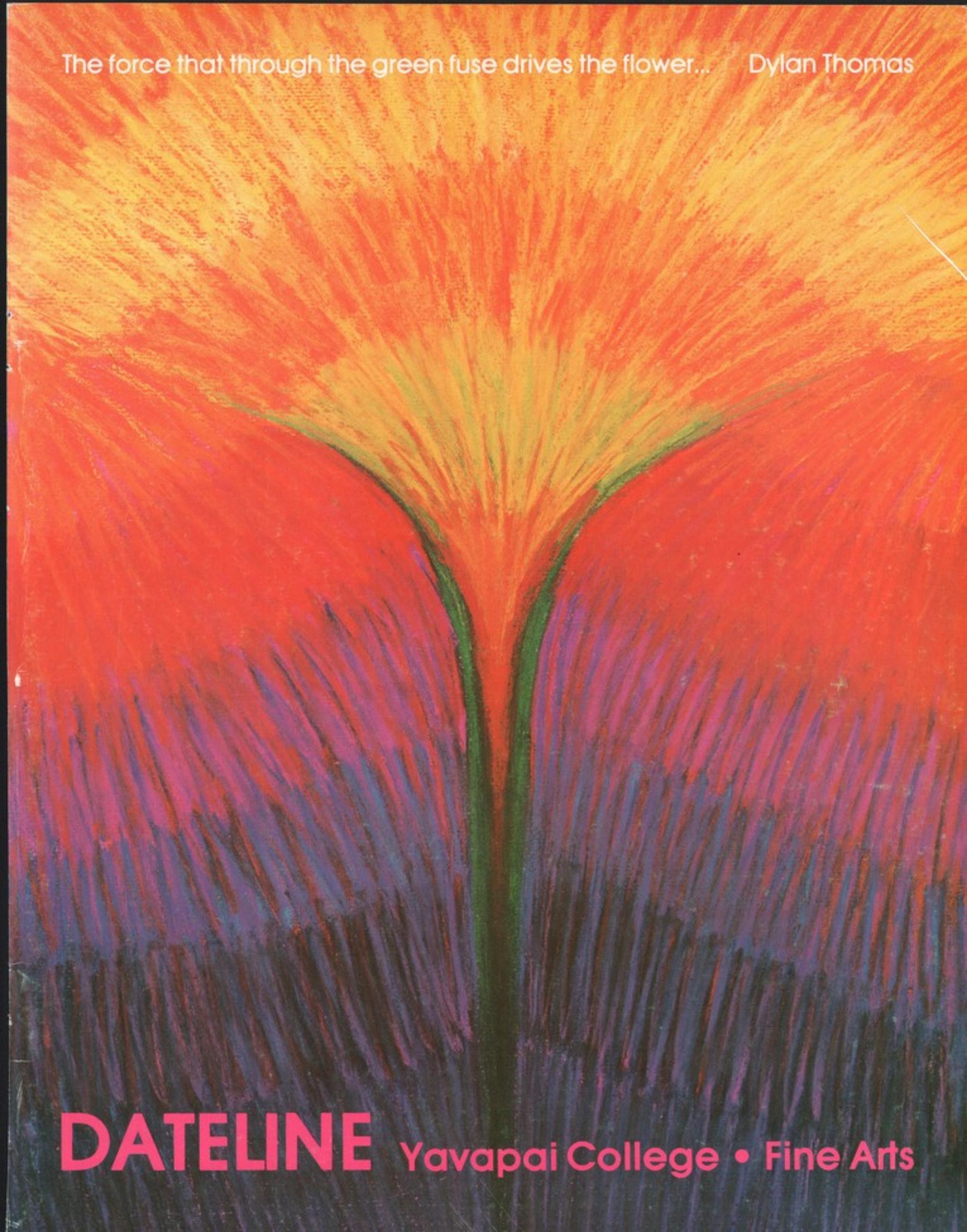


The force that through the green fuse drives the flower... Dylan Thomas



DATELINE Yavapai College • Fine Arts

Volume 6, Number 1
Fall 1977

Featuring the Fine Arts Division

DATELINE is a publication of the Yavapai
College Publications Workshop. Inquiries
regarding editorial content should be directed
to the Journalism Department, Yavapai
College, 1100 East Sheldon Street, Prescott,
Arizona 86301.

DATELINE

Editor

Dave Dupree

Staff

Donna Nelesen

Alvin Allen

Berthold Bergstedt

Ben Boyd

Don Cloud

Sergio Garcia

K. Christopher Gregory

Advisors

Literary-Art

Joan Keele

Glen Peterson

Doug Crow

Edward Branson

Mirta Hamilton

Photography

Gary Lewallen

Journalism

N.O. Treese

Cover Design by Bonnie Stauffer

CREATION

The capacity to create is not grafted to man's nature as an expensive bonus, but is instead a basic human aptitude and is a source of much personal satisfaction and pleasure.

Judith Groche



Photo by Tom Polite



Photo by K. Christopher Gregory

In Art History Class

There are countless many before us
As we walk through the ruins
Who have forded the same rivers
As we gaze at their pictures frozen
Who have lived for the same reasons
As we examine their relics from the past.

Will our bones, too, grace a dim museum hallway?
May our art, too, deepen books and coffee tables?

US

AFTER WE THE LIFE HAVE GONE.

The depth of art, class, or the depth of being?
The reflection of life, class, or the reflection upon life?
The living art, class, or the living viewer?

our eyes peer out from the portraits of

our bodies are documented

Gary Gray

Direction

The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being.

Thomas Carlyle

A TREASURE IN SMALL THINGS

She strides energetically, even at eighty-two years, past our house holding her young granddaughter with one hand and with the other pulling a wire shopping cart to town. Walking along briskly at a steady pace, this determined little lady looks not left or right. Autos pass by them on the roadway. Drivers are too busy with their own thinking to notice, but she is unheeding and uncaring. Now she stops and stands patiently while her granddaughter bends over a green bush to inspect a hidden thing. Suddenly she tugs her grandmother forward, small hand clasped tightly around the larger fingers, and skips ahead in an eager manner as if to say, "Hurry, Grandma, hurry!" Smiling, the older woman hurries on with the younger one who has mysteries to discover.

Many times I have seen them, hurrying ahead, then stopping a few minutes on the same apparent errands, going first to the Post Office, then to the market, on to window shopping and last to stop in the candy store for a striped peppermint stick.

Dressed always in Sunday School best, she in dark long skirts with high buttoned black shoes and a small round hat, the little girl in fluffy dresses with home crocheted lace collars, and buckled patent leather shoes, they seemed strangely out of place. In this century with its mechanical contrivances to save us from every sort of laborious effort, it appeared so unusual to see these two resorting to foot locomotion, even in rainy and windy weather — days when one would expect them to be riding with relatives, friends or at least in a taxi.

One day, my curiosity piqued beyond bearing, I waited beside my gate until they were close. Introducing myself, I asked if I might visit on the way to town. She cheerfully agreed and I asked her the question on my mind. Her answer was a revelation, unusual nowadays, especially among the financially competent.

Even though she will also provide an endowment in her will, these walks with her granddaughter are another endowment in their own way: teaching her to observe, to sense and to feel and know the natural things of the earth which are free and satisfying and always with us just for our noticing and appreciating. This child is being endowed with a treasure chest of mind images, more valuable than costly jewels, which she can open from her memory storehouse long after her grandmother has left this earth.

Marguerite White



Drawing by Pauline Schmitz

Reflection

Illustration by Janice Tyler



CHILDHOOD

*Childhood was a time for things
like dragon flies and hammock swings
Bugs Bunny comics and merry-go-rounds
hazelnut bushes and circus clowns,*

and

*Picnics sometime in July
fireworks lighting up the sky
watermelon in a tub of ice
kids in line to have a slice.*

and

*Spot and Puff and Mother Goose
Dick and Jane and Doctor Seuss
wishes made, star-lite, star bright
scarey games played in the night.*

*Pajamas with a flap in back
bedtime tales on Daddy's lap
and thank-you God for all these things
like dragon flies and hammock swings.*

Jenine Bartlett

CREATION

Imagination

MY PHANTOM

*I live with a phantom.
We work together and we play together;
We fight and we cry together;
And we live again.*

*In the mornings I awaken and I cry
That the pillow beside me isn't mussed,
And she isn't there —
She was, only moments ago.*

*On my way to the office
She is beside me in the Chevy.
She speaks to me. Yet, When I glance about,
She isn't there.*

*On the beach she is beside me
And we make love in the sands,
And we make plans for tomorrow.*

*At the studio she is beside me
And chides, and pouts, so beautifully,
Over an ill decision.*

*We quarrel and say harsh words,
But not for long.
I smile and she smiles,
And oh, the fun of making up.*

*And we live again
And dream of our tomorrows.*

Hal Jackson



Photo by Tom Polite

SPRING

*It's Spring and everywhere Nature comes alive,
Bees leave the hive, and flit from bud to bud, testing.
A young boy sits by shady brook, resting,
And ponders Nature's wonders. The source he knew
Was melting snow in yon peaks, jutting into the blue,
As if guarding the lovely valley.
Spot by his side, momentarily still,
Mouth open, pink tongue hanging panting quietly.*

*The young are not inactive long,
The boy rises, skips pebbles on the mirrored pool
Then listens to a thrush's song.
Spot runs sniffing about the place,
Then charges into the willow, flushes a bird
And barking wildly, gives joyous though futile chase.*

George Dasher

Inspiration

*man is the direct point through which
infinite possibility is manifest. Baird Spalding*



Illustration by Mike Billings



I caught you
laughing at the moon
and dancing with the wind last evening
A prancing Ibex
lost in the possession of her passion.
Leaping, bucking, spinning with joy
in a moonlight meadow.
Unrestrained emotion
unleashed from the abyss of your soul,

showing the rage, and the ecstasy
that lie dormant inside your shell.
The moon teases you with its gaze,
playing in the hues of your skin,
While the wind sweeps
you across a velvet green dance floor
Whispering into your hair
as you clutch at the night.

Don Jones



For my Great Polar Opposite, Nancy Ellen Brown

Sometimes I think I'd like to be a prize dahlia
smack dab in the middle of the year's and the world's biggest flower show
and winning—easily and haughtily—
noticed, admired, acclaimed by all.

But I feel I'm sage bloom
small, barely noticable flowers
that appear for a short period in a small area
and are appreciated only by a few desert walkers.

Sometimes—maybe just once—I think I'd like to be a huge, hunch-backed wolf
that couples, kills, and devours without conscience,
without consciousness,
a Steppenwolf, a Phaedrus
spreading horror among the horses
and terror through the towns.

But I feel I'm a fox,
monogamous, reflective,
a spare eater—even dainty in diet,
a close considerer,
pursued at times by hounds and horses,
who causes at most a mild flutter among the chickens.

Sometimes I think I'd like to be the Queen Bee,
sole raison d'être of the whole teeming hive,
even a source of concern
to the Creator of my multi-layered home.

But I feel I'm a gadfly
who's been swatted at a few times
but unnoticed many more.

Sometimes I think I'd like to be a huge, spreading oak
maybe the one in Ashford, Connecticut,
memorialized by a bronze plaque for its antiquity and size
but serving still to shade a casual picnic.

But I feel I'm a narrow juniper,
one on a desert mountain near Skull Valley, Utah,
Where I took a nap one hot, waterless afternoon;
lightning-blasted, but by the signs,
giving shelter still to deer in their season
and to an itinerant madman in his.

Sometimes I think I'd like to be a fashionable Electric Blue.

But I feel I'm a half-faded, serviceable denim blue.

Sometimes I think I'd like to be the choral finale
of Beethoven's Ninth,
inspiring, massive, powerful,
a harmonized shout
uniting what is best, what noblest, in humankind.

But I feel I'm some short passage in a Bartok string quartet,
melodic, if complex
perhaps difficult to understand
certainly difficult to love.

Sometimes I think I'd like to be a deep, broad reservoir
supplying the Water of Life from my Very Substance
and, almost as an afterthought,
providing Penstocked Power from my Ponderous Plentitude.

But I feel I'm a small spring
hidden high up on a mountain
gurgling and babbling
tumbling out water
but unheeded
and unneeded.

Sometimes I think I'd like to be an eagle,
busy king, not only of the mountain
but of the very air above it,
who surveys his domain with a snap of his head,
patrols it endlessly and motionlessly,
and enforces his will with a steep stoop.

But I feel I'm a mocking bird in scrub chaparral
rehearsing and improvising on the songs of others
but always seeking and sometimes finding
his own voice.

R.O. Despain



Photo by Ralph Worsham

GROUNDED ON A BEACH

by Rose Leuno

*How to begin before I start
When to leave and then depart.
My day is cold without a heart.
Oh for a sign or motivation!
Who can deny this sand was rocks.
A baby cries before it talks.
A robin flies before it walks.
This stranger here knows desperation.*

*I see the lonely phoenix bird
Soar and sing no verbal word.
It's looking down upon the herd
Who caught it, caged it, grounded,
Who wore its feathers' brilliant life
And held its spirit as a fief
As though to fly the rite was rife,
Invocation in a frenzied dance around it.
And now with faggots in its claw
And wreathed in laurel fiercely raw
With eyes on distant suns that saw
Its own creation's ashes burning,
New each day and reaching out
Telling what it's all about
Still wordless singing with a shout
Shining now red-gold beyond discerning.*

*Significant, a bird alone
Carved in wood and chipped in stone
Not of feather blood and bone
But plain in paint and page un-numbered
Inspiring giving up to fate
On stamp and coin, in cave and state
Exalted symbol, global great
So multiplied its message thundered.*

*It calls a challenge more or less
To sing and soar or try to guess
Tradition's cargo in excess
While looking on confounded.
Now I can face it. I can try
To ask and learn the reason why
I saw its shadow cross my sky
And know that I am grounded.*

*Asleep the bud awake the rose;
A car must start before it goes;
A book to open had to close.*

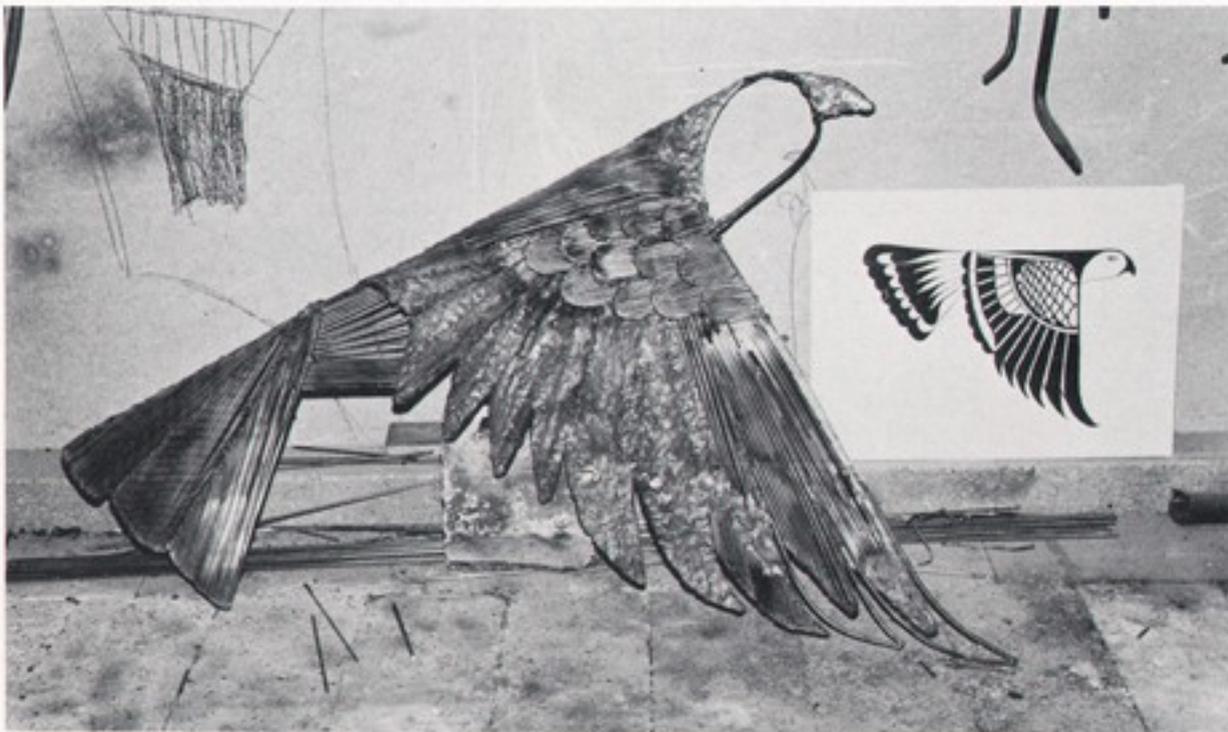


Photo by Berthold Bergstedt

CREATION

We cannot be creative and at the same time be defenders of the status quo. Our gifts put us in tension with things as they are.

Elizabeth O'Conner.



Photo by Ralph Worsham



Photo by Tom Polite



Photo by K. Christopher Gregory



Photo by Ralph Worsham



Photo by Linda Poley



Photo by Loring Snyder

Dedication

No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig, I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen.

Epictetus

Frustration

The most gifted members of the human species are at their creative best when they cannot have their way.

Eric Hoffer

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Has-Been

As the Golden Zephyr pulled out of the Los Angeles station, I loosened my tie, leaned back in my seat, and started to figure up my second quarter grades. I had solid A's in the two humanities courses, I'd probably squeaked through in Russian, I might have saved math. P.E. was O.K.: before I'd pulled a thigh muscle and been forced to quit, I'd made enough practices and games with the J.V. soccer team for a pass. Electrical engineering lab was an F, since I'd never bothered to go. And the course, EE 1b, looked pretty bad. I hadn't done any homework since midterm.

I had got one or two problems on the final. While I was trying to solve the third, Professor Long came up and looked at my work. He leaned over and tapped a sketch and some equations I'd tried and abandoned. "Here," he said, "why don't you work on this some more?"

I said nothing. I knew he was trying to be helpful, but I was pissed off. I waited for him to move on, then got up, put my bluebook on the pile at the front of the room, and left the examination with two of the three hours left to go.

Cross off EE.

Next quarter didn't look too bright either. With EE 1b still a mystery, I had little hope of getting through EE 1c. The math course would work out the same way. EE 6 was so hopeless that I didn't even intend to buy the book. But I was signed up for two English courses, a history course, and Russian.

My advisor wouldn't sign my schedule at first because it had had so few engineering courses. I'd argued that since the new liberalized regulations didn't specify what courses I had to take, I was free to take what I wanted. He argued that since my degree was supposed to be in engineering, I had to take some engineering courses. We compromised by dropping a philosophy course and adding EE 6. Although neither of us had said it, we both knew that the next quarter would be my last. Even if I did manage to finish my junior year without flunking out, I couldn't think of a course schedule for the next year that my advisor would approve and that I could pass.

Cross off the B.S. from Caltech.

And since I couldn't finish another degree somewhere else in one year, cross off the National Merit Scholarship.

Well, I'd really screwed up college and what did I have to show for it? Joan? No. This spring vacation, maybe this summer, and that would be it. We'd pretty well thrashed it out during Christmas break: she was a staunch Mormon, I was a staunch atheist, we loved one another, but marriage was out of the question. We were miserable.

Cross off Joan, but at least it would be coming to an end.

As I looked out of the train window into the rubbishy back alleys of Riverside, I began to realize that going back to see her at the end of my freshman year had been the first change in my over-all Caltech program. I'd planned to work summers in southern California as an engineering trainee until I graduated, then get a job and take an M.S. at the same time. Later I'd pick up an M.B.A. and go into engineering management. I intended to start at \$10,000 a year and to be making at least \$20,000 shortly afterward—ambitious but by no means unrealistic for a Caltech graduate.

Well, cross all that off, too.

Maybe I should have left Caltech at the end of my second year or maybe I shouldn't have gone there at all. During my sophomore year in high school, I had wanted to be a writer. I planned then to write at least two or three novels and scores of short-stories before I was twenty-one. I might have had talent: I won third prize in the high school short-story contest and was admitted to the senior writing class. But the boundaries were changed during the summer and I was sent to another high school where English was taught poorly and math was taught well. The Russians sent Sputnik up, catching Eisenhower by surprise, and everyone who could be was pushed into science or engineering.

Even at Caltech I'd done well in English. I got honors at entrance and skipped freshman composition, pulled an A my first sophomore quarter in a senior humanities seminar, and was allowed to take whatever humanities courses I wanted to after that. But I hadn't written anything, and now, at twenty-one, I doubted that I ever could.

I didn't know whether to cross off my career as a writer or not. It looked like there had never been one.

What was I left with? When I got thrown out of Caltech at the end of the year, I'd lose my scholarship and have to drop out of school. I couldn't think of any job I could fill, other than working at the parking terrace as I had for the past three summers. Anyway, I'd be facing the draft, and with all the missionaries registered at my local board, the Army was a nearly foregone conclusion. Two more years wasted, probably in the infantry, and I'd be twenty-three, uneducated, inexperienced, unpublished, and undone.

I'd toyed with the idea, once, of committing suicide by alcohol. I could rent a rancid room on the west side and buy a case of cheap booze from the state liquor store on South Temple. I could drink it all rapidly—and die.

As I looked out the train window at the setting sun, I wasn't sure of suicide, but the idea of a drink sounded good. I pulled my tie off, rather than fuss with it, wearily threw it into the overhead luggage rack with my crumpled sports-coat, and started for the club car. As I entered, it occurred to me that despite three years of hard drinking and ferocious hangovers, this would be my first legally-bought drink. I slouched against the bar.

"Yessir," the barman said.

"Bourbon on the rocks." No one had ever asked me for an ID. I'd been born looking twenty-eight and I'd probably look twenty-eight until I died—if I got past twenty-one.

The barman put ice-cubes in a glass and glanced up at me as he reached for the bourbon bottle. A faint smile moved from his lips up to his eyes. He filled the jigger, holding it over the glass, and then emptied it while continuing to pour from the bottle. At least four ounces went into the glass.

He lifted the overfilled glass to the bar with a mechanically sure motion, but the smile threatened to move from his eyes back down to his mouth.

"Here you are—son," he said.

R.O. Despain

Creativity unused disturbs our sleep

and makes our days uneasy

Elizabeth O'Conner

Drawing by Shelly Morgan



Communication

Through creativity and the exercising of my gifts I am in the process of realizing and communicating my own uncommon self.

Elizabeth O'Conner



Photo by Gary Lewallen

ACCOMMODATION (A parable)

I recently rented a room in a boarding house. It has a northern exposure. I have two roommates. Joy lives in the room to my right. Sorrow occupies the room to my left. Occasionally, the sounds from Joy's room well up and fill the entire house. Unfortunately, Joy has a tendency to get carried away, and often makes so much noise that he wakes up Sorrow, who is usually sleeping. Sorrow, once aroused, responds in kind, and then exerts his influence over the house.

It occurred to me, after a certain time, that if it were possible for Joy to waken Sorrow by his resulting commotion, might not the reverse also be true?

One day I asked the landlord, who is older and more experienced in these matters than I, if this were not a reasonable hypothesis.

"Quite reasonable," he replied, "but unfortunately, it is not the case. I am somewhat well acquainted with your fellow boarders, and it is true, as you say, that Sorrow is quick to respond to Joy's excesses. However, there is a greater difference. You see, Sorrow has all of his faculties intact, whereas Joy, who's predilection tends toward volume, has, over the years, become a bit hard of hearing."

Roger Hill

Touch

Once when I felt the tingle of happiness
I knew the meaning of touch.
Touch was then knowledge
The graceful evening moth of the desert
Swiftly fluttering
Making me aware of her presence
Touch was ecstasy
The warm embrace of love
Touch was compassion
The gentle hold of friendship
Touch was communication.
The picture of mother and child.
Just once when I felt happy
I knew the meaning of touch.

Gail Temple

Emotion

I wait
while
the oscillating red light
idles on the top floor.
I watch
while
able-bodied, well-knit people rush
faster
faster

Up
the stairs
down
the stairs

no falter in their striding gait
no weaving path for their estate
all appointments are important

No problem with coordination
those faces full of isolation
no need for therapy of the body
or mind.

Down drops that pulsating, red light
down
to
stop

The brown box opens wide its mouth
then
Silently devours the ruffled pushing
masses.

My strong arms start the wheels
in motion
Why do those large chrome wheels
grind?

The alienated, rushing creatures
stand respectfully aside
Allowing the grinding wheels entrance.

Silent, prolific prayers pass into and
through the walls

Their grateful, sanctimonious prayer-
Thank God
it's him
and
not me.

Barbara Morgan

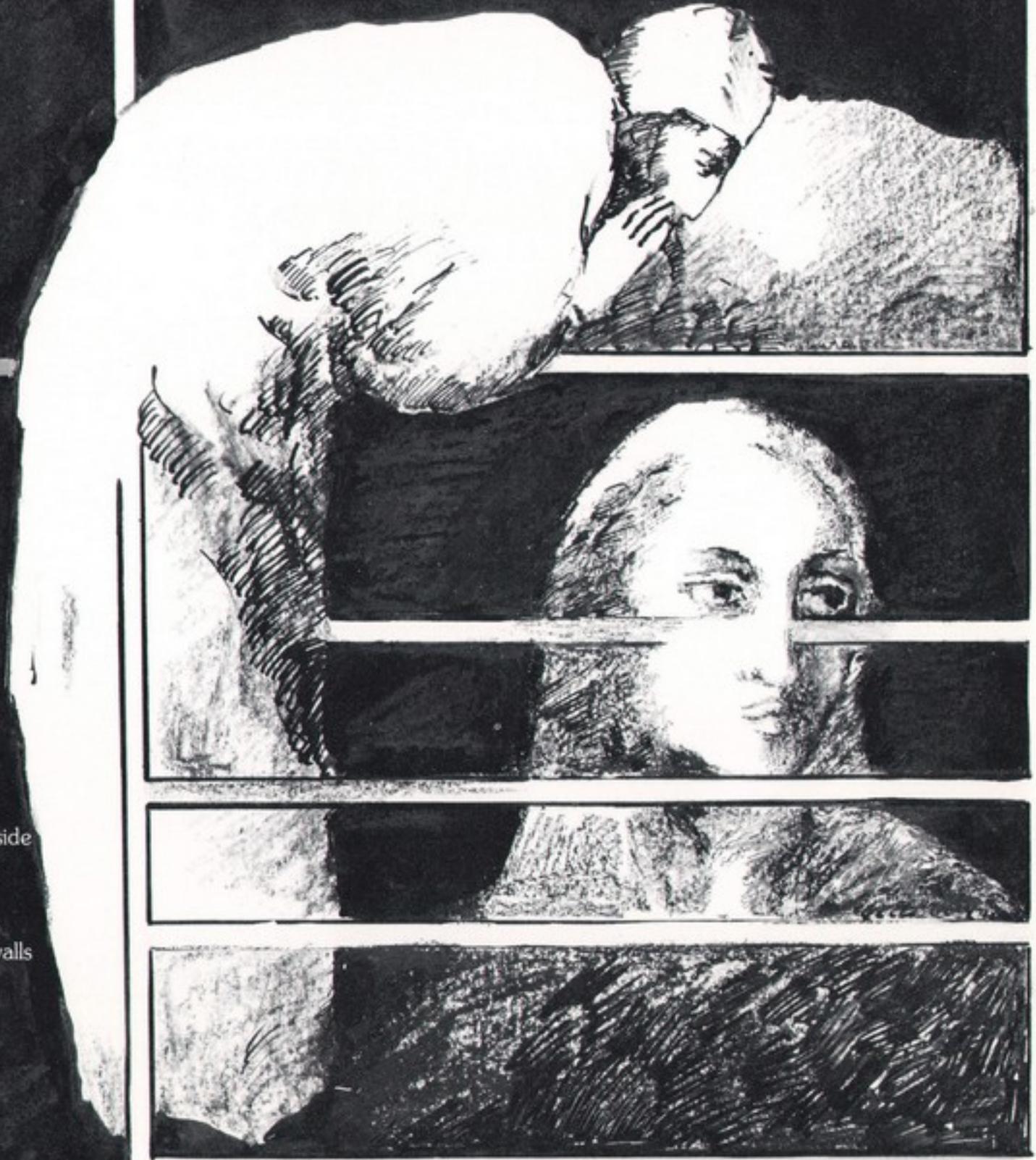


Illustration by Mirta Hamilton

Anticipation

Just once more
I would like to be bombarded
By the heady scent of lilacs
Lilacs, wildly drunk
On spring rain.

Just once more
I would like to see
The angry ocean
In a summer storm
Throwing herself
Against the shore
Hurling insults
In the spray.

Just once more
I would like to scuff
Knee deep in autumn leaves
Leaves of yellow, brown and red
Piled high, crisp and protesting
Ready for the burning.

Just once more
I would like to see the sidewalk snow
Piled high under street lights
Cool and contained
Glittering with the dancing sparkle
Of diamonds
Like a high born lady
Decked out for a ball.

Joanna Jackson



Photo by Peter Kaspar

Creativity is relevant behavior in the original.

K. Christopher Gregory



Photo by John Burns

Transformation

IDEA
ENERGETIC, INVOLVED
FORMING, DEVELOPING, PROGRESSING
ANNOUNCEMENT, EXPECTATION, ACKNOWLEDGMENT, CRITICISM
JUDGING, HURTING, DESTROYING
SHRIVELLED, DISSOLVED
HUMILITY

Annie Wilson



Illustration by Phil Colasanti

Diamantes

*Idea—
isolate, perfect—
out-reaching, expanding, contracting:
concept, notion, example, instance
clouding, condensing, becoming
grubby, imprecise
word.*

R.O. Despain

*Recovered
(for Sandy)*

*Perhaps I could have stayed on the road
found the bridge
and never ventured into the ravine*

*Its sides were steep and slippery
the river that had cut it
intended drowning*

*I had to swim that river
and was often tumbled along the bottom
gasping for air
before I reached the far side*

*The way up was perilous
and not gained without cost
I had to scrape off my soft skin
and leave a limb or two
chewed off in traps*

*But I move on two legs
better than I did on four
and scar tissue
though unsightly
is stronger than skin*

R.O. Despain



Photo by Tom Polite

*ENG 139 301
blank machine-like
unbending thin-smiling small-talking
Craig Barbara Annie Don
scribbling laughing moving
alive known
friends*

R.O. Despain

*Metaphor:
new-carved, incisive,
cutting, opening, laying bare
impression, impressment, imprisonment, groove
repeating, repeated repeating
worn-out, dull
cliche.*

R.O. Despain

CREATION

Regeneration

Eternity
by
Kate Abbott

The funeral took place Monday afternoon. On Wednesday Karen went back to work. It wasn't quite as traumatic as she had anticipated. Her students were unusually cooperative, and most of her colleagues, after a few embarrassed words of sympathy, avoided any reference to Tom's death. People tended to fall into two groups, those who thought they were diverting her thoughts by subjecting her to an uninterrupted barrage of trivia and those who, thinking it dangerous to suppress emotion, talked relentlessly about Tom's untimely death and even about the details of his heart attack. Only Sylvia, who taught in the adjoining classroom and who had herself been widowed three years ago, fitted into neither category. Karen survived the week by pretending to be "strong" and by draining her reservoir of nervous energy. Friday, after school, she was sitting at her desk staring blankly out the window when Sylvia came into the room.

"How are you doing, Karen? It's been pretty rough, hasn't it?"

Karen flashed the brave smile which she had perfected over the past week and mouthed the meaningless words that seemed to reassure people. "Oh, not too bad. I think I'm going to make it."

"I think you're wonderful."

I should have been an actress, Karen thought. Even Sylvia hadn't seen through the sham. Suddenly she was repelled by the false veneer with which she had been protecting herself all during the week. "I'm not...not really. This morning I sat in the car and cried for twenty minutes before coming to school. I'm not even sure what set me off...the littlest things...Tom's fishing boots, hanging on the wall next to the car. It's crazy to cry. Who am I crying for? Not Tom. He's all right now wherever he is. It's sheer self-pity. That's all it is. I'm just feeling sorry for me."

"I know." Sylvia was silent for a moment, reliving her own struggles with grief, then forced herself to consider Karen's need. "What are you going to do this weekend - stay home with the memories or escape with friends?"

Until that moment Karen hadn't really made up her mind what she would do for the next two days. "I'm escaping, but not with friends. I know they mean well, but I'm fed up with sympathy and solicitude. I've got to get completely away from everybody and figure things out for myself."

As soon as she got home she changed her clothes, threw her backpack into the car, and headed for the mountains. She drove mechanically, mile after mile, until well after dark, finally stopping beside the dirt road on which she'd been traveling for the past hour without meeting any other vehicles. By the light of the Coleman lantern she set up the mountain tent and laid her sleeping bag inside.

Tomorrow she would cook, but tonight she was too tired to bother - just a cup of wine for relaxation and some gorp for sustenance, then to bed. Putting out the lantern, she lay back against a fallen tree trunk. As her eyes adjusted to the dark, she became aware of her surroundings. She was camped in a small meadow. At its edge grew Ponderosa Pines, their branches laden with bunches of long needles silhouetted against the sky. Close to the ground the air was warm and still, but through the upper branches a gentle breeze played soft, peaceful murmurs. No other sound disturbed the solitude. Karen was reminded of Tom's words on their last camping trip together, "The great thing about silence is that it's all yours. You don't have to share it with anybody."

Staring up into the night sky, she allowed herself to consider the forbidden question: Where is Tom now? If only they had been born into a civilization in which a physical existence beyond the grave was assured - where Charon ferried the dead across the Styx into the underworld or where the deserving dead were transformed into stars, fixed in the vault of the heavens. Was Tom out there somewhere in that infinite space? Was he aware of her pain or had death ended their relationship forever? She looked up at the Milky Way - thirty thousand million stars, Tom had told her. Somewhere on another planet in another solar system in that vast galaxy, or perhaps even in some other, more remote galaxy, was there another being looking at the stars, wondering as she was about life and death? As the full moon's gigantic sphere crept over the horizon's edge, the brilliance of the stars diminished. Two mule deer, a doe and a fawn, unaware of Karen's presence, or possibly considering her no threat to their safety, wandered onto the moonlit stage. For how many billions of years had the moon risen in just this way, but unobserved by living creatures? Even in this age of moon-landings no one was really sure how the moon had originated, whether from the earth itself or an accumulation of extraterrestrial particles. For how many thousands of years had deer grazed on this meadow - three thousand? twenty-five thousand? In that same time period, how many people had lived on this planet? Karen thought of how she had felt awed and almost frightened when Tom had first exposed her to astronomical numbers. Tonight she felt strangely comforted by the concept of infinity and the relative insignificance of one short life. Tired, but at peace, she crawled into her sleeping bag and slept dreamlessly while the moon continued its journey around the earth on a path which it had been following with little variation for several billion years.



Photo by Gary Lewallen

Evaluation

The mainspring of creativity appears to be the same tendency which we discover so deeply as the curative force in psychotherapy—man's tendency to actualize himself, to become his potentialities.

Rollo May

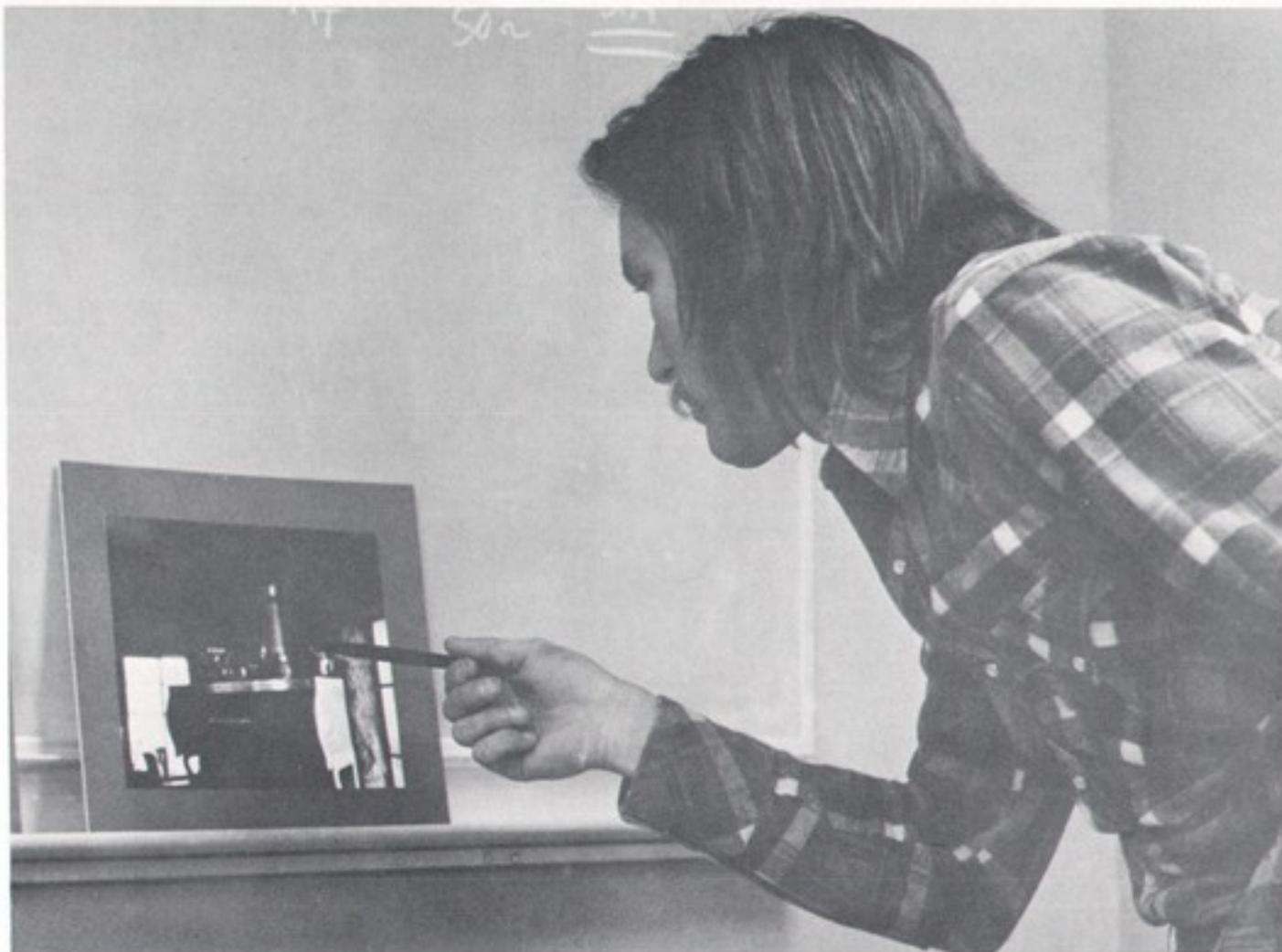


Photo by Don Cloud

THE BALLAD OF ANALYZING

The class got ready when the reader was done
The knew they would take the poem and have some fun
Their eyes looked for all the words they liked best
In a moment the poem would be put to the test

But the scorn of critics was not there that day
And the praises piled like harvested hay
Not a person could find fault with the poem
And compliments rang like a ringing phone

We smiled at the words on the ditto sheet
A perfect ten had been scored from the poet's seat
Glory to the poet who wrote this thing
"It is great poetry," the class said smiling

"Hold it right there," a voice said in back of the room
And blasted the walls like a sonic boom
"I don't see that this poem is so good."
"Nothing's been metered the way it should."

The back room critic drew in more air
"I don't see as the thing is leading anywhere."
"It seems to ramble an awful lot."
"And this fourth line — well it's a bunch of rot."

Well the class was becoming a little mad
The poet, head down, was looking sad
The words continued to cut and tear
And things were looking bad everywhere

Then finally silence once again
The critic's critique had come to an end
Then each of the heads turned to the poet
Who had not even said a single word yet

"Well" said the writer clearing his throat
"I'm not about to defend this thing I wrote
Because nothing can say what we really see
When we put down the sounds of poetry"

"I may have said a lot of stupid things
About sealing wax and usurping Kings
But there's one thing in this you do not see
I do not say, 'Only God can made a tree.' "

Robert Sholle



Photo by Ralph Worsham

Our inventions mirror our secret wishes.

Lawrence Durrell

Introspection

The imagination imitates. It is the critical spirit that creates.

Oscar Wilde

*An observer
in my time and space
of human deeds
and destiny,
the game ...
is a rat race.*

Pawn to pawn, negate

*Who is this sister
why is she insane
who, or what creates the pace
are we all to blame.
Shame, shame, double shame
All of us play the game.*

Knight to Queen, obliterate.

*Another skin
wolves are in
nature of the beast,
human deeds
and destiny
my friend, it's you they keep.*

King to king, negotiate.

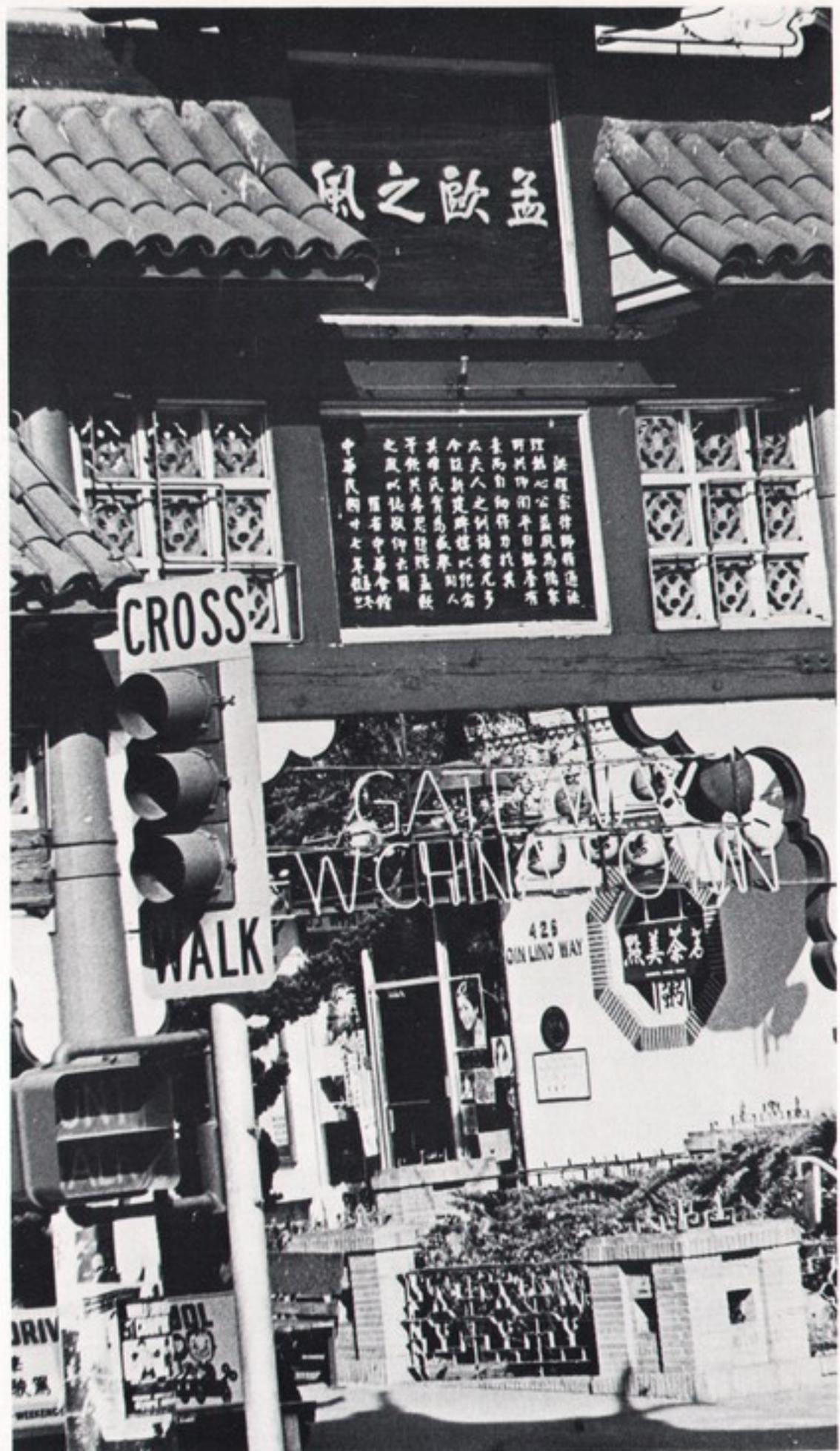
*The minds of mankind
history through all years
Ploy by ploy a masterplot
clouds of Strato's fear
All I want to see and hear
is joy within the tears.*

Stalemate, Checkmate.

*Contemplate cellmates
in the prisons of our time,
fantasy, or reality
of how the game should be
with no rhythm
with no rhyme.*

Craig Shatto

Photo by Tom Polite



Articulation



Photo by Rick Balch

CREATION

Presentation

The source of art is the artist, not his art.

Judith Groche



Photo by Edward Branson



Photo by Robert Mikulewicz



Photo by Loring Snyder



Photo by Rick Balch



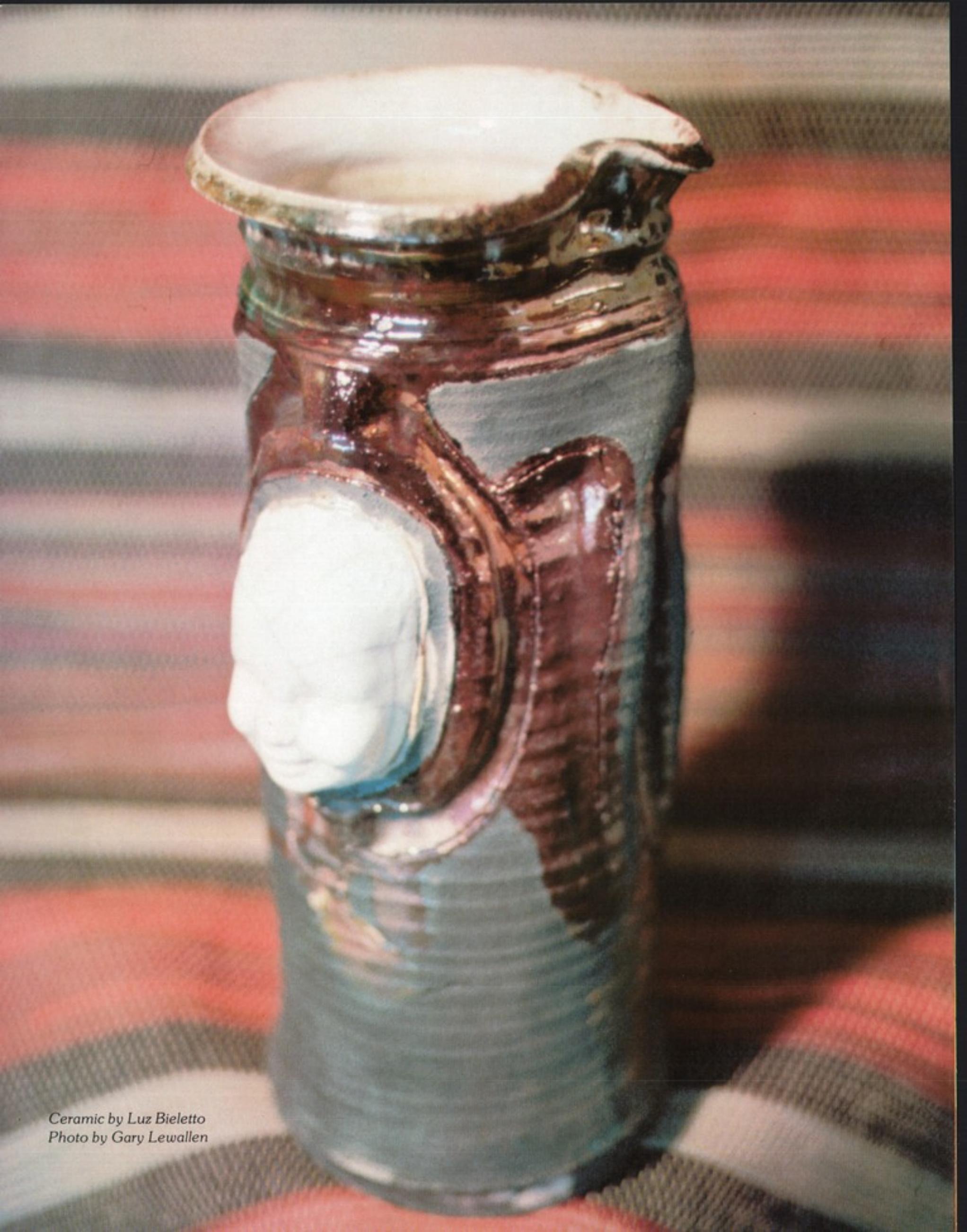
Photo by Loring Snyder



Photo by Robert Mikulewicz



Photo by Tom Polite



*Ceramic by Luz Bieletto
Photo by Gary Lewallen*

CREATION

Realization

Creative courage...is the discovery of new forms, new symbols, new patterns on which society can be built. Every profession can and does require some creative courage... Whatever the sphere...there is profound joy in the realization that we are forming the structure of a new world.

Rollo May



Photo by Tom Polite



FEET, I LOVE YOU

by Liz Shay

FEET,

*bare and kicking up dust,
or naked, splashing through puddles,
you play like children.*

FEET,

*warm and cozy in socks and loafers,
or peeking bare through summer sandals,
you're ready for the day's work.*

FEET,

*moving quickly, almost running cause I'm late,
or scuffing along, kicking pebbles while I think,
you propel me through my world.*

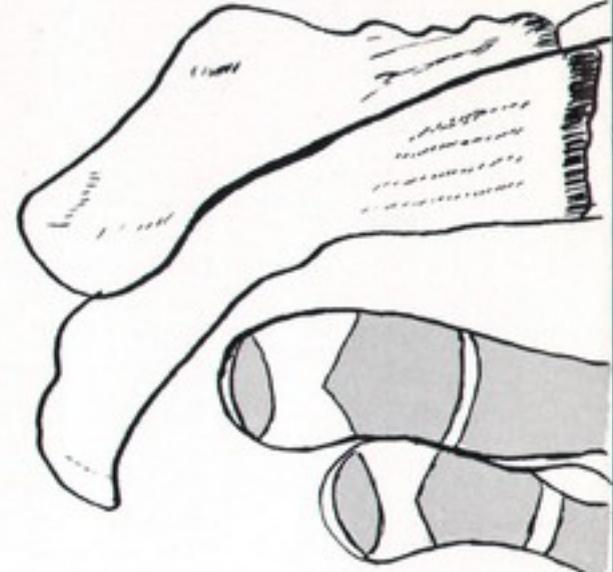
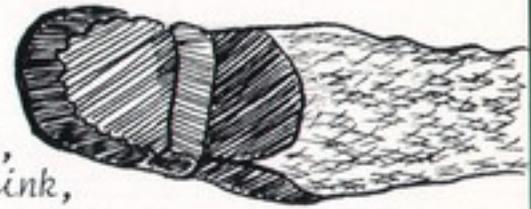
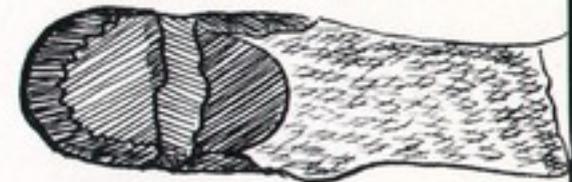
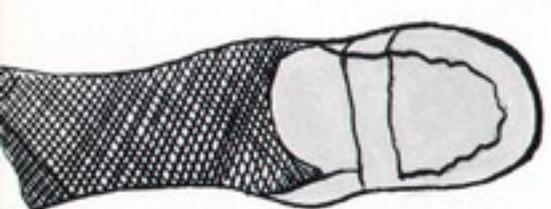
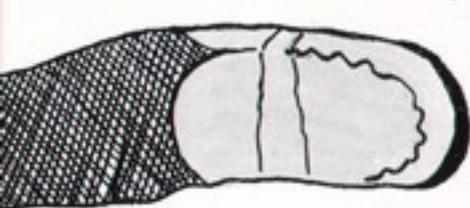
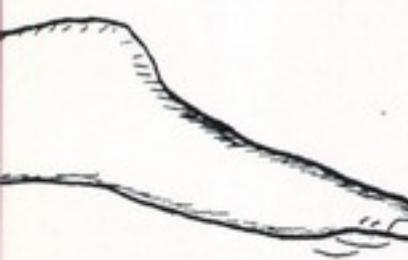
FEET,

*hot, sweaty, tired of being stood on,
or cold, wet and all shriveled up,
you try to survive the way I use you.*

FEET,

where would I be without you?

illustration by W. Robillard-Hoffman



Satisfaction

HOME

Fire soft, dancing red,
living in the stove:
warmth.
Windows bright, looking out,
framing my new world:
promise.
Plants growing, green on green,
converting sunlight:
life.
Happy Siamese, talking,
glad you're back, welcome:
love.
Bubbling aquarium,
quiet swimming fish:
peace.
Driftwood, rocks from a mine,
tapestry, knick-knacks:
memories.
Unread books and papers,
projects to be done:
future.
Dirty dishes waiting,
Homework to be done:
time.
Life full of warmth and memories,
And the promise of peace and love:
Home.

Liz Shay



Photo by Doug Vogel

All creative activities have a basic pattern in common.

Arthur Koestler

A SONNET

The slender shaft of light that bravely shines
Through misty fogged and dirty window pane
Has dimmed and now appears in dull faint lines
Bright glow of younger days now on the wane
No warmth or welcome dancing hues to meet
These old eyes now cast with a thin white haze
Perceive faint light, a callow ghost to greet
In shrouded objects buried in a maze
A maze if wandered through to days gone by
Unveil a youthful blaze of dazzling light
Of one true love and castles in the sky
Of time eternal and unfading sight.

For the blaze of youth must give reflection
To guide through old age and give direction.

Barbara J. Morgan



Photo by Gary Lewallen



Photo by Gary Lewallen

*I sit at the projector
Push the select button
And watch another slide
Flash an image onto the white screen.*

*We have decided that
Today would be a good day
To look at my pictures on this
Rental machine.*

*One more scene appears
In detail,
My friends say,
"Oooh and aaah and nice."
And slowly I feel
A melancholia come over me,
Looking at these photos I have taken
In detail, the colors magnificent, the scenes splendid.*

*For the pictures are of a special place
In which I once lived,
A piece of land so fine in autumn
That one could stay outdoors all day long
And never tire of it.*

*I patiently click the button again,
Painfully again
The rolling hills
The pond
The maple, oak and sumac
In all their October glory
Are at an arms reach.*

*Oh, if I could only travel back there
For even a day,
To walk down that path
Through the woods
That leads to a hill
That overlooks all of the
Surrounding spectacular land,
And watch one more sunset.*

Pat McGahan

Fine Arts Instructors

Full-time Art

Richard Marcusen
Vincent Kelly
Elaine Farrar
Glen Peterson
Edward Branson, Division Chairman

Part-time Art

Alice Leffingwell
Jeanne Gibbons
Bill Riley
Mirta Hamilton
Bonnie Loss
Robert Ross
Nancy Harris
Gary Lewallen
Joan Tomoff
Clara Franks
James Hammond
Nigel Dickens
Lloyd Laub
Doug Crow
Rick Anderson
Rosemary Mack
Roger Grossman
Patty Green
Joana Hensley
Pat Clark
Diane Raney
Alice Hickey
Madelyn Kelly
Rick Yeary
Adele Williams

Full-time Music

James Burns
Richard Longfield

Part-time Music

Gary Flowers
Gary Weingartner
Robert Hall
Duane Burr
Henry Brooks
Claire Willey
Steve Campbell
Diana Yoakum
Pat Ratliff

Full-time Humanities

Robert Hall

Part-time Humanities

Diane Raney
Bonnie Loss
Robert Koch
Bruce Hall

Full-time Speech

Robert Koch

Part-time Speech

Jill Jarmin

Part-time Drama

Dan Cartmell

