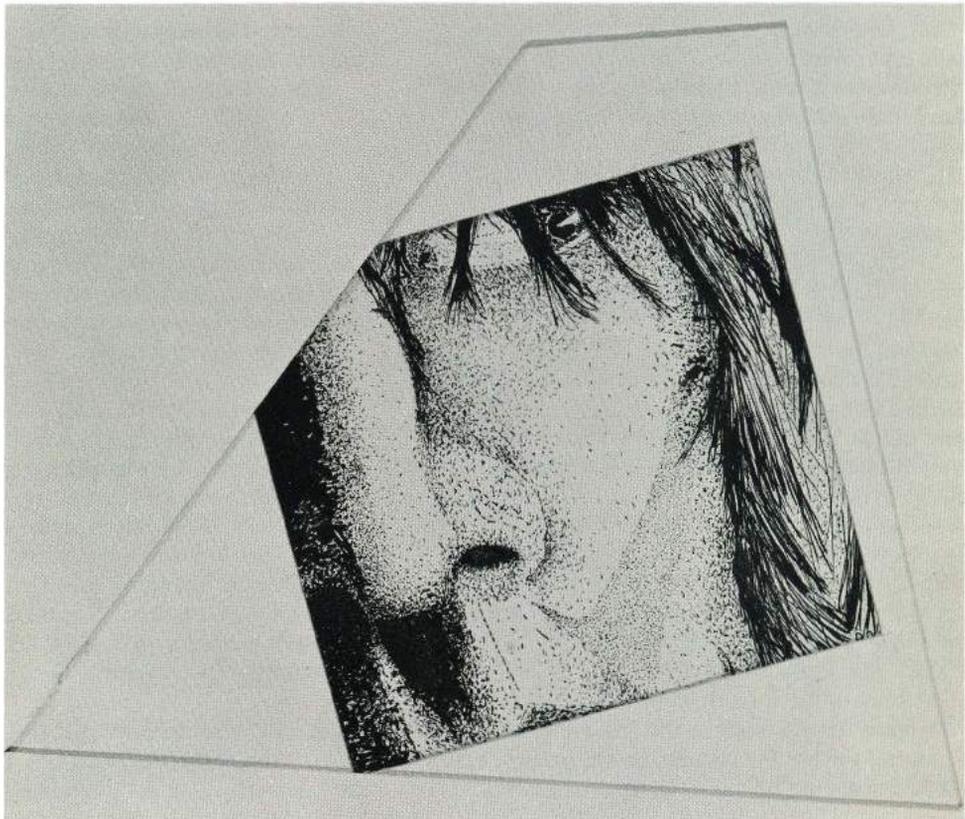
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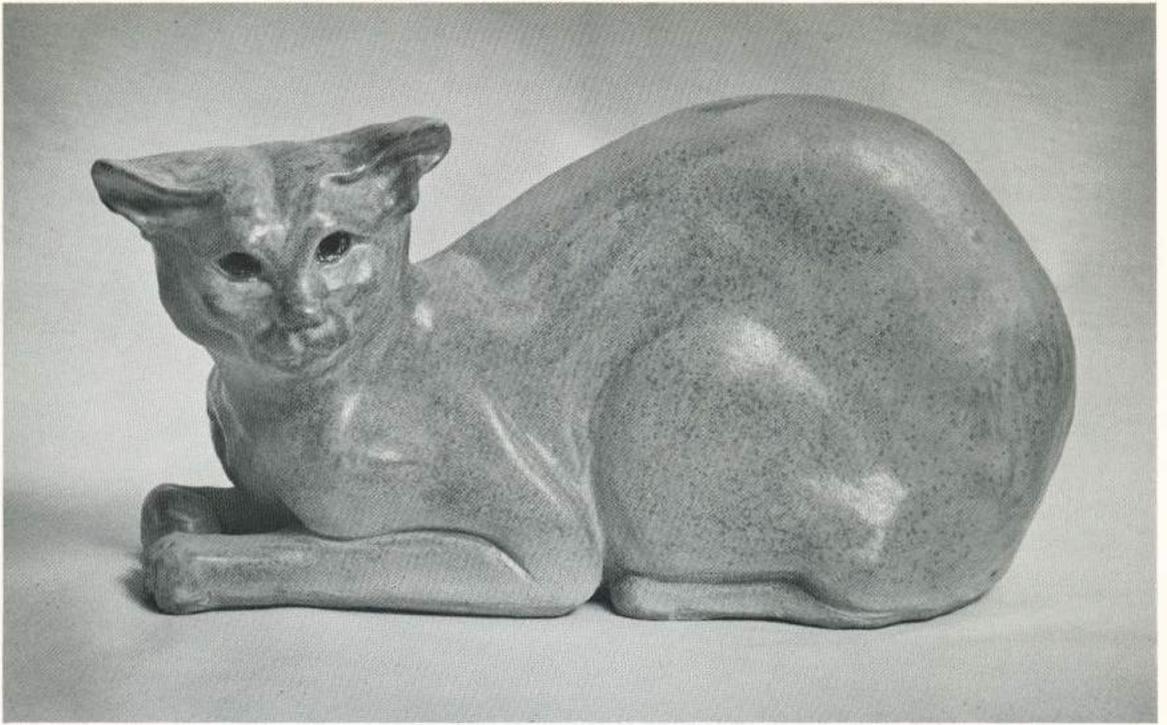


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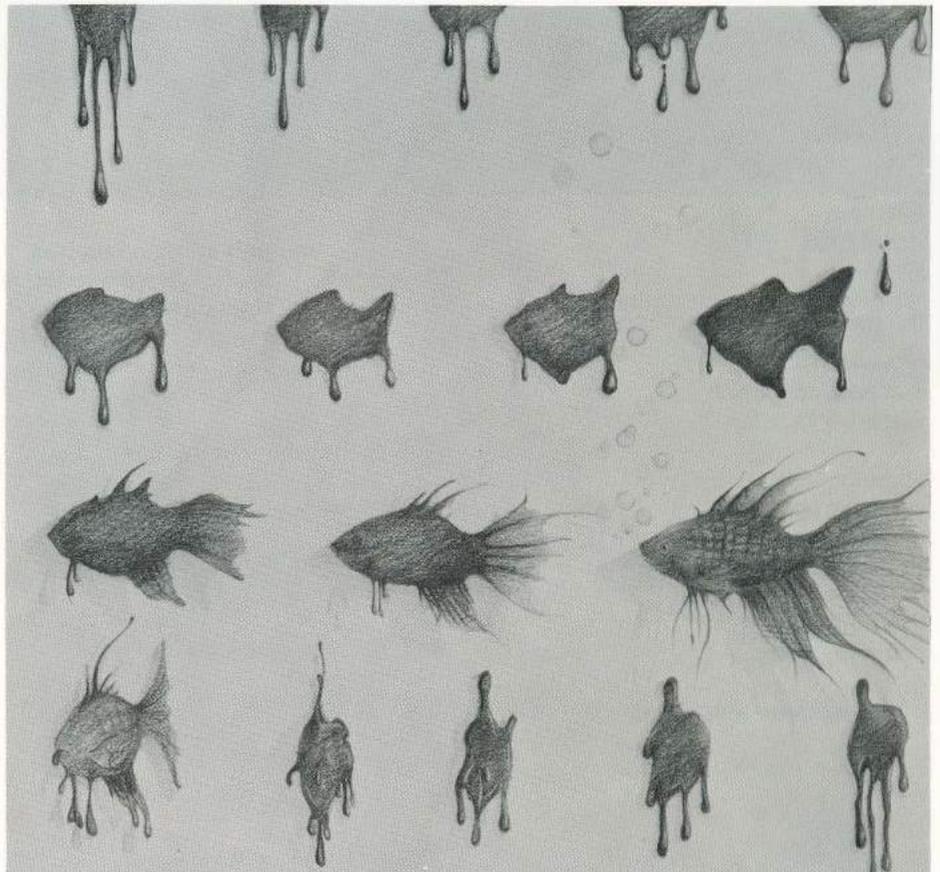


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When I was a boy I was often emblazed  
In imagery galore!  
I'd lay down a mirror and for hours gaze  
At my little square "hole" in the floor.

I peered into the room I'd made;  
Examined its every side.  
Always to left or right I stayed  
So I wouldn't see me inside.

How I played that Wondering Game  
With its magicurious feeling.  
I tried in vain to be in the same  
Room with the floor for a ceiling!

Such is Dismay in a dreaming child's head;  
He sees it but never can show it.  
Like a million sayings that can't be said,  
Such is the pain of the Poet.

**Jerry Schwartz**

## Waterfall

you—  
you remind me of  
water  
slipping down  
the stairs.  
..  
of a waterfall.  
that is my motion.  
that is my breath.

you—  
you have no name  
to call,  
so there never is an answer  
to the bles—sed heart  
that is my life.  
that is my self.

**Bernadette Sebastiani**

## Sacrifice

You say I gave up nothing  
Called only when I was bored  
Asked to visit when I had nothing better to do

You say I was uncommunicative  
Speechless unless thoroughly interrogated  
Preferred listening in silence

You say I was withdrawn  
Kept emotions hidden  
Never discussed true feelings

You say I was moody  
Falling into dark depression  
Confused constantly

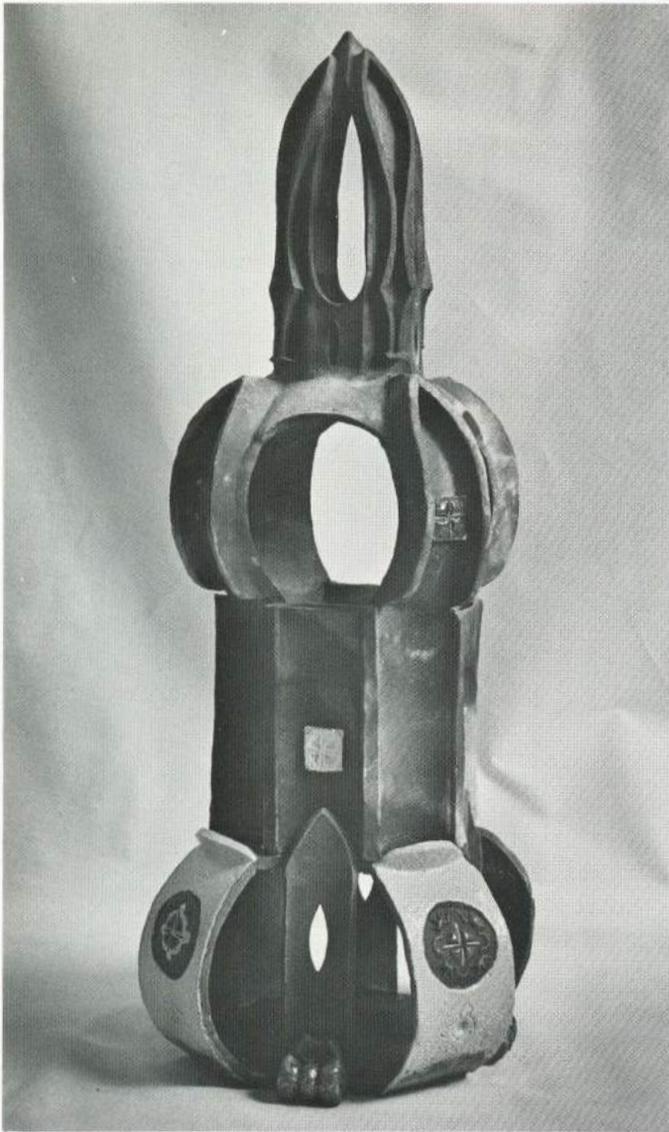
You say the real me was never seen  
Borrowed other people's personalities  
Restrained the demon underneath

You say I sacrificed nothing  
No emotional commitment  
Nothing of substance

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POT EXPLOSION  
stoneware  
9" x 11"



David G. Gentry  
ELVIS LIVES IN HERE  
ceramic  
26" x 9"

38

## About Truth

TRUTH — the changer  
Is a friend, not stranger  
That mirrors our flat smiles  
And empty glances,  
Echoes our shrill laughter,  
Till it crashes to the ground  
Where our feet are encased in certainty mundane.  
That is the only source of our pain.  
Why do we trudge in the mud when we can fly?

Nancy Protz

Chris Corban  
BLASPHEMOUS AMBIGUITY IN AN ESOTERIC SENSE  
photography  
7¼" x 9"



## The Mysteries of Night

I look into the night sky.  
The stars — so far and so close,  
That I might chose the brightest of them  
And pluck it from the blackness  
And tuck it away in a safe place,  
Where it won't be hurt or taken.  
For though there are many,  
We must choose one carefully  
And to the death guard and protect it.  
I scan the heavens,  
Looking for one star so perfect and bright  
That it will overcome all evils  
And burn brightly in this world  
Forever.

**Elizabeth G. Weyers**

## The Children

Look,  
what we created.  
This has blossomed from our love.  
Here are some heartaches,  
here, is the greatest of joys.  
This is my morning sunshine,  
when they tumble into our bed.  
They give me time to be needed.  
They're giving me the love I hunger for.  
These children,  
they are my today,  
their own tomorrows,  
and somebody's future.

**Cherry Cohen**



John Nelson Franklin  
FRIENDS AND LOVERS I  
pencil, color pencil  
7¾" x 11¾"

## Kites

Springtime meadows freshly green, sprout golden  
Children running, laughing, towing brightly  
Painted kites. The tots grow windless holdin'  
Shining wings on air that twist so sprightly.

Wind blows up around and buffets airborne  
Framework; lively tugging strains the stripling's  
Grasp, yet like the streamered tails such inborn  
Action fills the suncast day — much rippings.

Youngsters do not stay. On dances paper  
Dove, and time untwines the youthful fil'ment.  
String grows longer; with it flies youth's vapor.  
Gone is fiery diving — now quiescent.

Oh that brightly colored time has flown and  
Never more such mem'ries fond and ribboned.

Michele Ostrowski



Joni Allen  
ALTERED BOWL  
stoneware  
3½" x 9½"

Wendy Biewer  
DOWN ON THE FARM  
pencil  
21½" x 13½"



## Anorexic Heart

Day by day I exist, in  
a whirlpool of despair.  
My anorexic heart pounding:  
always hurting,  
always hungry.

But I dare not feed it,  
for it is a powerful beast  
that devours anyone who  
gets too close.

So onward I go, masking  
my hideous love with an air  
of apathy, a casual smile,  
a ready joke. But in the  
end I am the joke, for I  
am being consumed by my  
Anorexic Heart.

Shack

## Unrequited Love

god-damn  
his grip  
on this fist-sized  
scrap of gristle  
that throbs  
about an inch  
left of center  
in this hollow  
cavity  
of me.

Nancy Wahl



Julie Eggert  
UNTITLED I  
photography  
3½" x 5"





**William Rainey Harper College**

1200 West Algonquin Road  
Palatine, Illinois 60067-7398  
312 397-3000



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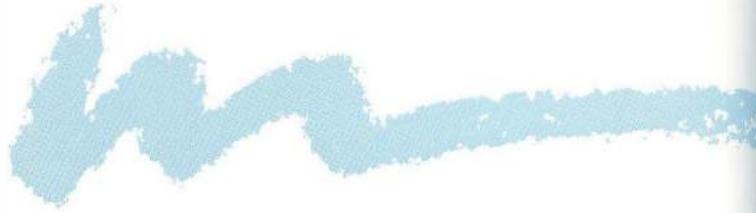
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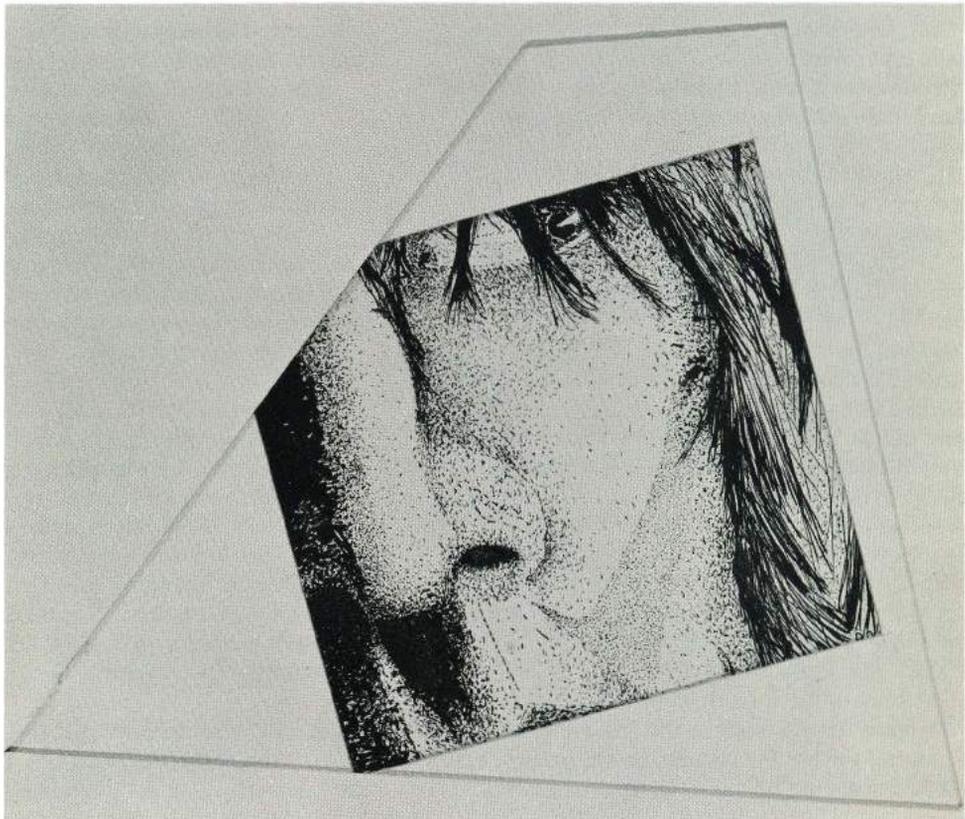
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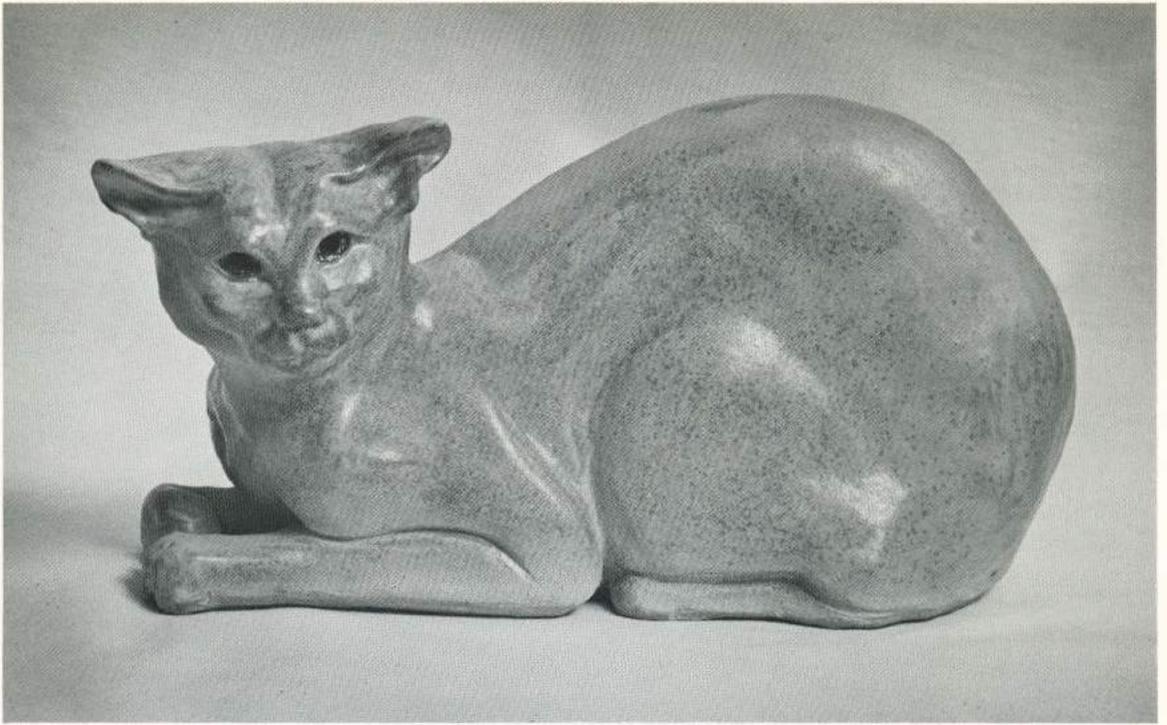


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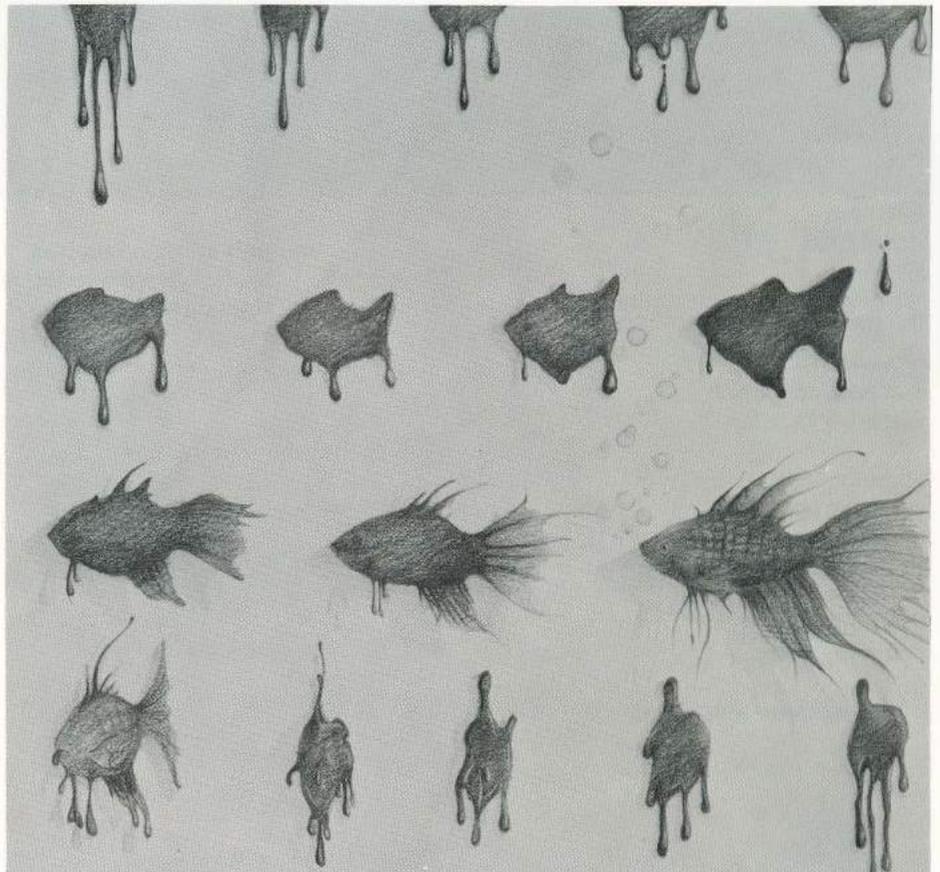


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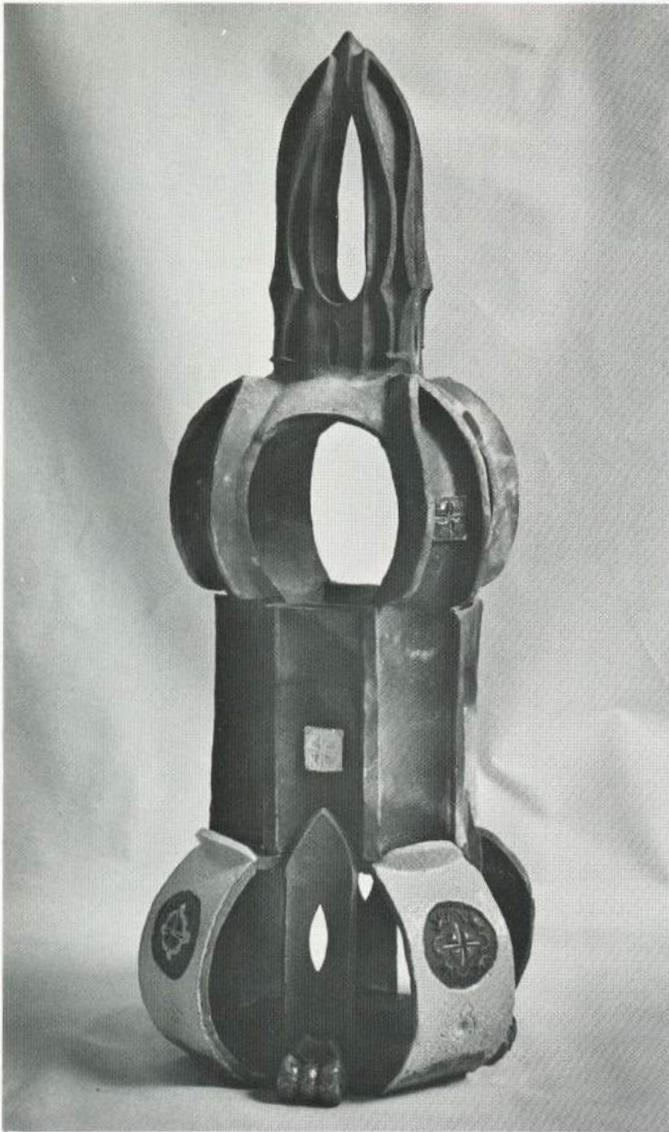
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Where our feet are encased in certainty mundane.  
That is the only source of our pain.  
Why do we trudge in the mud when we can fly?

**Nancy Protz**

Chris Corban  
BLASPHEMOUS AMBIGUITY IN AN ESOTERIC SENSE  
photography  
7¼" x 9"



## The Mysteries of Night

I look into the night sky.  
The stars — so far and so close,  
That I might chose the brightest of them  
And pluck it from the blackness  
And tuck it away in a safe place,  
Where it won't be hurt or taken.  
For though there are many,  
We must choose one carefully  
And to the death guard and protect it.  
I scan the heavens,  
Looking for one star so perfect and bright  
That it will overcome all evils  
And burn brightly in this world  
Forever.

**Elizabeth G. Weyers**

## The Children

Look,  
what we created.  
This has blossomed from our love.  
Here are some heartaches,  
here, is the greatest of joys.  
This is my morning sunshine,  
when they tumble into our bed.  
They give me time to be needed.  
They're giving me the love I hunger for.  
These children,  
they are my today,  
their own tomorrows,  
and somebody's future.

**Cherry Cohen**



John Nelson Franklin  
FRIENDS AND LOVERS I  
pencil, color pencil  
7¾" x 11¾"

## Kites

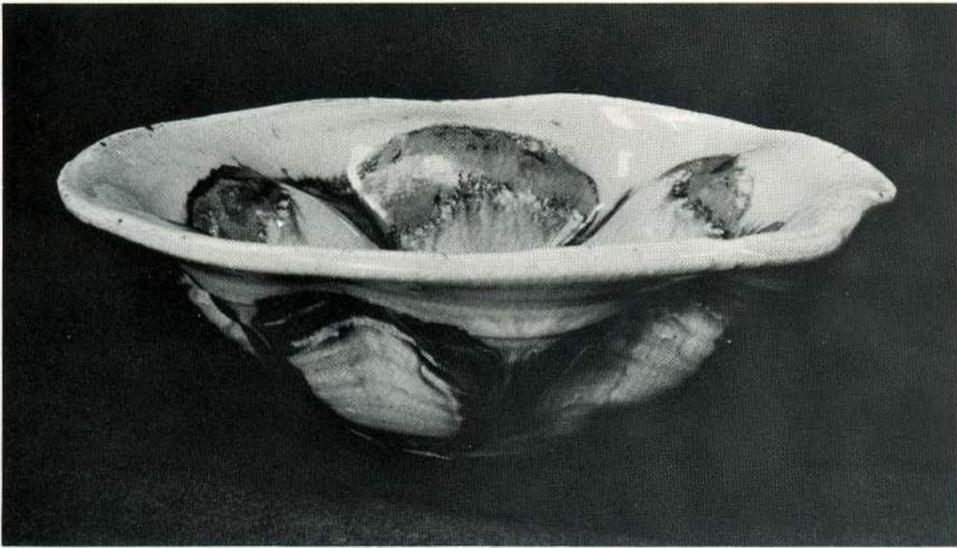
Springtime meadows freshly green, sprout golden  
Children running, laughing, towing brightly  
Painted kites. The tots grow windless holdin'  
Shining wings on air that twist so sprightly.

Wind blows up around and buffets airborne  
Framework; lively tugging strains the stripling's  
Grasp, yet like the streamered tails such inborn  
Action fills the suncast day — much riplings.

Youngsters do not stay. On dances paper  
Dove, and time untwines the youthful fil'ment.  
String grows longer; with it flies youth's vapor.  
Gone is fiery diving — now quiescent.

Oh that brightly colored time has flown and  
Never more such mem'ries fond and ribboned.

**Michele Ostrowski**



Joni Allen  
ALTERED BOWL  
stoneware  
3½" x 9½"

Wendy Biewer  
DOWN ON THE FARM  
pencil  
21½" x 13½"



## Anorexic Heart

Day by day I exist, in  
a whirlpool of despair.  
My anorexic heart pounding:  
always hurting,  
always hungry.

But I dare not feed it,  
for it is a powerful beast  
that devours anyone who  
gets too close.

So onward I go, masking  
my hideous love with an air  
of apathy, a casual smile,  
a ready joke. But in the  
end I am the joke, for I  
am being consumed by my  
Anorexic Heart.

Shack

## Unrequited Love

god-damn  
his grip  
on this fist-sized  
scrap of gristle  
that throbs  
about an inch  
left of center  
in this hollow  
cavity  
of me.

Nancy Wahl



Julie Eggert  
UNTITLED I  
photography  
3½" x 5"





**William Rainey Harper College**

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