

CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE, YAVAPAI COLLEGE, 1981



The Third Annual Creative Arts Magazine contains poems, stories, photographs and art works by Yavapai College students, with layout and design by students in Commercial Art Design, Production and Illustration classes.

Spring 1981

Yavapai College

Prescott, Arizona



Cover illustration by Jill Gilbert

THE ECONOMY

clarence
gets up pours
a coffee shoots
some visine in his eyes grabs
a tie heads
for work

works
all day comes
home pours
a beer turns
on the tv smokes
a joint and cries
himself to sleep

John Chapin

MAMIT

A beacon that glowed in my childhood,
Inspiration ever new,
My mother's mother's mother—
A lady dressed in blue.

Mamit, we always called her,
Mamit she will always be,
And, Oh, the wonderful stories
She had, for my sister and me.

Crossing the plains in a wagon,
The alkali streams and the dust,
You'd have thought it was only a picnic
The way she would tell it to us.

She had been born an aristocrat
Who never turned a hand
Until her father's illness
Changed what the family planned.

At fifteen she piled her hair up high,
Slipped into a dress jet black,
And then taught school in a "soddie"—
She never once looked back.

She married a man who was erudite.
She favored the simpler things.
While he studied Hebrew and Sanskrit,
She read about princes and kings.

And if they didn't see eye to eye
There was never a word but praise,
They loved each other deeply
While their reading went separate ways.

He lay in state in the parlor.
She never mentioned his name.
Never set foot in that room again,
Her life went on, the same.

She was always bubbling and cheerful,
Always honest and free.
We obeyed her without any prodding.
We loved her, my sister and me.

If she'd see a woman heavily rouged,
A lady dressed for show,
"How would she look if she fell in the creek?"
Mamit would want to know.

Or if a man were oily with praise,
And flattered with polished ease,
"Soft soap is mostly lie," she'd say,
"Watch out for men like these!"

Witty and charming she always was
To the age of ninety-seven
When the angels softly whispered her name
And carried her gently to Heaven.

Florence Endell



Illustration by Suzie Eade

DUST

*River lizards
Cool iguana tongues
Desert rodents
Dark-haired children
Snakes*

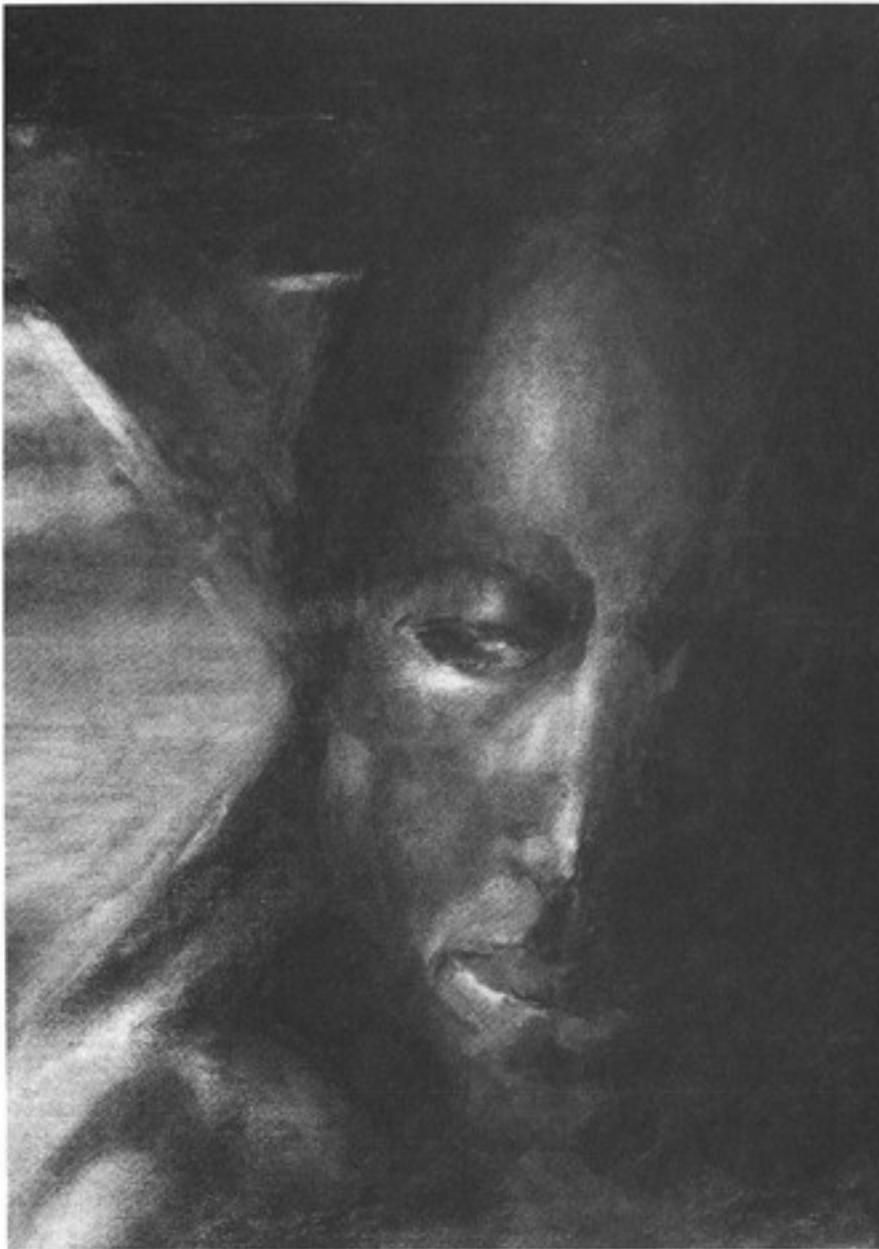
*Mesa cacti
Mescaline path
Tracing turquoise veins
Arteries of gold
Sun*

*Coiled heat
Blood rush
Mirage
Head rush
Horses*

Robert Kostuck

Print by Glen Jones





Drawing by Jill Gilbert

Do you know me?
Do you know who I am
or even if
I am—

We walk and talk
and pretend to listen
to the sounds of casual
conversation
but do you know me

Do you know why
I feel or ever wonder what
I feel

When our eyes raise
and meet, is it real
the knowing glance
we dare steal

Do I know you, or is it
just a reflection of how
I feel

Betty Bostic





Photo by Ben Horne

Photo by Ben Horne

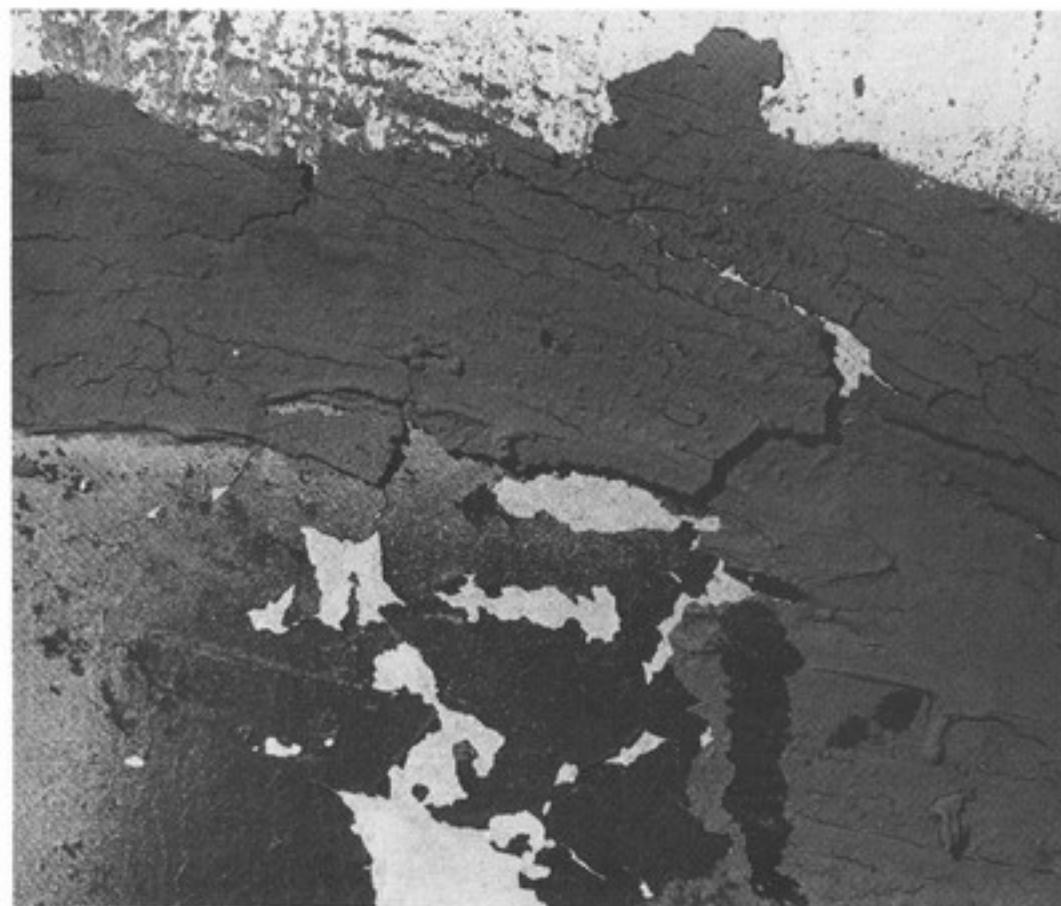


Photo by Brandon Arterbury



Drawing by Michael Myers

Values

The day grows cold and the sun is low
Where is my love?
He lingers long among the solons
Of the world of balances, profit and loss.
They plot the interest curves forever and a day.
I will admit it makes this life a surety
Of lovely bundles of canceled checks,
None overdrawn, and credit cards,
Still comforting to have and touch.
But when he comes, I'll say, "The quail
Were here at three." He'll say, "That's nice.
At three we put it through at last,
That last one quarter extra point
To feed the greedy birds and beasts."
Oh, love, that's sweet.

Polly Howard



Illustration by Carol Ann Nez

Painting by Don Osman

RAINY SEASON

Gray silk days, black satin nights,
Pool marked streets—reflecting lights.

Wind bent trees tapping the roof.
Lone white clouds—dark edged—aloof.

Raindrops hard on my window glass—
Reminding of tears, and things now past.

Gloria DeHerrera



No
I was watching
Everyone else was
 still asleep
But I saw
I woke with you

You slowly rose from
 your pillow
 in the sky
As you were rising
The sky became full
 of yellow light
Bright rays shooting out
 over the hills

You didn't think I saw

 But I did

I saw it all

Terry Everett

Painting by Kaye Stahmer





Illustration by Joe Davidson

It descends from the mountains
And casts its hand
Shading the valley from light

Then starts an attack
Throwing bolts of fire
And rumbling a horrid laugh

From all the work
It starts to sweat
Showering the valley below

And when the attack
Has come to an end
It breathes a sigh of contempt

Then slowly slides
up the mountains
and out of sight

Dan White

Drawing by Glen Jones



CASSIOPEIA

Cassiopeia, tonight you are
for my eyes only.

Under your Polaris spin
gazing ever upward.

This night is full of distant creatures.

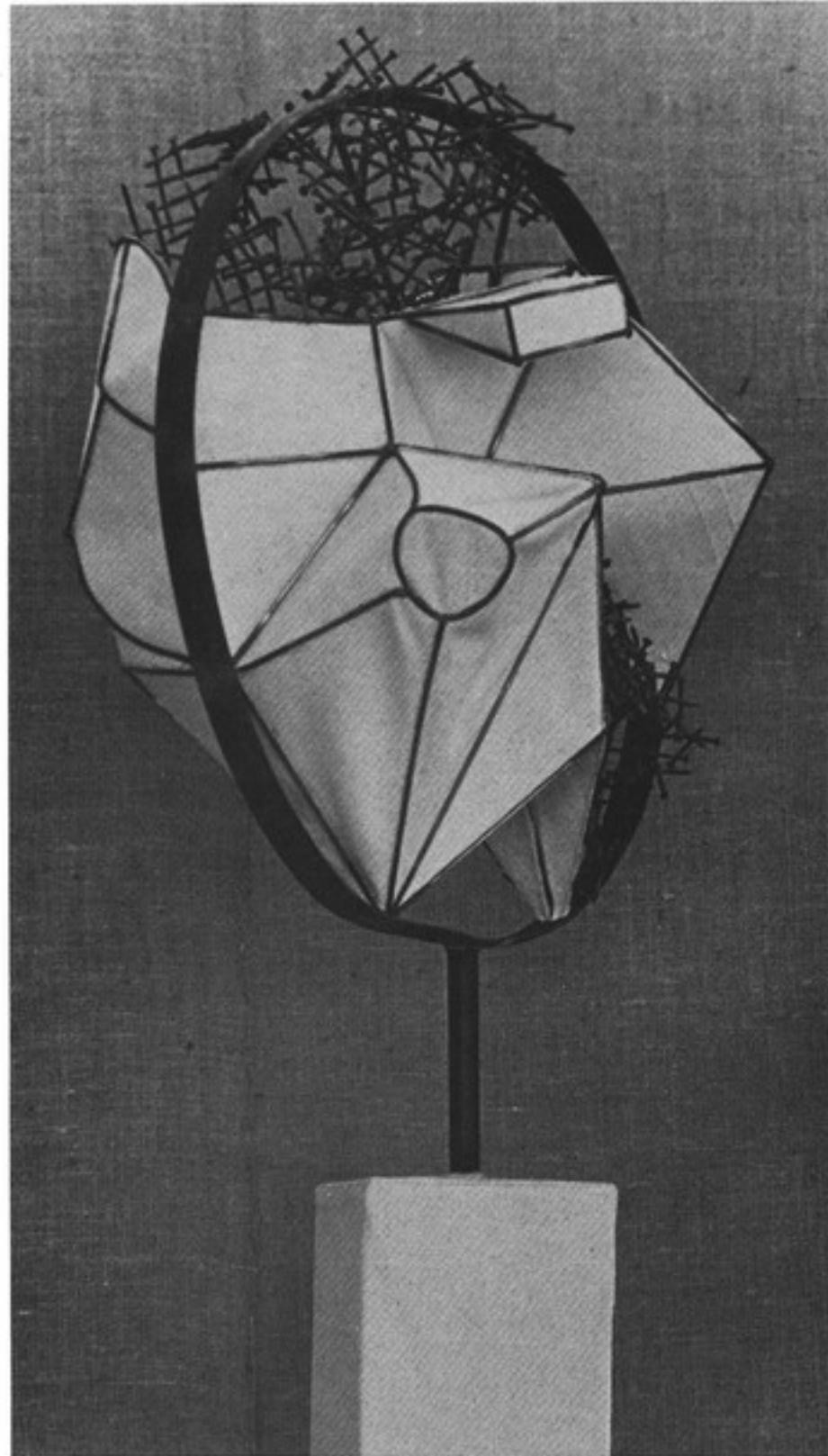
Cassiopeia, ever burning
in solemn Winter light.

Robert Kostuck



Drawing by Natalie Deering

Sculpture by Eleanor Gilbert



PLAYING CARDS

*I met the Ace of Hearts
But did not know to say,
"Leave me as you found me, sir"
—He stole my heart away.*

*I met the King of Diamonds
He proffered me a prize
Then fled to find another with
The diamonds of my eyes.*

*I met the Queen of Clubs
So fond of all her friends
She granted me the glory
And clubbed me with the ends.*

*I feel that I'm the Joker
But not the only one
All deal out some dignity
To cut in on the fun.*

Diane Ott





Illustration by Anita Martinez

LEAVE TAKING

Irene Mikulewicz

It was a clear night. Ssybyx, lying on the sandy floor of the cave, looked through the east-facing entrance. She watched Sauri's green moon, Spargel, rise above the far mountain range and knew it was almost the middle of the night.

She twitched her tail restlessly and Hessyth, her sister, sent a questioning thought about pain. Ssybyx replied orally, "My pain is not physical. I grieve and yearn for Larryl's presence. I wish so much to see him before I leave."

Hessyth nodded and hissed her understanding. The five other Saurian females, their lizard shapes dim in the moon's light, stirred, but none spoke. All were sisters of Ssybyx, attending her dying hours as tradition demanded. Only females were allowed participation in most of the rituals of Saurian life. Exception was made for attendance of sons at the Leave Taking rite.

Ssybyx's thoughts centered on her only son. She remembered the Mating Time of his conception, when all of Sauri's four moons—green Spargel, blue Fassyth, purple Ruglex and yellow Asphyx—were visible at the same time. The scattered clouds of the season first revealed and then concealed the different moons, causing waves of changing colors to sweep over the planet. The rays of the moons, absorbed through their scaly skins, delighted and excited Ssybyx and her companion, Ralga. Each color evoked different emotional responses, all pleasant. Ecstasy was reached when the clouds cleared all the moons simultaneously. Ssybyx and Ralga stayed together for all of that Mating Time. He was an interesting, entertaining companion.

As each pink dawn warned of the approach of Crakkyx, the red sun, they hurried across the pebbled gravel of the valley floor to the safe dimness of Ssybyx's cave. Crakkyx's rays could sear even their tough hides. They spent the days talking and sleeping side by side in the deep, soft sand.

After the Mating Time, Ralga went off. Ssybyx spent her time hunting and eating to prepare for the laying of eggs and the long hibernation of the rainy season. Saurians disliked getting wet and chose caves high on the mountains, caves that were floored with soft, dry sand. During hibernation they burrowed as deeply as possible into the sand.

Ssybyx sighed. She was weary of this life and wished to leave. However, she had received a mental greeting from Larryl just two days ago and told him she was about to leave. He'd asked her to wait for him. He wanted to be with her at Leave Taking. He had been the only male she'd hatched, though she had laid five clutches of eggs during her fertile years. Most females had three or fewer clutches. Some had none. Sterility was common among both sexes, and the scarcity of males and the briefness of the Mating Time made hatchings a miracle celebrated with elaborate rites.

Larryl was so like Ralga, her favorite mate. Ssybyx could almost believe he was Ralga reborn. She had enjoyed the time of her son's growing and had been sad when he reached maturity and was compelled to leave. He had had to travel a great distance to ensure that he would not mate with a close relative, as those couplings always produced sterile eggs.

Ssybyx had received only one other thought message from Larryl. Just minutes ago an unclear, chaotic image of danger, fear and haste had come to her. She switched her tail slowly. Fassyth and Asphyx were rising together, though at differing speeds. Spargel had already set. It was past the middle of the dark time.

Miles away across the valley floor Larryl fought for his life. In his haste to reach his mother and his preoccupation with her approaching Leave Taking, he had stumbled into a nest of immature females and their very large and angry mother!

All his training compelled reverence and awe toward all females—the source of life. Though he wanted only to flee, he was afraid of trampling the young Saurians. He sent frantic thoughts of apology to the mother, but her mind was closed by rage.

The approaching mating time made all females nervous. This one, having hatched a clutch only the previous year, wasn't sure if she would mate or not. Her instincts urged her to mate, but her judgment told her to see her hatchlings safely into maturity before mating again. The sudden clumsy appearance of a male at this time triggered her passionate outrage.

Larryl had sent a quick thought to his mother and sought to defend himself. The young Saurians, at their mother's violently hissed order, went scrabbling up to their cave. Larryl began backing carefully downhill. The mother did not move until she saw that all her brood had reached the cave. Larryl had gained some distance. She turned and leapt. As she left the ground, Larryl turned and leapt also. She landed where he had been and leapt again. Larryl did also, but a boulder shifted under his weight and fell on his back. He saw the mother in mid-air, making the leap that would reach him.

Frantically he sent thoughts of apology and appeasement toward her. Her passion kept her deaf to his thoughts. As she reached him, she clawed with one huge foot at his exposed belly. Larryl managed a quick turn that avoided disembowelment but received a deep gash along his side. The smell of his blood further enraged the mother, and she turned to attack with her teeth.

Larryl called his mother and opened his mind wide for her to see through him—to see as he was seeing. Ssybyx almost rose to her feet as she received his thought. Sinking back, she hissed urgently to the others to join her in assisting Larryl. Together they concentrated a thought wave to the attacking female. It reached through her rage as she was about to close her jaws on Larryl's throat. She was able to hold back enough so that he received a shallow bite instead of a broken neck.

As all the Saurians' thoughts opened to each other, they were suddenly aware of Ssybyx's fading. Larryl called urgently to her. She replied faintly, "It is well with me, my son. I was able to postpone my departure long enough to help save your life and to have you with me, in my mind, at my Leave Taking." Then she was silent.

Ruglex was rising and tones of yellow, blue and lavender flowed over the landscape. Larryl and the now calm mother looked at each other. She said, "I am Zylliss. Go for now. Be healed of your wounds and your grief. Return to me in the year my children leave. I will be waiting for you."



Drawing by Glen Jones

DREAM OF PAPA

*First I heard the old creaking steps
making that noise—that lilting sound
and the footbeat of that happy man—
knowing at once that it was Papa
coming to say good night.*

*I watched as he tested the front door lock,
an every evening ritual for him.
He yelled at our watch dog to quiet
but it was his usual, harmless yell;
never once did it threaten.*

*Then he slipped into my room,
passed me by and stood at the foot
with a beautiful smile and
pleasant stance—hands in the pockets
of his old faded Osh-Kosh bibbies.*

*When I spoke and he wouldn't answer
the fears began to stir—
"Talk to me, Papa. I miss you so."
Finally in cold sweat I awoke,
putting time and distance between us again.*

Janice Handy



Like a caged lion you pace,
Stare outside with hungry eyes
Watchful, suspicious.
Clenched fist raised
In supplication
To your pagan god...
Where once I could
Have worshipped you
Like a golden idol,
Now I fear you.

Jeanne Hewett

CHANGE OF PHASE

I remember Winter
Always brisk and bright
Cozy in our cottage
Sleeping peacefully at night.

I remember Springtime
Planting hopeful seeds
Touched by southern tradewinds
Making whistles out of reeds.

I remember Summer
Running in the breeze
Begging to go barefoot
Mama bandaging bruised knees.

I remember Autumn
Smelling burning leaves
Birds winging south for Winter
And the short'ning of the eves.

The Seasons come and go
As They did before
But sometimes I don't feel
That I feel Them anymore.

Diane Ott



Drawing by Pat Nicolai

Photo by Dave Canfield



Drawing by Beth Jaynes



GRASSHOPPER HILL

Grasshopper Hill fell in the creek today
The creek, he screamed, and the antelope ran
Away, to find a place where seldom is heard a
Discouraging word.

Those places are getting scarce.

Grasshopper Hill fell in the creek today
The bulldozer and the backhoe, they pushed him.

John Chapin



Illustration by Ted Huerta

AWAKENING

The forest stood,
Dark, foreboding,
Waiting silently on
The edge of spring;
Unmoved by earth's
Awakening, until
A slim dogwood
Lit her white candles.

Virginia G. Van Nest



Photo by Brandon Arterbury



Photo by George Davies

ECHOES

Across the tracks
hot dust
sweeps
A whistle far-off
echoes
A face drawn
eyes in somber anticipation
of the clank
the push of metal

A boxcar
sits empty

Joanne Field

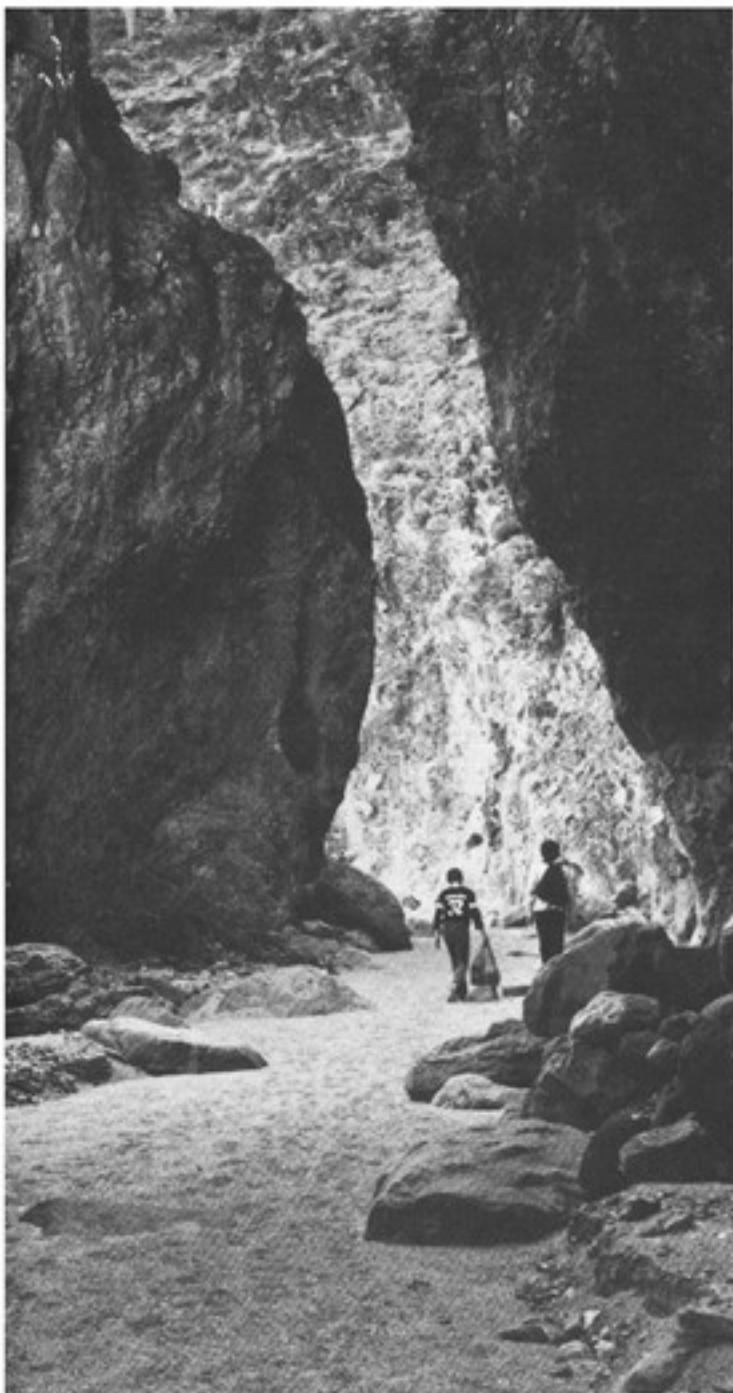


Photo by Fred M. McBrayer

TRAVELERS

If we should ever meet again
it would be lovely to
see you
in the Himalayas
or the south of Spain
or drinking saki in
the Far East.

But chances are greater that
it will be a meeting in less
distant places
hiking the great Mojave
or the mountains of Appalachia
or the northwest coast
in Oregon.

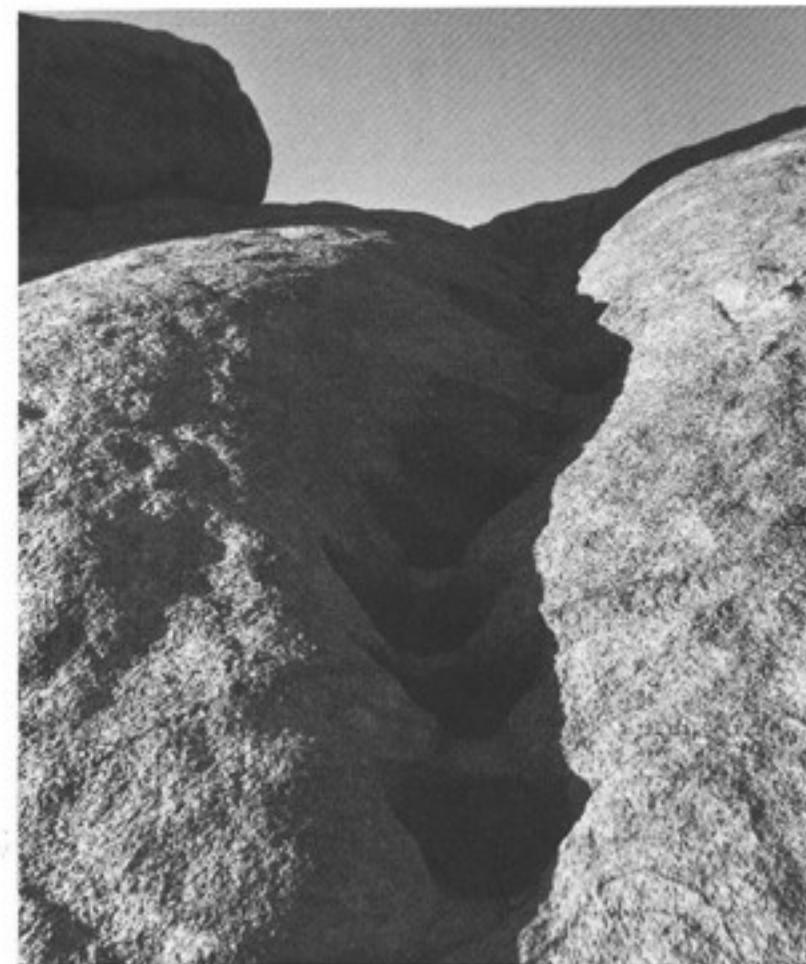
We are both travelers
each in our own style
and verse
reaching out to grasp
the change of scene
new places and chances
to experience.

Surely our paths will
cross again as we travel
separate ways
and though we may not
remember when or where—
long-ago smiles will bring
back warmth.

Please stop to say hello.

Janice Handy

Photo by Mary Griggs





Drawing by Karen McCleve



Apache Maids

*Across the plains a carpet of yellow glory
Shapely Pinons dig deep in luxuriant growth
Sunshine
Captured in dense thick splendor
We shelter our eyes from your shining brilliance
Gnarled old junipers lower branches half dead
Spring alive when you return in fall*

*As I walk through your billowing swell
Your pollen gilds my shoes
The path beside the highway
Laid bare by huge road equipment
Now covered in burnished gold
As it winds its way to the top of the hill*

*Apache Maid
Were you a princess with grace and charm
Loved by your people so much
They gave this flower your name
Now it casts rich color
As we gaze in sheer delight
You have lightened our journey*

Helen E. Vermillion

Illustration by Nelson Tsosie





Illustration by Anita Martinez

Moon Night

In full form
the moon
luminescent through
drifting clouds

Illuminating
the land
comes alive
in its sleeping hours

In softness and light
a serene silence
is cast
upon an anxious earth

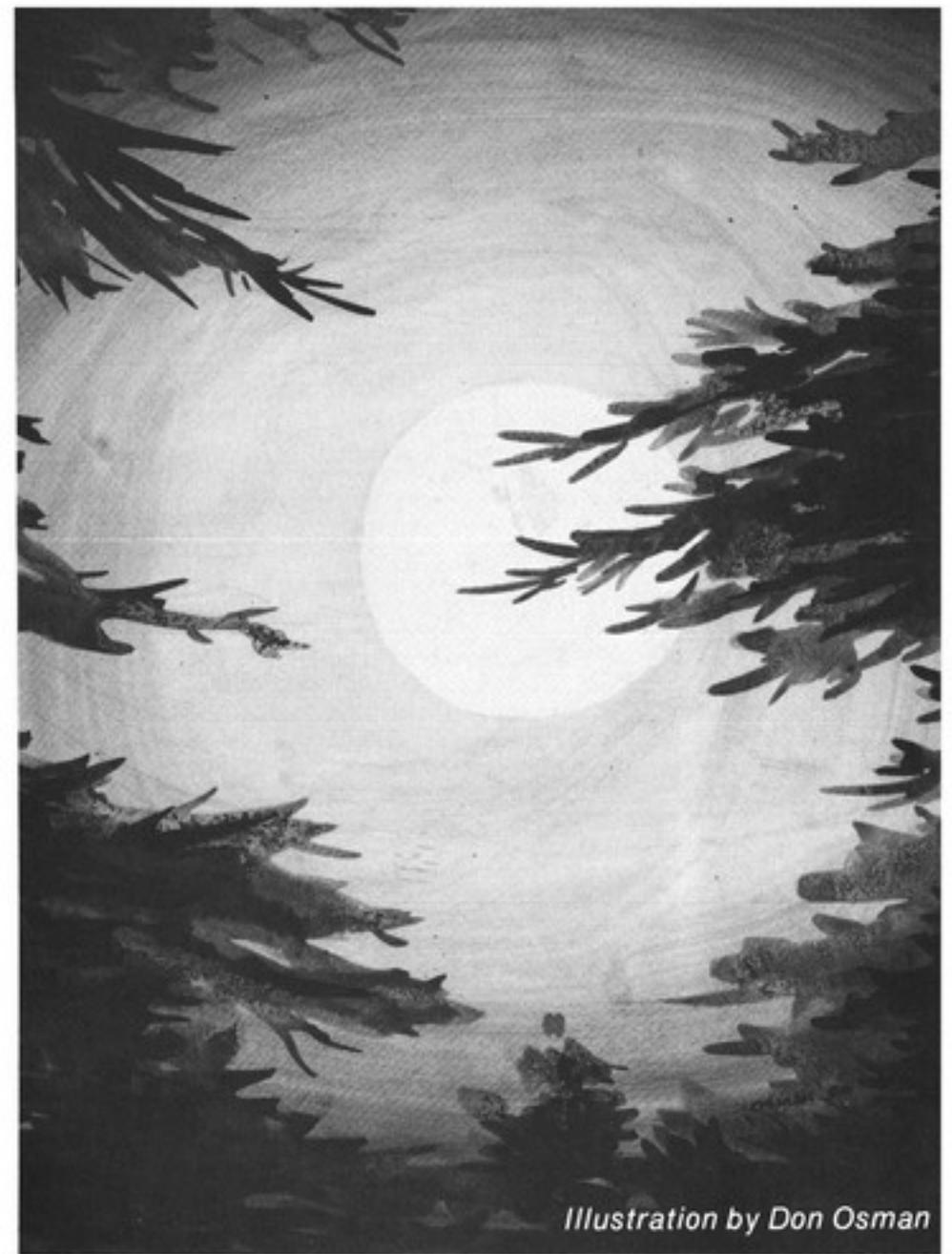


Illustration by Don Osman

Walking in moonlight
fears fade away
Energy of moonglow
enlightens a black night

Joanne Field

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