

Absolute

Spring '77'

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Photography Section

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EDITOR'S NOTES

Instead of a long explanation of the feelings we were trying to infuse into the <u>Absolute</u>, I thought I would use a poem that expressed the feeling I have for these forms of art and, surprisingly, the feeling I got from many of the poems that are included in the Absolute.

You dream the dreams of ancients: You see the naked truth: That life has written down in chalk All the summer incidents Time leaves for you to stalk.

Falling deeper into the hollowness Of the drifting times. Screaming into the deaf-mute wind Of time that you can't possess; Of love that time has thinned.

This time of dreams-a memory.

Now loves gone to tomorrowland.

Your needs, you threw to Summer's flame
Thinking you'd be "free".

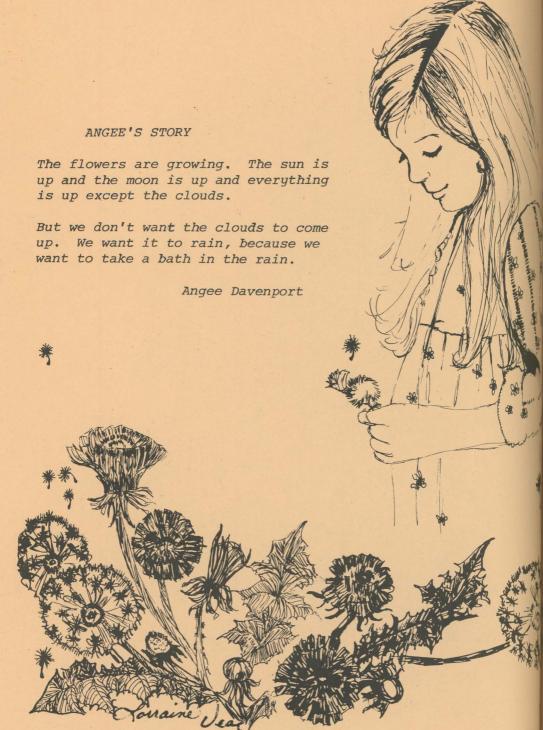
But you still see; you're still the same,
Still linked by a thin dreamer's strand.

I hope you enjoy the Absolute in the spirit that it was compiled.

Linda Rusche

Stories Stories





CHECK THE ROLY-POLY

found him at home. He was walking round and I found him on my tractor.

got him on there real quiet and I toked him up. Then I put him in my my and brought him to school. Then bringed him to school still in my egg and teacher got a jar.

went in the house and put him on my had's hand. Teacher knocked him fif the lid into the jar. The teacher dosed the lid. Then I found him by my door. He was crawling on my leture and got stuck on the paint.

Erik Henson



rely Post 1



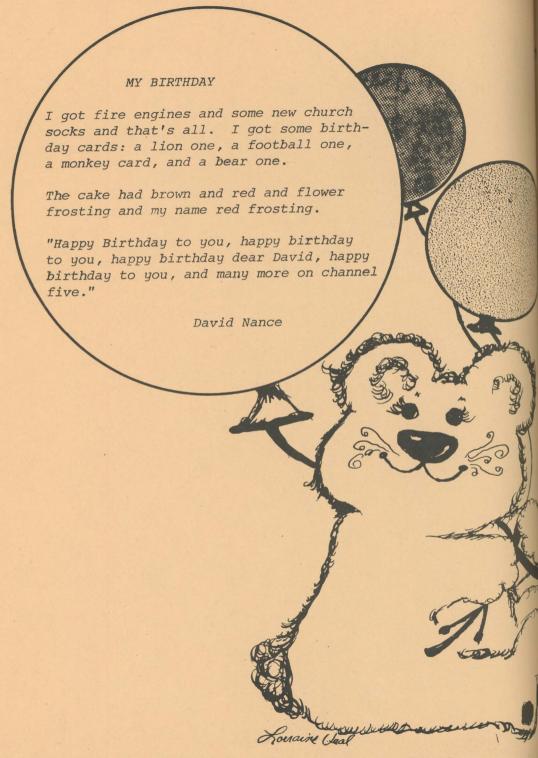
MY TRIP TO SAN ANTONIO

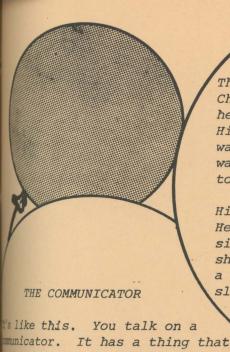
pigeons. I saw my Aunt Linda and whed her run around the run track. had lots of dirt on it.

www.Sergent Parks who let us in to games. I played hockey. I got at one o'clock.

Robbie Owen







THE DADDY WAS BORN

There was a little boy. His name is Charles. It was snowing outside and he ran outside. He maked a snowman. His mother got some hot cocoa so he warmed up and he went to sleep, and watched a scary show. And he went to sleep again.

His sister came back from Hawaii. Her name was Libby. They went outside to play in the nice warm sunshine. It was night and they watched a scary show. All the babies went to sleep. They were happy ever after.

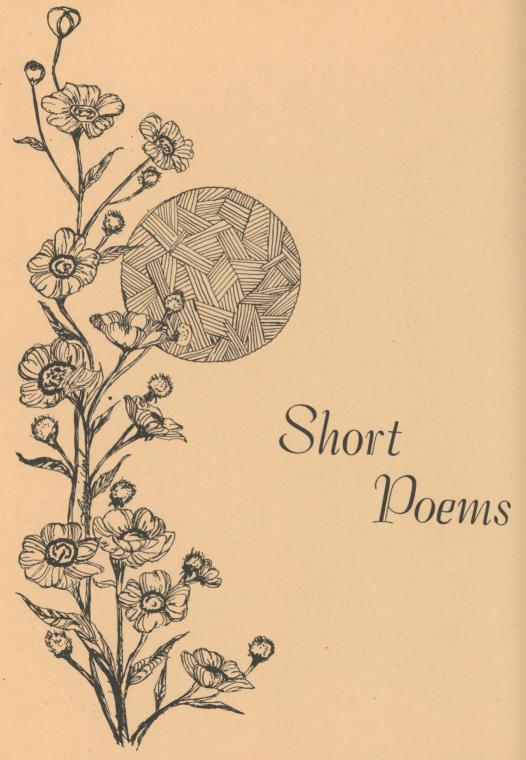
Is like this. You talk on a municator. It has a thing that up. I said "Hello" and "I at know." "Lorraine brought for me."

Chris Jackson

Kara Yoesting

I got a haircut from the barber shop. I washed my clothes. I saw Fonzie on television. I saw Pinky hurt her head. That's all!

Teri Gregory





I'M ONE OF A KIND



I'm one of a kind,
As many can see.
But if you can't,
I'll describe to you-me!

I like to talk
And I hate unsweetened tea.
I dislike busy cities,
And I love the sea.

I like to know where I'm going, But I like surprises, too. Like I would really be surprised If a pig said "Moo"!

I like friendly people
And I like to work with my hands.
But something I hate to do is
Try to find my glands!

I'm not really so different As you may see, Because I'm just Plain ole me!

Kim Welchel





I'M ONE OF A KIND

I'm one of a kind.
I'm the only one of me.
There'll never be
Another me
Or another you.
There's only one of us
To go around.
Now think of that.
How does it sound?
Everyone's special
In their own sort of way.
So remember when you're
Down and depressed,
There's only one of you
Out of all the rest.

Larry Arnold

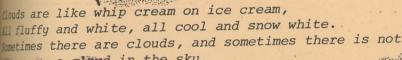
I'M ONE OF A KIND

I'm one of a kind,
My heart, my work, my mind.
No one else is just like me.
We're different, you and me.

Even twins have different things. One thinks of Christmas, the other sings. You, also, will find That you are one of a kind.

Sheryl Taucer





a cloud in the sky.

Kelly Lancaster

I'M ONE OF A KIND

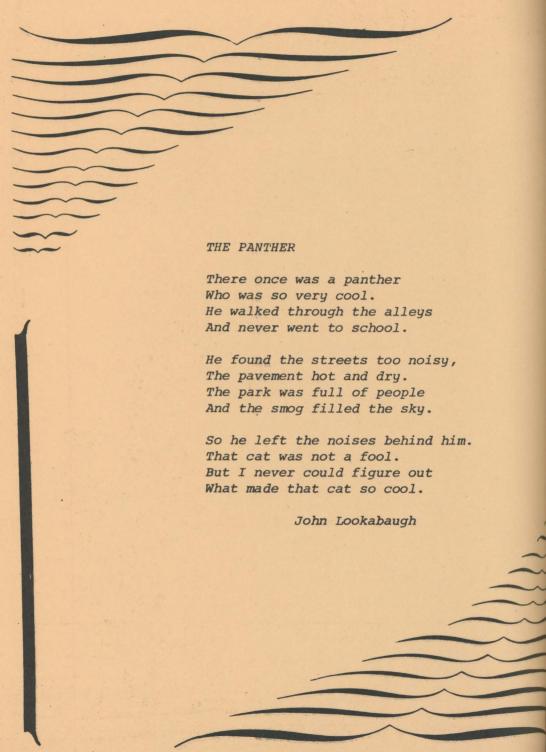
Nobody looks like me. Nobody talks like me. I quess I'm one of a kind With an individual mind.

I'm not like you. I'm a person who Was born on a different date, And raised in a different state.

I do good in school, I guess that's kinda cool: I'm the only one of my breed. I'm just an individual seed.

Steve Hawkins





I reach across the shadow of time For the thought of you And the warmness that we shared Comes back in full force Your strength and your gentleness Return and I feel you enter We reached the heights of fullness You fill me with everything And I relax and you caress me In all life, I share with you Everything I have You return again, stronger And I receive you in equal We move as one And the pleasure I received Is as great as I give For in sharing, we have everything.

BEE Whiting

UNTITLED

I love you as the ocean loves the shore gently carressing you with every movement refreshing your hot, tired body with a cool drink Leaving you for just awhile, giving you time to miss me and want me back as the tide comes in, I come back to you once again

Though this happens everyday, it never becomes monotonous or boring Each day I change you a little more, to suit my ever changing while Yes, I love you as the ocean loves the shore

But I'd say, by far, I love you more.

Wanda Brayton

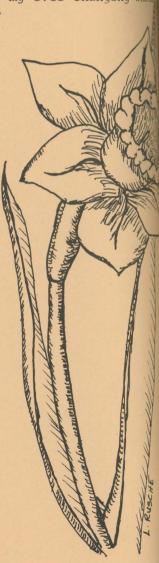
PURE GOLD

You are molten gold.
Pour yourself on me,
And I will cool you with
Clear raindrop kisses.

Let me drown in Your heavy sweetness, Rush around me in a Thousand whirling streams.

Emmerse me in your Shining liquid pools. Then, cool around me, And coat me with Your goldness, Until I too turn Golden.

Debbie Detamore





TIGHT THOUGHTS

thing the still;

Nove me appears a light

Nickering as it breathes the waves of movement.

It's lost-or am I?

Nide-eyes

Seek that infinite light

Through the starry sky.

Kathy Kizelewicz

Funny how I never thought
of making love
on plastic car seats, that pillowed my head
with a mere friend,
and poet for my reality.

Connie Otis

hermit

pled-up in the cave of my libido waiting for the sun iflashlight with year old "everreadys"
wouldn't
hurt...)

Steven E. Jones



SOMEONE

Loneliness was all I knew,
I didn't know exactly what to do,
Lord knows the many times I had cried,
Leaving nothing left to do, but die.

Darkness was my only friend, An aching, gnawing, empty void within, How could I hide my misery inside? No one gave me any reason to try.

> Then SomeOne heard me crying, SomeOne saw me dying, SomeOne came my way. And made my entire day.

Now I've got this song to sing, Listen for the freedom bells to ring, Isn't it a wonder - after all I've seen, I'm alive and well, you know what I mean?

> Well, SomeOne heard me crying, SomeOne saw me dying, SomeOne came my way, And made my entire day.

Now I've got this song to sing, Listen for the freedom bells to ring, Isn't it a wonder - after all I've se I'm alive and well, I know wnat I mea

Isn't it a wonder - after all I've se I'm alive and well, God knows what I

Ted Hazelton



terflies free, never knowing th stalks the day. fe sweet; sunset showing. od creeps, wanderer; slowly going. world. ttersweet words; never ending. winess kills. lks cheap; so is sex. atly I wander. I life; so what. you care. Men, women; wether what. Alone; nothing. eve me;

go away!!!!!

I please stay.



.... by BEE whiting



December winds blow January
And before you know,
More snow, more cold ...
Toes, and noses feel it
and shivering hearts
Lost in summer's "once was" love.

Empty nights -pacing...
Wishing for somewhere to go
Something to do
I don't know why I think of you...
You couldn't give a damn anyway.

Connie Otis

After the Soup Before the Deviled Crab

There you sat
shoving croutons around your plate
Little crunch chunks
swimming in Bleu cheese
The times of your fork
jabbing each little garlic cube
As you drove home your points
hoping I'd not jab you forever
with disapproval.

W. A. Marsh 35 35 35 35

growth

All you said was hello there and that damned acorn (you planted) well,

i've got oak-tree branches
 growin' out my ears,
leaves all over
 the kitchen floor.

Steven E. Jones



Fantasy Forest There's a pathway to the Fantasy Forest that is well-trodden and bare. I walk it often unaware of all until I see the forest ahead. It's Autumn, and the leaves are changing colors soft warm colors Fantasy Forest is a place I go when I feel sad or angry or peaceful It's a place I go to plan and hope and dream to think and touch and feel Fantasy Forest where lovers embrace in an abandoned passion where peacefulness and love overcomes all where I commune with nature and nature communes with me beauty surrounds me with a peaceful grace as the sun goes down and I go home. Wanda Brayton

Mythological

Dark hairy Pan Plays his pipes in a shriek of spring wind in labor Animal mothers moan Their various babes already trembling at the roars of wakingbears (for b 1 o o d sacrifices are given to Earth)

then It's Spring butterflyflowers bloom in a warm birdsongsunshine numphs run laughing their hair the like gowns in the wind freed dyads play like children splashing rippling lays Concertos on his pipes Pan plays
in the grass

Karen Yoesting



and counting every sound

wing
seeing every stone

wing
not having to be somebody.



...soft gleam.

Each one a flickering light, to cast a shadow into the night Each one a flickering star,

Each one a flickering star, to be seen as from afar. Each one to light the way,

to make the blackness gray.

Each one flickering white

Each one flickering white, a small patch bright.

Each one to stand still, to cast away the chill.

Each one moves where they stand, as if dancing to a soft band.

Then a puff of wind,

in all of the silent din,

Then my pieces of gold,

upon themselves they fold, Never to be seen,

never more their soft gleem.

Karen Bishop

THE ECHOES OF MY MIND

Brilliant, colored leaves falling one by one, Slowly, slowly decending to the ground, Being tossed to and fro by the wind. Not knowing of the death to which they're bound.

Brilliant, colored thoughts flowing through my mind, Slowly, slowly projecting on the screen in my head, Flashing to and fro, from one to another, None knowing of where they may lead.

Dull, dead leaves lying in raked up piles, Slowly, slowly turning to lifeless fossils of the earth

No longer able to be of any worth.

Dull, dead thoughts lying in the drawers of my mind, Slowly, slowly losing the life they once had, Fighting back and forth to escape one last time, To once more they could make my spirit glad.

Why am I writing these words to you?
You see, I once had visions of you and me,
But those brightly, colored illusions have slowly
faded,

Since I realized our relationship could no longer be.

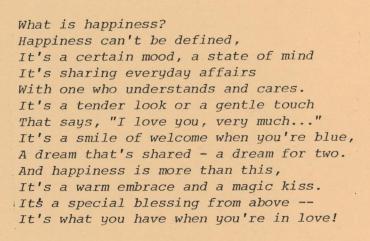
So goodbye, my love, remember my words, For sometime in the future, there's sure to be, A time when those beautiful thoughts, May escape and come running right back to me.

But until that day, whenever it may be, Remember the times we had these past few days, And the strong feeling of affection I had for you, In a very special kind of way.

BEAUTY CAN BE CRUEL

me a wife who's very sweet,
stragile like a fairy;
eyes are stars, her cheeks blush rose,
lips a ripened cherry.
stender form is chiseled art,
mind a mint of beauty,
airy tread and heavy loads
floats along with duty.
eyet at times she drives me mad -mo I w-uld not hit her!)
she'll go out and leave the twins
me as babysitter!

Frances Calaway.



Author Unknown



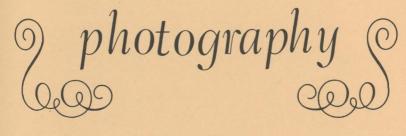
Memories of Autumn

When summer is over, Then fall begins. Orange, brown, red, and golden, The leaves will turn, and slowly and majestically come falling down to the ground. The smell of dry wood, and the roasting of the marshmellows, On the open fire all signify to me, The love of the memories of autumn. I love to walk thorugh the woods, And hear the leaves crunch under my feet, While watching the squirrels Gathering their nuts for the winter. How majestically God has done his painting, Of the season and how precious I hold, My memories of autumn.

Collen Amburn

and Mary Cocherl

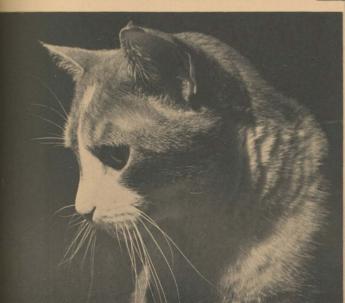




1. Liz Olver





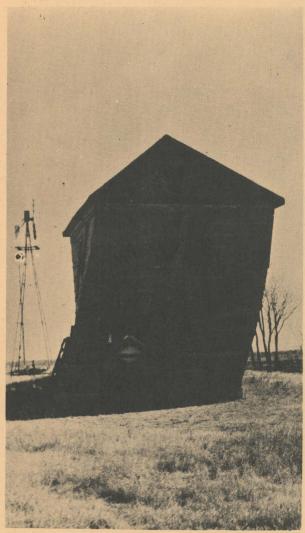




Bill Jackson

4. Glenda Carlile

6. Terry L. Helderman





5. Bill Jackson



hort ories and nore DEMS



With the stars so bright With the one I love Arm in arm we walked With the moon above. How I wish that night Could be here again, So I could be with you One last time.

How I wish that night
Could be here again
For with you my love
I feel free again.
I pray every night
For just one more chance
To see you, be with you
One last time.

I pray every night
For just one more chance
To tell everyone
Of my new romance.
How I wish that night

Could be here again So I could be with you One last time.

Steven Calaway





WINTER

Feel the cool winter breeze.
Wind blowing,
turning,
twisting,
whirling,
Through the crackling trees.
Snow clutches the ground.

Robert Childers

Water dew sound

pounds

crystal surface broken,

Standing by the creek bed

throwing stones out to faded pools

mirages of you and I

Connie Otis



It was 1:30 a.m. at the O'Hare Airport. A bomb had been planted near the telephone booths. The baggage it was in seemed like nothing important. The telephone booths were tired from the day's work. The phones were hung with apathy. Shadows played to a mood of emptiness. The bomb was set to explode at 2:00 a.m.

A man stood on the opposite side of the phone booths to the far right. He looked lonely. He was compact and hairless, and his suit was clean but crumbled. The man had an attache case by his side. He dialed the phone to call his wife.

"Hello," he softly said.

"Who's this?" his wife uttered.

"Me, your husband. I felt like calling

you. I am coming home. What do you s to that?" he remarked.

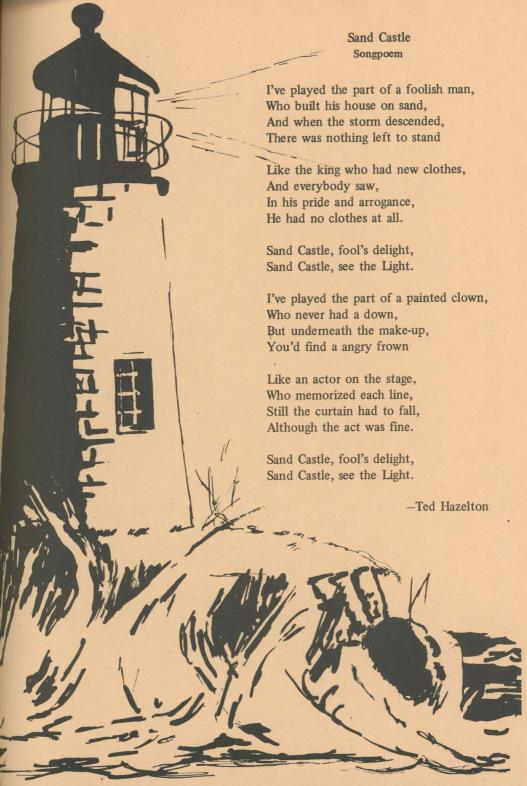
"Well, okay. When are you coming she asked in a tired voice.

"I am taking the 2:00 a.m. flight five minutes. When I get home, I want yo and me to have a talk. Would you be the when I reach home?" he cried.

"Yes," she plainly said.

He hung up the phone at 1:55 at What if she is not there, he thought. I had to talk to her. I want her to understand me His watch showed 1:58 a.m. He stayed the telephone for two minutes. The born exploded at 2:00 a.m. He never got to tat to his wife.

-Susan K. Smit



to all the men i've known and loved and to those i have yet to meet

i think
you and i
were made
for each other

we both like to stay up late and catch fireflist while the moon shines upon our smiling, upturned faces

while we are having a quiet, romantic interlude you breath in my ear "i love you" and i hit you with a pillow in answer smiling all the while

neither of us want to be imprisoned in the institution of marriage to be bound together by law and god to be accepted by society and rich people with upturned noses

we want to live and love together
alone by ourselves
with a thousand children clasping our hands and hearts
we want to create each other's
Utopia i want to see th

i want to see through your eyes breath through your mouth hear with your ears think through your mind love with your heart

i'll teach you how to cook and sew and do all the things a woman does and you can show me how to fix the car

you teach me to be in awe of Mother Nature to see beauty in the smallest and ugliest of things it's like sitting at the feet of Solomon

i am no longer ashamed or embarrassed by my unpainted natural face when you catch me at a bad moment because there are no bad moments with you

you and i return to our home in the sunset in the rain in the darkest of hours there is a luminescant light shining through

yes, i think you and i were made for each other



A PAIR OF GLOVES

Friday, walking across the street, I found a pair of gloves. They were black leather, looking old and worn. Picking them up, their softness in my hand caused me to wonder about the person who lost them.

I let my imagination go. I could almost see the face of the owner and felt a warm closeness. Was it someone old and lonely? Maybe they were rich and well known, a teacher perhaps? Or a housewife doing her weekly shopping.

Hey, stop that! I told myself, looking around and feeling rather foolish. The street was empty so I went into the house. I was still holding the gloves but reality was back. The gloves were now just a lost item belonging to some impersonal unknown someone.

The gloves are still at home. I laid them somewhere but cannot remember just where. Anyway, they were only an old and worn pair, lost by someone who probably didn't want them at all.

-Betty Hedrick

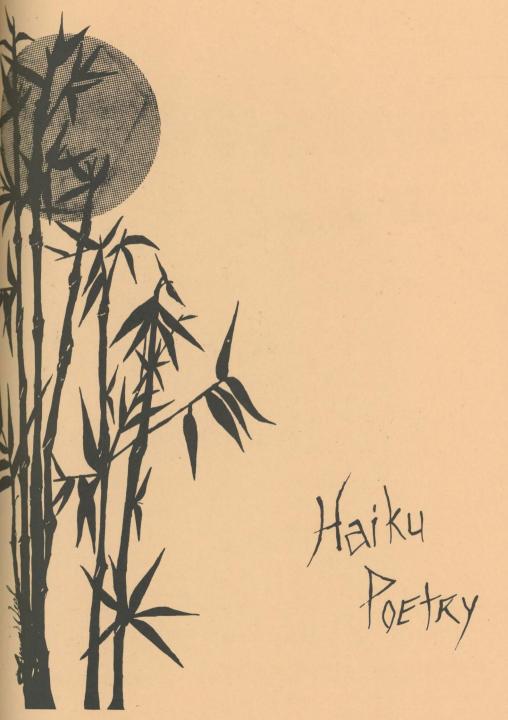


I EXIST

I am in a state of existence. I exist. By all the powers of the universe, I exist. I move through and softly touch downy feathered clouds. They change their shapes with my touch. I move in the water, pulling against the flow, seeing fish and more. I gently caress the dew covered earth. I exist. I let the earth-scented wind pass through me with joyful anticipation. An apple hangs heavily on a tree. I touch it The star is upon

its smooth red cover and makes it and that I have touched and existed in exist. I whirl and spin in multi-colors square, then a cylinder or I may not shape at all. I am an entity of myst never-ending universe. Yes, I exist world of ever-changing space and I exist. Yes, I do exist!

-Karen B



Fresh plowed earth, lilacs, New leather shoes and cedar. Better than Chanel.

Doris Gordon



Connie Otis

Wondering at the glory of your sunshine smile it makes me blossom.

Wanda Brayton

Remembering you thinking of our yesterday's Will tomorrow come?

Connie Otis





Smiling when I hear
Your footsteps at my door, I
open it to live.

Wanda Brayton





The tumbleweed plays

Even when the crosswinds blow-Joyful optimist.

Doris Gordon

Patches blue-hazey
Winter snows fall from above,
The chipmunk skimpers . . .

Connie Otis



You smiled at me

You smiled at me, And I felt my spirit smile, Just to see that smile again, I'd walk the second mile

You smiled at me, My heart went reeling, feeling high, You're a welcome rainbow, Like rain falling from a clear-blue sky.

I felt emotion welling from within, Like sap in Springtime I felt the flow begin, I saw life and light reflecting off your face, So down to earth that it sent me into space. You smiled at me, And I smiled back at you, Just to see you smile again, Would make me feel brand new.

I'd feel emotion welling from within, Like sap in Springtime I'd feel the flor I'd see life and light mirrored on your So down to earth, sending me into see

Ah, you smiled at me . . .