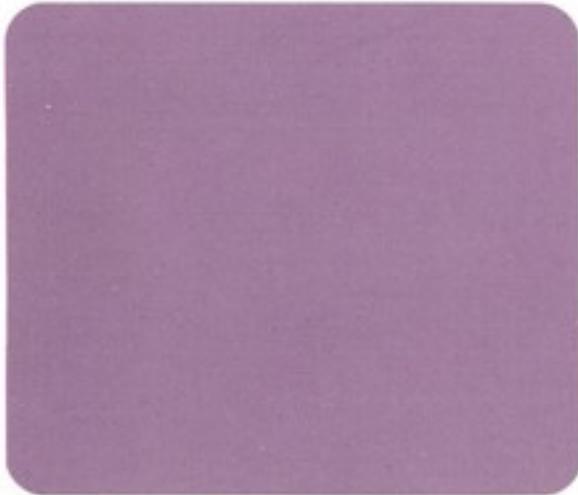


threshold



Cover Design by Dawne Spangler

Spring 1983
Yavapai College
Prescott, Arizona

The Fifth 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.



TIME WEAVERS

I stood long where we had stood
Red Rocks all around me
Below the ground was shaded
by hooped-skirted cottonwoods
dressed in water-colored leavings of
yellows, reds and golds.

Colors chosen by Weavers of Time
weaving on a universal loom
patterns...designs invisible
never duplicated
Like our lives
in harmony with the seasons,
yet...changing...
ever changing.

I saw autumn today
gathered pods for Christmas wreaths,
walked beside the creek and watched the water
wash pebbled-faces
with madcap splashes.

Then, I found the amputated remnant
of our oaken table
that we had clothed, so many times,
with a red bandana
adorned with glasses filled with wine
great hunks of cheese
cut with your pocket-knife
and a foot-long loaf of bread
devoured by hand-torn pieces.

I looked down on this time-ringed stump
where you had carved the word "reserved",
and cried to Bob: "George, come look!"

Mary Pestell

Illustration by Alied Van Doren



I'll go quietly
remembering the lake
the water's edge
the softly waving grass
bending gently
to sunwarmed sand

the northwoods camp
spruce shade, rustling
the time a doe stood close
breath stopped surprise
a moment's creature kinship
recognized.

recalling the lizard
sunning on the ledge
a silhouette of ponies
backdropped by ageless
granite arches
red to the western reaches
of endless sky.

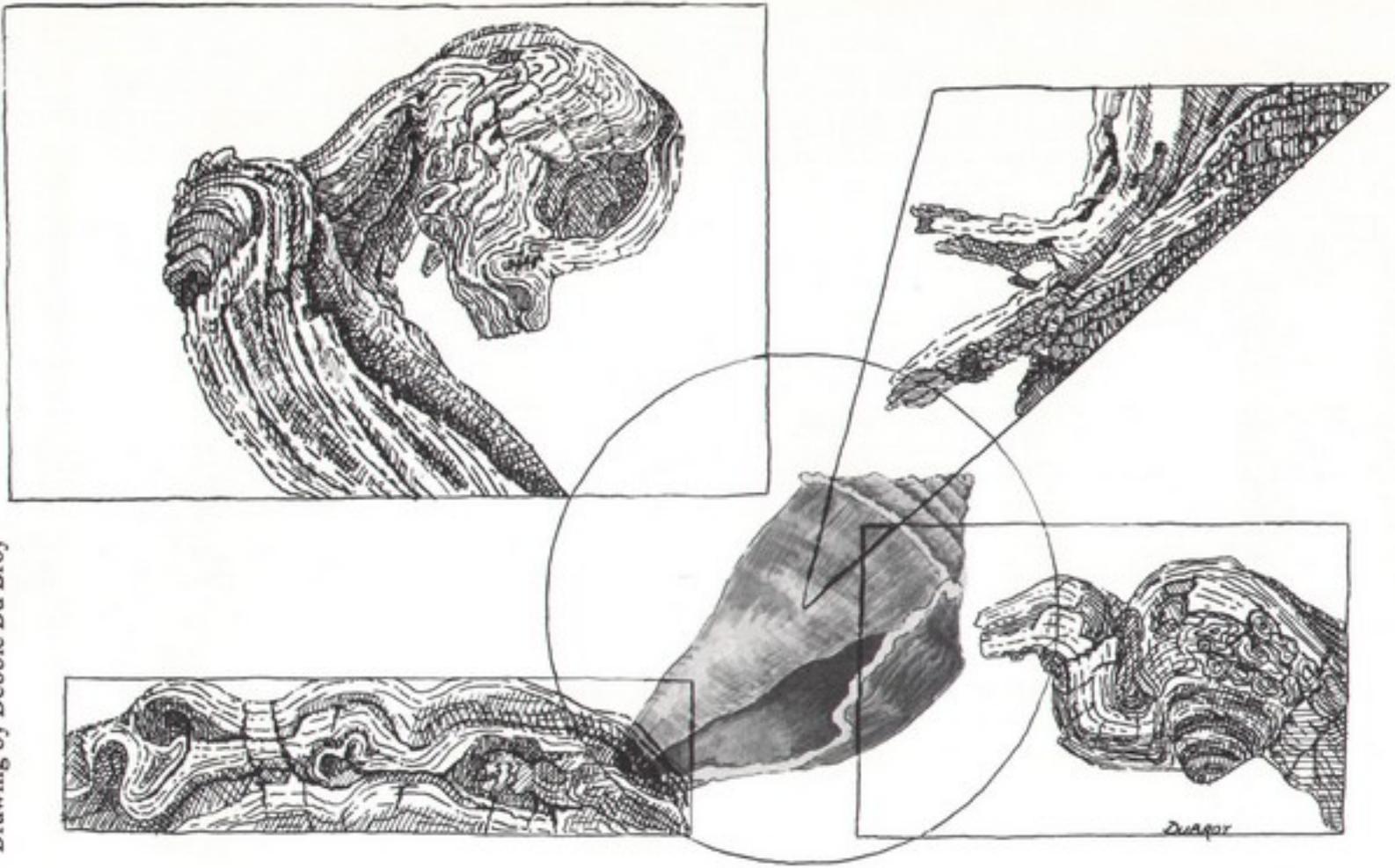
I'll go quietly
reluctantly
hardly believing
holy promises
of joy in a "land that is
fairer by far."

Polly Howard

Drawing by Alied Van Doren



Drawing by Debbie Du Broy



Indian brushes

*paint the ground with war-dance color
setting free the land.*

Mary Pestell

**A DEDICATION TO
PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO**

*Startled, we hear Leontyne Price
dedicate Verdi's "Ave Maria" to
Princess Grace during the
"Live from Lincoln Center" concert.
Surprised, we see
Zubin Mehta pause, not raising
his baton to swell the music.
Then comes the compassionate aria,
singer and orchestra as one
in such magnificence as to
hush the audience.
Our collective breath is caught short.
Her death confronts us in aural splendor:
How do we applaud?*

Shannon Rosenblatt



Drawing by Shari Guynes

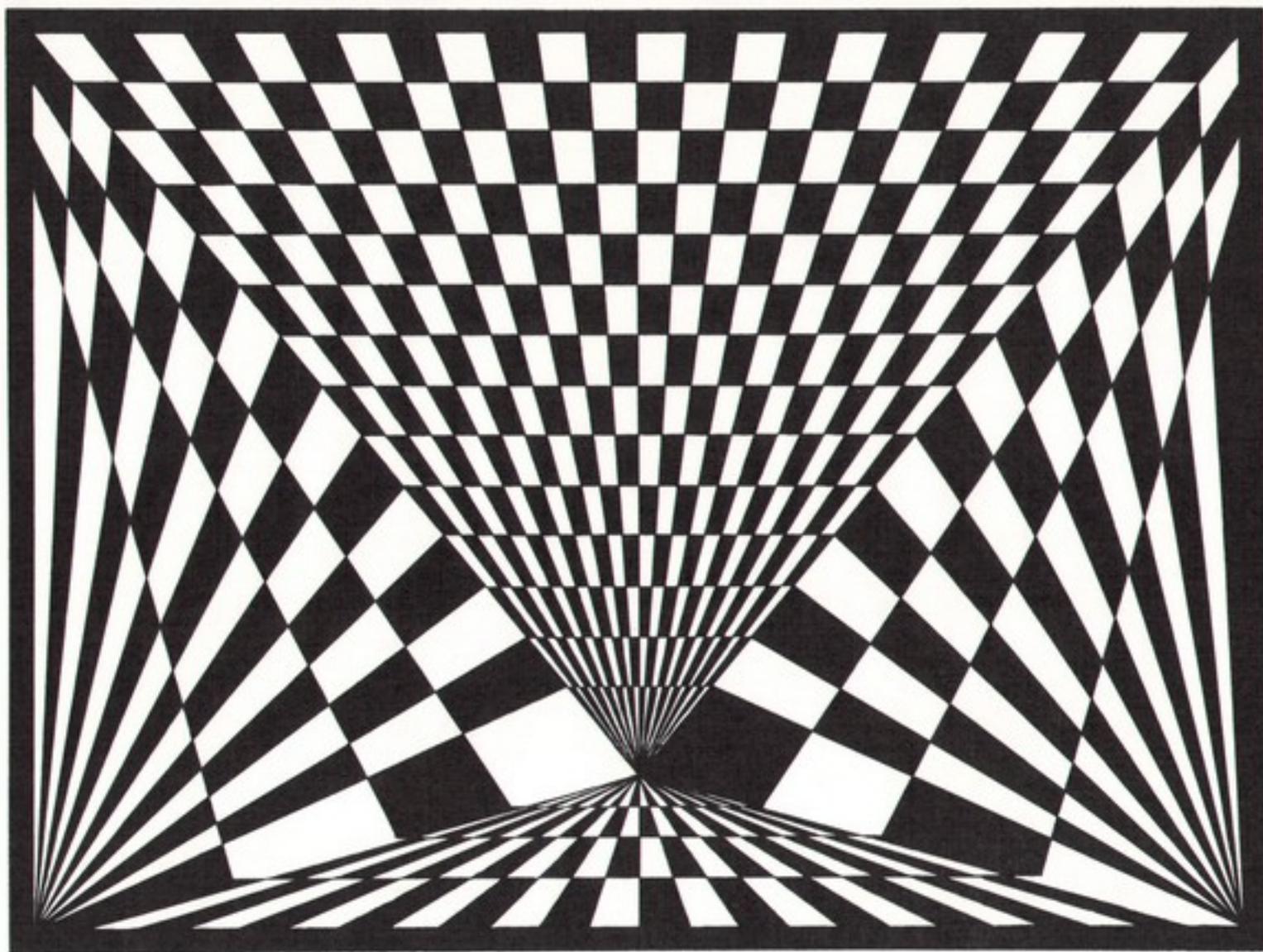


Illustration by Pam Brock

PATTERNS

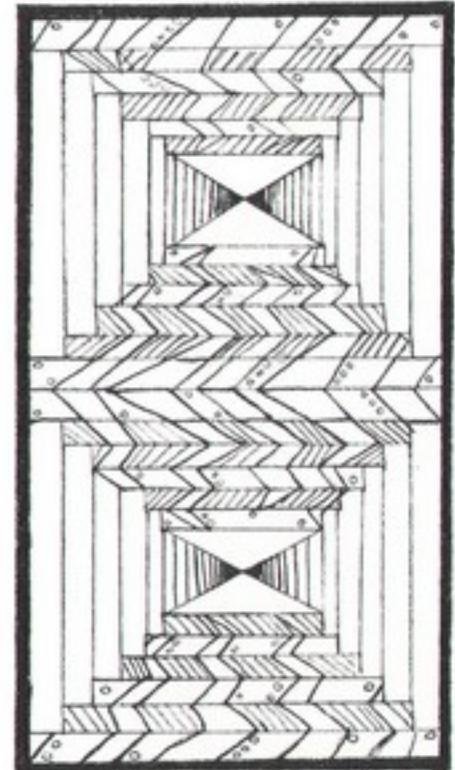
Because love is prescriptive...written into
the records and the statistics,
injected into our life and time like alcohol or adrenaline

Because marriage was to join, to rhyme...but the
quicksands of time blurred our perfect vision: we
blindly fell into the whirlpool of social stratification,
totally, without a question or an option,
an escape route or a backward glance

Because values were compromised for principle...Peter, Paul,
things we never did waiting somewhere
with the words we never spoke, putting life on hold
until the game was played.

Because death is undisciplined and unexpected...yours was
no exception...except to me,
who had room to store so many things--
like love and laughter and secret dreams,
I never got to tell you that I wanted...
almost more than anything...
to be a ballerina.

Mary Pestell



Drawing by Lisa Christason

Drawing by Glen Jones

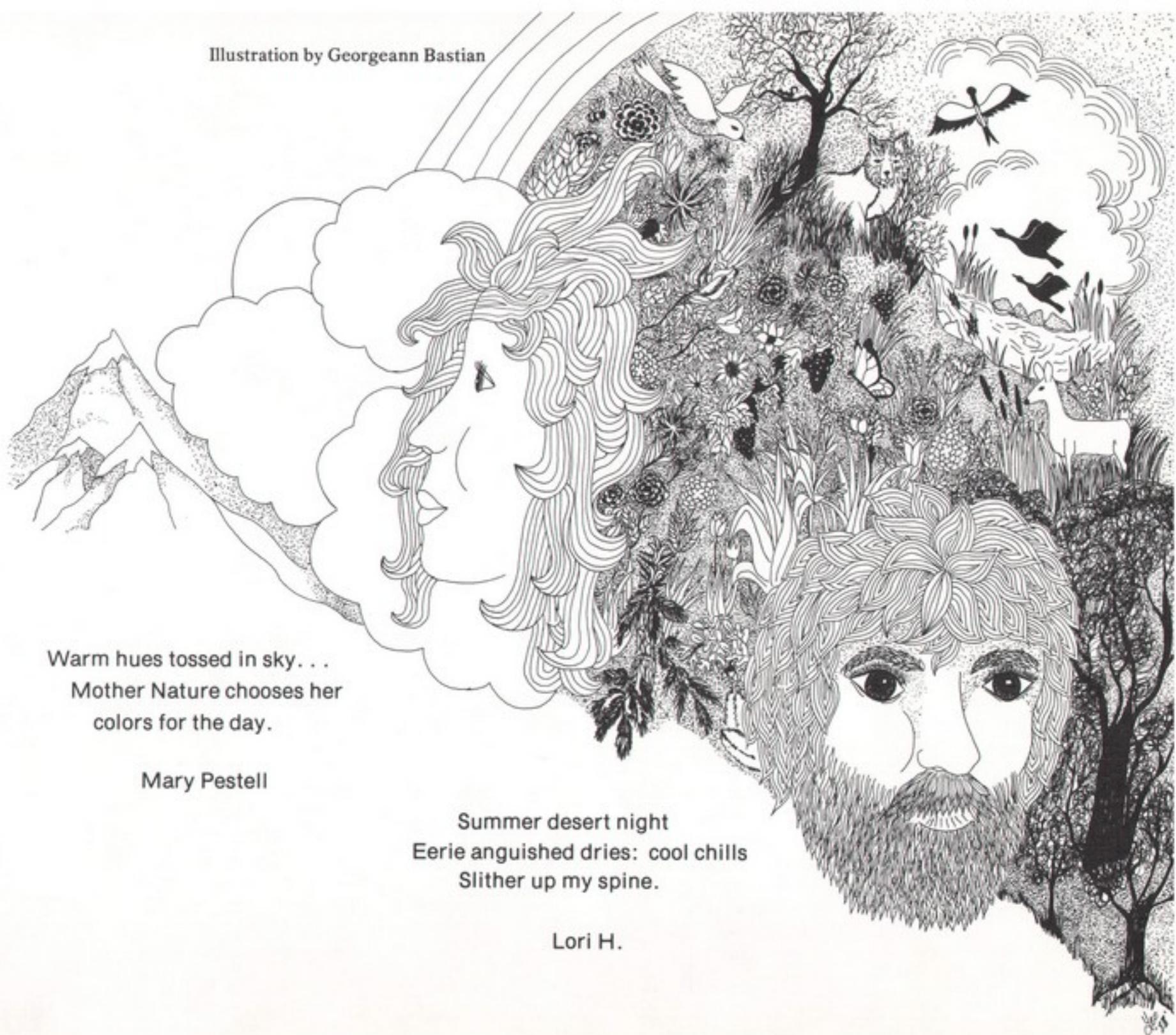


TOMORROW'S BEGINNING

All of our tomorrows are spent today
Each gone in some peculiar way
As time blends back and back upon itself,
Lost and found -- lost once more,
Opening and closing memory's door.
A laugh, a cry, a salty tear,
A time, a place, a song we hear.
We start, we stop, we go again;
For the beginning is the end,
The end is the beginning again.

Wilma Melton
Stubblefield

Illustration by Georgeann Bastian



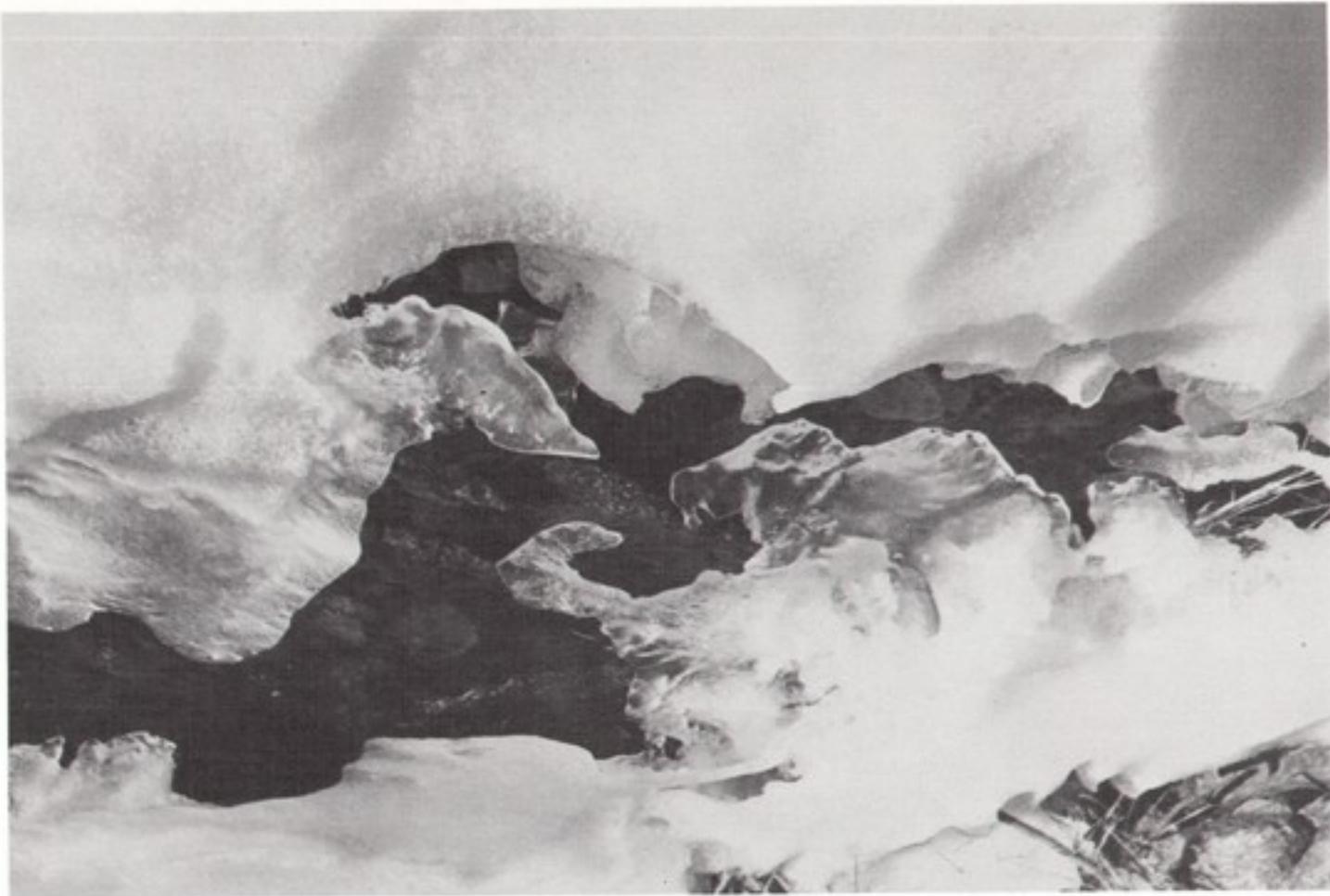
Warm hues tossed in sky . . .
Mother Nature chooses her
colors for the day.

Mary Pestell

Summer desert night
Eerie anguished dries: cool chills
Slither up my spine.

Lori H.

Photograph by Gail Mollring



Yesterday it snowed
and left a deep
downy featherbed
of whispery caresses
over every harsh thing
in our view

remember how we dashed
from door to door
window to window
cameras clicking
poems writing themselves
recording delight
for deep caskets
of remembrance

each year brings
new surprise
but now we say
it's like the
first we knew
that's not quite true

last night the moon
shone its clearest light
to sparkle the silver-dusted snow
the morning's sun
ordered a shadow squadron
down the slope
and hid them
under the largest juniper

Polly Howard

Child

"Why pursue a dream?"
The cynics ask--
Knowing well
And meaning, too,
Dreams don't come true
As some folks tell.

Child

Why wish for a star
Or set your sights
On places far
Like Bora-Bora or Mars?

"Stars aren't far!"

Responds the Child--
Skipping playfully
And stopping to pick
A fragile star-shaped Edelweiss
Appearing unexpectedly at her feet.

Ebeth Bugoni



Photographs by Judith DeFord



Photograph by Don Osman

METAMORPHOSIS

As a naive teenager, I was intrigued by a philosophy the local wino lived by: "If they can't turn you into a frog -- forget 'em," to put it in polite language. As I began to understand who "they" were, I started using the wino's outlook to cope more confidently with my own life-altering decisions. I dealt with such problems as whether to face my father's wrath by cutting the belt loops off my new Levis or leave them on to face the ridicule of my peers. I reasoned that my father couldn't turn me into a frog, so I cut the belt loops off.

Having the wino's words well integrated with my decision-making process, on my eighteenth birthday I decided to join the Army. It was now time to test the concepts I intended to live by.

My father gave me a knowing handshake on the cold March morning I boarded the small, olive drab bus parked in front of my hometown Draft Board office. I felt an abrupt, uneasy shift in my life's focus when the bus jerked me away.

The other new recruits on the bus were either as uptight as I, or passed out from the effects of their

last night's revelries. After an hour's ride, we were delivered to a large downtown building to undergo the physical examination required to become a soldier.

What followed was intended to break any ties with civilian life, to alienate and demoralize so we could be molded from fresh pliable stock into mindless, military issue. We were ushered into a reception area and told to strip down to socks and shorts and put our belongings in a cardboard box with our respective names printed on the flap. This done, we were directed through a door where a sergeant handed each of us a sheaf of forms and told us to follow the arrows.

Following the arrows, we joined other busloads of semi-naked strangers to be inducted. The sight and smell of over a hundred half-clad bodies in a wide variety of shapes and sizes, shuffling in line through the testing stations, filled me with hopeless anxiety.

I was stuck with needles, poked by bony fingers, told to look at silly designs, chilled by a stethoscope, asked embarrassing personal questions, told to respond to beeps in a headphone, and ordered to fill a jar. I won't describe the next humiliating test, but all they really seemed to care about was that we had two arms, two legs, five functioning senses, and no piles.

After the physical examination, we filed into a large hall and lined up facing an impressive podium. The United States Seal and the American Flag dominated the scene to our front. A few tense, silent moments of waiting were terminated by a heavily decorated officer. He informed us that the final step in the induction process was to swear an oath of service to our Great Country. So I swore, signed an

affadavit to that effect, and memorized a number that I was told not to lose. US56371677 (that's me) was now fully dehumanized and irrevocably in the Army.

The next day a bus dropped us at the airport where we boarded a flight to Houston. It was a dream-filled trip that ended in a rough, stormy landing. I had never been in a rainstorm that severe. Leaving that plane, we marched toward an old civilian DC-3. I couldn't believe anyone would attempt to fly this World War II twin-engine craft through the storm we were submerged in.

The plane started forward and groaned into the air. My stomach flopped as we hopped, dropped, and side-slipped through the gray, noisy downpour. Through the window I could see the red, muddy swamps of southern Louisiana where we were to be deposited. I could also see our plane's wings flapping like a desperate duck trying to stay airborne.

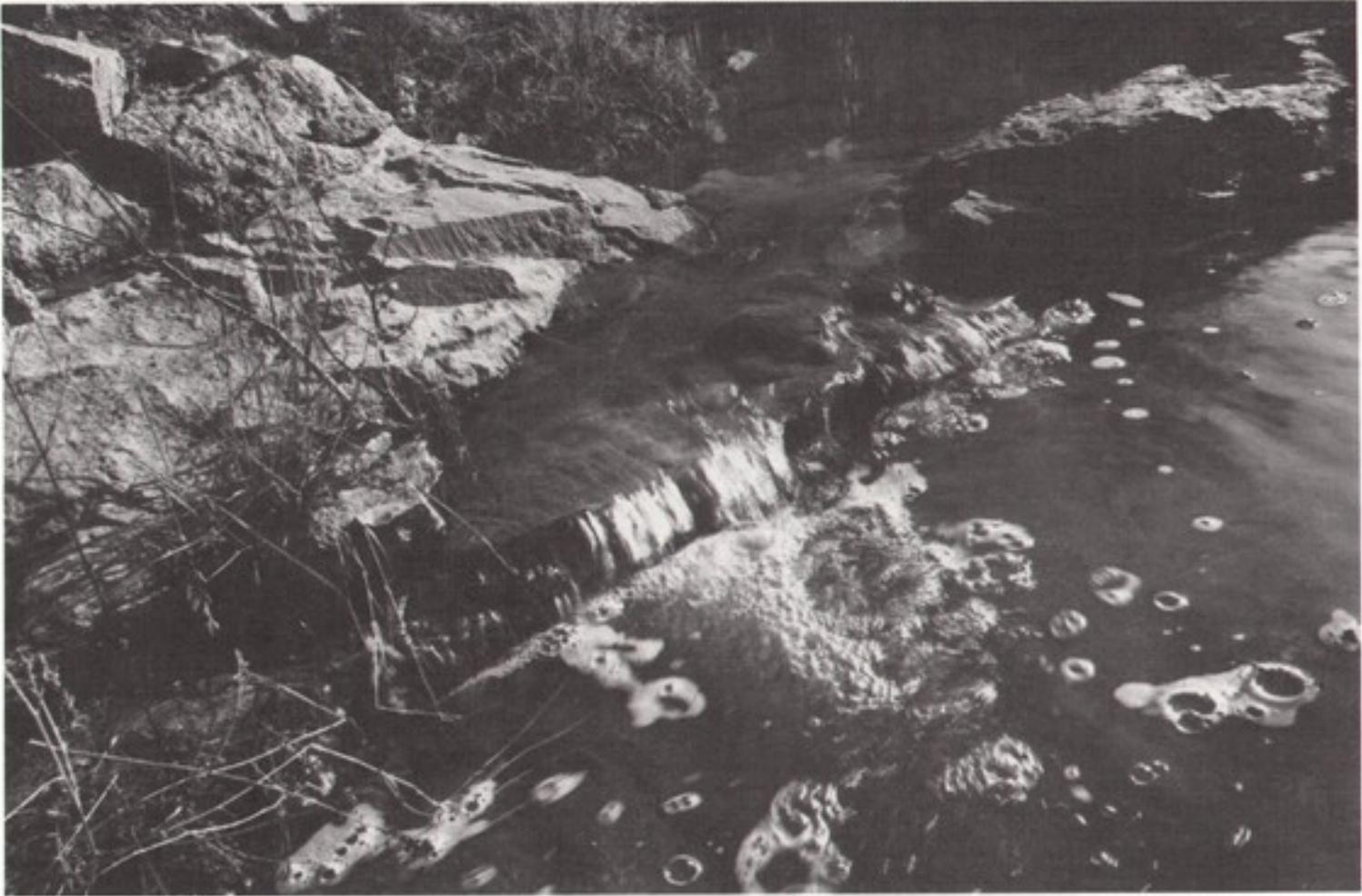
By the time we landed I was emotionally exhausted. The past thirty-six hours had left me a mindless, soggy sponge. We climbed out of the beast that brought us here. As soon as we touched ground we were issued green ponchos. We were told to wear them with the hoods over our heads until we had proper clothing. Slumping through the rain in our green, slick skins, an image of helpless tadpoles splashing their tails to find refuge flashed through my numb brain.

After a few hours of croaking "yessir" and "nossir", we were given our new green coverings called fatigues. It was a strange metamorphosis to observe as we sprouted green arms and green legs and lost our tails.

And now -- ribbit -- I think I've said -- ribbit -- ribbit -- all I can.

Rick Butler

Photograph by Don Osman



**Moon-tinted water
Running away from spring rains
Feeds the ageless trees.**

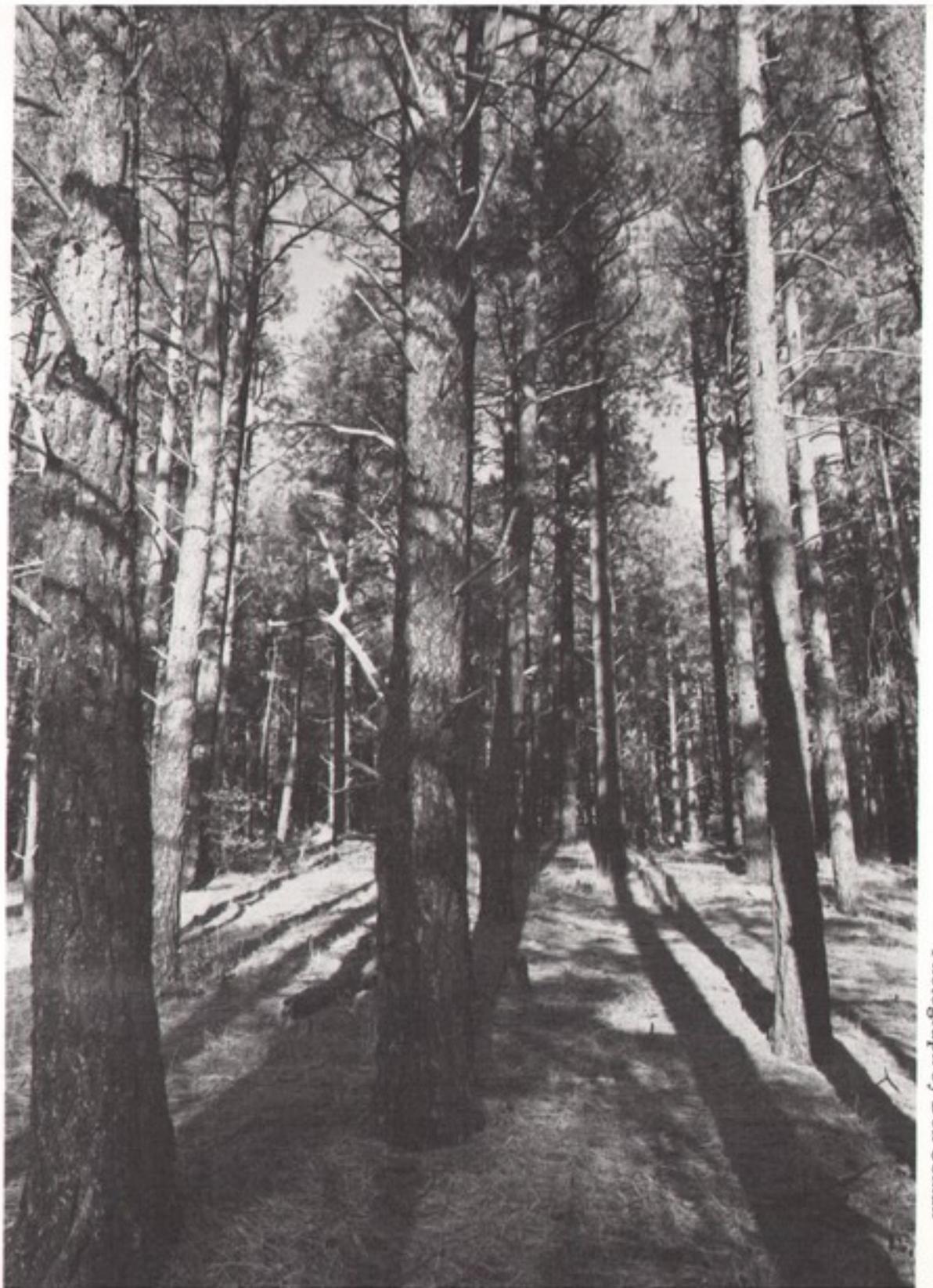
Todd Conaway

**Sun peeking through trees,
leaving a lightened pathway
for woodland creatures.**

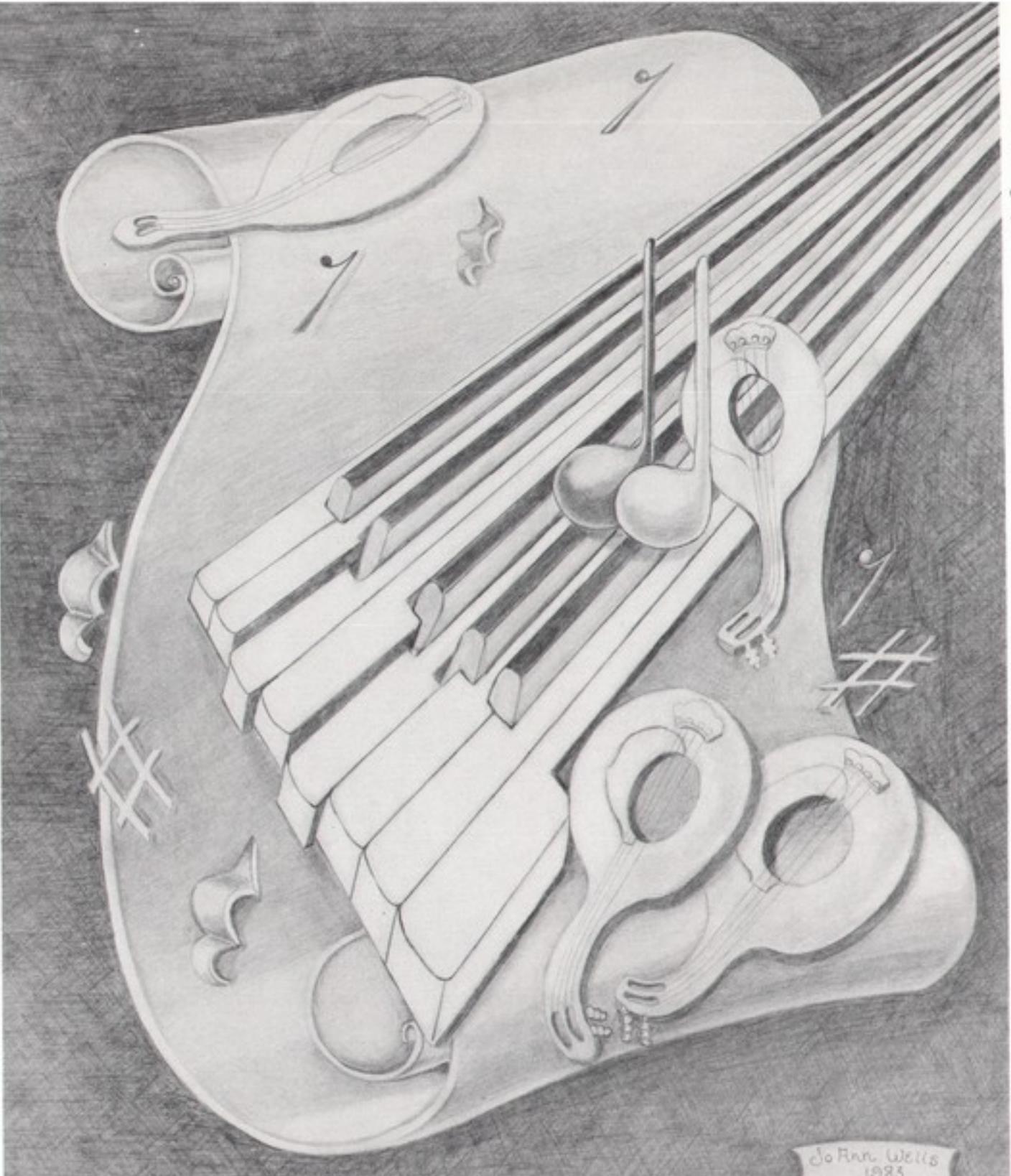
Rosann Polifrone

After a days' rain
fresh smell of dampened pines in
rainbow-colored skies.

Elbert Woody



Photograph by Don Osman



Drawing by JoAnn Wells

JoAnn Wells
1983

Drawing by Liz Mercuri



BASIC

Here I sit, braincells ingesting
All the bites, bytes, characters
That flow from the chalk upon the slate.

As the chalk dust diffuses, it settles
Upon my shoulder--heavy with facts and figures
That extends the blackboard's boundaries.

It runs through my vessels like nutrient blood
That gives life and understanding to the impulses
And receptors intertwined with a framework
Of muscle and marrow, that carries me about
This plane we call earth.

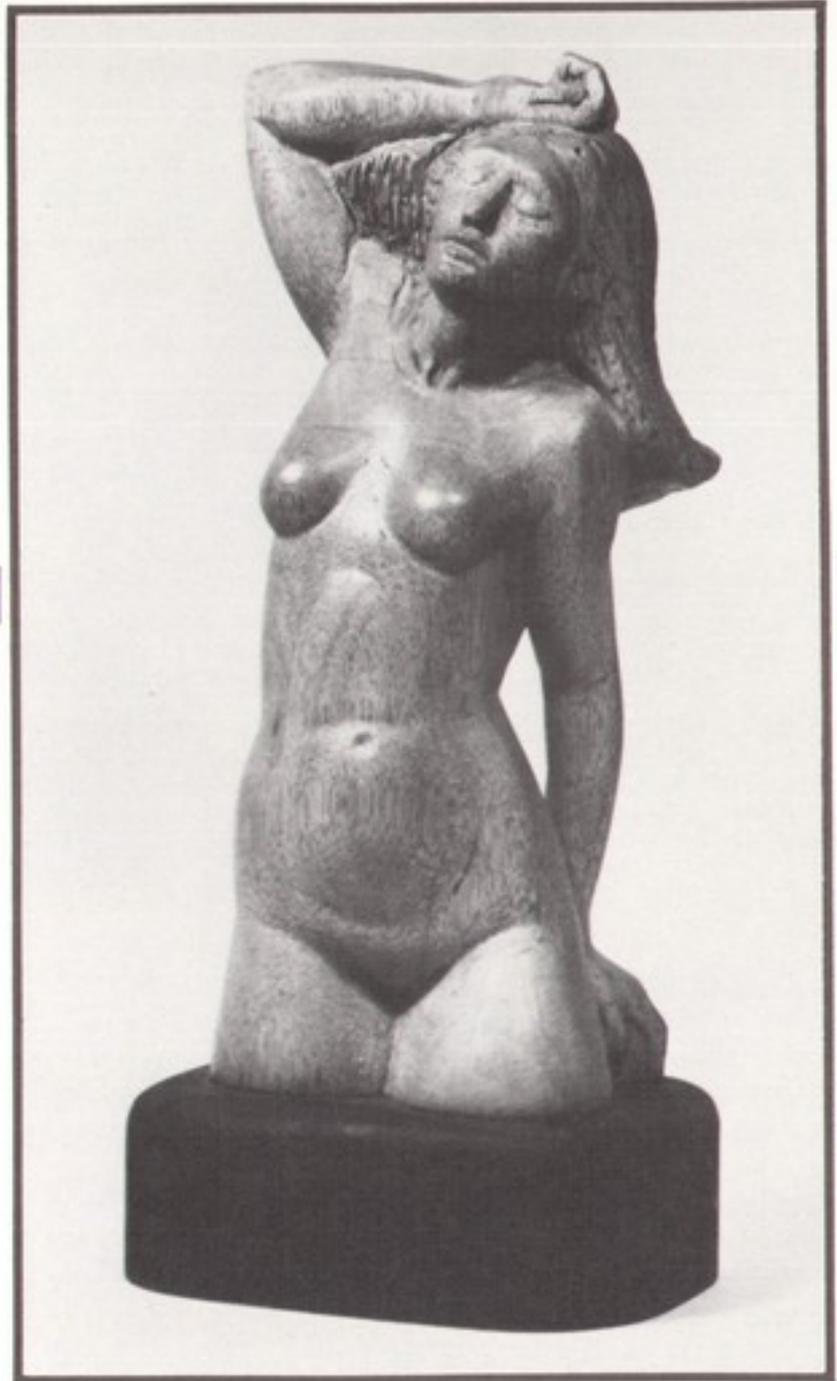
Pam Spitz

Glass by David Klein





Sculpture by Francesca Eveland



Sculpture by Richard Rackus

Drawing by Barbara Leonard



SISTER JEROME

Mother, Daddy and I slowly climbed the steep steps of St. Joseph's Academy. Atop the steps, blocking the doorway, stood a crimson-faced billowing penguin. As we neared the landing, I saw that this humungous bird was, in fact, a nun wearing a heavy black robe and the crispest, whitest bib I had ever seen. Her face was the shape and color of the prize-winning beef tomatoes our foreman's wife grew.

My father, reared a Presbyterian, was most uncomfortable in the presence of Catholic nuns and priests. I'm not sure whether this was because of a discrimination implanted in him as a child or, more likely, an acute awkwardness in the face of celibacy. For whatever reason, he put my luggage down, gave me a hug, muttered something about the car, turned and fled.

The nun introduced herself as Sister Jerome, Mother Superior. My mother, looking surprised, asked, "Where is Sister Theresa?"

"She was taken ill and I have been temporarily assigned to the Academy for the duration of her illness. When she returns, I hope to complete my doctorate in mathematics at UCLA."

"Well, I certainly hope Sister Theresa recovers quickly so you can pursue your studies, Sister."

"Thank you, Mrs. Harper. I must say, so do I. My teaching has only been with college students. Never have I been assigned to a high school and certainly have never had responsibilities for children the age of Mary here."

I thought I saw a flicker of concern in my mother's eyes, but it may only have been a reflection of my own dread.

"God willing, I will meet this new challenge."

"I'm sure you will, Sister."

"Mary, please be a good girl and do as Sister Jerome says. Your daddy or I will pick you up Friday afternoon for the weekend."

I knew if I said anything I would break down and cry, and that dumb nun would think I was a baby. So I just hugged my mother and watched her leave with Daddy. Lucky them, they didn't have to stay in this gruesome jail.

St. Joseph's Academy was primarily a day school, but provided boarding facilities for a few girls, many of

whom lived on ranches far from town. Most of the boarders were in the upper grades. In a separate dorm slept the "Babies", as we in the lower grades were called. That year there were twelve Babies.

Sister Jerome marched me to the Babies' Dormitory. Several pale, frightened and bewildered little girls sat on the beds. Sister Jerome paid no attention.

"You are to make your bed each morning with hospital corners. The sheets should be taut. Wrinkles are not tolerated," she commanded.

I started to ask what a "hospital corner" was, but didn't have the chance.

"As you see, your dresser has three drawers. The top is to be used for underclothes and socks, the middle for nightclothes and the bottom for play clothes. Your uniforms will be hung on the hooks there," pointing her puffy finger to three hooks on the wall. "Toiletries are to be neatly arranged on top of your dresser. You will take all these non-essential items," referring to my stuffed animals and girlish keepsakes, "home with you next weekend. Inspection is at 7:00 each morning. Sister Clare has charge of the Babies and will be in shortly to take you to dinner. In the meantime, you can unpack."

Before I could tell her how I loved my stuffed animals, she turned and was leaving the room in her bullish gait, with rosary beads clicking and her heavy robe undulating.

I lifted my suitcase onto my narrow bed and began to unpack. A red-haired girl sitting on the bed next to mine introduced herself as Pinky.

"Hi, Pinky. I'm Mary."

"What grade are you in?"

"Fourth. What about you?"

"Neat! I'm in fourth too."

Pinky leaned forward and whispered, "Isn't Sister Jerome mean?"

"She sure is, and I'm going to keep this picture of my horse Andy no matter what she says."

"Why don't you hide it under your mattress?"

"Great." We grinned in conspiracy.

As Babies, we only saw Sister Jerome at Evening Prayers, for the dreaded weekly dorm check, or if we had badly misbehaved and were sent to her office, where an eighteen inch metal ruler hung behind her desk. During the school year several of us met with its wrath for "Extremely sinful behavior," such as chewing gum in chapel, lifting the ornate robes of the statue of The Infant of Prague to see if he wore pants, writing "I Love Billy" on school property and various other shenanigans.

I first experienced the sting of that ruler just before Christmas vacation. Our religion teacher was attempting, quite uncomfortably, to explain the miracle of the Immaculate Conception. Knowing what I did of bulls and cows, stallions and mares, I thought this theory was nonsensical. It also seemed to me a rather dirty trick to play on St. Joseph. I told her so. Exasperated, my teacher sent me to Sister Jerome. When I doggedly insisted that the Baby Jesus could not have been born without a man-father just like calves had to have bull-daddies, she reached for the ruler and spanked me severely.

Even though we weren't in daily contact with Sister Jerome, we delighted in composing naughty limericks about the Pukey Penguin or the King Kong of the Convent. Then a high school student told us about reincarnation. We would spend hours under the big playground slide imagining what horrible animal, reptile or crustacean Sister Jerome had been in the past and what ghastly monster she would be in the future. In her present life a large, white mole nestled near her left nostril. We thought this mole was a wart and covered her future reincarnation with huge, hairy, scabby warts, entitling it "The Warty Warden."

Most of the other nuns, however, were soft-spoken, gentle women with Ivory complexions and quick, efficient hands. They were a marked contrast to Sister Jerome. Frequently, they would gift us with Holy Cards of cherubic angels or of the Virgin Mary in pale blue robes. Sister Jerome handed out Holy Cards only once. To each of the Babies she gave a card depicting St. Peter condemning sinners to the fires of hell.

One spring night we did, in fact, think we were destined for the fires. For some time, the Babies had been preoccupied with the question of the nuns' hairstyles. Since all but their faces were covered by a veil, we didn't have a clue as to their hair lengths. Having envisioned shaved heads, crew cuts - any number of atrocities - we were determined to find out exactly what the poor nuns were subjected to.

Sister Clare, a rather mousey nun, slept in the corner of our dorm. Her bed and dresser were partitioned by a six-foot, white opaque curtain. Each night as she changed from her habit to her night clothes, we could see her shadow through the curtain. By standing on a dresser, we were sure one of us would be able to see her head when she removed her veil. We had been arguing for several days about who would perform this daring deed. Finally it was resolved.

"Mary, your bed is only three down from Sister Clare's, so you could stand on your dresser."

"Why me, Pinky? Mary Ellen's is right next to Sister's."

"Yeah, and Sister would probably see her. Besides Mary Ellen is too much of a scaredy cat to do it."

Mary Ellen was indeed timid. For Lent she had given up chanting our now infamous limericks about Sister Jerome. She was sure that on Judgement Day they all would be replayed on some grand celestial stereo system, and not only the saints, but Sister Jerome herself would hear them.

"I guess you're right, but I sure hope my wobbly

ol' dresser won't break."

"It won't, Mary."

"O.K. If each of you gives me a Holy Card, I'll do it tonight, but don't give me an ugly one. It has to be one of your best."

"O.K. I'll collect one card from everybody. Great! Now we'll know if they're bald or what," Pinky rejoiced.

That night I climbed onto my dresser, stood on tip-toes and saw Sister Clare's nondescript haircut. Pinky and a few other girls got out of bed and started toward me to be the first to hear the report. In my excitement to convey this discovery to the other girls, I stepped too near the edge of my fragile dresser. It crashed, I crashed, and my few permitted toiletries crashed to the floor.

The lights went on. Sister Jerome, who lived in an adjoining room, rushed in to see what the commotion was.

The girls were now frozen in the middle of the dorm. Mary Ellen hid under her covers and began to



Print by Barbara Leonard

sob. I was still pinned to the floor by the dresser.

Our Beef Tomato transformed into a pulsating eggplant.

"What was that crash?" She bellowed.

Pinky, pale as her white cotton nightgown, whispered, "We were just playing around."

I was inching my way from beneath the dresser. There was a thud as I got free.

The hardwood floor vibrated as Sister Jerome stormed over to my bed.

I looked up past her heaving bib to see a swollen, purple face and iceberg eyes behind rimless glasses.

"My. . .my dresser fell."

"How did it fall?"

"It just did."

"Were you standing on it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Just because we were playing around."

"PLAYING AROUND! IT IS 9:00," she roared.

"None of you will go home this weekend. After breakfast Saturday you will go directly to chapel and stay there until the dining room is open for lunch. I will arrange for Father to hear your confessions. Now, get back in bed and go to sleep. I will notify your parents in the morning."

Since there was no phone at the ranch, my parents could not be contacted. Sister Jerome and I had to wait until Friday to tell them of my wrongdoing. Daddy usually dropped the cowboys off in town for whiskey and women and then came to the convent to take me home for the weekend.

Friday after school I was sent to Sister Jerome's office to wait for my father. She was in the midst of tutoring a gifted senior in trigonometry. I sat in a straight-backed chair, trembling slightly with hatred and fear. Sister Jerome ignored me. She was completely absorbed in her teaching and in the student's

quick assimilation. After ten minutes or so, I, too, was fascinated. Not with the subject matter - it was way beyond my comprehension - but with Sister Jerome. She was patient and actually smiling. Her face had even lost some of its red blotches. Pride in her student and her love of the logic and precision of mathematics were obvious. With a start I realized that I was not only in awe of her, but felt a twinge of compassion because she couldn't be at UCLA studying her math. I loved the CLICK I felt when I grasped a new concept or solved a difficult problem. For Sister Jerome the CLICK must be huge, because at her level the problems were so complicated.

Fifteen minutes or so passed before there was a knock at the door and a nun announced that my father was waiting for me. Sister Jerome rose, the red splotches reappearing on her face. She glared at me and silently the two of us walked to the lounge. The compassion I felt for her moments before vanished. My poor father was innocently standing near the window watching the clouds build up in the north. Sister Jerome bellowed, "Mr. Harper!" Daddy visibly jumped.

The big nun proceeded with her diatribe of my inexcusable actions. She had no choice but to forbid my leaving for the weekend.

Daddy asked, "Isn't Mary a little young for such a stiff punishment?"

"Certainly not! She and the other Babies need to pray for forgiveness and learn never to disobey the rules of this school. If her department warrants, Mary may accompany you next weekend."

My father left alone for the ranch.

For the next seven days I was an exemplary student. Not because of any change in attitude, but because I so longed to see my parents, the cowboys, my horse and the ranch. I even missed my little brother and sister.

When Friday finally arrived, I raced into the arms of my parents. During the two-hour drive to the ranch I talked incessantly of "that mean, fat, terrible Sister Jerome," whom I hated, hated, hated.

All day Saturday and Sunday morning I rode with the cowboys, looking for late calves and checking fences. I loved the freedom. I loved the laughter. I loved the beauty. And I hated Sister Jerome.

At Sunday lunch my parents were deciding which of them would drive me to town. I couldn't eat my food. Over dessert I burst out crying and shouted that I wouldn't go back to that jail with that awful, warty woman. My mother shuddered. My father sent me to my room.

Instead of going to my room, I went down to the bunkhouse. Storming in, I found Curly, the cook, cleaning up the lunch dishes. Curly was my best grown-up friend in the world. He was even bigger than Sister Jerome, but he was always laughing. Even his eyes laughed.

"Well, Missy, you look awfully red in the face."

"That's because I ran all the way down here because my parents are sending me back to jail."

"Jail! You mean that fancy school you go to up on the hill?"

"It's not a fancy school. It's a jail and even has a warden."

"Well, Missy, I think you'd better take a load off. Sit right here, drink this lemonade, and tell me all about this warden of yours."

As he handed me the glass, I noticed the wart on his hand which brought Sister Jerome even more clearly to mind. I told Curly all about her. I even quoted some of our better limericks to him. Slowly, my rage subsided.

"Well, Missy, from what you say, this Sister Lady is a pretty tough ol' gal."

"She sure is."

"Seems to me, too, that you and your little friends haven't always stuck by the rules."

"Well, maybe not, but she's still mean."

"You say she's supposed to be goin' to some school in California?"

"Yeah, she's really smart in math."

Curly was silent for a moment and then said, "Well, now, what if your daddy made that ol' Horace Miller bronc buster for this outfit?"

I broke into peals of laughter. Mr. Miller was the ranch bookkeeper and looked exactly like Icabod Crane. He was scared of his own shadow and the thought of his working with wild colts was hilarious.

"Well, now, Missy, seems to me that's what's happened. This nun of yours wants to work on her fancy numbers at some big university. But she's been put to trainin' young colts like you and your friend Pinky."

"Now, I saw you on your horse Andy flying across Gates Pasture yesterday tryin' to bring in those ornery ol' cows. You were having the time of your life. Every weekend and vacation you come home to your ma and daddy and these valleys and mountains. In town you've got friends to laugh and play with and teachers to teach you. Now, what about this ol' gal of yours? Seems to me she ain't got a thing but to take care of you kids. She's got no place to go and watch the sky change colors, no place to dream and ponder. Seems to me all she wants is to work with her numbers and figures. Now, Missy, that ain't a whole hell of a lot, and she can't even do that. So I sure think you and your friends in that religion school of yours better start usin' your hearts instead of your big ol' mouths."

"Now you come over here and give me a big bear hug and get going. There are some cow punchers in town waiting for your daddy to pick them up and bring them back out here so they can clear their heads."

I gave Curly his bear hug and started out the door.

He called me back, "Missy, here's a bunch of them cinammon cookies you like. You take them back to school with you."

Curly went back to his dishes and I slowly walked to the house. Daddy was waiting for me, and after I said goodbye to my family we left for town.

Sister Clare met us at the big front door and told me to go right to the dorm.

Pinky, Mary Ellen, and the other girls were getting ready for dinner.

"Hi, Mary. How was your weekend?"

"Just great. Here, Curly sent us some cookies. And you know what?"

"What?" they asked in unison.

"Curly is even fatter than Sister Jerome and he has a wart on his hand, and he's the neatest man in the world. So I don't want to make up any more mean

poems about Sister Jerome."

"What about: 'Sister Jerome is no ham, she knows all about a parallelogram'?"

"That's really nice, Pinky," said Mary Ellen.

"Here's another: 'Two and two is four, and Sister Jerome knows even more.'"

I was still putting my clothes away when the girls left for dinner. Passing the dimly lit chapel on my way to the dining room, I looked in and saw a solitary, black mound in one of the front pews - Sister Jerome. She was hunched over in prayer. To her left stood the statue of St. Joseph, patiently and peacefully smiling down at her. I watched them for a few minutes and then skipped along the drab, cream colored hallway to the dining room.

Mary Hays



Photograph by Gail Mollring



Photograph by Liz Mercuri

Dark desert clouds work
themselves into a fierce sweat
One, two raindrops fall.

Linda Fitzgerald

A TRIP TO COLOSSAL CAVE

Stifling boredom even the confines of
our room can not contain.

Kathy suggests a drive and so we go,
I the driver,
destination momentarily unknown.

Past the foothills, houses behind,
towering saguaros with red-skyed
backdrop ahead.

"There, to the left."

I submit,
car chugging, darkness increasing,
spontaneous destination reached.

A gift shop -

"A tourist trap," I mutter, with all
21 years of cynicism.

She agrees.

We continue, fees unpaid,
consequences unknown,
down stone steps into the
murky chasm.

Skittering light illuminates.

We continue downward,

Modern day Dantes on a quest.

Sudden darkness, stygian
blackness, ephemeral blindness.

Bats

Snakes

Deadly fall

Adrenalin surging, hearts
pounding,
petrified screams echoing.

an eternity.

Blinding light, relieved sighs,
drying tears,

We shakily drive away,
speed laws unheeded,
to our shared sanctuary.

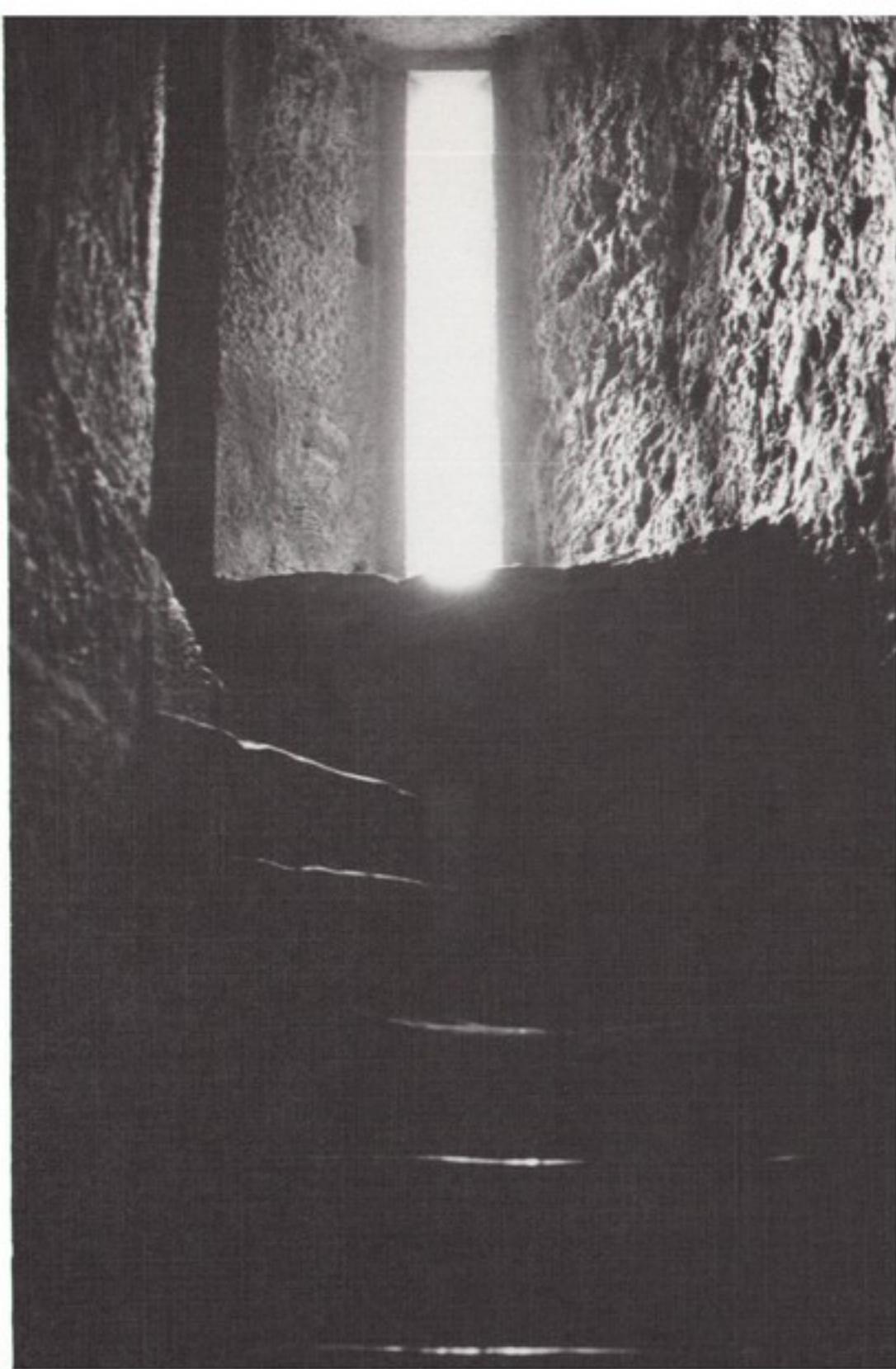
Once again, stifling boredom.

Welcomed.

Accepted

Rosann Polifrone

Photograph by Judith DeFord



SOME BOYS



Painting by Aleksandra Rosic

Dedicated to the Guardian Angels

In my room I wait for the night
outside my window, I listen to music
written by Blue Oyster Cult
for I too "Love the Night"

The sun has given its
last cry
darkness smothers it

I prepare myself
I gird myself for a never-ending war.
I am the Warlord, and you are my subjects
I am the Hunter, and you are my bait
I am the Angel, and you are under my guard.
I am worrier bred, and Warrior born.

As I report to base,
my lieutenant calls my patrol.

I will be in my natural habitat
underground

As I ride under the city, I see my flock
a wino dreaming
a bag lady glancing fretfully
a junkie, shooting up
a lawyer reading
Outside this "steel-rat" they are nothing to me,
but inside, I will die for them.

My enemy enters

We are alike and different.

I wear a halo of blood red,
my emblem is emblazoned on my tee shirt.
My weapons...my hands

He wears the leather armor and uses the switch blade...
...coward's tools.
as he heads further into the rat's belly
(as it scampers underground)
I tense.

He and I are alike

He turns and stabs

I am not there
he pulls his gun
He looks for me

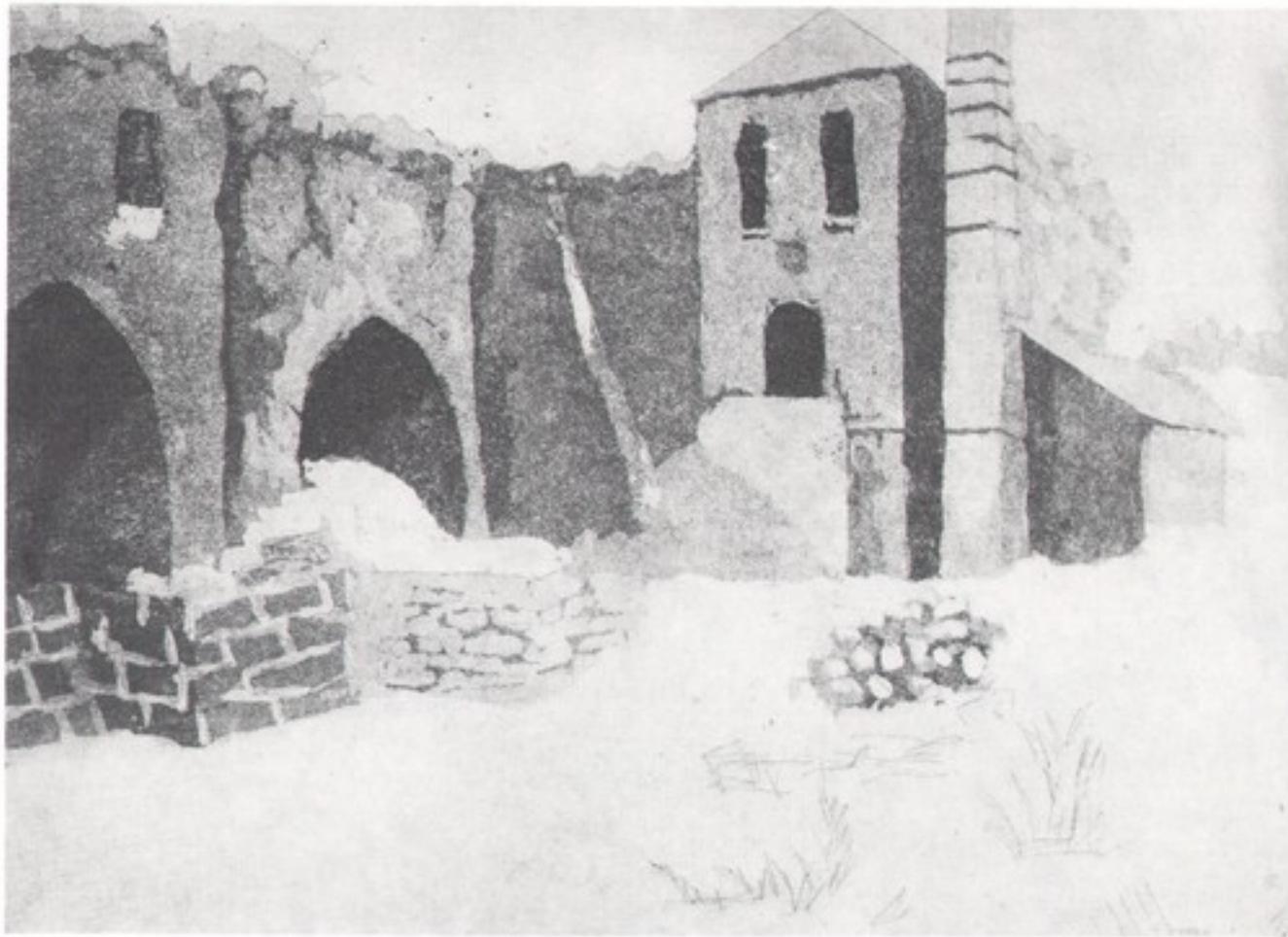
I strike
He goes down for the night

My brothers enter and
stare at our enemy

We are one but many, and the war will last
until steel rats die.

Charles Bowser

Print by Dan White



Lone blade of grass cuts
through tomb of stone...rejecting
man's predestined doom.

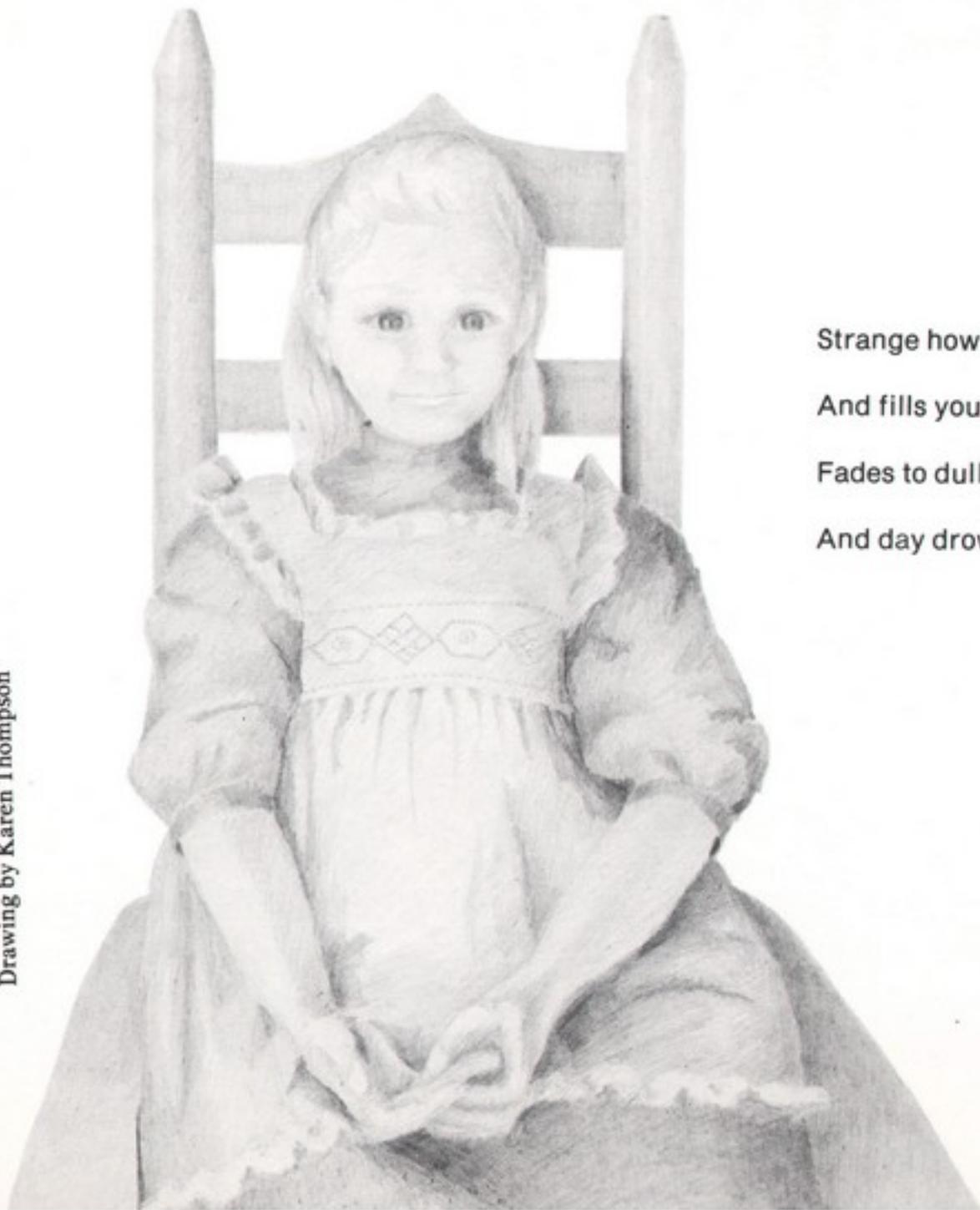
Mary Pestell

Drawing by Glen Jones



Playful mountain stream
Cunning, clever bank-robber
Master of disguise.

Mary Pestell



DREAM

Strange how a dream that haunts your night
And fills your sleep with its golden light,
Fades to dullness and is gone in dawn 's light
And day drowns the memory of the night.

Betty Starkey



Drawing by Aleksandra Rosic

I shed power
most often in music
I am weak
in nothing worth being strong for

static portrayals of the crosslegged, or stanced
white Anglo-Saxon, Jesus, hippie, literary quite freak

The tumultuous sensitives
await the dawn
with a yawn
move softly across the carpet
to cover a companion
asleep on the couch
or the floor or the bed

A few words spoken
a nod
a door creaks open and shut
footsteps on stairs, then

breath frost meets the clear sky night air

parallel lines of spectral orbs
on either side recede, to the top of the hill
and appear again, beyond

The tumultuous sensitives
they sit in vacant rooms or for the most part empty
simply
receiving

Keith Kiel



Sculpture by Michael Myers



Drawing by Glen Jones

WRONG IMPRESSIONS

*I looked into your eyes and saw love
I think it was love. . .
no, I hoped it was love*

*The confusion surrounding us was gone
it was just you and me. . .
your eyes piercing mine
mine reaching out to yours*

*Then across the table I could see
the reflection in your eyes
was not me.*

Molly Tone

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Pamela Brock
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Judith DeFord
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