

# Collage

FALL 1989

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## 1st Place Black & White Art



**"Seashell"**  
By Tim Rucker

# 1st Place Color Art



**"Unspoken Path"**  
Tara Hall

## 2nd Place Black & White Art



**"Roots"**  
Lisa Bridgeman

# 3rd Place Black & White Art



"Wings II"  
Patrick Livingston

## 2nd Place Color Art



**"Prejudice"**  
Jackie Fulton

**3rd Place Color Art**



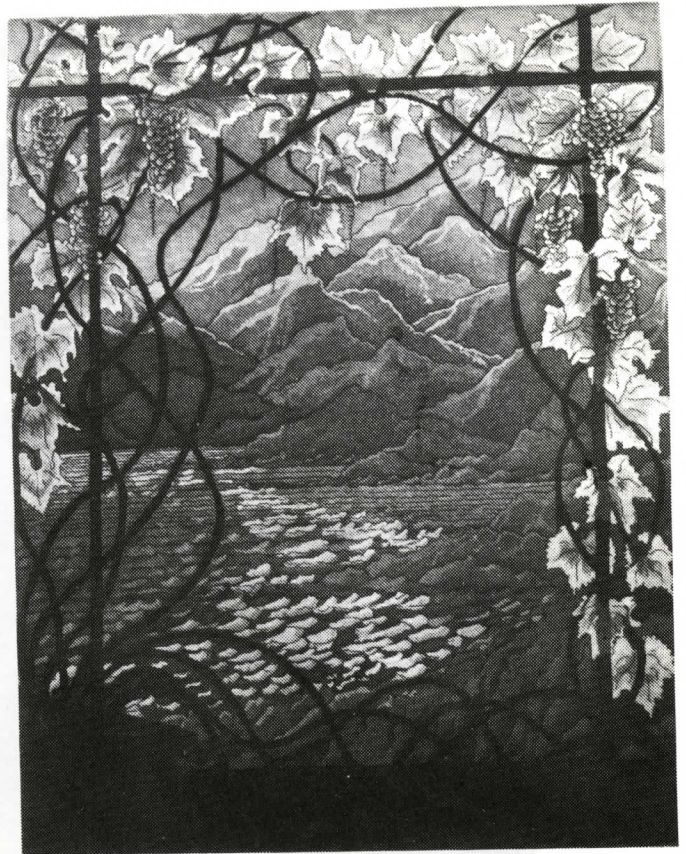
**untitled**  
Elizabeth Workman



# Honorable Mention

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"...thou shalt leave them for the  
poor and stranger..."  
Vera Shultz



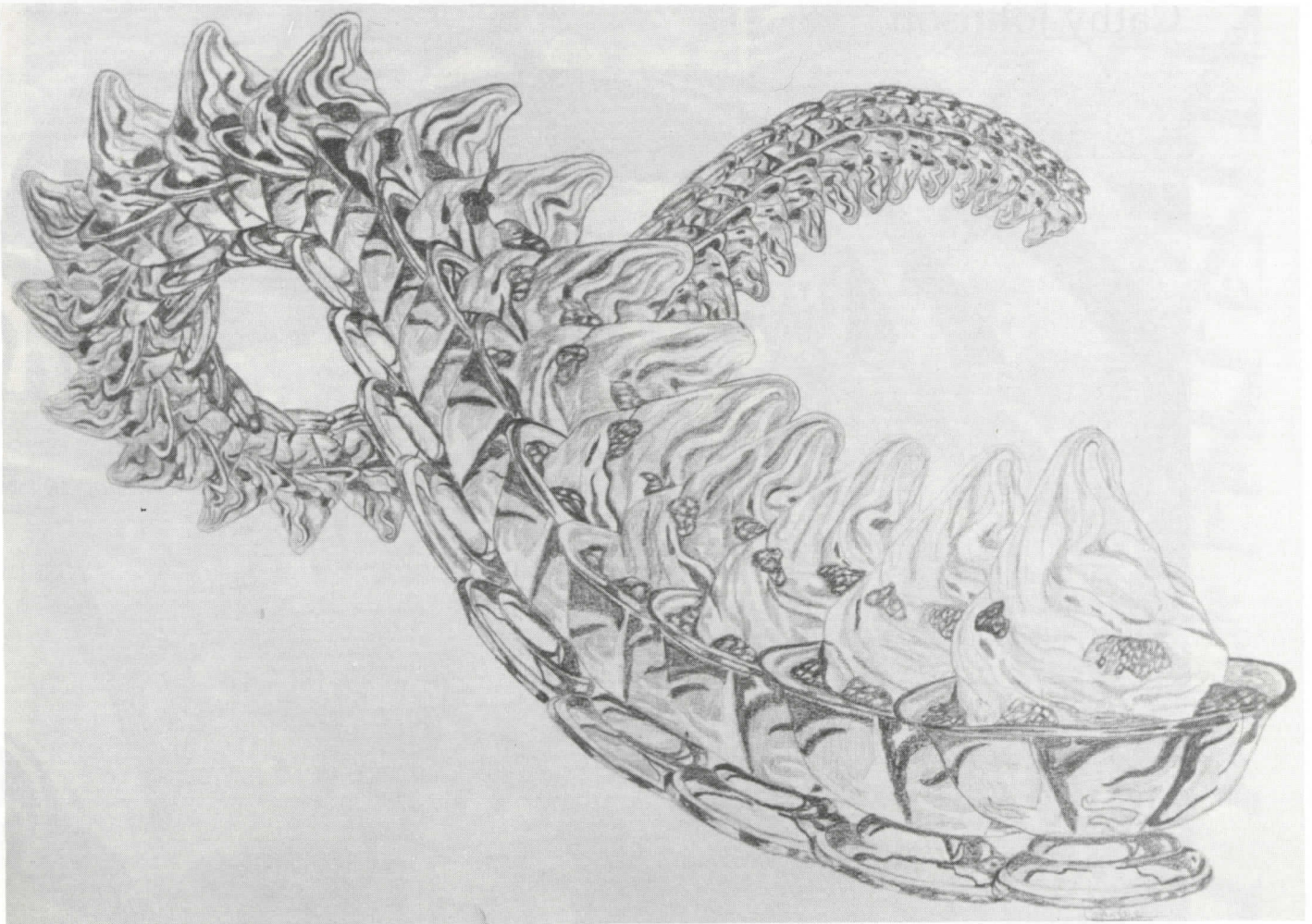
"Waves"  
Tari Hensley



**untitled**  
Michiko Petersen



**"Escargot"**  
Cathy Johnson



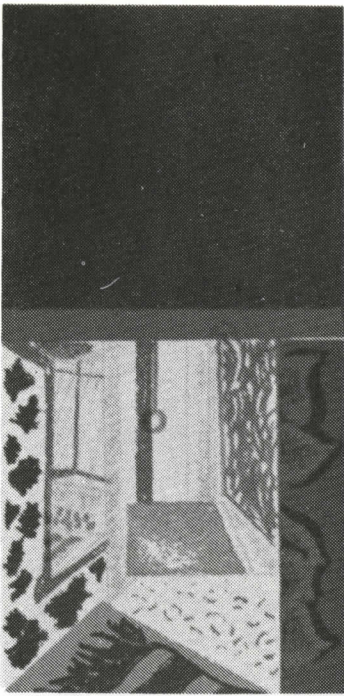
**untitled**  
Tari Hensley



**"One On One"**  
Cathy Johnson



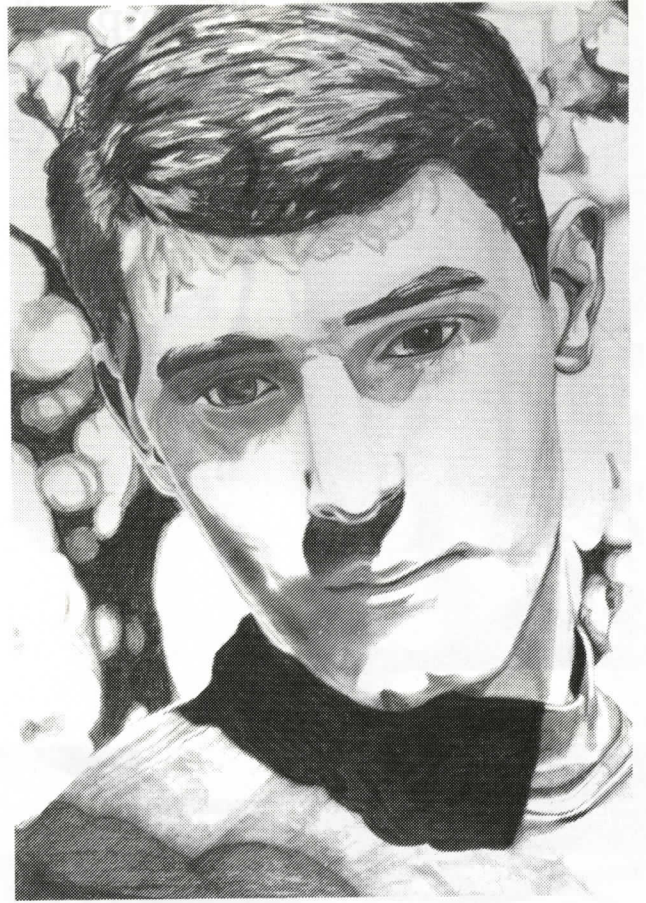
**"Compact"**  
Tara Hall



**untitled**  
Matthew Hansel



**"Self Portrait #2"**  
Tim Rucker



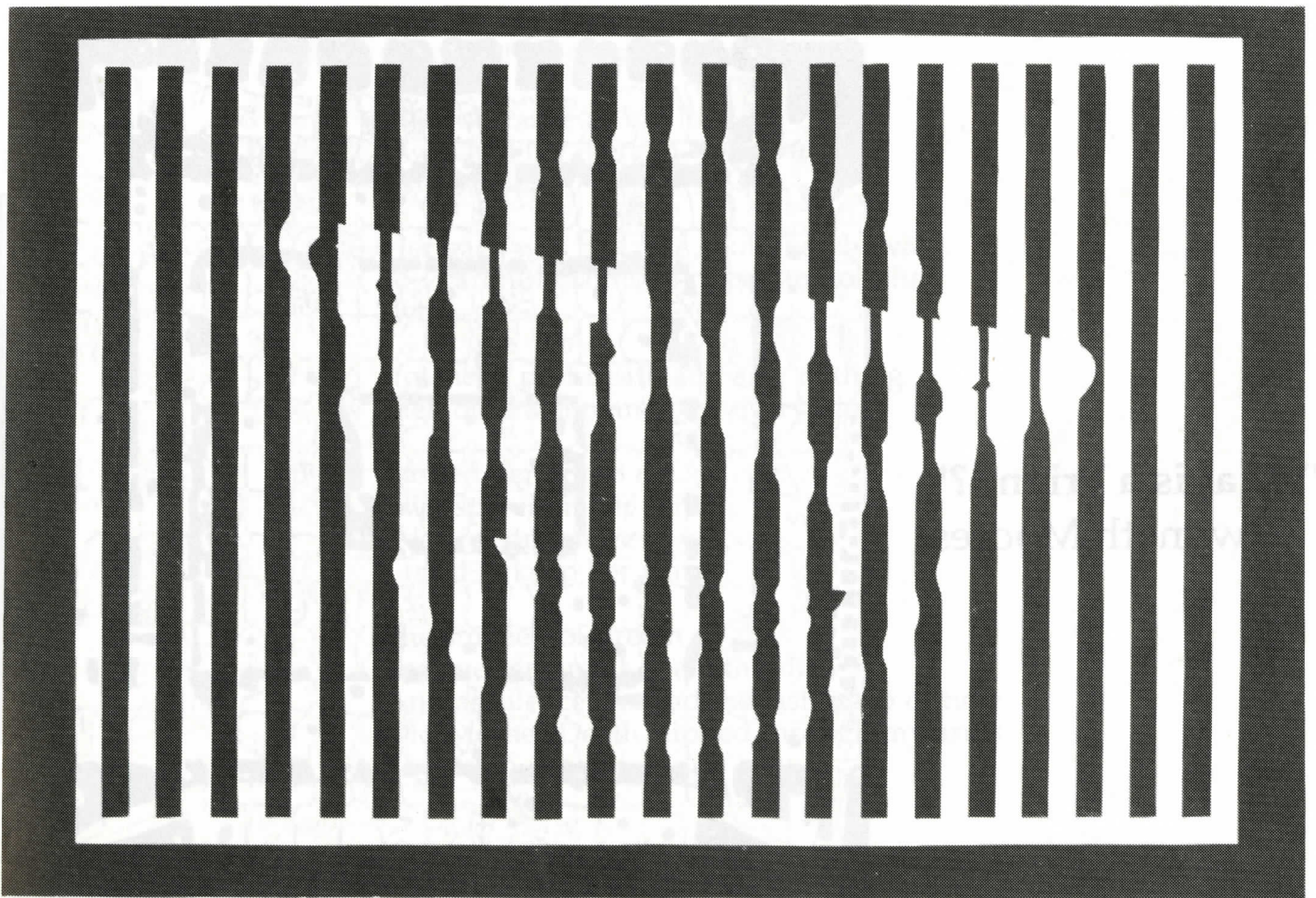
**untitled**  
Todd Edgar



**"Girl in Gold"**  
A. E. Williams



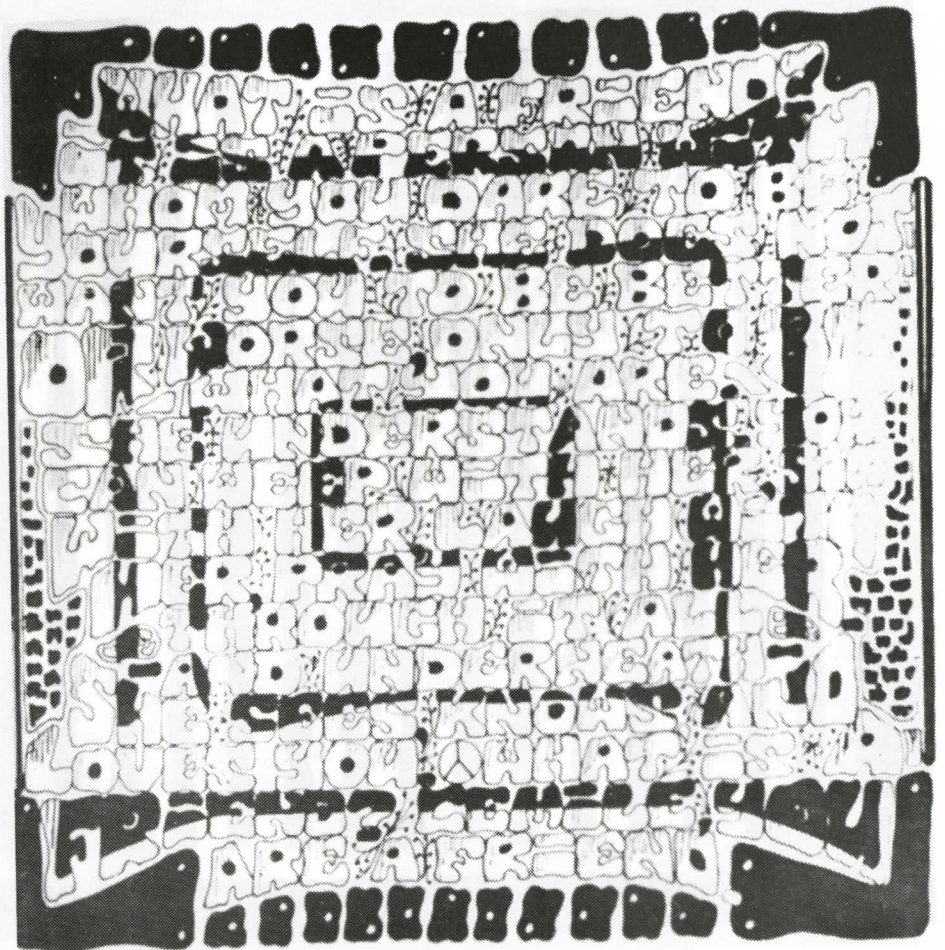
**"Happy Blur"**  
Scott Ayers



**untitled**  
Elizabeth Workman



**"What is a Friend?"**  
Gwyneth Moores



# Poetry & Literature

## 1st Place Award for Poetry

### OLD MOTHER DEATH

*By William Webster*

from an afternoon dream

She lay there on the fresh white linen,  
gray hair sprawled upon the pillow,  
weeping.

I felt her oldness reach out and  
squeeze my flesh, as her breasts rose in  
rhythms of breathing.

The substance of my life  
I watched lay there in its gown  
dying, dying.

Her back was bad; she could barely walk,  
so I carefully climbed in bed to hold her  
dying.

I glanced past death and saw nothing  
then once again and saw everything.

I asked her not to die.  
I whispered in her ear,  
"Not for one more day."  
I tried to keep her warm

She smelled of dream ,  
antique remanant of another life.  
And as silence cloaked the last grasp of time  
Old Mother Death slipped through my arms  
like a sigh.



## 2nd Place Award

### THE LAST FATHER

*By William Webster*

Dad, I remember a time when  
showing me your muscles  
I weaved into existence heroic narratives  
for the boys in the neighborhood  
(you bending your thick-veined skull  
earthward.  
and god-like letting me grasp  
your soul).  
I gave the boys a good story then  
and none denied  
Ulysses was not dead.  
But institutional insistence  
steered my head in the direction of "truth,"  
and heroic dreams soon lapsed into silent  
sleep.  
(I had to tell Jay that for me  
the Charles Atlas course had not worked.)  
I wrote poetry then and  
confess the pen was never so strong  
as you when you raised me,  
touching my head against the ceiling  
or crying that day  
when flying too near the sun  
on mescaline-laced angel juice  
I landed face down  
on a hospital emergency bed.

Now in the cool evening  
a vision of you fades  
into some unnamed region of my brain,  
as night bullies its way  
through the windows  
of this small house where I live.  
Here where there is no beginning or end  
to the song played on a memory machine,  
a doleful sound  
moving further and further  
into the distance.  
Thus, have we killed our fathers?  
The cavities of the skull and full  
of the fragrance of incense from their funeral  
rooms.

Soft, lay your head soft  
against my arm.  
Seal with me your secrets.  
Breath in me  
the last dead air of earth.  
Bird song sung against a dying sky

## 3rd Place Award

### GENERATION GAP

*By Galyn Glick*

When you walked the linoleum crackled  
Like the Rice Krispies you poured into my  
bowl.  
Through the static  
Came an evangelist's voice praising God.

Dishwater boiled in the sink  
Making your hands grow red,  
While the pie in the oven  
Filled the house with peach.  
On the fridge my purple and orange children  
played,  
You said it was the best drawing ever made.

The seventy years between us faded  
When at night you would tell me  
When you were a little girl like me.  
We would lie in bed  
late at night.  
Me with my doll and  
You with your blue pillow;  
Its curve for you neck  
Looked like the lost piece of an Erector set.

# Touching Bottom

By Lola White

## 1st Place Award for Short Story

Jim Yancy barrelled down Route 40, headed west. He'd left Dillworth early this morning in his rattletrap of a '69 Ford pickup, with the battered camper cap he'd bought for fifty bucks, his big yellow dog, Bum, riding shotgun. He hadn't brought much stuff. There wasn't much to bring, since Sheila moved out. Not that there'd been much to begin with. He couldn't figure it out. He'd gone off to Ponka City for a couple of weeks, looking for work. He hadn't found any, but what else was new? It wasn't his fault. Jim hadn't had any steady work since he got married -- or before, for that matter -- but times were hard; times were always hard, one way or another.

Jim was a fair mechanic. Mainly he liked tinkering with junk cars. He spent more time trying to revive and customize '57 Chevys than fixing carburetors and doing tune-ups.

He went off to Ponka City every couple of months, checking out the garages and car dealers, but he never got hired for the work he wanted. What he wanted was to get hired right off the bat as a head mechanic, not some damn assistant, so he turned down what few offers he received. If they didn't want to hire him for anything good, screw 'em. Meantime, he picked up odd jobs around Dillworth.

Sheila had been threatening to leave for the last 8 or 9 months, but Jim never took her seriously. He'd come home from a job-hunting trip and sneak up behind Sheila while she was ironing and watching tv, cup his hands around her breasts and kiss her on the neck, and right away she'd tighten up.

"I wondered when you'd get home. Did you get a job?"

"Not this time, but I'm wearin' em down." What he didn't realize was that he was wearing Sheila down, too.

"What do you want for supper? We've got some chili, and we've got some eggs. Bacon's all gone." Then she'd open up a couple of cans of chili and pour it into a pan, and cook up some minute rice, and they'd sit down to eat pretty much in silence, talking only to the baby, who sat cheerfully babbling in her chromium high chair, chewing on a hot dog and splashing milk on the tray.

Jim was crazy about that baby. Her name was Sally Ann, but mostly they just called her "the baby." Jim liked to brag on her, and he got a big kick out of driving her around in the truck, singing, "Let's go ridin' in my car-car." Her favorite part was the "beep-beep" verse; Jim had a huge repertoire of sound effects that made her giggle.

Jim loved Sheila, too, in his way. He loved her a lot,

really, but even so, he fooled around some. They couldn't afford babysitters, so he hadn't taken Sheila out to the movies more than a couple of, three times since the baby was born. But that didn't mean he didn't love her. He did. In his way.

Sheila loved him, too, or anyway she used to. She'd been nuts about him. When they first started dating, it seemed like she couldn't wait to see him, and her voice had a special lilt to it when she heard his "Hey!" on the other end of the phone. He couldn't remember when that lilt had begun to fade, but now that he thought of it, her voice had taken on a flat tone lately, and when he'd call up from the Hi-Ho -- or even when he called long-distance from Ponka City -- the slightly breathless quality he'd come to expect had vanished and been replaced by an "oh-it's-only-you" tone.

And now she was gone, and took the baby with her. He'd waited around the house for a few weeks, thinking (he wouldn't say "hoping") she'd come back. There was a song that kept playing on the radio: "...and any minute now, that phone is gonna ring..." but just like in the song, it didn't.

Two nights ago, it had suddenly dawned on Jim that she wasn't ever coming back. He decided then and there to get the hell out of town. The next day, he bought the camper cap and a used Coleman stove, and loaded up the truck. He went down to the Hi-Ho that night and had a few with the boys. Got home pretty late and tried to sleep, but it didn't work, so about 4 in the morning, he got up, whistled for Bum, and hauled ass out of town.

Now, Jim glanced over at the dog, who was looking down the road with a curious, eager expression. Bum was always ready for action. Jim had found him down at the dump about 4 years ago, scratching around in the trash, still a pup. They took an immediate liking to each other. Dump-pickers have a lot to talk about, like bikers, or fishermen.

"What are ya, some kinda bum?" Jim chuckled, when the pup came galumphing and wagging up to him, proudly bearing in his teeth the unidentifiable remains of a small animal, probably a rat. And the name stuck. Jim took him home that day, and they'd been fast buddies ever since.

Bum was a bit of a ladies man, and that was another thing he and Jim had in common. He'd take off for days at a time, eagerly courting whatever bitch was in heat at the moment, and come back dragging.

Sheila had never liked Bum, partly for that similarity, but mostly because he was in the habit of dragging all manner of obscene and smelly objects into the house and stashing them under the sofa. Sheila never knew what she would find, and she probably hoped Bum would get run over by the next passing truck, but she put up with him because Jim was so attached to him.

"It's just you and me now, Bum," Jim commented, without much enthusiasm. Jim had left town without even trying to call Sheila. He'd meant to call her yesterday—at least to say goodbye to the baby—but he'd put it off all day. Last night at the Hi-Ho, he had gone so far as to drop a dime into the pay phone, but on second thought, he hung up, and put the dime back in his pocket. Screw Sheila! She gave up on him, she walked out. Well, he'd show her. Tomorrow he'd be gone. Then maybe she'd wish she'd played her cards different.

Jim didn't really know where he was going. The main thing was getting out of Oklahoma, on to some place new. He figured on traveling west—see the desert—and then north. Maybe he'd work his way all the way up to Alaska. He'd heard you could make good money up there, and land was supposed to be cheap. Maybe in a year or two, he could buy up some land and homestead. Then he could send for Sheila, and she and the baby would move to Alaska, and it'd be like old times, only better. Nah, forget that. Sheila'd made her bed.

Maybe he'd just damn well forget about Sheila and the baby. Strike it rich. Marry a damned Eskimo, raise a bunch of half-breeds, live in a diamond-studded igloo with a hot-tub, and drive a gold-plated dog-sled. Bum, of course, would be the lead dog, and live on walrus steaks and whale-blubber, and have a harem of Huskie bitches, to boot. That'd set old Sheila on her ear, for sure.

Jim reached into the bag on the seat between him and Bum, and pulled out a pack of Slim-Jims. He tore it open with his teeth, gave one to Bum, and gnawed on the other himself. He flipped on the radio. John Conlee's good old groaning voice sang, "Whatever happened to old fashioned love, where people stay with each other because..." Jim sang along. "Yeah," he muttered, as the DJ segued into "How to Be a Country Star," "What the hell ever happened to it? You tell me, buddy!"

The Statler Brothers whined, "You gotta learn to sing like Waylon, or pick like Jerry Reed....," sending Jim's mind off on a new tangent.

Jim was a pretty good singer. He even knew a couple of chords on the guitar. Maybe he should just turn this buggy around and drive straight to Nahsville, Tennessee. He could get a job driving a cab or something, and go around to some big producer and get himself a record contract.

Sheila would be back in Dillworth, ironing, and he'd come on Hee-Haw in a spangled suit and tear her heart out.

But he kept on driving west. It was tough getting the breaks, even if you were Johnny Cash. Alaska was the place.

Now that he was rolling and Dillworth was fading into the distance, Jim was starting to think he was going to like it on the road.

Against all odds, Jim was an optimist. No way was he a fulltime barrel of laughs, but his dark moods, dense as they were, didn't last long. Somehow or other, he always thought next week, next year, it would all come together. So when things got bad, he got drunk, and when they got worse, he got drunker, and it all blew over pretty soon.

Things were worse now than he ever remembered, but they would pick up. And he was on his way, wasn't he? Out of Nowhere, USA, and on the way to the Big Time, somewhere or other.

He stopped a couple of times to gas up, but didn't waste any time. He wanted to put as many miles between him and Dillworth as he could, before he took a real break.

Around 6 or 7 he pulled into a truckstop and ordered 4 hamburgers with everything -- 3 for him, and one for Bum. (Bum was the only dog he knew of who went in for mustard and onions.) He washed down the burgers with a chocolate shake, and picked up a six-pack of Bud on the way out. He figured he'd drive on till he was falling asleep at the wheel, then pull over at the side of the road and get some sleep in the back of the truck.

He drove, popping beers along the way, singing with the radio, thinking too much about Sheila, and bestowing occasional pearls of wisdom on Bum, who took them with a grain of salt, but appeared to be slowly digesting them, like the hamburger.

Finally exhausted, even the nervous energy depleted, Jim stopped, rolled out the sleeping bag, and climbed in. He was going to let Bum sleep with him, like a disreputable teddybear, but on second thought, Bum, with onions on his breath, was fairly unsavory bed-partner, so Jim hooked Bum's chain to the tailgate, and tossed his old blanket under the truck, and fell into a deep sleep as soon as his head touched down.

Next morning he was up early, cooking eggs and bacon on the camp stove, feeling like he really had his act together. He even remembered to fill a thermos with coffee before he packed up and gave Bum a run. They were back on the road before seven.

Jim tooled down the road, playing the radio, talking to Bum, daydreaming. By nightfall, he was bored to death, and hurting for human company.

On the outskirts of a fair-sized town, he gassed up, then

**"By nightfall, he was bored to death and hurting for human company."**

cruised down through the honky-tonk strip. He spotted a little all-night bar and pulled over. He put Bum in the back with a panful of Dog Chow, and went in and ordered the first of many beers.

The bar was pretty lively. There was a little country band with a girl singer. Not good, but live, and they played requests. Jim asked for all the Waylon Jennings songs he could think of, and then got off on Hank Williams, Jr. Not exactly women's songs, but the girl was game.

Jim was good in bars. He knew how to make friends fast. Even though he was pretty good-looking, and pretty big, the locals always liked him. No problem.

After 6 or 8 beers, he started drinking boiler-makers, and danced a few with some old girl. She offered to take him home, but she was too old and fat for Jim. Dancing was one thing.

About 2 in the morning, Jim staggered out to the truck, laid rubber, and careened about forty miles down the road before pulling off in a stupor.

His knees buckled as he stepped out of the cab. He picked himself up, muttering obscenities, and groping for his fly. The zipper stuck, and he pissed down his pant leg and into his left boot.

"Shee-it!"

He lurched on around to the back of the truck, making a squishing sound with every other step.

When he opened the cap, Bum bolted out, his need to relieve himself after so many hours in the truck seemed even more urgent than Jim's. Fortunately, Bum wasn't wearing pants. He didn't even bother lifting his leg, but hunkered down immediately on the ground. Jim took advantage of his position to clip the chain to Bum's collar, and climbed into the truck-bed, pulled the sleeping bag over himself, soggy boots and all, and was snoring like a locomotive in a minute.

It was still dark as pitch when he woke, groggy and freezing to death. There was a cloudburst going on out there, and the camper was leaking at every joint.

The sleeping bag was soaked, and there was nothing to do but get in the cab, turn on the heat, and drive. Jim heard a whimper as he closed the cap, and slurred, "No, Bum, you stay in back. You stink like a son-of-a-bitch when you're wet."

Jim spun his tires and took off, the windshield wipers slapping frantically. He turned the heat up all the way, and the radio, too. Bum barked at first, barked like crazy, but Jim couldn't hear a thing over the rain, the roar of the engine, and the blare of the radio.

It was dark as the pits, and raining like hell wouldn't have it. The wipers couldn't handle it. Jim could hardly see the road, but then, he was still so drunk he could hardly see anyway. There was no one else on the road. What difference did it make?

He just floored it, hydroplaning down the black highway. The road stretched out straight across the prairie, only rarely taking an inexplicable turn. Jim was used to that. He could handle it. No problem.

He started out in a foul mood, but after a while he began

to get into it. He'd never seen the ocean, but he figured this was what it would be like, driving across the bottom of it. "Look at that!" he yelled, spotting a clump of boulders at the road's edge, "Look at that -- a gang of damn whales!"

He continued this way through the dark, pre-dawn hours, across the landscape that, dry, was almost lunar, but that in this relentless downpour, was the bottom of the sea, inhabited by weird creatures Jim had heard of, but never seen before. He saw them all that night, and it filled him with an eerie euphoria.

Jim knew one sea chanty, picked up from a guy from Galveston who'd stopped off at the Hi-Ho one night, like Jim at that place back up the road. Jim flicked off the radio and sang "Poor Old Reuben Ramso," or what he remembered of it, over and over again.

The hangover oozed over him with the grey dawn. The rain subsided to a drizzle, and finally quit altogether, another cold, grey day.

The greyness and the effects of the boiler-makers washed over Jim with a wave of nausea and depression. He had to eat, get some coffee; but there had been no place for miles and miles, and Jim had neither the energy nor the stomach for setting up the stove for cooking. He slumped down, clenched his jaw. There had to be something coming up soon.

Jim hadn't seen another car on the road since he'd started driving, except for one semi, going the other way, that damn near blinded him in the rain.

Now, in the rear view mirror, he saw an old station wagon with a luggage carrier on top looming up behind him. Slowly, gradually, the station wagon caught up to him. Then, suddenly, the driver of the station wagon leaned on his horn and swung out into the passing lane. Jim's first thought was that it must be someone he knew. Then, remembering he was too far from home to know anybody, he decided it was just some crazy fool, and sped up.

The station wagon sped up, too, and pulled alongside the truck.

"What is this? You wanna drag?"

Jim glanced to his left. He could see a middle-aged man at the wheel, a woman with a baby in the suicide seat, and 2 or 3 more kids in the back. The woman looked funny -- mad, or scared. She was rolling down the window. She was yelling something.

Jim couldn't make out what she was saying, but she kept repeating it. He rolled down his window and heard, "You're draggin'..." What? Dragging what...a log?

She started again. "You're draggin' your..." Jim saw the face of the girl by the back window. It was pale and teary-eyed.

The woman's words sank in very slowly. Then, suddenly, he had it. Jim slammed on the brakes and hollered, "Bum! Jesus Christ, Bum!"

He felt as if someone had reached down his throat, grabbed his insides in a brute fist, and yanked them out, along with the yell.

The station wagon sped on. The pickup fishtailed on the

still-wet pavement and finally, after what seemed like hours, stopped, still, on the shoulder. The silence hit Jim like a sledgehammer. It paralyzed him. He sat there for a minute -- or an hour, who knew? -- and then, his hands trembling nearly out of control, Jim grabbed the handle and opened the door.

The crunch as his feet hit the sand hurt his ears. He stepped quickly to the back, but he felt he was moving in slow motion, his arms and legs disconnected from his body.

And there it was. Bum, still hooked to the chain, his eyes open, but without expression, looking like a wet, battered bear rug. That was all that was left of him. God, how he must have run, barking, barking, in the rain before he finally slipped, tripped, gave up.

Jim stood there, his hands hanging at his sides, huge

and numb and useless. Jim, who always had a quick, and almost plausible excuse for every mistake, could find no one and nothing to blame. He just stood there for a long time, like a store-window dummy.

When he found his voice, it was hoarse and loud.

"Bum! Bum!" he cried, "What have I done? Oh, God, what have I done?"

Jim dropped to his knees and petted Bum's awful head. "Oh, Jesus, Bum, I didn't mean it! Oh, God...Bum...Sheila! What have I done? Son of a bitch, what have I done?"

He felt every muscle in his body tense and hard like concrete. His head jerked back and he let out a yell, a horrible, inhuman yell; then dropped back and sat with his long legs out in front of him in the dirt, like a little kid, Sally Ann, and just cried. 🐾

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# Honorable Mention

## WEEDS

*By Jill McWhorter*

In the season of my desire  
You came to me  
And gave to me  
Then ran away

---Go ahead,  
Sow your Wild Oats  
But don't let the Weeds  
Grow up to haunt you

As I am haunted  
By the blue Eyes  
Of a little Boy  
Who asks me Questions  
With those Eyes---

Questions I cannot answer  
Because You are too far away  
Sowing the Seeds  
Without regard to  
The lonely Fields You left behind

## FOREST OF LIGHT

*By Lola White*

The night trembles with heat.  
A nightbird sings for rain,  
and as I dream, in darkness you are sowing  
seeds.

Come morning  
the room is filled with trees,  
a forest of light,  
fern-smelling.

I murmur.  
You put your fingers to my lips.  
A cardinal trills.  
You lie down beside me.

Gazing up at green,  
I hear your heart.  
Shafts of sun  
flash in your hair,  
vanish into mine.

When you doze off  
I'll string the trees  
with fireflies.

## WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT AT NIGHT

*By William Webster*

When the light goes out at night  
young boys whisper secrets  
under blankets streaked with moonlight  
to ward off dreaming of the mother of their growing.  
All the stars are shining but one  
which they travel to  
on the stream of language always with them.

When the light goes out at night  
the pillow rises in the periphery of their seeing,  
becomes a shadowy mountain in the foreground  
behind which lies the altar of their inevitable sacrifice.  
Father has laid out a strip of cord, some kindling,  
a knife sheathed in brown leather  
and a torch, for they will leave before dawn.

When the light goes out at night  
the dog rests its head on the bed  
breathing damp air into the room  
filling the empty space with the warm assurance of being.

When the light goes out at night  
no boy thinks of the headache  
that will haunt his fear of aneurysm  
some listless afternoon  
as children crouch for football  
on the front lawn of a sister's house.

When the light goes out at night  
no boy knows that mathematics and philosophy  
will eventually distort his longings for summer  
or that psychology will make him afraid  
to engage in the most elementary forms of discourse.  
One cannot imagine a future such as this  
though the dog barks and shocks him in his sleep.

When the light goes out at night  
one child thinks on his grandparents in Ohio,  
imagines their existence in darkness, sleeping,  
chests heaving, grandfather turned toward the wall.  
A flower sits on the dresser  
and the child wonders how anything so certain  
could be nowhere but in the fuming of his brain,  
how the eyes he sees through are his and only his.

Thus the maze of uncontrollable history grows  
as mind drifts into the underside of sleep.  
The geometry of time multiplies into insistent corridors,  
extending outward from the extinguished lamp.

## REFLECTION

*By Lola White*

You smash the mirror,  
as if you could destroy  
the image you have seen.  
Shards fall like maniacal  
laughter. Not one,  
but a hundred  
small reflections  
leer back at you--  
silvery, sharp-tongued  
accusations, mean as  
the neck of a bottle  
shoved in your face.  
This is your starting place.

## TELEVANGELISTS

*By Galyn Glick*

Syllables are stretched  
the way truth is;  
twisted to form a national dialect  
on morality.  
Sweet magnolia perfumes  
the accents that drawl  
like lemonade over ice--  
that sweet and sour taste  
of religion on t.v.  
goes straight to the potbelly  
hanging over the Bible Belt.

## THIS AIN'T OZ

*By Lola White*

Sooner or later,  
that old curmudgeon, Reality,  
settles into your recliner,  
puts up his feet,  
demands a beer  
and tells you How it is.

Don't try to sell him  
any line of bull,  
he ain't buyin' it.  
"Wake up," he'll say,  
"Take a gander:  
This ain't Oz, baby,  
it ain't even Kansas."

## ON GRECIAN COLUMNS HIGH

*By Stephen Dale*

On Grecian columns high  
Above the clouded rocks we perch  
Knuckles wrapped white 'round worn totems  
We pitch the screaming stones of air  
At any spot unmailed  
And jeer at those  
who  
Falling downward  
Shout love  
poete maudit

## PLEASE, NO PRAYER FOR CALM

*By Richard Crain*

Pray not for soft, caressing swells  
To bathe my storm-swept strand;  
But if you must, pray rather that, when billows crash  
This man may stand.  
For it is not the gentle heat  
Of baby's breath that purifies gold,  
But Hell's fire in life's crucible  
That proves what's in the mold.  
"twas not for ease that man was made  
Since Eden's darkest day;  
Nor yet reprieve by God's hand laid  
Upon our straightened way.  
But curse decreed for one and all,  
And I am not exempt.  
So spare me prayer for peace and calm  
And the hell of self-contempt.

## ODE TO THE MOON

*By Richard Crain*

Silver lady of the night, with wind and wave to weave

Your shimmering veil upon the lake,  
Your arrival in the Evening East

Allures the cautious banded hand to take  
What welded chains hold fast within the confines

of agreement by a vow,  
And with it sleep between the feet of He who reaps

but does not sow.  
What web of blindness you do spin upon the eyes

of those who worship at your throne till  
Venus rise.

Marbeled reality, defaced by Passion's chisel  
land maul,

Reformed with added strength when by  
golden daggers you fall.

## BASES

*By Michele Gay*

It is an unusual feeling  
watching foreigners walk the shores  
of a river you grew up on.

Even as adults we still crouch  
on its banks and skip stones.

One, two, three...

Bill Crafts could skip eight  
and at age seven that was enough.  
Somehow watching three Asian women  
stare at our river is uncomfortable.

Surely they have seen greater bodies  
of water than this.

There are foreigners that grew up here  
too. But bridges and barges have  
pulled their innocence down with the  
undertow

and they have forgotten the simplest things  
like how to bait a fishing hook  
or hold a skipping stone.

## ELECTRIC WINDOW

*By David Katz*

Jump shot  
Gun shot  
Quicksilver cars

Prime rate  
Crime rate  
Screaming guitars

Talk show  
Rock show  
Remote control

Advertise  
Colorize  
All bought and sold

Electric window  
Kaleidoscope of dreams  
If medium is message  
Then what does all this mean?

## MOONBEAMS

*By Betsie Collier*

In the silvery moonlight,  
He stands, watching silently.  
His black coat shining so sleekly  
That the eyes are tested to catch  
That magnificent view of darkness.

Moving swiftly, he works his way  
To the summit of a blackened hill,  
There to greet the Moon in Her power  
On this first night of Her rebirth.

He lifts his beautiful, horrific face  
and sings to her of loneliness,  
As old as Time itself,

So aching and so deep that he  
Is engulfed in agony while telling of it.

Finally, his tragic song completed,  
He descends the moon-drenched slope,  
Warily stepping over scattered brush.

Suddenly, he leaps into a run  
And is caught, just for a moment,

In a shower of moonbeams  
Silhouetted against the sky:  
A black timber wolf.



# Star Gate

By Phillip Caron

## 2nd Place Award for Short Story

Cheap Scotch is better than no Scotch," as the sweet tang of the newest in an hours-long procession of alcohol past through and over him. "Must be number nine already," in realization that he was not as badly taken by the Scotch as he hoped he would be. He tilted the glass and made the ice-and-watered drink swirl counter clockwise, then set it down to watch for vibrations in the liquid. One more time he had to prove to himself that the vibrations did not exist outside of his head. He knew it as well as the litany of his body armor, but something just did not tick right, and this was one of them. "Everyone's own personal battle," he remembered from his days at the center.

"Michael P. Forrester, Captain, United Missions; commissioned six years ago, or was it seven by now? Depends on where you are I guess. Academic as the temperature at Kennedy, all things considered." With nothing better to do than Scotch and the screen where a mirror would probably have been if the place were a diet bar, he tended to discuss himself with himself. He often thought it was good that others could not hear what was being said. "It's okay to be a little nuts if you keep it to yourself." He giggled a little bit.

The time piece beside the screen showed April thirteenth. "Seven months, sixteen days, four hours and ump-deump minutes," he thought. "I've never been to Houston. How could I be that far away?" He knew the question was pointless. "Everyone has to be from somewhere. We're all from Houston now. Good as any I suppose."

He looked over to the screen and automatically focused on the computer drawn circle around his star, and again, he used it as a pillar to maintain his psychological equilibrium. "That's why it's there," he remembered, "a constant beginning and end."

As Mission Observation Specialist, Forrester was as useful as the traditional water tight door in the engine room. His function would remain supercargo until arrival and hard dirt. Then, he had been told and retold, he would be far more valuable than any hard data member. "The Department of Good Ideas," he mused. "Not something a computer will take over real soon," he snickered, then quickly looked around to make sure that the room was still empty.

Seven and a half months ago the Mountbatten had lifted out of lunar orbit. "Research, destination: Top Secret" his orders stated in bold red and black letters. The thought of alien landscapes and unimaginable life captivated him so completely, but the anger, then frustration of total understanding was, at times, consuming. "One hundred and fifty light years," he mumbled, "then another one-fifty back. I'll be on retirement by then, whenever that happens to be. "Would they send a first time guy that far?"

The Scotch began to taste sickly sweet as Roya flashed through his mind again. After his commissioning at the academy, he had been assigned to the Physic Enhancement Center to force feed his potential. During those sixty-six months of labor to develop that latent ability, black haired Roya became the brightest spot. She had been assigned to the center as an enhancement technician, and during that last year they had become closer than most people know how. They were to be married after his shake down assignment.

"How old is she now," he thought, doing a quick mental click. "Five light years--its seven months now, six of them past light-" The unconnected facts made little sense to most people, but as a psyatic evaluator they were his world. His thought fell together when he brought in the out of light factor. Outside of the envelope time did not exist. It could be manufactured, but it meant nothing in relation to what was happening inside light. "She could be dead and buried, or not even born yet. At mission-end I could be building pyramids as easily as I might -- anything, anywhen." His thoughts about her always ended with the same conclusion; she was gone for good, and Einstein was an ass for not being a liar.

He tried to envision the half-meter bronze plaque at Kennedy in honor of the dedication and sacrifice of each crew member, his name included. "Almost like training you for a war then shooting you to save everyone all the trouble," he thought, with a touch of frustration.

"What kind of Eve would a physics engineer make?" Then wondered what a priest would say about the thought. "Eve, yea, hog swill; give the snake a second chance," as he bit into the watery drink.

On the screen he found the speck Theta Centauri, and noted that it was a little less bright. "And how long before you fade all the way out of our geography?" he asked, then

automatically looked for new specks of starlight. Finding nothing new he emptied his glass and asked the autokeeper for another.

The strength of the fresh Scotch sent shivers through his body. He fumbled through a breast pocket and flipped out Roya. That's what he called it. It was a poem titled Star Gate written who knows when or by whom.

"Make more sense to drink screwdrivers," he thought as he unfolded the torn out magazine page. He wondered how many times he had read it, then became lost in the words that had taken on such a new meaning.

Among the fingers of silence  
I hold to this breath you gave--  
live past the outbound halo  
of that departure  
yet cling to its embrace,  
well forward  
of our own limits

in dilated time.  
Through heartbeat creation--  
birth and death of starlight  
and cry of infant gravity;  
into divinity's total grasp  
the whisper of your touch  
will remain.

"Our limits in dilated time," he thought as he tried to envision Roya as an eighty year old woman, then realized that he did not want to know. Refolding the page, he shoved it back into his breast pocket. "Yep, next time it's going to be screwdrivers."

He slid off the stool, picked up the almost full glass and pitched it towards the disposal. Unconsciously he checked his shirt tail to insure that it was tucked in, flipped a "to-hell-with-you" salute to the screen, then moved to the hatch in complete confidence that there was a vibration in the ship, and that Einstein was, in fact, wrong. ☆

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## Honorable Mention for Short Story goes to Rod Willis for "Crosslegged on the Cross."

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### MIGRANT FLIGHT

albert

hector

isidro

my friends

leaving

these parts

for

late

texas

tomatoes

## MOTHER EARTH

*By Doug Stults (1969-1989)*

I spring from you caring and innocent,  
In years come I turn my back on your love.  
Later I am sorry  
And see my wrong. I grieve for you now.  
I understand. I know. I see you are the light  
And I am a curious moth attracted to your flame.  
You possess that balance which is unique. It is you.  
It is beautiful and fierce. You are always by me  
And within me yet I cannot catch you.  
But dedication earns me your essence which is enough  
For me now. I try to purge my guilt.  
Thank you Mother Earth. Others would not forgive me.

My Brother, he poisons you without thought.  
He is not my Brother. The name is the same  
But the blood is of a different kind.  
I breathe your ecstasy. He bathes in your sorrow.  
Your messenger, the breeze, comes and whispers  
To me. I learn secrets that He will never know.  
He takes from you to better his fate.  
Why will He not give back to better yours?  
He drowns in that shallow pool of ignorance.  
His absurd sanity.

His right to life is proclaimed. Your vibrant example  
Of living goes unnoticed. He and I have disgraced you.  
For I contributed to your demise by existing.  
He will be sad when the nothingness encompasses Him  
And He has not yet tasted of your fruit.  
(If forbidden; so be it. It is part of you, and  
One cannot be sure until one tries it.)

The path He follows on his trek to a better life  
Is well-beaten, and I do not think anything will grow there  
Once, your joyful brush covered it.  
When I think of that it makes me happy for you.

I did not ask to come here. You bade me and  
I entered. Now I have seen. I am free to leave.  
I offer no optimism. I wish I could.  
When He has destroyed you, will you forgive Him  
Mother Earth?

Editor's Note: Doug Stults was elected to be editor for Fall 1989 *Sidelines*, but was killed in a one car accident. Doug would have graduated this December. This poem was written in March or April of 1984 and represents some of the work he did.

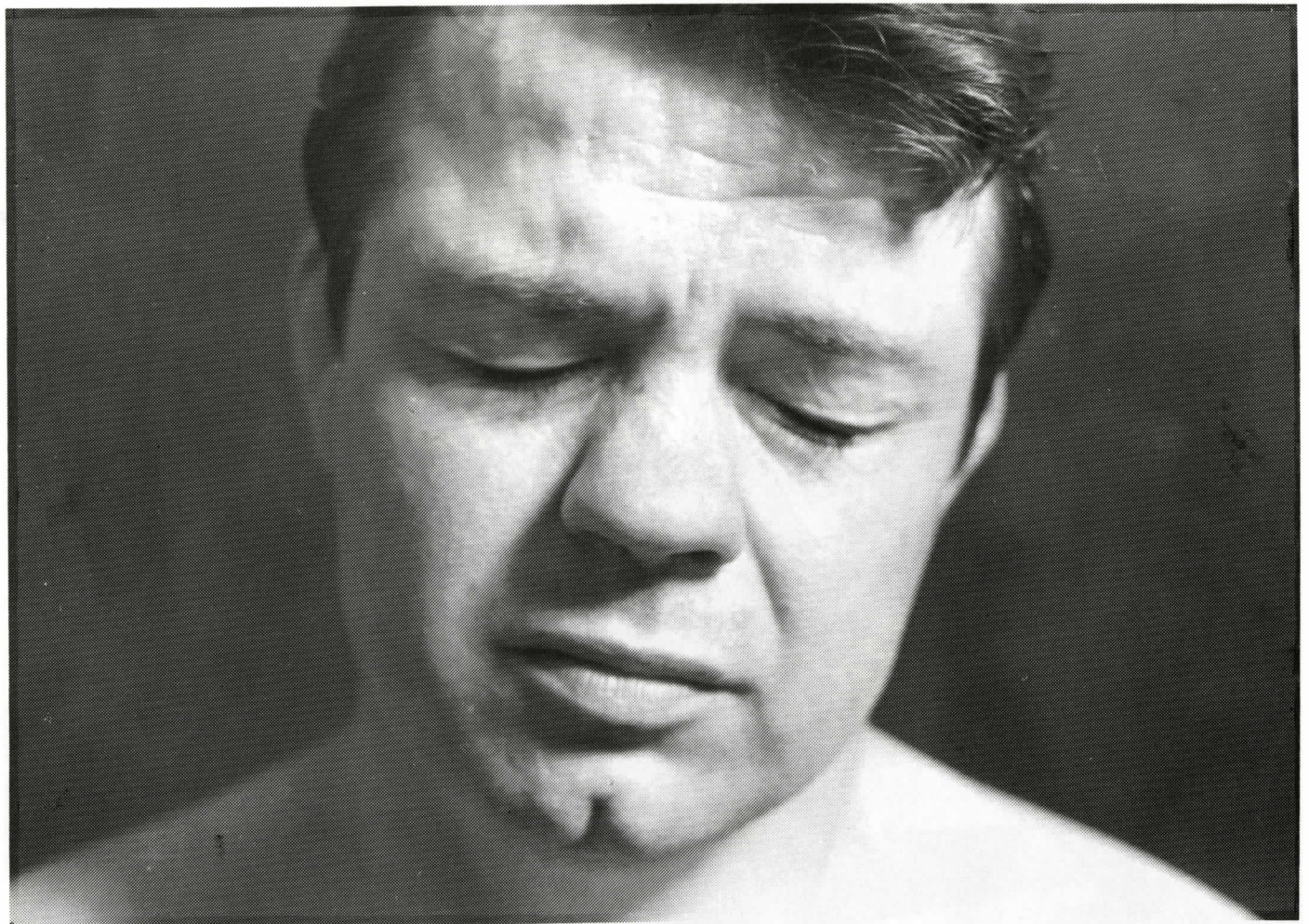
# Black & White Photography

1st Place Award

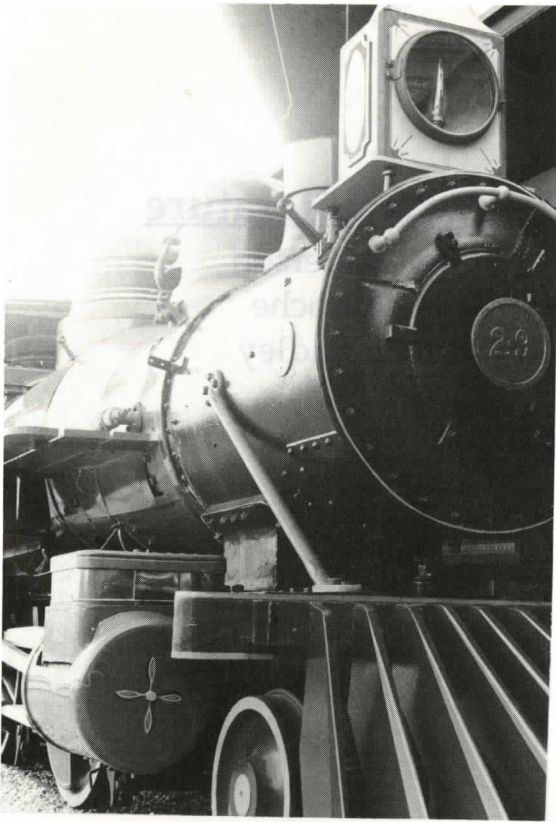


"Oakland Bay Bridge"  
Jennifer D. West

**"Thirst"**  
Wesley Motley



**"Pain"**  
R.J. Binder



**"Chattanooga ChooChoo"**  
Clayton H. Cooper

**"Eggshells"**  
Shelley Mays



## Thank You To Our Judges:

### Art

Libby Garner  
Marisa Recchia  
Ron Claxton

### Poetry & Literature

Guy Anderson  
Sarah Roche  
Linda Badley

### Black & White Photography

Veita Jo Hampton  
Jim Norton  
Jim Davis

## **Collage**

Rita Robertson, Editor-in-Chief  
Greg Adkins, Production Editor  
John Mays, Public Relations Director  
Karen Christensen, Photographer  
Jenny Crouch, Student Publications Coordinator

Thank you, to all those who participated in *Collage* this semester. You are what makes *Collage* a success. This semester we had an overwhelming response to our call for submissions. There were approximately 50 pieces of art submitted, 90 poems, 8 short stories, 1 essay, and 25 photographs. Obviously the competition was tough. Once again thank you for your participation and we hope to hear from you again next semester.