This issue is dedicated to all of us who care enough . . .

"— Andrea Ramsey"

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THE ADULT STUDENT

They call me non-traditional,
And I guess I’d say it’s true;
My goals and my priorities,
May not be the same for you.

Your life is yet before you,
And much of mine’s gone by;
But experience has taught me well,
And insight doesn’t lie.

Yes, a rose can bloom in winter,
And it warms me to my soul
To gain knowledge for its own sake,
And to reach a lifetime goal.

— Barbara Banish
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Faculty, students, former students of the Trumbull Campus, all Kent State Campuses, and other universities are invited to submit poetry, essays, fiction, art work or photography. We welcome submissions from anyone—student or nonstudent—in the Trumbull County area.

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Art Editor: Andrea Ramsey

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Our grateful appreciation is extended to Mrs. Carol J. Perich for her excellence in typing the ICON.
AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

I never used to believe in love at first sight.

I met him at the park yesterday and we really had a good time. I felt so happy and so secure with him, I let him walk me home.

I should've made him leave and yet I didn’t want him to go. Acting on impulse, I let him spend the night.

In the morning he was lying next to me. His eyes shone with a love for me that I could not deny.

I fixed coffee and doughnuts for breakfast. He didn’t drink coffee but ate as if he were starving to death.

While I showered and dressed he waited patiently in the front room. I’m sure he must’ve been wondering if I’d let him stay another night.

As I grabbed my purse and keys to leave, I turned to him. Our eyes met. I rubbed his neck. He wagged his tail.

Was it just puppy love?

— C. A. Petrick
— Andrea Ramsey
REMEMBERING

Of an old and distant homestead
stood a sentinel of trees,
To screen against the highway
and promote a gentle breeze.
Its sepia and shades of green
enticed us, she and I,
Till the branches of our kingdom
dulled the bluest summer sky.
It was more than just a woodland,
absent squirrel, and boasting swamp.
A sepulchral-looking palace,
all its hallways rather damp.
Skinny trees composed our pillars,
chandeliers of leafy mode
Hung in clusters from the ceiling
of our elegant abode.
Here we lay a feast before us
fine enough to feed a king,
And began to eat while listening
to a Bluejay Minstrel sing.
Our delicate hors d’oeuvres
were carrots sliced, then sliced again,
With green onions, lightly salted,
grown beneath the summer rain.
Our entree, tiny sandwiches
with crusts trimmed neat away,
(Which the peasants call “baloney”)
served up on a paper tray.
And dessert, to fill our need
for something delicate and sweet,
Orange marmalade turned sour
from the scorching summer heat.
As we dined in blissful splendor
on the earth’s leaf-tiled floor,
Softly, winds played gentle music
to the minstrel’s song of yore.
And as our festive picnic
came unto its peaceful end,
We left our orange dessert
to thank our Bluejay Minstrel friend.

— Kathleen Evanoff
ALWAYS I'LL REMEMBER THESE

To you, the things that seemed quite small,
To me, had meant the most of all.

The little things that meant so much--
your word, your look, your smile, your touch,
your knowing heart so quick to share,
all my thoughts and all my cares,
Your listening ear to all my pleas--
Always I’ll Remember These.

The reaching of your hand for mine
that gave our hearts that perfect rhyme,
It beat within our hearts as one,
suspending time that had begun.
Your eagerness to always please-
Always I’ll Remember These.

The way you always took the time
to look your best when we would dine
at some near or distant place,
to put a smile upon my face.
The times you flew me 'cross the seas.
Always I’ll Remember These.

The times you’d give that easy smile
when I’d displease you for a while
in things I couldn’t quite conceive,
and we would fight, but you’d appease,
The things you taught me in all degrees.
Always I’ll Remember These.

Your thoughtful gifts on special days
that showed me in a thousand ways
how much you understood and knew
the things that I’d expect of you.
The fun-filled hours when you would tease.
Always I’ll Remember These.

The way you gave that special look,
when love so willingly partook.
The tender way you gave your love,
that made us fit like hand and glove.
Now when I drift in memories,
Always I’ll Remember These.

— Kathy Balash
ASHES OF ROSES

Everything begins and ends with you.
Even as I wait for death; you’re here!
My life, now in its winter, reaps its’ due.
Yet, the smell of roses still perfumes the air.
My keepsakes, so tied up with love and dreams,
Console me now in days of loneliness.
I hold the past in them, and they redeem
The shadows of reality I possessed.
I’ve kept them lovingly to share this page
Of life, and love that now must be atoned.
They remind me of the roses of our days,
When you were love and all I’d ever known.
They speak to me of something pure and true,
Companions now; for they alone condone,
Respite from life that once I shared with you—
Now ashes of the roses I once owned.

The wise know that you never can go back,
To a way of life that’s gone forever more.
And if we could return, ’twould always lack
The sort of pleasure it once held in store.
In retrospect, I see I never was
All things to you as you were once to me.
Forsaken for ambition, other loves,
You’ve crushed love’s perfect rose beneath your feet.
Each of us has something deep inside
That somehow makes us know just what we are.
It drives us, and it will not be denied.
Love is the sacrifice, to it - by far.
So I have stored my memories away,
To fill the space you hold within my mind.
So I might keep the love of all our days,
Now ashes of the roses that were mine.

— Kathy Balash

— Andrea Ramsey
THE WINDOW

She stood alone at the window
    Staring
    Hoping someone would come by to chat
Day after day she stood in that window
    Hoping someone would stop
Finally one day I came by the window
    Usually I don’t have time
With tears swelling her eyes she welcomed me in
to sit by the window and chat
There was so much to talk about; so much to say
    But of course, I’d no time to stay
    I promised to come back soon ...

Now I stand alone at the window
    And I rap on the pane with my fist
But there is no one there to welcome me in
    To sit by the window and chat.

— Laura Coe

MY FRIEND

What can I give you
    now - my friend,
If not true friendship
    until the end?
I’ll sit by your bed
    in silent prayer,
So when you turn your head
    you’ll find me there.
I’ll wet your parched lips
    with a moistened cloth,
As gentle as tips
    of the wings of a moth.
My thanks in this hand
    that I’m trying to lend,
So you’ll understand
    I thank God you’re - my friend

— M. Veronica Lucas

— Kathy Balash
GRANDMA'S LUCK

Grandma's luck was in jelly jars of four leaf clovers on window sills. Not in blackberry pies with syrupy sodden bottoms and charred crusts. Nor in "Rock of Ages," old piano with scarred keys creating dissonance. Not in slippered feet, falling hose dancing, dodging fugitive sidewalk fowl. No, Grandma's luck was in jelly jars of four leaf clovers on window sills.

— Gloria Alden

A GIFT

A gift a reminder of transience from the Black Forest is hung by the door.

Two announce the end or the beginning of an hour -- the choice determined by labor, pain, or pleasure.

The bird charges through his door to confirm the absurdity of some events or some taken too seriously, while the man unsuppressed by the cuckoo emerges in harmony with "The Happy Traveler."

Each evening the chains are pulled to raise the weights. and -- the pendulum knocks for another day another cuckoo and a song.

— Kathy Fowler

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PONDERATION

why/it’s all so vague

what/ it’s all so broad

where/ it’s all so lost

how/ it’s all so hard

when/ it’s all too late...

you decide.

— Peggy Dutken
— John Paige
We heard the bugles call our names,
We saw the fields where we would fall.
The cannons boom,
The smoke, the flame.
We heard the bugles call our names.

We crossed that field,
That bloody Styx.
We presented our youth,
We marched into oblivion.

We heard the call
(Save the Union)
(Free the South)
And so we came,
We heard the bugles call our names.

— Ray T. Moore

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS

Dressed in shades of earth and green
They trudge wearily through an endless sea of mud.
Ragged and torn
Hearts filled with scorn and agony;
Seeing fear and death
Amassing in the eyes of those around them,
Seeing pain in the broken bones
And the tortured minds.
One prays silently to an unseen God.
One laughs hysterically at the wounds on his leg—
Oblivious to the wounds on his mind.
Yet another dreams of his wife’s last kiss,
A farewell kiss. . .
The raging of distant guns
Snaps them back to their living hell.
For they are soldiers,
And they must fight
For the ‘‘survival’’ of their country.

— Jennifer A. Saksa
ANTIEtam

The cold gray dawn
Glows o'er Bloody Lane,
The ghosts of men
Who came, who came
And stayed.

The farmer Miller
Tills no more,
His fields are blood.
Blood and gore.

Burnsides Bridge
Lies mute and still,
A grim reminder of the kill.

In one short hour,
Just sixty minutes.
Two thousand candles
Blown out for power.

So long ago,
Yet oh so near.
The wasted lives,
To ones so dear.
Sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers,
Wives and Lovers.
Will see them never,
But they will hear.

The empty chairs,
The unborn babes.
The unlived lives,
Just grave after grave.

— Ray T. Moore
LAST JULY the FOURTH

Fireworks rode the limbs of my rainbow
dimmed by effervescence, damp
from demand upon its brilliance
by youngsters honor-bound
to wish its appearance into infinity.

And then the resounding transference
of myriad hues electrified
by childhood dreams, nuggets deposited in faraway worlds;
the booming explosion of sight and sound and sense
ripping apart all tranquil thought, replacing serenity with celebration...
an electronic victory of independence.

― Pearl B. Segall
Walking here upon these ageless sands—here beside these quiet still waters,
the mind has time to wonder——
to ponder:

and yet, what is to be seen is a different kind of waste land,—
I pause before the setting sun (that bright orange orb of glowing) and ponder that people, far across the expanse of time

—who (with eyes heavily lined for protection from glare)
thought this same orb their God.

and I guess in a way, it was.

but Not. However, as much God as the river (that famous Nile)—
They foretold its flooding (life to the Valley) with the

Tarot:
while on it’s other bank, the dead watched the sun rise
(having nothing else to do).

In Egypt, the Nile was the God of the living;—
while the Sun was only a symbol for the dead.

— Joseph Michael Dudley
WHERE DOES THE FAULT LIE?
(Turkey, 1983)

Where does the fault
for the fractures lie?
Surrounded by newsprint
of world events,
lay a picture of a world
that was rocked.
And, removed from the aftershocks
(described as brief),
the immobile world
stared at the image:
brown, barren ground,
rubble and haze behind
a kneeling young woman--
her dark, withered, turbaned face,
uplifted, with a silent cry
more piercing than the earth rent,
more devastating for all its silence.
And, as the earth’s surface,
her face could not register
the full intensity of the shock
or displacement:
five mute sons
lay before her--
their upturned young faces
were tranquil...

— Kathy Fowler
IMPATIENCE

In the rain
that washes rivers
of windblown magnolias
in a frenzied downhill dash, I
marvel at whirlpool streams
icily cleansed of winter's
lost impurities.

As petals graze gutters
overflowing seedlings
on a rain-swept ride
down vacant paths,
time at once breathes slow
and cool
and easy...reluctant to rush
this silent, sunless birth
lest man forget
these hours of mystery
woven into
a miracle.

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with permission,
Reflect, Dec. 1984

— Pearl B. Segall
description: for my father

a slouch hat
neither brown nor grey
pinched at the front for easy removal
tipped at ladies along the street
doffed for God and flag
changed at work for an eyeshade
hung on the doorknob over lunch
surrendered, really, only at bedtime
worn raked back at the track, but worn
worn in the sun, in the shade
worn even in the honeymoon photo
with its crown full of headache
and its band stained with doubt
and its brim casting a pall

— David W. Meredith

The ICON would like to congratulate David W. Meredith on winning the Hart Crane Memorial Poetry Award. This award is co-ordinated through the efforts of Professor Mary Ann Lowry.
Blues on rainy evenings;-
rain is blue (yes;
like tear drops)

Shadows
of times past;
times blue: like sweet warm
spring/april rain

What gallant spirit is there
bringing mild, soothing balm;
quint: waxing Soft & Mellow
in this virgin heart--
(while rain drops fall)
again.

— Andrea Ramsey

19.

— Joseph Michael Dudley
Twenty-nine years have come and gone
and in that time I have dreamed dreams which never became reality,
and experienced reality which never was a dream.
The “easy” life still eludes me
and I realize the “perfect” me will never come to be
(at least not during this lifetime) but I can live with it.
I have learned the value of friendship
and the pain of love.
But most of all I have learned to
see with my fingers,
touch with my soul,
hear with my heart,
and because of this I am rich.

— Bonnie L. Metzendorf
LIFE’S BATTLE

I am not a stranger to misery
Nor am I his friend
I am merely his contender in the arena of life

He combats me with reality, truth, and emptiness

While I overpower him with dreams, hopes, and love

—Joe Bonanno

HANGING THEM UP

—Mark Martinez
Andrea Ramsey

INTERPRETATION OF NIGHT CAFE, OR ARTISTS ARE CRAZY

that dark-but somehow strangely bright
room
upon the canvas;--

Empty...but if you look closely
you can see the people/the damned...
They cower in the Shadows
like rats
While the bartender stands serenely in the light,
welcoming (Abandon All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here) customers.

It was here that Van Gogh sent his
severed ear
(as a gift, for the barmaid)
After a fight with Gauguin (one of many, I think)
While He, on the other hand,
dreamt of painting sleeping island maidens,-
while Spirits of the Dead were Watching.

— Joseph Michael Dudley
A THOUSAND PIECES OF CLAY

God graciously entrusted to me
A thousand pieces of clay,
And kindly said, "Mold them, mold
Them in a SPECIAL way!"

Be careful for they are precious
In many different ways.
Shape them to be useful,
In all they do and say.

Remember they will contain a life
That will endure through the years,
And they must be able to resist
All of life’s burdens and fears.

Teach them to love and serve me
In all they do and say,
For life can only be lived better
When my precepts they obey.

You’ll be molding this clay
For many, many years -
But I’ll be holding your hand,
And you need have no fears.

At times the skies will be gray,
And problems will take their toll,
But always remember your efforts
Mean more to them than gold.

Now, God, I’ve molded and molded
Till in my hands, the time is felt for sleep,
And my body is SO wracked with pain,
And my eyes they tear and weep.

So now I end my molding career,
and there’s nothing left to say.
Except, "I’ll treasure the memory
Till the close of that beautiful day."

— E. B. Vaughn
COACH
(for Allan)

None of us really wanted to be there peering through the checkerboard pattern of the backstop fence. Each of us knew what was coming—knew as soon as his name was announced and he stepped forward to take microphone in hand, set forth on his last short walk to the winner’s mound, that we’d all find ourselves in tears. And he would be, too; of that we were certain. But that, we guessed, was the real beauty of this man—“Coach,” as he was called at the time—the softness and steel joined always at his heart in just the right amounts, at all the perfect moments of his life.

This game had been his last in Little League, and he swore to God he meant it. Nineteen years had been a long time in which to devote eight weeks of his summer to other people’s kids, not to mention the pre-season practices which seemed to creep further and further away from spring as the years rolled by. One year he’d had them practice in an old empty warehouse with snow piled outside the door nearly three feet high. But the kids loved it, and their parents seemed to appreciate and recognize that here was a man who truly related to their sons and cared to help them grow, both in strength of character and in athletic ability. So they willingly took in stride the Little League seasons which by now tended to stretch from late January through August. Not exactly by the rule book—but who was to complain?

Yet he prepared now to approach the circle of winners for the very last time—this final tournament game in which he’d managed to squeeze his boys through with one last bittersweet taste of victory with him as their coach—and every on-looker stood as silent odds with his emotions.

Other odds seemed to be exchanging hands, as well. The inevitable bets were making the rounds behind the backstop, like ten-to-one his retirement wouldn’t last till spring warm-up. He’d take a team, they projected; not to worry!

The opponents’ bets, however, were surely of another nature, for they’d had more than enough of this man with the uncanny ability to take a stationwagon-full of pre-pubescent mediocrity and propel them into league champs.

Now, it seemed, they’d have their own chance at superstardom, in a strictly Little League sense. By this time next year, who knew? Perhaps they’d be standing in his stead on the singular mound of earth which marked this vast expanse of Middle-American soil as unique and special as its
summer cornfields and sludgy winter highways. Others, on plots of land far less impressive in size than this—with its white-chalked baselines and well-cushioned bases—had produced crops of substantial abundance, of a quality suited to the tastes and particularities of the finest of landowners.

His “crop”—the harvest of which this coach was proudest, would never be measured in bushels. Never could its value be equated in terms of monetary remuneration. For, that which he’d gathered about him in greatest abundance was intangible in nature. The buoyant spirit of adolescence, the rare energy that comes from budding self-esteem was the product that grew heartily from his fields; fields upon which his soles had worn thin from endless innings paced between dugout and homeplate.

And now as he prepared to lay aside the dusty shoes crusted from the muddy infields of nineteen springs, as he prepared to carefully pack away the bats of winners—and of losers who’d never felt the sting of loss at most of life’s more memorable plays—we sensed the finality of the moment. And we watched thirteen pairs of tired twelve-year-old eyes tear to the tune of cheering crowds, jeering rivals.

The coach had coached his final inning.

The team dispersed, trophies and gloves in hand. Older and somehow wiser. And we instinctively knew the reaches they’d extended toward silvery stars—the reaches supported always by two gentle arms steely with determination—had strengthened their young souls with the spirit of grand-slam homers on opening day.

— Pearl B. Segall
OVERNIGHTER

The telephone...
endless chatter,
giggles and laughter.
Strains of
Prince and
Michael Jackson.
Refrigerator door
swings like
a pendulum.
They are rushing
to and fro,
excitement fills
the air.
Morning comes,
to use the
bathroom-please,
stand in line.
Whining hairdryer,
A decision
what to wear!
Voices hushed
then louder.
Gentle smell
of make-up--
perfume.
Teenage granddaughter
Has a houseguest
they're gone
to school...
It is...
SO QUIET

To Rhonda and Pam

— Betty Hall
SPIRIT NIGHT

We are together again, running, laughing.
Full of the joy of living and life that comes from the mountains that we will always, but always, call home.
They are here now. Sitting. Talking.
Doing ADULT things in ADULT ways, caught in an age where older means senile and younger means childish.
Grandma sits there too. They fuss over her like they do over us. We feel sorry for her because she can't run out of earshot.
Like we can.
We run and wrestle and fight and pretend we are the Indians who called this place home before we did.
The sun is beginning to set, so we stalk them. Twilight is the best time for this because the shadows are deep.
Someone sees and we run but not fast enough.
They call and we must answer.
We walk toward the house, but stop and turn our faces toward the night breeze. It is as though she calls us too. She ruffles our hair and tugs our clothes.
'"Spirit night,'" Grandma says, "'You'll not get them to heed now.'"
They ignore her the way they do us.
Spirits seem to be all around, hiding in the shadows. They call again, more impatiently.
The night breeze scorns them and chills them, blowing their shawls and sweaters.
Darkness creeps up on the house and we drag our feet inside. They fuss now, and chide us for running around like that and talk of sick we'll be tomorrow.
They tuck us in and turn out the lights. They don't mind the darkness now that we're safe in bed. They fall asleep listening to the wind trying to get in, knowing that we're asleep.
We wait (like Indians on a hunt)
and listen . . .
Five pairs of feet pad quietly to the bedroom door.
Seeing nothing, we dress quickly, run quietly, slide down the polished banister.

We go out the window at the bottom.
we are free
We feel the night wind pull at us, laughing, she encourages us. We feel the spirits near us and we are not afraid.
We laugh at them for being too old to hear and understand. How easy it is to sneak away with no one any wiser.
Except for Grandma, nearly deaf, who looks out her window and sees us in the moonlight; her heart is young enough to understand the magic in a spirit night.

— Shannon Everett

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CHILDHOOD DAYS

I used to dream that some day
Jon would be grown and gone away
And wondered if those tidy floors
Wouldn’t be worth those empty drawers.

Then he came hurt and crying,
And soon his tears I was drying,
Softly singing, softly talking,
Gently comforting, gently rocking.

Now I know a mother’s joy
As I watch this busy, toddling boy,
Though he strews his toys from room to room
Or trades his Teddy for my broom.

For I’ve learned to understand,
To cherish every moment at hand,
Whether it’s pans that bang and clatter
Or the sound of his happy chitter.

For I know that in a few short years,
As I look back through a smile and tears,
Jon’s carefree, childhood days will be
Just a faint and fading memory.

— Mary Lee Thorndike

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MICHEAL

You bounce and you wiggle
Your round belly jiggles
You run playfully into my arms

You laugh and you smile
Your clothes in a pile
From the recently folded - no harm

You fuss and you muss
With disorder and dust
From refreshing chaos you charm

What joy you do bring
As you laugh and you sing
You are innocence purest in form

I have loved you forever
And forever I'll love
Your mischief and smiles and hugs

For you are a child
You are my child
You are of our precious blood

— Laura Coe

— Andrea Ramsey
Andrea Ramsey

PLEA FOR COMPLETENESS

Slowly searching, gazing at the sky,
Her whole world a giant "Why?"

Shorts, sneakers, sun-browned and strong,
To the world of wild flowers she belongs.

A child of tomorrow with great-grandmother's name.
She wears her uniqueness without shame.

An abundance of energy, teeming with talent,
Don't bid this bright mind become stagnant or silent.

Her thoughts are filled with what she might be,
Completely untroubled that she is a she.

So, world, don't limit her to mother and wife.
Let her chose these commitments as part of her life.

Who knows the future of our little girl
With yesterday's name and tomorrow's world.

— Andrea Ramsey

Karen Derico

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KYRIE ELEISON

My father always said
one could travel the earth
and the language of The Church
was constant whether Rome or Jerusalem,
opulent St. Peter’s or humble Bethlehem,
and his world was secure
in knowing that.
Kyrie eleison

He traveled through book and dream
yet never heard Dominus Vobiscum
in Czechoslovakia, land of his father,
or in Spain or Greece. If he had
he would have understood
and there was comfort
in knowing that.
Christie eleison

Now The Church speaks in tongues
gone the Latin; Gregorian Chants
gone old women in babushkas
rosaries in workworn hands
whose only jewels from stained glass windows,
gone incense filling air with pungent piety
gone with my father’s youth.
Kyrie eleison

— Gloria Alden
— Andrea Ramsey

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Contributors . . .

**GLORIA ALDEN** is a Senior in the College of Education. Her poetry has appeared in past ICONs (KSU/Elementary Education) . . . **KATHY BALASH** describes herself as a romantic dreamer who is interested in art, poetry, and early American history . . . **BARBARA A. BANISH** is a Sophomore at Trumbull Campus who says she is returning to school after an absence of several years devoted to having a family. She believes there is a lot to be said about adult students, and she wants to help say it (KSU/English) . . . **JOSEPH BONANNO** is a Freshman at Trumbull Campus who enjoys snow skiing, traveling, and collecting antiques (KSU/Fine & Professional Arts) . . . **LAURA COE** is a Junior who says she is actively pursuing a career as a research scientist at Kent State while simultaneously raising a family (KSU/Botany/Biology).

**KAREN DERICO** is a Senior education major who has had material published in past ICONs (KSU/Education) . . . **JOSEPH MICHAEL DUDLEY** is a Junior at Trumbull Campus who plans to become a professional stage manager in the New York theaters. Among his favorite poets are e. e. cummings and T. S. Eliot, who he says have inspired much of his work. He has had material published in the American Collegiate Poets Anthology and past ICONs (KSU/Theatre/Journalism) . . . **PEGGY DUTKEN** is a Junior Computer Science major who enjoys skiing, singing, and eating fine cuisine (KSU/Business Administration) . . . **KATHLEEN EVANOFF** is a Sophomore whose hobbies include reading, crocheting afghans, and spending time with her family. She has had material published in the Newton Falls Herald and past ICONs (KSU/English).

**SHANNON EVERETT** is a Junior who describes herself as a non-conformist, a “reborn theater groupie,” and a fan of Edgar Allen Poe. This is her first ICON appearance (KSU/Accounting) . . . **KATHY FOWLER** has appeared in the Red Pagoda, and has had material published in past ICONs (KSU/English) . . . **BETTY HALL** is a 1982 graduate who enjoys arts and crafts, reading, spending time with her family, and generally enjoying life . . . **M. VERONICA LUCAS** is a Senior who enjoys painting, editing the ICON, and feeding the ICON staff international cuisine (KSU/Psychology) . . . **MARK MARTINEZ** is a Freshman at Kent State. This is his first ICON appearance . . . **BONNIE L. METZENDORF** says that as a graduating Senior, she bids farewell to Trumbull Campus with this publication (KSU/Criminal Justice) . . . **RAY T. MOORE** is a Junior in the College of Arts & Sciences who says that his writing has developed thanks to the encouragement of Dr. Young (KSU/History) . . . **KATHY O’GRADY** is a local Warren portrait artist. This marks her first publication in the ICON.

**JOHN PAIGE** is a Trumbull Campus Business Management student. This marks his first ICON appearance . . . **C. A. PETRICK** is a graduate of the Famous
Writers’ School, and presently works for a plastics company where she describes herself as the “Rembrandt of computer interiors.” This is her first ICON appearance . . . ANDREA RAMSEY has had material published in the Trumbull Handbook for incoming students and returns for the second semester as Art Editor of the ICON (KSU/Fine & Professional Arts) . . . JENNIFER A. SAKSA is a Sophomore who enjoys music of the 60’s, drawing, writing, and anything to do with the ancient past. This marks her second ICON appearance (KSU/Criminal Justice) . . . BARB SAVAGE describes herself as a Trumbull County resident “who is a sadistic glutton for punishment poetically” (additional interests censored by husband).

PEARL B. SEGALL says she is fascinated to recognize poetry as simply an elusive painting on an invisible canvas, a compelling melody with the world’s strings for orchestration. She has had material published in over fifty small press literary journals and past ICONs (KSU/English) . . . SHIRLEY STERLING is a Sophomore at Trumbull Campus. Her work has appeared in past ICONs (KSU/Studio Art) . . . MARY LEE THORNDIKE is a Sophomore at Trumbull Campus who says that she loves the color yellow, and has some in nearly every room in her house to remind her of daffodils during the dull gray days of winter (KSU/Office Management) . . . E. B. VAUGHN is an Elementary school teacher who lists among her interests ball room dancing and horse back riding. This is her first ICON appearance.

HOW SUBMISSIONS ARE SELECTED

Works to be considered for publication are submitted to Mrs. Hoobler, ICON faculty advisor. She substitutes, in place of the submitter’s name, a number; thus only she knows the identity of the individual authors. Each staff member is then given a xeroxed copy of each submission to be considered for the current issue. After final selections are made, the staff’s copies are returned to Mrs. Hoobler and destroyed, thereby prohibiting the circulation of unauthorized copies of anyone’s works. The final step in the selection of material is the staff selection meeting, when the ICON staff in its entirety meets to discuss and vote upon the final selections for publication. This choice is the sole decision of the student staff. Only after the final selections have been made does the advisor reveal the identity of those individuals whose works have been chosen.

The art submissions are given a number, and at the staff selection meeting, each member rates them accordingly. The scores are then averaged and the highest rated pieces of artwork are accepted for publication.

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AMOR PROPIO

No preguntas porque ...
Si supieras
Avez lloraras,
Simple sonrias
Con gusto
Porque eres tu!

APPROPRIATE LOVE

Don't ask why ...
If you knew
You might cry.
Just smile
And be happy
To be you!

— M. Veronica Lucas

35.

— Peggy Dutken

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