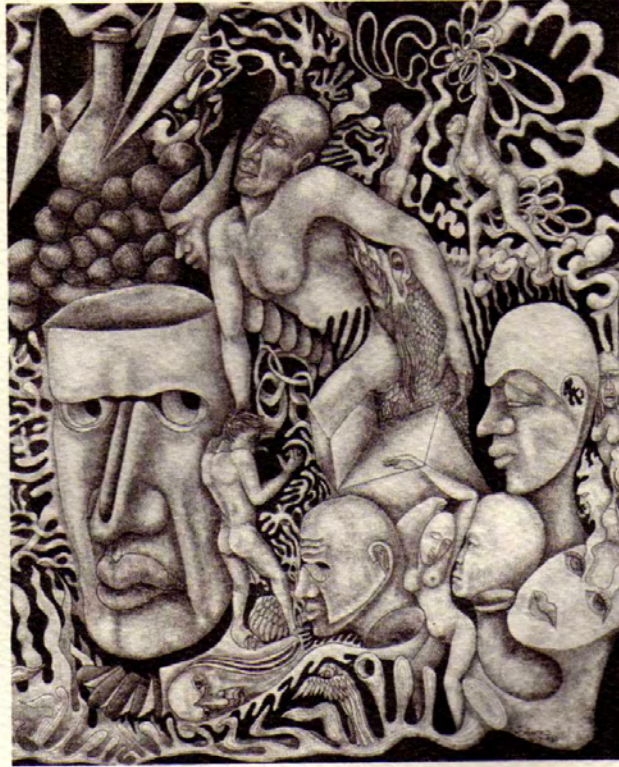




*The
Thing
Itself*



Sueño

Roberto Sifuentes, OLLU
First Place, Art

THE THING ITSELF Staff for 1980-81

Sheila Dunn
Leticia Garcia
Beren Gaule
Sidney Burnette

Dr. Jo LaCour
Dr. Richard S. Pressman
Dr. Rachel Weiner

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IWC, Literary Editor
St. MU, Literary Editor
OLLU, Literary Editor
IWC, Art Editor

IWC, Faculty Adviser
StMU, Faculty Adviser
OLLU, Faculty Adviser

Cover Drawing

Simon Guss Garcia, IWC

Professor, Please!

Agile abilities, jolting
New England accents.

Absurd, jovial
comments making assinine
remarks!

We bring with us fresh
new minds to be polluted
by poppycock.

The beauty of bassets,
The luck of cards,
and the bitter roll of rock;
All hinder growth and
waste our valuable
time.

José R. Lopez, St. MU

To the Pastor of a Wealthy
Church I Have Visited

I've seen you call, too often it seems,
Your sheep into the barn.
They are so fat, their coats so thick:
They wobble in their wealth when they walk.
And into their stalls of imported lumber
They smile while they file so neatly.
Baa-ing quietly and licking their fleece,
They patiently wait for your feed.

Then you lip-sink the words of the Good True Shepherd.
What spiritual masturbation!
Outside you know He's there and He's calling.
His words like hard-rain soak the earth.
But you'll save your herd from any such storm:
You blanket them with rationalization.

Too many false shepherds I've seen like you
Wearing three-piece tailored suits.
Will your sheep in their comforts through life repose
Never rising to see the green pastures?
For you know not how to lead them there:
Your pastures are of polyester.

Patti Radle, OLLU

Loneliness

Just a touch,
Any touch.
Loneliness is no touches.
It's an empty room
Too full of thoughts,
A bottle spilling
Of scotch,
A highway nervous
With noises,
And no noises at all.

Refugio C. Romo, St. MU

Conforming

It seems to me
That my life has become
An endless kaleidoscope
Of posters with profound sayings
And open textbooks
Gathering dust.
And in my strife
To be an individual,
I find that I am conforming
To being a non-conformist.
I am so busy establishing
"my space"
That I sometimes forget
To iron my designer jeans,
And to polish my status tags,
And do all the other little things
That make me different
Like a hundred thousand other people.

Sheila Dunn, IWC
First Place, Poetry

The Rise and Fall of Loma Park

It has been ten years since the cheers have been heard from that tiny baseball field. The night air is not broken with the sound of cracking bats and popping gloves. And the tiny concession stand with smells of popcorn and broiling hot dogs is not there anymore. The rise and fall of this tiny field has left an imprint in my mind and heart, which will live forever.

The story begins sixteen years ago, with a chubby little baseball player. The teams gathered one by one to pull weeds and police the field. Many hours of hard work went into preparing for opening night. It was 5:15 in the evening when I heard my name for the first time over the loud-speaker. Chills ran up and down my back, like a thousand needles poking at my nerves. The sensations increased as the games went on. Every victory nursed a missing element deep inside me. The games had more meaning than just the runs, or the idea of winning and losing. It gave us pride and helped to show us what team work could accomplish. It was that teamwork that kept that tiny little field alive.

The years went by and attitudes changed. The players came less; the grown-ups didn't come at all. The life of the field slowly diminished. Team members quarreled and some fought. The caring people, who at one time gave all they could give, didn't give anymore. That place, so vivid in the hearts of many children, died a slow but everlasting death.

Death came to that little field prematurely, after those who had worked so hard in the beginning, stood by as the stands crumbled, as the cheers became the sounds of bulldozers. That little field which we used to play in is now the home of dirt, clay, and garbage. The city owns the land, and uses it as a dumping ground. All that is left from that little field are the lights and poles they sat on, maybe as a reminder of what happens when people quit caring. The cheers have ceased, the hot dogs are not cooked, and the little field breathes no more. But on a clear summer night you can almost hear those laughing kids, cheering proud parents, and if you listen hard you can almost hear those ringing words: "Play Ball!"

Clemente Saenz, III, OLLU
First Place, Prose

Artist's Contemplation

The soft sable brush swept across the waiting page, leaving bright stripes of warm color.

Another swift swipe and a landscape begins to appear, giving personality to the once blank page.

Blue green hues lap gently along the shimmering sandy beige.

White marshmallow puffs cloud the clear, azure sky.

Imaginary cries from the snowy white gulls can almost be heard as the swoop along the crystal clear sea.

This distant scene which is found miles away is transformed as real as life along this lonely page.

Mary Helen Garza, OLLU
Second Place, Poetry



Les Amis

Cris Martinez, IWC
Second Place, Art

Pete

It was Saturday, and as on most Saturdays, the truck with the loudspeaker was parked in front of the cantina on the congested main street of town. Its sides were covered with lettering which bore the message--"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." From the loudspeaker the songs of Zion crackled tremorously.

I stopped by the truck and sang the familiar tunes along with the tenor on the record, all the while keeping an eye on the door of the cantina. Pretty soon Pete would come along, entering or exiting--no matter, he would come.

Sure enough, before the tenor had finished his repertoire, a slight man with a grease-stained shirt and khaki pants that dragged the ground came shuffling out of the cantina.

"Pete," I called, "Mama wants you to come pick up your clothes. They're all washed and ironed." I knew that youthful messengers always received an ample reward from Pete, so I had run to town before anyone else could collect the handful of change he kept in his pocket for us.

Pete opened his eyes wide, focused them on me for an instant, then shut them, as though the strain of focusing had been too much for his pupils. With his eyes more shut than open, he crisscrossed the street in my direction. "Yeah, hank you, hank you," he mumbled. "I'll get 'em in the morning." He dug into a pocket and turned it inside out, dropping all its contents in front of me. I scurried to pick up the coins. When I attempted to return them to Pete, he dismissed me with a wave of his hand.

"Naw, keep it, keep it," he said, and turned to leave. "See you, kid. See you tomorrow. Now, go on before some drunk comes along and bothers you."

"Bye, Pete, and . . . thanks," I yelled into the wind, as I raced home, anxious to count my loot.

Pete was the proverbial town drunk. I knew little about him, except that he lived with a stray dog at the city dump. My father had told me that he slept in a shack constructed from cardboard boxes and crates, and that he cooked over an open fire. He was the janitor at the "creamery," as the local ice cream parlor was called, and spent most of his wages on liquor.

Father had taken pity on Pete and had brought him home once to eat lunch with him. Mother, who felt it necessary to boil our clothes half a day, put them through the wringer washer at least twice, and rinsed them in three separate tubs of water before she declared them fit to be worn, was aghast when Pete walked into her house with his slept-in dingy clothes and the stench of beer all over him. She maintained her composure until Pete was gone, and then she went into a hand-waving, floor-pacing tirade. The speed of her Spanish doubled, and her hands did not lag far behind.

One would have thought that Father would no repeat that mistake, but Pete came again. . . and again. Mother learned to intercept him at the door and send him out to the back of the house to draw water from the well and wash himself thoroughly before he ate at her table. Soon she had talked Pete into leaving his soiled clothes for her to wash. He only owned two pairs of pants and two shirts, so he wore one change of clothes while Mother cleaned the other. In exchange for the washing and the occasional meals at our house, Pete brought us delicious hand-packed ice-cream from the creamery and saved his nickles and dimes for us.

In our childish innocence, we did not see the derelict, the drunk, in Pete. We responded to his kindness and generosity with the little that he had to offer, and we counted him a friend. We looked forward to his visits in his rusted, crumbling pick-up, for we knew that dilapidated truck was conveying mouth-watering treats from the creamery.

On weekends, Pete was always drunk. Those days, if he came to our house, we knew to clear the street for his truck; for, although he drove it at a snail's pace, it weaved from side to side, before it came to an uncertain halt somewhere in the vicinity of our home.

Mother became so solicitous over Pete that Father teasingly labeled him her adopted brother and declared that Pete's clothes were so clean now that his own dog wouldn't have anything to do with him.

One Saturday afternoon, the city's fire trucks went screaming down the main street, leaving the townspeople standing all along the sidewalks, murmuring about the tragedy of fires. The more curious got into their cars and followed the trucks to the site of the disaster.

I had just walked out of the Saturday movie matinee and was met by a crowd of youngsters who had watched the excitement. "What's burning?" I asked.

"Dunno, but it's on the west side of town, out by colored town," someone replied. Before long, a car came racing down the street, careened around a corner, and came to a stop close by.

"Say, Bill," one of the boys yelled out, "what's burning?"

"Aw, it was just a shack out at the dump," Bill replied. "That old drunk, Pete, lived in it. Seems he was passed out from drinking all night and them old boxes and stuff caught on fire. 'Fraid old

Pete didn't even wake up. An old stray dog was outside whining when I got there."

"Pete. . .Pete from the creamery?" I asked, unbelievably.

"Yep, kid. Tough luck for the old boy. Well, at least there ain't a soul around's gonna miss that old boy."

As Bill spoke, I heard the songs of Zion blaring over the loudspeaker. The message of love crackled in the air and died away. It sounded strangely incongruent against the background of Bill's casual dismissal of Pete. Suddenly my stomach began to turn upside down. I was grateful for the sickness that overcame me. It provided an excuse for the tears that were welling up in my eyes.

Martha Galliger, St.MU
Second Place, Prose



Ruth Wise, OLLU

Sueños

Suena
que suena
la campana
que ha sonado
todo el día
Suena
que suena
el centavo
Suena que
suena
el nicle
el dólar
y el corazón de palo

Sueña
que sueña
el corazón humano
Sudan
y suenan
los dedos
de Margie
la cajera
de contar
tanto dinero
de contar
tanto centavo
que no ha de recibir jamás

Carlos Fernández, StMU
First Place, Spanish

Ode to Mozart's
Piano Concerto in B Flat

Ode to Mozart, the child of prodigy
miraculous virtuoso-found genius
at age-of-three. . .

Your tiny, busy fingers
meandering across the keyboard
conceiving universal melodies. . .

And steeped in your Piano Concerto
nostalgic passions of
minuet-like overtures
overflow. . .

Like the kiss of dawn
as the morning begins--
that break of day,
those somber strings
and bittersweet horns
do play
the waltz of the wasp
and the butterfly's
ballet. . .

Autumn gracefully descends
shrouded in Mozart's
prevailing spirit
at that day's end. . .

And in the quietude of
the piano's voiceless interlude
only to be awakened
by a crisp crescendo--
that sweet expression of
serenity,
mellow is that soft-spoken
diminuendo
as Mozart pervades
immortality.

Deborah Meddows, IWC



Donnie Jemela, StMU
First Place, Art

The Last Stand of a Social Phenomenon Known as "Moss"

Once upon a time, there was a disquewave group called "Moss," and they had only one goal: megabucks. I know, because I've followed the band ever since they got started back in the 1980's.

My name's Robert Karl Henderson, and I'm Concert's Editor for *Trends* magazine. I grinned at myself in the bedroom mirror, reflected on the group's motivation, and adjusted my tuxedo's black tie. The concert that evening had been billed as "Moss's Last Live Appearance," but if I had a nickel for every time a promoter used that line, I'd. . .well, anyway, this was a one-night-only appearance at the Hackensack Coliseum, and anyone who knew anything about today's music was ready to sell his soul to beg, borrow, or steal a ticket. The members of Moss had been regular recluses over the past two years, and this was their first concert appearance in that time. And, as rumor had it, it was their last ever.

But the rumors didn't make any sense. Moss was a band riding a wave of commercial success never experienced before in the record industry. They had been hailed as "The Beatles of the 1980's," and now in 1993, they had broken every record for gross receipts ever set in the music business. Moss break up? It didn't make sense.

I remember the first time I met the band. They were a warm-up for a straight rock group on a Midwest tour. Disquewave was a pretty new thing in '82, and so Moss, as one of the first disquewave groups, was kind of significant. One of my earliest assignments for *Trends* was to try to work up a definition of disquewave based on Moss. I met the group members backstage at the Civic Auditorium in Decatur, Illinois. . .

"My name's Bon. Charles Etienne de St. Velery Bon," the band's founder and lead singer said rather pompously. Then he smiled. "But my friends call me Chuck E."

Chuck was short and, some would say, fat, but his firm handshake told me that most of that "fat" was actually muscle. He had close-cropped red hair and a pointed goatee. His deep-sunken eyes and the lotus position he was sitting in made him look like a Satanic buddha. But he had a charismatic aura that made me like him.

Chuck introduced me to the other band members: Jimmy Johnson, the lanky lead guitarist; Ted Naroski, the mohawked keyboardist/bass player; and Herb Edson, likewise mohawked, the black percussionist. They were all decked out in three-piece suits (Moss's dressiness was imitated by other disquewave bands, which resulted in concerts becoming a black tie affair). After the introductions, Chuck jumped immediately to the matter at hand by telling me his conception of disquewave.

"In the '60's and early '70's, rock was by far the preferred music among America's youth," he explained. "In the late '70's, though, other forms started to creep in. There was punk, disco, new wave, progressive jazz, and de-evolutionized music, among others. On a personal level, I liked punk and disco the best, and it saddened me when I saw rock slowly squeezing these new forms out of the picture. I consider rock to be a '60's phenomenon, good for the social conditions at that time but not now. In the '60's all the young people wanted to band together to bring peace to the world, solve the race problem, and crap like that. Rock was the protest music of that time because those things weren't getting done. But the call of the '80's is toward 'me', and, along with that, less regulation over our lives by the state, especially in the areas of personal finances and income. You hear everybody these days talking about "Freedom of Wealth," getting government regulation out of our hair so we can be free to make money. That's a subtle form of anarchy. Well, why not combine the best of both worlds: the socially relevant, somewhat anarchistic lyrics of punk with the marketable, danceable beat of disco? The result? Disquewave!"

On the surface, any form of music combining punk and disco seemed ludicrous, but the way he explained it, it made sense. I was confused about the name, though.

"'Disque' is the French word for record," Chuck continued. "A number of disco bands, such as Chic and Musique, took on French-style names to lend a worldliness, a culture to disco. Being of French descent myself, I picked up on this, merging the French word 'disque' with the phenomenon of new wave and coming up with disquewave."

His precise manner of speech, his poise, his dress--the three-piece suits--all projected the culture he had spoken of. Yet, it took a song that was less than cultured, a tune with lyrics not quite socially relevant, a hit named "Bestial Necrophilia," to launch Moss down the road to stardom. The hit single caused sales of Moss's album, *Nurtured on the Rolling Stones*, to skyrocket. After that, it seemed as if Chuck and his band could produce nothing but hits. Each of their successive albums had gone triple platinum, and their latest, *Cold, Green, and Slimy*, had set a music industry record by being the first album to ever go quadruple platinum. They had appeared all over the world before millions of crazed fans, and after a two-year lull, they were going to do it all again. For the last time? I couldn't believe it.

Besides, if they broke up now, who would step in to fill the gap? I mentally reviewed the top ten albums that week. Running a far second behind Moss was a homosexual band called The Queens' Navy. Their album, *American Queers and Peers*, could be considered disquewave, but the lyrics were more activist than anarchistic. The Gay Caucus had already gotten two senators elected, and along comes this album, demanding even more gay rights. No, they were all for working within the system--definitely not mainstream disquewave.

Running head to head with The Queens' Navy was a devil-worshippers' band called Sons of Satan. Their Album, *This Isn't Just Twisted--It's Evil!*, had a couple of half-decent tunes, but the lyrics weren't anarchistic. Devil worship had become widely accepted and was recognized as a bona fide religion, but the underlying theme of the album was to show the movement's advantages and to try to draw new converts.

From there down it got worse. If Moss were to retire, a disquewave replacement would have to come from outside the top ten. Saturn VI, The Hemorrhoids, Sons of Necessity, Vera Lynne, all the good disquewave bands--what had become of them? It seemed as if Moss was the only one still around--

The vid-intercom buzzed. The soft green eyes and lovely blonde curls of my roommate, Jessica, appeared on the screen. She was calling from downstairs, in the foyer of our condo. "The limousine they sent for us is here, hon'. Are you ready yet?" she asked anxiously.

"Let me slip on my tails, and we'll be off," I replied.

The tickets that Moss had sent the magazine were for seats in the first row in front of the stage. Early in their career, Moss had established a revolving circular stage in the center of the concert hall as their trademark. Tonight was no different. It thrilled me to see it again. What thrilled neither of us, though, were the armed security officers who lined the area around the stage.

"Geez, I hope we can see over these guys," Jessica said in my ear. Her semi-transparent, clinging white gown--very stylish--had made it hard for me to think about the concert during the ride over, but the deafening atmosphere of the packed coliseum snapped my mind back to the concert. Jessica wasn't too happy with me since I had discouraged her from buying a bag for us at the hash booth outside. (I said, "I write better when I'm not stoned." She said, "So why'd I ever decide to room with a writer?"). But I'd smooth things over later.

All things considered, Moss gave an excellent concert. No mention was made of the band's breaking up at the beginning, and they started off with a medley of songs from *Cold, Green, and Slimy*. The band then played some of their early stuff for over an hour before a short intermission and played hit after hit from their middle albums during the second half.

When the lights went down after the final song, the crowd, thirsting for more, created a din that they could hear in Chicago. Then, after a long pause, the members of Moss reappeared, immediately going into "Bestial Necrophilia". The audience went wild. The band played the long version, always a crowd pleaser, and, when it was over, Chuck approached the microphone to speak.

The crowd's curiosity had been piqued by all the rumors of the band's break-up, so they instantly became quiet in order to hear Chuck speak. "And so, back again to the beginning," Chuck said. "We have just played for you one of our favorite songs, although I think it was one of the worst that the band has done."

Scattered boos and other exclamations indicated that this had raised the hackles of a few members of the audience, including Jessica.

"Aw, come on," she hissed at me. "What does he mean by--"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted tersely. "He's talking again."

"The members of Moss have never made any bones about being around for the commercial good and the money that goes along with that," Chuck continued. "But popularity is a fleeting thing. See, you were ready to shoot me a minute ago. So, rather than lapse into obscurity, we've come up with a better way."

The crowd was so quiet with anticipation by this time that I could hear the hum of hydraulic machinery somewhere above. I looked up and saw a huge dome of clear, hard plastic that resembled an inverted bowl descending from the ceiling. The dome dropped over the stage, and I heard vacuum seals separate the atmosphere inside the dome from that of the rest of the auditorium. I heard the hiss of gases as, I guessed, some type of substance was pumped into the dome, probably from the large hoses set into the top. Charles Etienne de St. Velery Bon stepped to the front of the stage, gave the audience a silent salute, produced a small cigarette lighter, and ignited a spark. All hell broke loose onstage. The inside of the dome was one gigantic ball of flame, and it remained that way for a couple of minutes. When the flame died down, ashes were all that remained of the stage.

The audience exploded with a roar of shock and disbelief, and die-hard fans started trying to

storm the stage. The armed guards had their hands full but managed to keep the screaming fans at bay.

All this pandemonium brought me back to my senses, and I started to push my way toward backstage, pulling Jessica along behind me.

"I've gotta interview their manager," I said to her over my shoulder. "This has to be a first!"

Jessica was still kind of shocked by the whole thing. "But why did they do it? Why?" she kept asking. I turned to look at her and saw the hint of an idea forming in her mind. "Do you think there's such a thing as being too successful?" she asked me.

"I guess there was in the minds of Moss."

Just then, two young fans, looking totally dazed by the entire experience, pushed by us. One turned to the other and made the most incisive remark that I had heard all evening: "But now who's gonna collect the royalties, man?"

Christopher R. Horner, StMU
First Place, Prose



Untitled

Donald Ewers, IWC

The Battle

My mind, like my room,
Is torn in the battle
Between childhood and womanhood.
My old stuffed teddy,
With one torn ear,
Is still the only bedmate I have.
Yet the space my crayons
Used to occupy
Is now covered with my make-up
That makes me as unique and colorful
As my crayons made my drawings.
And on the battle rages.
And slowly, ever so slowly,
I am becoming the torn
Battle field of emotions.

Sheila Dunn, IWC



Sand Castle by the Shore

How I wish that I could escape the modern worldly weltchmerz. . .
Slip into the realm of oblivion--negate the world's tragedies and
atrocities. . .

Compose an empire of tranquility for my love and me
Build a Sand Castle by the Shore.

How I would love to venture exotic, serene fantasies where cedar
waxwings and seabirds blend in perfect harmony. . .

Where weary weeping willows wail no more--no longer desolate
souls. . .

Where hummingbirds who sip honeysuckle nectars do sing
And do listen to the laughter of the meadowlarks. . .

For my love and me

Build a Sand Castle by the Shore.

How beautiful it would be to see the stars touch the water beaches
like crystal chandeliers by candlelight. . .

To walk hand-in-hand along the banks of the seashore mansion--
Spend sand dollar relics upon the majestic grounds of diamond soils
like the silveriness of mirror-images. . .

Partake of pink champagne and share red-rose souvenirs. . .

Cast spirits of silent silhouette shadows against the moonlight
by Zephyrus' Summer eves. . .

To inscribe our titles upon the sacred sandy shores as lovers do. . .

For my love and me do

Build a Sand Castle by the Shore.

How elegant the butterflies with cellophane wings of prism-glass
hues who array the sea breezes in spacious indigo skies like

paper windchimes by day in sunlight, as do
Fragile fireflies with wings of the same frailty. . .

Let it last forever the element of the
Hurricane-less-ness of Winter winds--

For that we fear not. . .

Let it be tomorrow for my love and me

Build a Sand Castle by the Shore.

How sweet the fragrance of cherry blossoms blooming. . .

How steeped in jaundice the land where passion flowers chant rituals
in merry melodies. . .

Where blankets of yellow jonquils amidst jasper jasmines with
dancing dandelions and dainty daffodils are perennial across
the field beneath the meadow beyond the shore of pasture Spring. . .

A place where even little fur-bearing animals harvest strawberry
gardens in the midst of the seventh day. . .

For my love and me

Build a Sand Castle by the Shore.

How disenchanting the empty reality of disillusionment is to build
a nation upon the idiosyncrasies of the insatiable spirit of fantasy.

Deborah Meddows, IWC
Third Place, Poetry

Temporary

Trace the tears on my face
Touch the hurt falling from my eyes.
These tears fall for you--
For the pain you put me through.
The lines are firmly ingrained
Until another takes your place.

To You

I wish I could get my money back
all the time I dialed your number
and got you on the line
But still not reached you

Cindy Dietz, IWC

Pat Zepeda, St.MU

A Sailing Trip

Five years ago, I had the privilege of going on a long sailing trip with two friends of mine, Robert and Anton. The proposition we received was, without doubt, a great opportunity. An Englishman by the name of John D. Simpson, a resident of Malta for twenty years, was leaving the island for an apartment in St. Tropez, a resort in the South of France. An experienced crew was required to transport his thirty-five-foot racing sloop (which had no engine) from Malta to France. When summoned for the job, we accepted immediately. The trip would take some ten days, depending on weather conditions.

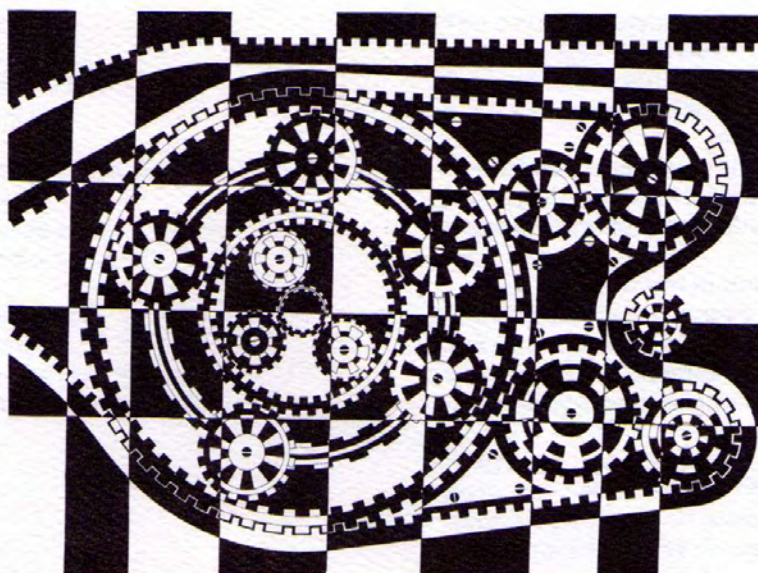
We set sail at dawn, 04:20 hours on the 6th of August, 1975. As the sun rose higher, a south-westerly wind came up to our advantage, increasing our average speed to eight knots. Our huge spinnaker sail blew majestically, high in the air covering more area than the boat itself. Looking up at the sky and across the water, we were struck by the beauty of nature and the forces which propelled us. By sunset, the wind began to die down; the humidity was increasing and the cold was entering our bodies. In spite of the cold and decreased speed, the three of us stayed up all night, watching the moon and the stars, and drinking whiskey to keep ourselves warm.

Taking advantage of the wind, our spinnaker run lasted for three and a half days of coastal sailing. At 12:00 hours on the 9th of August, we entered the port of Fiumicino, on the outskirts of Rome. We were euphoric from the success of our trip. We decided, therefore, to celebrate. The party lasted for three unforgettable days in the beautiful city of Rome. Our only concern was food and wine.

It was now the 12th of August, and time to continue our trip. We had prolonged our stay in Rome and were running short of funds. After listening to the early-morning weather report, predicting and encouraging westerly wind, we sailed off for St. Tropez, our final destination. On this leg of the trip, though, weather conditions deteriorated and we encountered a gale force headwind. We had two choices: turn back and wait till weather conditions improved, or reef our main sail, use the storm jib, and try to beat the storm to St. Tropez. Running out of time, we decided to take a chance. The time had come for the boat to prove her worth, and that she did. After three sleepless days and nights of solid pounding from six-foot waves and a twenty-five-mile-an-hour westerly wind, we finally caught sight of land and arrived at our destination on the 15th of August. In spite of our weatherbeaten condition, we were pleased we took the chance and had arrived safely at St. Tropez.

It was hard for us to leave the boat: we had all developed an intimate relationship with her. We all went through a beautiful experience together and now she seemed a part of us and we a part of her. Her name was "Sheila," and she remains in my memory always.

Christopher E. Grech, OLLU
Second Place, Prose



It Works

Joseph Alvarez, StMU

i am the music

the music fills the room, fills me. i drift into the past and then return to the present. i don't know why, but the music brings me into a chasm, empty and lonely. i become as the chasm, empty and oh so lonely.

but now the music demands attention. reflection. freedom. the music frees me.

i am aware of only my existence. and then, my very substance is gone. mystical, fairy-like, again i am carried away, far away.

crash. the waves slam into the huge, rough rocks. the wind blows and all of me is in torment. my air is cut off and i find myself falling, falling, only to be caught in a melody. heart beat increases. blood rushes and pulse quickens. peaks, valleys, peaks, valleys. the tide now rushes in and out and then slows down.

it whispers now. whispers in and fills me. fills the emptiness, rids me of the loneliness. becomes magical.

i become magical. i become magic. i am one with the music.

i cannot stop, the music will not stop. if i stop, if the music stops, i will die, and i'm not ready to die. i will go on and the music will go on. from the depths i will rise.

i am one with the music. . .i am the music.

Beren Gaule, OLLU
Third Place, Prose

Rebirth

Out of the darkness
of the cocoon
(the depths of a deep despair)
Emerges a beautiful butterfly--
Her wings still wet; she is unsteady
but proud.
And confident in her wings--
no longer dependent on a branch
to support herself, as she once was
when the caterpillar time was here.
She is grown, in full bloom; proud
and free.

Patricia Diane Crow, IWC

Porcelain Marionette

Dangling
on such delicate strings
suspended
wobbling, quaking
still now

Blank holes, not seeing eyes
does not think
must not think
not for itself
no, lest the others
all the others
turn hateful, glassy eyes
and morose visages
like a dark blanket
upon that single spark

Individual thought
individual movement

Oh!
A snap
The comforting, sheltering strings
those silken webs
no more do they sustain
do they feed

Falling, falling
and shattering like a porcelain marionette

Dwight A. Dodd-Arreola, St. MU

Grey, Very Grey

Grey, very grey
ancient and brittle
thinning night and day
wish you would stay

Distorted, opaque blurs
that is the past
the legs that were hers
and those wonderful furs

She skipped and ran
she ate and danced
Strauss waltzes or the "can can"
remember those Oriental fans

The work, the loving
anything went long ago
time took in coming
but it came, it came running

Now it is here
contorted, arthritic hands
the pain is much my dear
wipe away the tears

The tears that run down her face
falling down upon a sweater of old wool
where before there was lace
Her empty eyes just gaze

The memories of a past
no longer here
never worried, never asked
never knew it wouldn't last

Dwight A. Dodd-Arreola, St.MU
First Place, Poetry



Patricia Jimenez, StMU
Second Place, Art

The Old Barn Honed Me

We grew enough to eat fresh corn
Down on the farm where I was born.
Although we had a chicken coop
We kept no chickens there to droop
The roosting bars or crow the morn.

We had no tractor in the barn,
Instead it stored our Chrysler. Darn,
If we could have salvaged that thing--
But there's no use now remembering.
What could have been is just a yarn.

Once while playing in the car
(We always kept the door ajar)
I found a knife in the glovebox
And struck myself the paradox
That only comes after a scar.

I laughed as I poked hole on hole
Into the seat, taking my toll
Of vintage automobile gut,
When all at once, I slipped and cut
My knuckle, peeled it like a scroll.

I sat there bleeding on the seat.
I knew my job was done complete.
And even now, after I'd moved,
I find experience can't be improved
Where things at odds are forced to meet.

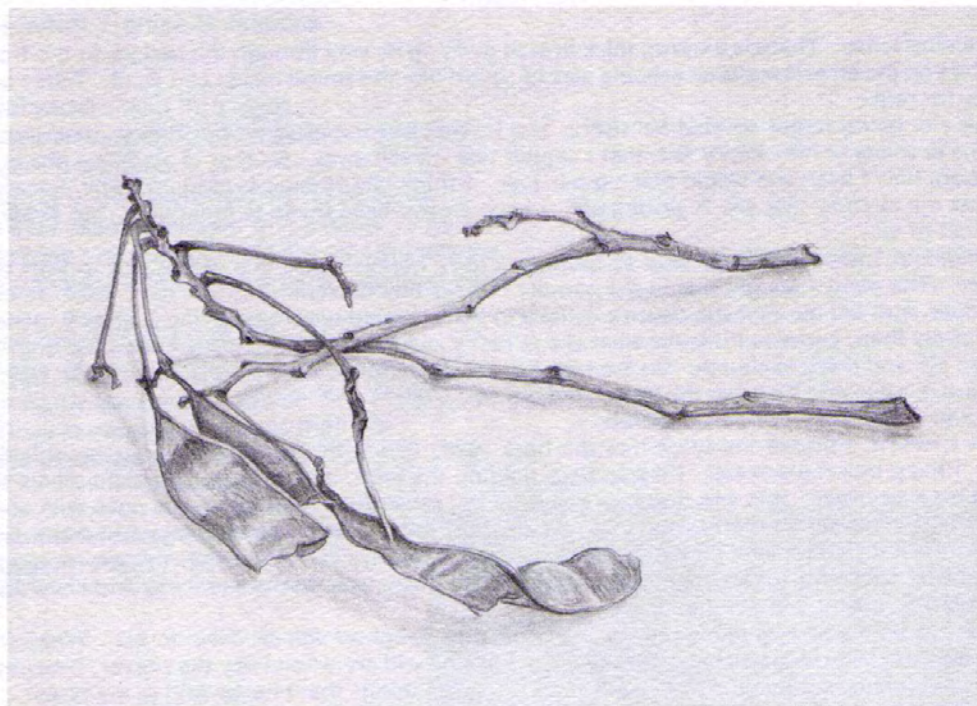
George Fillingham, IWC
Second Place, Poetry

Man's Heart/Woman's Love

A man's heart scorned
is like a burning bush
burned out--
a flame that flickers no more.

A woman's love malnourished
is like a passion flower
out of season;
it withers away and dies.

Deborah Meddows, IWC



Remnant of Last Spring's Glory

Roberto Sifuentes, OLLU
Second Place, Art

lower case

i have nothing left in me
to wonder at the sheer abandon
of children as they play.
i can no longer smile or giggle
laugh or shout with joy
at the beauty of a new day.
at the point of exhilaration i have
been knocked flat once again--
one time too many.
i cannot begin to tell you where i have been. . .
i am not sure myself.
as to where i am going,
i do not know.
i am at the brink of a world
that i have put down,
cursed, ignored, feared, denied.
though i do not want to enter
i am being dragged precariously close.
i call for help. . . i reach out
to no one. no one hears my cries.
no one is there.

Beren Gaule, OLLU

The Tradition

It is raining today. There is a warm, thick breeze pushing its way through the hedges in the front yard. Cars on the streets make an echoing sort of sound like the sound inside of a shell. Today is a good day for rain.

I know I'm going to get scolded for sitting and looking out the window, but it is so soothing to watch the droplets of rain slowly fall, that I cannot tear myself away. Mother is shuffling about in the kitchen; how I wish she would pick up her feet. I think she slides around purposely, because she wants me to know that she is getting old. I have always been made to feel guilty, but today it hurts most of all.

In a moment I will have to go over to Mom and very quietly ask if she would like to visit the cemetery. The plant I bought sits in the corner; I never buy flowers. She will say "No," as she always does, and tell me that she doesn't believe in being bound to someone who is already gone. I'll turn away then, because I'll know what she is really saying. Then, I'll leave her alone, and I'll get in the car and drive to church. On the way I'll cry, noiselessly, which is the only proper way to cry, as the relationship between my father and me was a silent one, and the words with which my mother admonishes me are never spoken.

When I return, I'll take the plant into the back yard, and with mother watching through the window, I'll dig into the soft soil. I'll step back holding the tools, and there will be eight plants for me, one for every year. It is amazing how beautiful the seven now standing in the open rain are. The first is the tallest, then gradually they get smaller, today's will be the smallest. I never buy plants for the house, although mother does, because they always die. It's eerie, the way a person who has never been able to care for plants, can plant one every year on the same day and know that twelve months later it will still be alive.

Dinner will be the ending of my sad day. Mother and daughter will sit down to eat. When the meal is finished, little food will have been touched. Mama will cry when I say the prayer, because I will have to mention his name. Then I will think of all the things that I never said to my father. It used to be that, whenever I thought about those lost things, I would harden myself and say that it wasn't my fault. Could I help it if Dad was the one who never communicated and who built up the walls that kept us from knowing each other? Was I to blame for not crying openly when he died, because I was merely sad and not heart broken? Now I do not think that way. I am sorry for my stubbornness, and I accept the things I did thoughtfully, then lay the memories back to rest.

The clock in the hall is announcing the hour, and I must rise if I am to be to church on time. If the sun were to come out, maybe I could miss Sunday service, and Mom and I could go to a restaurant for lunch, then work in the garden together, but the rain is only falling harder. I must go.

Rachel Watts, St. MU

Daddy's Blues

Once upon a time
I was in the playroom
listening to Pooh Bear speak to me.
And Mommy was in the kitchen cooking spaghetti
and we were both very happy
playing in our favorite rooms.
And here comes Daddy.
And he says something ugly to Mommy because she
goes crying to her room.
And I wait.
And I can hear Daddy's footsteps
coming to my room.
And just when he is about to kick my Pooh Bear
I say: "Look Daddy, don't lay your troubles on me."

Pat Zepeda, St. MU

The White Horses of Jamaica

Wild waters leap into sight.
Breakers thunder in, flinging themselves
upon the beach,
Hoping to destroy the silver-grey sand.
As they recede, jagged black rocks
Life their wet faces above the sinking waters
Only to gasp once more against the next wave.

Over the cliff above the tumult
Hangs a tangle of leaves on
straggly cocconut trees
Whose arms claw at life as they are
Sand-blasted by the salty, wet wind.

Michelle McGann, St. MU
Second Place, Poetry



Roadside Park, U.S. Hwy 59 Bann Williams, IWC

Shark

A "shark" is an aggressive pre-med student. Last year over thirty-seven thousand people applied for fifteen thousand positions in the United States' medical schools. The shark, a carnivorous fish, is somewhat like the pre-med student seeking admission to medical school. The pre-med student's idea of surviving is obtaining good grades. In pursuit of these good grades, the "shark" often finds himself using cruel tactics on his fellow students. For instance, a common practice among pre-meds is to sabotage the labs of other pre-meds. This is usually accomplished by simply exploding a smoke-screen device in the laboratory and in the confusion, dispose of the intended victim's lab.

The pre-med's search for knowledge, in the form of studying, writing papers, etc., does not allow him the luxury of sleep. Just as with the shark, the pre-med who takes time to sleep will not do as well as more ambitious students. This explains the glazed eyes and the short temper the shark and the pre-med have in common. Like the shark, the pre-med "shark" will not let anything interfere with his survival. This "shark" has little concern for his fellow pre-meds and, as long as he achieves good grades, he is content.

Soon, the more successful pre-meds will be attending medical school and the vicious "shark" cycle, once again, repeats itself. With all these humanitarian tendencies, it is encouraging to know that these pre-med students, or "sharks," will inevitably become practicing physicians.

Maryanne Tirinnanzi, St. MU



Reach Out and Touch

Bertha Santana, OLLU

The Newswriter's Son

Why can't I describe this person
that I know so well?

Can it be he has not revealed to
me his true face, kept his private self
a secret from my groping mind?

Perhaps I have conjured a person-
ality that seems fitting for his handsome
countenance.

I do not always comprehend what
he says and yet I delight in his every
word.

He is not perfect, yet terribly
close to my idea of perfection.

I intentionally block out the flaws
that make him human.

A tiny crack of enlightened thought
constantly reminds me how much I care for
him, whenever the shadow of doubt hovers
over my mind.

The closer I get to him the more
pain I will feel, but it could not be any
worse than if in my life I had never known
the bright blueness of his eyes and his
wonderful crooked smile.

Mary Helen Garza, OLLU

Unborn Child

Unborn child of darkness, unseen, unknown
Who do you laugh with in the dark?
What secrets do you share with your unknown companions?

"The heavens are my playground,
Dusty earth my sleepy bed.
I ride on silver moonbeams
And drink sweet cream from the Milky Way.
I eat sweet bread of the morning dew
With honey from brer bear's favorite tree.

The secrets of all the shining stars are mine.
Written by an undecipherable hand
On my palms and feet.
Today I swim with Neptune.
Hanging to his sea-weed covered beard,
Dipping in and out of murky caverns
Riding a sea-horse on froth-covered waves.

Once I frolicked and skipped with cherubs gay,
Giggling as we hid pieces of St. Mick's rainbow
'Neath the clouds.
What a scowling face he wore the day the rains fell
And nowhere to be found the colored bow!
Tomorrow I wear my mail and armor
A-hunting in the forests I go
Seeking adventure with King Arthur's knights.

I am Nature's stepchild.
One of her many favorites,
Showered with garlands of flowers.
She takes me often on her hill-covered knee
Brushes the leaves and twigs from my hair,
And leads me on woody forest paths
Until with sleepy eyes and a tired yawn
I nestle into the downy comfort of her grassy arms and go to sleep."

Debbie Fuentes, OLLU
First Place, Poetry

The Gateway:
A Play in Three Acts
Act 1, Scene 1

Edward Cloud, IWC

ANGEL 1: God? God? Sir, I've got a problem.

GOD: O.K. What is it?

ANGEL: I just got that printout. . .

ST. PETER: I think I know what he's about to say. . .

GOD: I do. But I want to hear him say it.

ANGEL 1: . . .the one you asked for during the Peloponnesian War?

GOD: WELL??

ANGEL 1: Well. . .there seems to be a problem.

GOD: Are you telling me that it has taken this long for you to come to me with this?

ANGEL 1: Well, no. It's just that our 4221 was down for a while.

GOD: OH Heaven!! Can't we do anything right? I look around and see Luther and he's always on top of things, a figure of speech only. Why can't we be just one half step ahead of them? (points down).

ANGEL 1: You're God.

GOD: Ok. I know that. It just upsets me. Not only have I got a world of confused idiots but I have some computer angels that couldn't punch their way out of a Hollirith Card.

ST. PETER: (without looking up from work) Micro-chips. We've been using them for eons now.

GOD: Ok. Where were we?

ANGEL 1: Peloponnesia.

GOD: Alright, do this. You program anything you want for the finish. I'll monitor from here.

ANGEL 1: Do you really mean that?

GOD: Would I have said it if I hadn't??

ANGEL 1: No, you wouldn't have.

GOD: Alright, go have some fun.

ST. PETER: You know what I like about you? Your sense of humor.

GOD: I'm serious!

ST. PETER: Only if we get caught up on those backup systems down in the 4000 area.

GOD: Did we ever have this many problems with the old system?

ST. PETER: Never. Well not to the extent we are experiencing now.

GOD: What was it that made us give up the old one? We really should know more about this one.

ST. PETER: Well Sir I think it was that relatively new Japanese technician that arrived via the mid-air collision in Chicago's O'Hare.

GOD: Is he really "that" good?

ST. PETER: He certainly is. He was field rep for the largest Japanese firm.

GOD: Maybe we should get him to go back and straighten up the 4000's.

ST. PETER: That would be some challenge for such a green angel.

GOD: We all have to learn how to work under pressure. Look at me, I've been doing it from existence, (pause). . .Pete, I'm not really that hard, am I?

ST. PETER: No, not actually. Even though you want to be.

GOD: I didn't think so. It's just that I make it so easy for humans and then they complicate everything.

ST. PETER: I know how upset you get, but there is trouble. You know we must get back to the dilemma in the 4000 area.

GOD: I sure would like to retire, I'm not getting any younger. . .and don't give me that "as you feel" crap either.

ST. PETER: I don't think I have ever seen you like this before. Has this ever happened before?

GOD: Oh, It's been a long time--before your time. I ended up making humans as a result of the

pressure and depression.

ST. PETER: Maybe if you took on an earthly form and floundered around on the planet for a vacation.

GOD: Pete, if you recall I have done that, remember--crucified!

ST. PETER: Perhaps if you concentrated on one particular problem, work it out and then maybe you could pull yourself out of this, you know you are the only one who is capable of doing that. . .

GOD: Maybe if I concentrate on the 4000 area. . .

ANGEL 1: Pardon sir, but I couldn't find anything to knock on. . .

GOD: Yes, what is it?

ANGEL 1: I have completed that war Sir.

GOD: How did it go?

ANGEL 1: Well, Sir, . . .

GOD: Good! Continue. . .

ANGEL: Well Sir, there has been a suspension on earth while I was catching up this mess and. . .

ST. PETER: You mean that we have **another** mess?

ANGEL 1: Sir, it's not as bad as you might think.

ST. PETER: What I think only takes second precedence you know.

ANGEL 1: Oh, yes Sir I understand.

GOD: Well tell him what it is!

ANGEL 1: It's another one.

ST. PETER: Another what?

GOD: Another war. What do you think we were talking about?

ST. PETER: I'm sorry, I was only mortal.

GOD: You're forgiven.

ST. PETER: That's a good sign, you're breaking out of it.

GOD: It just confirms it when they fight and kill each other. They must think it makes them like me, I suppose.

ANGEL 1: Sir? About this confusion. . .

GOD: Listen, you continue cleaning up and catching up until I send you that new technical rep--then shut down long enough for him to check programming. We will work it out from there.

ANGEL 1: Yes sir. . .(long pause, hesitates and clears throat). Ah, Ahem.

ST. PETER: I'll take this one.

GOD: Okay, I still contend I need a rest.

ST. PETER: So you said. Well son, what do you want?

ANGEL 1: Sir, my cousin was. . .

ST. PETER: You want your cousin to work in this area? It's not an unusual request. We get a ton of these requests.

ANGEL 1: Sir he's just arrived vid a mid-air near. . .

ST. PETER: (quick glance to God) Chicago's O'Hare?

ANGEL 1: Yes sir, but I suppose you already knew that?

ST. PETER: I have an inside contact. He's the technician we spoke of?

ANGEL 1: Yes, sir. He is the--

GOD: He **was** the field rep for the largest firm--etc., etc. . . .

ANGEL 1: (humbly) Yes Sir.

GOD: Go on now. You'll have him.

ANGEL 1: Thank you so very much Sir.

GOD: Uh, huh. Pete I'm getting tired. I'll take a nap. If anything--well you know what to do.

ST. PETER: Haven't I always?

GOD: Yes--and Pete, thank you. . . (exit; enter Angel 2).

ST. PETER: (without seeing angel) Boy he does need something.

ANGEL 2: Pardon SIR?

ST. PETER: Yes.

ANGEL 2: I think you sent for me?

ST. PETER: No,--Oh yeah! You see I'm not who you think I am.

ANGEL 2: Well everyone 'arch' and above all look the same to me.

ST. PETER: You'll do well here, you've got a good sense of humor.

ANGEL 2: Thank you sir.

ST. PETER: No need to mention it.

ANGEL 2: I guess not, sir.

ST. PETER: I'm really not who you think I am.

ANGEL 2: I know who you are now! You're Saint Peter!

ST. PETER: You are pretty sharp for a newcomer.

ANGEL 2: Thank you sir.

ST. PETER: No need to mention it.

ANGEL 2: Very well sir. Where would you like me to start? I suppose I will have some specific job to do while I am here.

ST. PETER: Do you think you will ever have to leave here?

ANGEL 2: I thought maybe there was some truth to the rumor of rein-

ST. PETER: REINCARNATION?? NEVER- Never suggest or even think of leaving. If HE (motions off) wants you to leave he will give you a special assignment--at his discretion, understood?

ANGEL 2: Yes sir, but I thought. . .

ST. PETER: Anyway it's nice to know that you would be willing to take on such responsibility. Your job will let you see mostly the strife.

ANGEL 2: WHY is that?

ST. PETER: Your cousin has requested-

ANGEL 2: You mean he made it up here?

ST. PETER: Don't interrupt!

(voice of God: PATIENCE!)

ANGEL 2, ST. PETER: Sorry Sir.

ST. PETER: Your cousin is in charge of the 4000's.

ANGEL 2: WHAT is a 4000?

ST. PETER: I was about to tell you. As I was about to say--(enter ANGEL 1)

ANGEL 1: Cousin!

ANGEL 2: Say man!

ANGEL 1: I can scarcely believe my eyes.

ANGEL 2: I never thought--you--here. . .

ANGEL 1: Oh yeah--

ST. PETER: Well now are the nicities all completed. . .

GOD: What's all that noise?

ST. PETER: Sorry sir--reunion. . .

GOD: Now let's get them (waves toward an angel) back to the 4000's.

ANGEL 1: Sir?

GOD: ANOTHER ONE?

ANGEL 1: Yes sir.

ANGEL 2: Another what?

ANGEL 1: War!

ANGEL 2: Is that common?

GOD: You should know, if you recall you world history. Go ahead, where are we now?

ANGEL 1: Recent.

ANGEL 1: U.S.A.--19th Century.

GOD: My word, man, you have made some progress haven't you? Very good.

ANGEL 1: Thank you very much sir.

GOD: That's quite alright. To continue in the same fashion is all I ask.

ANGEL 1: Yes sir.

ANGEL 2: Do you mean that you--programme wars?

ST. PETER: (from his work area) That's not all.

ANGEL 2: Fill me in.

GOD: That will be completed in short order.

ST. PETER: (waves them out). Sorry sir, I didn't mean for this to happen. I was going rather I had planned for them to meet, that is I wanted them to. . .

GOD: Never mind. That is alright.

ST. PETER: Yes sir. Could you continue your rest now?

GOD: Yes, and I suggest you do the same. (exit).

ST. PETER: Yes Sir. (exit 1, pause, St. Peter returns to center and begins talking as if to himself) I can't understand him, every time he gets depressed there's a new war on earth. I wish I could tell the humans that it's not their fault. But then again who'd listen. . . .(exit right).

Tic Tac

Tic Tac Tic Tac
pasan las horas de mi reloj
Tic Tac Tic Tac
se consume mi vida
Tic Tac Tic Tac
se envejecen mis canas
Tic Tac Tic Tac
se vende la mercancía
Tic Tac Tic Tac
comen los muchachos
Tic Tac

trabajan los obreros
Tic
se pasan las vidas
Tic
Tic
Tic
Tic
Tic
Tic
Tac

Carlos Fernández, StMU



Cowboy Boot

Simon Guss Garcia, IWC
First Place, Art

