This issue of the ICON is affectionately dedicated to

ELIZABETH HOOBLE,
“The Sunshine Lady.”

We thank her for her commitment as a teacher, an advisor, and a friend.
This issue of the ICON is affectionately dedicated to

ELIZABETH HOOBLER,
"The Sunshine Lady."

We thank her for her commitment as a teacher, an advisor, and a friend.
This magazine's name originated from the following poem written by Valerie Martilla.

icon
image
of individual reflections
on a paper-mirror.
iconoclastic
image
shatters
at the vibration
of trembling lips;
at the precision
of a silent poet.

photograph by Evelyn St. Clair
This magazine's name originated from the following poem written by Valerie Martilla.

icon...image of individual reflections on a paper-mirror.
iconoclastic...image shatters at the vibration of trembling lips at the precision of a silent poet.

ICON, the literary magazine of the Trumbull Campus of Kent State University, is sponsored by the English Department in conjunction with the Art Department.

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.

ICON Advisor: Elizabeth Hoobler

Editors: Danita J. Armstrong, Susan Spangenberg

Staff: Vilissa Banks, Karin Humnell, Laura H. Maynor, Sherry Patton, Marcia Elaine Phillips, Betty Ritter, Roy James Ware, Greg Yochman

Cover Design: taken from a photograph by Bob Green

We hereby extend our special thanks to Mrs. Carol Perich for her typing assistance.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Janice Stuer</td>
<td>art</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vivian Pemberton</td>
<td>HEARD MELODIES—poem</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peggy Tracey</td>
<td>TOO MANY CONTRACTIONS—poem</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheryl Harper</td>
<td>THE APART/MENT—poem</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>HOURGLASS—poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh M. Hyre</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shelley Wilkes</td>
<td>HE WANTED TO BE A COWBOY—poem</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I HATE THEM—poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard F. Harvey</td>
<td>BESIDE YOU—poem</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steven Myers</td>
<td>AT THE SOURCE/ON LOOKING</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>AT AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH—poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheryl Harper</td>
<td>LOVE IS—poem</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan Kahler</td>
<td>KALEIDOSCOPE IMAGE—poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kevin Radaken</td>
<td>&quot;MOTHER&quot;—poem</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh M. Hyre</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elaine S. Montellese</td>
<td>INDIAN WINTER/CHFROKFF</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>CHILL—poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kevin Radaken</td>
<td>THE POET'S EYE—poem</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Banks</td>
<td>A DROP OF RAIN—poem</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evelyn St. Clair</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Russell</td>
<td>ILLUSION—poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda Ramsey</td>
<td>SATURDAY NIGHT—prose</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June Brobst</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contributors</td>
<td></td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Janice Stuer</td>
<td>art</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vivian Pemberton</td>
<td>HEARD MELODIES--poem</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peggy Tracey</td>
<td>TOO MANY CONTRACTIONS--poem</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheryl Harper</td>
<td>THE APART/MENT--poem</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>HOURGLASS--poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh M. Hyre</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shelley Wilkes</td>
<td>HE WANTED TO BE A COWBOY--poem</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I HATE THEM--poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard F. Harvey</td>
<td>BESIDE YOU--poem</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steven Myers</td>
<td>AT THE SOURCE/ON LOOKING</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>AT AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH--poem</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheryl Harper</td>
<td>LOVE IS--poem</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan Kahler</td>
<td>KALEIDOSCOPE IMAGE--poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kevin Radaken</td>
<td>“MOTHER”--poem</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh M. Hyre</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elaine S. Montellese</td>
<td>INDIAN WINTER/CHFROKFF</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>CHILL--poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kevin Radaken</td>
<td>THE POET'S EYE--poem</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Banks</td>
<td>A DROP OF RAIN--poem</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evelyn St. Clair</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Russell</td>
<td>ILLUSION--poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda Ramsey</td>
<td>SATURDAY NIGHT--prose</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June Brobst</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contributors</td>
<td></td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
HEARD MELODIES

Vivian Pemberton

My heart hitch-hiked
upon a page of Keats
and rocketed to life
on echo peaks
of rhapsody and rage.
While Prufrock hiccuped
muffled it
till mute he spit
his song
on zeno pads of antiseptic sound
and bathed in bathos round
some
barren isle of nay.

TOO MANY CONTRACTIONS

Peggy Tracey

Celestial and Existential
what lies beyond the senses
doesn’t really mean real.
The world’s a liar
Turn your collar to the
cold!
Roses aren’t always red
Mona Lisa is not so beautiful
cheating us of a simple smile
Castor oil didn’t taste like
orange juice as a child
Reality or Truth
is that which is chosen
to be included in one’s own
Microcosm.
HEARD MELODIES

Vivian Pemberton

My heart hitch-hiked
upon a page of Keats
and rocketed to life
on echo peaks
of rhapsody and rage.
While Prufrock hiccuped
muffled it
till mute he spit
his song
on zeno pads of antiseptic sound
and bathed in bathos round
some
barren isle of nay.

TOO MANY CONTRACTIONS

Peggy Tracey

Celestial and Existential
what lies beyond the senses
doesn’t really mean real.
The world’s a liar
Turn your collar to the
cold!
Roses aren’t always red
Mona Lisa is not so beautiful
cheating us of a simple smile
Castor oil didn’t taste like
orange juice as a child
Reality or Truth
is that which is chosen
to be included in one’s own
Microcosm.
THE APART/MENT

Cheryl Harper

Some people enjoy
spending their entire lives
in their own private cell

feeling that they can contribute nothing
of themselves to the world

In time
they fade into the woodwork
and can’t find their way out

HOURGLASS

Cheryl Harper

A person is born a rock:
A complete, solid, sound being

Immediately following birth
the person is seized
by Society’s wrathful fingers
and by Man’s erosion
is ground into grains of sand

His granulated life
is thrust into an hourglass
to pass through the vessel only once

Then the sands
lie dormant

Hugh M. Hyre
THE APART/MENT

Cheryl Harper

Some people enjoy
spending their entire lives
in their own private cell

feeling that they can contribute nothing
of themselves to the world

In time
they fade into the woodwork
and can’t find their way out

HOURGLASS

Cheryl Harper

A person is born a rock:
A complete, solid, sound being

Immediately following birth
the person is seized
by Society’s wrathful fingers
and by Man’s erosion
is ground into grains of sand

His granulated life
is thrust into an hourglass
to pass through the vessel only once

Then the sands
lie dormant

Hugh M. Hyre


Shelley Wilkes

he wanted to be a cowboy
shoot the bad guys dead,
but he grew to be a soldier
and died instead.

Richard F. Harvey

beside you
down a path
i walk
a pace of
breathless gait
my smile
frolics with the sun
its warmth
surrounds
the keeping of my day
the wind
declares the losing
of my cares
my thoughts hear only
lilting strains
of something left
unsaid

Shelley Wilkes

i hate them.
Children
running through my flower garden,
killing part of me.
i,
an old woman
with nothing but a flower garden and a rocking chair,
rocking my life away.
i hate them.
Children...
Shelley Wilkes

he wanted to be a cowboy
shoot the bad guys dead,
but he grew to be a soldier
and died instead.

Shelley Wilkes

i hate them.
Children
running through my flower garden,
killing part of me.
i,
an old woman
with nothing but a flower garden and a rocking chair,
rocking my life away.
i hate them.
Children. . .

Richard F. Harvey

beside you
down a path
i walk
a pace of
breathless gait
my smile
frolics with the sun
its warmth
surrounds
the keeping of my day
the wind
declares the losing
of my cares
my thoughts hear only
lilting strains
of something left
unsaid
AT THE SOURCE/ON LOOKING AT AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Steven Myers

Through delight I met the world.
My mother read to me;
she sang a gentle air
around me; she carried me
against her breast. My heart
beat to her heartbeat.

I knew the wet spring, fresh
and warm; summer light
silver through wet trees.
I played in flowers, swung
on wild grape vines;
water bucket beads, the dipper
stirs cool shimmery light.
I knew the silhouettes
of color dancing fall;
the pure blue air’s quick bite,
and skies thrown volumes high.
I knew the wind; the snow
in my mouth, the taste of winter.

Now my mother coughs
at night. Her heart is weak.
Her mother and then one
brother died of heart
attacks. She has to rest
often. She cooks, and beads
form on her dark forehead.
She washes clothes, climbs
up and down the stairs,
and then she’s out of breath.
She watches television.
She sits. She seldom sings.

She was her father’s girl.
He was a small Slovak,
fine bones and sudden smiles,
fine hands and friendly drinks.
He danced, he sang for her.
She played a quick piano--
and how he praised her hands,
and how he praised her head,
for she was very bright,
had skipped two grades and taught
the other kids. She wanted
a chance at college to
become a teacher, but
one November night he slept
on railroad tracks and died
beneath a train. His son,
her brother, found him there,
with open mouth and still
face set against the snow.

I came from her, she gave
this world to me. My flesh,
my bones, my mind, my voice,
and even memory
are gifts that came out of
her pain, her hopes now failed.
I came from that young girl,
that tall, long-legged, dark-haired,
slender girl who smiles
into the sun on some
Boston summer street
in nineteen forty-one,
who now stands caught within
the silvered space of old
photographs fading out.
AT THE SOURCE/ON LOOKING AT AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Steven Myers

Through delight I met the world.
My mother read to me;
she sang a gentle air
around me; she carried me
against her breast. My heart
beat to her heartbeat.

I knew the wet spring, fresh
and warm; summer light
silver through wet trees.
I played in flowers, swung
on wild grape vines;
water bucket beads, the dipper
stirs cool shimmery light.
I knew the silhouettes
of color dancing fall;
the pure blue air’s quick bite,
and skies thrown volumes high.
I knew the wind; the snow
in my mouth, the taste of winter.

Now my mother coughs
at night. Her heart is weak.
Her mother and then one
brother died of heart
attacks. She has to rest
often. She cooks, and beads
form on her dark forehead.
She washes clothes, climbs
up and down the stairs,
and then she’s out of breath.
She watches television.
She sits. She seldom sings.

She was her father’s girl.
He was a small Slovak,
fine bones and sudden smiles,
fine hands and friendly drinks.
He danced, he sang for her.
She played a quick piano--
and how he praised her hands,
and how he praised her head,
for she was very bright,
had skipped two grades and taught
the other kids. She wanted
a chance at college to
become a teacher, but
one November night he slept
on railroad tracks and died
beneath a train. His son,
hers brother, found him there,
with open mouth and still
face set against the snow.

I came from her, she gave
this world to me. My flesh,
my bones, my mind, my voice,
and even memory
are gifts that came out of
her pain, her hopes now failed.
I came from that young girl,
that tall, long-legged, dark-haired,
slender girl who smiles
into the sun on some
Boston summer street
in nineteen forty-one,
who now stands caught within
the silvered space of old
photographs fading out.
Cheryl Harper

Love is
a spectrum of colors
We are the prism
through which it passes

KALEIDOSCOPE IMAGE
Jan Kahler

Life is a kaleidoscope image.
Shadowed fragments of dreams gone bad,
The happy times gone sad,
So many brilliant minds turned mad.

and yet,

Life is a kaleidoscope image.
Brilliant pieces intermingled
To form an intricate frost pattern of happiness.
No longer is there a need to seek comfort in the rain.

For my life is a kaleidoscope image,
Pieces, fragments,
Some dark, some brilliant,
Randomly falling in place,

taking form,

Creating a scene as magnificent as the restless sea.

“MOTHER”
Kevin Radaken

A mother rises in the night
to the sound of a baby’s
high, shrill crying.

She softly and tenderly
sings a lullaby.

“Mommy, I love you.”

Mommy silently watches him trudge
off to school, a big boy now.

“Mom, I’m scared.”

Mommy wraps presents for
yet another birthday.

“Thank you, mom.”

Mom sits in the service and
heams with pride.

“That’s my son” she says.

“Mom, I asked her over for
dinner tomorrow, could you...”

“Mom, please don’t cry.”

It’s been a long time.

I miss you, mom.

I miss you.
Cheryl Harper

Love is
a spectrum of colors
We are the prism
through which it passes

KALEIDOSCOPE IMAGE
Jan Kahler

Life is a kaleidoscope image.
Shadowed fragments of dreams gone bad,
The happy times gone sad,
So many brilliant minds turned mad.

and yet,

Life is a kaleidoscope image.
Brilliant pieces intermingled
To form an intricate frost pattern of happiness.
No longer is there a need to seek comfort in the rain.

For my life is a kaleidoscope image,
Pieces, fragments,
Some dark, some brilliant,
Randomly falling in place,

taking form,

Creating a scene as magnificent as the restless sea.

"MOTHER"
Kevin Radaken

A mother rises in the night
to the sound of a baby’s
high, shrill crying.

She softly and tenderly
sings a lullaby.

"Mommy, I love you."

Mommy silently watches him trudge
off to school, a big boy now.

"Mom, I’m scared."

Mommy wraps presents for
yet another birthday.

"Thank you, mom."

Mom sits in the service and
heams with pride

"That’s my son” she says.

"Mom, I asked her over for
dinner tomorrow, could you...”

"Mom, please don’t cry."

It’s been a long time.

I miss you, mom.

I miss you.
INDIAN WINTER/CHEROKEE CHILL

Elaine S. Montellese

I exist.
Time honored presence denies me.
Grasping at straws--sometimes
I find a bundle.
Fleeting and flimsy their motives,
they scatter to the wind with
my assistance and gratitude
for their swift departure.

He exists.
Don't be denied I cry
    and cry
    and cry.
Tears crystalize when he walks by;
frozen in midstream,
they cease just to please him
for he hates women who cry.
He is uncommon.
He was so hard to find.
A straw — oh no!
He was the needle.
Oh, my Indian winter,
my Cherokee chill,
I told you I loved you.
Always I will.

Hugh M. Hyre
INDIAN WINTER/CHEROKEE CHILL

Elaine S. Montellese

I exist.
Time honored presence denies me.
Grasping at straws--sometimes
I find a bundle.
Fleeting and flimsy their motives,
they scatter to the wind with
my assistance and gratitude
for their swift departure.

He exists.
Don't be denied I cry
    and cry
    and cry.
Tears crystalize when he walks by;
frozen in midstream,
they cease just to please him
for he hates women who cry.
He is uncommon.
He was so hard to find.
A straw — oh no!
He was the needle.
Oh, my Indian winter,
my Cherokee chill,
I told you I loved you.
Always I will.
THE POET'S EYE
Kevin Radaken

Brilliant, translucent purple hue
spans across the morning sky
and attracts the poet's eye
with a message that radiantly
announces the coming of the day.

Slowly the sun will rise
and burst upon the horizon
with brilliant, sparkling shafts
of resplendent sunlight and give
to the sky a shower of color.

And the poet's eye, fixed in a trance,
will gaze upon the magnificent scene,
and his mind will wildly dance
across the sky with the hopes
and despairs of a yearning soul.

Ah, my friend, the poet's eye
will always be fixed upon the morning sky
as long as men's souls soar
and search for something more.

William Banks

A drop of rain, a ray from the sun
And Mother Nature's work has begun.
A silent miracle of life unfolds
And grows and grows
And reaches relentlessly
Past obstacles unseen, unknown,
But feels its way upward
To burst forth one day and lead the pageant
Of flowers on display in gay profusion--
To bend and sway
And reach toward the sky
To laugh and dance and all too soon die,
But willingly bend back whence it came
To Mother Nature's bosom and peaceful lie,
And only a soft fragrance remain.
THE POET'S EYE

Kevin Radaken

Brilliant, translucent purple hue
spans across the morning sky
and attracts the poet's eye
with a message that radiantly
announces the coming of the day.

Slowly the sun will rise
and burst upon the horizon
with brilliant, sparkling shafts
of resplendent sunlight and give
to the sky a shower of color.

And the poet's eye, fixed in a trance,
will gaze upon the magnificent scene,
and his mind will wildly dance
across the sky with the hopes
and despairs of a yearning soul.

Ah, my friend, the poet's eye
will always be fixed upon the morning sky
as long as men's souls soar
and search for something more.
SATURDAY NIGHT
Linda Ramsey

Slowly the man opened his eyes. He felt as tired as he had when he went to bed. Yesterday had been a hard day, and he supposed today would be no different. His age was catching up with him.

Wearily he rolled out of bed and made his way to the bathroom. Face covered with lather, he shaved as though each movement took tremendous effort. The man thought, “Maybe a cold shower,” and slowly he adjusted the water for the right temperature.

Toweling dry, he decided coffee might be the answer. Hot, strong and black, it tasted bitter and didn’t seem to help.

Back in the bedroom, he pulled on his trousers, shirt and shoes. He looked at the clock and then double checked in dismay. Only half an hour before he had to report for work.

Quickly he strapped on his gun, drew on his coat, pinned on his badge, and stepped out into the blackness of a moonless, rainy night.

“Oh, God,” he thought, “and it’s only Saturday night.” Forty-five minutes later he lay face down on the pavement in a pool of his own blood mingled with the muddy water of the rain.

The papers made small mention, the next day, of an officer killed in the line of duty. But they failed to mention that he had only one week left before retirement or that he left a lonely widow who had silently prayed each night for twenty-five years. Her prayers had finally gone unheeded.

ILLUSION
Tom Russell

You, who know me little, would say that I had won.

He, who knows me best, would say I had begun.

But, I, who know me least of all, still cry to see the sun.
SATURDAY NIGHT

Linda Ramsey

Slowly the man opened his eyes. He felt as tired as he had when he went to bed. Yesterday had been a hard day, and he supposed today would be no different. His age was catching up with him.

Wearily he rolled out of bed and made his way to the bathroom. Face covered with lather, he shaved as though each movement took tremendous effort. The man thought, "Maybe a cold shower," and slowly he adjusted the water for the right temperature.

Toweling dry, he decided coffee might be the answer. Hot, strong and black, it tasted bitter and didn't seem to help.

Back in the bedroom, he pulled on his trousers, shirt and shoes. He looked at the clock and then double checked in dismay. Only half an hour before he had to report for work.

Quickly he strapped on his gun, drew on his coat, pinned on his badge, and stepped out into the blackness of a moonless, rainy night.

"Oh, God," he thought, "and it's only Saturday night." Forty-five minutes later he lay face down on the pavement in a pool of his own blood mingled with the muddy water of the rain.

The papers made small mention, the next day, of an officer killed in the line of duty. But they failed to mention that he had only one week left before retirement or that he left a lonely widow who had silently prayed each night for twenty-five years. Her prayers had finally gone unheeded.
CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM BANKS is a resident of Warren. He has previously been published in the ICON.

JUNE BROBST, a junior majoring in conservation, is making her second appearance in the ICON.

CHERYL HARPER is a freshman at Bristol High School. This marks her first appearance in the ICON.

RICHARD F. HARVEY, a freshman philosophy major, is making his debut in the ICON.

HUGH M. HYRE is a sophomore pre-med student. His photography has been seen in various publications, including the ICON.

JAN KAHLER, a KSU student, is making her first appearance in the ICON.

ELAINE S. MONTELLESE has been previously published in the ICON.

STEVEN MYERS, a graduate of KSU, is making his second appearance in the ICON.

VIVIAN PEMBERTON is an Assistant Professor of English at KSUTC.

KEVIN RADAKEN, a senior at Newton Falls High School, is making his debut in the ICON.

LINDA RAMSEY is an English major in secondary education. This marks her debut in the ICON.

TOM RUSSELL, a freshman photo-illustration major, is making his first appearance in the ICON.

EVELYN ST. CLAIR is a junior photo-journalism major. She has previously been published in the ICON.

JANICE STUER, a freshman fine arts major, is making her second appearance in the ICON.

PEGGY TRACEY, a graduate of KSU, is making her debut in the ICON.

SHELLEY WILKES is a freshman history major. This is her second appearance in the ICON.
CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM BANKS is a resident of Warren. He has previously been published in the ICON.

JUNE BROBST, a junior majoring in conservation, is making her second appearance in the ICON.

Cheryl Harper is a freshman at Bristol High School. This marks her first appearance in the ICON.

Richard F. Harvey, a freshman philosophy major, is making his debut in the ICON.

Hugh M. Hyre is a sophomore pre-med student. His photography has been seen in various publications, including the ICON.

JAN KAHLER, a KSU student, is making her first appearance in the ICON.

Elaine S. Montellese has been previously published in the ICON.

Steven Myers, a graduate of KSU, is making his second appearance in the ICON.

Vivian Pemberton is an Assistant Professor of English at KSUTC.

Kevin Radaken, a senior at Newton Falls High School, is making his debut in the ICON.

Linda Ramsey is an English major in secondary education. This marks her debut in the ICON.

Tom Russell, a freshman photo-illustration major, is making his first appearance in the ICON.

Evelyn St. Clair is a junior photo-journalism major. She has previously been published in the ICON.

Janice Stuer, a freshman fine arts major, is making her second appearance in the ICON.

Peggy Tracey, a graduate of KSU, is making her debut in the ICON.

Shelley Wilkes is a freshman history major. This is her second appearance in the ICON.
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.

No portion of the ICON may be reproduced without the consent of the individual contributors.