ICON

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This issue of the ICON is lovingly dedicated to

Dr. Mary A. Brizzi

and to the miracle of creation - be it the creation of a new life or be it the creativity of the Arts that enriches that life.
ICON, the literary magazine of the Trumbull University, is sponsored by the English Department and the Art Department.

Faculty, students, former students of Kent State Campuses, and other universities submit essays, fiction, art work, or photography. We accept anyone—student or nonstudent—in the Trumbull community.

ICON Advisor: Betsy Hoobler
Editors: Cindy Sase, Sue Urbanek
Staff: Karen Anobile, Donetta Beiland, Gary Brienza, Kathy Croft, Susan Hanchin

Cover Design: Sue Urbanek

We extend our special thanks to Mrs. Henry for her assistance.
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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.

ICON Advisor:  
Betsy Hoobler

Editors:  
Cindy Sase  
Sue Urbanek

Staff:
Karen Anobile  
Donetta Beiland  
Gary Brienza  
Kathy Croft  
Susan Hanchin  
Karl Hummell  
Eula Hyer  
Lynda Laurich  
Terry Linville  
Betsy Spangenberg

Cover Design:  
Sue Urbanek

We extend our special thanks to Mrs. Carol J. Perich for her typing assistance.
PRELUDE TO WINTER

Eula Hyer

Autumn paid an early visit
Just to kiss a tree or two;
And he blazed a trail to follow
With a gold and crimson hue.
He'll return in all his splendor
And the painting will be done;
Then the golds, the browns, and crimsons
Will hang dazzling in the sun.

Winter lurks—impatient—waiting
Jealous of sweet Autumn's glow;
Then one night when all is silent
He will blanket it with snow.
Floating flakes will add dimension,
In the moonlight how they'll shine;
Boughs will bend neath snowy burdens
On the juniper and pine.

Indian Summer swiftly passes,
Harbinger of winter's frays;
We must savor all the glory
Of the lovely Autumn days.
For when every leaf has fallen
And each branch is stark and bare,
We'll recall the radiant colors
And the taste of crisp fall air.
THE OTHER SIDE
Cindy Sase

The half-moon was ashine tonight; looking like a strange lamp of yellow. It was an eerie sight.

It makes one wonder what is on the other side of this glowing pearl. Another world? Perhaps. I'd like to imagine a better world.

OCEANS OF HORSES
Pam Knock

Oceans of horses ride in from the bay
Creamy white horses ride out with the sea
Shortly the west wind will ship them and turn them
Whirl those white horses back out to the bay
And left are no traces
In the wet sandy places
All of their hoof prints
They are all washed away.
Sing, my brethren, sing unto all. From the heavenly stars to the For our Christ among us lives His body for one life He gives Be glad and always His name pr And give thanks for all your da

He came to us in such a humble Born in a manger and slept in a He taught that to love we surely And He proved to be the Son Of He healed and dried the tears of And loved us so that for us He

He rose from the dead as He has We try to live like the life He led To love one another is the thin So let our love together us bring This is the way to end all strife And make this world a better li

Do not let divisions make us p Please let Jesus come into your From the Fount of Life get yo And pray every day with all yo Your relationships with others For Jesus Christ is always your
A FRIEND FOREVER

Karen Anobile

Sing, my brethren, sing unto all the lands
From the heavenly stars to the desert sands
For our Christ among us lives
His body for one life He gives
Be glad and always His name praise
And give thanks for all your days

He came to us in such a humble way
Born in a manger and slept in a crib of hay
He taught that to love we surely can
And He proved to be the Son Of Man
He healed and dried the tears of those who cried
And loved us so that for us He died

He rose from the dead as He had said
We try to live like the life He led
To love one another is the thing
So let our love together us bring
This is the way to end all strife
And make this world a better life

Do not let divisions make us part
Please let Jesus come into your heart
From the Fount of Life get your fill
And pray every day with all your will
Your relationships with others you can mend
For Jesus Christ is always your friend
CANYON

Richard Hahn

Chrome and lacquer beasts
roam aimlessly across
the asphalt floor
Precipitous walls
echoing
    echoing
    echoing
their squealing footsteps
and bleating calls
as putrid breath
rises hazily in an aura
of fluorescence and neon

Beneath mortared chasms
tweed lizards
scrounge vainly
for a rodent
to prey upon
and ssuck its thirsty guts dry
and leave it lying
in the ageless dust

Iron cacti
erupt from cracked clay
and beckon the sky
which is quietly lured
over the rim
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ALTAR
Jeanne Bryner

When she walked down the aisle there were tears in her eyes, for this was to be the most wonderful day in her life. Look at her eyes six months from now, and the tears will still be there. However, this time she's sobbing, walking out of a courtroom, walking away from one of the most traumatic experiences a person can have—she is walking away from her marriage. She's walking away from a world she wasn't prepared to handle. Marriage was a world filled with job-hunting, car payments, and finance charges. It was certainly not the world she had anticipated. The beautiful blushing bride has now become another harsh, cold statistic. Another marriage has gone down the pipe. Although marriages fail for many reasons, this marriage failed because the people were too young, they couldn't cope with financial problems, and they were emotionally immature.

She was married soon after high school graduation. At eighteen, she was sure that she could handle marriage. However, it didn't take long for her to find out that the world was too much for her.

She remembered how excited she had been the day they had rented the beautiful apartment. And she smiled as she remembered the compliments from the gang at their first party; "Nice pad," "Beautiful furniture," were just a few of the comments. How sweet life was! At least it was sweet until the bills started rolling in; finance charges, why she didn't even remember them being mentioned the day she purchased that beautiful stereo!

Enough of memories! She fumbled through her purse. There, she grasped the key tightly. The key to their apartment—funny how cold it felt. A chill ran through her as she headed out of the courthouse. She had to return that key to the landlord. The furniture had all been repossessed, along with the car, and when she gave the key back—well, that was all there was left to do.

How had the bills piled up so fast? She had been so sure that her job at the grocery store and his at the gas station would be enough. When they had finally decided to look for better jobs, they couldn't find any. Oh sure, they could have been hired if they had had more education. But education costs money, and that was their problem.

She remembered the fifteen-hundred dollars they had received at their wedding. That money was gone within a month. It had made a down payment on that lovely red sports car he wanted. And she purchased the velvet living room furniture with the balance. They had toyed with the idea of a checking account, but they decided it really wasn't necessary. After all, they only had a few bills. And they didn't give a second thought to a savings account. Why, those things were planning on retirement.

Suddenly in the car, his face flashed in and so was she. Why was he yelling at her? The washer on purpose, and the repair man thought his new "C.B." was that important. Clothes clean? All those angry words came-brushed the tears off her cheeks, and turned it. As she turned off the ignition, she thought she decided to get a divorce. It had been a both were angry. They had yelled at each other for their situation. And finally, after they had talked. The only solution was divorce marriage hadn't worked in five months—well, should they keep trying? It was an intolerable.

Sitting there in the car, she suddenly those bride magazines, a honeymoon in the Why didn't somebody advertise finance of broken washers? Oh well, it was too late now.

She rang the doorbell: "Yes," the apartments were turned off, and "Yes," the phone noon to disconnect the phone.

She slowly slipped behind the wheel tough day! She was moving back home to ever, she decided to drive past the apartment.

She pulled into the apartment parking at their front door. How she had giggled when threshold! How could she have thought all Those bittersweet memories of "happily ever her for a long time. She started the car, house.

In her mother's kitchen she glanced was circled. Next month she would be nineteen she felt as though she was already thirty.

After dinner, she said goodnight and was putting her things in the closet, there was a doll house had fallen from the top shelf. pieces: the tiny sofa, the miniature stereo, an
to a savings account. Why, those things were only for older people, who were planning on retirement.

Suddenly in the car, his face flashed into her mind. He was angry and so was she. Why was he yelling at her? After all, she hadn't broken the washer on purpose, and the repair man had to be paid. She didn't think his new “C.B.” was that important. After all, didn't he want his clothes clean? All those angry words came rushing back. She quickly brushed the tears off her cheeks, and turned into the landlord's driveway.

As she turned off the ignition, she thought about the day they had decided to get a divorce. It had been a hot, sticky, afternoon, and they were both angry. They had yelled at each other, each blaming the other for their situation. And finally, after the yelling, after the crying, they had talked. The only solution was divorce. They had decided if the marriage hadn't worked in five months--well it just wouldn't work. Why should they keep trying? It was an intolerable situation.

Sitting there in the car, she suddenly got angry at the world; all those bride magazines, a honeymoon in the Poconos, boy what a laugh! Why didn't somebody advertise finance charges, bank accounts, and broken washers? Oh well, it was too late now.

She rang the doorbell: “Yes,” the apartment was clean, “Yes,” the utilities were turned off, and “Yes,” the phone man would be by this afternoon to disconnect the phone.

She slowly slipped behind the wheel. This was going to be one tough day! She was moving back home to live with her parents. However, she decided to drive past the apartment one last time.

She pulled into the apartment parking lot and she sat there looking at their front door. How she had giggled when he carried her across the threshold! How could she have thought all their days would be perfect? Those bittersweet memories of “happily ever after” were going to be with her for a long time. She started the car and headed for her parents' house.

In her mother's kitchen she glanced at the calendar; the sixteenth was circled. Next month she would be nineteen. Funny, but somehow she felt as though she was already thirty.

After dinner, she said goodnight and went to her room. When she was putting her things in the closet, there was suddenly a loud crash. Her doll house had fallen from the top shelf. She started picking up the pieces: the tiny sofa, the miniature stereo, and the broken washer.
Pallid fingers pierce the chainlink, groping for outside.

Diamond palms and faces stare into freshness

A rumbling pickup sends screaming hands scaling toward crimson-tipped bars.

EBONY REASON

Blue frustration arcs wildly
As electric bolts of fiery tot
Shatter stained glass to escape
And somewhere from the other
Cancerous rumblings born there
Cause walls to crumble in to

Charging winds of pain and
Directing monstrous shadow
Drown the obscure voices of
As salty rains fallen from duty
Fill golden goblets with one
And a diamond sparkles at
INSTITUTION
Richard Hahn

Pallid fingers
pierce the chainlink
groping for outside

Diamond palms
and faces stare
into freshness

A rumbling pickup
sends screaming hands
scaling toward
crimson-tipped barbs

EBONY REASONING
Sue Urbanek

Blue frustration arcs wildly onward
As electric bolts of fiery torment
Shatter stained glass to escape
And somewhere from the obsidian depths
Cancerous rumblings born to madness
Cause walls to crumble in their wake

Charging winds of pain and suffering
Directing monstrous shadows of sorrow
Drown the obscure voices of sanity
As salty rains fallen from disparity
Fill golden goblets with one last hope
And a diamond sparkles at the source
EXISTIR

PAJARO

Today I crossed that unknown valley
I faced the untouchable called reality
How destroying it can be
To see the child disappear
And the woman come out in me
My so-called friends seemed to
Change faces
And all the things I knew
Were in the wrong places
I had the feeling of being blind
Looking for love, but could not find
My head spun with unwanted thoughts
Of times and seasons I had forgot.
I'm a child, girl, woman of nineteen
With most of the world I have not seen

Tonight I tried to decide who I am
I know where I've been
And I know what I plan... but
That doesn't really tell me much
Of where I'm to go and see and touch
Life is quite funny, really so am I
To live my life and never cry
To look at a tree and not see the leaves
To walk in the wind, but not feel the breeze.

Tomorrow will probably be the same
Showered with confusion like a summer rain
What can I do? What can I say
To make this pain go away?
Climb a mountain, swim the sea?
Why does this have to be done by me?

Today I crossed that unknown valley
I faced the untouchable called reality
The fear has left my body now
And I don't seem to care somehow
If I wake in the morning and see the sun
How can I with what I've done?

My life started and ended today
I found myself but was lost the same way
Responsibility passed by me so fast
That I could not make it last... to
Show the world what I can do
And make my dreams all come true

Be patient will you please
Let me smell the roses and see the trees
Someday I will do what you have done... and
Wake in the morning... and see the sun.
THE GATHERING OF DUST

Jeanne Bryner

This is my house and here's
what I say,
Let a little dust gather
where it may.
Oh sure, I could clean with
ammonia and such,
But honestly, now,
does it matter that much?

If I spent all my time
with a mop in my hand,
Who'd teach my son to
build castles of sand?
And who'd show my daughter
how soft flakes of white,
Can make up a snowman
of rather large height?

For the days of childhood
are too swiftly gone
But, the days of my housework
will live on and on....

Let others stand ready, with
dust cloth in hand,
Meeting those germs, with
their favorite new brand.

So I'll clean just a little bit,
just what I must
And my children will know me;
My house will know dust.
I feel more and more boxed in all the time.  
I don’t know where to turn anymore.  
Every road I see is blocked to me.  
I am confused, bewildered, and heart-sore.

My way and their way keeps stretching farther and farther apart. With no hope of meeting... no common ground.

I am the Ogre, who lives on the hill, with scowling authority.  
They are the innocents from the valley below.

I am a terrific thunder-storm... that frightens and destroys.  
They are the victims of my unreasoning anger.

I am the raging flood that whips away all that is good... wash away.

How do I reach them? Let them know that I am not all bad?  
That I care, and feel, and love... that I am not perfect...
That I, too, sometimes need forgiveness. How do I explain 
That I, too, make mistakes and feel regrets.

They look at me with such trust, but they expect too much of me.  
I feel that I constantly fail them, so I resent their dependence.
My own fears and incapacities show and they know all my faults.  
I am lessened in their eyes. I don’t have what it takes.

I have so much to teach them. So much I want to share.  
They will not heed my lessons. How can they, when I fail?  
Why should they listen to me... I have made so many errors.  
I am not the one to follow, I am not the one to guide them.

I want so much to reach out and touch one of them for just a moment.  
To impart some word of wisdom that I have come by.  
Not because I think I am so wise... but I have learned a few things.  
I could save them from just one of life’s hard lessons.

But, they see my failure and they close their ears and their minds.  
I see I must let them make their own mistakes.  
I must stand mute and blind while they founder with life.  
I can only cry within my soul, silently, they cannot hear.

I do not wear my heart upon
Determined, thus, to mask the
No tearful, sad goodbye, nor
'Til safe within the confines of
A bitter torrent then begins
Releasing all the anguish in me
The pain I feel no friend of mine
Nor will they say to me, "'tis
A Dream has vanished, like the
That disappear, as dawn before.
And here am I, forsaken and
Alone -- to face the future, for
But if the fates are kind then
Another love, some day, to do
I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve
Determined, thus, to mask the rising gloom;
No tearful, sad goodbye, nor will I grieve
'Til safe within the confines of my room.
A bitter torrent then begins to flow
Releasing all the anguish in my breast;
The pain I feel no friend of mine shall know,
Nor will they say to me, "'twas for the best."
A Dream has vanished, like the mists of morn
That disappear, as dawn becomes the day;
And here am I, forsaken and forlorn,
Alone -- to face the future, find my way.
But if the fates are kind then there will be
Another love, some day, to comfort me.
WALKING IN THE RAIN

Harold Holmes

Last night the sky was weeping
As though it knew of my pain.
Lonesome and bored I left home
Just walking in the rain.
I thought of the tender love
That I will never regain;
It’s stamped upon my memory
And welded to my brain.
As I relived our love scenes
Soon I did realize;
It was not raining now –
Tear drops were coming from my eyes.
by Holly Slanco
GOD BLESS THE CHILD
Kandi Dunewood

god bless the child
who had a child tonight
please give her enough
mother wit to fight
instill within her the ambitious light
and to her child
i know it will be beautiful
which do you want
a boy or girl
either one but with plenty of curl
before he or she is born
there is work to be done
such as training the brain of everyone
cleaning up the earth
so that we both can go
out and have fun
together we can bask in the sun
by learning together we will have won
god bless the child
raise the child
so it won’t run wild
feed it so it will grow
as straight as a day dream ruler
and to be wise to your own precious prize
god bless the child
god bless the child
who had a child tonight
please give her enough
mother wit to fight
instill within her the ambitious light

ODE TO FAVORITE P.

There comes a time in every man
when he must be bold.
The inevitable must come forth
and this time has come for me.

I find that I can no longer restrain
and so at last, I give up.
I will let my inner being shine

to say:

Hi there!

THE WOMAN’S PRO

sEXIST  IdentiTY
ODE TO FAVORITE PERSON
Phillip Dyer

There comes a time in every man's life
when he must be bold.
The inevitable must come forth;
and this time has come for me.

I find that I can no longer restrain myself;
and so at last, I give up.
I will let my inner being shine forth
to say:
Hi there!

THE WOMAN'S PROBLEM
Vivian Pemberton

sEXIST Identity.
A wonderment
too vast to comprehend.
And glistening
on the hoary, frosty
to the wonders
from distant galaxies.
The moon shines down
on all that's sure to
A splendid silence
broken by a sound
As one leaf,
Falling to the ground.
Softly
Through half-naked
One cycle is complete
A new begins.

SEARCHING

-J.

Dark fairies of a lightless night,
Are you sporting leathery wings?
What melody is this,
That calls upon my soul?
Could it be the wail of the sirens,
Should I let it go?
What kind of man is this, that would
As well as wife?
Pervert, prophet, sage and fool,
All of these
Or none?
O' those who speak of brotherly love
Wherefore didst thou mercies go?
Persecute me not!
I be not devil, demon nor fiend,
Only questioning,
Seeking light.

by Bill Mullane
Eula Hyer

A wonderment
too vast to comprehend
And glistening
on the hoary, frosted grass
Are stars
from distant galaxies above
The moon shines down
on all that’s sure to last.
A splendid silence
broken by a sound
As one leaf,
Falling to the ground,
Softrustles
Through half-naked, empty limbs.
One cycle is complete
A new begins.

SEARCHING

John W. Rider

Dark fairies of a lightless night,
Are you sporting leathery wings?
What melody is this,
That calls upon my soul?
Could it be the wail of the sirens,
Should I let it go?
What kind of man is this, that would lie with man,
As well as wife?
Pervert, prophet, sage and fool,
All of these
Or none?
O’ those who speak of brotherly love,
Wherefore didst thing mercies go?
Persecute me not!
I be not devil, demon nor fiend,
Only questioning,
Seeking light.
THE PICTURE

Maureen M. Gregory

Nara picked up her paint brush and put the first stroke of fresh paint on the canvas.

The back door was unlocked. The strong black gloves softly turned the door handle. The door opened.

The painting had now blossomed into the strong figure of a man. His features were not out of the ordinary - tall, broad shoulders, and a grim, coarse face.

Nara did not hear the hushed steps as her brush swept passionately across the canvas.

He looked around and saw that she was wealthy. The huge copper pots overflowing with ferns, and the one wall covered with mirrors and other famous paintings done by Nara only enhanced his idea. He was now two rooms away.

Nara contemplated what colors to use for her man on canvas. Her idea of using abstract combinations of basic blacks made the picture absolutely fascinating.

His hands were black gloves. His clothes were solid black. His face was marked with black charcoal.

Nara’s picture was almost complete. The only thing she could not decide on was how to paint the eyes. How could she paint them?

He was watching her.

Nara still heard nothing. The last touch on the eyes -- finished.

He gasped in astonishment.

Nara suddenly saw him. The man on the canvas was alive! Nara had painted her killer.

He took one last look at his portrait -- the eyes on the canvas were crying.
by Bill Mullane

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IN PASSING

John W. Rider

Hey sweet lady
I'm awful sorry but I've got some news.
You trust in men
And you've got to lose.
And please don't follow me down here into plastic euphoria
With the pills and boose.
And don't start hugging the clay feet
Of someone else's deities.
Have faith in yourself
That's all you need.

So here's to the one
Who's loved and lost,
And had to pay the piper's cost,
For daring to love one
Such as I,
Who stumbles around in his mistakes,
And who's labor of love
Lives in hate,
In the halls of hallowed matrimony.

Should you find a piece of me in this,
Then take it.
I put it here for you,
So that you would know
That in my heart,
For you,
My love,
Sings true.

I'd been crawling on the floor
just to see how things look on
But times, they ain't changed much
'cause I've never felt as low as
There's many a man still lyin' on
and the road just goes on endless
I hope some are bound to find the
the rest just take their remedies
and continue going nowhere.

All his warnings fall upon deaf ears
as the deaf are only leaders of the
they follow in darkness when the
deaf can't hear a faintly plea
When you take the World upon you
you have quite a load to shoulder
Not realizing as you do,
keeps gettin' heavier as you grow
A great beam He must have carried

Carry away,
Bury your memories,
wipe away those tears.
They can only take your
why do you fear?
For it must occur,
within that time of year

If you think of all who speak the
seems only those with headstones
Many of them have filled the earth
within our own three score and

If that's the way right must speak
then let us die in victory!
When righteousness has gone away
you'll be left with your own in
And you'll cast your eyes from the
THAT TIME OF YEARS

Charles Michael Croston

I'd been crawling on the floor
just to see how things look on the ground.
But times, they ain't changed much since then,
'cause I've never felt as low as I do now.

There's many a man still lyin' on that path.
and the road just goes on endlessly.
I hope some are bound to find their legs;
the rest just take their remedies,
and continue going nowhere.

All his warnings fall upon deaf ears,
as the deaf are only leaders of the blind.
They follow in darkness when they should not tread,
the deaf can't hear a faintly pleading cry.

When you take the World upon yourself,
you have quite a load to shoulder.
Not realizing as you do,
keeps gettin' heavier as you grow older.
A great beam He must have carried.

Carry away,
Bury your memories,
wipe away those tears.
They can only take your body,
why do you fear?
For it must occur,
within that time of years.

If you think of all who speak the truth,
seems only those with headstones do not lie.
Many of them have filled the earth
within our own three score and ten of time.

If that's the way right must speak out,
then let us die in victory!
When righteousness has gone away,
you'll be left with your own imagery.
And you'll cast your eyes from the mirror.
The thoughts we bear from our minds are not ideas created on our own. Hearing echoes of words that were given from others, since the day that we were born.

Beliefs we hold within ourselves sound especially good from others’ lips. And as our fractured ego feeds on the fact that we’ve received no “quips,” we find the speaker to be solid.

Nations of pride. Can you see just what your gold has done to you? How much wisdom have you sought to fill your soul? “Pride goes before destruction; vanity before the fall.”

You know my body gets so weary just traveling up and down this worn out road. Not being able to rest at all, for fear very morals might erode.

Now I know the Worlds are on the march to sow havoc amongst their enemies. They cannot see the others fault lie within their own entity. they lose every battle.

The Wicked One fills us in our sleep with dreams, and visions of that time of years. I guess he figures when we wake we’ll close our eyes and moths and gait in fear.

He doesn’t know that all our strength lies in the evil we perceive. We can feel the sorrow crying out, so we don’t have too much time to grieve. Grief flows from contemplation.

So, the Day of Acclaim, is creeping up just like a summer’s storm. Just as you think you’re lying safe and warm. But you can never say that you have not been warned.
CONTRIBUTORS

KAREN ANOBILE is a freshman majoring in journalism. This is her first appearance in the ICON.

JEANNE BRYNER is making her debut in the ICON. She is a freshman in the Trumbull Memorial Hospital Nursing Program.

CHARLES MICHAEL CROSTON is a sophomore geography major. This is his first appearance in the ICON.

KANDI DUNEWOOD is a freshman majoring in mass communication at Ohio State University.

PHILLIP DYER is making his debut in this issue of the ICON. He is a sophomore majoring in chemical engineering at Youngstown State University.

RICHARD HAHN is a music instructor in the Maplewood school system. He has published poems and haiku and was also awarded first prize in the haiku category of International Poetry Competition sponsored by the Poet's Study Club of Indiana.

MAY HALLIDAY is an art major residing in Warren. This is her second appearance in the ICON.

JOHN W. RIDER is making his debut in the ICON. He is a freshman majoring in psychology.

BILL SANTELL is a freshman majoring in art. This is his first appearance in the ICON.

CINDY SASE is a sophomore majoring in English. This is her debut in the ICON. She is a member of SAB, SAC and is co-editor of the ICON.

SUE URBANEK is a junior majoring in zoology. She has had material published in previous ICONs.
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.

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