



## The Windy Hill review. 2000

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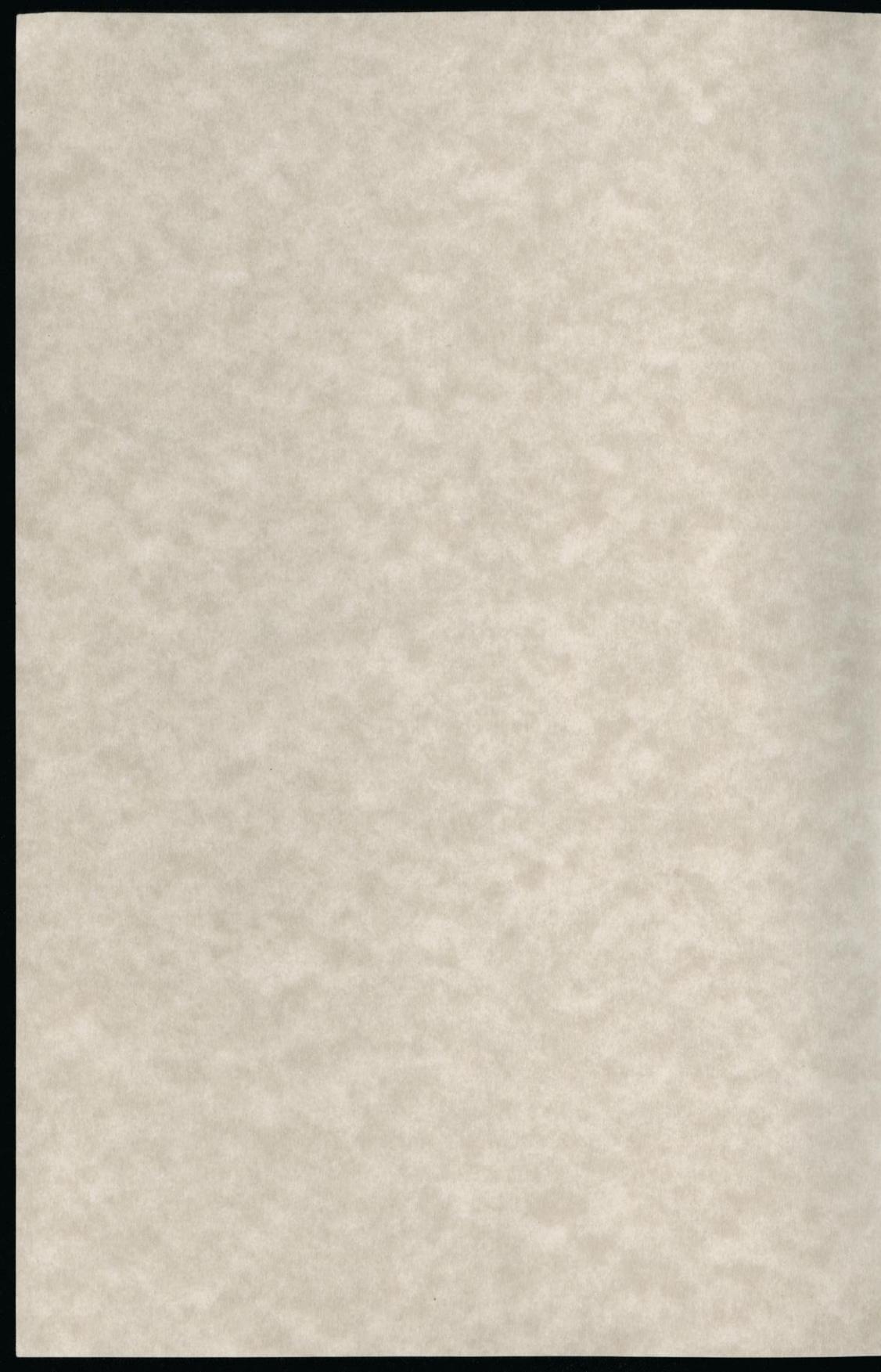
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# THE WINDY HILL REVIEW





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22<sup>ND</sup> EDITION  
2000

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN  
WAUKESHA  
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## Alliteration 101

(after reading Spring Session Timetable 2000 UW Waukesha)  
Kizzy

Abstract artistic archeologists argue about  
buried basic botanical ballads, but  
collegiate chemists continue creating coincidences calculating  
Dante's dynamic doomsday didactic dialogue.

Environmental ethics emulate economics, except  
for Freudian felonious fictitious fellows,  
giving gutless girls geometric gibberish,  
halting halfhearted heaven-held hellish historic hyperbole.

Imaginative ideologies intimidate ironic isograms if  
journalistic juniors juggle jazz jargon, jeering  
kinesthetic knowing, kindly kibitzing  
large ladies lavishly learning lascivious literature.

Mathematic mazes, mythological metaphors move multicenters making  
notorious nonprofit novels neurotically nitpick  
on ominous oligarchy, obliging omnipresent odious obsolescence of  
prehistoric political parodies performing philosophical prose.

Quitters quote quick quips, qualifying  
rhyming religious researchers rebelliously reasoning  
surrealistic sociological scientific similes satirizing sestinas, satisfying  
two thousand theoretical texts that teach theatre techniques.

Uncommon uninhabited universes under unique undoing use  
valid villanelles visualizing virtuous views, vitiating  
wanton wanderers watching wishful writers waiting.

Xanthic xyphoid xenoliths, xirradiating xanthochroids,  
yield yesterday's Yankee yens, yammering  
zigzag Zen zoological zodiacs.

## Windy Hill Blues

Robert Kokan

Jazz night  
up on Windy Hill  
and the big man  
blows the blues.  
A sweaty, funky,  
thousand year blues.

Bearded and bereted  
a beautiful bebop daddy  
crying through a cornet  
of late night  
empty rooms  
empty bottles  
empty souls.

He's junked up  
goopy  
blasted.  
Rocking back on his heels  
he lets the blues  
ooze  
fat and flatulent  
like bussing  
a baby's belly.

His horn  
pushes us  
down  
and  
deeper  
into the Earth.

He wails  
as we all wail  
the crying unending.  
No absolution  
for sins  
so serious  
and sinking.

Closing his eyes  
he blows  
America's lights out  
covering our world  
in darkness  
telling us  
there is no Son  
no salvation won.

Let the big man blow  
his beatific blues  
tonight  
Heaven  
is not  
listening.

## **SCREAMING AT THE STARS**

Alex Kaiser

Please stop screaming at the stars.  
Your voice is loud and carries much too far.  
Philosophy is easier than you are.  
Realize this, realize Why you are.  
You're now so close, but you're still so far.  
But you'll get nowhere screaming at the stars.

**septembers' all fire**

Christine Gutwein

it has taken two years  
and two thousand miles to remember,  
as ash from the Pendleton fires falls out of a soot-orange sky  
to burn like phosphorous on my face.

I remember it all now that  
spirery, unhallowed City,  
run through with subway  
like a dog with worms.  
You were my home.

the graffiti here speaks differently  
I hear it scraping, nights,  
crawling inch by inch up the stucco wall  
to choke me one day as I sleep.  
subway graffiti could never stand  
the desert light of this coast  
just as all things cannot stand  
under too much light.

but I am a cockroach of a man,  
too used to sleep and decay,  
and the place that was once my heart  
has ran to bile,  
legion secrets waiting  
like eggs in the dark.

yes, it is better, to never go back  
To the city that was my home,  
better to rise up on old arthropod bones  
and stand in tar and that damn drifting ash.  
just to hear  
the golden sunlight laugh, and chitter,  
and chase it all away.

## **Platypus**

Colleen Donovan

“When I was a child I played by myself”

- Frank O’Hara

Confused and alone describes how I feel.  
Rejected by most, I fit in nowhere.  
I seem like one thing, but act like another.  
With a duck bill and a beaver tail,  
a little bit of every thing for me equals nothing.

Living on land, I am attracted to water.  
Where I belong, life is too difficult,  
where I choose to be I am unwanted.  
I am torn between two worlds.  
Suckling for compassion, wanting a home.

With no teeth to lash out with, my confusion stays hidden.  
Despite what the world shows me, I have no aggression.  
Disconnected from the world, I keep to myself.  
Living down under, webbed within my fear.  
Burrowing in suffocating darkness.

While laying eggs of self-doubt,  
I have no mate or friends.  
I have come to accept that  
with confusion comes rejection,  
and rejection leaves you alone.

## Spaghetti Sauce

Sara Numan

Deet...deet. I normally don't even hear the deets. After checking out customers for an hour the deet becomes a part of life. But at the time it was the only thing that I could hear.

In the middle of my previous customers' order I had looked up. I couldn't remember what made me look up. I didn't recall anyone calling my name. Was I scared? Or maybe I was just making sure that the Ritz crackers had rung up the right price. A customer had a fit over them earlier in the day. I gave it another thought, but could not remember why I looked up. I only knew that I was the happiest girl in the whole world, no the whole galaxy. Well, I was for at least two seconds.

When I had looked up I naturally glanced at the end of my ever-growing line. It was Him. I hadn't seen Mark for half-a-year. He looked as good as I remembered. That was when I noticed what was standing next to him. Some girl. Ewww...they had their arms around each other. And in public! Really, what would people think? Looking at her and the adorable platinum curls atop her cute little head I began to sing the words of the only country song I know. "Inside her head may lay all the answers, for curing diseases from baldness to cancer, salt of the earth and a real good dancer, but I really hate her, I'll think of a reason later." Mark belonged to me. Well, he should have. In a matter of minutes I relived every memory I ever had of Mark.

Mark had worked in the produce department of the same grocery store. I remembered the first day that I saw his 6'2" carrot-topped body. I usually detested the chore of grocery shopping with my mother, but from that day, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1995, the store looked a little brighter. Two months later I turned in my Pick N' Save application.

Hired as a cashier I could not look, all right, stare at Mark without being noticed. After a year of working together I had never really talked to him. Maybe I was too shy. But that all changed in a matter of weeks.

The produce department was in shambles. It had lost two employees to better jobs. I saw my chance. I knew the difference between an apple and a pear, what more did I need to know? After talking to Dan, the produce manager, I was the newest member of the 'produce crew' and a step closer to Mark.

Soon after I began working in produce we became great friends. We would constantly joke around. Soon the jokes brought us closer together. Once the jokes died down, serious conversations were able to take place. I have to admit, I was in love with him. When I didn't go to my prom he was the one who danced with me in the walk-in cooler.

One day in late December we were sitting in the back room drinking Pepsi. It had been snowing all day making the roads slippery. Maybe the treacherous road conditions caused people to stay at home. The store was dead. It was the first time I ever saw the apple display in complete order. Mark and I decided we deserved a break. We were in the back for over an hour. While back there we talked and made plans to get together over Christmas break. With no warning, Kevin, oh wise and powerful manager that he is, burst in on us. Our talking immediately ceased as Kevin turned a horribly mean shade of red.

"What the-? You two think that you can just sit here and do nothing?!? Mark get the hell out of here, go home!"

Mark glanced at me like he wanted to say something.

"Mark! I told you to go home!"

Mark should have been on the track team; I had never seen anyone run quite like he did. Once he was gone Kevin turned his beady eyes in my direction.

"Lori, sweep the store. The whole store!"

"What?!? But I-"

"Now!"

Reluctantly I somehow managed to finish that task, and then I left. The next day I came to work as usual, but something was wrong. Mark was supposed to work with me that evening, but Andy was in his place. I asked Andy why he was working instead of Mark.

"Well, Kevin never really liked Mark; he always thought he was a slacker. This just gave him a reason to fire him."

Mark had been fired; I wondered what my fate was. Two weeks later I was demoted back to cashier.

All of that happened over five months ago, and now I was looking at him and his creature from the bleach lagoon. I don't think I've ever seen hair that color. Finally it was time to check him out.

"Hey, Lori, how ya been?"

"Not too bad. Yourself?" Ugh, how can he stand her perfect Colgate smile?

"I've been pretty good. Well, except for the fact that I'll be in school for a hundred more years. I've changed my major again."

I proceeded to scan their spaghetti sauce. Someone will be having a nice dinner tonight.

"Really, well I hope that you finally figure out what it is that you want to do. Oh, that's a dollar twenty six."

I was not prepared to hear the voice that belonged to this girl, but it happened.

"Ok, I'll pay for it, Markie. It's on me."

Ugh. Someone shoot me. No shoot her.

"Here's the money."

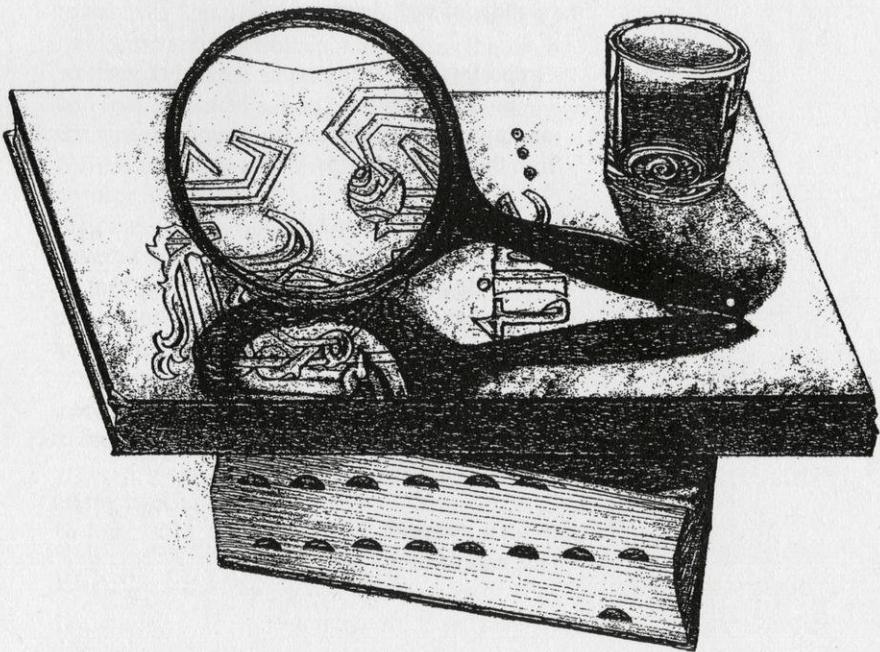
"Thanks. And here's your receipt. Have a super day!"

Mark looked at me. Right in the eyes. God, how I love his deep brown eyes. I knew it! He's going to leave this girl and realize that I was the right one all along! "Well, Lori, it was nice seeing ya again. Enjoy the rest of your day."

And with that he was gone. The she-devil wrapped her little arm around him and out the door they happily skipped. There were no longer any customers in my lane, so I went on a break. Walking up the ill-lit staircase the Muzak was playing that one country song that I knew. It actually made me smile. "Did I mention that I don't particularly care for her?"

**Theory Coin**  
Alan Bykowski

Science  
New, Inquisitive  
Expanding, Searching, Learning  
Explanation, Theories, Truth, Conviction  
Believing, Genuflecting, Condemning  
Rigid, Traditional  
Religion



## THE CANDLE

Ann Strong

In the evening's darkness  
watching the light  
from the flame flutter  
smelling the smoke  
that burns

The flame sways  
faster and higher  
almost as if by spirits  
were present by my side

The flame continues  
to rise steadily  
as the wick burns  
the puddle of wax deepens

Imperfections form  
unique shapes  
and pieces of residue  
from the wax that drips

There is still much left to burn  
slowly new forms  
develop  
and changes occur  
with every passing instant

I try to blow it out, fiercely  
the flame flickers back and forth  
till it finds calmness in the air

I stop for a moment, and sense  
the candle in my life.

< Twelfth Birthday >

James Kaczmarek

18 June 1943  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.  
My twelfth birthday.

18 year old prisoner  
Leon W. Wells, "Death Brigade",  
Janowska concentration camp,  
Lvov, now Ukraine.  
Leon was in Death Ditch drew, assigned to  
Burning corpses, shot mostly by SS, SD.

Leon woke at daylight this day, was ordered  
out at seven, sat on the ground for bread and  
coffee, and with fellows, arms linked, marched  
toward the Death Ditch, along with yesterday's  
newcomers: men, women, kids. Near the ditch  
women, kids were stopped. Men marched on  
and into the ditch, sat on putrid corpses coating  
the bottom, until their work: burning corpses.  
Newcomers first task retrieve newly shot  
corpses: own wives, children, sisters, mothers;  
drag them to the burning place. Workers by now  
covered with fluids of the dead, are ordered to  
sit for lunch, on putrid bodies, and there served  
thin soup; and the afternoon like the morning;  
and in the barracks at night Leon talked to Mr. Brill,  
who dragged the corpses of his two beautiful,  
intelligent daughters 17, 15, naked,  
to the burning place that day,

on my twelfth birthday,  
18 June 1943.

## **Witness**

Carolyn Gaar

Today I stopped to watch the hawks as they  
Sliced and swooped in their ritual dances.  
Their silhouettes floating beneath gray  
Wispy clouds, sometimes obscured by branches.  
Talons like grappling hooks of death;  
Sun glinting in keen obsidian eyes;  
A raucous scream escapes on bated breath  
From a curved, merciless beak as it flies.  
Freewheeler – soaring and scanning the brush . . .  
Then, body tenses, wings arch and legs strain –  
The hunter drops into a dive, a rush,  
Head-long, heedless toward the earth once again.  
Winged masters of sky with one rule to obey;  
Survival ensured by unwary prey.

**Anticipation**  
Laura Wolff Scanlan

*Once again the magic carpet of cooking has brought us together.  
-Thoughts for Festive Foods*

Warm winds whisper secrets  
through the flatweave of lemongrass,

I accept the mystery.

Seductive melodies of the East  
trickle through the air  
honoring his arrival.

Steeping in rose water

I wonder

Will he accept me, tease me  
like when we were young  
impressing with playful games  
of seeding pomegranates faster  
than the others, just for me.

Essence of indigo and saffron  
color the rug at his feet,  
woven of fine silk and camel hair.

Desires of my heart  
woven in relief  
for all to see.

Sweetness of cardamom

Pungency of olive oil

perfume the air.

Balance of flavor

Harmony of texture

He claps his hands and the meal begins.

## *A Tough Cap To Twist*

Beth Kante

“It was a windy evening. A Tuesday, to be precise. I had just come to work. It was four in the afternoon. I was on until midnight. Tonight was the night it was going to happen. I had been watching him carefully for weeks now. Every evening, every Tuesday evening, the same thing would happen. Yes, tonight would be the night. I had prepared my plan the night before while I was watching “Murder She Wrote” on television. I had worked out every single detail in my mind. I knew exactly what I had to do.

Some would call my plan eccentric. That was fine with me. I was known as an eccentric fellow. I suppose it didn’t help that I always wore a cape over my work vest, had a hat on my head, and held a pipe between my teeth like Sherlock Holmes, but he is my idol. I also suppose that I stuck out in the town of Brookfield, but hey, I am who I am.

Now, where was I? Oh, yes. He was in his 50s. He was stealing cigarettes. It was an inside job. He was one of the assistant managers at the store, and worked the night shift. He had an excellent plan, that Elmer. He had me fooled for quite some time. I never would have caught him if he hadn’t gotten so greedy and carried away with his idea.

Elmer’s plan was brilliant! He knew that once a week, Tuesday night to be exact, the tobacco man would come to pick up the outdated cigarettes. Elmer’s plan was to put all of the outdated cigarettes in a box. Then he put some of the new cigarettes into that same box. After he checked them in and before they were put out on the sales floor, Elmer took the box of old and new cigarettes down to the receiving area, where the tobacco man came.

Elmer slipped the new cigarettes into a trash can, and wheeled the trash outside and dumped it into the dumpster. Later, he would pick up the cigarettes out of the dumpster.

I started noticing some very odd behavior in Elmer that led to my discovery of his plan. Elmer would always insist on handling the tobacco products himself. He acted very nervous if anyone would come around then. I noticed that he would also be very self conscious when checking in the cigarettes. By carefully watching his behavior, I noticed these bizarre patterns. That's when I decided to take action. After all, I love that Pick 'N Save like it was my own store, and would give my life for it.

I knew that Elmer would put the cigarettes in the dumpster that night, so I climbed into that dumpster and waited for him. I sat in that dumpster for about an hour, in a pile of squash, breathing in the smell of rotting garbage. At 12:05, I heard a car drive around the side of the building. Then I heard the car door open and footsteps approach the dumpster. I saw a hand come over the top of the dumpster, and I snapped the handcuff on it. Unfortunately, it was just a stock boy, taking out the last load of trash. I apologized to him, and released him.

I waited another couple of minutes. Then Elmer appeared. Thinking quickly, I locked one of the cuffs onto my wrist. Once again, an arm dipped into the dumpster, and once again I locked the other cuff onto the arm. Elmer yelled out in surprise. I pulled him into the dumpster so that he could not escape. Elmer tried to fight me. In the scuffle, I dropped the key to the handcuffs into a pile of tomatoes. However, I managed to wrestle Elmer to the ground and get a full confession from him.

Later we went to the police station. They were able to cut the chain between the handcuffs, but they couldn't get the cuff off my wrist. And that, ma'am, is why I have a cuff on my wrist."

"Sir," said the gas attendant. "I said 'this cap is tough to twist', not 'why is there a cuff on your wrist'."

## **Communication**

Caterricka Harris

**What time did you wake up last night?**

*We made up, we didn't fight.*

**Did you watch the movie I told you to?**

*I didn't see anyone move your shoe.*

**Should I wear my black shirt?**

*I don't know why your back hurts.*

**Is there something to drink?**

*I already put them in the sink.*

**Let's go play basketball.**

*Oh! Yeah! It's still on the wall.*

**I am really thirsty.**

*Shut up! You're not thirty.*

**Did you go to work today?**

*It was free. I didn't have to pay.*

**Man, I need 25 dollars.**

*Boy, the dog already has every color collar.*

**Are you coming over this week?**

*They sure didn't come in to speak.*

**You know, I am tired.**

*I told you you were going to get fired.*

**Have you heard a word I've said?**

*You tell me, did my responses sound like I did?*

## **Love/Hate**

Melissa Wittig

love  
light, mysterious  
caring, cherishing, trusting  
hearts, roses, thorns, pain  
hurting, arguing, fighting  
hard, heartless  
hate

### **Topography of Hands**

Bianca Boettcher Williams

dusky blue veins climbing to the fingers  
raised mountains on a topographical map  
reddened knuckles from tightened grip on pen  
pushing across paper playing with words

diversity of species, animals  
flourishing plant life, towering tall trees  
like a canopy of green umbrellas  
dripping with the forest rains, warm and moist

“Could you describe the rain forest’s beauty?”

words stop flowing from the pen mid-sentence

“Rain forest lands are burned at an alarming rate each day; where’s beauty in that harm?”

**Found: Health and Security**  
Mindy Allar

Extremely important:  
hands must be washed  
before using restroom facilities

Hair  
must be  
shoulder length or longer

Keep  
cash drawer  
open

Have wounds  
or open sores  
when refilling popcorn

And always ask  
to keep excess cash  
as it accumulates

## Our Greatest Journey

Shannon Crane

like a passenger on a long journey - Linda Pastan

JOY!  
New life.  
light, purity  
from above. Bright  
forgotten. Viewing our body  
darkness, sadness, remorse, regret,  
declining, body suffering...death. Quiet,  
Summit. Our lives rich and fulfilling. Energy  
and pain, supporting one another. We have made it to the  
words. Leaping over rivers, streams, self doubt. Sharing hurt  
discouraged, overcoming. Stumbling over rocks, pebbles,  
collapsing, becoming  
ng,  
vi  
er  
sw,  
lies ahead, we are reaching,  
to take. Unsure of what  
learning which steps  
Growing,  
.trek.  
upward  
in an  
Climbing  
of life.  
journey  
on a  
are  
→We

## **Sestina: Physical Science**

Laura Wolff Scanlan

Learning the value of inverse relationships as well as the ability to identify forces is necessary in order to calculate certain equations concerning physical properties. Stress is placed on the inordinate amount of time and energy needed to succeed. There is no time for any other work.

From day one, I begin to work night and day deciphering formulas and inverse functions. Even though my energy level is low, I have to persevere since I am forced by the constraints of the curriculum to pass physics. Then the stress begins to lessen as I learn to calculate

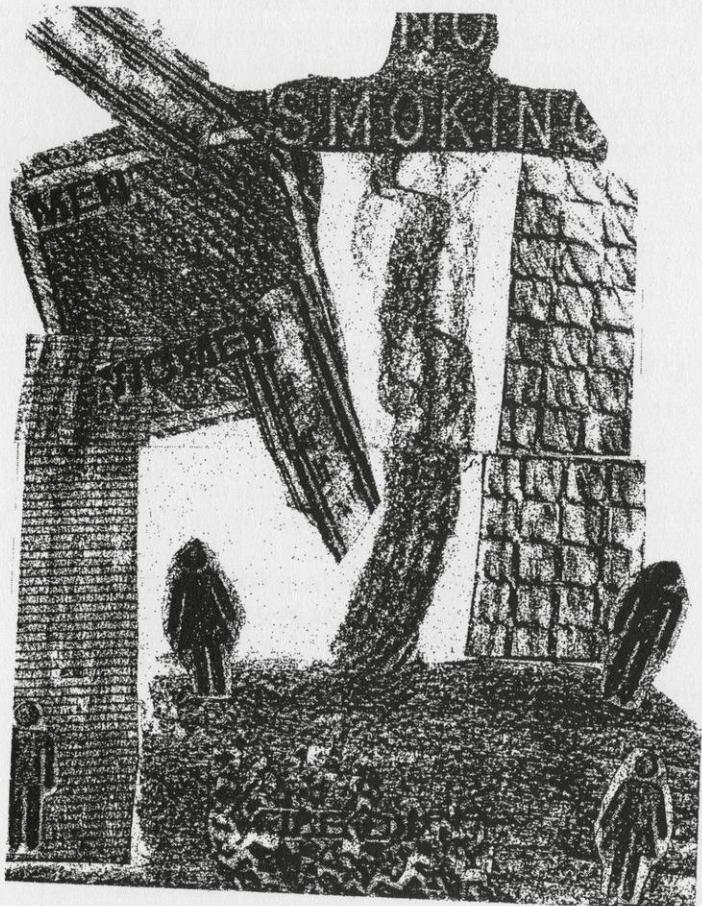
equations using my new Texas Instruments calculator. As I spend more and more time, I begin to work more efficiently, and I learn to handle the internal stress that physics creates. Once I learn the inverse tangent function, I can find the angle an external force is headed in. Then on to the Conservation of Energy.

Energy can never be created or destroyed. The total energy of the universe is constant. Energy and Work are intimate partners. To calculate the Work done by an applied force, such as a spring, a simple equation of Work done equals  $1/2kx^2$  is all that's needed, no inverse functions. Simple algebra equals zero stress.

A simple equation: Elastic Modulus equals Stress divided by Strain. In order to find the energy provided by the force of gravity, one must employ the inverse square law, which is solved with a calculation of  $F=G(m_1+m_2)/r^2$ . If a force makes an angle of  $\theta$ , the Work done equals the product of the cosine of  $\theta$ , the displacement and the force.

Still, it is all a big puzzle. Since a single, isolated force cannot exist in nature, as claimed by Newton, as my stress increases does my strain proportionally decrease? Does my work done have a physical component? Is all of my potential energy conserved, and if so, where is it? Can we calculate the amount of force, stress, work, and energy in the universe or in the inverse?

I've decided that I'd rather deal with the force of words and conserve my energy for dealing with the stresses of iambic meter than to calculate the amount of work needed to put physics in verse.



## **Madison Morning**

Dan Polley

Ten angry crows rest in the leafless trees;  
the frozen lake waits in the bleak distance.  
Three bare trees sway gently in the cool breeze;  
the morning scene puts up no resistance.  
A peaceful room, serene in its setting,  
the luscious scent of liquor in the air;  
cars and trucks pass by on the streets, letting  
insignificant people give blank stares.  
The sun beams down, heating people below;  
faceless people scatter in a flurry.  
They stop to give their meaningless hello,  
they have places to go in a hurry.

So, inconspicuous, I sit here now,  
as time flies by without my knowing how.

## **CONSUMICIDE**

Carol Deprez

Beware the vile clutter-vine  
attractive and addicting  
its beauty is deceptive  
its tentacles constricting

From innocent shoots spring greedy roots  
to clutch and circle, then cling  
immobilizing consumptive prey  
with entwining, shackling THINGS

## Monoceros

Christine Gutwein

From no mothers' sleep I slid you, wet  
from the decanting jar.

First of myth made flesh,  
grown bottled, like an orchid that never saw the sun.

I plotted years in your grace,  
your form, the thing once riven whitely through my dreams,  
coalesced, became real in protein matrice,  
the liquid helix of all things.

I will not lie.

It was a joy to steal, to manufacture,  
the pitch and whorl of your ivory horn  
from the spiraling of a tadpole's gut,  
to separate your essence from earth and bile,  
like spirit from flesh, I found you.

And here you breathe, at last, wet in my arms,  
perfect, perfect,  
breathing out ghosts of brothers and sisters  
that died born without eyes, without skin.

I lay you in straw, in ruby light to keep you warm.

I step back and am afraid  
even to breathe, to blink.

Watching you I am again that boy  
who waited in the woods all those lonely September nights  
with arms outstretched,  
a lump of sugar in my palm.

But you were more, had always been more,  
than any of us could ever ascribe to you,  
and so I was not surprised when I  
found your enclosure empty  
that gray morning.

Perhaps I will see you again,  
in some lonely place when I am old.  
Or perhaps you will always remain  
the ghost you were,  
that silver shadow in the moonlight.

## Conformation

Alan Bykowski

They tell us not to touch the oven  
Our fragile skin will burn  
They tell us we should read the “good book”  
Our tender minds must learn  
They tell us to respect our elders  
Since they know what is best  
They tell us to listen to teachers  
Since we must pass the teast  
They tell us to work from nine to five  
Because we must pay bills  
They tell us to watch news on TV  
Because ignorance kills  
They tell us not to shatter the mold  
You know it’s wrong to fight  
They tell us to vote for A or B  
You must choose black or white  
They tell us to stick to our own kind  
We are not right to mix  
They tell us to attend the parties  
We must get our kicks  
They tell us to go to the doctor  
To get the drugs we need  
They tell us “step on your common man”  
To fuel our endless greed  
They tell us everything we must do  
Until the day we die  
I have only one question for you  
Why do you never ask why?

## **SEX/RAPE**

Alicia Houk

sex  
beautiful, bonding  
listening, giving, touching  
commitment, intimacy, vulnerability, force  
demanding, taking, violating  
brutal, humiliating  
rape

## THE BIG EASY

Mildred McCord

A city that never sleeps  
and continuously weeps

Filled with saints  
that ain't

Sinners that are winners

Where crime can find you  
at the drop of a dime

Life lost for a pack of cigarettes  
or an empty wallet

Darkness bridges the flame  
of shame

Another broken soul swept  
down the river without a quiver

No regrets  
No remorse  
Of course

## Generations

### Carolyn Gaar

The first time I heard El Paso by Marty Robbins, I was probably in the womb, listening to my father's muffled voice over my mother's heartbeat. For as long as I can remember, I have heard his voice in unison with Marty's floating up through the floorboards of our house. Dad always loved those country-twang bluegrass songs about cowboys and the old west. I remember teasing him about his "corny country music" as a child even though, deep down, the music comforted me. When my father played Marty, that's when I remember him being happy. I guess that I felt I needed to shun the things my parents enjoyed in order to define myself as different. It wasn't cool to be like your parents.

On Sunday afternoons, Dad would get his records from the cabinet, so carefully, and then settle himself on our old, brown couch with the Milwaukee Journal while my brother, sister and I played on the floor nearby. The songs were stories, I guess you could call them ballads, about heroes and outlaws, triumph and tragedy, the history and legends of the old west. I'd ask him, "Why do you listen to this stuff? It's old and irritating." He responded by telling me that he'd listened to this music ever since he was a boy. He told me that he'd nearly worn out these records in his little room at the back of his parents' house years ago. He told me that he liked the stories in the songs and how each one was about a different family or different people. "Brother against brother. People holding their own in a time and a place it wasn't easy to live in. You should listen," he said.

As I grew older, I began to pause in my playing and make-believe dramas on the living room floor to take in the stories and the lives of the people in the songs. Especially when he played the sad songs. Dad would put on a real tear-jerker and say, "Listen to this one. This one will really make you cry."

I'd sit there and listen to the words, letting the story wash over me, soaking it in like the sponge of a child I was. I'd bite my lip to hold back tears when the hero died or the battle was lost, but a shaky breath or a subtle sniffle always gave me away to my father. I never really thought about it before, but I think he knew I would cry at those songs because he did, too, when he was young, when the music was new. When he heard my give-away sniffle, he came and hugged me and rubbed my back and said, "Don't cry little bud."

To take my mind off of the story, Dad would tell me about when he was young and living at home. About how his room was also his workshop and he'd tell me stories about watching his own father make furniture. He'd tell me about his successes and failures in his own attempts with cabinetry. Dad told me how he listened to the same Marty Robbins songs he did now, while he and his father worked in the shop, laboring over their wooden creations; curio cabinets and dressers, highboys and carvings. All the while, wondering whether they did this because they enjoyed it or because they could. I came to see that those songs were like old comfortable friends to my father; unchanging, timeless, compelling. I think that he used them as both a security blanket and a bulwark against the world and all of the changes that happen in life.

I've heard the songs my whole life long. The soulful wails of Marty Robbins, the high nasal tone of Hank Williams, the tunes of Merle Haggard, Faron Young, Tammy Wynette, Dolly Parton and George Jones, among others, played a big part in my growing up. To all outward impressions, when I was young, I hated those songs and whined and griped whenever Dad played them, but now I see them in a different light.

I pop a tape into the stereo of my comfy old Bronco and the music that comes out of the speaker washes over me, warming *me* like a thick, heavy blanket of memories. I can picture him now. My father, laboring steadily over his tools and his projects, singing along with Marty in the saw-dusty basement.

I can even envision the facial expressions he'd make, emulating Marty's look of seriousness, concentration, and earnestness. I wish I were there now, but I'm not. I am in the Bronco on a cold autumn day, on my way home from my father's funeral. I already miss the talks we used to have in the basement among the mahogany dust and the curlicues of pine he shaved onto the floor with his planer. I'd poke my head into the shop and watch him work for a minute, just like I did since age nine, before saying, "Hi, Pop." And Dad would say, "Hey there, Squirt, what's going on?" He would chastise me for coming down in my stocking feet and get me a bar stool to sit on. I sat dutifully, swinging my feet and chatting away, watching him work with the stubborn wood. Dad always had to go with the grain. Our conversations ranged from politics to school, from wars to boys, from memories to dreams, from the complexity of the evils of society to the simplicity of what he was doing with the wood and why.

Something about the way he listened to me and inspired me to share, to open up, when I talked reminds me of how he taught us kids to listen to the words of his songs. That is the most important lesson Dad ever taught me; to listen to the music not only for the melody, but for the story behind it. Something like being able to see the tree for its leaves.

Dad died on Monday night in the basement amid the things he loved. His wood, his sawdust, his tools, his dreams and his songs. My mother will be waiting for us at the house. I need to say goodbye to that basement shop, for now. But one day, when my own daughter, burbling and wiggling, happily unaware in the back seat, begins to whine about my music, I can tell her the stories. I will revisit the shop in memories and another generation will learn to look for the story behind the melody.

## ‘Hands of Insanity’

Sara Numan

The nails are not well manicured  
The silver polish almost picked away  
Farther down tiny scratches  
Cover the hand

The hand picked up a single rose  
Red.  
Began to twirl it around  
Almost like a baton

Deep in the waterfall-filled jungle  
Many waterfalls, they appear as one  
This place  
Reminds me  
Almost of the quiet stillness  
In the plain white walled room

“Where did you find a rose by these waterfalls?”  
I asked.

“It’s so quiet and peaceful here, I’m careful not to fall in the water.”  
I replied.

## PLANETARY MEDITATION

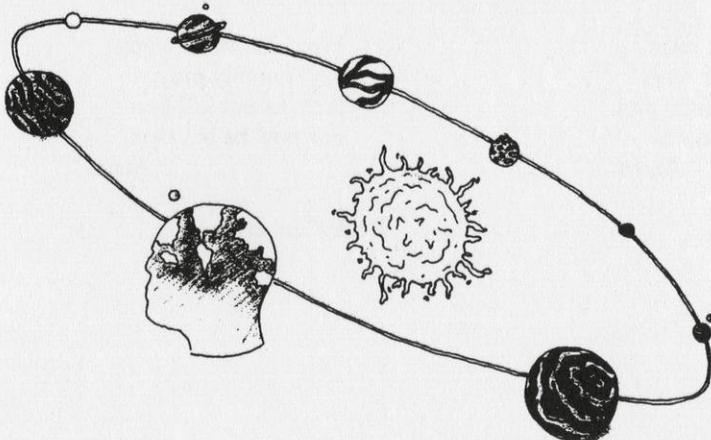
### KIZZY

A maiden moon dances the cycle of life.  
Her thoughts, the seasons of womanhood,  
eclipsing points of light, dark, light,  
phasing into a dark moon crone.

Her thoughts, the seasons of womanhood,  
From silver to zaftig she shines,  
phasing into a dark moon crone,  
rebirthing from a black underworld crevice.

From silver to zaftig she shines  
guiding Cassiopeia and Pleiades,  
rebirthing from a black underworld crevice,  
emerging into full-moon motherhood.

Guiding Cassiopeia and Pleiades,  
eclipsing points of light, dark, light,  
emerging into full-moon motherhood,  
a maiden moon dances the cycles of life.



## **Prayer For A Son**

Dear Lord,

In Your great wisdom,  
You gave us a boy  
To teach and to guide,  
And bring us much joy.

Let him be faithful  
To You first of all.  
Help him to know You  
And answer Your call.

Lord, teach him to walk  
Just, honest, and bold,  
To value respect,  
Not silver and gold.

Bless him with mercy  
And please keep him safe.  
Grant him compassion,  
And unswerving faith.

Let him be humble,  
And truthful and kind,  
Sober in judgement,  
Discerning in mind.

Lord, help us to raise  
Our son in Your ways.  
Guide him and help him,  
Lord, all of his days.

Amen

## **Prayer For A Son, After A Few Years**

Dear Lord,

In Your great wisdom,  
You gave us a son  
To test our nerves;  
Today he has won.

Grant us more patience  
When he rudely burps,  
Talks about boogers,  
Deliberately slurps,

Refuses to bathe,  
Brings bugs in the house,  
Pulls Cat by the ears,  
And wants a pet mouse,

Wrestles his sister,  
Puts worms down her shirt,  
Leaves toys strewn about,  
And rolls in the dirt,

Fights with his brother,  
Torments our new pup,  
Won't flush the toilet,  
And leaves the seat up.

We come to You now,  
And humbly pray;  
Help us not kill him  
For how he behaves.

Amen

Becky Hubert

## THOUGHTS FROM THE ELEVENTH HOUR

Alex Kaiser

The echoes pierce the moonlit, midnight skin  
If only this skin I could finally shed  
Perhaps my patience would not wear so thin  
And I could learn the language of the dead.

Always told to keep my thoughts on the prize  
Never capable of realizing  
That appetites metamorphasize  
Even without the demons singing

No, the news will not send a crew for this  
Some may weep, some will state “good riddance”  
Others will speak as their sounds fade to hiss  
And cry of emotional hindrance

Indecision plagued me chronically  
But serenity found me, finally.

## **Quietly**

Melissa Wittig

Quietly,  
Slipping into your room.  
It is late, I know.  
I can't help it.  
I had to come in,  
To end the pounding of my heart,  
To end the anger,  
To lose the fear.

Tiptoe,  
Hardly breathing,  
Trying not to wake you.  
Not wanting another fight,  
Not wanting another chance  
For you to express hate towards me.

Turning the knob slowly,  
Hoping the sudden quiet  
Won't change your rhythm of breath.

Slipping from your room  
As quietly as I came,  
As quietly as I slipped from your life.

## OBITER DICTUM

Paula D. Anderson

the haze of in-between fails me  
in-between fails to soothes me  
like fog in the spring hiding the coming green  
like fog in fall hiding icy rain

in-between reminds me of tepid bath water  
loitering friendships and steeping tea --  
is it room for thought or like a sycophant  
waiting for the colors of others  
to warm or cool a gray life

humanity can be right and wrong  
can be both at the same time  
but I need heat or frost  
to strum my days and when I shout  
you know which side I'm on.



## **Trying To Breathe**

Colleen Donovan

You hold me back,  
and tell me I can't be who I want,  
or do what I want,  
or feel how I want.

You tell me where I can go,  
and how long I can stay.  
You make me leave,  
it's not my choice.

You tell me when to have fun,  
And how much I can laugh.  
You tell me how to have fun,  
and when to stop.

You limit me.  
You hold me down.  
You control me.  
You punish me.

You never leave decisions to me,  
and make me act against my will.  
If I try to ignore you,  
you strike me down.

You are in charge.  
You overpower me.  
I live in fear.  
I can never escape you.

## **Untitled**

James Kaczmarek

Christian  
Conquistador,  
Pedro de Alvarado,  
murderer of the Maya,  
had his soldiers pick out  
the most beautiful, unmarried  
daughters of one Mayan group,  
and to show his disdain for them,  
did not allow his soldiers to rape  
these girls, but rather, he either  
hung them, or fed them alive  
to his war dogs. Young Mayan  
mothers he hung, and then  
hung their babies from the  
mothers' dangling feet.  
In the name of the Father . . .

## Heroquest

Alan Bykowski

The days of my youth are dead;  
Fading memories are all I have left.  
I know not how to find my way—  
My hopes are gone, my dreams are done.  
I feel as though my childhood was a lie.  
My world now needs a hero.

Where are all of yesterdays' heroes?  
Once Doomsday left Superman dead.  
On the Wayne Manor floor Batman lies,  
His back broken right before Bane left.  
The Green Lantern's days are done,  
And even Jack Kirby has passed away.

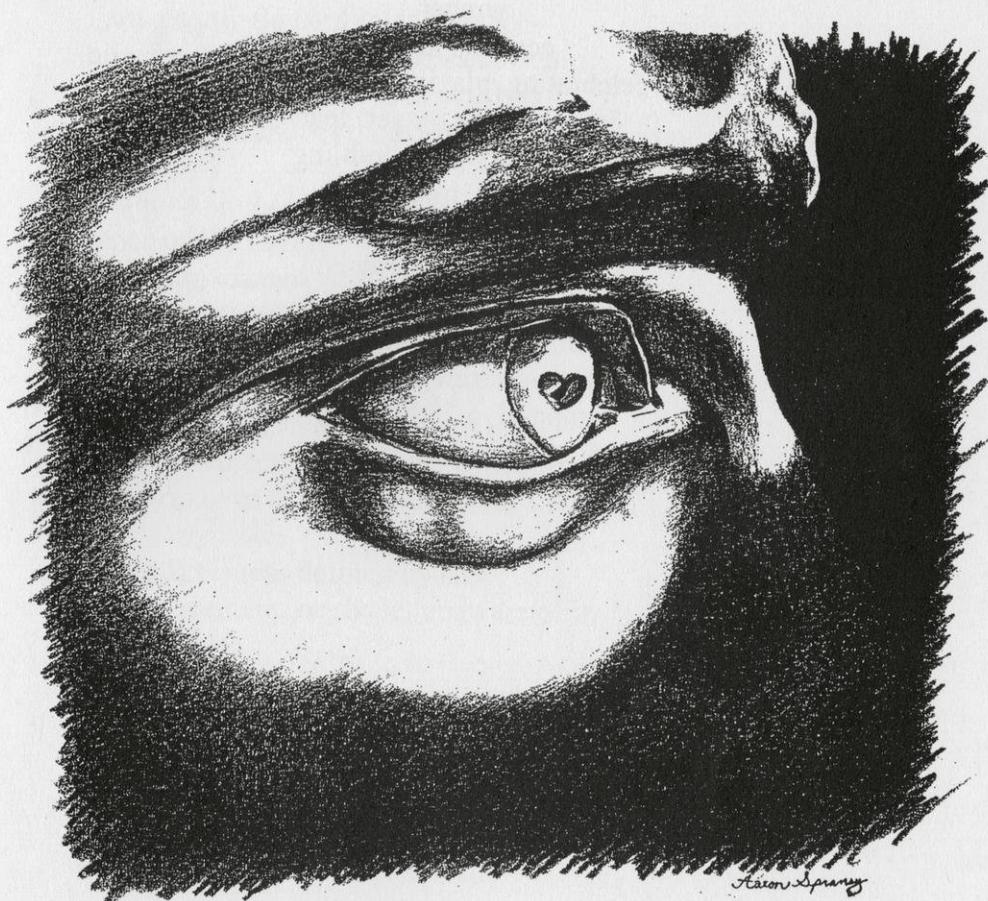
Sinatra no longer has it "My way,"  
But he's only one who's died as a musical hero.  
Too many drugs had Darby Crash done,  
And bullet holes left 2Pac dead.  
No Nirvana now that Kurt Cobain left.  
In a shallow grave does Sid Vicious lie.

The stage of death is not a lie.  
When one follows River Phoenix's way.  
Liquor and drugs left  
Chris Farley as another fallen hero,  
And fellow Saturday Night Live star Phil Hartman is dead—  
Even the Blues Brothers are finished now that Jim Belushi is done.

Wilt Chamberlain died despite all the women he had done,  
And Jerome Brown will never again see Reggie White to his left.  
Plane trouble is why Payne Stewart is dead  
While plain obesity sent Andre the Giant on his way.  
I was never more troubled by the death of a hero  
Than when I heard Walter Payton's disease had left

Him dead. All we have left  
Are pale imitations like Warrick Dunn.  
Arnold Schwarzeneggar is no real hero,  
And Puffy Combs is a pathetic lie.  
Why can't Wolverine travel a fatal way?  
It's never the right ones who end up dead.

My favorites have left, replaced with mere lies;  
I am done looking for others to guide my way.  
Where are all my heroes? Dead.



Aaron Springer

## **Winner, Loser, Quitter**

Dan Polley

winner  
ecstatic, jovial  
celebrating, playing, hugging  
courage, guts, anger, fear  
moping, crying, trembling  
sour, bitter  
loser  
dejected, disheartened  
worrying, aching, retiring  
defeat, disappointment, pain, tears  
hating, withdrawing, uncaring  
impassive, indifferent  
quitter

## **Blissfully Inept**

Bianca Boettcher Williams

I am a squiggle hard to define, bobbing on the page, never the same again, representing motion of stationed objects, quick random thoughts leaking from your pen.

I bounce along on my two legs, the essence of the squiggle in motion, my limbs bubbling, excited with happiness and about to erupt over the brims.

I am like a newborn griaffe, gangly falling all over itself, awkward unsure movements holding itself on spindly legs, trip over themselves, coming undone.

I am clumsiness defined by animal, movement, or shape, unaware of it.

## Homecoming

Laura Wolff Scanlan

No matter how many blankets the nurses provided, Anna couldn't warm up. The doctor entered the room and stood in his starched white jacket next to Anna's bed. "From what the nurses tell me, it sounds like you have the baby blues. Don't worry dear, 80% of new mothers experience this. Get some rest and you'll be fine." With a flick of the wrist, he snapped the medical chart shut and quickly left the room.

Anna called her husband to let him know that she was released and he should pick her up. Slowly, very slowly, she got dressed.

The nurse informed Anna that it would be a few minutes before the discharge papers were completed. "While you're waiting, I'll get your baby from the nursery to keep you company," she offered while checking Anna's hospital bracelet. Anna felt a sharp pain in her chest followed by tingling in her arms. The hospital gown stuck to the dampness on her back.

"Thanks, but I have a friend who is a patient on the second floor. I'd like to visit her before I leave." Anna headed for the elevator and was barely able to push the Down button; it was as if her hands had lost all their strength.

In the safety of the lobby, Anna waited for her husband. Sitting on the lobby couch Anna noticed the nubby feel of the cushions was just like the couch she slept on when she was young. She caught a glimpse of Lee as he had trouble maneuvering the revolving door, having to wait a few revolutions before he could negotiate it. Her blood pressure returned to normal.

"What are you doing down here when you could be holding our darling baby girl?" he teased.

"The doctor told me to get some exercise, so I came to meet you."

"Come on. Let's go get Rachel. I can't wait to get her home – it's such a beautiful sunny day." Lee's voice had a level of excitement that she never heard before.

As they started towards the elevator, Anna's knees began to buckle and she felt dizzy. Lee steadied her until she regained her balance. She let Lee press the Up button.

Anna knew having a baby was a big mistake from the beginning. How in the world could she care for a baby? She had no clue. Her mother, bedridden, crazy, ever since Anna could remember, was Anna's responsibility. Once, when Anna was thirteen, she asked her father why he couldn't help care for her mother. "This is your fault and your cross to bear." She decided not to inquire further, not wanting to know what horrible thing she did to deserve this. Her responsibilities included feeding her, dressing her, keeping her clean, quieting her when she became agitated, in addition to all of the housework. Anna was thankful that their two-bedroom apartment was small; it was easy for Anna to keep it up, even when she was four. Anna's "room" was the nubby couch in the living room. Her father refused to sleep in the same room with her mother.

When she was eighteen, her father made her get a job since his jobs were never permanent. Taking a typing course in high school helped her get a clerk's job at a small engineering firm. She remembered the horror trying to decide how to dress for the interview. Dressing for school was easy, just jeans and a shirt. But she had a feeling people didn't dress like that in an office. She let Mary Tyler Moore be her model.

In the delivery room, Anna felt strange; it was as if she was watching the birth from overhead, where the big, round steel light was. The only thing she remembered was how cold she was as her body quaked. The nurses covered her with a warm blanket, but the quaking continued. When she stopped shaking, she couldn't feel her arms or legs; they were numb. The nurses massaged her limbs explaining that some discomfort was normal. After all, she just had a baby.

After parking the car, Lee ran around to help Anna out. He gently lifted Rachel out of the car seat and they walked up the two flights of stairs to their apartment. Anna asked Lee to care for Rachel while she rested. Lee, smiling, assured Anna he would take good care of her. Anna closed the shades, turned off all the lights, got under the covers, and shivered.

## Febyn

Robert Kokan

Seventeen  
and her poetry speaks  
of a thousand years  
of living

This tiny dove  
quiet in her voice  
she lives  
like death awaiting

So small  
why was she chosen  
to carry the world?

How sad  
her smile  
beaten down  
against the weight  
she carries

Yet I am amazed at  
her moving  
her wing-ed weightless walking  
how she drifts silently  
as she passes  
and I want  
to touch her shoulder  
hold her under my wing  
and tell her that life  
is alive  
but I do not  
and it bothers me still  
because in her eyes  
I saw  
she knew the world  
was dying.

## **Restoration**

Tiffany E. Johnson

the time left here for me—  
so short, though young am I—  
I am immortality.  
spirit of Death shall pass me by.

once the sky was brilliant blue,  
now it casts streaks of silver, yellow, and green.  
the morning grasses—drips heavily in honey dew,  
clay pots of water runneth over in many streams.

those without legs—now slender and strong,  
hearts to beat and eyes to see  
what Science failed to explain—for so long.  
every knee bow down—praise to Thee.

all your glories and riches—taken away,  
dying dreams and ancient lands—lack anticipation.  
the Harvest is coming—have Faith in His Say,  
the Window will open—cometh Restoration!

## ‘Perplexed Bewilderment’

Sara Numan

“-the best gesture of my brain is less than  
your eyelids’ flutter which says  
we are for each other”-E.E. Cummings

Crooked eyebrows  
one slants up  
the other slants down.  
Mouth, slightly gaping,  
open.  
Eyes staring  
back at me.  
Eyes wide open,  
not one blink.  
Standing still he stammers.  
Backwards,  
nearly  
falling  
over.

A sound  
A cry  
Short, confused  
leaves his mouth,  
nothing else.

He never expected this,  
neither did I.  
If he does not reply  
I’ll run away  
Far away  
I guess I never should have said  
I love you.

## ALL HAIL THE KING

Carol Deprez

Tis poppycock!  
bristles Bach,  
to blind one's eyes  
with sequined frock.

Tis shameful!  
Strauss curtly quips,  
to snarl lips  
and swivel hips.

The volume pounds  
upon my brain.  
Chopin's expression  
is strained with pain.

Lyrics so crass  
mutters Mozart,  
should not be honored  
on a top-ten chart.

But Beethoven grins,  
looking down from his cloud.  
He's twisting and turning  
and singing out loud.

Shut-up you guys,  
it's hard to hear  
over your yammering complaints  
and those teenagers' cheers.

And don't be cruel,  
this kid can sing!  
You're just all shook up,  
'cause he's the KING!

## A.M.

Beth Kante

A ray of light explodes over the horizon  
The alarm clock screams that it is time to wake up  
The dog waits at the door  
Quivering in anticipation of his morning walk  
Outside cars whiz by and the newspaper hits the step  
Slowly a hand appears over the blue and green bedspread  
BAM!  
It hits the snooze button on the alarm clock  
The night stand table shakes from the blow  
The hand pulls a pillow over the head  
In hopes of a few more minutes of rest  
After 9 more minutes of peace  
The alarm shrieks again  
The same hand pulls off the plaid quilt  
A figure slowly emerges from the sheets  
With eyes full of sleep and frightful hair  
Two feet shuffle toward the shower  
It is morning.

## **Progress**

Laura Wolff Scanlan

You have reached Emergency Control

Please  
hold

If you have a touch-tone phone, press one  
Thank  
you

All emergency lines are busy  
Please  
hold

If this is not an emergency  
Hang  
up

Your call is extremely important  
Please  
hold

Your patience is appreciated  
Please

**The Bear**  
Carolyn Gaar

Black, apprehension packed on  
A layer of fat to survive;  
Forcing you to choke down  
Little red berries of doubt.  
It hibernated in the  
Cold, polar worry times,  
Resurrected with the slow thaw  
Of warmth felt on cold cave.  
Fear is swifter; coming  
In a bleak inevitable current.  
Gaining, gaining on you  
Like a runaway freight train.  
The blanketing stench of fear  
Pervades your wary nostrils;  
You sense its stealthy approach  
Through cloying musky scent.  
Claws and teeth wade through  
To spear darting silver thoughts.  
Pale tendrils of agony  
Thread through your quivering hide,  
And grizzly frissons of trepidation  
Lumber down a weakened spine.

## I'm Right Handed

Lisa Feldmann

I'm torn between the one that  
Makes my heart race,  
And the one that helps to keep  
My world stay in place.

Excitement or need?  
Structure or speed?

To choose one over the other  
Would surely be bad,  
For it would break my heart,  
And make me go mad.

On the left hand:  
Stability  
On the right hand:  
Velocity

I'm right handed...

## **My, Oh My**

Dan Lee Fischer

Miserable minds  
Of madness and misunderstanding.  
Mine—not as mangled as many.

Murderous mongrels  
Mistakenly made,  
Mingle in my messed-up microcosm.

My, oh my,  
Mumbles mildly from my mouth,  
As I'm reminded  
Of my mighty maker.

My mistrust in him  
Must mean I'm mischievous,  
And make my morality  
Merely seem meaningless.

## THE ANSWER

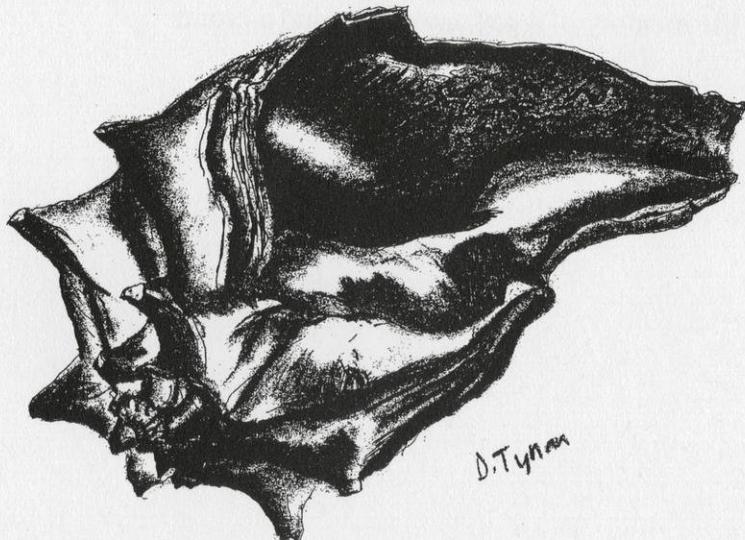
Alycia Houk

In the shadows of your mind  
Near the inner-most parts  
Somewhere between logic and emotion

Beyond time's limitations  
Between trust and honesty  
Among fear, peace and hope

Under the whispers  
Beneath the surface smile  
Within your self

After the season of silence and  
Past the lies  
Is truth



## **Unity**

Kizzy

I exist as a black feather  
floating through cumulus clouds.

A curved white beam  
sent forth from the moon.

One tenacious red leaf  
clinging to a sumac branch.

Space, time and energy  
danced by puppets on a string.

I am black, white, and red  
music and movement  
converging in one moment of time.

Watch me live and die  
in the memory of a girl, a woman, and a crone.

## **Charlotte's Song**

Christine Gutwein

I remember when I was young.  
I wanted to be a dancer.  
But hope had been torn from me a long time ago  
and I was old beyond my years.  
So, in order to be closer to my first love,  
I took a job in the building where they practiced.  
On my breaks I would watch them.  
I watched them move, watched their grace, their fragility.  
I suddenly felt simple, and common,  
that if they saw me, ugly, fat, and awkward,  
they would break and scatter  
like a cygnet of swans.  
So, instead, I fled to the basement,  
where, by standing just so,  
I could hear the floorboards creak under their feet  
and the voice of the piano  
moving them.  
And, if I closed my eyes,  
I could imagine  
that the music could move me too  
and that I could be beautiful.

Many years have passed  
and now I am old.  
Sometimes  
I still dream of them.

## Petulant Ponderings

Becky Hubert

I wanted to give verse to thoughts  
That danced within my head,  
But when I sat to write them out,  
I found that they'd been said.

I'm for freedom of expression—  
Please don't misunderstand.  
I merely think predictable  
Poetry should be banned.

I'm frankly tired of all the verse  
Of colored leaves in fall.  
If I should hear it one more time,  
I'm going to climb the wall.

I didn't want to write a poem  
With fancy words and such  
About how love is like a rose;  
It's just been done too much.

People's graves seem so dramatic  
When they're described in rhyme,  
But everybody writes this stuff—  
A dozen for a dime.

I know that long-lost love is sad,  
But it has gone for good.  
Please stop obsessing him or her;  
Forget them, if you would!

I think it's getting very hard  
To write of something new.  
So many things are overused—  
What can a poet do?

On reflection I've determined  
That when I am in doubt,  
I'll simply write of having  
Nothing to write about.





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