

dimensional design • photography • crafts • ceramics • lapidary • glass • graphics

non-fiction • short prose • poetry • two-dimensional design • three-dimensional
Threshold

ceramics • lapidary • glass • graphics • jewelry • painting • sculpture • drawing • printmaking

2006

three-dimensional design • three-dimensional design • photography • crafts • ceramics



digital media • wood • wood turning • fiction • non-fiction • short prose • poetry • two

lapidary • glass • graphics • jewelry • painting • sculpture • drawing • printmaking • digital

three-dimensional design • photography • crafts • ceramics • lapidary • glass • graphics
Creative Arts Magazine

non-fiction • short prose • poetry • two-dimensional design • three-dimensional

drawing • printmaking • digital media • wood • wood turning • fiction • non-fiction

ceramics • lapidary • glass • graphics • jewelry • painting • sculpture • dra



Metalsmithing by Nancy Pettit

Cover design by Noe Kaur
Cover Photograph by David Dvorak

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Threshold



Painting by M. Jane Trainham

Creative Arts Magazine

About Threshold

Threshold presents poems, stories and works of art created by Yavapai College students. The layout and design were produced by the Graphic Design II and Magazine Production classes.

The magazine was created using Adobe Creative Suite 2 software on Macintosh and Windows systems.

“Sand on sunburn, thick cold salty waves
curdled and foaming and smelling of kelp...”



Two-Dimensional Design by Joanna Kelley

Beach Pictures

By Mechtild Wittowski

I

ants in the trail mix
sand in our salt-sticky hair
no shade
the dry-bitter smell of the gray-green costal herbs
as we go padding down to the beach
laden with bags and boogie boards

II

mom is riding the boogie board aaaaaahh!!
a ride like a slide a locomotive
till scratching—ouch!—on the rocks and sand
it's a big one!
oof! it's all over
and under and force

swoosh

sweep up

on the sand

again

and withdraw

with a clatter of scattering pebbles
and bubbles

in the sand

III

sand on sunburn, thick cold salty waves
curdled and foaming and smelling of kelp
we lie under towels tarry with salt
eating chocolate and cheese
we watch the tide

wash

away

our sand

castle

IV

two angular teens, backlit
skipping stones on the evening waves



Photograph by Michael Jones



Painting by Shannon Kidder

Dusty Passage

By Marlene Baird

The prairie, with its dull, unbroken horizon, sits sullen beneath a gray October sky. Oppressive clouds hunker, aching to spew rain drops or hail stones. Either would break the monotony. The arrow-straight road ahead of me narrows to infinity. I'm moving quickly, my tires spitting gravel, raising a rooster tail. In the stillness the dust settles back, and my passing is history. Not even history, because it is not marked.

This vast, open land does not inspire me; in fact, its sameness cramps me, but it is land my grandparents knew how to deal with. They arrived from Prussia bare of resources other than courage. Tough, they stayed here where the summers are uncertain and the winters crippling. I think that makes them better than me.

Hearing a distant moan, I glance in the rear-view mirror. A train approaches the crossing over which my wheels have just rumbled. The train, too, is in a hurry, rushing headlong, unimpeded by hill or curve. My road and its tracks are at right angles, but not cross purposes. We both slip over the surface of the earth as quickly as possible. Like me, it lacks patience and prefers civilization.

Coffee aroma rises as I hold the thermos between my thighs and twist it open. In a few minutes I'll get enough of a jolt to carry me the last hour. Then I'll bump into the yard and stop before the house and miss Coal, the black Lab. My folks sent me to my grandparent's farm for a few weeks when I was eleven. I nearly died of homesickness, and Coal was all that saved me. A few years later my folks died, and I thought nothing would save me. But here I am, just like the undefeated tufts of yellow grass that spike the edges of the road.

About a half mile off to my right, a small pond has gathered some geese. A break in the clouds allows a slant of sun to light their backs and I imagine them hunching upwards to its warmth.

Smarter than some of us, they're headed south for the winter. I recently learned that they take turns leading the V so that the birds back in the formation can rest, taking advantage of the pull created by those up front. What could be more simple, or more complicated? How do they decide whose turn it is?

Miles ahead, a box rises out of the horizon. Now it's the size of a child's wooden building block, but I know it will grow into a grain elevator. When I visited the farm as a child we played in Grandfather's silo. We stretched out on the surface of the silky wheat and moved through it, reaching out like swimmers. With splayed hands we shoved the grain back to our legs, then pushed it behind us with our feet. The fragrant kernels, slick as pearls, washed along our bare arms. We didn't know until later that it was twenty-foot-deep quicksand. My cousin, Terry, suffocated in the silo that day. He must have sunk, and his nose and mouth must have filled with dust and grain. He made no noise. When Margaret and I realized we were alone, we assumed Terry had returned to the chicken house where he liked to sit scratching stick figures in the dirt floor.

"You were told never to go into the silo."

Our heads hung.

And days later, "Heavenly Father, welcome this young angel, and let him know the abiding comfort of a love far beyond our own." Margaret and I sobbed aloud, like babies. I thought I would never forget the silo's earthy smell, but I have. I have also managed to forget Margaret. I may meet both again today.

I do remember the aroma of Grandmother's chicken boiling on the stove, and homemade German sausage frying. I can hear the buzz of powerful insects hovering over the corn and tomatoes in their garden. And I remember sleepless nights, bedded down on their screened porch, watching the progress

"Hearing a distant moan, I glance in the rear-view mirror."
"Hearing a distant moan, I glance in the rear-view mirror."
"Hearing a distant moan, I glance in the rear-view mirror."

Drawing by Clyde Ewalt



of leggy spiders, hoping none of them started down from the rough beams toward my pillow.

Grandfather's bristly moustache was unkempt; it was usually damp from coffee or water when he kissed my cheek. I didn't like the feel of that moisture, but today I wish I could know it one more time. I am going to his funeral. There will be aunts and uncles and cousins I don't know. I'll have that stunned look as I'm introduced to "Your Uncle Jake's youngest son, Harvey." Cousin Harvey will be as old as me, and we'll take stock—country mouse, city mouse—and I will feel inferior, being on foreign soil, this land which both frightens and feeds me.

I've grown up at a distance, and have become comfortable with isolation. Loneliness is my brother; quiet, my sister. They are familiar and easy companions compared to the fleshed-out relatives I will soon encounter. Only the memory of Grandfather's well-meant kiss keeps me from turning around.

Suddenly here is the house. The door opens. Here come quasi-familiar faces of all ages. Here come open arms. I fumble in the back seat for my jacket, delaying. I guess it's my turn up front.



Digital Montage by Jeff Lowery

RAW

By Betty Brunori

Raw is just short of bleeding. It is as close to bleeding as you can get without actually doing it; so you cannot be touched or the blood will come. It is similar to a burn but has no blister of water for protection.

You notice everything when you are raw, even air, water and light, things that might otherwise nurture; these are very painful. You want to be very still and quiet, taking small breaths to make as little disturbance as possible so you will not crack. Noises and the voices of others can be like hot wind that is harsh and reckless.

My thoughts are all inward making great weights on my chest, pressing me down. I am terrified to allow tears because I have memory of their salty burn and now, exposed, their fire would totally consume me by flame or flood, one way or another.

I wish only silence. And, feathers for my perfect bed, just the downy softness beneath and pulled over my face in vague hope that sleep will be my rescuer. Long, long sleep. Oh God, bring Holy Spirit Salve and heal me in the night so I can wake up and not remember how my blood nearly seeped out because I was not strong enough to hold it in.

My nery core dare not move one slight.



Photograph by Ashley Thuman

Salute

By Krisanne McSpadden

Be sure to salute, soldier.

It was a spot by a window, nothing special about it. Thick plexi-glass pane dividing a too-bright, too-sterile hallway from a too-brown, too-short lawn. On the bright and sterile side he would sit, everyday and some nights, when something—arthritis or memory—was too painful to sleep on, and he'd hold his cross.

Old people are insane, you learn that fast enough when you work with them all day. They'll forget their family entirely, but remember the piñata they beat to death on their ninth birthday so well that they'll tell you about it every morning while you tie their shoes. And if you don't watch them close, they'll give away their social security check to the cute new nurse just for a kiss on the cheek, but steal the greens from your plate as soon as your back is turned. Not that I eat those anyway, but it's about principle.

Most of them would do some of that, some did all of it, but one didn't do any of it. All he did was hold his cross and pray. Day in, day out. And if you passed by slow enough he'd remind you to salute, soldier.

Didn't think much of him really, but one time when he told me to salute I showed him the more popular version, using one finger. Must've been having one of those days. He started to cry. I think he prayed harder too, but it was hard to tell with all the blubbing.

There isn't a single fucking thing worse than a wrinkled hump of a man sobbing because you flipped him off. It's stupid anyway; he was so damn old you'd think he'd be used to it. Who doesn't get flipped off a few hundred times by that age? Not him, apparently. Or maybe it was just some of that old people insanity. Maybe it wasn't even because of

the finger and just because I never did salute him the way he wanted me to. No way of knowing now, but I started saluting him the "right" way after that. Just... you know, just to keep him shut up and happy. It was the job and all. Anyway, it became a weird kind of habit. It got to where I'd salute while walking by without stopping or him needing to ask; I never really did think about him until he was gone.

I figure he was happy to go. If I'm ever stupid or unlucky enough to live to be that old, I know I'd be grateful to be put out of my misery. And it's not like anyone missed him. No family had ever visited; he could have been the last, or maybe he was such a bastard when he was younger that they were glad to see him go senile. Doesn't really matter why in the end; he was alone then gone.

I only started wondering about all this stuff when I saw his few possessions packaged to be mailed to the government. If it was going there it'd be because there was no one else to send it to, so the city'd have it liquidated and recycled back into the economy.

Can't tell you why I took it. I don't even remember his name now and the nursery has no great memories for me; it was just a job.

But I'd salute to him every day, and even if half the time I wasn't paying any attention, he'd still show his gums in some ugly smile. And for a while after he was gone, I'd still raise my hand to him without thinking whenever I'd pass that window. So I guess it wasn't much, probably wasn't even worth mentioning, but because of that it still seemed alright to take it.

And that's why I wear a cross. Yeah, because some guy died, just not the one you were thinking of.

Weaving by Joanne Fay, Three-Dimensional Design by Colin Waters



"...when he told me to salute I showed him the more popular version, using one finger."



M *My Brother*

By Kyle Wiley

At the grocery store Bob chooses a pack of bugles and mozzarella string cheese.

I take trail mix.

He offers to buy mine too when the cashier scans our row of snacks in a small parade of beeps. 'No,' I say "You need your money," as I swipe my debit card, inching my account closer to overdrawn.

We are in the parking lot now. Walking to the red van with orange peel headlights that gave birth to us that day into the grocery store.

We return to mother.

Everyone is done and waiting for us, two seats remain in the womb of the 12 seat van.

I sit next to Bob. We don't slice the air with words like everyone else.

Mother takes us to the mountain.

She takes her time and drives over comforting hills.

I fall asleep on Bob's large inviting shoulder. Pressing my face into his warm black shirt.

Bob looks down at my beard folding against his arm and smiles.

What I don't know.
What Bob's radiant smile doesn't know.

His life will end in two weeks in a tide pool in La Jolla.

I hope mother knew.



Painting by Carolyn Schmitz

Can't Go Home No More

By CR Bolinski

Towel rack, flour sack
plastic pipe and kitchen hose,
horseweed hardy and still grows.
Dog pens and animal traps
flowers once alive with sap.

Tire gauge, car fenders
dogs chained to dying trees,
garbage entwined with rotting leaves.
Long ago, this was my home,
fields and fields of grassy loam.

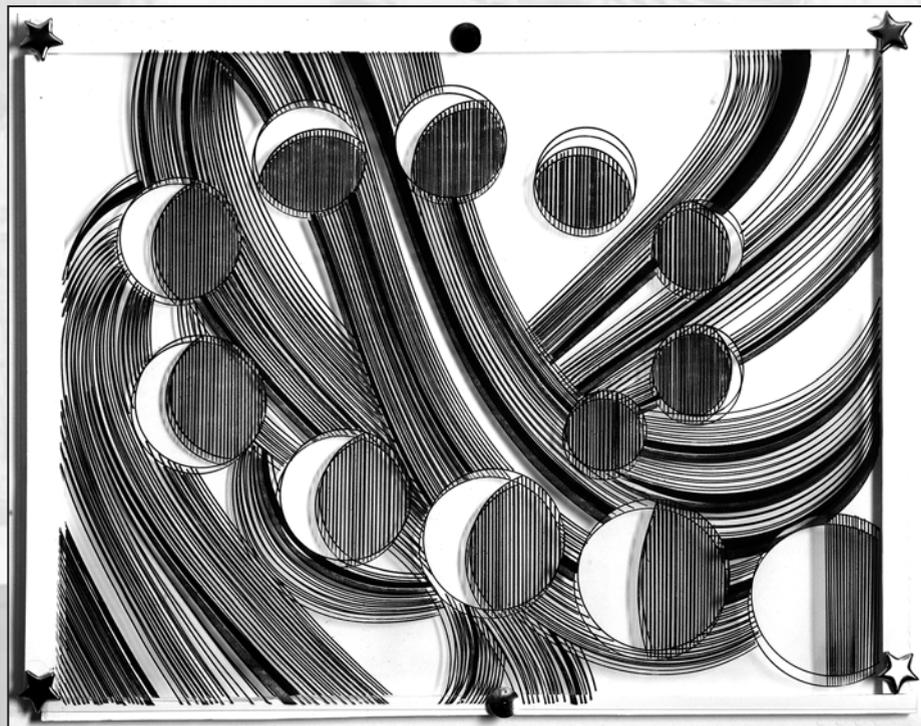
Extension cord, car keys
scrap wood where termites dwell,
rubber tire and bicycle bell.
Weathered, wooden beams in fields
where cows once roamed and ate their meals.

Satellite dish, electrical lights
lawn mower exposed to dust
fencing reddened, encased with rust.
Kerosene lamps used for lighting,
grayed, faded, whitewashed house siding.

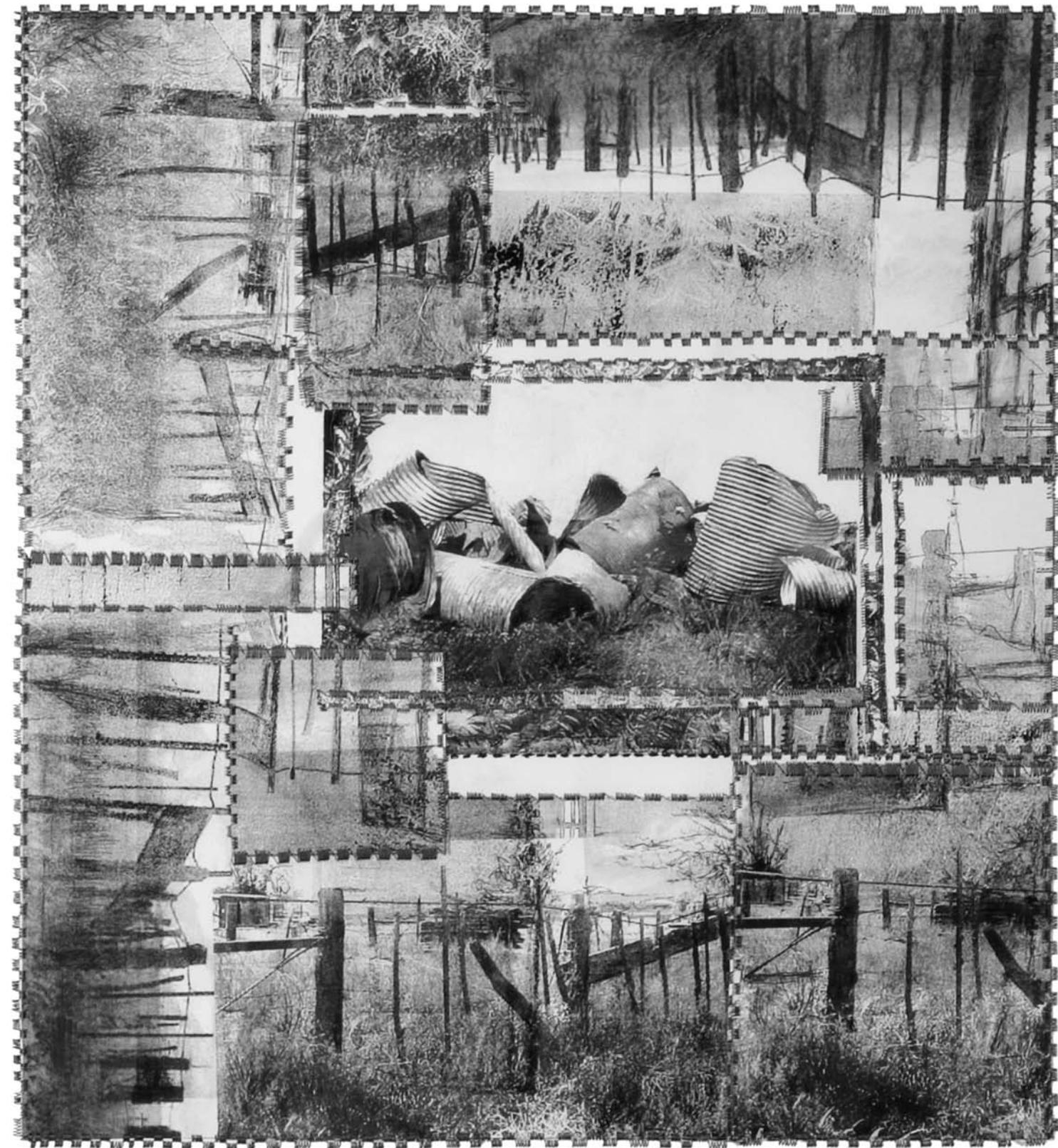
Dawn opens to sunlight's muse
trees tall, twinkle, on white spruce.
Bits and pieces from the farm,
belonged to fields now long gone.

Floyd, Eugene, Clyde and Homer
still hope for fields of soy and clover.
Rose of Sharon bends from force
her dying anger shares remorse.

Duck decoys, fishing reel,
wash hangs from withered string
who knew then what life would bring.
The land, unfaithful, like before,
I try, but can't go home no more.



Two-Dimensional Design by Mary Kelly



Print by Joy O'Brien

HEAR ME !!
 HEAR ME !!
 GOVERNANCE
 INDEED STRENGTH
 SPIRIT
 AND WISDOM
 MAY I WALK IN BEAUTY
 MAY I WALK IN BEAUTY
 HAI HO!

Layounne

for Vera Zanello

By Peter Dorsey

We are on a cracked mud roof among
 cracked mud roofs.

Cirrus rake the thin sky like waves lacing
 their white way up rocks

on the red beach where yesterday
 you showed me how to shape

my body when handling a rapier.
 You don't know what to do with your life.

I watch the crumbled throats of mud-brick
 torn by a city of nails

staking down the clothesline against constant wind.
 We punctuate conversation's gravity

by wafting our bodies, spinning
 on the roof, taking in the day moon

and our breaths. Your loose saffron
 robes belie a tenaciousness

of spirit I am barely prepared
 to weather.

Far off a sandstorm, a red
 sea cliff, tastes the air

with a tentative edge.
 Billowing saffron and the bow

of your head.
 We are here in the open

country of uncertainty, searching
 and fleeing at once, anything

before the storm overtakes us.
 I bend at the knees, widen my stance,

heft the whorled blade.



Sculpture by Gaye de Coux



Painting by Carolyn Schmitz

I Want to Tell Him

By WisahWahosi

I've never known a father. When I cried I turned to my mother. On Father's Day I showed no appreciation. Every time I think about trying to write the man that was absent from my life, I get frightened. What do you say to the man who was never there? I am afraid that he won't know my words, he won't hear my voice. What if he rejects my thoughts and feelings? What if he confirms my fears of him not having a caring thought towards me? I hide my thoughts behind my fear. I tell myself that I have nothing to say and I linger. But I falsify. I really want to find him, look him in the eyes, open my mouth with courage and tell him...My name is Wisahibu Wahosi. I want to tell him that my name means the red rising sun. I want to tell him that I understand the reasons why he wasn't there. I want to tell him that I don't resent him. I want to tell him that the hardest thing wasn't his absence, but the lack of kindness in people who would tease a child for having a lack of a

father. I want to tell him that as I grew up I was scared that he didn't love me. I want to tell him that now that I am grown, I am at peace with it. I want to tell him to not be nervous. I want to tell him that sometimes I get angry and heavyhearted, but in the end I do understand. I want to tell him that no one ever wanted me to get close to him. I want to tell him that when people inquire about my father, I tell them to go ask John. I want to tell him how frustrating it

was to be near him, but to never be seen by him. I want to tell him that my mother says that I am more like him than her. I want to tell him that it's hard to be part of a stranger. I want to tell him that despite the fact that my eyes are blue and my skin is pale, I look like him. I want to tell him that because he wasn't there I lived in concealment. Because he wasn't there I was never validated as a piece of him. I want to tell him that because he wasn't there, I am not a part of his name. Because he wasn't there, he is not my inheritance. I want to tell him that because he wasn't there I had to be strong. Because he wasn't there my family was made smaller. I want to tell him that I'll never forget the phrase, "your father doesn't want you", which was thought by so many. I want to tell him that I wish that I didn't sometimes feel hurt. I want to tell him that I try not to cry about the void that is between us. I want to tell him that I no longer daydream of us uniting. I want to tell him that we can be two white doves who fly harmoniously with the thought of one another. The lack of words, the lack of affection, the lack of "I love you's," it is all right. The soul takes the hurt that the heart can't take. Our destinies didn't collide, but fate never ends. If it is not this life perhaps it is another. I'll be waiting.



Sculpture by Cathy Cowen



Drawing by Maryhelen Ewing

My Wish Was Granted

My Wish Was Granted

By Cathleen Cherry

Three times I went to see him there.

The first:

I was alone and triumphant: June.
Proud of my new job
Almost, but not quite, gloating.

The shock of witnessing
The mouth slack, one eye open.
He slept fitfully.
Frightened, I thought of Poe,
the Telltale Heart, and the evil eye.
I was certain he was dead,
Or, if not, afraid he would die
Right there
Right now
In front of me.
He did not.

*He made campfires so hot and huge we had to stand back
twenty feet, singing the old songs, and he'd always snort when
we inevitably jumbled the verses of the Ballad of Ivan Skavinsky
Skavar.*

The second:

July, or was it August?
With my sister.
He looked better.
Was even ornery,
Meaning he was himself again.
And so, after leaving,
I did not feel as guilty.

*He made drinks so stiff even my big brothers couldn't finish one,
and he'd offer you one as soon as you turned sixteen. And by god,
you'd better accept it.*

The last:

Hoping the end was near,
I stopped at the shrine
In the muted December rain
To light candles and pray.

He was defeated.
I helped Gram
Wrestle him out of his blue jeans.
He didn't protest, only moaned softly, resigned.
His skin had sunk into the hollows,
Like fine silk draping the bones
He could feel disintegrating.
His knees grotesquely round.
He hid his left hand, swollen, red.
The gout,
Mom had said,
Was an indication his organs were failing.

*His goodnight kisses meant rough whiskers and the scent Chivas
Regal, and occasionally a raspberry blown into our necks,
sending us squealing off to bed.*

Uneasy, Gram wanted to run errands
Couldn't bear to stay
And watch the struggle of this man
She had loved for more than sixty years.

On the way home
I stopped again at the shrine,
Dumped all of my change into the sturdy steel box
And lit two more candles.

Three weeks later,
The wish was granted.
But it was before dawn,
And he was alone.

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ning • fiction • non-fiction • short prose

Wooden Bowl by Douglas Askerman



Sculpture by Carroll Russell



Ceramic Vase by Jackie Maret, Ceramic Bottle by Jesse Robbins, Weaving by Bobbi Salonsky



Photograph by Alexander Worth



Jewelry by Stephanie Preciado

ing • sculpture • drawing • printmaking • digital media • wood • wood turning • fiction • non-fiction • short prose • poetry • two-dimensional design • three-dimensional design



Hard Guy

By Colette Ward

The hard guy plans to stay for a month. I drop the sweat-soaked handset into its cradle and clutch my throbbing head. I'd invited him for a week.

At ninety-one, he will drive his spanking white Saturn from the west coast of Florida to Orlando, board an Amtrak Auto Train, ride the rails to Virginia and head up

to New Jersey. Alone, not because his six children, thirty-one grands and ten great grands don't care, but because spending two or three days on a trip with Pop is a major league event with no possibility of a home run and little chance of a base hit.

"No girls," he's mandated, meaning all the women in the family between seventeen and fifty-seven. "I can't make this overnight trip with a girl. We'd have to get two compartments. Waste of money. I need a man." But the men in the family don't swing at his knuckle ball.

Chubby, pink and still handsome, he arrives in New Jersey—white car, pure white hair and neat white shoes.

Two years have passed since his last visit. I've been looking forward to playing good daughter-in-law to his bear of a man who's an extraordinary storyteller. But my stomach flip-flops at the sight of him. When his wife Mary was alive, her gentle presence softened his visits, but here I am face to face with the steely, unaccompanied reality...

My own Dad died before any of our children were born. A sweet, caring man, I miss him dreadfully and often think of him as a perfect grandfather who'd bring gumballs hidden in his pockets, tell riddles and read stories aloud to an adoring circle of kids. I've always wanted Pop to be that grandfather, though I'm constantly disappointed.

He easily slides out from under the steering wheel, flips off his baseball cap and hangs it on the rearview mirror.

"You must be hungry."

*"From visit to visit,
I forget what it's like to have
this behemoth around."*

"I ate in the dining car and had a Pepsi in the piano bar."

I timidly surround his portly body with my arms.

"I slept on the train."

Sleeping on the train puts him in mind of the days he rode the freights back in 1910. He'd left his Catholic grammar school after sixth grade with a near-perfect Palmer script that's as steady today as it was when the Sisters of Charity whacked his knuckles with a ruler.

While bummin' around, looking for a job, he and his friend, Mike, heard that Ford was paying six dollars a day at its new plant in Detroit. They spent two days in a boxcar with Jack Dempsey, who was also on the bum. "Mike would swear to that, if he was still alive," he says with pride.

From visit to visit, I forget what it's like to have this behemoth around. After twenty-four hours, I know my invitation was a mistake. I feel as if someone has dropped off a drooling Saint Bernard for me to feed, its fur flying all over the place, constricting my throat.

"Pop, would you like pot roast for dinner?"

Flapping his hands in the air, he says, "I don't care. Do whatever you want. It's up to you." But, of course, it's not up to anyone but him. He sits down to every meal with a wary look, as if he's trying to detect the arsenic I dish up.

"Three squares. That's all I need," he says and adds, "...on time." He tyrannizes my busy family of six with his meal schedule. He commandeers the kitchen, clearing it out whenever he thunders in. He stalks the food being prepared, lurking around the butcher block like a private eye on surveillance and leaves only when his baseball games lure him to the TV.

"Did you say you were going to make pancakes for breakfast?" he asks as I'm on my way out the door to an eight a.m. yoga class.

Every morning he has a glass of orange juice, a multi-vitamin, a cod liver oil capsule, three kinds of cereal, mixed and sprinkled with wheat germ, two English muffins with one thick slab of butter on each half, a cup of coffee with fresh cream from the nearby dairy farm and, oh yes, a sweet bun. Then he honors me with a detailed commentary on the consistency of his stool. I would run out to the supermarket at two-thirty in the morning rather than be caught without any one of his breakfast items.

"Pop, would you like me to sew on that collar button?"

"I don't care. Do whatever..."

Wring that neck, I think, and I'm ashamed. If only he could say thank you...

He was a detective on the Newark police force for twenty-five years. "Never shot anyone," he says, but even now, he looks to me as if he could in a threatening situation. He's suspicious of everyone, always looking for a pickpocket, grifter or a liar. It's not easy living with someone who's on the alert fourteen hours a day.

His world is roads, trains, cars and baseball. Steel and concrete excite him. A hard guy. He has a story about every bridge ever built in New Jersey. He knows a short cut to wherever you want to go.

He's a black and white, law and order man, certainly not for peace and tranquility. A disrupter. Grays make him nervous. My son calls him "Red," for red-necked-bigot. My daughter says he's a hard guy.

"I expected San Francisco to get rapped by that earthquake, not Mexico," he says to me one morning,

as I sit at the breakfast table trying to read the *Times*. Thumping the top of my paper, before I regain my wits, he says, "How long can the Man Upstairs take all those fags foolin' around in Frisco?"

"What do you suppose God has against those poor people in Mexico?" I ask, but he doesn't get it.

My sister-in-law in Ohio says he's a mean-spirited bastard. She's divorcing his youngest son, who's a mean-spirited bastard when he drinks. Pop used to drink.

In fact, from what I've heard, he was a vaudevillian caricature of a tangle-legged, drunken Irishman. My husband remembers, as a child, sitting at the Sunday dinner table praying they would finish their meal before Pop came home from Maloney's Tavern.



Woodworking by Dianne Johnson

To everyone's amazement, the day after his wife of fifty-seven years died, Pop gave up the devil drink. "I went to the priest and took The Pledge," he bragged to the world. "For Mary," he added. But by then nobody cared.

I tell him I'm having a birthday party for my husband, and I've invited a bunch of friends.

"Why all the fuss? Christ sake, haven't you two got enough to do around here?"

"Parties are fun."

"Well I guess you girls like those parties."

"Men don't?"

"Parties are for sissies. I'd like to call up that no-good son of mine in Ohio. He'd come in here, have a few drinks and bust up your party good."

I bend my leg and kick the back of his chair as hard as I can, but he doesn't seem to notice. My heart races like a frantic hamster in my chest. What is wrong with this man?

"Did I ever tell you my father was killed by a speeding horse-drawn carriage?"

"I don't think so."

"I was ten... You know a sow chewed off his fingers."

"What are you saying?"

Oh, my God, he's going to start... I'd once heard something about his father's missing fingers.

"He was a tyke in his crib... The family lived with their animals in a thatched-roof hut in Ireland. As the little guy slept his hand hung through the slats and a sow had himself a fine meal off the top halves of four fingers."

Could this be true?

He remembers when all the roads in Newark were unpaved and people traveled by sleigh in wintertime, when gas lamps lit the houses and the iceman delivered huge blocks of ice in lieu of refrigeration. "I owned one of the first Model T's, you know."

I don't care anymore. I don't want to listen. He'll never be like my own dad. I hate this man. I'm not a good daughter-in-law.

Sunday morning, riding home from church, he says, "Can I ask you a personal question?"

"Do whatever you want." I wonder if he's going to ask about my bowels.

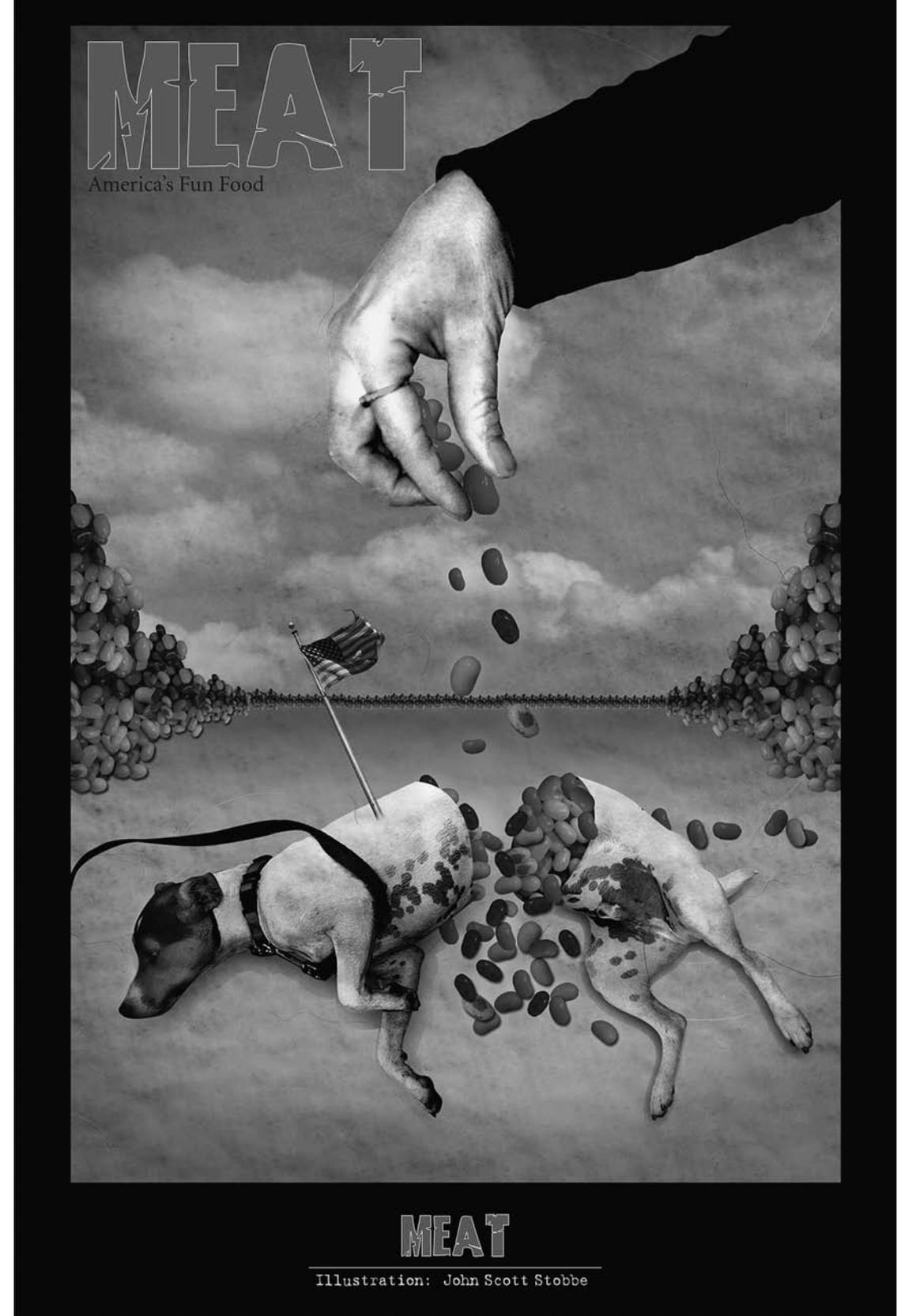
"Tell me truthfully, has my son lost his faith?"

"We don't go to church every Sunday. I told you that."

"I wonder when we'll find out if our thinking is right. I wonder where Heaven is... they've gone to the moon... used to think it was up there... guess we'll find out soon enough."

"Beats me, Pop."

I roll down the window—turn on the radio. He has cause to be suspicious of me. My heart has turned to stone. I have become the hard guy.



Grid & Print by John Stobbe



Print by Roy Leroux

*"A pause, a grimace.
The recognition in
retrospect."*

Sword Ferns

By Deborah Weissman

Primordial—Postmodern—Pagan
Woman: Preparing greens,
scrubbing carrots & beets,
snapping celery into juicer-sized pieces.
She did not grow these vegetables, she
does not compost.

postmodern
primordial primeval

Tucking stems & muddy rotting leaves down
the tidy
dispose-all.

A sudden sharp prick
under the first bend of her third finger.
A pause, a grimace.
The recognition
in retrospect.

Back out of the black chute:
perfect, saw-toothed, bright green leaves
deep inside the twist-tied,
organically grown,
commercially produced
spinach—slightly sandy
Stinging Nettle.

Woman—postmodern,
uprooted, ungrounded.
Stinging woman,
under the first bend of her third finger.
Bright white dot in reddened skin.
Uprooted like the nettle—
connecting at the kitchen sink.

Crossing into Colorado

By Mechtild Wittowski

Driving across the Navajo Nation—
Hours of earth, red and tan,
Hogans and trailers off in the sand—
I see four-leggeds full of self-possession:

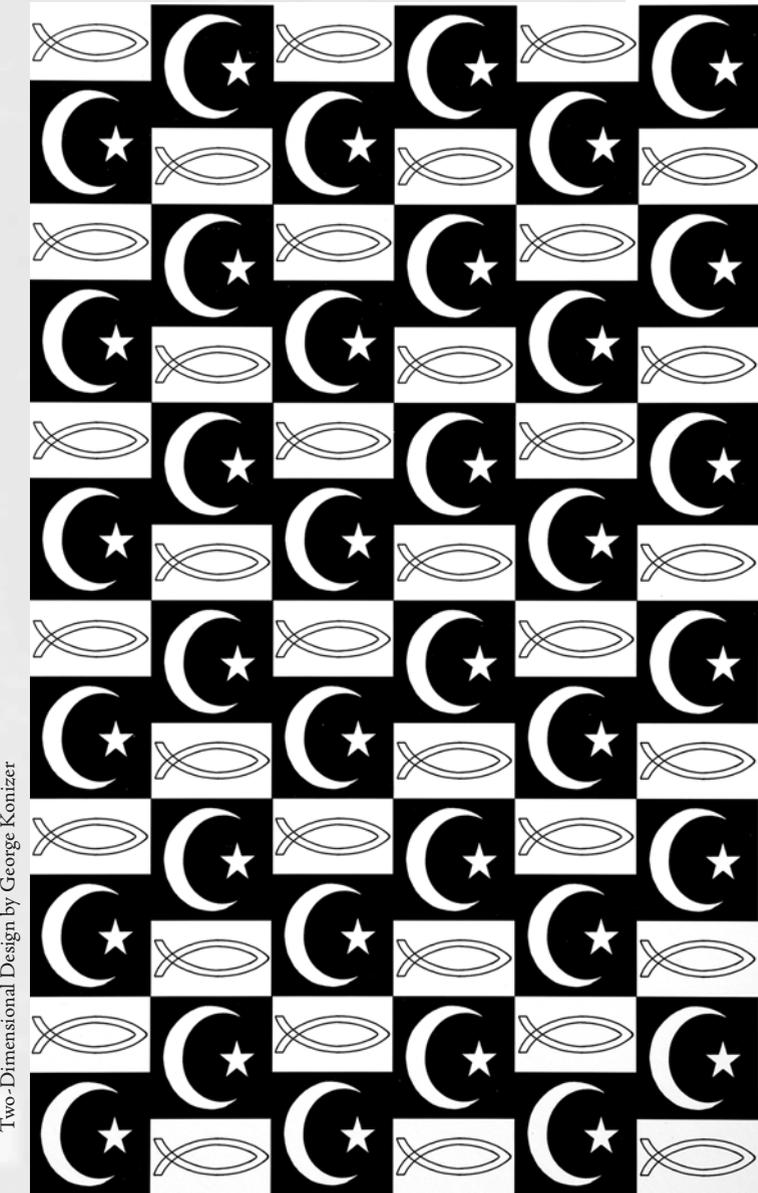
A family of cows, in single file
Their heavy heads nodding along
The fence-line that seems to go on for miles,
The lead cow with only one horn.

A family of dogs are calmly splotched
In the shade of three derelict booths on a corner—
The black pups and black parents all turn to watch
As I turn left toward Four Corners.

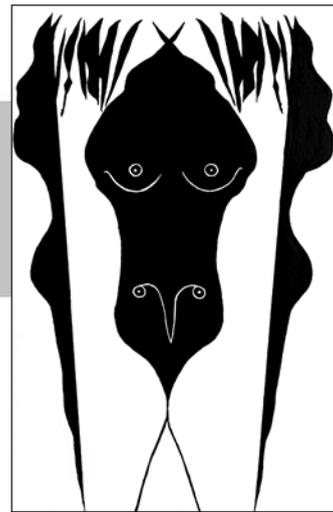
Down in a draw a lead horse neighs
To the spotted herd on the road as they graze—
When I stop to take a picture
They startle and drift, clip-clopping, away.

Crossing into Colorado,
Squares of green signal white-mans' land.
Here and there a horse stands blankly,
But mostly the ground so neatly penned

Is empty.



Two-Dimensional Design by George Konizer



A woman has arms
(response to a painting of an armless figure)

By Mechtild Wittkowski

a woman has arms
a woman always has arms
arms are all a woman has
arms to hold and carry the baby
arms to cut wood and carry the water
arms in the kitchen, above the stove
arms kneading bread, arms pounding nails
arms always moving, arms always full

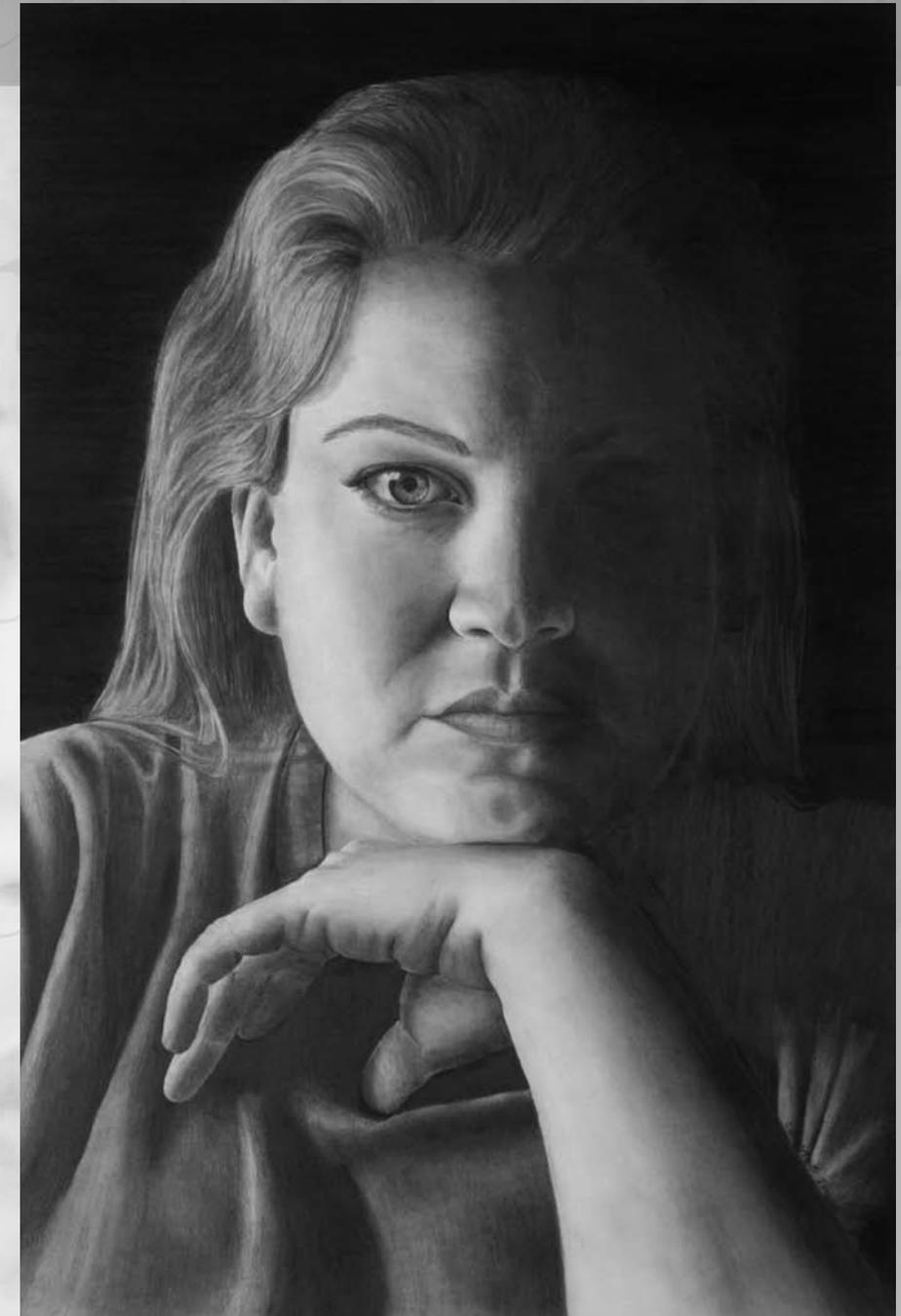
Sculpture by Kat Cutright



Untitled

By Barbara Gardner

I should have named my cat Olive
Black olive fur.
Green olive eyes.
Curl of pimento for a tongue.



Drawing by Christine Jochim

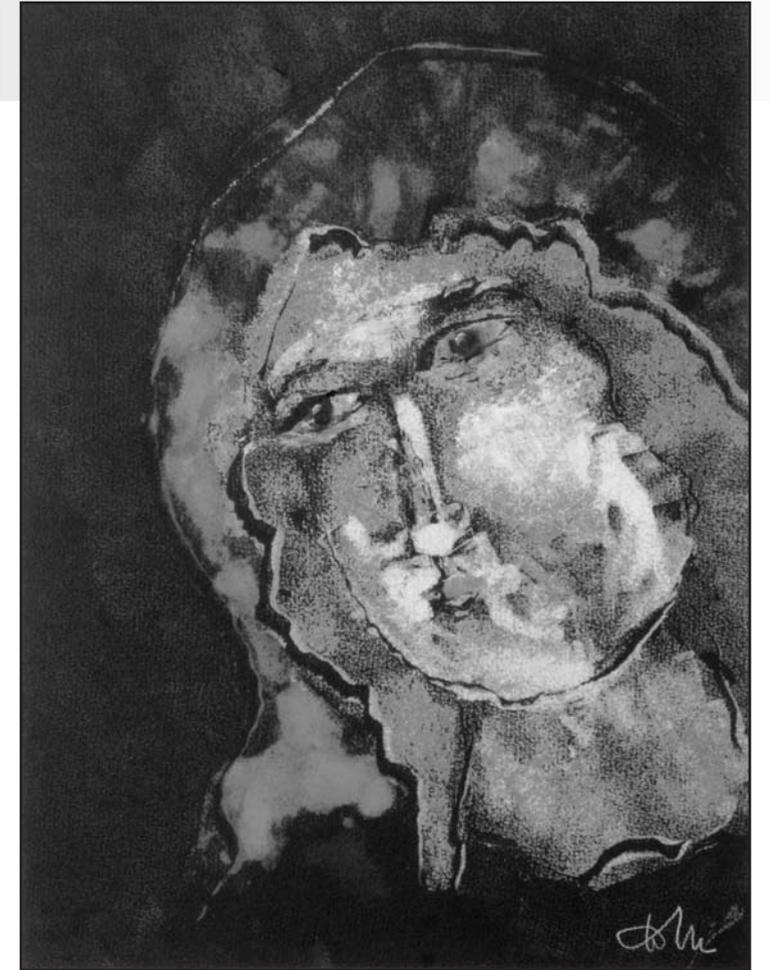
Autumn at the 37th Parallel

By Peter Dorsey

It is winter in the air but still summer in the stones,
and the leaves know it is not they who are dying,
not their song ending, but when they look back
at their lives it's like watching them in fast-forward;
green lurching from the dark earth,
butterflies exploding off the branch
only to die softly an instant later,
and as soon as the flowers fall
out of love with the sky, every leaf
leaps with flame, the quicksilver crescendo,
magenta caught in the maples, a swift fire,
color's own culmination.

But for a moment
the surging blur slows
to the time we stood beneath the crackling
cascade of the color yellow, its collaboration
with wind, how you could feel
the trees pulling their ends in,
balling up a yarn-heart
of sap to knit silhouettes of winter. Building
emptiness, reciprocating sighed fireflies
descending, coals curling, leaves
who can only fall slowly, wanting to sing
even the songs that are not finished.

Drawing by Joyce Putman



Print by Walter Miklius

"... every leaf leaps with flame..."



Damn Crop Spoilers!

By Nate Cloyd

The gophers had been a real pest in farmer Ohlie's corn fields for almost a moon now, but this was just ridiculous. He tightened his gnarled, weather-toughened hands firmly on the grip of his rusted pitchfork as he took in the sad sight before him. The dusk winds still rustled about playfully in his wispy white hair as they had been want to do so for as long as he could remember. At least the wind seemed oblivious enough to what had happened.

There it was: in the wall of lush green corn that always stood at the south side of his field, there now was a gaping hole that burrowed in to it jaggedly. Corn stalks lay haphazard, sprawled out across the dusty ground like fallen soldiers. Ohlie could hear his wife's barking calls in the distance. Dinner was ready and apparently it was threatening to magically turn cold in the next few seconds if he didn't return to the cottage this instant. No matter, he thought, it won't take but a few moments to scare away them damn crop spoilers!

Ohlie gritted the few teeth that hung on to his gums defiantly. The old farmer hadn't had worse luck in ages. All that he'd had to deal with in recent times was picking out moles or catching stubborn rabbits. He had long figured that the kind of vandals who took to raiding crops had left these parts to move to the festering town up north. He had figured that they had left long ago—back before his hair was frosted white and back when his strength had still coursed endlessly through his veins. But all things come to their end in time. Ohlie had come to understand that all too well. Now it looked as though luck wouldn't let him be. After reaching the last few years of his life he still had to scare out these barbaric ruffians.

He sighed deeply in the fading evening light before stepping into the gap to investigate. The ragged path twisted in odd curves that, much to Ohlie's dismay, obscured much of his view ahead. He bent down to touch one of the jagged spearhead ends of the stalks that jutted up from the ground. The end was splintered savagely—no small feat to tear healthy green corn stalks by hand—must be some big crop spoilers, alright.

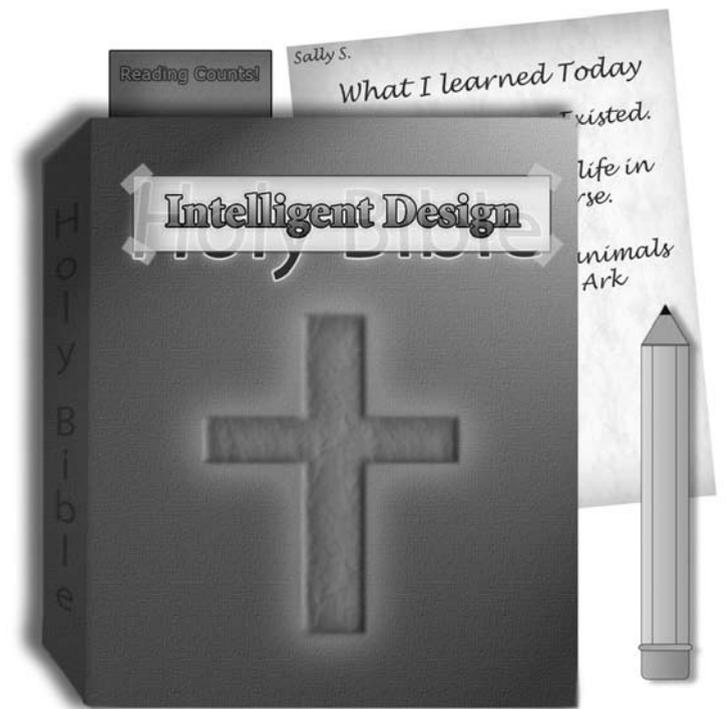
He plodded on, his old knees protesting with their usual, familiar ache. After a moment he saw something on the ground from between the stalks to his left, just around the corner. It looked to be a big, brownish-gray lump rising slowly as it took in deep, slow breaths. Ohlie squinted, trying to make some sense of the massive heap. Must be a horse. Asleep on its side, no less. Good, he had caught the lazy trespassers as they slept. Now he could catch them off guard—spring a surprise attack. That would even the odds.

With that, he sprung around the corner in his awkward, aged way, and let out a fierce holler, scaring up the sparrows surrounding him. Yet, his shout stopped short as he caught full sight of the mass in front of him. Things changed so fast on old Ohlie that he had trouble taking it all in at first. From the lump there rose a large, shaggy head as the mass flopped over—apparently it, too, was startled by Ohlie's shout. Quickly the creature pounced up on its stubby, thick, hind legs as its front arms pushed its boulder sized fists against the dirt, propping up its unnaturally wide, muscular body. A wave of putrid, filthy air hit Ohlie, causing his nostrils to prickle painfully. As its head slowly fixed on the farmer's position, he could see hints of greenish moss growing in the dark, short hair that coated its body in sparse patches. Its beady, black eyes hid deep in its skull, nearly lost in ragged hair—only a faint sheen cast out as the last of twilight danced in their clouded glassy depths. Lastly, Ohlie's eyes fell on the overly large lower jaw that shot out in front of the beast's tortured face, great tusk-like fangs shot up slavering drool about the dirt below.

The wind stopped as if it was just as stunned as Ohlie. He turned quickly to run, but came face to face with another of the monsters. This one must have snuck up behind him, and was a bit bigger and greener than the first. The beast towered up on its hind legs, standing just taller than the corn itself, and flung up one of its anvil sized fists. As the helpless farmer watched, the fist arched its way down toward his paralyzed face. In that moment, Ohlie remembered a story he had heard passed about since his days as a youth. It was a silly one meant to scare the children home before sunset, before the jackals

came out to feed on the young. It was a legend from the past, from the ancient days all but forgot, of horrors that lurked in the hollows of the woods. They were said to be ruthless savages, monsters with great long, hairy arms and grotesquely large teeth. But they weren't supposed to be real they were only a story. That was all. He remembered scaring his grandsons into bed with the tale. For a fleeting moment the memory brought a smile to his face. Who back at home would ever believe that the mean, scary old Yinth had come to take Ohlie away! His chuckle faded as he grew to understand it all. Oh by the gods, the Yinth have returned. Perhaps his dinner would get cold after all.

The dusk winds howled mournfully with his final scream. They came to realize all too clearly that they would miss the time they had spent with the old man in the warm fields, playing about blissfully in his once wispy white hair.



little Sally's new science book

Illustration by Greg Colvin



Water Sculpture by Gary Scott

Traveled

By Grace Browne

Santa Fe curb, sitting on my mother's suitcase
Scanning photocopied prose.
Waiting to be carted back to unsettled day-to-day.
Cold Sunday afternoon that smells like cigarettes
When I warm my gloved hands
With quick, hot breaths.
Gloves that smell like clear nights,
Like lukewarm rebellion and the unknown.
[Gloves that smell like me, these days.]



Lapidary by Richard Tuckness

*Lapidary
Sculpture*

*Poetry
Photography*



Photograph by Nancy Blevins



Photograph by Christopher Breitenstein

The Way I See Her

By Lindsey Parker

In the photo I keep of her
in my wallet she is young,
freckled and happy.

She is tanned and
with her parents,
not yet a parent herself.

I drove 800 miles to see her.
Through ice and snow my gloved
hands steady on the steering wheel.

I had committed to spending
three days with her, but
left after two.

Returning home, I dropped off a
roll of film. I picked it up much later,
sometime after the first of the year.

Sitting in a parking lot
I flipped through the
photographs I had taken.

She did not grace one glossy
image. There were only
mountains and buildings.

I could not hold the camera
to my eye and capture what
she had become.

She was frail and tired,
her toothy grin
now full of gaps.

Her happiness had been
rubbed out—all
used up.

She was not
the mother who
lived in my wallet.



Digital Image by James McCallon



Sculpture by Cathy Willett

In This Poem We Will Die

By Peter Dorsey

In this poem we will pretend
once again
that there is hidden meaning,

like souls, everywhere. We will pretend
not to sweat the little stuff
though every tiny thing is serious;

it is the Whole
that is not. We will pretend again
that there are words

we can rediscover like bodies
of new lovers, rambunctious
inversions of a curve.

We will understand
the absence of an identifiable source
for anything. Laugh

at bright leaves tilting the earth for a breeze,
play the record over and over until it means something
different every time, until the notes are as meaningless

as sunsets, until we can survive
its passage with our own meaning
intact. Until we pick strawberries

in thunderstorms shirtless
and invite lightning to step over,
rainwater pouring from our chin.

In this poem we will live.



Drawing by Maryhelen Ewing



Logo by James McCallon

bright

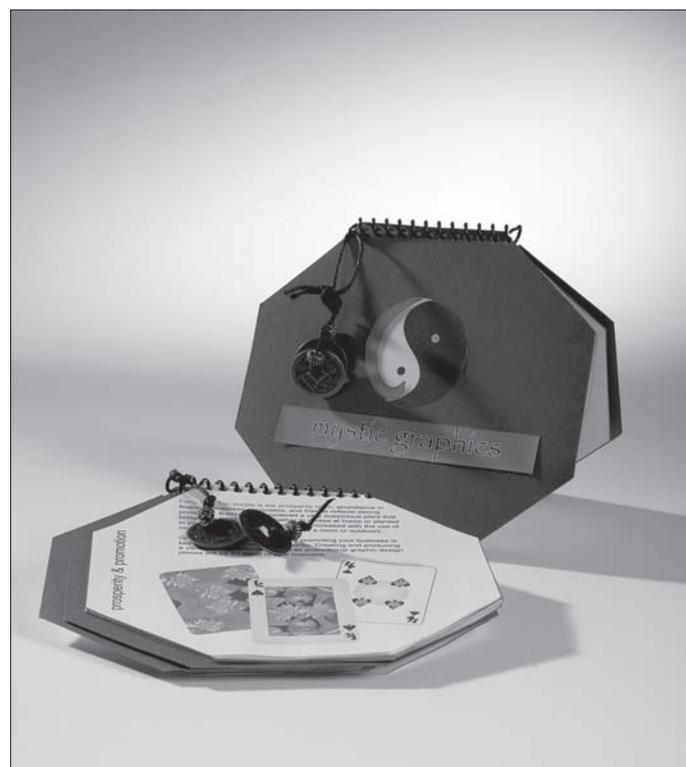
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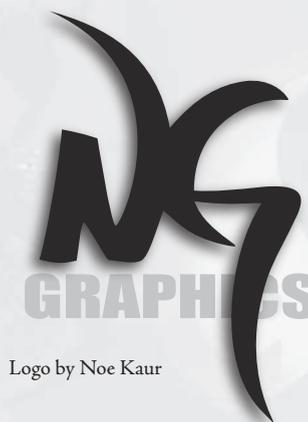
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Logo by Rikki Lodmell

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