



T H R E S H O L D



Photographs by Lori Fraser

Typography for the magazine was produced with Aldus PageMaker 4.0 software on a Zenith 486 computer. Background textures were produced on a Macintosh IIci using Adobe Photoshop 2.0.1.

THRESHOLD

1993 Creative Arts Magazine

The Creative Arts Magazine presents poems, stories, photographs and works of art created by Yavapai College students. The layout and design were produced by Graphic Design, Production and Illustration classes.



Photographs by Linda Ost

The moon,
Sweet sister of my soul,
She lies on her back.
Her face is covered
In the yellow grime
Of this city's stained breath.



She does not worry though
About such things.
She has a lazy smile.
I stand here and
Turn my head up;
I watch her sink slowly.

I wonder at how
Even in sinking
Her expression,
Her languor, her pride
Does not change at all.

Clélia Kriekhaus

BIG COUNTRY

Coyotes yelp, now, in
early morning hours.
All my pillows, my
comforter,
cannot mute the sound.
There must be six,
even eight of them
howling in cool dawn
air.

It's an effort not to
be afraid, not to
be scared, they are
only hairy dogs
with no
homes.

But I'll tell you, I am
a man afraid of small
and not so small things.
I worry about what feral dogs
might do to me.
Even with all my strength,
I could not fend off
their attack very
long.

This here's no bad
dream either.
And I wonder if
I should tell my therapist
about the howling
dogs
of dawn.

How I feel, heavily
muscled, buried beneath
my covers,
longing for my
mother to scoop me up
in her arms.
There were no coyotes
in New Jersey, and I
didn't wake up afraid
waiting for
morning light.
Things change though, friend.
And here, in the South West,
there might be too much
room to move,
too much open sky to
cover with one set
of eyeballs.
And after all,
I am a grown man, a strong,
good man,
with a fear of wild dogs
in early morning
hours.

Bill Coppersmith



Painting by Brad Johnson



Torn Paper Design by Dorothy L. Haug



Photograph by Eunice G. Lovejoy

LAMENTATION

I had a son, God has him now
My motherhood ends with a
Solemn vow.
I hate this life
Of now—then never.
To drift away into forever.
This life, for what?
There is no answer
It continues on like
Growing cancer.
I had a son,
God lives with him now.
Motherhood ends in a
Vengeful vow

Marion Doremus



Photograph by Mark Phillips

Drawing by Jason Wolf

SONORA

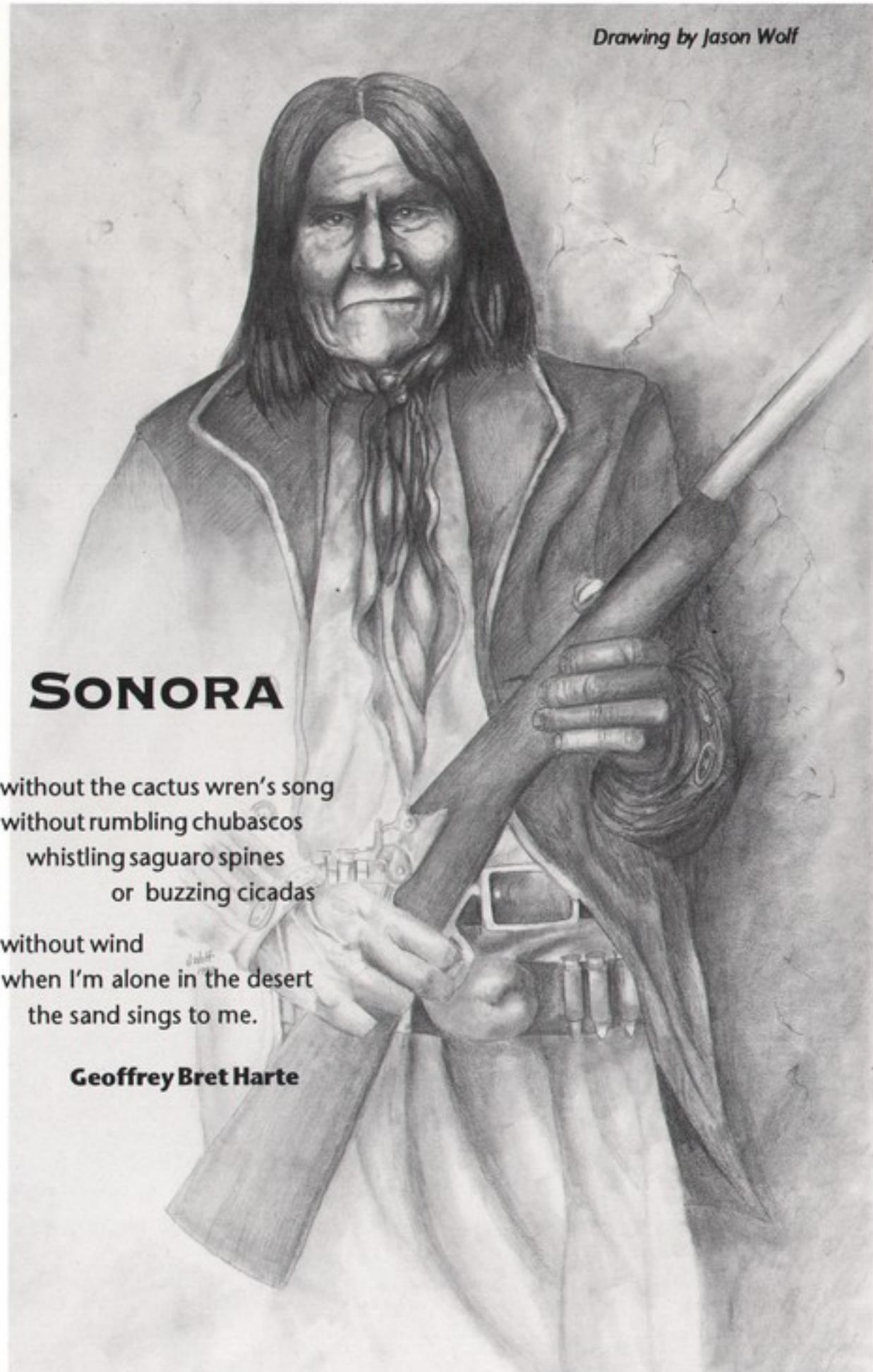
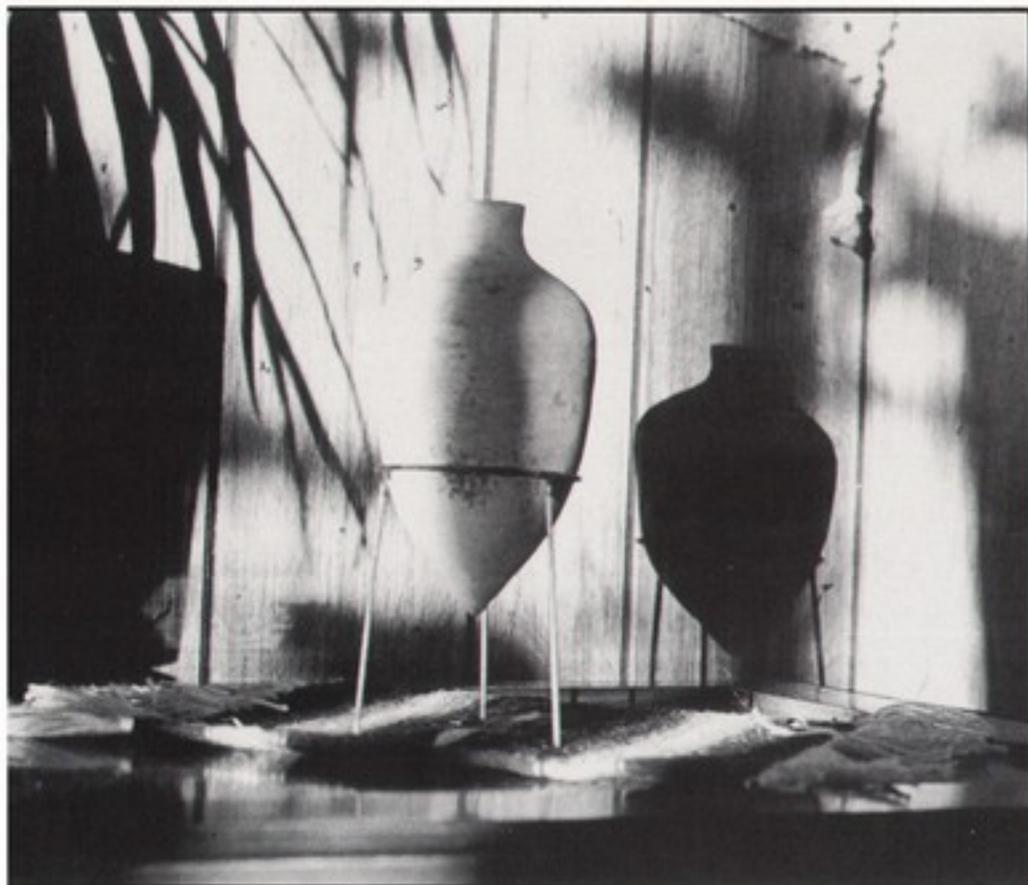
even without the cactus wren's song
without rumbling chubascos
whistling saguaro spines
or buzzing cicadas

even without wind
when I'm alone in the desert
the sand sings to me.

Geoffrey Bret Harte

Photograph by Ron Avila Aguilera

Photograph by Mark Phillips



CODE BLUE

The ambulance attendants roll the stretcher into the code room. The paramedic's face is slightly reddened from the exertion of pumping on the inert man's chest. Seventy nine years old, history of cardiac problems, down approximately 10 minutes. The wife is on her way in. That's all we're told. It's all I want to know. Ten minutes is too long. His pupils are fixed and dilated, his body a cold blue from the nipples up.

The staff reaches and pulls the limp form onto a stationary gurney, his arm flopping off the side of the narrow bed. A plastic bag of IV fluid slides across his bare, sunken stomach, almost falling before it's snatched and hung. Cardiac monitor, endotrach tube, atrophine, bicarb. The team moves quickly about their tasks with robot-like efficiency. The man's dark, urine-stained trousers are cut from him. The ragged edges are stark against the white sheet.

I step up onto the stool to take over. His rib cage protrudes sharply at the base of his chest. Every life sustaining mechanism is in place now. The monitor is flat except for the rhythmic blip from my chest compressions. I know that more meds will be given. We will defibrillate, leaving circular burn marks on his chest and a faint odor of singed hair and flesh in the air.

The patient isn't much bigger than I and so frail. His sternum snaps beneath my palms. I imagine I can hear the "click-click" of bone ends as they grate up and down with my exertion. I've never gotten used to the eerie sensation.

I've been a part of this scene many times before. Years of experience have distanced me from the reality. I usually don't remember the other times, the people. Except, sometimes an odd detail will cause the memory to stay with me.

Years ago, a SIDS baby, a shiny, new nickel taped over his belly button, extending all the way around his tiny body. The tape made an indentation in his pudgy skin. I've always wondered about that nickel.

And a young man, .38 slug deep in his chest. A surgeon was brought in. I'd never seen a person's chest cracked or done open heart massage. I closed my hand around his still heart, startled by the warmth, the steam rising from the open cavity. The heart so firm and strong, difficult to squeeze. The surgeon's tie fell into the opening as he bent to examine the wound at the base of the man's heart.

"Click-click." I wonder if I'll remember this old man. Probably not. I will think about his wife. I always think about the family for a time.

The monitor is still flat. The pupils still dilated, the skin now purplish, mottled, an uneven indentation over his sternum. Blood, urine, vomit. Sightless, glassy eyes stare at the ceiling. He's so cold. The code is ended. Other people need us now.

Dona Lavendoski

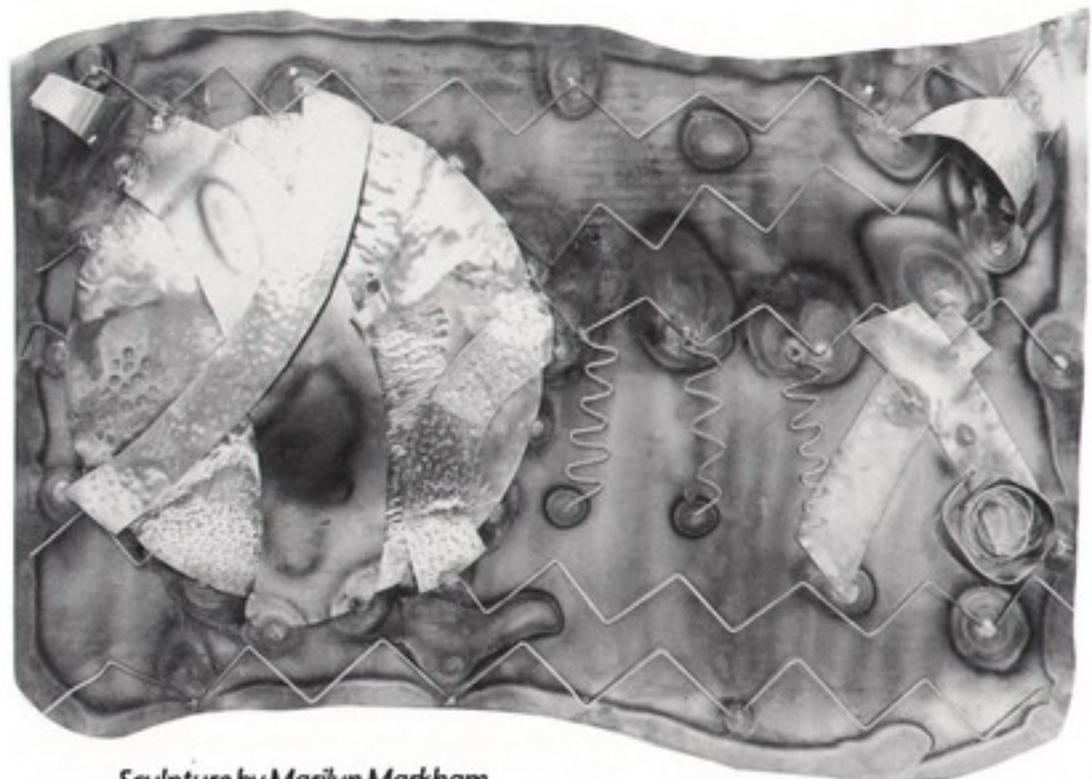




Photograph by Berni Crow



Photograph by Signe Lindquist



Sculpture by Marilyn Markham

MOON MOMENTS

Smoky gray clouds
surround the opaque moon
like a delicate lace border
around a fragile moment

With time
the smoke screen melts away

the togetherness of sky
dissolves

leaving lunar isolation

The lace border frays
and the moment we know

becomes pieces

leaving
you and I
apart
to find
our own
journeys

Lisa Wilson



Painting by Signe Lindquist

FEEDING VANGOGH'S MIND

As I sit and watch the transformation of light and darkness, I am obsessed with the true vision of madness that I have suppressed for a long time. I'm not talking about night's colors; I am talking about the solitude in this world that we all drown in. Just once I would like to have the inspiration. A vision more or less of a child's violence. I wait for a field of sunflowers to appear somehow in front of me. It hasn't happened yet. But I wait. Life's answers are all in a mad man's desires. I want to eat paint and live in basements. I'm just saying this because I have never quite connected with innocence. It is ironic comparing sunflowers to basements, but I don't have to tell you that. When I'm through painting the blackness I will someday realize that one day it will happen. "What" is the problem—I have no idea. Someday when my bones have disintegrated I will stop and look back upon my writing and think of how sheltered my life is. I still wait for my field of sunflowers. It's hard to express my feelings of freedom and control at the same time. Well, I think of how we all run to stand still. Dreams surface all of the time. Hope is what keeps me going, even though somehow I know that I am still planting the seeds of sunflowers in my backyard.

Amy Rose



Photograph by Mark Phillips





Photograph by Chris O'Connor

SILENT DEATH

Lorna Buster

Gamma rays, cobalt 60
flesh passes through the chamber
of radioactive death.

Lethal, silent bullets
of cesium 137 do their deadly task
Button pushers, protective gear intact.

Sci-fi thriller? No.
It's the FDA
doing what's best for you.

REMEMBRANCE

Ma'am
With hollow, wistful eyes
And graceful smile
Humble . . . quiet . . .
Surrendered
Before giving in
To sleeping life -
routine loneliness
useless feelings -

Retrace the woman
Once unmarred by Time.

Recall:
creamy skin
smooth hands
tinkling voice
tall, straight back

Conjure up a night
when under inviting moonbeams
You stole out to a barn . . .
to nervous arms,
handsome smells
And excited quakings of insides



Remember
the spry girl
making jokes; flirting
After school,
sunny afternoons
When young sweat glistened
gloriously . . .

You sassed the boys
And they carried your books.

Years of sagging womanhood later,
Can you still hear
The sounds of youth . . .
Echoing inside you?

Then put down
the proverbial knitting needles,
For one moment
ascend from the porch swing.
Victoriously denounce
the decaying power of time.
For you know youth
Far better than I.

Tasha Cheney



Photograph by Mark Phillips



Sculpture by Bob Folkman

MORNING FIRE

A tongue of flame crept underneath
and cast a shadow faint
And on the whited sepulcher a streak
of yellowed paint.

I watched as bits of blackened wood
took on an ashen white
And as the wood gave up its life
it filled my life with light.

There were no stories to be heard around
this tiny fire
Except the ones told by the wood
coaxed by its funeral pyre.

I sat in grateful solitude and thought
of life well spent.
Delighted with the stories told and warmth
the fire lent.

The crackling, hissing, popping spoke
loud of summer's hue
And the softer, sweeter sizzle sang
of winter dew.

Life and love surrounds us in the
rocks and trees and earth
And when we fail to see its beauty we lose
most for what it's worth.

Patrice Sell



Illustration by Lori Fraser

Wooden Bowl by Les Bryan



RAIN

Staccato rain drops
Play melodies on skylights,
Soothing sounds of night.

Marj Prince

SCRATCH AND SNIFF SUNSET

What does the Sunset taste like
i wonder
Orange sherbet, tangerine taffy
or peach cobbler?

Sprinkled with a dash of indigo sky
i bet the Sunset tastes like
a popsicle or a Hawaiian shave ice

Do clouds taste like marshmallow cream
or white chocolate?

At twilight when God sets up his easel
to paint the Sunset
does He use scratch and sniff watercolors
that only Angels get to sniffle and sample?

Linda Ost



Photograph by Eunice G. Lovejoy

FREDDIE THE BOOTLEGGER by Wil Slaub

Freddie collected string. In those days butchers and grocers used to wrap items in paper and tie them with string from a big ball under the counter. The ladies in town knew of Freddie and his passion to collect string and would save it for him. He also ran errands for the ladies on his string route and was delighted with nickels and dimes he received for his efforts. Christmas time was particularly exciting for Freddie because he would get various colored pieces of string from his ladies.

No one seemed to know his exact age; he had one of those ageless faces. He was always dressed the same: suspenders holding up pants three sizes too big, jacket and the same hat, winter or summer. In the winter he would pull down ear flaps from inside the hat against the cold.

For some unexplained reason, he was known to all as Freddie the Bootlegger. We kids used to repeatedly ask Freddie his name because he would answer like a recruit to a drill sergeant, "Freddie the Bootlegger"; then a wide grin would spread over his face as if to say, "I'll play your game as long as you want." But if the taunts became too much, his eyes would assume a vacant look, a shy, almost mysterious smile would appear, and Freddie in his mind had retreated to a more pleasant place.

One time Freddie showed us kids a huge ball of string he kept in a little shed behind the house he and his mother shared. Now, I would guess it weighed several hundred pounds. It was so large in diameter that he could not get it through the narrow doorway. The local paper got wind of Freddie's treasure and ran a picture of him and the ball of string. Freddie kept the article with the picture and showed it repeatedly to his ladies until it finally wore out.

Fishing was one of his talents. He would go down to the docks on the waterfront and come home with perch, catfish and an occasional pickerel. He would filet the fish and give them to the ladies on his string route. But he was very protective of his fishing spots and what he used for bait. If we tried to follow him and watch from a distance he would sit for hours with his pole in the water and catch absolutely nothing. One time I tired of the wait and sat next to him.

"Freddie," I said, "I know you are a good fisherman, but when we try to watch you don't catch a thing." He said, "Well, if you want to catch anything, you have to have bait." He lifted his pole and there was just a sinker and no hook. I finally figured we were just teasing him by trying to spy on him and decided I would never do it again. I am sure the minute I left, he baited up and probably moved to his favorite spot.

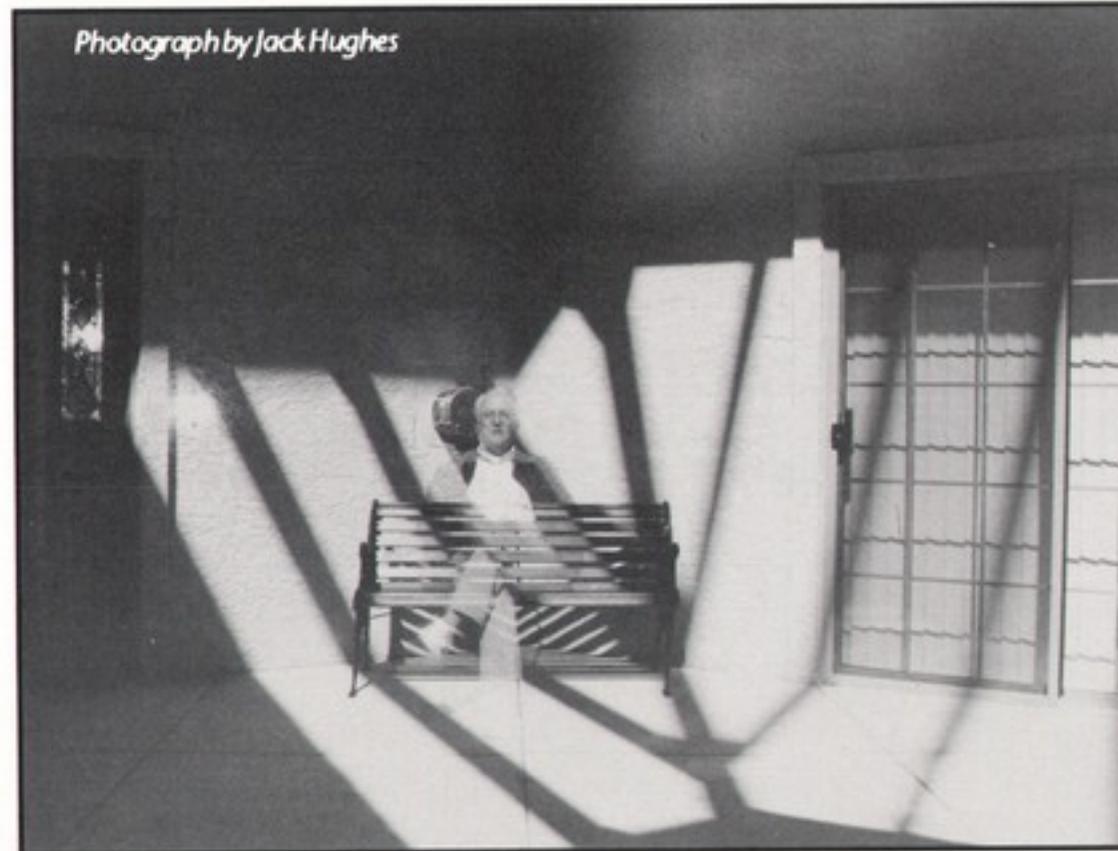
It was about a week before Christmas, Freddie's favorite time, when a terrible event happened that shocked the whole town. One of the ladies that befriended him was found lying on her kitchen floor, badly beaten and in a coma.

Her purse was open on the kitchen table with the contents strewn about. Freddie had been seen leaving her house that morning and he was taken to the police station for questioning. Detective Charles, hoping for a quick arrest, tried to wring a confession out of Freddie. "Come on, Freddie, you know you were in Mrs. Graf's home. You tried to get her money, didn't you, and when she would not do it you hit her, didn't you?" All Freddie could say was, "I saw Mrs. Graf, she gave me string, and I went to the store for her." "Yes," said the detective, "we know that, but when you came back, you hit her and took some money." Freddie said, "No, no she was all right, she was all right, I want to go now." But the questions persisted and the accusations continued until finally Freddie's eyes assumed that vacant look, the little mysterious smile and Freddie was back in

the protection of that more pleasant place. Seeing that they could not break through to that more pleasant place, they stopped the questioning and he was put in one of the cells.

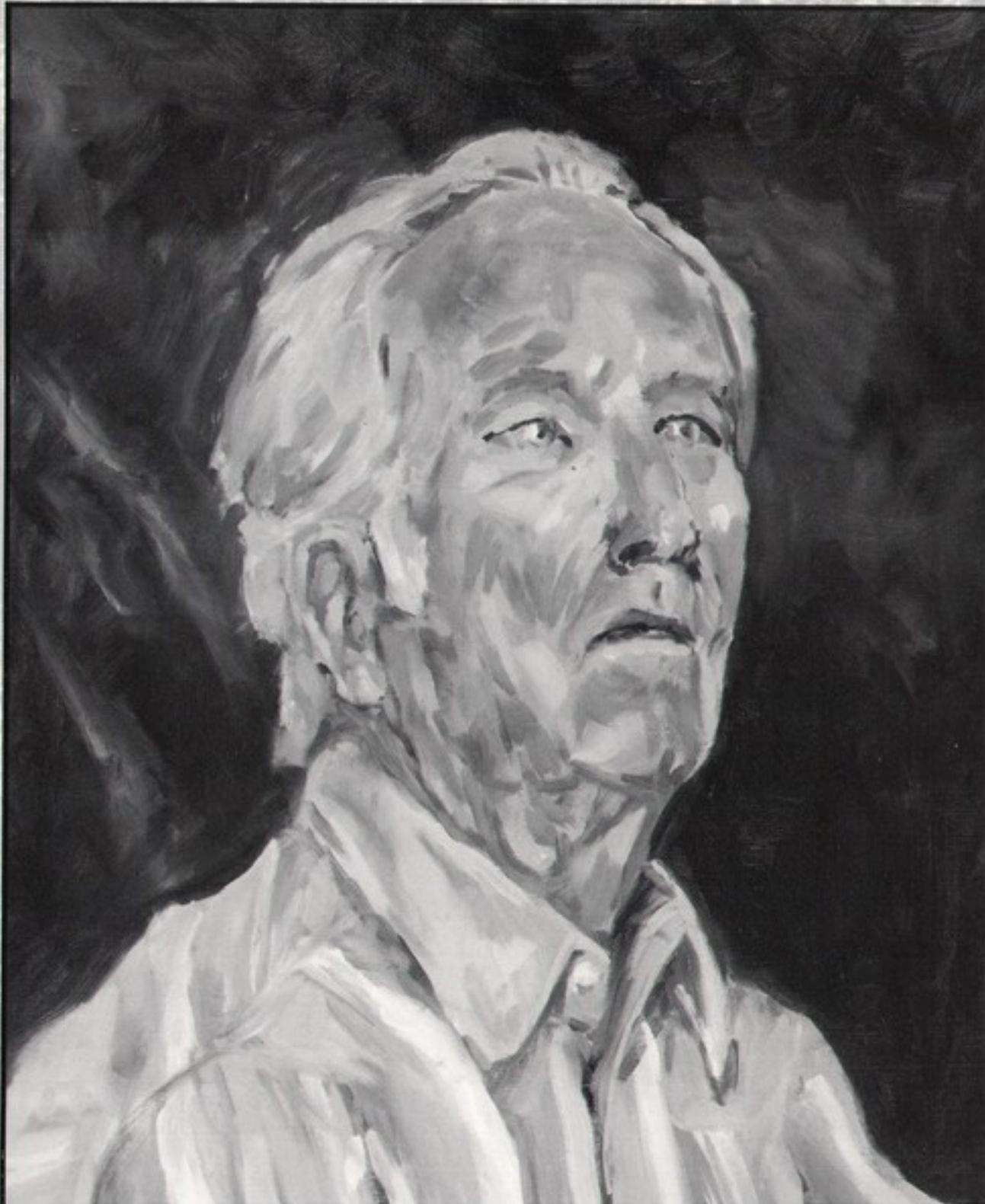
Several hours later, Mrs. Graf recovered consciousness long enough to say that her assailant was a complete stranger. But sadly for Freddie, it came too late. He never again came back from that more pleasant place.

I left town some time afterward and never heard more of Freddie. But as each Christmas season approaches, I think of Freddie and the pretty string on the packages. He had a goodness and innocence I have never forgotten. I save some of the prettiest strings for the following year. I think Freddie would like that.





Watercolor by Richard Reynolds





Prismacolor by Jana Lunt



Pastel by Jana Lunt



Watercolor by Marcia Stevens

: by Michael Meyers



Watercolor by Julie Evans

Wake up
I have a few things to say to you

You-
Whose waxen charm has long since melted in the sun
You-
Who when the tide carried me out just waved good-bye
while I struggled to get back on solid ground

You-
Who never once let me into your world
I gave you everything
And you left me for dead,
Lying on the marble floor-
I felt so cold there

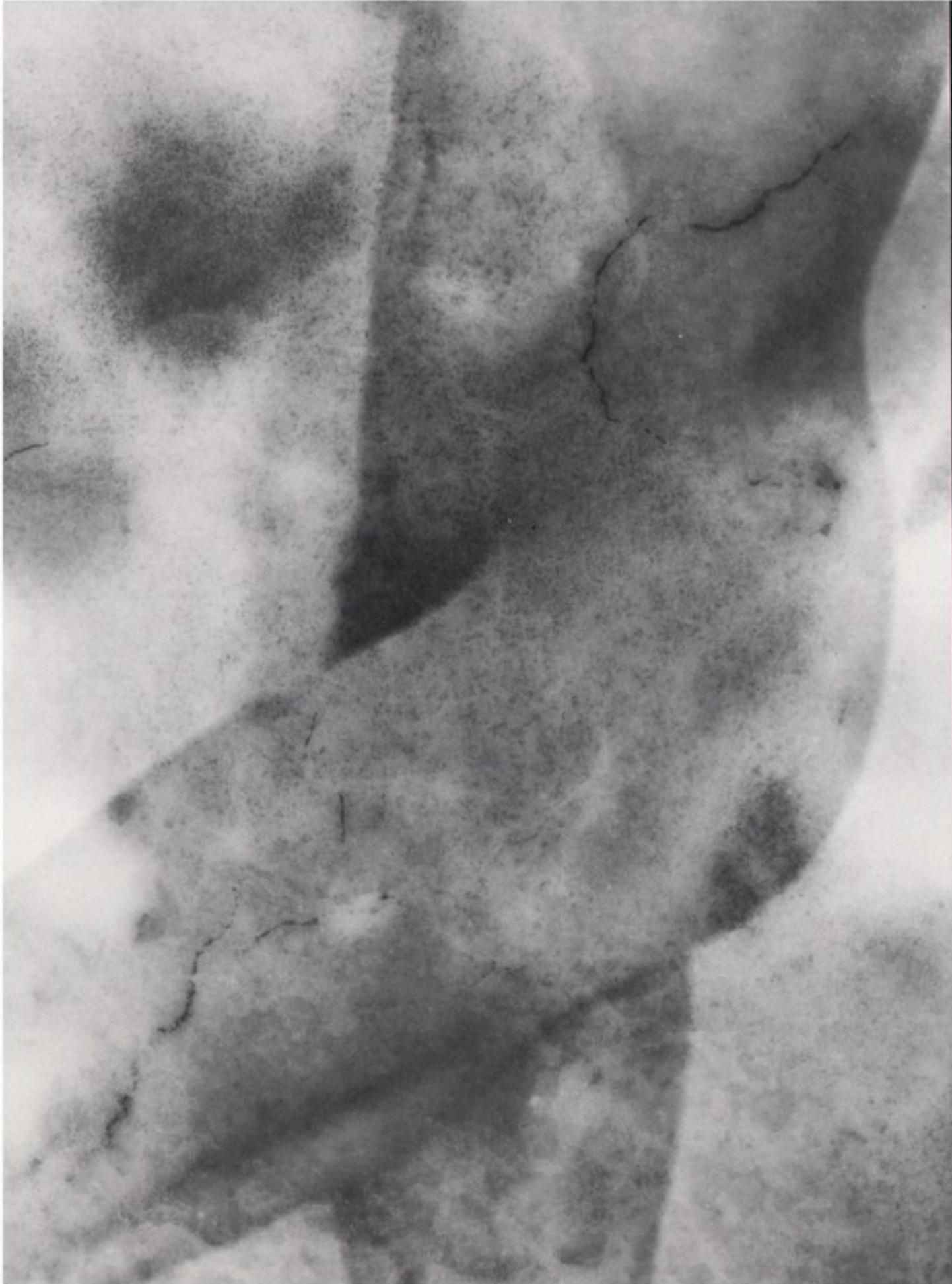
You can go home now,
Your games bore me
And I don't need you anymore-
I have myself

Yesterday's sorrows are forever gone
And tomorrow's dreams never come
So I stand here this moment
Not dwelling in either.

Chris Moehling

Soft naked white skin
Burns in the heat of the sun
Blisters start to rise

Amy Vieira



NIGHT WATCH

You in your hairnet
Stand across the front door
Like Thor in cold cream
I'm late, you're upset.
"What can you talk about 'till four
In the morning? I thought you were
in a ditch.
Go to bed."

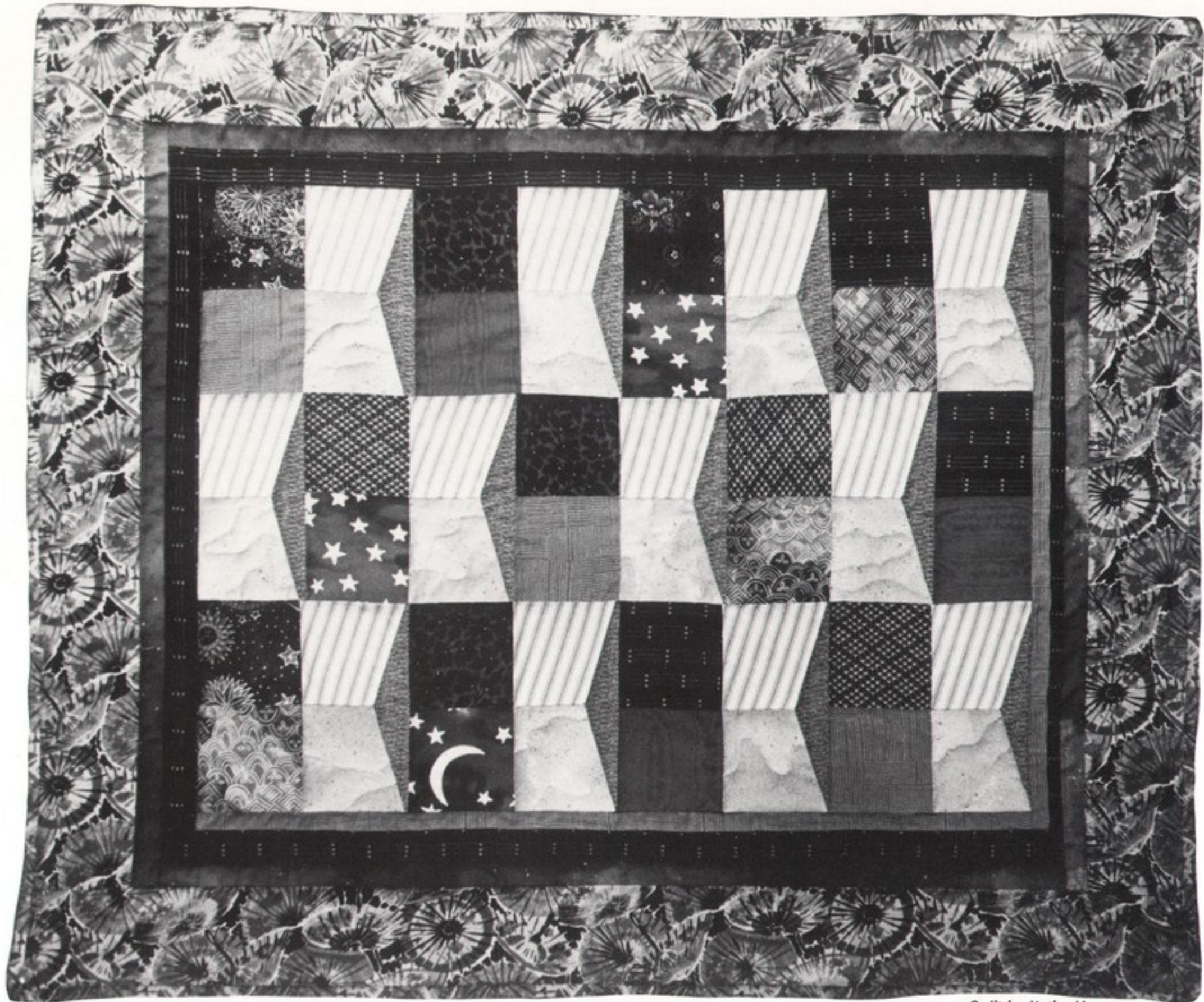
When I rise up
From the flesh of this body
Find myself pulled down a tunnel
Toward light.
Braced across that bright portal, you'll be
In your hairnet Like Thor in cold cream
to see me
from the night.

dj Palmer



Photograph by Berni Crow

Photograph by Chris O'Connor



Quilt by Kathy Harmon

RAY HILL: Pesky, Contentious Troublemaker

There are two serious diseases prevalent in our society today: AIDS and Homophobia. I'm tired of both of them because they both affect someone I care a lot about.

I have a friend in Houston named Ray Hill. I spent Christmas down there and visited with Ray. This man is one of the most colorful characters I've known, and believe me when I tell you, I've known a lot of characters in my life.



Photograph by Chris O'Connor

Ray Hill is a left-over 60's radical, kind of a gay Abbie Hoffman. Unlike most activists from the 60's, Ray is still a hippie at heart and still trying to correct some of the more glaring defects in our political system. He was involved in the Black civil rights movement in the 60's; and in the 70's, he started the gay rights movement in Houston which has resulted in the Houston gay community being one of the best-organized, most politically powerful groups in that city.

Ray harbors the conviction that the Bill of Rights and the Constitution should apply equally to everyone, and he has spent most of his life acting on that conviction. He lives in a city whose police department -- like the police departments in most big cities --

considers the Constitution an impediment to enforcing the law the way they think it should be enforced, arbitrarily and with as much brutality as they deem necessary. At one time, they had a number of silly laws which they used to harass people. Minorities and gays were their favorite targets.

Over the years, Ray has filed lawsuits against the police and succeeded in getting most of the more blatantly unconstitutional laws overturned. His last case went all the way to the Supreme Court. (Ray stopped a cop from beating a young Black man with a night stick. He asked the cop if he'd like to pick on someone his own size. Since Ray is over six feet tall and weighs about 200 pounds, the cop decided to arrest him for interfering with a police officer. The Supreme Court didn't think talking to a policeman constituted interference.) After he won that case, the police stopped arresting Ray. In fact, they tend to be very nice to him now, but I worry that one of them will kill him if the opportunity ever arises.

Ray has devoted his life to acting on his convictions and trying to make life better for what we frequently refer to as the disenfranchised segments of our society. Having financed his early civil rights activities by burglarizing the homes of wealthy individuals and certain jewelry stores, Ray had the opportunity to spend several years as a guest of the state of Texas. When he got out, prison reform became one of his major concerns, and it's still one of his primary interests.

Over the years, Ray has spent a fair amount of time in Austin when the state legislature is in session. He knows most of the elected officials in the state, and whenever an issue pertaining to gays, women or minorities arises, his input is sought. He's made a major contribution to getting legislation passed which would benefit those groups, and he has prevented legislation which is deleterious to the civil rights of those to whom those rights aren't always automatically accorded.

Ray Hill is one of the people I admire most. I admire the way he lives his life, I admire his tenacity and

courage, and I admire his principles. He's easy-going and never loses his sense of humor, and he's one of the most loving, non-judgmental people I've ever known. I was distressed to learn that he's been diagnosed as HIV positive. I've known many people who have died of this hateful disease, but if it kills Ray, his death will be the most difficult to accept. Ray Hill isn't a famous athlete or a movie star, but he has had a profound effect on the people who know him. Many people who've never met him have nevertheless been affected by his activities.

Ray has lived his life with dignity, and he has worked to enable others to do the same.

Leslie Larson



Photograph by Kathy Lefler

RIPPLE ON A POND



Photograph by Judy M. Roberts

In the moist light of early morning
she rose naked
and stood at the still water's edge.
Kneeling down
to pick a pebble from the ground,
gently
she dropped it
over her own fragile reflection.

Pondering its slow flutter to the bottom
rising and turning away
she paused
to touch a thoughtful finger to her lips,
then moved on
and disappeared into the forest.

What becomes our love?

a ripple on a pond

soft
lingering

silent
moment

final dissolution

a shudder

remembrance

Jody Cordova



Photograph by Chris O' Connor

Photograph by Kathy Lefler



ON THE EDGE

Do it all.
Please them all.
Lose your common sense
to self-serving ego satisfaction.

Hands on the clock ticked control.
No became yes
Play became work
Fun became forgotten
And life dipped to darkness.

Life on the edge.
A turn on a run away merry-go-round
With the golden ring slipping
Through flailing fingers.
The dizzy kaleidoscope
never focused.

Awards and applause
sent futile messages
scampering through that charged body
until work became work
dark became day
and time was anchored by death.

Rosie Paluch

There is a woman who believes that she has seen all men for what they truly are. She keeps her legs closed so tightly that she's going a bit blue in the knees. I could comfort myself by saying that she doesn't know me at all, but maybe she does. She's looking for that special one, and she's working on the things inside her skull.

There is a boy who is very confused. He's either in love with this woman, or a man who taught him to read and write. He likes the way women look and feel, but is more confident in the way that men think, or at least the men he surrounds himself with. His dreams are not sexual in the least. They usually deal with his teeth, and the way they crumble like chalk when he eats.

So this boy sees this woman. He meets her through a mutual friend. Enraptured. He finds her place of work, and is persistent in making a "date" with her. They drive to Jerome to smoke a cigarette. They taste best in Jerome. Walk on opposite sides of streets through the abandoned town. They end up in Denny's. Eat together. They watch a Woody Allen film, and end the evening with a hug. Victory. They would have kissed, but she knows men, and he is suspicious that she knows what she does.

After many shared cigarettes, they do press with angry lips. They give each other what they gave all too often when they were younger. It seemed like more this time to both of them. So it went on, and they drove thousands of miles together over all kinds of broken roads and lives. Some they themselves had broken, but others they merely bore witness to. Hit and run crimes committed to soft things in the night. Except for an occasional lull, things were better than they should be. So they took pictures, wrote songs, and kept journals - both positive that it would all

end too soon to be fully enjoyed with keeping thorough illustrations. Records we hope won't be warped, or scratched as time goes on, or off, or wherever time does go.

Maybe they loved each other. Maybe they just didn't treat each other like shit. Anyway, for the first time they were both getting something they wanted, or thought they wanted. That doesn't happen much - even in restaurants.

So things are going this way and he, and her are bound and determined to screw things up because it's the only thing they're both really good at, but things keep seeming to go well, and it wouldn't take a scholar to see that it was driving them both up a fucking wall. Were they going to keep feeling this way? It's strange that something so pleasant and effortless can be so terrifying.

He thought about all that family stuff which he believed was reserved for people better than him. It brought him a warmth that was alien to his past. He sat in rooms and smiled: the same rooms where he used to cry and break things, and dream about being someone else, and someone else's son. He wanted children and someone to call him dad. He wanted lots of photo albums and graded papers hung on refrigerators with tacky magnets. In the country in the city, he didn't give a damn - a little of both could be nice. He didn't know if she thought about these things, but he prayed on every full moon that she did, and every waning crescent for that matter.

She thought about it a little herself, but it probably wouldn't work on account of the age difference. She's still in college, so a boy-toy is an acceptable thing to have, but she doesn't think highly of relationships. Although, maybe she's not getting the credit she deserves. After all -- he is the author, and all.

Seth Levine



Illustration by Bonnie Cureton

Take a **Bite** out of **Divorce...**

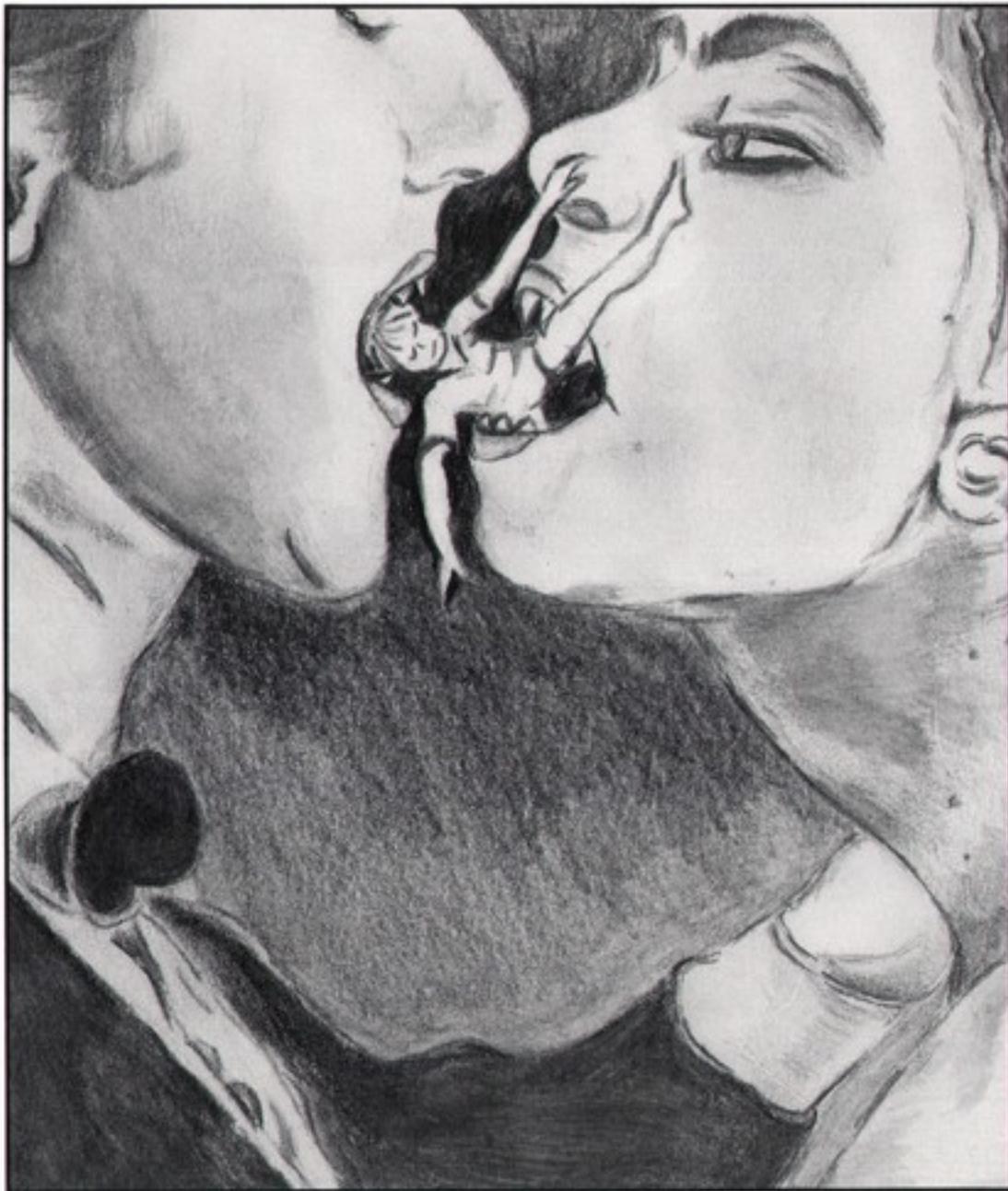
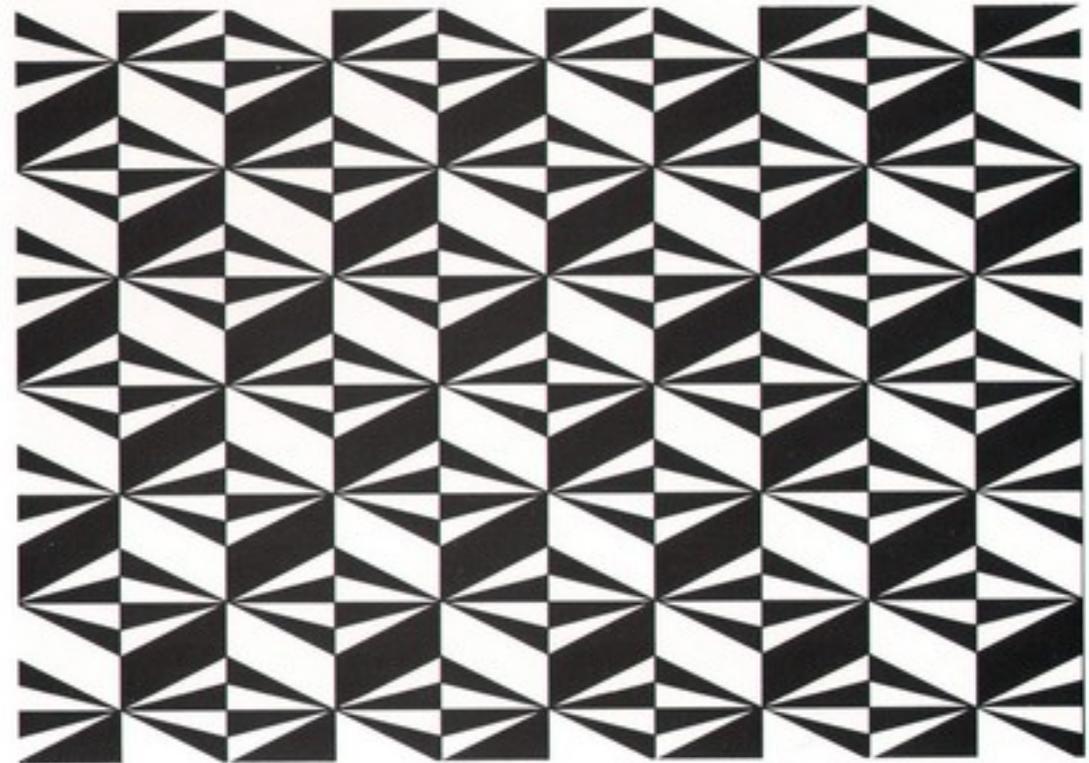


Illustration by Linda Ost

Not *your* **Kids**



Two-Dimensional Design by Marcia Stevens

SENTIENT SENTIMENT

Coyote casts shadow upon a pay phone,
Receiver sways in desert wind beside the highway
My insane divorcee stands loose in pale, white gown
She is the quiescent beast reaching Bethlehem

Sirens herald the emergence
Wheels scream invisible in cold, Ohio darkness
Darkness is the beast's muscular back
Its muscles reach Flagstaff where
fireworks herniate them
A national holiday, Katie's kiss
I taste the vinegar of my aging as moments escape

K. Matthew Cahall



Weaving by Anne Marie Bellum



Wooden Bowl by John Watson



Wooden Bowls by Les Bryan



Blown Glass by Charlie Phillips

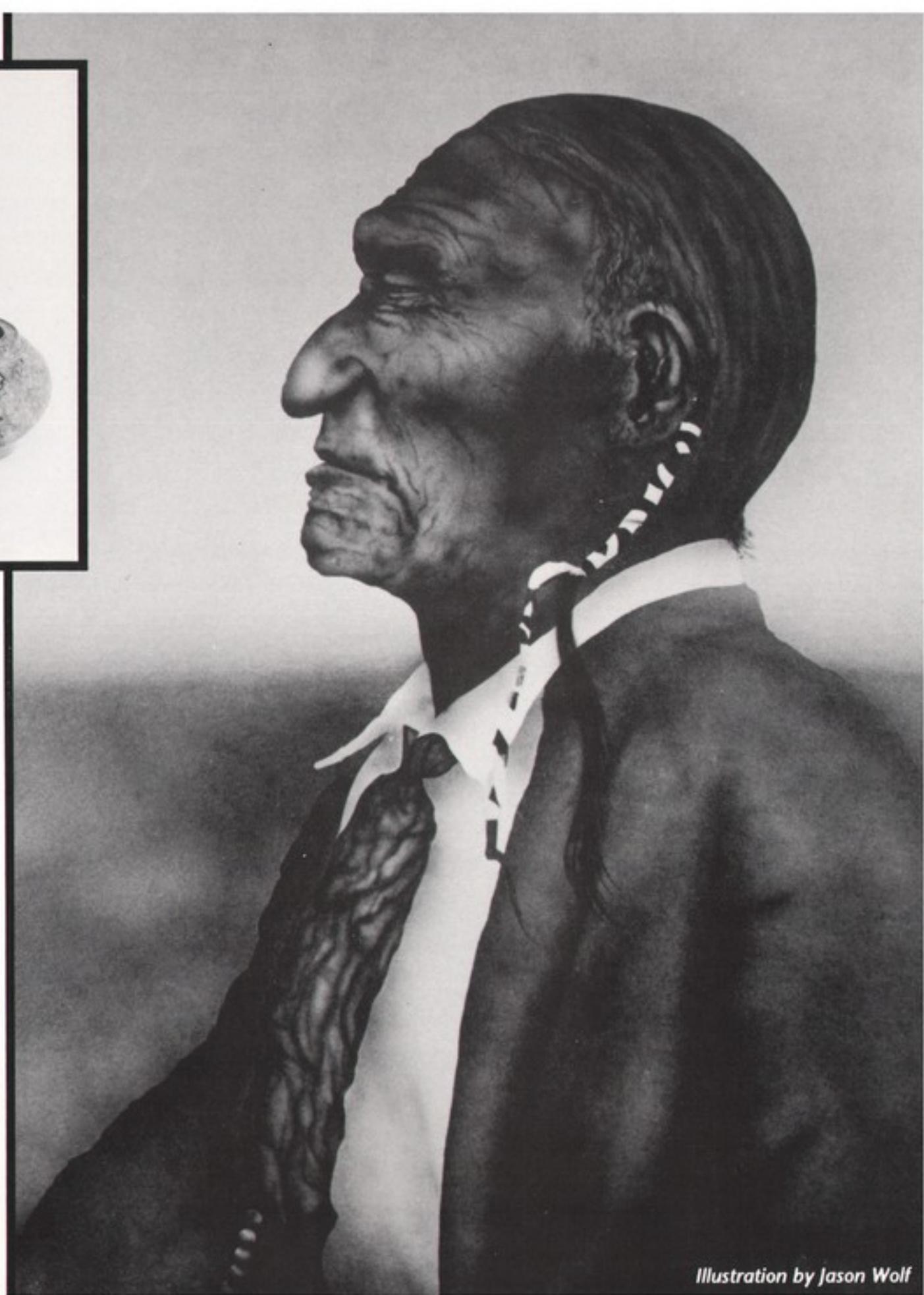
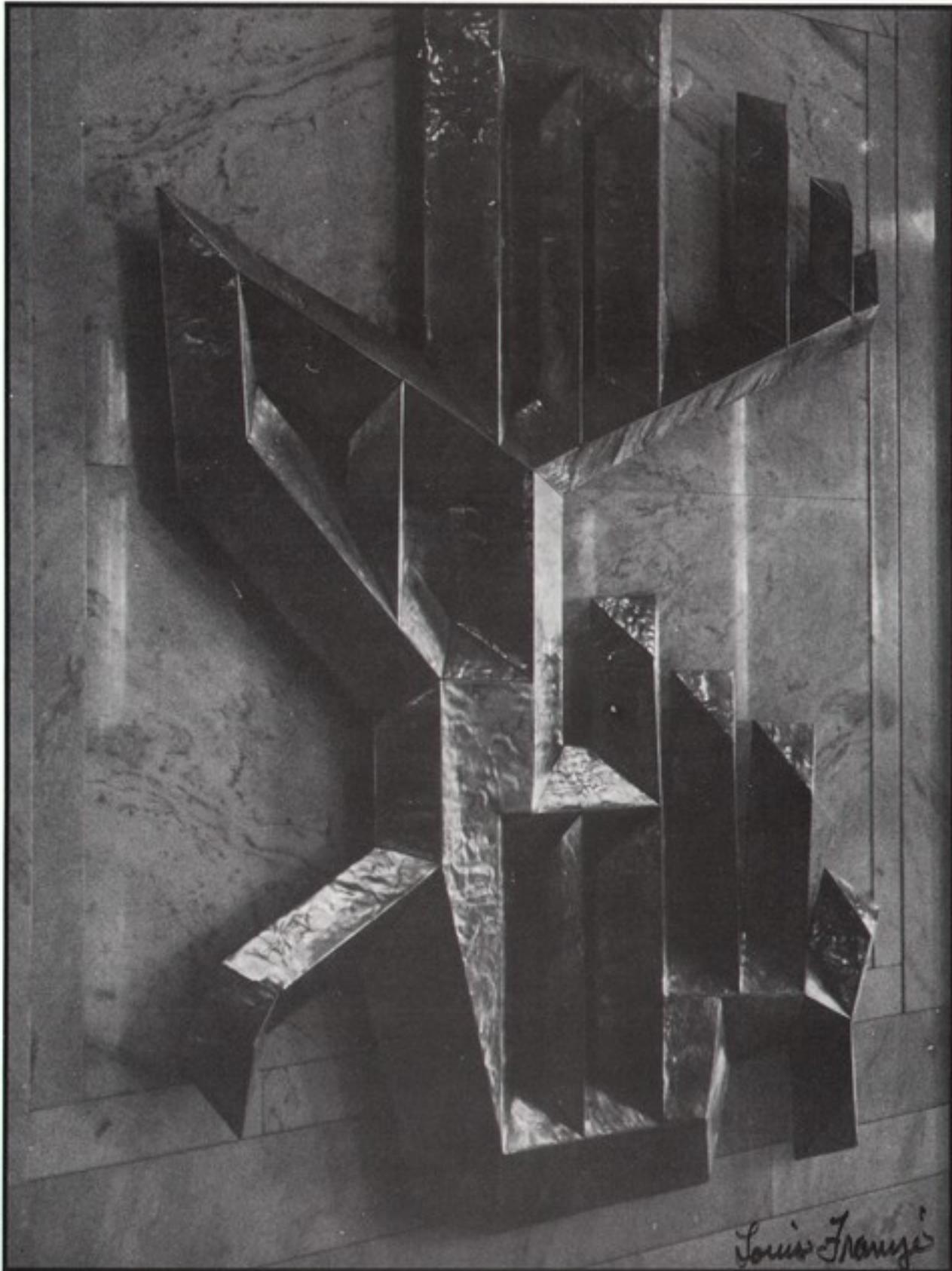


Illustration by Jason Wolf



Photograph by Louis Franyi

D.C. 93

What's all the jazz about Clinton
blowing his horn in white party hats
red white and blue political stars in the media
marketing smiles and the American dream
all videoed and taped together to look real promising
like magazine scenes of Better Homes and Garden
of an America that works.

We all come from Hope, Mr. president
just not Arkansas.

Born into a tacit democracy with limited liberty and success
to a free market system under God's fair trade
and justice preserve for better or worse
until death do we party in the pursuit of happiness
the fruits of labor, increased leisure and early retirement
a myth

a chicken in every pot, two cars in every garage
the statue of liberty and other sacred images
now on sale no longer polyester but cotton
like Santa Claus on a slim fast diet
sons grow big and strong consuming boxes of wheaties
with union labor protection
women bear arms more than children
for the suburban home and social security
more powerful than a locomotive
able to bend tall buildings fully insured, Mr. president.

Gene Balicek



Photograph by Ron Avila Aguilera



Watercolor by Marcia Stevens drawn from Watercolor Workshop by Rose Edin

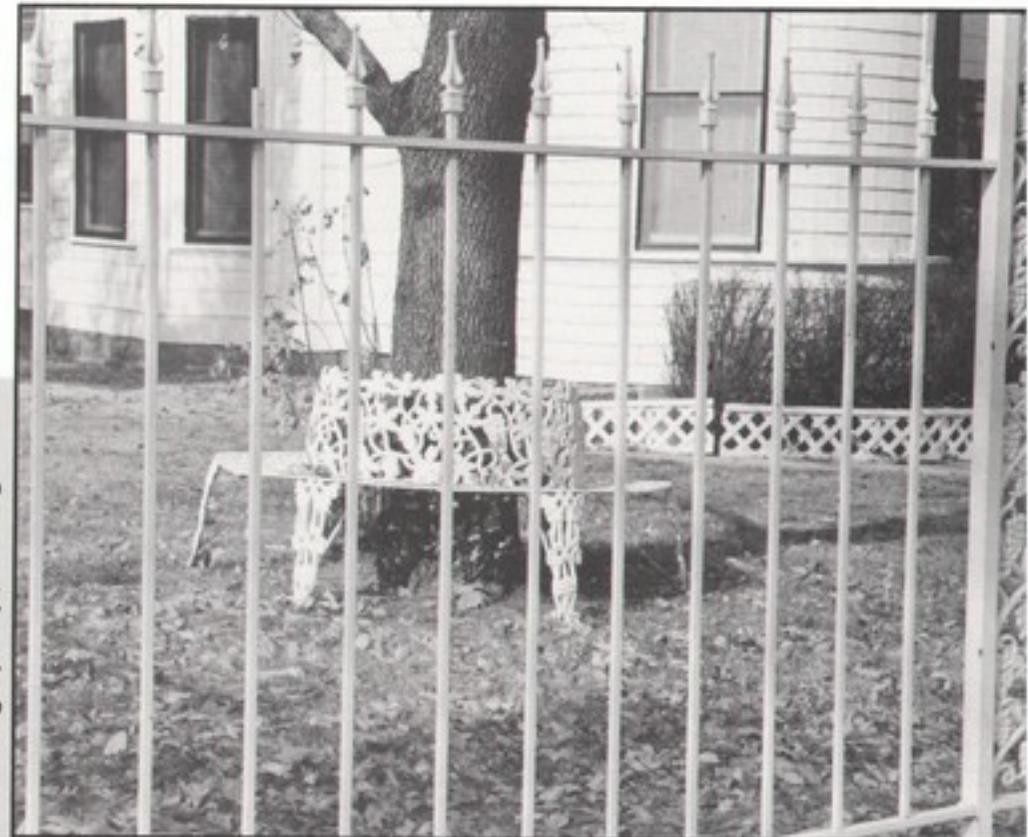


Sculpture by Jo Ann Langston

Strawberry preserves
spread across a dusty sky,
shadows grow at dusk

Tara Krapf

Photograph by Jack Hughes



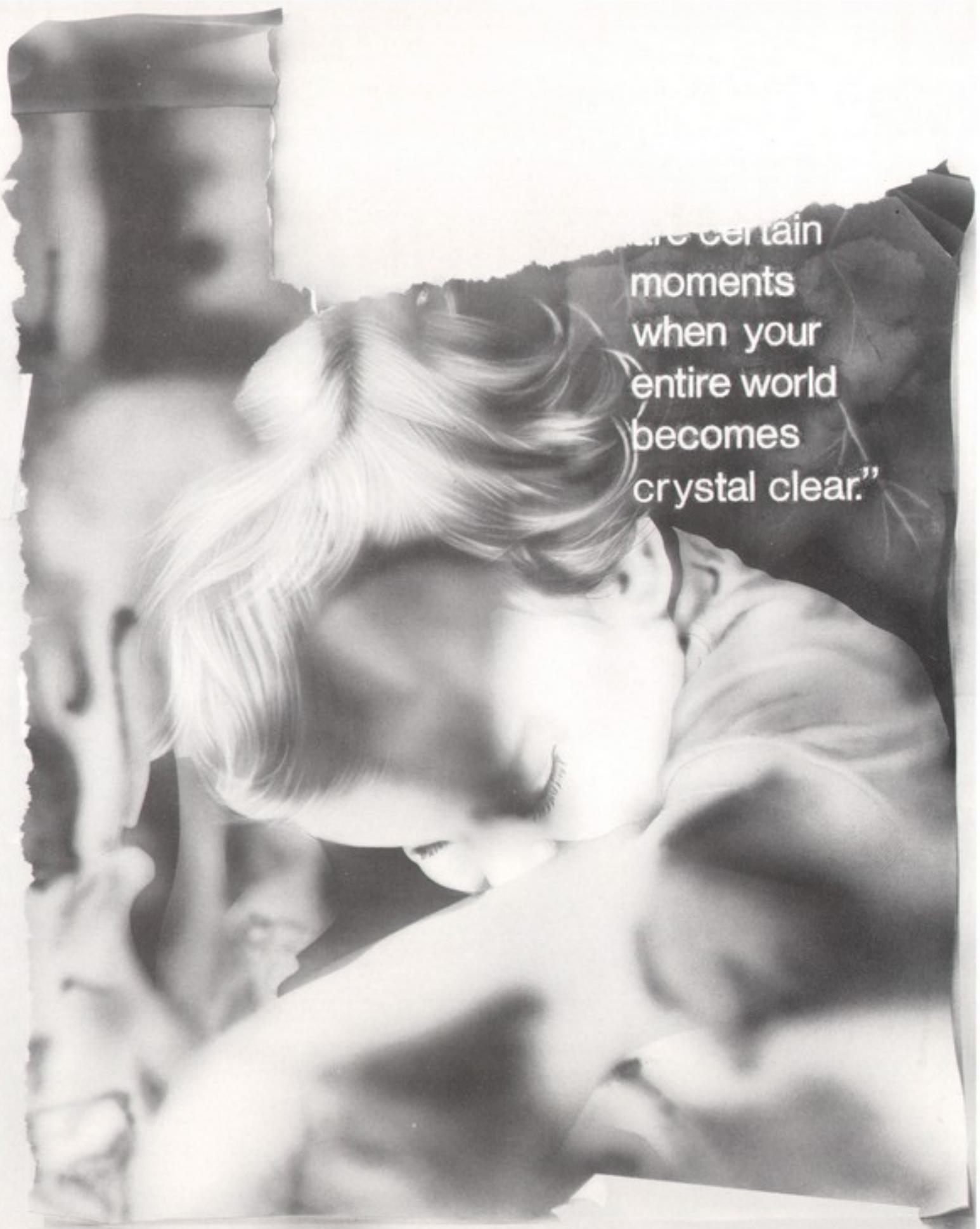
CHORES

One day my father
said to me,
"Go outside
and mow the tree.
Rake the flowers
and water the ants.
Chop up the fence
and paint the plants.
Trim the tomatoes
and pull up the lawn.
Pick a few bushes
for us to munch on."

"But Dad," I said,
with respect,
"Today is Monday.
Did you forget?
I dust the sink
and iron the dishes.
Vacuum the windows
and wash the fishes.
Feed the carpet
and scrub the cat."
"Oh yes," he said.
And that was that.

Jennifer Cross

Airbrush by Gene Balicek



There are certain
moments
when your
entire world
becomes
crystal clear."

Photograph by Mark Phillips



AWAKENING

Incessant stridence numbs my ears,
late summer locusts dull my senses.
Beside granite rocks, seeding weeds,
below Ponderosas boasting strength,

I pick a rose, nearly spent,
short-stemmed to save its sister bud,
palest pink its inner petals,
deep cerise the outer rows.

A drop of dew gleams inside
within petaled arms
Short is its blossom life,
immense, the joy it spreads.

The disproportion is my awakening.
Full-blown rose, a sense of worth,
a fleeting thought of hope,
reward for one who lives intensely.

Elizabeth Connelly

PAVING THE WAY

Dull-eyed, hard-hatted mercenary.
Button-straining, belt-swallowing belly
hides your lap as you sit at sunset
sucking smoke from your cigarette.
Surveying with small-minded satisfaction
the wound you've raped into a desert you'll never know,
as though she was another faceless woman
you just rolled off of.

Sticky blackness spreading through your lungs,
like smoldering death eating the ancient forests.
Suiciding slowly as you murder a planet.
Oblivious, concerned with more immediate matters:
a cheap bar, draft beer, a hard-eyed woman, payday
Friday,
getting ready for another day's work.

Aalt Brouwer, Jr.



Illustration by Marcia Stevens

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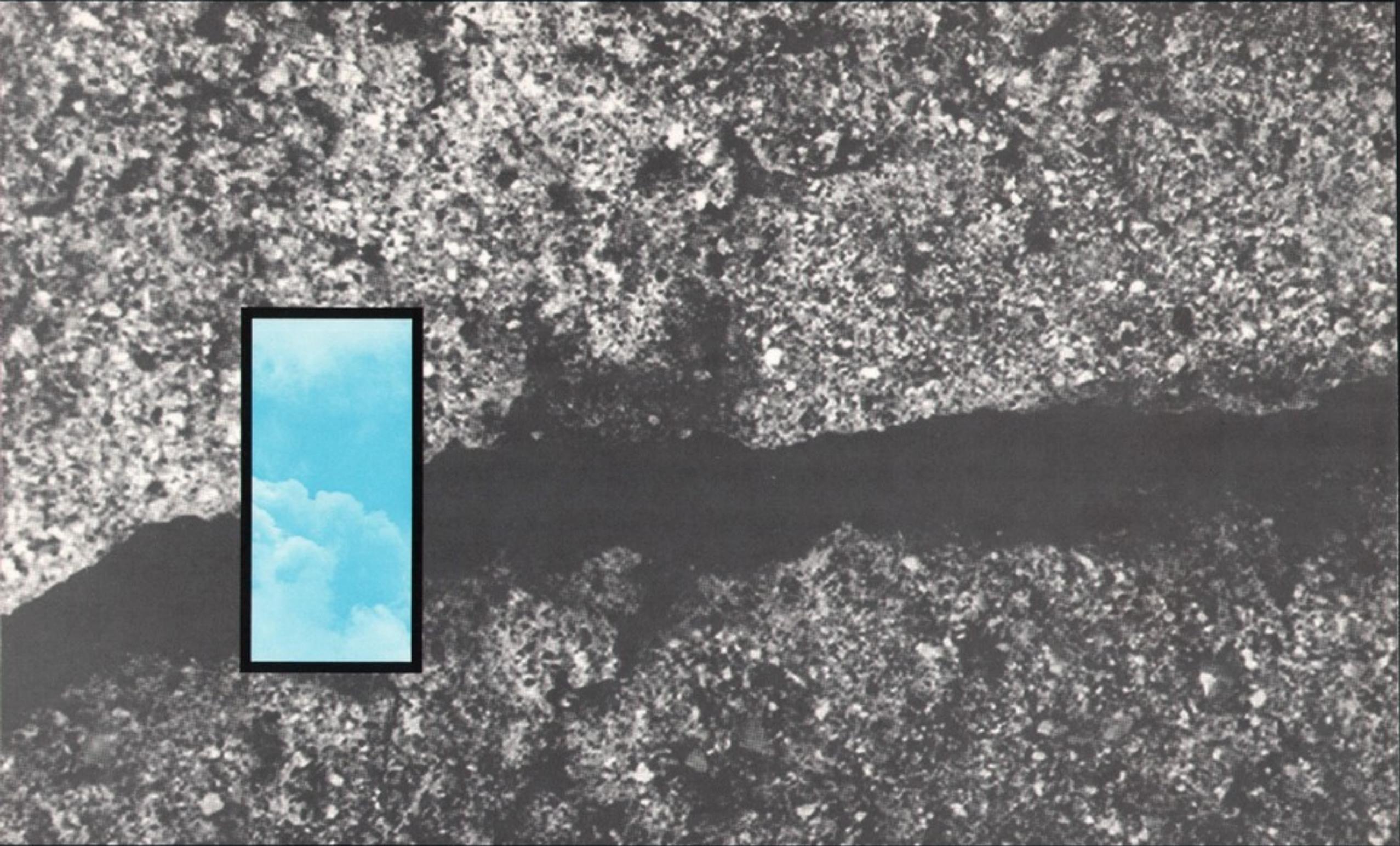
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