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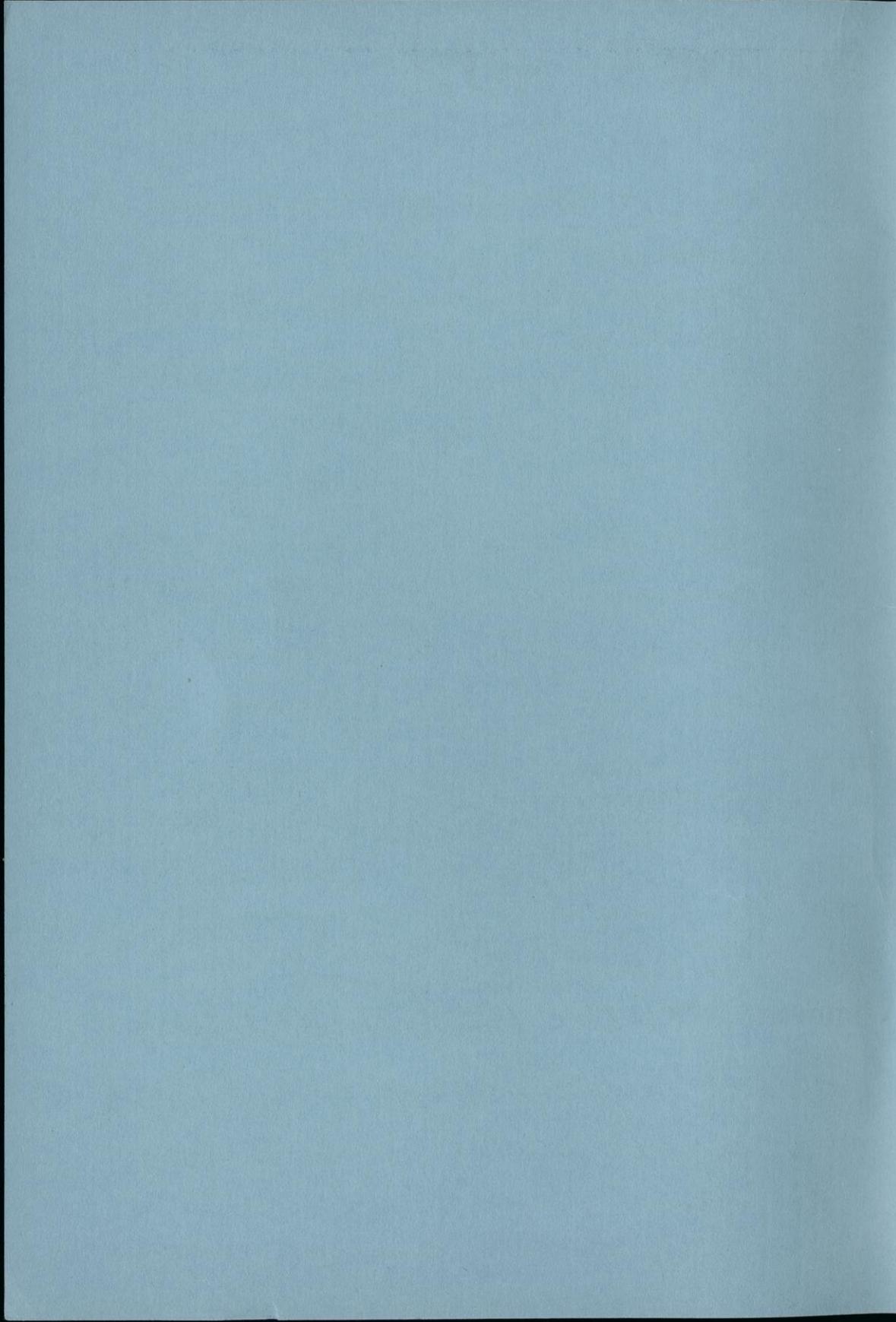
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WINDY REVIEW





EDITOR'S NOTE

To all those who contributed their works and ideas, I say, thank you.

To all those who, I hope, will contribute in the future, I say, we need you.

To those who read this magazine, the fruit of much time and effort, I say, enjoy and savor

Karen Boehme, literary editor

A special thanks to the artists and illustrators who contributed their time and talents, to Stephanie Selle and the Art Department, and to Sue DeBellis for her doodles.

Jim Rieland, art editor

Cover Design: Bart Gaffney

Helpful Staff: Vicky Kuepfer and Terry Hollembaek

comment: Halle Rosinsky (Editor)

A very deep thank you to you, Karen, who with anticipation, enthusiasm, encouragement & caring friendship helped to make the magazine happen.

Gray shadings
sketched on cloud filtered sunlight
A light mist,
leaving everything slightly watered
but not refreshed,
hanging in the air
touched by a nearby factory,
adulterated.

The sky grows dark-

Winds push-

large droplets splatter on a window pane-
accented by the tap-tap of hail stones on the glass.

Raindrops make tiny puddles in
already fallen water,
lasting only a moment,

then-

swallowed up by the whole,
to be replaced by another,
only to swallow it up as well.

The earth sighs

as a thirsty man sighs refreshed.

The rain subsides.

The clouds move on.



A bit of fall, at long last.
A tingle of chill
punctuated by sun.

Wind at my back
Eddies of hair
curling in the air.

Blue skies chilled by autumn air.
White clouds
reflecting the sun's brilliance.
Sharp contrast
of light with shadow
flickering under the trees
stirred by the nipping wind.

Last Cigarette

Beautiful woman, where were we?
 Playing piano with you.
 Nighttime waiting for the sun to rise.
 My singing is flat--offkey.

Poetry voice sings for us
 as candlefire reflects in your eyes,
 and peppersteak gravy splashes my shirt.
 Candlelight masks my embarrassment.

Evening sails away from us.
 Death is our bedsheet
 till awakening life comes
 and white cloaks cover us once more.

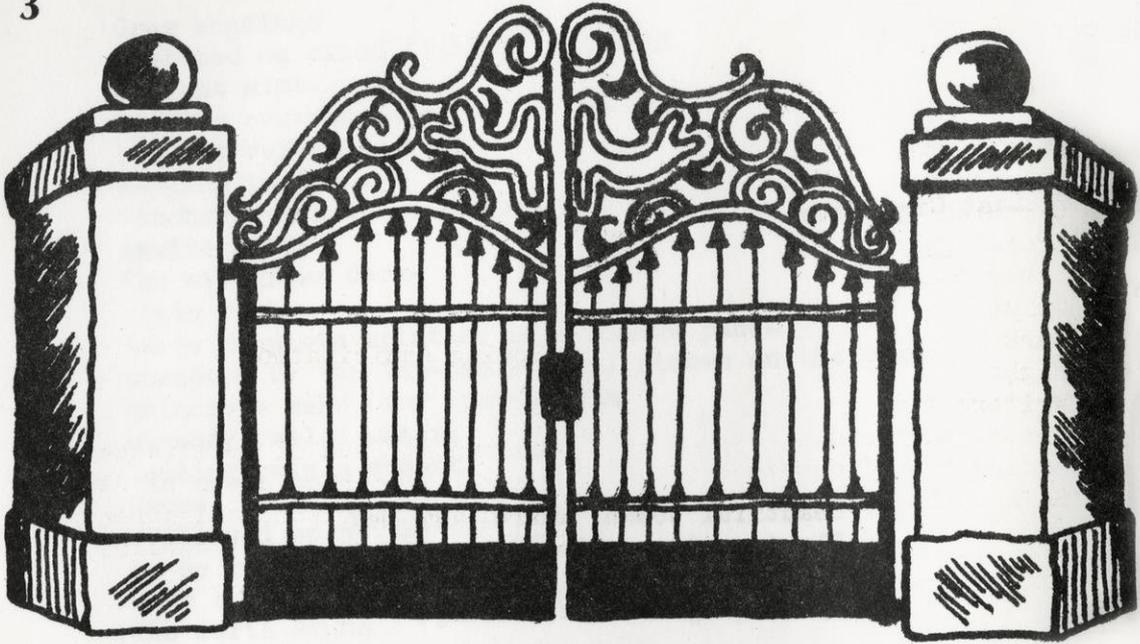
Our beer mugs go empty.
 Stinking gruel rips our stomachs.
 Cry for anything else
 as we share our last cigarette.

Dave Elmer

I was wearin' old clothes
 And smokin' Old Golds,
 While standing on the shoreline in the sand

Then I saw the Sand Witch,
 And I ate her.

b. ehlert



Marriage

The Romantic labels it "wedded bliss";
The Cynic: "Two suckers got fucked with a kiss."

Julie McHale

Night

Before sun, after sun
Companion to solitude
Captured by days
Stars' gallery
Lovers' ally
Quiet
Dark
Night
Writers time
Friend to fiend
Arcing moons' domain
Soft nocturnal moment

Spring Anticipation

Unerrupted buds of brilliance
Hang like myriad drops of dew.
Each one imprisons a fragment
Of the rosiness that dwells
In the twilit clouds
Of very early morn.

Country Philosophy

If I was
 I would have
But I am not
 and couldn't.

I make no excuses
Or ask exceptions for my life
Instead
 I live it

Simple times have always felt so good
And glorious times so strained

So,,,
I live as I really am
A scraggly pine by a sunlit stream
Not a climbing rose in a city
Filled with bricks and shadows

City Smoke

Snakes of black soot
Encouraged by air movements
Fill the sky with pirouettes
That melt
 and
 fall
Onto concrete creations
And ugly metal sculptures

Terry Hollembaek

STRANGER

They were sitting in the living room as they usually did after dinner. George was reading the evening papers, and she was reading a paperback novel. It wasn't very good, and she let it fall face down onto her lap and looked over at George. He'd put too bright a bulb in the lamp again to compensate for the fact he hadn't had his eyeglasses changed for so long, and he was squinting. He looked pale, and there seemed to be too much of him. He was a big man to begin with, and he was getting fat. The white, smoothly shaven flesh of his face cascaded downward over his collar. His bulk seemed to fall over the edges of the chair. He was much too big. She blinked and tilted her head and looked again. He was enormous. She didn't recognize him--he looked like a stranger in her living room.

She closed her eyes and tried to remember what he was supposed to look like. She saw the George she'd married twenty-five years ago, tall and straight and strong. She opened her eyes and saw again the enormous stranger. She tried to remember why she'd married him. She closed her eyes and saw him young again. He was a big man. Now that she thought about it, that was what she'd been attracted to. He'd seemed so big, so much. She'd had the vague feeling that if she could be loved by this man she would be filled up, complete somehow. If he would love her, she would be--full. Yes, now she thought about it, that was exactly why she'd married him. She'd never thought about it so clearly before.

She looked down at her own, spare body. Her frame was small, and she'd grown quite thin over the years. Now she wore thick layers of clothing to cover her bones. It wasn't that she hadn't tried to gain weight. She'd tried hard. And she was an excellent cook. It was just this pain in her upper stomach that prevented her from eating. It was a gnawing, pulling, empty sort of ache that couldn't be relieved with food. It hurt her now terribly. She squeezed her eyes shut tight, and a picture of young George flashed into her mind. He could fix the ache, fill her up, stop the pain. She bent over in pain. But no--that was wrong--he couldn't fill the ache. He hadn't filled it, had he? He hadn't even tried. He'd just taken and taken until he'd stripped her of her womanhood, of the very flesh that made her look like a woman. She raised her head from her knees, still gripping her stomach, and stared horrified at George.

He was talking to her. She could tell he was speaking loudly because the veins were sticking out on his white temples, and his mouth was open wide. She tried to understand him, but all she could hear were soft, garbled, squeaking sounds like a Walt Disney mouse would make on fast speed.

Finally she straightened up and took a deep breath. She could hear him now. He was asking her if she was all right. His face was puckered with concern. She nodded and forced a smile. Poor George. He was worried about her. And what a silly thing she'd been thinking. What had she been thinking exactly? She couldn't even remember.

She changed her position on the couch and smiled at him again reassuringly. He didn't look so big anymore. He looked like George. When looked back at his newspaper, she went to the bookcase and picked out another novel. It was much more exciting than the last one, and she read for a long time without looking up again.

Sabina Sullivan



SOLACE

Take me to where lovers have stayed
Beneath some quiet, flower-laden trees
That grow in a green, blooming valley
Among peaks tipped virgin white

I wish to leave before daybreak
So I can be there for dawn.
I'll stand in a pass in the morning
And watch diamonds dancing in dew

If I arrive very early
I'll go down by a smooth-flowing stream.
I'll sit in the shadows near water
And watch silver fish surface and gleam

I'll have the best kind of breakfast
The fruit of some roadside tree.
I'll stroll up a path in the half-light
Just to feel the awakening day

* * *

I've been gone very long now
And I need that peace once again.
Lead me there tomorrow
If you still can remember the way

Terry Hollembaek

Still Raining, Still Dreaming

My mood thrives on Joy
Free from pride yet fierce
Above seeking beyond fitting
Passion when enforced
Destroys

The eye leads to enchantment
Bleak with doubt always true
Just hiding not dreaming
Truth if applauded
Consumes

1st run

The reason quickens with life
Strong with lust perhaps cruel
Rarely probing only loving
Comfort though derided
Enslaves when it must

My flesh delights in grief
Blind to dread now vain
Seldom blaming just doubting
Remorse though followed
Refreshes as always

My hand shades into rejection
Eager for lies maybe dull
Only drifting rarely daring
Praise when enjoyed
Corrupts

The child yearns for prayer
Unseen by sin but vague
Not quarrelling sometimes aching
Freedom if suppressed
Divides

My heart craves for caresses
Ardent with despair never calm
Sometimes hoarding seldom seducing
Sorrow though withheld
Endures the past

My head prepares for pain
Fresh to guilt even soft
Beyond relaxing above stifling
Friendship if controlled
Consoles forever

```

100 REMARK----COMPUTER POETRY FOR THE MASSES----
105 REMARK----UNIV OF WIS-WAUKESHA JOHN ERBES
110 RANDOMIZE \ DEF FNR(X)=INT(RND(0)*8+1)
120 DIM W$(17,8),A(17,8) \ GOSUB 1000
190 PRINT 'Still Raining, Still Dreaming' \ PRINT
200 FOR V=1 TO 8
210 C=FNR(0) \ IF C<6 THEN PRINT 'My ' ; \ GO TO 220
215 PRINT 'The ' ;
220 FOR W=1 TO 16
240 C=FNR(0) \ IF A(W,C)=1 THEN 240 \ A(W,C)=1
300 PRINT W$(W,C);' ' ; \ IF W=3 THEN PRINT
310 IF W=7 THEN PRINT
320 IF W=11 THEN PRINT
330 IF W=14 THEN PRINT
400 NEXT W \ PRINT \ PRINT \ NEXT V \ GO TO 3000
1000 FOR S=1 TO 16 \ FOR W=1 TO 8 \ READ W$(S,W)
1010 NEXT W \ NEXT S \ RETURN
2000 DATA 'head','eye','hand','reason','heart','child','flesh','mood'
2010 DATA 'thrives on','quickenes with','delights in','shades into','leads to','craves for','yearns for','prepares for'
2020 DATA 'pain','grief','rejection','enchantment','caresses','life','Joy','Prayer'
2030 DATA 'Unseen by','Bleak with','Easer for','Strong with','Free from','Fresh to','Ardent with','Blind to'
2040 DATA 'guilt','doubt','despair','sin','Pride','lust','dread','lies'
2050 DATA 'maybe','yet','even','but','now','never','perhaps','always'
2060 DATA 'vague','true','calm','dull','soft','cruel','fierce','vain'
2070 DATA 'Not','Rarely','Beyond','Above','Sometimes','Seldom','Just','Only'
2080 DATA 'relaxing','hoarding','quarrelling','blaming','probing','seeking','hiding','drifting'
2090 DATA 'not','rarely','beyond','above','sometimes','seldom','just','only'
2100 DATA 'seducing','aching','dreaming','doubting','pitying','loving','daring','stifling'
2110 DATA 'Comfort','Sorrow','Friendship','Freedom','Passion','Praise','Remorse','Truth'
2120 DATA 'if','though','when','if','though','when','if','though'
2130 DATA 'controlled','withheld','followed','enforced','enjoyed','derided','applauded','suppressed'
2140 DATA 'Corrupts','Consoles','Refreshes','Enslaves','Endures','Destroys','Divides','Consumes'
2150 DATA 'as always','forever','when it must','the past',' ',' ',' ',' '
3000 END

```

The flesh craves for joy
Strong with despair never true
Just hiding just stifling
Truth if applauded
Divides

The eye leads to enchantment
Bleak with doubt always calm
Rarely relaxing seldom aching
Freedom if derided
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The mood thrives on caresses
Fresh to lies perhaps soft
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My child yearns for prayer
Eager for pride but vague
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My heart prepares for life
Ardent with lust yet fierce
Seldom blaming not doubting
Comfort when suppressed
Consumes the past

The hand shades into grief
Free from guilt now cruel
Beyond probing sometimes seducing
Sorrow though withheld
Consoles when it must

My head delights in rejection
Unseen by sin even vain
Above seeking only dreaming
Friendship though followed
Refreshes forever

The reason quickens with pain
Blind to dread maybe dull
Sometimes quarrelling above daring
Praise though controlled
Endures as always

TOOTSIE

"Jerry?"

"Mm?"

"I read the most interesting article yesterday," she said with enthusiasm, hoping for his attention. "It talked about people who get numb, you know? So they have to do crazy stuff in order to feel things? Like flirting with death, maybe-skydiving, maybe, or drag racing-you know?"

He kind of stared at her without seeing her and then turned and looked out the window. "Did you fill the bird feeder?"

"Yes." Why did he ask that? She always filled it. No matter what. "Why do you think that happens to people?"

"Did you remember the suet?"

"Yes." Of course she remembered. "Jer?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think people just get lonely and just sort of dry up? Is that why they're numb?"

He shrugged and pushed himself away from the breakfast table. "I don't know why there are whackos running around," he said, standing up. "I gotta go."

She followed him to the door. "Have a good one," she said as she said every morning.

"You too, Tootsie." His lips felt like hard rubber against her chin.

When the door closed, she stared at the face of it and put her finger over the little beady eye that allowed her to inspect the rare visitor who rang the bell. It was cold and hard, and she pressed it firmly. When she stopped, there was a small, white indentation in her forefinger.

She went back to the kitchen and looked out the window. The birds were coming now for their breakfast. She always kept the feeder full. She'd read an article that said once you feed them they expect it, and if you don't keep feeding them they'll hang around till they starve to death. Sometimes, the article said, they'll even fly against the glass and injure themselves as though they think there's food behind it, as though they can't believe it's empty.

She turned on the radio, poured a cup of coffee and went back to the window. Snow covered the ground, but the sun felt good streaming in on her bare legs. She stood drinking coffee and watching the birds for a long time.

Some dreamy violins were moaning yearningly when suddenly the piece ended and a loud, deep voice barked pompously: "Hello, I'm David Zimmerman. I think wife beating is a crime." He lowered his voice considerably after the initial outburst, and she quit listening. She couldn't hear over the sound of her laughter anyway. When the laughter subsided, she brushed tears out of her eyes and remembered how good it was to laugh. It seemed like it had been a long time. "Thank you, David Zimmerman," she said. And then in answer to his earlier outburst, "Good for you, buddy." She looked down at her cup then and slowly opened her hands. The cup smashed onto the brown tile floor, and warm coffee ran down her legs. She stared down at the broken pieces, the sun shining on her face, the corner of her mouth twitching slightly. She raised her right leg and then stomped down hard on the overturned base of the cup. It didn't break. A shaft of pain shot up her leg, and she looked down on her bruised foot. "Shit!" She hopped backward on her other foot and sank down on one of the kitchen chairs. She pulled the foot up onto her left knee and inspected the bruise. "Stupid moron. You're moronic. You are. And you were never very good at dramatics either." She pressed her cold fingers to the bruise and looked at the ceiling. "Shit." And then she started laughing. When she stopped, her foot felt better, and she stood up and went over to the window to pick up the broken cup. She squatted down and began picking up the pieces. "You could be your own entertainer if you keep this up. Let yourself go. Do all the whacko, dramatic stuff that you've been holding back all this time with such iron control. And then afterwards you can laugh at yourself. It would be fun." She started crying softly then and stood up in the puddle of coffee to look out the window at the birds. The pieces of broken cup gleamed in the sun on her open palms. She looked down and then walked quickly over to the garbage can and emptied her hands. She brushed them together and felt a sliver go into her palm. She pulled it out, and a crimson stream started down her wrist. She went to the sink and put her hand under the tap. The water grew hot. She watched her hand turn red and then purple under the scalding spray. The corner of her mouth twitched slightly. "Shit!" She pulled her hand away and held it in front of her eyes. The steam rose off her skin like smoke. "Wife beater," She accused the hand. Behind the smoke, a spot of watery blood spread over her palm. "Moron."



HAIKU

On tender branches
Of the sapling gather close
The greedy aphids

gwen roots

The day breaks up.

The day falls into splinters of stars.

The light trickles into night

and the dark stretches out

along an endless stream of sky.

And the clock ticks

and the faucet drips

and I flick an ash

into a shallow dish.

And I drink steaming blackness

from a cup.

And the silence sits still

like a curtain on the closed window.

And the snow sifts

into tall white drifts,

making all life white

and the blank sky gray.

Now the day is dead.

And the heart - -

and the heart - -

and the heart lifts

and falls

yearns and calls

and waits . . .

Nothing at all.

julie mchale

FOUND: ON THE BEACH

I.

Knee-deep
in the Atlantic,

grave and perturbed
in pursuit of estivation,

Henry James
says to himself,

"Decidedly moist,"

and then splashes
perfunctorily.

II.

Sharing a beach
blanket

Goethe scowls;

"I want to go home"
he whines.

"There is too much
light,

and I fear my shadow

will be devoured
by the sun."

--Phil Zweifel

FOUND: BEVERLY HILLS

70 degrees
outside,

air conditioning
inside,

a blaze
in the fireplace

to maintain at least
70 degrees

FOUND: ONE PLACE THAT DOES IT RIGHT

Every year
in Barcelona,

I have heard,

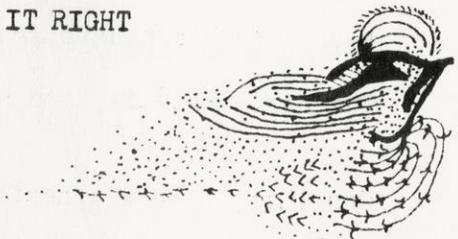
They give awards
for poetry.

The third prize
is a silver rose,

The second prize
a gold one.

The first prize,
the one for the best
poem of all,

is a real rose.



phil zweifel

A Sonnet to My Son

What child is this whose eyes avoid my gaze,
Whose head above mine rests, whose awesome feet
Reside in monstrous, worn-out shoes; a maze
Of contradictions he: impossible and sweet.
Enamoured of his body, muscles, hair,
In love with the stranger growing in his mirror;
Agog with basketball, guitar, and where
The next party is, and who'll be there.

Can this be he who nestled to my breast
And hugged my legs, and begged for me
To build his blocks in towers? Now is the test
Of all that was and every what-shall-be:
The child is father to the man, and I
Who bore the babe, the boy, stand wonderingly by.

Julie McHale



mOUNTAINS **n**EAR **t**AOS: 1977

in four parts

I. The Teacher

Dust from the road
coats his sandals and skin.
At a bend in the path,
he stops and looks at me.

His staff is grasped in his right hand.
With his left, he strokes his beard.
"Let us stop and rest," says he.
To the side, we sit on a decaying log.

Says he, "When you find yourself
on a path, stop and look around.
Remember what you see
and continue down the path."

He stands, and picks up his staff.
I get up.
We continue down the path
stirring dust from its resting place.

II. The Hill

Above the snow,
up in the hills,
overlooking the valley green,
there run I again.

Nighttime descends upon the valley.
Still the sun shines upon the hill,
and then is gone.
Darkness, like wool, covers my eyes.

Amidst the trees and overgrowth,
see I through a glass, darkly;
The colors are gone
as starflickers appear above.

In discernable shapes glide in the air.
Sounds around comfort me,
build to a crescendo,
then abruptly stop.

Out of the silence
appears my old friend.
Expressionless, he points to the valley.
Tomorrow, Journey I there.

Night reappears
-----the sounds, images.
Quietly, I make my bed.
For tomorrow, journey I.

III. The Lesson

Says the teacher,
"The thing...most striking
is that we travel, search, and
find few answers, but more places
to travel and search, and find,
until that moment of our death.

Observe how an ant struggles to survive.
Perchance to step on one.
Yet it is still alive and struggling,
until it meets that moment of death.

What is the nature of our struggle?
Is it not so?
Yet more?
Yet less? Yet the same?

Then struggle onward you and I,
never knowing,
but knowing,
never ending, but with an end."

IV. The Valley

Within the lush fertile greenness
which is the valley,
she came to me,
and ran into my arms, again.

Thus appears my old friend.
Says he, "Stop and look around,"
and is gone.
This morning had I journeyed.

The sun glared down.
Over the hill floated some clouds.
Walked I to the valley's edge,
and up yet another hill.

I stopped to rest.
Inhaled I the fragrant air.
Now, do I see the path ahead.
This had I journeyed.

I arise,
and walk on down the path,
and stir dust from its resting place.
This morning had I journeyed.

Dave Elmer

MILWAUKEE TRANSPORT

A people-mover
Rumbles down the road
Stinking of diesel
Back blackened
From miles of exhaust
Up and down
Its finite path
That has no end.

UTOPIATE

When I wished
For all
That could be
Beautiful
Some things
Came to me
Swiftly
To give me hope
For all the longer
Dreams

CATHY SCHULZ

PRESENSE

Night
So cold
Yet here
I find your warmth
Within this shelter
And thoughts of you
Begin to dance through my mind
In vivid shades of colour
As if
A part of you
Remained behind
To keep me company
In your absense.

RETURNABLES

Lois hated returning things. She hated traffic, and she hated the city. But the stupid thing was wrong, and she had to return it. If it had just been a little thing and not quite so awkward, it wouldn't have been so bad. Ahead of her the light turned yellow, and she experienced her usual moment of panic before gunning the engine and hurtling through the intersection beating the light by a hair.

The store was just ahead. She spotted a parking place in front of it four traffic lanes to her left. The engine roared, and she pulled up to the curb, grateful that her maneuver had only cost her one, squeaky, startled honk from the rear.

She got out of the car and opened the back door. "Come on. You're going back," she said, tugging ruthlessly at the awkward bundle. "Stubborn son of a --" She narrowed her eyes and tugged again, this time moving the object. She gripped it tightly with one hand and walked across the sidewalk to the store front.

The display window was different than it had been the last time. A man in a well-fitted, sky blue ski jacket smiled out at her from behind the glass. He had a very simple, friendly sort of smile. She moved closer to the window and regarded him more carefully. His shirt was unbuttoned to the navel. Soft, black hair covered his sun-brown chest and stomach. His legs were quite strong, and there was something in the way he cocked his right leg inward that appealed to her. She stood back again and took in the whole of him. He was still smiling that simple, placid smile.

She turned then to the object in her right hand and scowled. "Come on," she said, pushing it in front of her into the store. A young woman looked at her inquiringly from behind the sales counter.

"I want to return it," Lois said, shoving the object toward the counter.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," the clerk said, smiling sympathetically. "We don't offer returns on any merchandise in the store. Only exchanges. But that until you're satisfied." Her tone changed now to concern. "I certainly hope our personnel informed you of our policy."

"Perhaps I wasn't listening," Lois said, vaguely remembering having heard that information. "I often don't when I'm excited."

"Would you like an exchange then?" the clerk asked.

"Why not?"

"Very well," the clerk said, opening a small notebook and getting down to business. "Why are you returning this item?" She waited, pencil poised.

"He's a nag," Lois said defiantly. "He nags about everything. My driving, my--oh everything," she said, waving her hand, wanting to get it over with without having to recall the whole horrible mistake. "Beyond that he is boring, awkward, and stubborn."

"...boring...awkward...stubborn..." the clerk repeated to herself as she wrote. "There," she said, closing the notebook. "Now. What would you like in exchange?"

"Is that one the same price?" Lois asked, pointing to the man in the sky blue ski jacket.

"No, he's more. Sporty types are in this year."

"Oh," Lois said.

"Yes. You see, he's a class D, and he's a class J. The difference is five dollars."

"Oh." Lois deliberated, cocking her head and again inspecting the hairy chest. "Well, what do you think? Do you like him?"

"All of our merchandise is of the highest quality. I'm sure he's quite nice," the clerk said convincingly.

"OK then. I'll take him." She paid the difference, and the clerk performed the introductions.

"Mike. This is Lois. Lois this is Mike."

"How do you do?"

"How do you do?" She took Mike by the arm, and they left the store.

The clerk marched purposefully back to the counter. "Adam. In the back," she said sternly. She pointed to a door at the back of the store. "The seconds store will pick you up this afternoon."

Adam dragged his eyes off his wing tips and placed them on her stomach. "But I--" he began.

"Nagging? Stubborn?" She looked at him incredulously. "Out, Adam!" She pointed more vigorously at the door at the back of the store.

Adam sighed with resignation, buttoned up his herringbone overcoat and shuffled away in the direction that the clerk indicated.

When he was gone, the clerk put another man in the window and went back to her duties behind the counter.

Sabina Sullivan

Joey

Joey's in the hospital,
they say he is mentally ill,
but God, I love him still.

I can't forget his laughter,
or his smile,
or his sound,
his cute little way of walking
and talking
and getting things all turned around.

But now he doesn't smile much
and his laughter is all gone,
Instead, he just passes his days
rocking away
with nothing left at all to say-
not even caring to find
that peace of mind
that came so easily to him before.

In his fourteenth year
all he found were tears
and heartache and depression,
for he didn't realize that death
was hiding in the closet
about to be turned on like a faucet.
When his father said his last words
Joey strained to hear
the sick voice coming,
the deadly humming
straining from his throat.

Seeing his father being lowered
to the ground
Joey found
that he could no longer pretend to be strong.
So he let loose,
cut the noose
holding him together.

Now Joey is in the hospital
for the mentally ill.
He thinks his father
is on the windowsill
and clings to him still.

His love is real.

Catherine Reeling

THROW-AWAY POEM

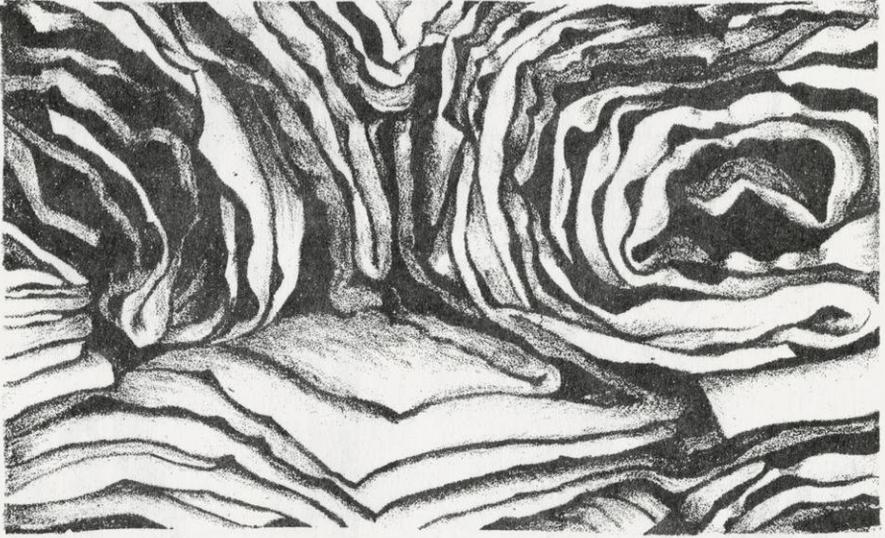
No Deposit

No Return

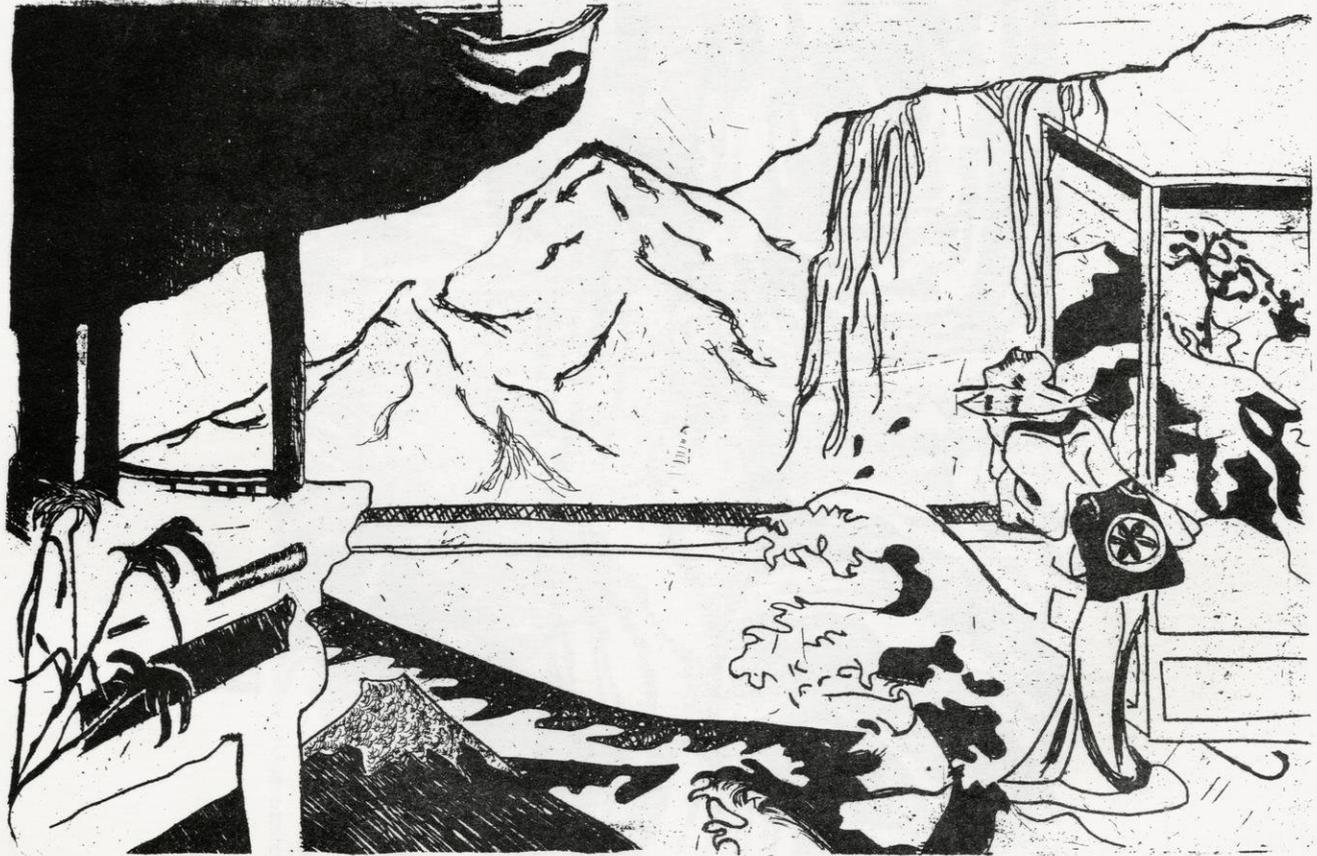
--Phil Zweifel



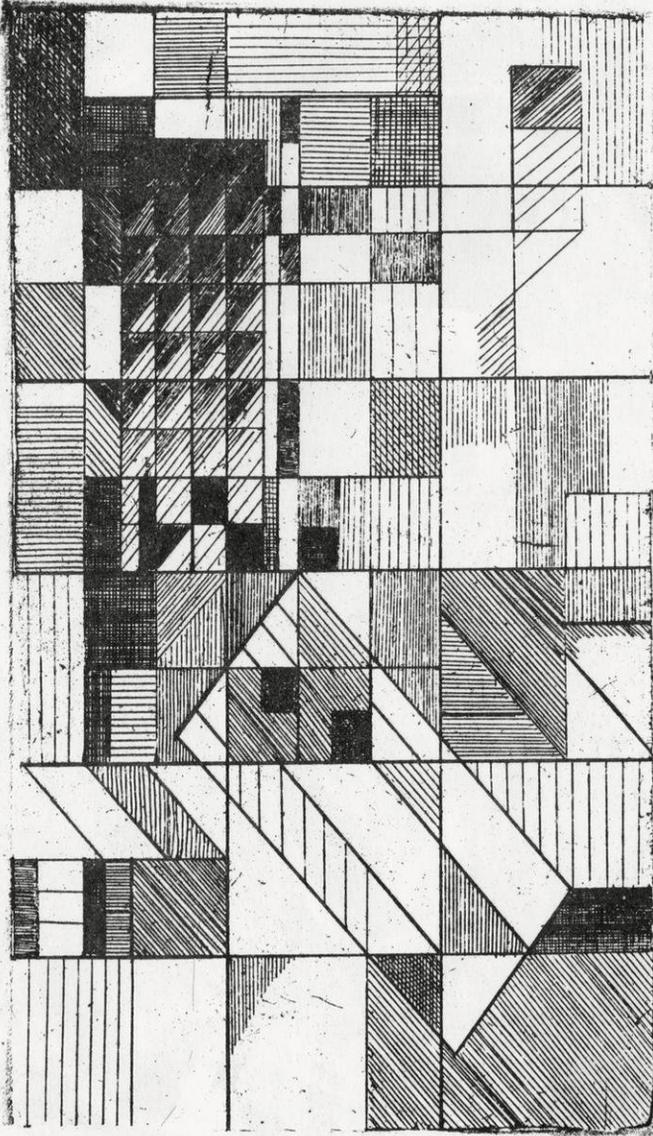
A.



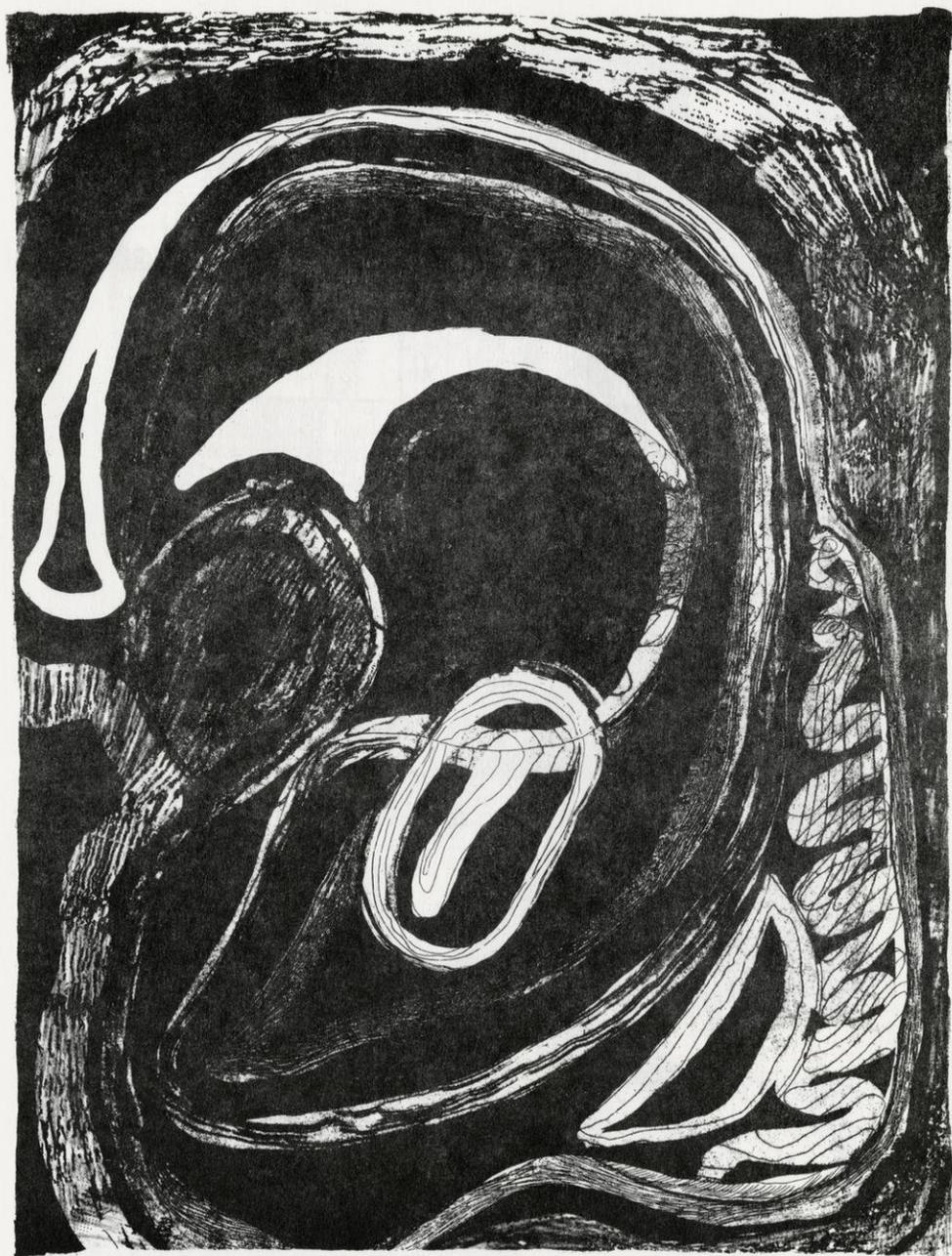
B.



C.



D.



E.



F.

PRINTS:

- (A.) "Untitled" Intaglio Lynn Spooner
- (B.) "Untitled" Lithograph Lynn Spooner
- (C.) "Untitled" Intaglio Michelle J. Barreto
- (D.) "Untitled" Etching James Covert
- (E.) "Mask" Intaglio Judith A. Roskos
- (F.) "Untitled" Ink James Reiland

Auction
of a
Bachelor Farmer

"That tractor,
When we bought the place
it was in three pieces
on the barn floor
covered with manure.
We couldn't tell which
parts were here and what
was missing.

When she was fixed
she didn't run
but when she wanted to.
Had to put a ring job
on her every year.

Now this tractor here,
she would never give up;
at least not till the job
was done.

I could put a ten-ton wagon
and chopper behind,
take her out in back
steep field,
and she'd dig before she'd
quit.

I'd be pounding, and begging,
and praying, and
we'd finally go up the hill.

Now the rest I pulled behind.
Can't much be said,
For what times they plugged--
a man's got to expect that
(more his own fault
than the machines.).

The wagons
they trailed all right--
'cept that one.
Once you got to 30 or more
it went all over the road.
But just don't use it behind
a truck.

That one there,
she's an antique.
dumped a load of
hay with here once.
Never thought I could
run so fast in my life;
both feet movin'
and goin'
noplac.

Those milk cans-
 When I moved in
 there was no running
 water.
 Had to haul it
 from the pump house
 to the house.
 To flush the toilet.
 Wasn't bad,
 until the women
 came up,
 with deer season.
 Had to flush the toilet
 every time they went,
 and did they go!
 Fourteen cans twice a day,
 might not seem too bad,
 but that's twenty-seven hundred pounds of water.

Now this horse
 equipment,
 listed as "junk"
 on the deed.

City people,
 they like to put mirrors
 behind it,
 make lamps and who knows
 what else.
 Makes their houses
 look more "rustic."
 They don't seem to see
 that a man's
 sweat
 went through these riggings
 and
 the animal responded
 to that sweat
 until
 the animal and man
 were a team, a team
 that nature couldn't break.

Beatrice there was always queen:
 Couldn't stand anyone walking
 in front of her,
 didn't like to be milked,
 always had to get
 me
 with the tail,
 a horn,
 or a step on a foot.

Olga?
 Don't know,
 never seemed to have a temper.
 Learned how to milk
 on that cow.
 Gentle!
 Never cared to be bothered though.

Billy Lou
 limps because she
 lost half a hoof.
 You got to be gentle
 with her,
 that sore hasn't healed
 yet.

Ginger.

She's a beautiful little cow.

Guess that don't count for much.

36

Can't always judge a cow by her udder.

Got small horns,
can't figure
somehow.

She knocked one off once.
Thought she was going to bleed
to death.

Too much death.

Buckey, though,
that's what hurt the most.
She was cute,
for a cow.

When I was fixing fence,
she would come up to the fence
and nudge me,
wanting to be petted.

Days were alive-
blue skies
tall green hay
golden oats-
days were alive.

She was my favorite.

Got trapped in a fallen tree,
exhausted her strength.
Spent six weeks nursing her,
rolling her from side to side,
hand feeding her.
Even rigged up a watering system.

Six weeks?

Flies layed eggs in the wounds--
Maggots.

I had to murder her.

Went and got my favorite gun,
used birdshot,
had to be close:

held the gun no more than two inches-
between the eyes,
looking straight at me-

begging-

"You're the master!

You know!

Save me!"

The calves,
so many died last summer.
Don't know why.
Cold damp bodies
so young.
Three, four days old.
No reason.

I fought for each
 minute of life,
saved maybe one
or two or ten.

Force feeding
cold kicking bodies.
I thought the last life was
gone from some;
but they lived.

When they started
to live,
I couldn't touch
the dead ones
 anymore.

Had to slip a rope
over them and drag them
out.

Sick!
It's hard to keep
something down
when you're dragging
out dead calves.

I quit believing in
medicine.
I quit believing in
will too.

My uncle Wes
farmed.
Will didn't help.

Two heartattacks:
he couldn't talk,
so much to say
trapped inside his mind.

Paralyzed.
But he cleaned barn--
 by hand--
I can see why it killed him.

Orvel,
the uncle I learned from:
Farming took a six-foot man
and made him five-foot-five.
Broke his ribcage three times,
didn't need a doctor.
They healed

No,
I might as well go too.

Put out an ad:
'Bachelor Farmer for Hire.'
Man's gotta eat;
man's gotta sleep.
Yes sir:
' Bachelor Farmer for Hire. ', "

Alone With Friends

Standin' outside the Uptown
 Suckin' a number at night,
 Empty halfer in my pocket
 And all the blue seems white.

I go and take the tenth row
 The air is all a cloud,
 The limelight feels so close
 The noise swallows the crowd.

I just sit and listen
 I feel good but odd
 All-powerful and everywhere
 I feel just like God.

After the show has ended
 The streets still look the same,
 I'm alone with friends now
 I think Lucifer's my name.

PROFESSOR JOE

Walk into the classroom
 Put my bokks down on the floor
 Here comes the professor
 Right out of a mannequin store

He's got his pipe and coffee
 His wisdom's in his shoe
 He sleeps at night 'cause the money's right
 And at 3:00 he's through

Christ he wants to change me
 Wants to fill my head
 God he's gonna derange me
 I'm going back to bed.

Reciprocate

I circled my plane

Around the grounded vulture!

How does it feel, bird?

May Fly

I am just a May Fly
 With a different
 Frame of mind.

Here today
 Gone tomorrow
 In universal time.

BRAD EHLERT



Mirage

L
A
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I
E

So fleeting
was the moment
that I chanced
to misinterpret
the occurrence.

Blinded as I was
by the trivial and
the insignificant,
I dreamed the vision
of truth and veridity,
and believed
unquestioningly
in fantasy.

T
H
U
R

It was only
later with the
elusive qualities
of magic and
mythology submerged,
that I realized
(however naively)
that reality
slips through
the hourglass
more swiftly
than irrationality
and falacy.

Cloak and dagger, weird refrain,
came to break the binding chain.
Departing ghosts, doubles, friends
remind us of solitude's bittersweet ends.

Phantom figurines pass us by,
and return to watch our shadow show,
watch the fist perform magic,
dispose of its wares,
and return to the side.
Applaud. We bow.

Memories hover in the furthest reaches of our minds.
Spirit within us leads to the future
like drugged patients cut open
by the knives of skilled surgeons:
the past, the present, the future arranged
next to us upon the table.

Flavor like jelly.
Checkerboard patterns placed diagonally before us
light the reaches of our memories
like a spotlight on a squad car
splashes shadows on the pavement behind us.

Thorny bushes block the way
to reach daisy laden paths.
Say, "How interesting," or "How unique," dear,
but never disagree---it's impolite.
Socialites sweeten the death
as good ol' boys mourn the life.

Cloak and dagger, weird refrain,
came to break the binding chain.
Departing ghosts, doubles, friends
remind us of solitude's bittersweet ends.

Explore, return, remain until crashing.
The anesthetic wears off.
Our shadow show returns,
and phantom figurines pass us by.

again

She looks for security and direction.

He gives it eagerly.

His hands offer help.

They later **will** turn to a thumb
under which she will be pinned.

She's blinded

and doesn't see his reasons for concern

Wedded bliss will wipe

the veil from her eyes.

And again she will be compelled

to slash the tie that binds.

Death Is a Reminder

We spend time kissing the asses

of those who are vicious;

This steals precious moments

from those who will miss us.

Choice

Does one need permission,

to go into submission?

jEAN **W**AGNER

Anticipation

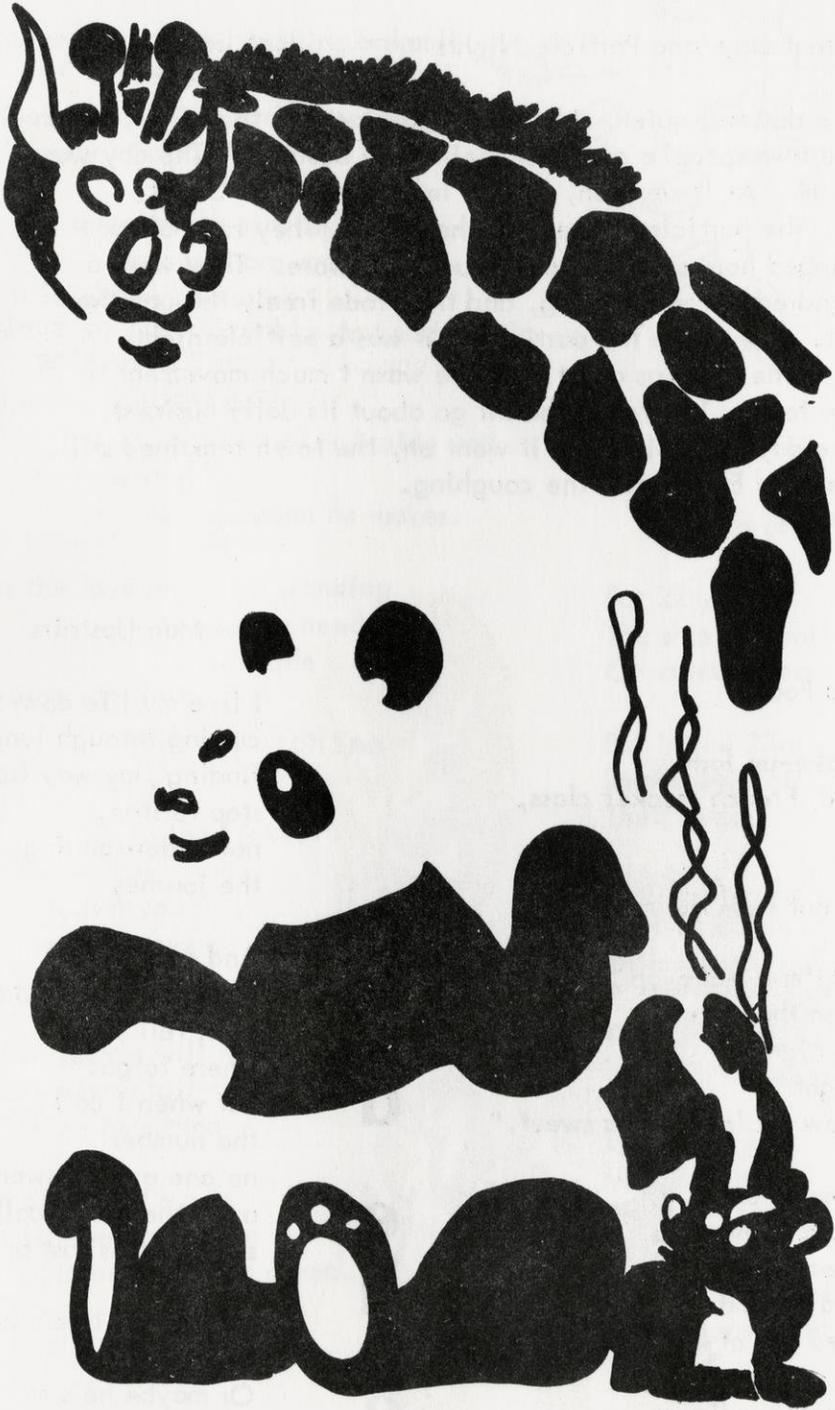
I heard a bird this winter morn.
His fluted word no doubt was born
from a frozen dream.
Too long had somber snow been seen
sitting coldly on his naked branch.

When suddenly-

this feathered avalanche of song,
sick with remembering of spring,
tossed this tuneful shining
into a winter-too-long.

Julie McHale





Silent Days and Particle Nights

The day was quiet. Not much movement in the air. I watched the townspeople go about their daily business. The day was quiet. As it went on, the air remained still. Quiet.

The particles came with the night. They rode black winged horses, and drank liquor and swore. They were a hundred thousand strong, and they rode freely through the air. They were the particles. It was a particle night.

The day was quiet. There wasn't much movement in the town. I watched the air go about its daily business. The day was quiet. As it went on, the town remained still. Quiet. Except for the coughing.

Painted To Fool

I saw a make-up lady
She looked French Hooker class,
Blue eyes
Hair dyed
She stood out from the mass.

She said, "I'm a make-up lady
I sell me on the streets,
Spend the night
See the light
You'll know my love tastes sweet."

Poor old make-up lady
She covered up her age
I turned her down
And turned around
And walked out of her cage.

She just took her liner
And looked into the mirror,
A plastic boy
Brought the toy
And took her yachting for a year.

The Man Upstairs

I live my life downstairs
cutting through jungles,
finding, my way from
stop to stop,
not understanding
the journey.

And some say,
"call the man upstairs
he'll tell you
where to go."
but when I call
the number
no one ever answers,
and others who call
seem just as lost as me.

Maybe the line's been
disconnected,
Or maybe he's moved
away,
or maybe it's all a
prank,
like the Wizard of Oz.

b
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FIVE STAR

He is not the greatest looking animal
in the world.

But look into his eyes and you see
all of every emotion that he is.

You can see so much sadness
when you are sad
that it brightens you up,
because you don't want him to be so sad for you.

His love is in every step
that he makes beside you.

You can understand
every sound he makes.

He is the love and understanding
everyone needs
outside
of human relations.

Bruce Hutchins

Miking the Waves
shades of blue
have known you
autumn's afternoon

and very soon
brown leaves will fall
from trees so tall
the day's new tune

the old world's ruin
has painted you mean
has painted you dark green.

Bruce Hutchins

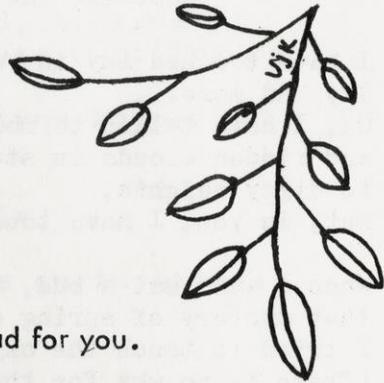


Photo of a Couple

For 22 years,
The ship had sailed
On calm waters,

But in the 23rd year
Bombs went off in
Their heads,

And in the night
They attacked each other
With sharp knives.

They drew blood,
But neither won.

And the blood
landed in their
Children's eyes.

They packed their
Wounds and went their
Ways,

Their children loved
Them both.

Brad Ehlert

Touching the Sky

I have touched sky in you,
Sky and more...
Oh, I have talked to moons before
and ridden clouds in star-spun night
to dizzy heights,
But, in you, I have touched sky.

When I was just a bud, a sprig,
that mystery of spring called "child,"
I tried to touch the sky.
(There is no why for those--
like you--who understand.)
And yet, I never could--
I never did--
Till I met you.

Julie McHale



a real estate tract
just outside of Gila Bend, Arizona
is advertised on interstate 8 billboards
as

"Adjacent To John Wayne Property"

maybe --

if John Wayne were to visit his
property

(but then who ever visits an investment)

and

piss on it
the promoters could announce
a water table
featuring
John Wayne Urine,

or John Wayne Shit,

or

the profits from the sale
could be billed as
contributions to the
hyperpatriotic
John Wayne Cult.

"Oh Lord,

i may not be worthy to touch the hem of his jeans

or the top of his green beret

or the brim of his ten-gallon stetson

but

i can

put my \$10000 down and live

adjacent to

the desert land that the Cowboy bought."

-- that the land interests and the
US cavalry
confiscated
from Pima
and Papago
peoples.

THE MAGIC OF PINE PITCH

One day last summer while on vacation, I found I had several hours to myself while my husband went fishing. After cleaning the camper and thumbing through some well worn magazines, I set out on a hike, my objective being to collect the evening firewood. I never suspected that this would lead to one of the more enjoyable afternoons I had ever spent.

Loaded down with my last armful of wood, I returned to camp tired and covered with pine pitch. The early July afternoon had turned hot and humid, so I decided to find a shady spot and relax awhile before I went swimming. Grateful to be out of the heat, I lay resting under a huge pine tree which I was sharing with some scolding Blue Jays and chattering squirrels.

Slowly, as the fragrance of pine pitch began to work its special magic, a sensation of happiness and contentment filled me. Noisy Blue Jays and sassy squirrels faded from my mind as I returned in time to my favorite holiday of the year. Suddenly, I was a child again filled with all the wonder and excitement of some long forgotten Christmas.

The heat of the day was ignored as memories of big fluffy snow flakes melting upon touch drifted through my mind. Again, I was trudging through the snow helping to pick out a Christmas tree, hearing the sound of ax blows and throwing snowballs at my cousins.

Each scene evoked another and another, in no particular order, until I was blissfully lost in flashes of other past Christmas'. There again was the gingerbread house, which took weeks to construct, decorated with frosting colored lifesavers, and candy canes. Then the remembered suspense of the Christmas calendar which had a new window to be opened each day.

Pine pitch, now unnoticed, gave way to the aroma of sugar cookies and pies baking - mincemeat, pumpkin, and apple. Busy sounds and laughter coming from the kitchen. Nana stuffing the turkey, my mother and aunts all in a whirl of activity.

On and on the memories came. Whispers, giggles, secrets and knowing winks floated by. The image of the hall closet door which was forbidden territory to those of us who still believed in Santa. Did Santa, like my grandfather, also have a favorite little girl? One who put pincurls in his whiskers as he dozed in his over-stuffed chair. Other remembered questions rushed through my mind. How did Santa know I did not always finish my meals? How did he manage to get down the chimney when the fire was ablaze? Would he remember where I lived and not forget my ice skates?

Still the enchantment worked on. Singing carols as we decorated the tree. Eating more popcorn than we ever managed to string. Begging to go to midnight mass and the remembered disappointment when I fell asleep. Leaving a snack for Santa and upon awaking discovering he and Dad both left dill pickles untouched. Grandpa sneaking us sips of his hot drink when Nana was not looking. The year I wanted to be a Christmas angel in the school play. The snowman I really believed would come to life. Opening presents and finding that what Santa forgot my aunts and uncles did not. Picking one of my cousin's names out of a hat and buying a present for the one drawn. My mother saying, "Aunt Dee always leaves the price tag on." Everyone laughing and joining hands around the long table, then the sudden silence as Grandpa prepared to say grace. Uncle Chet playing the fiddle after dinner. My cousin Lois who always came down with dishpan diarrhea on holidays.

These and many more happy memories of another time flashed through my mind on that hot summer day. All too soon the afternoon faded away with my treasures as I heard my husband shout, "Hey, whoever wants to eat has to help clean the catch."

-Donna Olsson

CABIN FEVER

These hours
 Passing more slowly
 Than the past two weeks
 Are driving me restless
 And I'm aching
 From sitting still
 When I feel like flying

The Night Sky

The black Knight
 Staring with white eyes
 And silver sword in hand

Cathy Schulz

Upon his dark strong horse
 Blowing clouds through
 its nostrils.

.....

The sunrise glistens
 off his sword,
 He hastens the pace,

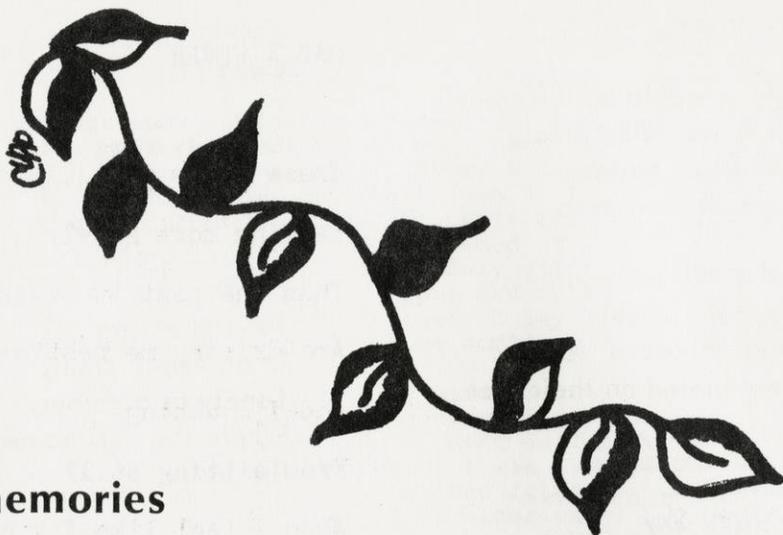
In bounding gallops
 he disappears,
 beyond horizons.

Brad Ehlert

CLEAR-CHANNEL RADIO

You and I
 Seem to have found
 A clear-channel frequency
 And are filling the airwaves
 With magic communiques
 And mind-flash bulletins
 Which sometimes materialize
 As strange and wonderful dreams
 Or hints of parallels
 Between our lives.

Cathy Schulz



memories

Sun flimmers through the window
and the clicking of heels below ticks out time.
I reach across the table top
to touch your hand
at the breakfast we are eating
in my mind.

Where in the world is there a word
that melts in my mouth
bitter-sweetly like "you."
My coffee sits cold and alone in its cup
and the plate waits vacantly.
The sun shakes the table.

Julie McHale



Only Pollroom

I thought it would be different
Thought it would be great,
In the midst of madness
I set a crucifixion date.

Pictured a million mourners
Standing in the street,
A hundred thousand flowers
And the crippled on their feet.

A nova star explosion
A death that made the news
Caused by social erosion
Caused by delinquent blues.

Then I saw the truth!
Only a few would cry
For another misspent youth,
A poolroom suicide.

BRAD EHLETT



EMPTY JACK IN A FULL HOUSE

Ice melts away
A yellow beam cracks through,
The earth is slowly
Painted green.

But I'm sitting
In an empty chair;
Lonely as a corner,
Where the ceiling meets
the walls.

Crashfade

You feel like a star,
But you're stoned out, zoned out
Get into your car,
Smokin' red, where's your head
Turn down the sound
You lost what you found,
Now even the distortion's distorted.

Now are you free?
You feel like plastic, elastic
Your eyes are red you
Can't see,
Turn down the amp
Your ears are cramped
The trip doesn't seem like a dream.

You wanna come down
Here there's dancers, no answers
You're a flying clown
You're gonna crash, gotta smash
You feel like wrist razorblade,
So you pop some jade,
You crash and you fade
You crash and you fade,
And you crash and you crash
And you fade.

day
 bright, alive
 awakening, glowing, inspiring
 order, routine, solitude, turmoil
 frightening, haunting, horrifying
 dead, dark
 night

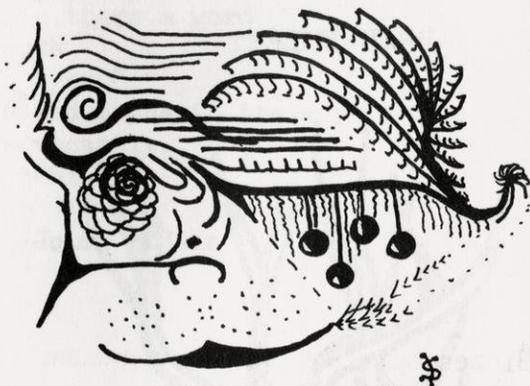
Jan Holzrichter

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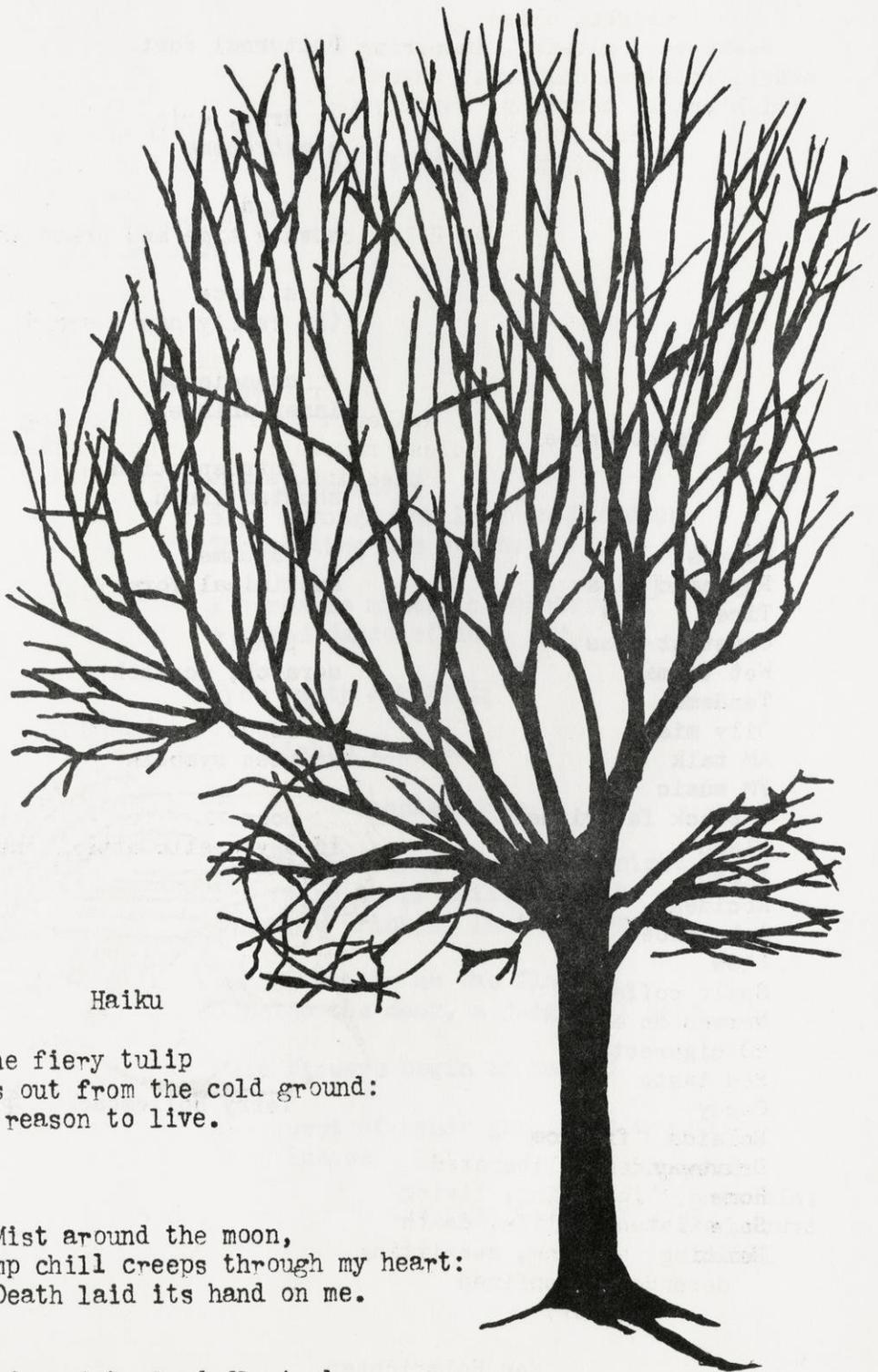
life
 free, mysterious
 awakening, moving, delighting
 rules, regulations, order, entrapment
 bleeding, stumbling, falling
 dark, gloomy
 death

Jean Klein



freedom
 independent, liberated
 releasing, liberating, living
 truth, existence, life, death
 limiting, serving, submitting
 dependent, confined
 slavery

Jan Holzrichter



Haiku

One fiery tulip
Blazes out from the cold ground:
A reason to live.

Mist around the moon,
A damp chill creeps through my heart:
Death laid its hand on me.

One pink cloud floats by
Chariot of fantasy --
I cannot ride today.

Julie McHale

Nocturnal Poet

drip, drip
a metronome

wind
moving time and branches

silence
(it really has a sound)

conscience
inner whisper

introspection
shouted truth

rhythms
subliminal form

pencil
scratch, scratch

words
written symbols

poem
idiosyncratic attainment

Night Drive

Wipers
Rhythmic kiss
Tires
Constant hiss
Wet tarmac
Tandems
Oily mist
AM talk
FM music
8 track favorites
Flash
Flash
Accident
Ambulance
Slow
Spilt coffee
Nerves on edge
40 cigarettes
Bad taste
Candy
Roloids
Driveway
Home
Safe
Relax

Terry Hollembaek

THIN LINE

Air pushes
through the thin line
between two doors.
I put my ear
to the crack and hear
a particular nothing.

d. martin

PARTY

Invited shadows
Slip through the lock on the door.
The parting has begun:

A handsome misery of clocks,
A naked dance of ice.

Eyes empty & refill

p. zweifel

Lights flicker

Candles drip

Bat-filled caves converse tonight
And flash their smiling teeth;
Tomorrow wrinkles in the mirror.

Echoes writhe on the floor--
Outside the door, a jangle of keys!

Pale flowers begin to unfold.

The guest of honor growls at the hostess,
Then lunges

and bites off her nose.

Eyes

Blue by day

Beneath the modern flood of
The fluorescent tube

Green by night

In any light

Anytime/

Always

Wonderously lovely/

Loving.

Blue by day

Green by night

Two oceans

Shining

Just alike

Catch the light

Of all things

And my love

Your eyes

Reach for me

Wrap me in rolling waves

Of thought

Expression

Explanation

Of all things

And your love

Catch me

Anywhere

Within your sight

Carry me to the depths

Of fascination

Wonderful

Wonderful

Living

Loved

Loving

Eyes

Blue by day

and

Green by night.



Artist

I had long been dabbling
in the art of living,
but now after many productive
years,
my palate of experiences had
gone dry.

So to compensate for my sudden
loss of talent,
I lowered my expectations,
and forfeited my dreams
to a promising
young student.

I gave away my collection
of favorite paintings,
sold my few furnishings,
burned my treasured books,
and ended my life as it had begun--
in a room emptied of everything
except the hollowness of
self-defeat.

Laurie Thur



§



