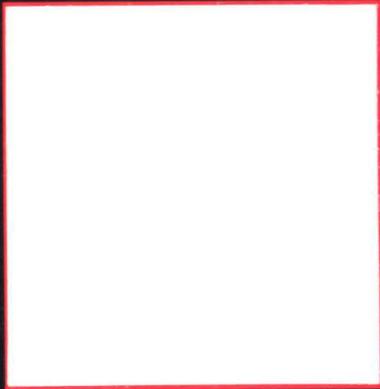


**T**raveler  
1994



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*his is the land of  
dark Sonoran night and white garlic moon  
of whiskey and tequila  
of biscuits and frijoles.  
Where the Blue Jay sings lead  
and the rattlesnake plays the maracas.*



"Pecadillo"  
Light gauge steel sculpture

Mike McCauley  
Special Award - Cover

# TRAVELER

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Cochise Stronghold  
by Boo Fendrick



"Iris"  
Colored Pencil Drawing

Chenette Wangen  
Second Place Fine Art



"October 31st Mill Avenue #2"  
Photograph

Brian Hance

## STREET SMART

### Anonymous

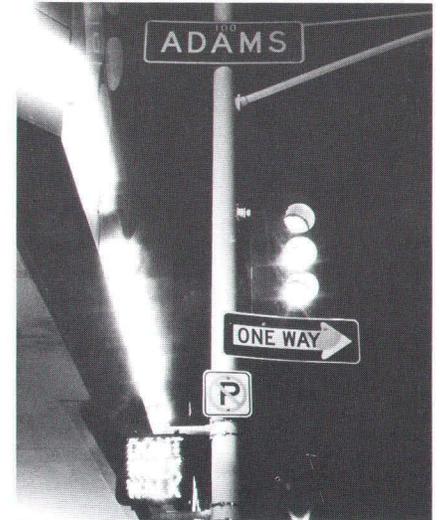
#### Second Place Essay

2

Watching him from my stopped car, I scrutinize his behavior and attire. He approaches my open window, looks me in the face before looking back down to the ground, as if he's ashamed, and asks in a humble, faint rasping voice, "How about it, could you help?" He does not recognize me, but I know him. His name is Joe. He is wearing a blue and white plaid shirt, filthy and rumpled from many days without washing. His faded blue jeans hang about his hips like those of a child who has been given his older brother's hand-me-downs. The soles of his boots are wafer-thin pieces of torn leather, duct-taped together. Like a scarecrow, haggard and emaciated except for his swollen abdomen, he looks like a starving child in a third-world country. His face is weathered, and the lines etched around his eyes from squinting against the blistering, blinding sunlight are several shades lighter than the rest of his skin. His light blue eyes glow from his sunburnt face. Helplessly mentally ill, he lives on the streets because no system adequately provides for him. He begs for money for survival. I give cash to

panhandlers, and many in the community, outraged by my action, argue that the freeloader could go to work if he or she truly wanted to. I passionately disagree with the assumption that inhabitants of the streets are defrauding the system because it is easy. Who in their right minds would subject themselves to this form of survival if aid were available? Unable to get assistance, Joe is like many of the mentally ill who have fallen through the cracks. Let's face the truth: they are victims. The United States gives more relief abroad than to its own impoverished people.

Once he was somebody's baby, an innocent child, but not now. Now he is weary, dilapidated, and defeated, no longer innocent. He is harmless except for the uncomfortable emotions he evokes in dissimilar human beings. His actions reflect his unclear thinking, but he commits no crime. The tattered cardboard sign he holds reads, "Will work for food." Panhandling is his job; it is not an easy task. He uses this ploy for sympathy because he is an outcast of the system and forced to become street smart. He has become an entrepreneur



"Untitled"  
Photograph

Jennifer Sowby

of the streets. Numerous times I have heard people say that the indigent working the streets collect large sums of money, all tax-free. If we were to discuss tax increases to care for the homeless, mentally ill citizens, their tax-free income is a weak argument; the former is simply not true. In fact, many only work the streets long enough to get sufficient cash to get by for awhile. I understand why the public feels contempt for persons who give the appearance of being able to support themselves, but appearances should not be the basis for judgment. Have you ever been judged inappropriately from your outward appearance?

Often, several reasons explain why people do not care for themselves any other way. Contrary to popular public belief, assistance does not overflow for the homeless. For example, the Reagan Administration chose to let the private sector take over responsibility for providing low-cost housing, and federal support for low-cost housing subsidies fell by 60 percent. Statistics obtained from Homeless in America show that since 1980 the supply of low-income housing has decreased by a total of

about 2.5 million units. Getting a job ordinarily requires an address. Consequently, fewer job opportunities arise for the homeless. In addition, public social welfare programs are a Catch-22 because "unemployment insurance benefits are available to unemployed workers who have been active participants in the work force through a specified amount of recent work/earnings in a job that offers unemployment insurance." Their transient lives create another dilemma: being ineligible to receive unemployment benefits even though they have had gainful employment for periods at a time. Only an estimated one-third of the unemployed do receive these benefits. Consider also, few state programs for single adults contribute ample relief. Cash relief programs for unemployed, homeless, single-adults do not exist.

Additionally, because mental illness is difficult to diagnose, it is not recognized as a disability, such as blindness or paralysis, so people like Joe do not qualify for cash benefits.

The toughest question that requires addressing, before help can come, is whether these people are truly needy or are just eccentrics making unusual choices. I know Joe's story because he is my father. I remember a time when he was a vibrant, handsome man. He is educated and holds a Civil Engineering degree from Arizona State University. He married his college sweetheart and had three children. He is a veteran of the Korean War. He is also a manic depressive, diagnosed as "chronically mentally ill (CMI)," by several doctors at the Veterans Administration Medical Center. My father is seldom aware that the decisions he makes are more than just eccentric, but are a threat to his well-being. In an effort to keep him off the streets, my family and I have all taken him into our homes, but short of holding him prisoner we cannot force him to stay. Once my dad stayed with me for several weeks and seemed to be back from the lost; however, he left without warning. Two years passed before I heard from him again. He has the right to refuse help from his family or refuse treatment that might help his condition.



"October 31st Mill Avenue #1"  
Photograph

Brian Hance

Understandably, doctors hesitate to force treatment on CMI individuals because of the legal ramifications for violating their rights. A case in point, a chronic schizophrenic, Joyce Brown, was forcibly admitted to a Bellevue Hospital. She sued the city of New York for "infringing on her rights," and won. Whose best interest was considered when the government gave rights to the mentally ill? Does the shift in responsibility to the unprepared public serve the welfare of the CMI, or the government best? Now the CMI are abandoned to the mercy and compassion of society and forced into the madness of the streets rather than into an institution. Joe works when he is in his right mind, but because his condition is subject to change without warning he is regularly without work. Early in 1991, I bought him an old station wagon because he said he could get a job if he had a car. The day he got the car he drove off; I don't know where the car or my father is now. I want to help him, but my hands are tied unless I tie his; the government prohibits me from doing so.

Not all of the homeless want to be on the streets begging for help; some like Joe are homeless because adequate methods have not been devised to keep them off the streets. In *Homeless in America*, Ellen Bassuk, an associate professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, establishes a relevant point to consider: "There is

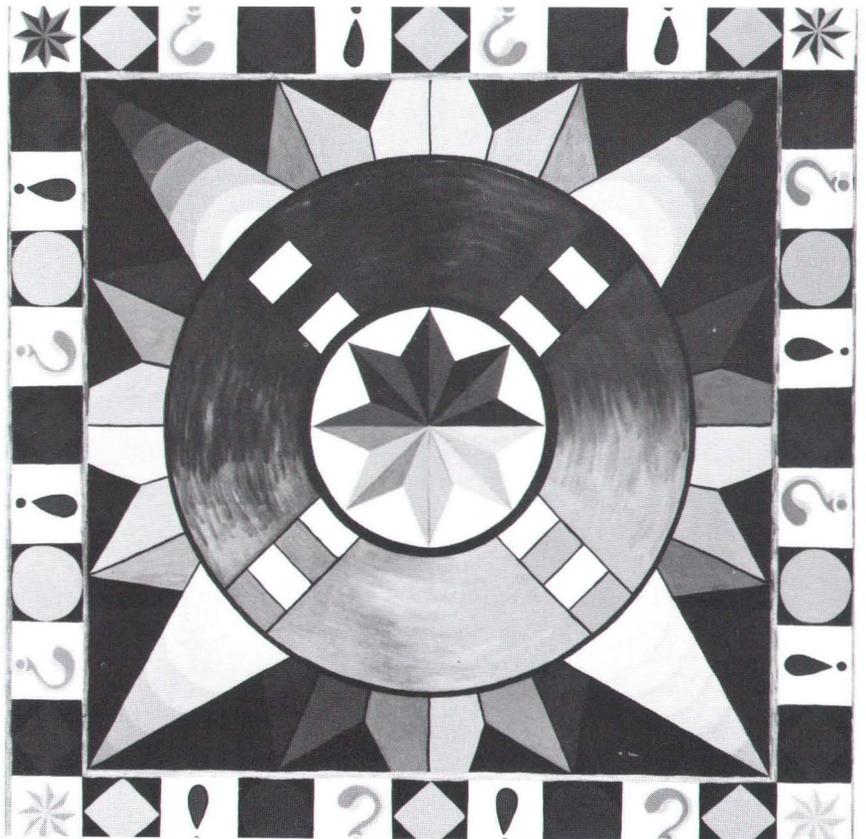
usually no single, simple reason for an individual's becoming homeless; rather homelessness is often the final stage in a lifelong series of crises and missed opportunities, the culmination of a gradual disengagement from supportive relationships and institutions." Ultimately, many CMI would probably make better choices if provided the resources to do so. Joe is too young to collect any Social Security benefits; he cannot be committed to an institution because he has the right to refuse treatment, and there are no programs to help.

What are an individual's reasons for living on the streets? Is there a child to provide for? Is it mental illness or are some merely shiftless bums? What crosses your mind when you see someone standing by a traffic light or a fast food restaurant? The question invariably crosses my mind, and quite often I remind myself that, "There go I but for the grace of God." If I could have one wish, my wish would be for others to foster compassion towards these human beings, to be a little street smart, too, and to consider that the street person is more than the appearance.

## *Confetti*

Janna Hancock

*Colorful pieces  
tumble slowly to the ground,  
wavering uneasily  
the entire trip down.  
Tossed carelessly  
a colorful blizzard  
fluttering....  
drifting....  
a brightly tinted fog.  
Each is unique  
but combined form one,  
together, a thick sheet  
of newborn mystic wonder.  
From above  
falls a shower of confetti  
begging for attention....  
a lasting impression....  
before the air is empty.*



"Parcheeze Anyone"  
Illustration

Cynthia Sandoval  
Special Award – Illustration

## *A LOVER*

Paula C. Prince

*Can I catch the light  
of the firefly?*



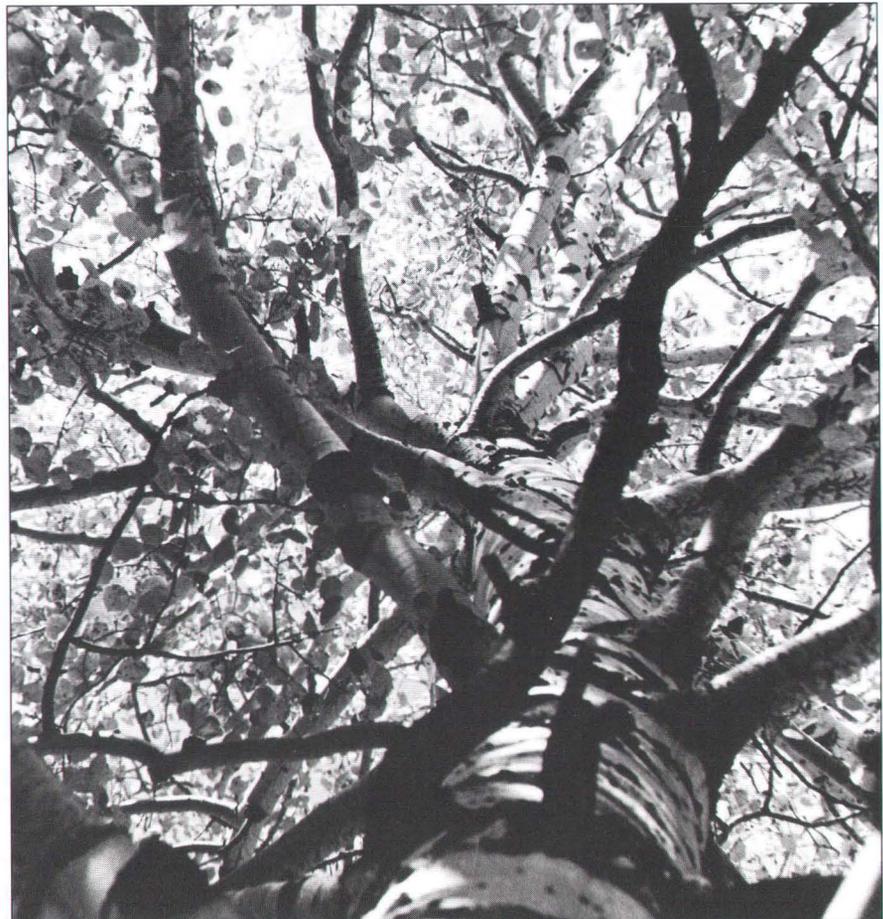
"Snowy Trees"  
Photograph

Phil Branson

## *No Satisfaction*

Paula C. Prince

*Screaming, fighting  
Confusion is at hand  
Dynamite is hard to aim*



"Twigs"  
Photograph

Dan Berggren

# "The Few, The Proud..."

Robert R. Waller

Third Place Essay

It's not just a job; it's an adventure." Everyone, it seems, agrees that "Joe" is a good soldier. A recipient of the 1992 Soldier-of-the-Year award, "Joe" has been highly praised for his superior service record. His performance during the

identify those traits, and by doing so, establish a litmus test for "good soldiers?"

"Joe" is patriotic. In an era of declining armed service enlistment, "Joe" decided to serve his country by enlisting in the United States Army. In a time of "instant gratification" where military service is frequently frowned upon, "Joe" shelved many dreams, put himself at considerable personal risk, and sacrificed much personal freedom in order to serve his country. Yes, a good soldier is patriotic.

"Joe" is brave. During the Persian Gulf War, "Joe" frequently found himself in great physical danger as he worked to advance the cause of freedom. With little or no concern for himself, "Joe" risked his own life to save the lives of others. Yes, a good soldier is brave.

"Joe" is loyal. As part of his 1992 Soldier of the Year award, "Joe" was recognized for his contributions toward maintaining troop morale during the Persian Gulf War. His team spirit and dedication to his country and his fellow soldiers are character traits any commanding officer would want in his soldiers. Yes, a good soldier is loyal.

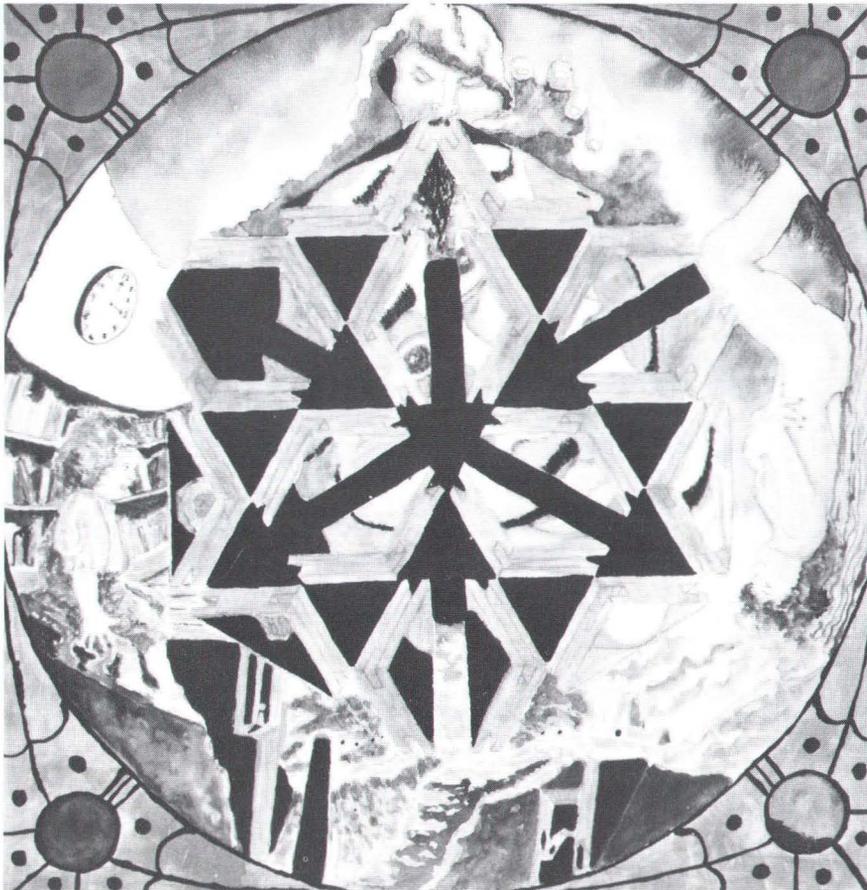
Everyone agrees that "Joe" is a good soldier.

Well, not exactly everyone.

You see, "Joe" is Army Sergeant Jose Zuniga, who is being discharged from the United States Army after openly admitting his sexual orientation. Sergeant Zuniga is gay.

"I cannot continue to serve my country if I must choose between honor and living a lie," Sergeant Zuniga said.

A good soldier, it seems, is also honorable.



"Dali's Way"  
Watercolor Illustration

Billy Atkins

Persian Gulf War—a tour of duty wherein "Joe" was personally responsible for saving numerous lives—has been cited by his superior officers as an example of exemplary military service. Yes, everyone agrees that "Joe" is a good soldier.

But, what is it about "Joe" that makes him a good soldier? What personality and character traits did "Joe's" superior officers see in him when they presented him with the Soldier-of-the-Year award? Can we

## *Circle of Love*

Louise Brawner

*Honorable Mention, Poetry*

*The angels touched down and placed a little girl in Jean's arms  
Jean named her Louise  
Jean loved her so  
when she was sick, Jean took care of her  
when she was hungry, Jean fed her  
when she was cold, Jean placed a blanket around her  
Jean taught her to walk  
Jean taught her to talk  
Jean taught her to read  
Jean taught her to write  
Jean taught her right from wrong  
Jean taught her to love  
and when it was time, Jean let her go  
for she loved her so  
married and with a child of her own  
Louise named him Richard  
Louise loved him so  
she held him and fed him  
she wanted to teach him everything she knew  
and wondered when it's time, would she be able to let him go  
Jean told Louise that because she loved him so  
she could  
then Jean had a stroke  
everything changed  
suddenly she was a little girl in a grandma's body  
Louise took care of her because she was sick  
Louise fed her when she was hungry  
Louise placed a blanket around her when she was cold  
Louise pushed her in a wheelchair  
Louise helped her learn to talk again  
Louise read to her  
Louise wrote for her  
and when the angels came down to guide Jean home  
Louise let her go  
for she loved her so.*

## *Pink and Iva*

Richard Duncan

Nearly twenty years ago.  
A long time between visits.  
The parents of my best friend.  
The house of my childhood summers.  
Hoping they are still alive,  
that they remember me,  
I knock on the wooden screen door.  
Pink and Iva are home and, indeed,  
remember me.  
An hour passes quickly.  
Talk of old times, and new gossip.  
Life's work nearly finished.  
Four boys grown and scattered over  
surrounding counties.  
Some with children of their own.  
Some successful, some not.  
All loved.  
This house once full of noise,  
slamming screen doors and  
shouting boys,  
quiet now, the tick of the antique clock  
echoes in the big kitchen.  
Time to go and, yes,  
it was good to see you too.

8

## *The Bedroll Man*

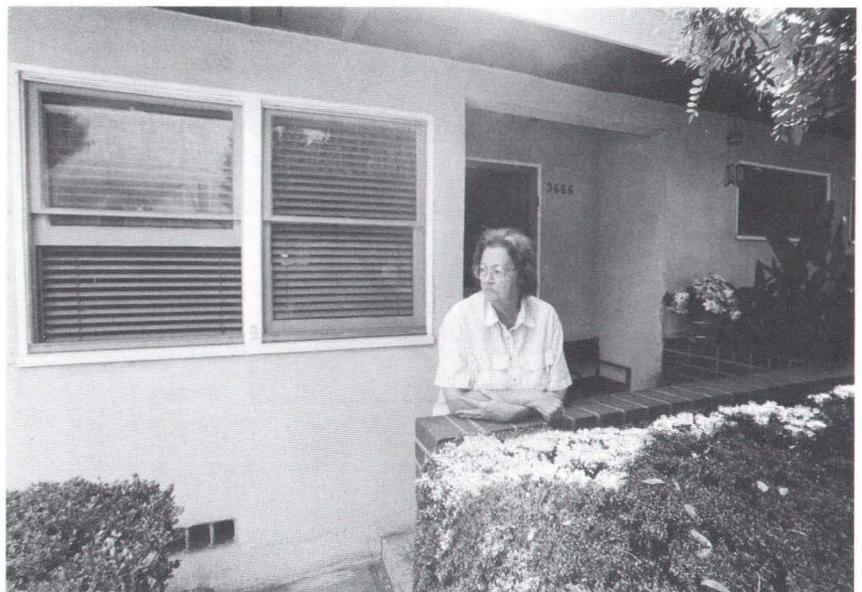
Thomas M. Harris

*Honorable Mention Poetry*

*Every day, he walks  
Past the shop  
Full of purpose.*

*Dusty man with blankets,  
Head down, he thinks.  
I think.*

*But every day,  
He walks.*



"Grandmother"  
Photograph

Alan T. Miller

## That Glove Was Part Of My Hand

Lon Raymond Jordan

*I found a part of me that I had lost.  
I found my old Rawlings baseball glove.  
It was the first glove that I had ever owned.*

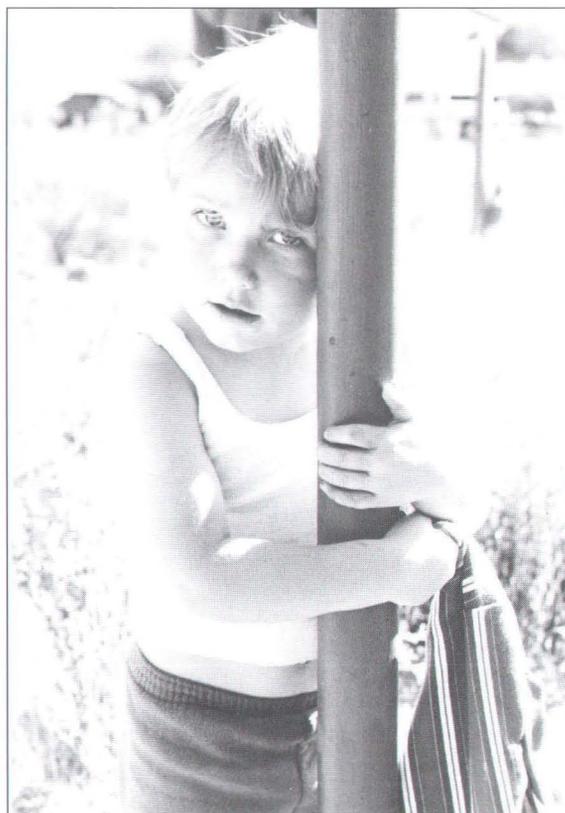
*I remember when dad brought it home.  
I was nine years old.  
I carefully rubbed every part of it with glove oil  
except for Willy Mays' signature.  
I thought he had actually autographed it.*

*I wore that glove every day for six years.  
I only took it off for winter.*

*That glove was part of my hand.  
You can still see my nine-year-old  
handprint on the inside.*

*Will my son be excited when he turns nine  
and I give him my old Rawlings baseball glove?*

*What will he feel when he puts on the glove and  
shakes hands with his Dad's nine-year-old handprint?*



"Untitled"  
Photograph

Maria Delgado



"Pea Field"  
Watercolor

Mary Lou Bott

## The Interview

Kim Eugene Essendrup

### Third Place Short Story

Miss Lynn Foster, a thirty-something psychologist smartly dressed in a designer suit and a tight hairdo, took a deep breath before standing up. She moved quickly around her glossy mahogany desk and past a leather couch on her way to the door. A second knock rapped the door. She swung the heavy door open to reveal a slightly overweight man of about forty. He stood just under five and a half feet tall in his farmer-style overalls, a dirty baseball cap pinching

his tousled hair. He jabbered at a tall stoic figure in a guard uniform whose stony chiseled features were aimed at Dr. Foster. Upon noticing her, the shorter man stopped speaking and looked up at her, his cherub face a caricature of bewilderment. "So, you must be Toby," the doctor greeted.

The inquiry was met with a wide, bashful grin.

"I'm Doctor Lynn." She smiled as she gestured to the couch in the corner. With a nod she relieved the armed escort. "How are you today, Toby?"

"Toby! T-O-B-Y!" He shouted as he dashed across the room and threw himself upon the seat.

Doctor Lynn made her way back to her desk beneath a wall stacked to the ceiling with leather bound books and parchment certificates. "You spell very well."

"Yepper! T-O-B-Y!" he grinned with pride. "Mrs. Brubaker taught me."

Doctor Lynn picked up her pen. "Toby, do you know why you are here?"

Toby bounced on the big couch. "Cuz Judge Mike said so. Do you have any Hershey's? I like Hershey's," he said, licking his lips.

"No, Toby. Maybe later. Judge Mike wants you to answer some questions first. Toby? Toby? Are you listening?" She peeked over her glasses, tapping her pen.

Toby looked up from his palms. "Uh?"

"Are you listening?" she enunciated.

"Yepper!" He grinned again. "I'm a good boy."

She started again. "How do you like living with Mr. and Mrs. Brubaker?"

"I like it," he replied, drawing to the edge of the sofa. "I have my own room, and I play Nintendo, and I get to feed the chickens, and I like to play with



"Summer Hat"  
Water Color

Jane Brown

T-bone. But T-bone is asleep now."

"Who's T-bone?"

"T-bone's a big doggie. You must read a lot," he said, gawking at the collection on the wall.

"You're smart. I'm not very smart. The kids on my street call me steupid retard and won't play." His lip started to sag.

"I'm sorry, Toby," she answered, writing on her pad. "Where is T-bone sleeping?"

"Mrs. Brubaker says with God."

Doctor Lynn put down her pen. "Why is he with God?"

"Wanna play marbles?" he asked, squinting as he reached deep into his pocket. "I got some nice ones for my birthday."

"Toby, why is T-bone with God?"

He looked up from a small, tattered bag stuffed with marbles. "Cuz he was real sick and Mr. and Mrs. Brubaker gave him medicines, but he got sicker. Mrs. Brubaker said he was suffering, so, um, Mr. Brubaker was gonna put him to sleep to be with God."

She closed her mouth. "What happened then, Toby?"

"Mr. Brubaker told me to stay inside and not to watch, but I peeked," he said, squeezing his face and pulling his knees up close. "I'm sorry. Please don't whip me."

"What did you see?"

"You're not mad?" he ventured.

Doctor Lynn looked up. "No, Toby, I'm not mad. Now, what did you see?"

"Well, Mr. Brubaker got his deer-hunting rifle and took T-bone out behind the shed and put him to sleep."

Doctor Lynn closed her eyes for a long moment. "Oh, Lord," she whispered. She scribbled something more, then consulted a stack of notes. With a deep breathe, she

started again. "Toby, you work at the hospital. Is that right?"

His back straightened, and his eyes lit up. "Yepper! I'm in charge of mopping. I mop the whole third floor."

"Do you remember when Mr. Brubaker went into the hospital?"

"Yeah. He got liv-er-can-cer," he said carefully. "So Mrs. Brubaker and me took him to the hospital for kimono-therapy."

"Did you visit him often, Toby?"

"Yepper!" he bounced the couch. "Every day I watched the big TV with him when I mopped his room."

"That went on for about a month?"

"Guess so. Where's Mrs. Brubaker? Do you want to play

marbles now?" He flopped to his knees and spilled out his marbles beside her desk.

"Just a moment, Toby. What happened to Mr. Brubaker in the hospital?" One at a time, he began to line up the marbles along the top of her blotter. "No, Toby, I do not wish to play marbles right now. Please put them away." Toby looked up, a little hurt. Lynn softened. "Can you tell me what happened to Mr. Brubaker?"

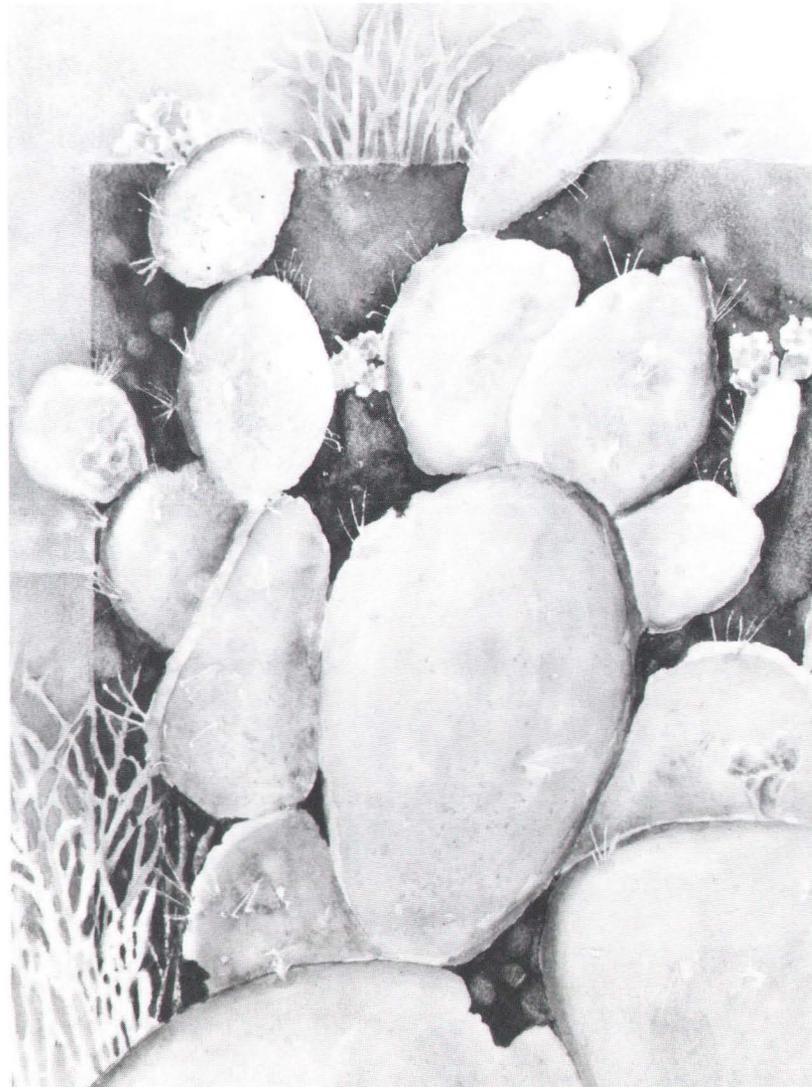
"He started to get real sick. They gave him lots of medicines, but he got sicker."

"What did you do, Toby?"

Toby started to collect his marbles.

"Toby, what did you do?"

"I put him to sleep."



"Cactus"  
Watercolor

Mary Bean

# Chess Match

Bruce C. Campbell

Second Place Short Story

**O**n a table of gold lies a chessboard of silver. The squares of the chess board are black and white onyx. This table separates two beings who are seated upon white marble benches. Dressed in loose robes, one in white, the other in black, both beings are virtually identical, and both could pass for either man or woman. They have traditionally been referred to as male, with some exceptions.

The being in white is carefully studying the board, his pieces, the color of his robes. The other appears bored and stares out to the vast, black void surrounding them. After a time, the being in white announces, "Bishop takes pawn. Check."

A smile lights up the dirty face of a young man. The dancing shadows of torches distort his face, but no one is left in the room to see it. Stretched out on a wooden table is a corpse, marred and bloody, an expression of horror forever upon its face. Three years ago, the young man took up the clerical robes and quickly rose through the ranks to become one of the church's most effective inquisitors. The corpse is his latest convert that will likely convince the rest of the small town to his church's way of thinking.

Stepping outside to breathe air untainted by smells of burning flesh, urine, and fear, the young man looks to the north where a great castle sits, housing the king of this land. A quick, rare smile comes to his lips as he anticipates the rewards that will be his when he converts the king.

The game progresses for centuries. Stifling a yawn, the being in black stares at the board, trying to figure out what his opponent is up to. He knows that he must block the check, but he doesn't want to let his opponent convert a pawn; it might ruin the game. Though he knows

that only one possible move will save him, he continues to study the board on the off chance that he missed something. Finally, he sighs and makes his move, "Knight to kings two."

The young man's promising career is shattered. Lying on dirty straw inside a dungeon cell, he takes his final gasps of air and swears a curse against his god. The town had indeed been supportive, once their leader had been converted. When he moved on to the next town, however, the king's knights had come and thwarted his every move. He had attempted a friendly conversion of one of the knights and was promptly thrown into this filthy, stinking cell on charges of treason. As his lungs attempt one last gurgling breath, a heathen priest walks into his cell and gives him the final rites.

Far to the south, another monarch frets. A sizable percentage of his people have revolted and are claiming a large area of his lands. The lands are not particularly important. The farming is poor, and the area is constantly under threat from another nation. Nonetheless, it is his, and he wants it. But already several small strongholds have been erected, and his spies have reported a castle being built at a strategic spot. Waving his advisors away, he walks alone to the small chapel near the throne room to pray for guidance. Emerging some hours later, he summons messengers to begin peace talks with the new sovereign nation.

As was predicted, the pawn is converted next. A white queen now sits directly in the middle of his territory, and the white's master smugly awaits the next move. The bishop still threatens the black king if the knight is moved. Standing and pacing, the master of the black pieces carefully studies the board, looking for some possible weakness to exploit. Anticipating victory, the white robed being smiles and waits.

The messengers return to the monarch with bad tidings, for which one loses his life in accordance with

tradition. The new kingdom is not interested in a friendly alliance. During the revolution, the rebel leader was killed and his wife now runs the tiny nation. The new queen has made pacts with his threatening neighbor and as a result, she is now a powerful force.

Armies build up along the borders, and the atmosphere is tense. Elsewhere in the world, hostilities grow but do not blossom into war. A tense peace settles on the world. As the years pass, kings and rulers die and are replaced with ones that foster even more peace. A renaissance occurs, and the world prospers from the art and technology that results. The game plays on. On one fateful night, a newly crowned monarch makes a bold move, and the world is plunged into chaos as men kill one another for trivial, half forgotten reasons.

It is an unpredictable move. The being controlling the black pieces completely ignores the queen and takes the offensive. Starting with an open rook, a white pawn goes down, setting the rook up for greater damage in one more move. A knight falls next, and the being in white is forced to go on the defensive. Both of the beings study the other's moves with a growing intensity. The game is drawing to a conclusion, and the victor is in doubt. The black side makes many sacrifices but takes more than is lost. With the first smile in decades, the figure in black sees a series of moves that might just win the game.

The situation is desperate. Most of the technology from the renaissance has been converted to the arts of war. The world situation settles into a tense peace, but no one is willing to forget the wrongs that had been done. One group of people in particular refuses to forget how close they had come to extinction. In the previous wars they had forged for themselves a nation where they could live together. Most importantly, it was a place where they could protect each other

should another genocide be attempted.

Two great nations watch each other carefully. They pretend friendship, but everyone knows better as armaments are built and hoarded. Small wars erupt in the smaller nations, nothing large enough yet to break the world peace.

A flurry of small offensive strikes against the black pawns causes the being in black some worry. The plan depends upon having at least one or two pawns left just before the end. The white side has converted another pawn to a knight, but has only two other major pieces left: a rook and a bishop. Down to just a queen, a rook, and two knights, one of which still protects the king from the white bishop, the black side has a decisive position advantage. The black pieces begin a new series of offensive maneuvers.

War technology still flourishes in the tense peace that prevails over world politics. However, the peaceful arts are making a comeback. One day, in the middle of the desert, the peace is shattered. One country invades another and calls upon its allies to help. The world is dragged into war. Men and women from all around the world die for an imaginary line drawn in the sand. When it finally ends, the world is not ready to easily slip back into a peaceful way of life. With countries just looking for an excuse to start another conflict, it is more a hiatus in the hostilities and no one believes it will last long.

The political situation is hardly recognizable from even a decade ago. The recently formed desert nation has taken a large portion of the world for itself. Two large countries have merged and become one. Many small nations, knowing that they can't survive alone, form a major alliance. A few small countries try to stay separate from it all,

but the larger nations are eyeing them greedily.

Only four pawns, two knights, and the kings remain on the board. Of those, the majority belong to the black side. Moving the black knight into position, the being in black waits while the white robed being attempts some small, token defense. The game is virtually over, but it has to be played until the last move. The white side's knight rallies and takes another pawn, but it is useless. A black pawn converts to a queen. Several moves and counter-moves occur. With a delicate, graceful flick of the wrist, the black knight is carefully placed upon the final square, "Check and mate."

When the weapon was first created, everybody said it would be the end of the world. They were right, and



"Corrosion"  
Sculpture

Niels MacLellan  
Honorable Mention  
3-Dimensional Design

despite the best efforts of many people, the end could not be stopped. An independent island nation was swallowed by one of the large alliances for its strategic importance. Treaties and talks were held when suddenly, one of the few remaining independent countries announced they had the weapon. Spies from almost every country and alliance quickly confirmed the report. Other countries with the weapon postured and threatened but were reluctant to

use it. Finally, the desert nation attempted to neutralize the threat by force.

A young boy sits on the stoop of his apartment building, playing with a little metal car and smearing dirt everywhere. He looks up suddenly as an air raid siren wails in the distance. Fascinated, he watches adults scream and run about panicked on the streets, but he is young, too young to remember when his nation was created, forged out of fear of elimination of all his kind. He is far too young to remember when the men of his country eliminated their neighbors in fierce, short wars and made their lands his. He is too young to realize that the air raid is not just another drill and that the screams of the adults are real this time. He smears more dirt on his arms as a huge fireball erupts in the distance, from the direction of a military airfield. All that remains of the boy seconds later is his shadow on the wall and his favorite toy car.

"I underestimated you," the being in white said.

"No, I merely learned from our last game."

Putting all the white pieces he had captured away in a box, the being in black reaches for the white king. Staring at the piece's life-like detail, he looks to his white robed opponent and says, "Another game?"

"Very well, another game then. However, since you won this time, you play white."

A squat, dark shape stands on the crest of a mountain. He is rather ugly and carries a hefty branch that he uses as a club. His progeny is sure to create something better, but for now the Earth is young again. As he stands, staring in awe of the setting sun, he sees figures walking toward his mountain. Not recognizing them, he lets out an explosive grunt and smashes his club on a large stone. Several of his tribe hear and come running, taking a defensive posture against the invaders.



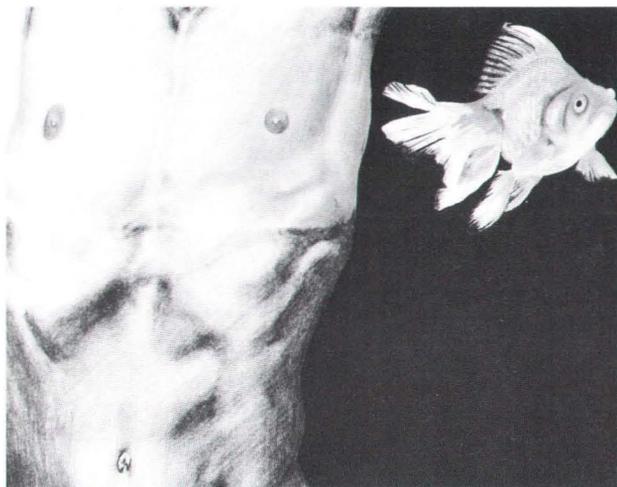
"Surfer"  
Watercolor

Mary Lou Bott  
Third Place Fine Art



"A Reflection of Eve"  
Charcoal Drawing

Melvin Lambert



"Impression"  
Color Pencil Illustration

Sean Cervantes

## *Urn of Innocence*

Kim Eugene Essendrup

*Second Place Poetry*

*From the stygian wooded depths,  
our halo of fire glowed.  
The rhythm of our vespers' whisper rose  
above the cricket growl and pond frog*

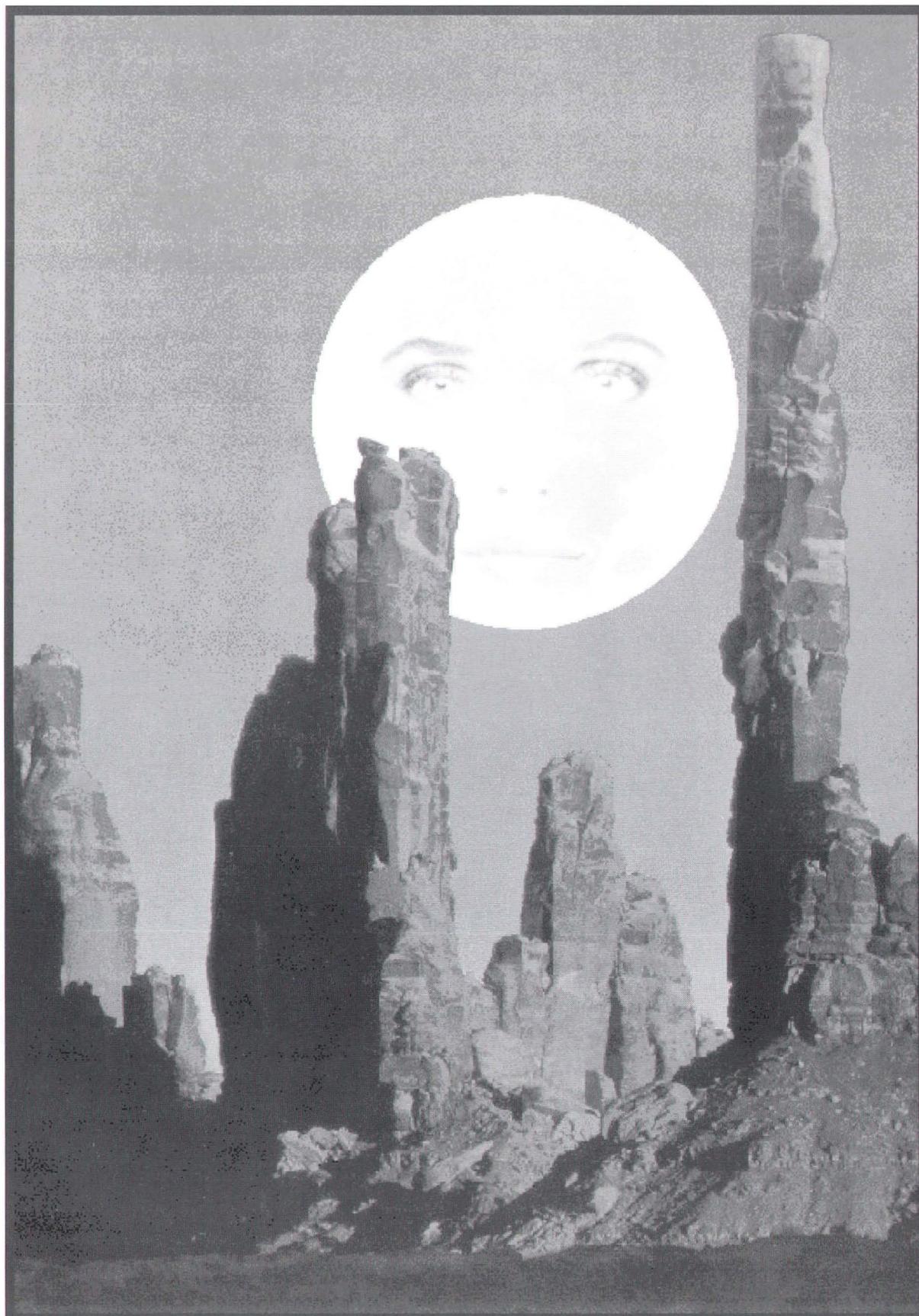
*The pitch of night concealed our rites,  
an invitation from our spirit hosts.*

*Campfire's light danced the cadence  
of wonder and awe upon our faces,  
Devouring aboriginal tales  
of ages past, of deeds long done,  
of Indian lore, of heroes now past.  
A tribe of scouts feasting, still hungry  
awaiting each bite, eager for more  
the novelty of time-worn stories.*

*Staring into scarlet coals, I met an echo,  
the ghost of a boy, an echo of me,  
becoming a man before my eyes.*

*Into my ear, he spoke one word,  
the price for this word:  
it must be passed on.  
The laughing smoke singed my eyes,  
burning the vision upon my soul.*

*The campfire rejoiced, leaping and shouting  
burning high with our childhood:  
Urn of innocence, cauldron of youth.  
Over the summers, around the flame  
we laughed, we joked,  
we grew up.  
We danced the dance of our forefathers.*



"Woman In Moon"  
Computer Art

Mike Hastings  
First Place Computer Art



"Untitled"  
Photograph

Jerald Munk  
First Place Photography

## *Della Notte*

Robert R. Waller

### *First Place Poetry*

*He drives.  
Nervously he prowls  
the alleys and boulevards of the sleeping city—  
Dying streets named for long-dead presidents.  
Quietly he searches for the fleeting satisfaction  
of anonymous, purchased passion.  
His frantic glances are met with the desperate come-on stares  
and immodest proposals of the women della notte.*

*He drives.  
His rear-view mirror rides shotgun—  
Victimless crime? Perhaps.  
But crime none-the-less.  
Slowly he drives past boarded storefronts,  
    soap-blurred windows,  
    territorial markings,  
    all-night laundries,  
    seedy pawn shops.  
Dim memories of what once was—  
A city of life, dreams, hope.  
Forgotten men gather  
in the parking lot of a late-night liquor store.  
Quietly they share the external warmth of forbidden fire,  
The internal warmth of fortified wine.  
Piss and vinegar hang in the early morning wind.*

*He drives.  
He first notices her emotionless amber-green eyes  
Reflecting, unblinking, knowing eyes,  
not unlike those of a cat.  
He maneuvers his car to the curb.  
Moving with fluid grace,  
she steps out of the coal-black shadows.  
Saying nothing, she steps over the refuse  
which fills the gutter—  
And slides seductively into the familiar danger.  
The heavy air is filled with sweet perfume,  
electric anticipation, and musky sweat.*

*Partners in illicit commerce—  
Together they drive.*

# Complete Perfection

Kathleen Brawn

First Place Short Story

My life had almost been perfect. I owned a Porsche, a convertible, and a motor home. I lived in a mansion during the week and a town-house on weekends. A cat, a dog, and several horses all called me master. My high IQ enabled me to perform different jobs ranging from nurse, to doctor, to scientist. Physically, I had a figure that just wouldn't quit: tiny waist, long legs, large breasts. By all of society's standards, I should have been happy; instead, I was truly miserable.

I hated my boyfriend, Ken, who was dumb as a doorknob. I hated that everything I owned had a big letter B on it. I hated the tiny high heels I was forced to wear, and most of all, I hated Jessica, the little girl who controlled me. Jessica, fondly known as Beezlebub's daughter, was a spoiled, cruel nine-year-old.

At least once a day someone would get murdered acting out one of her stories. Poor Bubble Haired Barbie lost her head when it was chopped off playing Marie Antoinette. Skipper died less painfully by drowning when Jessica failed to empty her bath water. Even Roughneck Ken, macho name and all, was not immune to Jessica's wrath. He died valiantly hanging from the rafters of my town-house in a supposed suicide.

I wasn't as afraid as the others. After all, I was more mature and expensive. Granted, my legs didn't bend like Bend-Me-Shape-Me Barbie, but being of old stock, I was solid and sturdy, a rare collectible. Jessica's mother made sure I was gently laid to rest in my canopy each night, insisting to Jessica that if anything happened to me, she would refuse to buy her another Barbie Doll.

Because of this, Jessica changed tactics, making my life an emotional living hell. Every day she would dress me in a seductive dress, tiny matching high heels and couple me

with French Kissing Ken, the geek of all Kens. He'd been with me for several months now, mauling and pawing my body, never once mentioning marriage. I knew it wasn't his fault, but the smirk on his face told me he liked it.

One night as Jessica slept, the rage I'd been feeling was finally unleashed. I climbed off my bed and frantically ran about collecting one of every shoe I could find. Hiding them in the overstuffed toy chest, I knew it would be weeks before she could find a matching pair to torture my feet.

Next, I sought out Wedding Day Alan, my best friend's husband. I knew it was wrong to want him. I knew Midge would never forgive me, but I was in pain and vulnerable, so I seduced him. Later, as I left his room, I was sickened by what I had done. Jessica was the one who reduced me to this. I just wanted to be loved for who I was, not for what I looked like.

Then I saw it, the end to all my troubles and a sure way to stop Jessica from ever torturing another soul again. Tomorrow would tell the tale, I reassured myself.

The next morning we were all awakened by the scream of Jessica's mother. "Jessie, how could you! Look at what you've done."

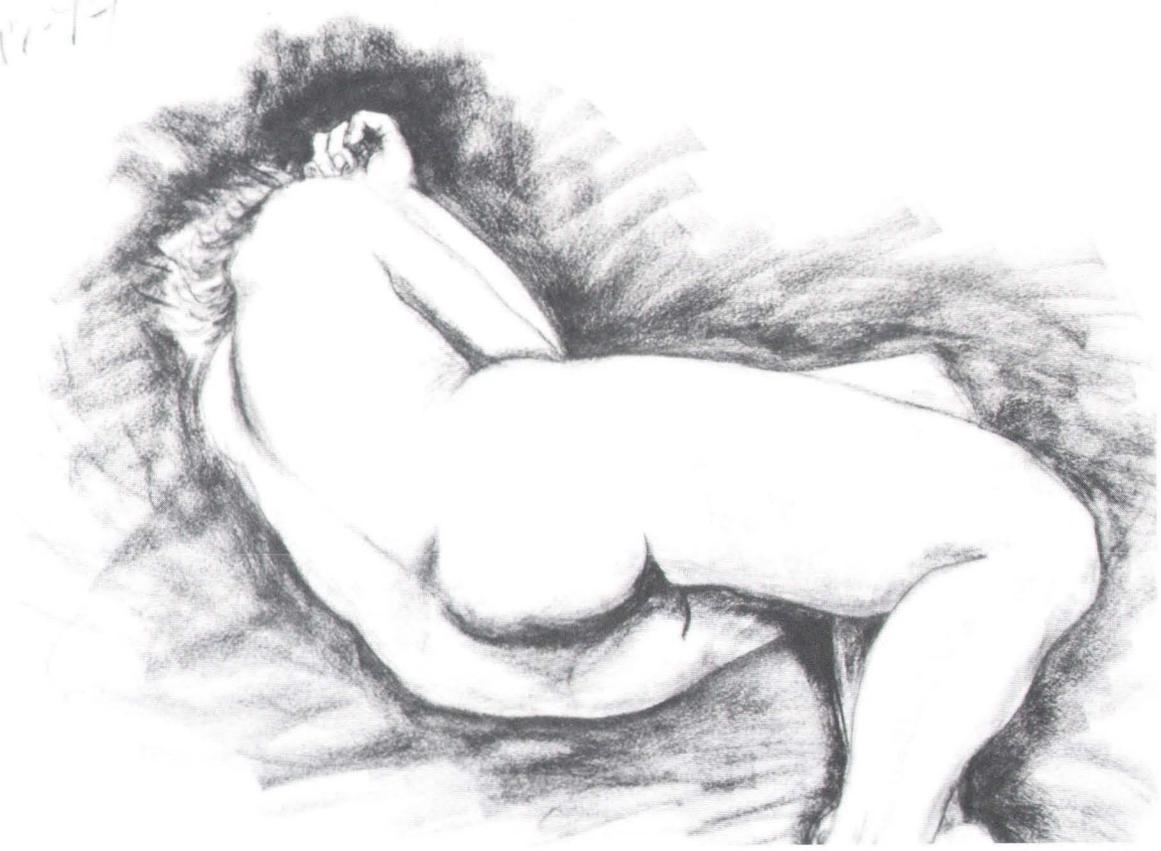
Jessica innocently wiped the sleep from her eyes and replied, "I don't know what you're talking about mother."

"Don't lie to me, little girl," Jessica's mother chastised. "Her hair, Barbie's hair, you cut it!" she shrieked.

Lying next to me in a pile, was my beautiful, blond hair and Jessica's little metal scissors.

"Who would want a bald Barbie, Jessie? Huh? Answer me!" Before Jessica could respond, her mother continued, "No one, that's who. Now this doll isn't worth anything!"

2-11-92



"Untitled"  
Charcoal Drawing

Jeannette Wolf  
First Place Fine Art

Bursting into tears, Jessica sobbed, "I didn't do it. Honestly, I didn't do it!"

Jessica's mother scooped me up and shook me in Jessie's face as she yelled, "Do you expect me to believe that this doll snuck around your room last night, found your scissors, and in a fit of rage, cut her own hair?" Answering her own question, she added, "I don't think so!" As she bent to pick up the mess, she didn't notice the tiny, plastic hand print on the handle of the scissors.

Stomping out of the room, with me clutched in her hand, she ordered, "Stay here Jessica, you're grounded!"

The next few days were a blur as I was ruthlessly thrown into a dumpster, then retrieved by a shabbily dressed man. The man tried to

bathe me with a dirty handkerchief using the water from someone's garden hose, but some of the trash smell still lingered. The satin dress I wore hung limp and wrinkled, but the man smiled at me as though I were a special treasure. Tying a ribbon around my waist, he gently placed me in his pocket. Listening to his sure footsteps, I knew we were headed toward a certain destination.

It was dark in his pocket, but my spirits were uplifted with thoughts of a new life. I heard a car door open and shut, and suddenly I was thrust into the light. A little girl stared open mouthed, with a look of pure joy upon her face. "It's not much Laura, but happy birthday sweetheart," the man stammered.

"This is the best present I ever got, Daddy!" Laura cried as she

smothered his face with kisses. I looked around at the inside of the old beat up car and noticed the scarce possessions neatly stacked inside. Laura hugged me tightly to her chest. She didn't notice my bald head or dirty clothes; all she saw was me. "She's so beautiful Daddy, just like I dreamed!" Laura whispered in awe. Feeling loved for the first time in my existence, I knew I had finally come home.

As we drove away to places unknown, Laura's dad said, "Honey, for Christmas I'll find you an Alan doll. This Barbie looks like she needs a real man." Laura sat with her seat belt around both of us, grinning, and for once, I actually felt the smile on my face reach my eyes.

# You Never Know Where You'll Find a Hero

Jeffery Bachman

First Place Essay

At three years old, Sam did not speak; he would not play with his toys. Most importantly, he seemed to live in a world of his own. Sam is my only son and my oldest child. My wife and I had taken him to several auditory, developmental, and speech specialists. These doctors diagnosed some general problems but could not fathom the underlying cause for my little boy's behavior. Finally, I arranged an appointment with Dr. Kaplan at Phoenix Children's Hospital. Dr. Kaplan is a world renowned child psychiatrist and pediatric neurologist; we waited six months for an appointment. Little did I know that this appointment, his diagnosis, and the rest of that day, would impact all of our lives.

Sammy's appointment was at nine in the morning, just a month before his third birthday. It was a drizzly, cloudy morning typical of Arizona in early February. As we drove to the hospital, I kept thinking of how bad things always seemed to happen on rainy days. Next to me, my wife chattered away about nothing, as she always does when she is nervous. When we finally arrived at the hospital, we were rushed into a room that seemed more like a family room than a doctor's office. I noticed a large window of two-way glass. We were now officially under observation, specimens in a fish bowl. After about

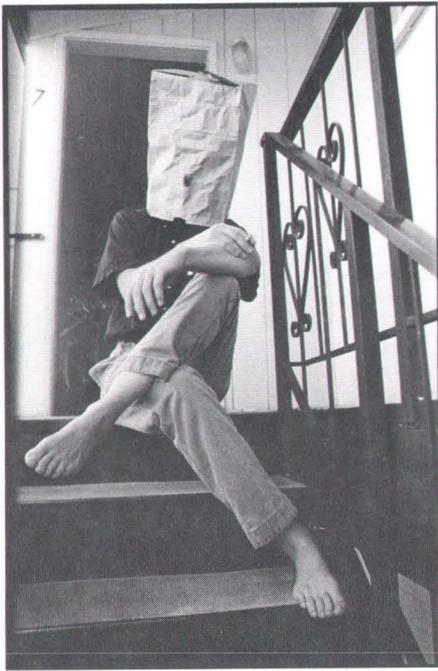
five minutes, Dr. Kaplan walked into the room.

He clinically examined Sam, muttering cryptic comments to his entourage of medical students. In two minutes he was able to diagnose Sammy. He asked Sam to come over to him; Sam slowly teetered across the room and stopped two feet from the doctor, not allowing the doctor to invade his space. Sam had flunked the final test. The doctor then looked over to where we were sitting. He seemed larger than life. His gray, balding head, impressive stature, and deep blue eyes somehow gave me the confidence to handle his next words. With great coolness he said, "Mr. and Mrs. Bachman, Sammy is autistic. There are things we can do to help, but autism is a severe, lifelong disability. Autism occurs in four of every ten thousand births. Maybe, someday, there will be a cure." The rest of the appointment was a blur.

The rest of the day helped put things in order. After being home a few restless hours, I decided to go into the office and try to get some work done. When I got to the office, the only person there was Chuck. I had known Chuck since I was a child. He was an old Chicago fireman, crusty and crass. He had always intimidated me. Out of my grief, I told Chuck what the doctor had said. I broke down. No man had ever seen me

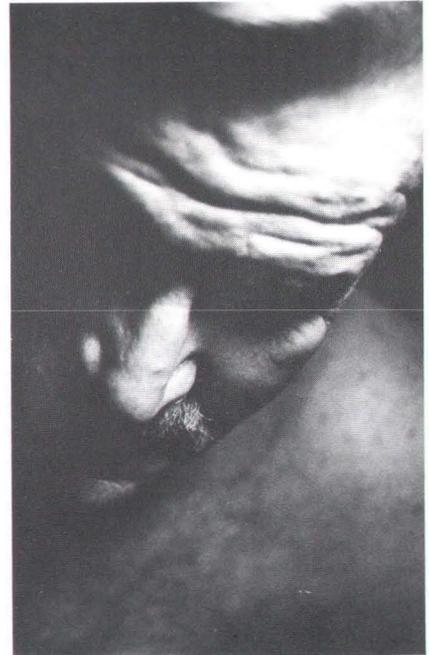
cry. Chuck listened for a long time and then said something that changed my life. He told me to remember that it was Sammy that this had happened to, not me. I had been given a gift of a child who would always be thrilled with eating an ice cream cone and holding his daddy's hand.

From that day on, our lives have never been the same. The appointment, the diagnosis, and Chuck's words changed who I was and who I wanted to become. Up to that time, all I cared about was making money and having fun. I wasn't a very good father or husband. After that day, I found the strength hidden inside. My wife and I worked together on building our marriage. I became an activist for the rights of children with disabilities; I am now back in school to get my special education certificate. I often think of the lyrics from *Wind Beneath My Wings*: "People say that I'm a hero, but you're the wind beneath my wings." Sam is now seven, can speak a little, goes to school, and shows talent for math. He and I eat an awful lot of ice cream cones. Sam is my hero and the wind beneath my wings.



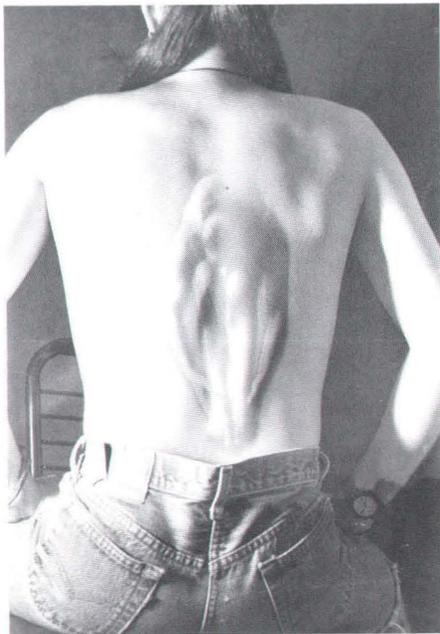
"Fruitcake"  
Photograph

Alan T. Miller  
Second Place Photography



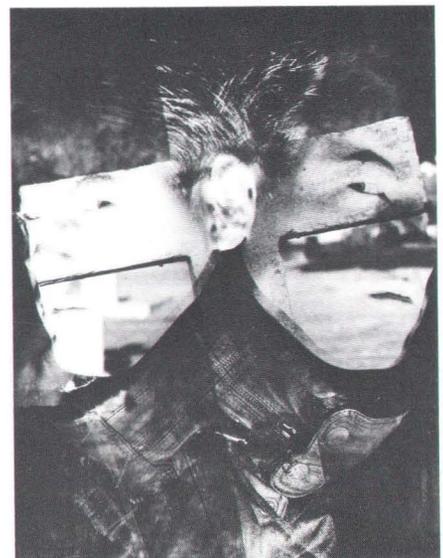
"Mind Games"  
Photograph

Donald C. Galloway, Jr.  
Third Place Photography



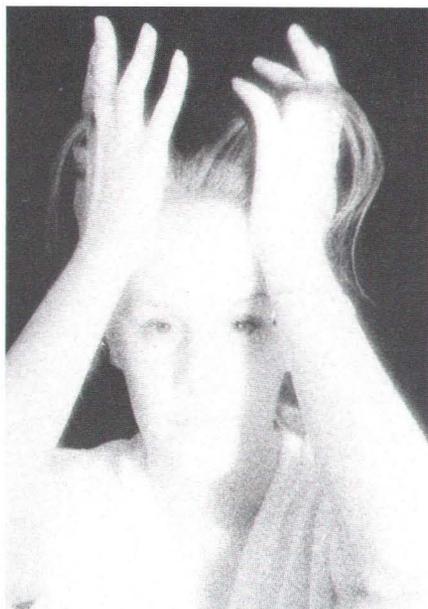
"Tattoo"  
Photography

Kelly Clement



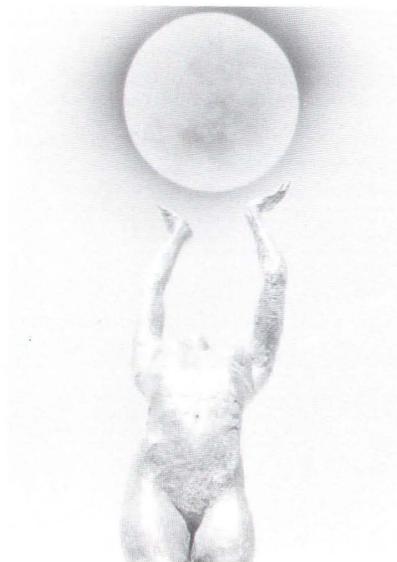
"Untitled"  
Photograph

Jerald Munk



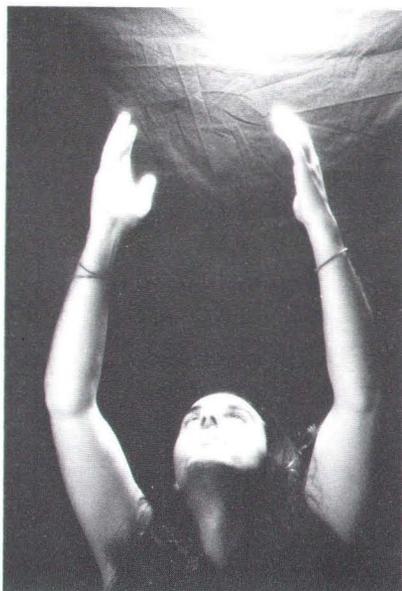
"Fading"  
Photograph

Kelly Clement



"Touch the Moon"  
Photograph

Paul E.  
Dameron



"Divinity"  
Photograph

Kelly Clement

## The Gift

Kathy M. Studer

### Honorable Mention

Charles, known as Tiny, sat and pondered the list. It consisted of the names of his three children, their spouses, and seven grandchildren. Thirteen. Thirteen gifts he had to buy, and this wasn't even counting friends. His head drooped, and the list drifted from his hands onto the table.

"Oh, Sarah, I miss you," he whispered to himself. "Why did you have to die?"

He remembered her flushed cheeks as she came in after a day-long shopping spree. It never wore her out as it did him. On the contrary, she had always appeared rejuvenated at the bargains she had discovered and was full of joy from choosing that "perfect" Christmas gift for each special person in their lives.

Unconsciously, he rubbed the bald spot on his head as he retrieved the list. Tiny knew nothing of sizes and fashions and what toys were in or out this year. The thought of the Christmas crowds battling for a parking space, masses pushing to get to the sales displays first, and the unending check-out lines made him shiver in disgust.

As a sigh escaped Tiny's mouth, his eyes fell on the bowl of fruit sitting in the center of the kitchen table. He reached over, selected, and slowly started to peel an orange. Juice squirted onto his face, and the sharp, clear, citrus smell teased his nostrils. Time stood still for a second, as a long hidden memory flashed clearly across his brain and a

quick searing pain stabbed at his heart.

Tiny was back in the two-room "house" of his youth. The wind whistled and howled around the corners and through the walls. Old newspapers, preciously scavenged, did their best to block out the wind that fought and searched with its icy fingers to get in through the cracks. Frost had overtaken the only window in the room, its beautiful but deadly design covering three-fourths of the pane.

In a corner, a pine branch, begged from the man at the tree stall, stood precariously in a tin can filled with rocks. Stolen tinsel shimmered among its needles as his older brother, Bill, struck a match to light the fire in the coal stove.

"Now, listen, when dad stumbles in tonight, pretend to be asleep if you're still awake. We don't want to make him mad tonight," Bill directed Tiny and their younger sister, Alice.

Some warmth actually began to radiate toward them as they huddled together next to the stove.

"We're lucky tonight. We've actually got a fire. You know, Alice, why don't you hang your stocking on the door? I don't think Santa can come down our chimney while we're using the stove," Bill said.

Bill pulled a chair over to the door so Alice could hang up her stocking on the hook usually reserved for their father's coat.

Alice climbed up, hung her stocking and Bill's sock on the hook.

Tiny watched and thought. If he hung his stocking on the outside of the door, well then, surely Santa would see his first!

The next morning Tiny jumped out of bed heedless of his bare feet on the cold wooden floor and raced to the door. He breathlessly flung it open and stared in horror as he beheld his empty frozen sock. What had happened? He had been a good boy all year. Why, he had even, oh so carefully and all by himself, mended the toe of his best sock before he hung it up last night.

His body tensed; he gulped and blinked rapidly as he struggled to hide his shame and pain. He watched Alice take down her stocking and empty it. A single orange rolled out. Alice grabbed her orange, cradled it, smelled it.

"I've been a good girl all year."

"Hey, Tiny, I'll share mine with you," Bill offered.

"Oh, you don't hafta. It's just an orange," Tiny replied as he shrugged his shoulders. He quickly pulled on his shoes, grabbed his jacket, and glanced at their Christmas branch, still hoping...hoping...no. Just like last year, no other presents. Tiny escaped to the snow-covered world outside.

The whistling of the kettle wrenched Tiny back into his own kitchen. He arose, shuffled over to the stove, and poured the water for his instant coffee.

As he attempted to stir the brown mass into something drinkable, images of past

Christmases with Sarah and their children flickered through his thoughts. Piles of discarded paper and ribbons competed for space with toys carelessly flung on the floor. Box after box piled upon chairs, tables, and the sofa. No room to sit, no room to walk. And afterwards, the children whining that their new toy was broken or no one would share. Some years the boxes were more entertaining and fun than the toys.

Tiny lifted his head, and his shoulders no longer drooped as he decided what the perfect gift for everyone would be this year. With a spring in his step, Tiny marched forward to accomplish his Christmas shopping.

Christmas morning Tiny watched as his family opened their gifts from him. He had asked them to save his for last. Excited murmurings could be heard.

"What can it be?" "I wonder what Grandpa got me this year?" It's too heavy for money." Ribbons were torn off, and the room rustled with the sound of paper as the brightly festooned packages were ripped open.

The room became hushed as the last one opened her gift. Puzzled expressions appeared on the adult faces, and the children struggled to appear grateful as they beheld their oranges.

In the quiet room, a young voice clearly rang out, "Is this all there is, Grandpa? Is this all I get?"

*Hunt of the Gecko*

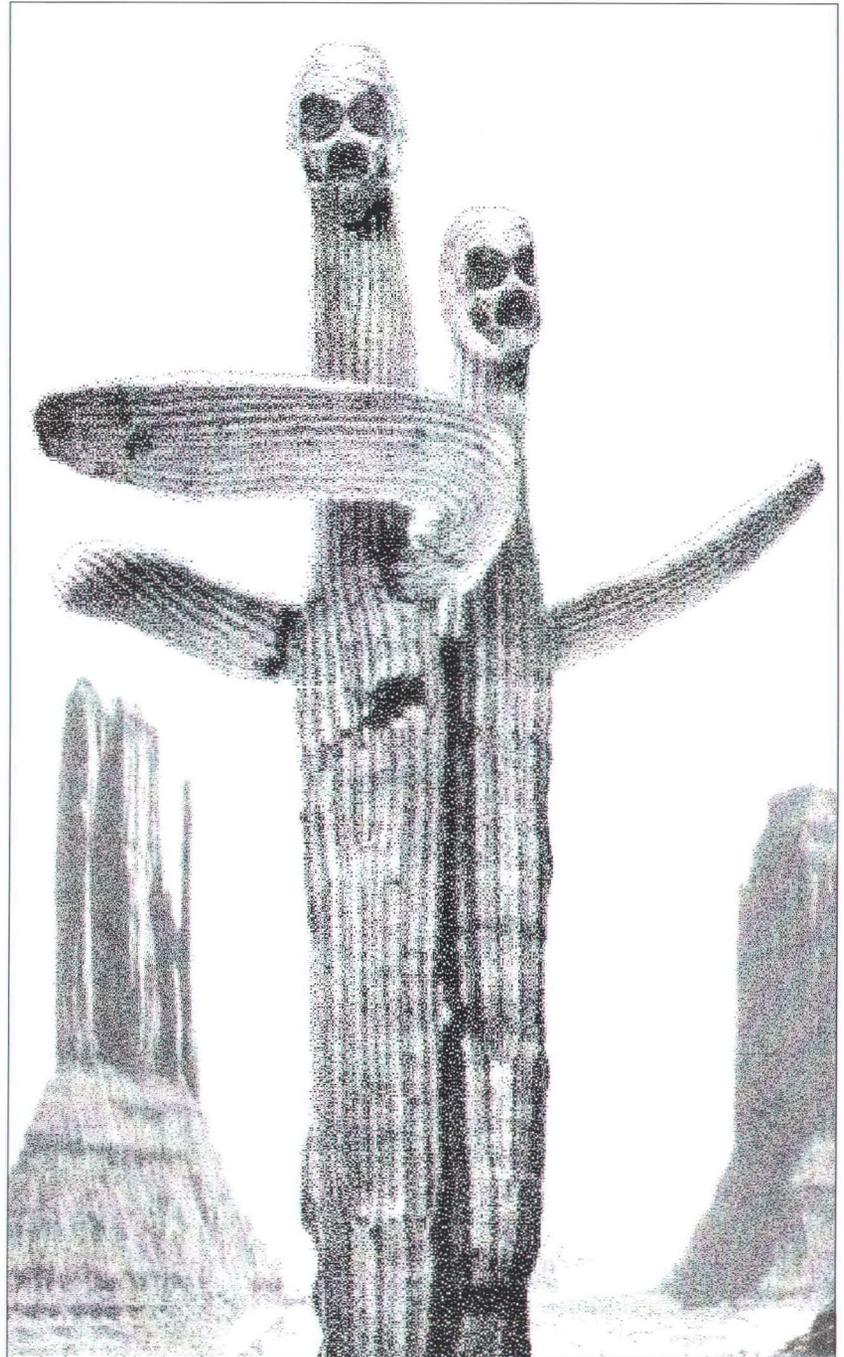
Thomas M. Harris

*Honorable Mention Poetry*

*Tiny, pied lizard  
Tail of glass, bulging black eyes  
Great insect hunter*

*Waxy green, sharp smell  
Drying in desert windstorm  
Quivers in the heat*

*It crept on gray bark  
Patient past imagining  
Slow, then quick, it ate*



"Untitled"  
Computer Art

Mike Hastings  
Second Place -Computer Art



## *Stone Woman*

Judy Blake

"Untitled"  
Charcoal Drawing

Carrie Strachan  
Honorable Mention Fine Art

*Honorable Mention Poetry*

*I know a portrait of a beautiful woman  
Her face is a study in calm.  
A smile of contentment graces her lips  
    Just a hint of the corners upturned.  
No raucous grin of flashing teeth  
    Disturbs her image of sweetness  
    She is forever serene,  
    A model of pleasant agreement  
    in a world of chaos and discord.*

*She was carefully sculpted by a master craftsman.  
Every finite detail displays his ability  
    to shape and define personality.*

*- A bit of human spirit cast into clay -*

*Just a tiny miracle might bring her soul to life.*

*Her eyes appear to speak to me  
    A shadowy message from another realm  
Cold, trapped in this rocky chamber.  
    She was loved  
    by the man who created her.  
I feel a chill of recognition.  
    Shaped, redefined, in attempts to please him  
    unable to become what he would have her be;  
He left her when his work was finished.*

*- I am the woman become stone. -*



"Untitled"  
Photograph

Jennifer Sowby

## *Wagon Ruts*

Richard Duncan

*Night traveling in an ancient red Plymouth,  
cigarettes and warm Coke for fuel.  
AM radio crackles to the beat of distant lightning.  
The glow on the horizon becomes a phosphorescent sea  
at the crest of the hill.  
Hours of black West Nebraska sky behind me.  
Endless miles without so much as a porch light.  
Ghosts of long dead, westbound travelers  
wander the empty plains.  
I crave people and light to  
validate my suspicions of sanity.  
A towering Exxon sign promises  
fuel and hot coffee.  
The lights draw me,  
Moth to a flame.  
Inside, truck drivers laugh and  
flirt with tired waitresses.  
I slide between naugahyde and Formica  
in the civilian section.  
Cradling the hot cup to my face,  
the steam and aroma lull and wake me.  
As I sit, the din grows louder,  
the lights now severe.  
Sterile stainless steel and kitchen clatter  
no longer comforting.  
A sudden sense of urgency draws me  
back to the interstate.  
An hour later, the glow on the horizon  
is in the rear view mirror.  
The damp night wraps around the Plymouth like a cloak.  
Tire whine cuts the world into where I've been  
and where I'm going.*

# *Don't Cross My Woman*

Kari L. Hickman

*I met her at a hoe-down;  
I never stood a chance.  
She had me in her clutches  
before the second dance.*

*Faster than a rabbit,  
like a snake, she struck.  
She picked me up like nothing  
and tossed me in her truck.*

*She's a mountain of a woman,  
ornery as a bear.  
Her legs are thick as tree stumps  
and covered with black hair.*

*But she's pretty as a landscape  
with all those hills and dales.  
Her laugh can make an earthquake  
that tops the Richter scale.*

*Don't stare at her mustache  
or laugh at her tattoo.  
Keep your distance from my lady;  
she'll make mincemeat out of you.  
Don't cross my woman,  
my giantess, my jewel.  
You won't cross my woman,  
unless you are a fool.*

*She gets blood from a turnip,  
three nickels from a dime,  
and eats her weight in pasta  
when it comes supper time.*

*She's my full-blown, queen-size mama,  
my mighty amazon.  
And when it comes to lovin',  
she gives it by the ton.*



"Mother Nature"  
Photograph

Phil Branson



"Untitled"  
Photograph

Cherie Lee

## "Where I Am From"

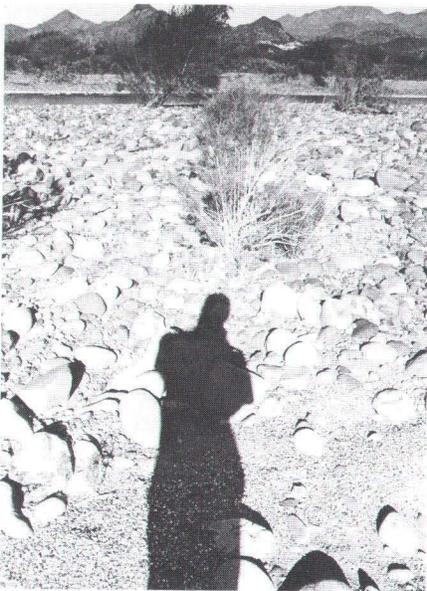
Lon Raymond Jordan

*Riding on a train going south,  
I closed my eyes and fell asleep.  
I dreamed the train was a silver dream,  
carrying me back to where I am from.  
To the soil where I was born!  
Para la tierra en que naci!*

*Through flat dry deserts  
past copper red mountains  
the train advanced.  
Piercing the heart of time  
into the springtime of my youth.*

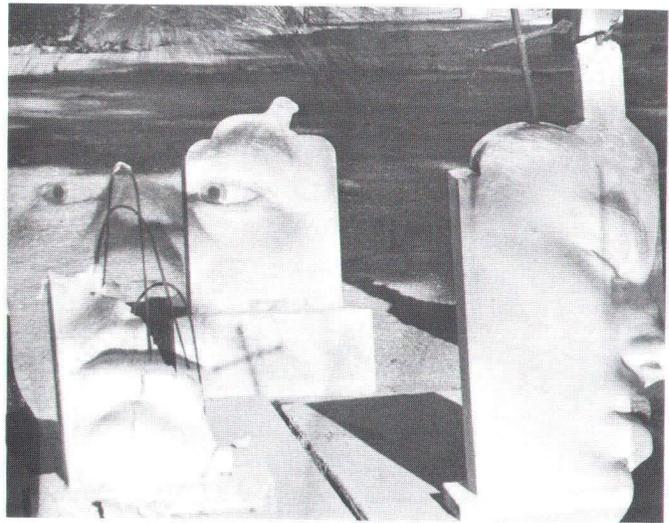
*I have returned to the beginning  
of my memories.  
Childhood memories of a mystic land  
of palo verde trees and century plants  
beneath golden sunbursts.  
Lavender hills and still evenings  
under starry nights.*

*This is the land of  
dark Sonoran night and white garlic moon  
of whiskey and tequila  
of biscuits and frijoles.  
Where the Blue Jay sings lead  
and the rattlesnake plays the maracas.*



"Shadows at the River"  
Photograph

Niels MacLellan



"Passage of Time"  
Photograph

Jerald Munk  
Honorable Mention Photography

*This is the land of Geronimo,  
of Pancho Villa and Texas John Slaughter.  
Nearby in Skeleton Canyon  
the sound of the outlaw rustler's hoof beats  
riding south  
are echoed a century later by the roar  
of the smuggler's 4-wheel-drive Blazer  
going north.*

*This is the land where Mexicans going  
north in search of work  
meet Americans going south to play.  
This is the Border—Esto es la Frontera.  
This is the soil where I was born.  
Esto es la tierra en que naci.*

*I hear the familiar voice of comfort and joy  
as Mother welcomes me home.  
Home where I feel safest.  
Home—solid grey block  
with a large front door  
worn like a smile.  
It took Dad two years to build,  
you can still see his fingerprints on the mortar.*

*In Spanish we call a house hogar  
which means hearth or fireplace.  
In our hogar my father let his family  
know it was we who formed his fireside.*

*My parents never got around to painting  
that grey block house.  
You know they never got around  
to painting themselves.*

# "MIS RAÍCES ESTÁN AQUÍ" (MY ROOTS ARE BURIED HERE)

Michael C. Middleton  
Honorable Mention Essay

The bed was crude but sturdy and laced with cowhide cut into strips woven basket weave style. My Mexican friend, Sergio, pointed as he spoke. "My grandmother, mother, and I were born here on that bed. Things change, and my children were born in a modern hospital in Hermosillo. *Mi cultura* is disappearing quickly, my friend," he said in Spanish with his eyes lowered in sadness. He spoke little English, and I less Spanish. As I pondered over what he'd said, he looked up. "My country was asleep but is slowly beginning to wake up. Mexico is a country with many natural resources and proud people." I thought of the Vietnam era in the United States. Disrespect for the Mexican flag would result in instant justice—at least a severe beating by the bystanders and the police. "Our universities are teaching many skills that will help my country modernize." He spoke slowly—and simply—so I'd understand.

"My friend, this ranch is over one hundred and fifty years old and has always belonged to my family. Let me show you some important places." He wasn't tall, but he was muscular and lean. At thirty-five his skin was weathered from enduring the Sonoran desert sun and wind. His black hair was beginning to turn gray. I rushed to keep up with him, and my heart pounded as I struggled through the soft sand and up the steep banks that he so easily traversed.

Little changed in one hundred and fifty years. They still draw water by hand at the well. Cooking is over a wood fire. Ranch hands distill bacanora (bootleg Tequila) at the ranch house. A nineteen thirty-five tractor, an unidentifiable pickup truck, and two Fairbanks-Morse (one-

cylinder irrigation pumps that haven't been used in the United States since World War II) are the only modern technology. Utilities, air conditioners, and coolers are decades into the future and sixty miles away—in town. Hands do all the work.

The cook, Elvira, was patting tortillas by hand (the heartbeat of Mexico). "Quanto es" (how many)?

"Diez y diez" (ten and ten).

Virtually all women found on Mexican ranches are illiterate. She could count to ten, though, and knew that ten rows of ten—one hundred tortillas—was what she needed for the next few meals.

After sunset we men sat around the campfire. Women and children sat elsewhere. A gallon jug of bacanora passed from one man's hand to the next. We chased that throat burning elixir with beer. Elvira sat behind me to one side. She intently watched us gringos. An illiterate woman in the "hills" just doesn't socialize with rich American gringos. All gringos are "rich." I gave her a cold American beer periodically, but she stayed in the shadows. Gringos are considered crazy and capable of doing anything—even giving a common servant cold beer intended for the men. She can always draw water from the well if she's thirsty.

We sang in drunken Spanish, listened to guitars, and drank for hours until the ranch foreman collapsed to the ground, unconscious. Slowly most of us made our way toward our cots. Very few hours later, at 5:00 a.m., the foreman was riding proficiently in the saddle with no evidence of a *crudo* (hangover). Mexican vaqueros are *muy duro* (tough)!

"Mike, my wife and children don't understand about the ranch. It's our *cultura*. I've put in a solar

battery and a TV. But Hermosillo has cars, easier work and better pay, pizzas, and shopping. How can you appreciate modern things unless you've gone without them? They're not necessary. My people lived here for generations. They've all supported themselves from this land. See that cross on the hill? Yaqui Indians lay buried there. My family wasn't the first to live on this land."

"Four days a week I live in Hermosillo and manage El Clochito (The Little Clutch). I sell wholesale auto parts. Hermosillo is the biggest city in Sonora but one third the size of Phoenix. I worked my way up from an auto mechanic and started El Clochito." Every visit Sergio proudly shows me how he's improved and expanded both the ranch and El Clochito. In business there's an expression—"You can't do it all yourself and live very long."

My last visit, Sergio announced El Clochito Sul (number two). "I sold all my cows, Mike. I've kept just enough to breed and pay expenses. There's only two vaqueros at the ranch. Two hundred cows sold for about one hundred thousand US. dollars—enough to buy my daughter a house and me a new car. Oscar, my brother, sold his portion of our ranch to strangers, but I'll buy it back. I've got to."

"My family's future is in Hermosillo, but our culture and history is at the ranch. Our ranch is the place for weddings, christenings, holidays, vacations, and simply resting. Easter comes when the climate is mild, and it is always special to our whole family when we meet each year and pray together at the ranch. What a place for a party—hundreds of hectares (acres).

"We can stand on the same ground that our family has for the last seven generations. The well water's the same and so is the house they lived in. Much of our ranch is unchanged and here for my family's future generations. Will they—my grandchildren—change it? Probably, but we all own a piece of the land together—our land, this ranch—forever. *Mis raices estan aqui.*"

## *A Lost Love*

*David M. Cruz*

*This is for my father,  
a person many would consider difficult to look at  
yet, as friendly as could be.*

*Through crooked teeth and quad-focal eyes,  
he had a friendliness about him.*

*At a young age, I recognized I really loved him;  
yet, our commonness made us enemies.*

*How I wish times could return  
so we could talk,  
like a father and a son should have.*

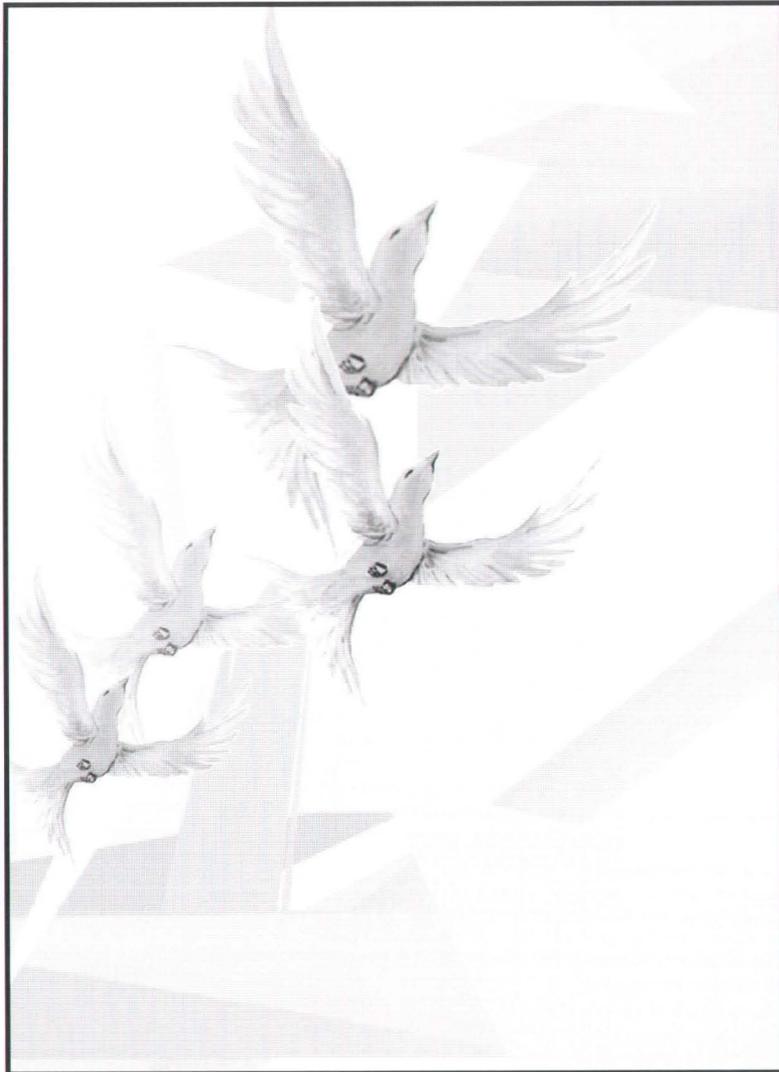
*For as you lay there dying,  
still with your sense of humor,  
I could only hope  
of what perhaps we could have had,  
if only we weren't so much alike.*

*Though not educated in school,  
you reflected the best education,  
that of life.  
Thank you for passing that on to me.*

*Thank you for making me see,  
that even though you are gone,  
you can still teach me.*

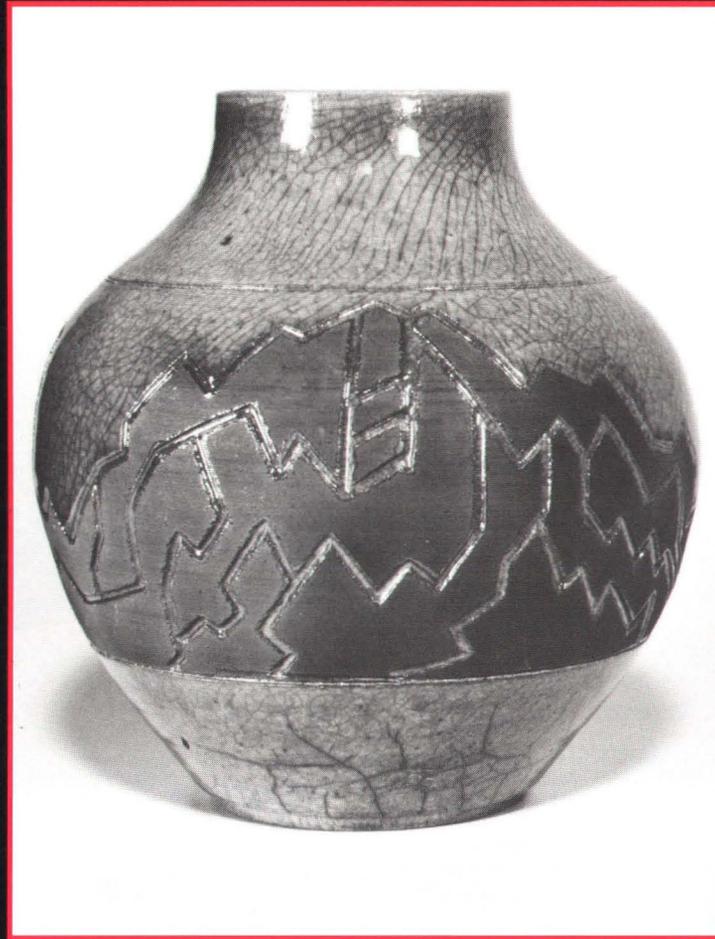
*So, here's to you, my Father,  
My Instructor,  
and dare I say,  
My Model.*

*Thank you for being you  
and letting me be you  
but still be me. ENG*



"Heaven Bound"  
Computer Art

Cheryl Traugher  
Third Place Computer Art



"Cochise Stronghold"  
Raku Ceramics

Boo Fendrick  
3-D Special Award



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