

**Collage**  
**Fall 1990**



**On the cover:** (clockwise from bottom right) "Mississippi", Michiko Peterson, burlap, cotton, ribbon, beads; "Birdsong", Tom Myrick, oak, marble; "Three to One", Greg MacLachlan, aluminum, wood, acrylic; Untitled, Katie Stubblefield, casted bronze; "Transition", Tom Myrick, bronze, metal walnut; "Leaf III", Chris Basso, pastel on paper; Untitled, Vicki Terry, oil on canvas; Focal Point Study, Ken Davis, mixed media on board, Untitled, Katie Stubblefield, mixed media on cloth, "Some Pots", Chris Basso, colored pencil on paper.

## **A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR**

I would like to thank all of the students who submitted material to the Collage for consideration. We received one of the biggest amounts of art Collage has ever had to choose from with over 40 pieces of art work, 10 short stories, 50 photographs, and too many poems to count. Many people would be surprised at how many talented students there are on campus. I wish our budget allowed us to print every submission. I also wish we could print every photograph and piece of art work in color, but it can not be that way. I encourage everyone to resubmit items that were not printed in this issue, and submit many new items next semester.

A special thanks must be given to the many people on campus who helped make this issue happen. Thanks to: Jenny Tenpenny Crouch (for her guidance), Joyce Fuqua (for her fast moving fingers on the keyboard), Greg MacLachlan (for his unique point of view), Chris Bell (for his advice on literature), and the Sidelines staff (for their ever present comments that kept me on my toes).

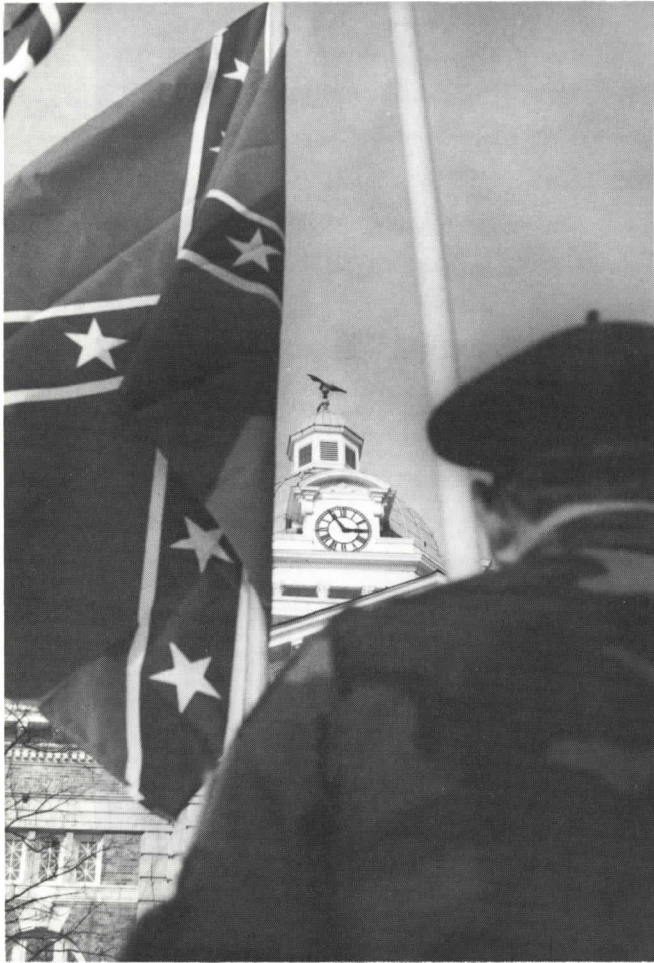
Art, in all its forms, must be displayed to be appreciated. We show what art we feel is the best to put into the limited space we have to use. The Collage staff hopes you will enjoy the experience of reading this magazine from cover to cover.



"Stares in the Way", Laura Schelton, Photograph



"Having a Wonerful Time", Laura Schelton, Photograph



"X-Patriot", Tim Nave, Photograph



Untitled, Adam Schmak, Photograph



Untitled, Carl Lambert, Photograph



"Need More Information", Tim Nave, Photograph



Untitled, Mary Helen Comer, Photograph

# THE NIGHT COMETH

by  
*Edward Day*

Night was falling and the streetlights were coming on and the lighted windows of the stores along the sidewalk assumed a gradually yellowed hue in increasing contrast to the gathering darkness. The tinsel candles had been removed from the storefronts, and the trees lining the walk looked naked and lifeless without the blinking lights that had adorned their limbs since Thanksgiving. This was the slow time of the shopkeeper's year, immediately following the post-Christmas returns and sales, and the stores for the most part were empty except for employees idly tidying up display cases or leaning over their cash registers watching the hands of the clock move slowly toward closing time.

In Alexander & Alexander's, Stephen Foster was standing in the doorway leading into the back room where the old tailor sat working at the sewing machine. There was an almost palpable atmosphere of wealth in the store. It was evident in the marble and brass entranceway; the rows upon rows of expensive suits and hand sewn silk ties shimmering under soft lighting; and the polished precision of the salesmen, who seemed to glide on air over to the door to greet the customers. It was tangible enough that the casual window shoppers who happened to wander in usually turned and left before they made it up onto the carpet. Those that did stay and look around seemed to grow quiet and furtive as if they had entered a cathedral.

Behind Stephen Foster the sewing machine hummed and threaded. Josef was sitting in the cramped room pulling the cloth through the machine with quick, expert movements. He was seventy-four years old. He had learned his trade from his father when he was a boy in Hungary. The floor around him was littered with scraps of material. At the end of the day these were swept into a luxurious pile of imported wools, silks, and thick cottons and discarded into the dumpster behind the building. Josef was not wearing his eyeglasses. William was near the front of the store folding shirts and placing them on shelves. In the manager's office Stephen Foster could hear Tyler and David talking.

"What am I going to do?" Tyler said. "Yesterday he absolutely ruined a fifteen hundred dollar suit."

The bell over the door jingled softly.

"Good evening, Mrs. Donaldson," William said. "How are you today?"

"Oh, I'm just worn out. We're going skiing tomorrow, and I've been running all day."

"Where are you going?"

"Aspen. You know we have a place there."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, we bought a little bungalow next door to the Bakers. Do you know the Bakers?"

"No, I don't believe so."

"Surely you've heard of the Baker Mining Company. Their oldest son goes to school with my Jim. 'We're all meeting there for a couple of weeks.'

"I understand the slopes are excellent this year."

"I just hope it's better than last time. We were there in November, and it was just miserable. The temperature was up in the fifties. I tell you we were bored almost to tears. And it's so much trouble getting everything ready. Sometimes I just don't know if it's worth it."

"Oh, I'm sure you'll have fun when you get there," William said. "Now, what can I help you find this evening?"

"I'm going to need some warm sweaters. And some pants. Something nice enough to wear to dinner, but not so nice that they can't wear them just out running around. And I also need to order a few dress shirts for my husband. Can you show me some material? In

fact, I may defer to your judgement. The man is so particular about his clothes, and he never likes anything I pick out. He wants something with a sort of conservative stripe."

"Maybe it's his vision," David said.

"Then why doesn't he wear his glasses? I tell him five times a day to put his glasses on, and as soon as I turn my back he takes them off again."

Tyler walked over the liquor cabinet that was kept for preferred customers and poured himself a whiskey.

"That's not it anyway" he said. "Some days he's fine, with or without his glasses. On other days he is a disaster."

Stephen Foster leaned back against the doorframe and kicked at the thick green carpet. A pedestrian hurried past the front window, huddled deep in his coat against the cold.

"I don't know how many more of these little family outings we'll be able to take. Jim starts law school in the fall. When those shirts come in, I want you to pick out a couple of ties to go with each one and have them sent to the house. There's no telling when I'll be able to get back in."

"What else can I do?" Tyler said. "I'm asking you what else can I do? I can't keep him."

"You know we're so proud of him. They're all growing up on me."

Tyler put the empty glass down on the desk and came over to the doorway in which Stephen Foster was standing.

"Josef," he said, "can I speak with your for a minute?"

The sewing machine stopped. He walked in and shut the door.

## REMEMBER WHEN

As children romp in white sunlight  
Carefree laughter floats through time  
Barefeet scampering lawn's delight  
Tanned arms outspread embrace the day  
You're it! Time out! No fair! Let's play!  
The games of youth beneath the clouds  
Old man, airplanes, big birds appear,  
As sculpted in the white foamed skies,  
Then move and change and personalize.  
On grassy slopes, with hands for pillows  
Clover chains and kings and queens  
Splashing puddles chasing rain  
Bugs in jars and treasures dug  
Funny fascinations dreams of love.  
Illusive misplaced days of days  
Intertwined in old men's minds.

*Reita Gorman*

## CHESS

*Debbie Gayle Rose*

*I can only go  
Where I am taken;  
I can only be  
Where I am placed;  
I am only alone  
When left that way;  
I am with others  
When they come to me;  
Sometimes I tire  
Of being a pawn  
And never  
The queen.*





**"Dancing Men"**  
Greg MacLachlan  
acrylic on board

## "Martin Klutzee"

Martin Klutzee, American born, German by origin. Kleen in most ways, but messy in others. A walk through the house of Martin is like a stroll through the Garden of Eden. It looks nice enough, plant hang, the sofa soft, the furniture practically wooden mirrors. So where might one ask, is Martin Klutzee messy? Well he is messy underneath all the organization, all the preparation, all the staged work.

Like the Garden of Eden, the apple was eaten and so the world is corrupt. The flower is pretty and smells FANTASTIC, but underneath it's really dirty. You see...Martin Klutzee is quite nutsee, he pump his home with life by replacing his foundation with the strange fixation called "cutting up people's parts. And I'm not pulling your leg.

*Mark Roberts*

## HIDE IN MY ATTIC

*nothing could hide you from his view;  
you sucked it in even further.  
trying to crouch in the corner,  
fade into the crevice of the wall,  
but no luck,  
he sees you. he stalks forward.  
he shoots. and you're gone.  
shot to hell with a one-way ticket.*

*screw you mr. cupid!*

*JONATHON LEE HAWKINS*

You were a creature of beauty, of grace,  
of daintiness - a porcelain doll.  
And you chose to hide in my attic,  
so quiet, so innocent, so small.

And when I came to dance,  
swirling dust in shining rays,  
I never even noticed you there.  
I didn't have time in those days.

Yellow-aged and creased your face became;  
And your smile was one that I'd known.  
But you chose to stay in my attic,  
And I chose to leave you there, alone.

Today, I crept into the attic  
Only to find a puddle of tears  
and a forgotten corner filled with memories  
that could not fill my empty years.

So I left the place once again,  
Knowing I had let you pass away.  
How could I expect you to exist  
in a world where you couldn't play.

*Vicki Kindred*

# Eleven and Counting

by  
Rick Jensen

He shuffled off the bus and onto the street. Eyes half open, a hand at his back pushing him towards the door, and someone pressing a cup of coffee in his hand. The door looked just like the same door he had walked out of eight hours earlier, and for any practical purpose of his it was. He stopped and stared at the swirling steam rising off the coffee. He sipped it carefully, and found it just right...very hot, very black, and very effective at dissolving the taste in his mouth. A thought occurred to him then, and looking up, he quickly found who he needed.

"Marty!" His voice was hoarse, but it was heard. Marty trotted on over, bright-eyed and wide awake. The red t-shirt and blue shorts seemed clean. Looking at the clipboard Marty carried, he could tell Marty had already set up the schedule and probably most of the stage. Marty never slept, or so it seemed. He wondered again at how Marty could keep going like that, never getting tired.

"Yeah, B.T., what'cha need?"

"Where the hell am I?"

"Toledo, Ohio."

"Toledo? What the hell am I doing in Toledo?"

"The same thing you were doing in Cincinnati last night." He paused, checking his clipboard. "Listen, here's the way the day goes. It's about ten o'clock. Right now we got a group of about 15 screaming amateur journalists wanting to talk. It's just the local scene, but it's gotta look good since we haven't sold out yet here. After that we got a radio spot. The deejay's name is Dan, and we already gave him a list of questions he can ask. We'll stay there 'till about twelve, since they got a lot of bigwigs showing up who want to shake our hand. Lunch is with the local record distributor and the tour production people. I know you hate them, but they're the ones who keep us employed. About two or so we'll have an autograph session at a place called Box of Rocks, a record store downtown. Soundcheck is at four, dinner at five backstage, and from about six 'till seven we have to congratulate the contest winners who get to come backstage. Show's at eight, we figure two encores, so we should

be done by ten-thirty, and outa' here by twelve-thirty or one. We'll pull into Springfield about twelve hours later. Any questions?"

He stopped and started at Marty. Marty was average height, rather intelligent, and one of the best road managers around.

"Marty, you tell me this shit every day at this time, and every day I say ok without hearing a word you say. I never know what's going on anyway, so why bother telling me?"

All Marty said was "Fine!", and began leading him to the door. "Drink your coffee, and when I open the door, smile." This was all the warning he got, and was suddenly shoved in front of a mob of media, all asking questions.

"Mr. Taylor, when's the new record coming out?"

"I don't know, I haven't asked it yet." Everyone laughs.

"Mr. Taylor, are the pictures Playgirl have of you real? Why would you pose nude, anyway?"

"The editor of Playgirl asked the same thing." Everyone laughs again.

"Mr. Taylor, you've been touring now for about eleven years, stopping mostly in the spring to record a new album. How long are you going to keep going like this?"

The question caught him off guard. He stopped and looked at the lady who asked it. Smart, pretty, adventurous and ambitious. Her red dress fit her perfectly, just tight enough to be professional yet sensual. He made a mental note to ask Marty who she was. The question was still unanswered however, and he stammered on an answer.

"Eleven years? Has it been that long? What year is this, anyway?"

Everyone took it as a joke, and laughed. He just stood there in thought, unbelieving what he had just heard. The rest of the questions were normal, and he answered them all without thinking. When it was all over, he found Marty.

"Marty, answer me a question without laughing, ok? What year is this?"

Marty answered slowly. "Well, B.T., it's 1987."

"1987?"

"Yes, 1987."

"Marty, how old am I?"

"You had a birthday last month, and you turned 38."

"Thirty-eight years old?"

"Yeah."

"Oh."

He didn't say anything, and just agreed with everyone to get through the day. Radio show, lunch, autograph show,

soundcheck, show, and back on the bus for the ride to wherever. As the bus pulled away, he could still hear people screaming his hane. It evoked images of the teenager he used to be, playing a cheap Sears guitar in those first smokey bars and halls of his amateur days.

"BIL-LEY!! BIL-LEY!! The cheers came through the window. He saw Marty walk by, and called out to him softly.

"Yeah, Billy?"

"Where was I today?"

## **As Trains Pass By** **by K. L. Davison** **dedicated**

Tonight

I sat in my car  
and watched as the train passed by,  
the blink, blink of the headlights  
on the cars across the track.  
I listened as the radio played songs  
and the rythmatic clackety, clack of  
the train wheels mixed into one  
and my mind drifted, not far,  
to you.

I remembered your face and thought  
"God, how I really miss you."

The train passed by  
and tears pooled in my eyes.  
I closed them tight  
because I promised myself  
I wasn't going to cry,  
not anymore.

But, I really do miss you.  
The end passed by  
and off into the distance,  
the red, flashing crossbars lifted  
and I couldn't cry now  
because I had to put the car in gear  
and go.

The light ahead was green  
and those behind me  
had places they needed to be.

## **'SOUTHERN DRY'**

The sun shines down,  
Down on the working men.  
Sweating in the fields,  
Praying for a rain.

A hot dry spell has covered the land  
And nobody knows when it'll break.

We hope it's soon though,  
'Cause we all know there ain't nothing  
Like a Southern dry spell.

People sure enough have died  
Down here when it's hot.

It also means no plants in the fields,  
No money in our pockets,  
And no food on our tables.

That's one of the reasons churches  
Are full during a dry spell.

The farmers pray for rain  
And, of course, God provides.

Listen. Can't you hear the thunder  
Rumbling off in the distance?

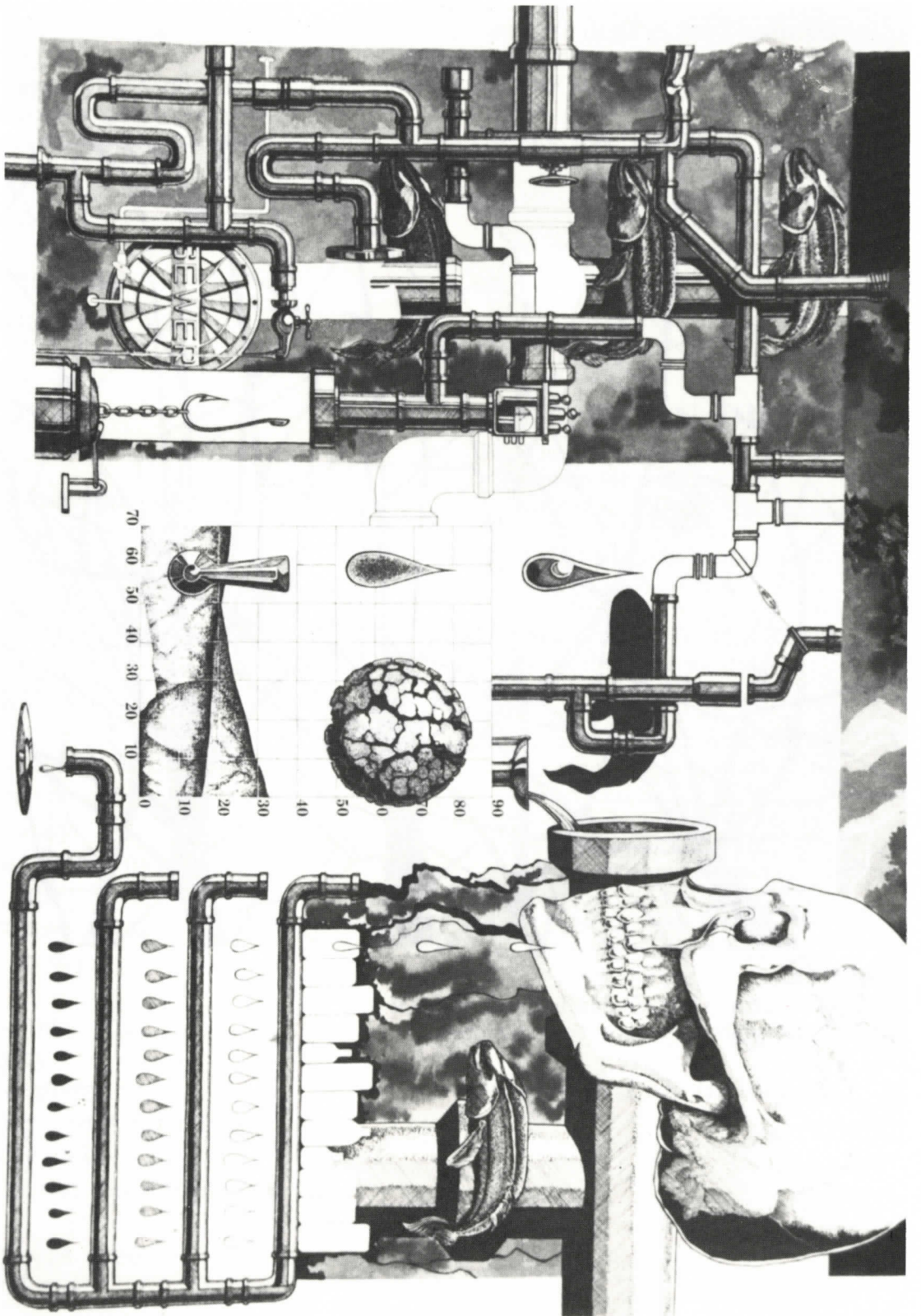
Even as I speak,

It looks like God's gonna end this Southern dry.  
Sure did take him long enough though.

*JONATHON LEE HAWKINS*



**Untitled**  
Brady Haston  
watercolor, india ink

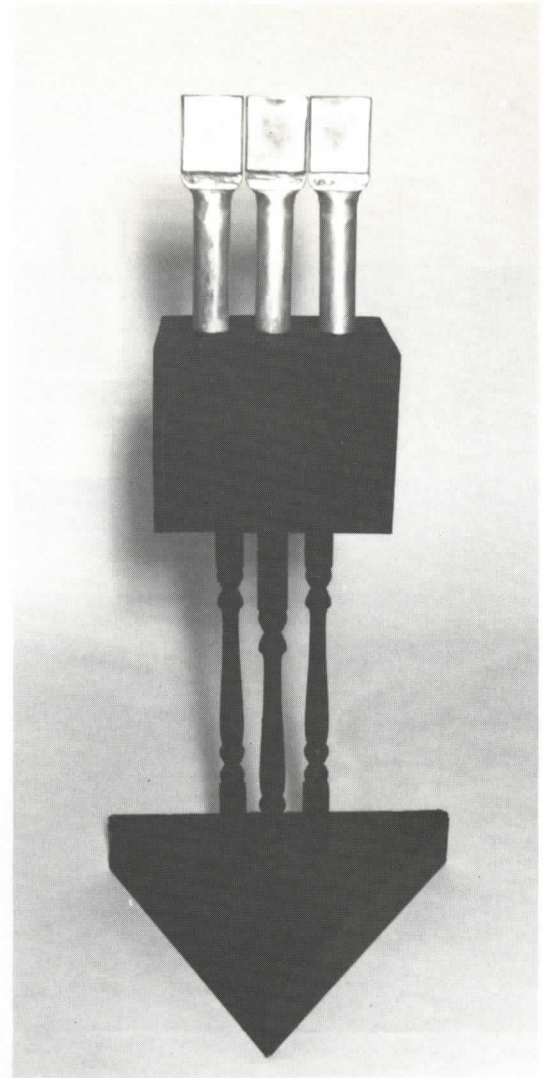


**"Last Resource"**  
 Taylor Bills  
 quill pen and ink



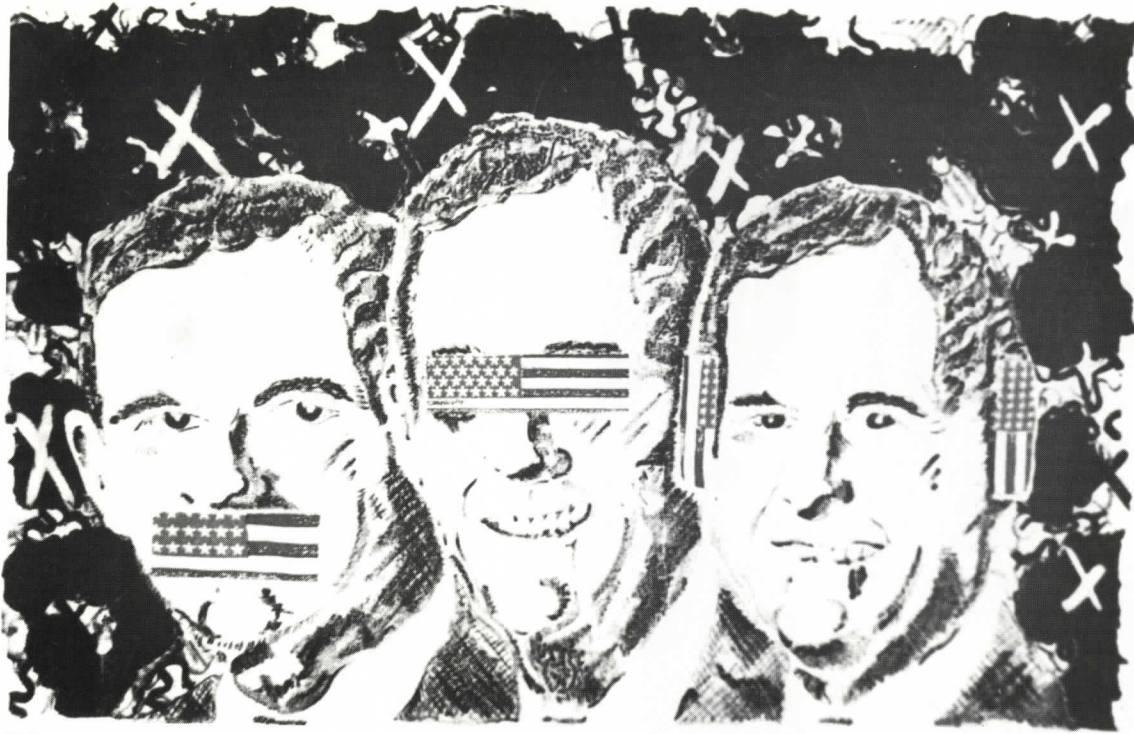
**Untitled**  
Vicki Terry  
oil on canvas

**"Three to One"**  
Greg MacLachlan  
aluminum, wood, acrylic

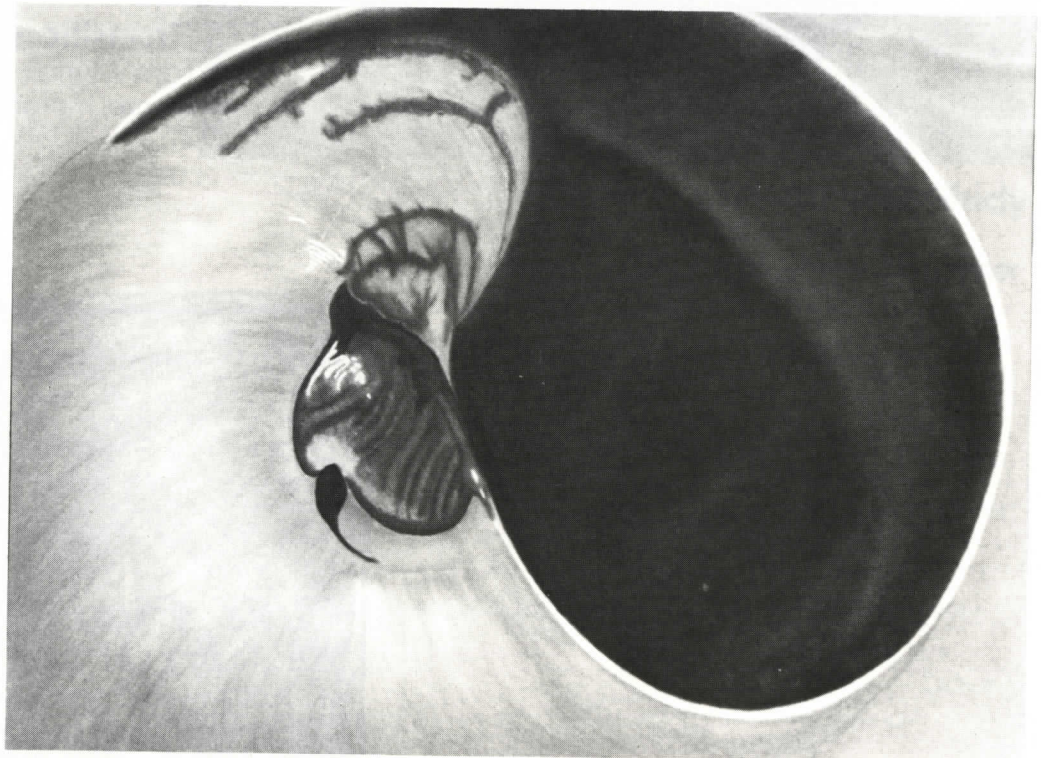


**Untitled**  
Vicki Terry  
ink wash





**"Fear No Evil"**  
Bobby Swope  
lithograph, silkscreen



**Untitled**  
Brady Haston  
nupastel



**"Transition"**  
Tom Myrick  
bronze, metal, walnut



**Untitled**  
Katie Stubblefield  
casted bronze



**Focal Point Study**  
Ken Davis  
mixed media on paper



**"Birdsong"**  
Tom Myrick  
oak, marble

had i missed you less  
i would not have noticed your absence  
as it stands  
i remember you gone  
but not leaving  
i remember you somewhere else  
not here  
and the fragile prayer  
consumed with distrust  
no loving left  
the dolls grown old-  
where did that light come from?  
that whisper of life  
that dream of hope  
how did i survive?

***Kathy Custer-Huettich***

## **SLEEP ENVY**

I lie awake  
    and watch  
        you sleep.

To you it comes, not me.

Your silence is my chaos,  
Your darkness my dread.

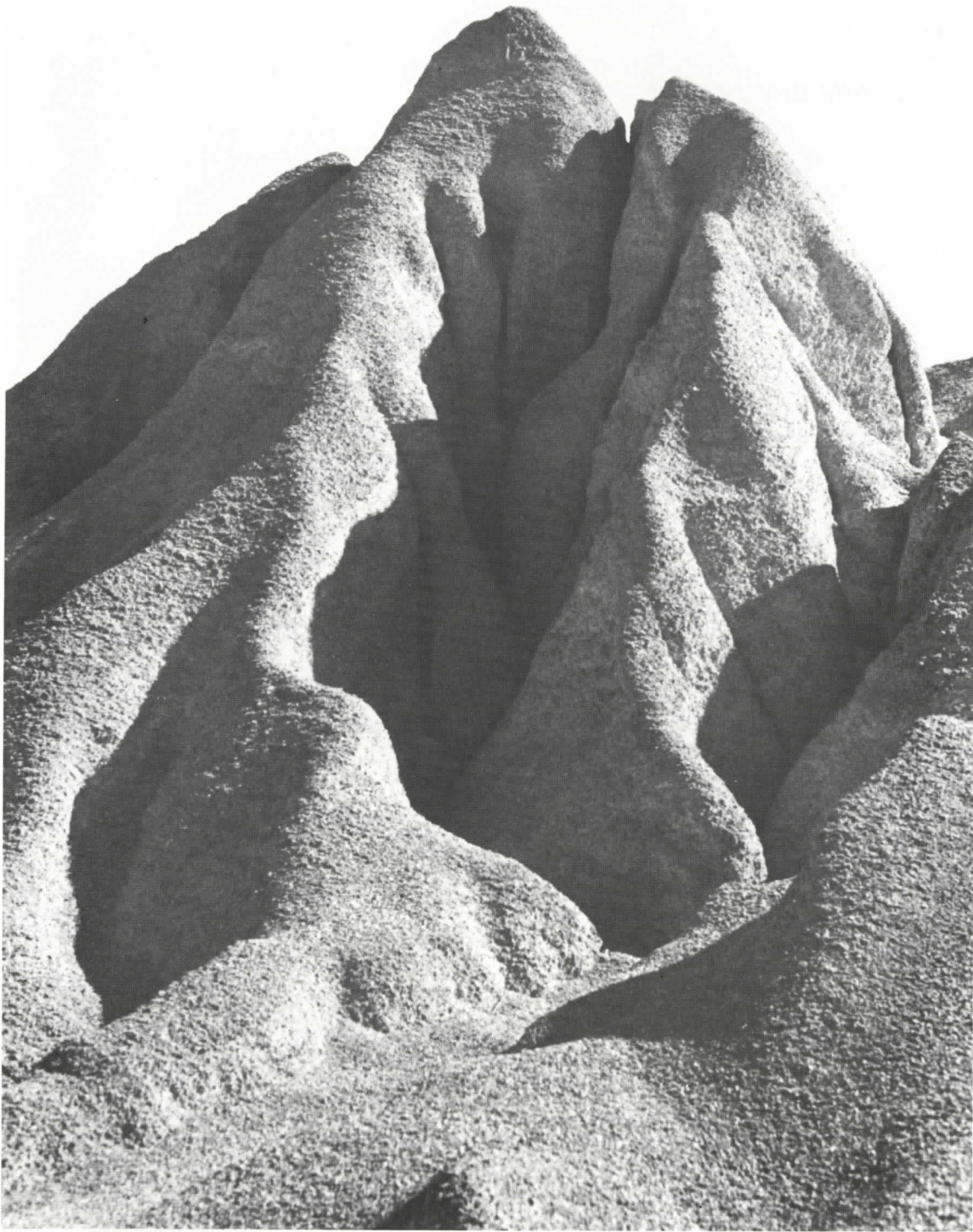
My head aches,  
Haunted by demons of my own creation.

The clock pounds, your breaths speak.  
Strangers emerge from the dark and perch outside the door.

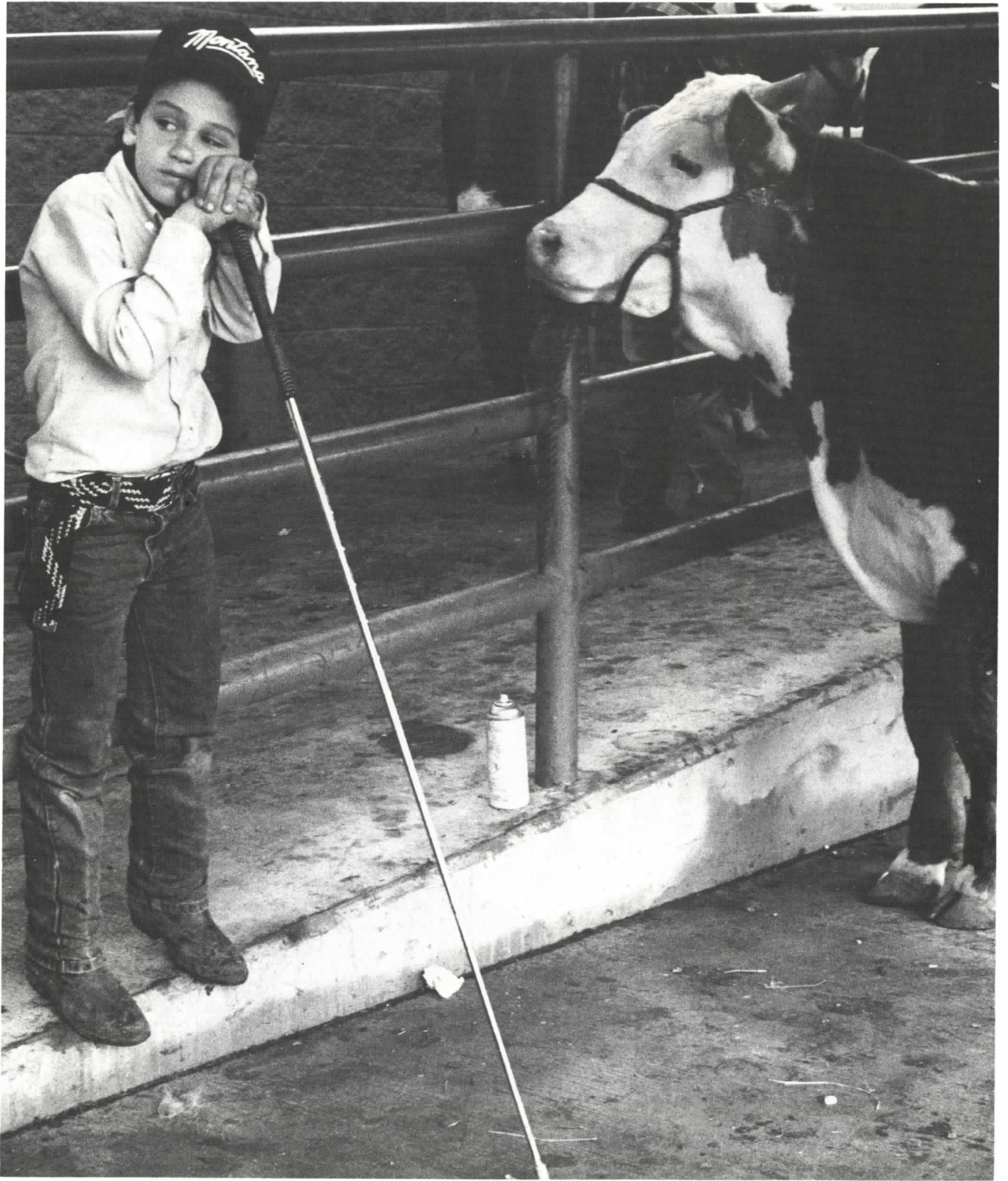
My thoughts collide.  
Confusion, fear, exhaustion.

I long  
    to be  
        inside  
            you.

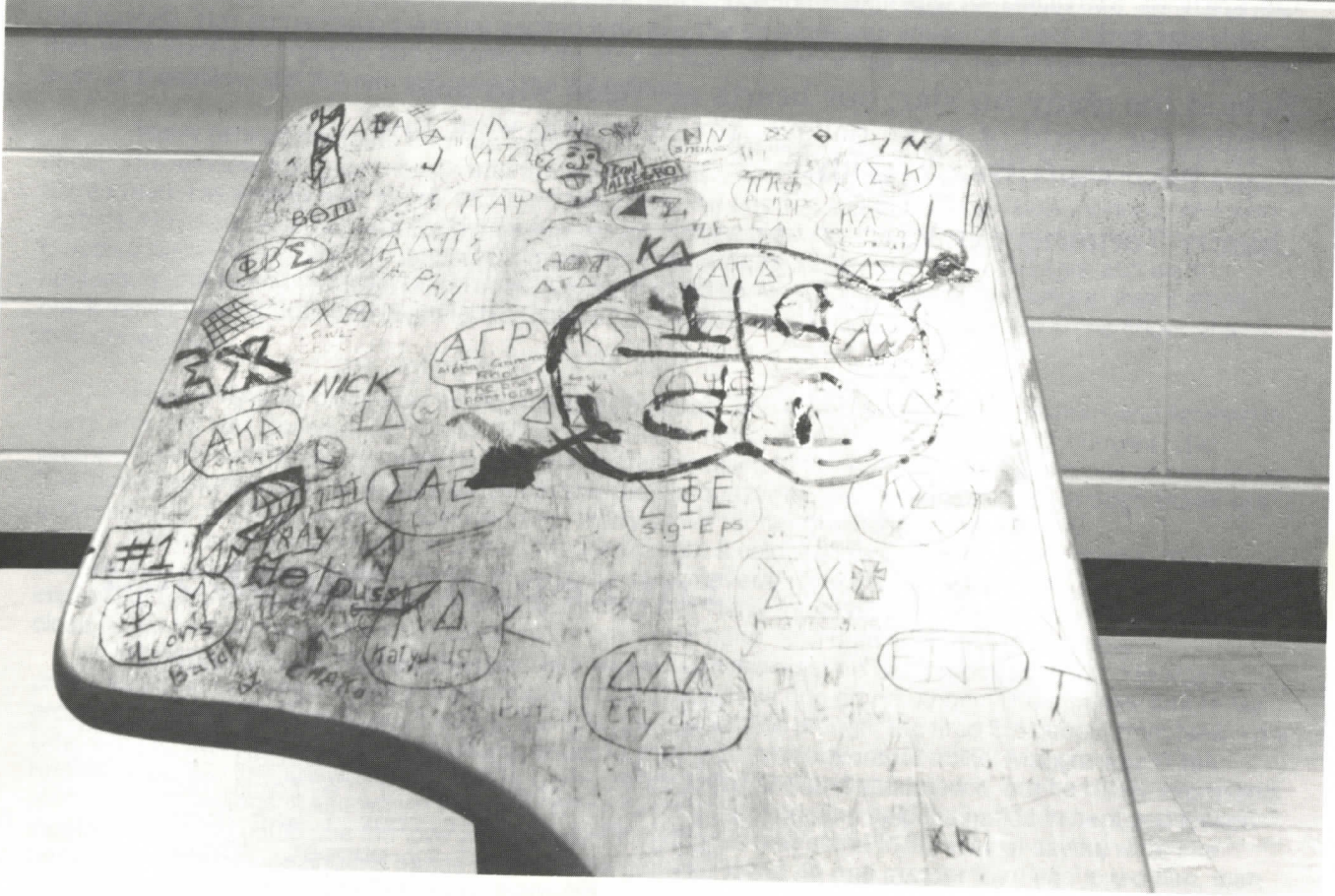
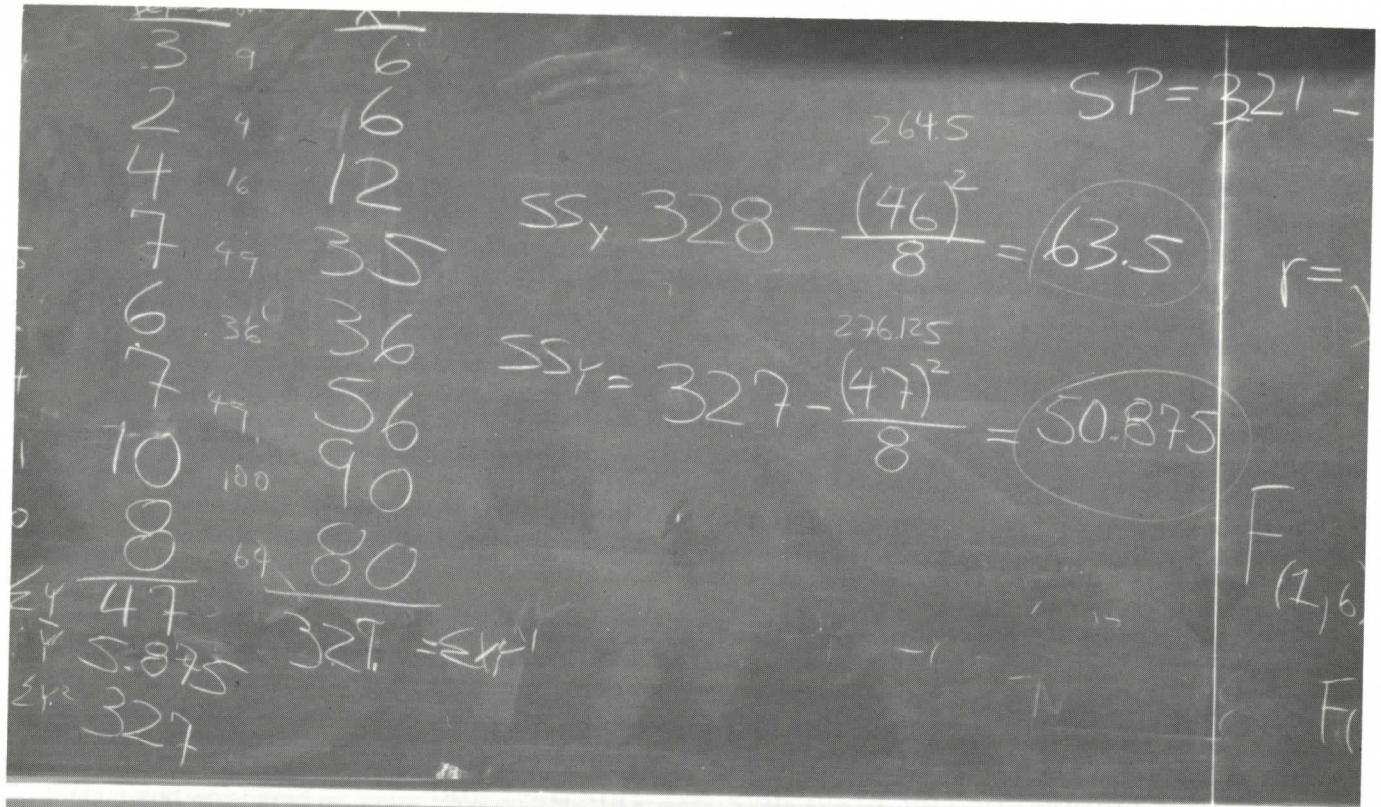
*Jean M. Gilchrist*



Untitled, Shelley Mays, Photograph



Untitled, David Harding, Photograph



"A Contradiction In Terms", Tim Nave, Photograph

## **Visions of Walt Whitman... As a Police Officer**

Peace and Disgust; Tranquility with Turmoil  
Faced with each simultaneously, they are intertwined to  
create reality

What I saw as a child, I do not see as a man  
What I believed as real became only half-truth

By the dirt roads along the super highway  
By the open fields into the crowded parking lot  
By the water's edge of the slime-banked lake into the  
suburbs whose curbs are trimmed into gold  
By the evergreen trail whose matted grass leads in the spotted  
fawn to the pot-holed streets which navigate the slums

Where the wealthy man is righteous and the ethnic is shun  
as evil

Where the teens fill neighborhoods with vehicular melodies  
and the child longs for the comfort of its bottle  
Where those who try to help are turned away without regret  
Or shot or stabbed or spit upon; ignored, ridiculed and'  
cursed

Behind the shiny tin star, our hearts are filled with pain  
Behind the world of make-believe, the men who wear blue  
have experienced reality.

*Jason Timothy Locke*

## **Intrepid Vagabond**

"We dig our substance, our range,  
and our mobility" they said.  
Then as a growing plant in a seasoned  
period of time they sprouted up  
into a larger than life form. And  
they were bigger, but I was smarter.  
"Lift your head my puppet, think  
well." We are all equal. We are  
all here together. We all have eaten  
from the same apple.

*Mark Roberts*



# THE VELVET BOX

by  
*Kelli Davison*

Cold November rains pelted his window and seemed to make everything outside run together. It reminded him of the glass windows that were in his dentist's office, the kind that made it look like a never-ending rain was falling from an unseen sky.

Sleep hadn't come easily the last couple of days, and dark rings were beginning to show beneath his eyes. He ran his hand through his short, blond hair and dry scrubbed his roughened cheeks. Grayness continued to spread and fall, and he just stared out at the brownstone across the street.

He wore faded 501's that fit a little tight and a simple button-up shirt. His hands were long fingered and masculine, and shook slightly as he raked them through his hair one more time.

The room he sat in was dark, lit only by a small lamp in the corner which huddled close to a huge chair. A television glowed opposite the chair, and TV images danced across the walls and reflected in the window. He watched them for a time without interest, then leaned back to watch the rain fall on the house across the street.

The night had grown late, and he had fallen asleep in the chair again. He did that quite often while reading, and usually woke a little disoriented to find himself in the chair instead of his bed. He could hear the rain falling outside, and before the opened his eyes, he could sense her. Tonight she had snuck down quiet as a cat and laid a blanket over him. She had curled herself into the corner of the couch opposite him, watching him sleep in the darkness. He could see her eyes, wide open and shining. Before he could even say a word, she was crouched on the floor in front of him, holding his hand in hers and stroking his palm with her delicate, little fingers. Gently she pulled him out of the chair and led him toward the bay window seats, all the while whispering to him and occasionally brushing her lips along his neck, that intimate warm place only lovers know. Her fingers caressed his chest in a circular motion, and softly she nuzzled his ear with her tongue and whispered his name. The only sound in the whole house was their breathing, her sighs and the rain outside. Her tremendous pleasure excited him, and the strength with which she held him to her when they were finished surprised and delighted him. And at last, with her in his arms, her breathing growing more even and shallow, and the rain still falling, he fell asleep.

Harry blinked the tears from his eyes and gathered his legs in his arms, hugging them close to his chest. The window had grown black with the stormy night and showed him nothing but the reflected image of a tired man. His energy was spent, and his body ached, he needed sleep, but even sleep tortured him with dreams. He knew what he must do, but he was afraid. Harry stared into the window again and saw the image reflected back. With a sigh, he uncurled himself from the window seats, turned out the light and went upstairs. In the top right drawer of his desk, shoved behind some special pictures and letters, was a small black velvet box his aunt had given to him before her death. It contained a ring, sized to fit the finger of a delicate woman.

Harry's favorite place was his Aunt Maggie's house. She was a wonderful old woman who listened to Harry and told him stories of her youth. When he came to her and poured out his heart of sorrows, she listened quietly and never interrupted. She would then sit down in front of him and tell him one of her stories. She never lectured, but her stories always answered his questions. Her lessons helped through break-ups and insecurity, frustration and excessive pride. Harry's love for her grew stronger every day.

Then came a bad winter, and Aunt Maggie caught a cold that soon turned to pneumonia. She refused to go to a hospital and insisted on in-home care. Several weeks went by with Maggie's condition first improving, then finally deterioration. It was a Saturday that Harry found his aunt ready to die. She pulled him close to her bed and placed a small black velvet box in his hand. She then told him her last story.

Harry's uncle, Jacob, had given her that little box on the night he had proposed to her. He was a proud man and she knew it was a great step when he placed this ring on her finger. The summer before his proposal, Maggie left Smalltown. It was at the little train depot that brought the tired old people from New York City, and departed with the restless young, eager to start their new adventure of life. Maggie wasn't the restless type, but she knew she just had to leave. Jacob loved her, and she knew it, but he rarely expressed his true inner feelings; it just wasn't his style. When her train arrived, she held his hands in hers and looked into his eyes. She could see the love and the pain of letting his fear stand in the way of saying what she needed to hear. Squeezing his hands she told him she had loved no one greater than she loved him, then kissing the palms of his hands she left him standing alone next to the station.

December came to New York, and with it the cold and snow. Late one evening, the phone rang; it was Jacob. He asked if she could come out and meet him in a small cafe on 43rd street. He bought her a cup of coffee and gave her that black velvet box. He placed the diamond on her finger and told her she was the first woman whose love had scared him, and he didn't realize until she was gone how much she really meant to him.

Aunt Maggie handed Harry the small box and told him, "When you find a woman whose love scares you, give her this."

Harry pulled his overcoat on around him, and stepped out into the rain. He walked down through the streets, and stopped in front of a tall brown bricked building. He looked up to the window, her window, and remembered the first time he walked her home.

It was New Year's Eve. Harry met her at his best friend's house; he was having a party. He introduced her to Harry as "the most beautiful single babe here." Even drunk he had good taste. She and Harry talked all evening. Then when the party started getting too loud, she asked him if he would like to come to her place. It was quieter and they could watch the ball drop in Times Square on her TV. The night outside was wonderful, cool and crisp. They decided it was a perfect night for a walk, even if it was fifteen blocks. By the time they reached her building, he felt like he had known her since...well, since forever. He had never talked to anyone who had so many things in common with him, her likes, her ideas; he just felt so comfortable with her. Time had gotten away from them, and just as they reached the door, a great roar from Times Square rose up. The countdown began, and at midnight, "Auld Lang Syne" broke from places all throughout the city. Jokingly, Harry held out his hand and asked her if she would like to dance. She smiled shyly and placed her small mitted hand in his. For that brief moment, the world passed them by, and nothing mattered but her eyes, her soft singing voice, and her warmth; it was pure magic.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks into months. Before long, he felt a closeness to her he had never felt with anyone else. He also felt scared. He wanted her to be a part of his life, but what part...he wasn't quite sure. So many things he wanted to accomplish, and responsibility to only himself made it so much easier. And yet, he kept coming back to her love. He couldn't understand her love for him, she always accepted his mistakes. He knew she was the one, but this very thought scared him so much.

It had been two weeks since she came to him with her news. She had been asked by her employer to consider a new job; in Denver. It would mean an increase in pay, but it also meant she must move, indefinitely, there.

He could see the pleading in her eyes. "Please ask me to stay, I could give it up for you, if you would just ask." He didn't have the courage. The words were on his tongue, but his fear blocked him from saying anything at all. She took Harry's hands, kissed his palms and then held them to her cheeks.

She closed her eyes, and smiled as she felt his warmth. He could see her eyes move beneath her eyelids, as if following every memory in her mind. The moments they shared. She hummed lyrics from the songs they danced to, she moved as she felt his fingers gliding gently over her skin, caressing her shoulders, her neck; savoring the softness of his whispering voice; his laughter; his smile; and a little smile played on her lips as she remembered his hesitance to say "I love you." The times he fell asleep in her arms. At last she opened them, and with tears brimming her eyes, she took his left hand, again kissed the palm and placed it on her heart. She raised her eyes to him and pleaded one more time, then let one single tear fall.

Since then he'd lost track of the days, he couldn't remember when she was supposed to leave. Was it a week, two, he didn't know. If only he could have said what she needed to hear, what he needed to say. Please God, he prayed, don't let it be too late, don't let it all be lost, let her be home.

As he opened his eyes, he saw there was a light shining in her window. Harry knew just what he would do. He would sweep her into his arms, run his hands through her long, golden red hair, hold her face in his hands and look deeply into her blue eyes. Then slowly, he would kiss her velvet soft lips, gently drawing her closer in his arms, feeling her warmth and security, run his hand down her back until it reached the perfect small curve, and here he would spread his fingers and squeeze with a small strength, then slowly, slowly, he would pull her face away and lightly kiss the tip of her nose.

He could no longer contain his excitement. He raced up the steps, all three flights of them, to her door. It was here, and only until he reached her door, that he took the time to catch his breath. While leaning against the wall next to the door, he ran through all the things he would say. Finally it was too much and he just simply knocked on the door, calling her name. After a few seconds and no answer, Harry began to worry. Surely she wasn't in bed already, besides she wouldn't leave the light on. He pulled out his keys and hesitated. He stared at the key and remembered when she had proudly handed it to him. Then without thinking twice, he shoved the key in the slot.

Harry had never seen such an empty room. Everything was gone and bare. It was like all that he had known no longer existed. He had never felt such an empty, sinking, scared feeling. He staggered into the room on shaky legs, turning round and round and finally ending up next to the fireplace. All emotion broke loose. His legs turned to mush and he simply sank to the floor with his legs stuck straight out in front of him. Leaning his head back against the wall, Harry closed his eyes tight to stop the flow of tears. Drawing his legs up in his arms, and hugging them close to his chest, he watched as the blank wall across from him became a

screen of memories. Warm spring days in the park, walking hand in hand. Chasing her through the trees after she daintily stole the hat from a-top his head. Tackling her and softly falling to the earth, rolling on the grass, pinning her beneath his body and threatening to beat her, then passionately kissing her. The nights in front of the fireplace with only one blanket, the early morning walks in the park with her, even just the nights watching the TV. Everything, everything gone.

Finally Harry lifted his head, and let the tears dry on his cheeks. Gathering his legs beneath him, he stood. He put his hands deep in the pockets of his coat, and silently stared all around the room. Then pulling his hand out of his pocket, he held out the black velvet box. Opening it he looked at the ring sized to fit the finger of a delicate woman. He let out a great sigh and shudder as again he held back the tears from forming in his eyes. Then, carefully closing the lid, he placed the box on the mantle of the fireplace. He let his fingers linger on the box a moment longer, foolishly hoping that she had forgotten something and...no that would never happen. So, turning his back, Harry walked away, pausing only once to turn out the light and shut the door.

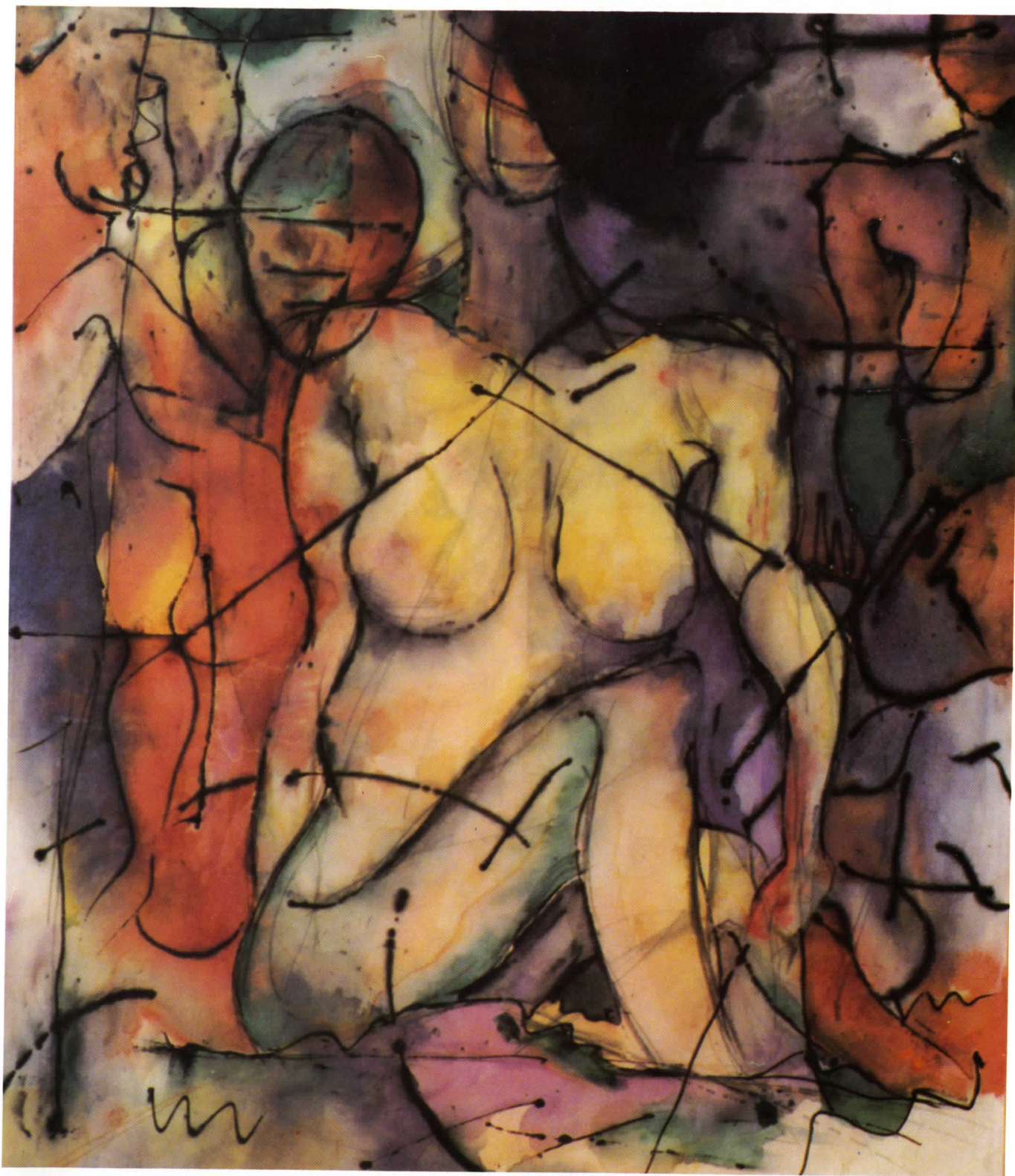
## **1990 - 2 hype time**

**Vogue, Madonna and her striking bras,  
Fighting turtles, Miata cars.  
Pretty women walking down the street,  
With mini-skirts and L.A. feet.  
Dick Tracy and Warren Beatty return,  
While Janet's Rhythm's ask us to learn.  
President Bush, a most popular man,  
Rap music gains many new fans.  
MC Hammer reaches the top,  
A first for rap, a first for pop.  
Lyrics, lyrics they're getting nastier,  
Mike Tyson is not longer the master.  
Dan Rather stands in the rating's war,  
Southern Baptists to divide once more.  
Bill and the Cosby's fall from grace,  
Bart and the Simpson's take their place.  
The Bundy's, the Bundy's of course we all love'em,  
And with Arsenio Hall, Fox has them buzzing.  
Marla topples Trump's empire,  
Ivana leaves, Ivana desires.  
New Kids, New Kids, it's all you hear,  
Step By Step, one hundred million a year?  
Twin Peaks intrigues with its misty plot,  
Laura Palmer was killed, then David Lynch was hot.  
Earth Day went and came like lightning,  
April 22nd, are we still recycling?  
You may think it's funny how I've rhymed all these rhymes,  
But the memories are here, it's 1990 2 hype time!**

**JONATHON LEE HAWKINS**



**"Leaf III"**  
Chris Bassò  
pastel on paper



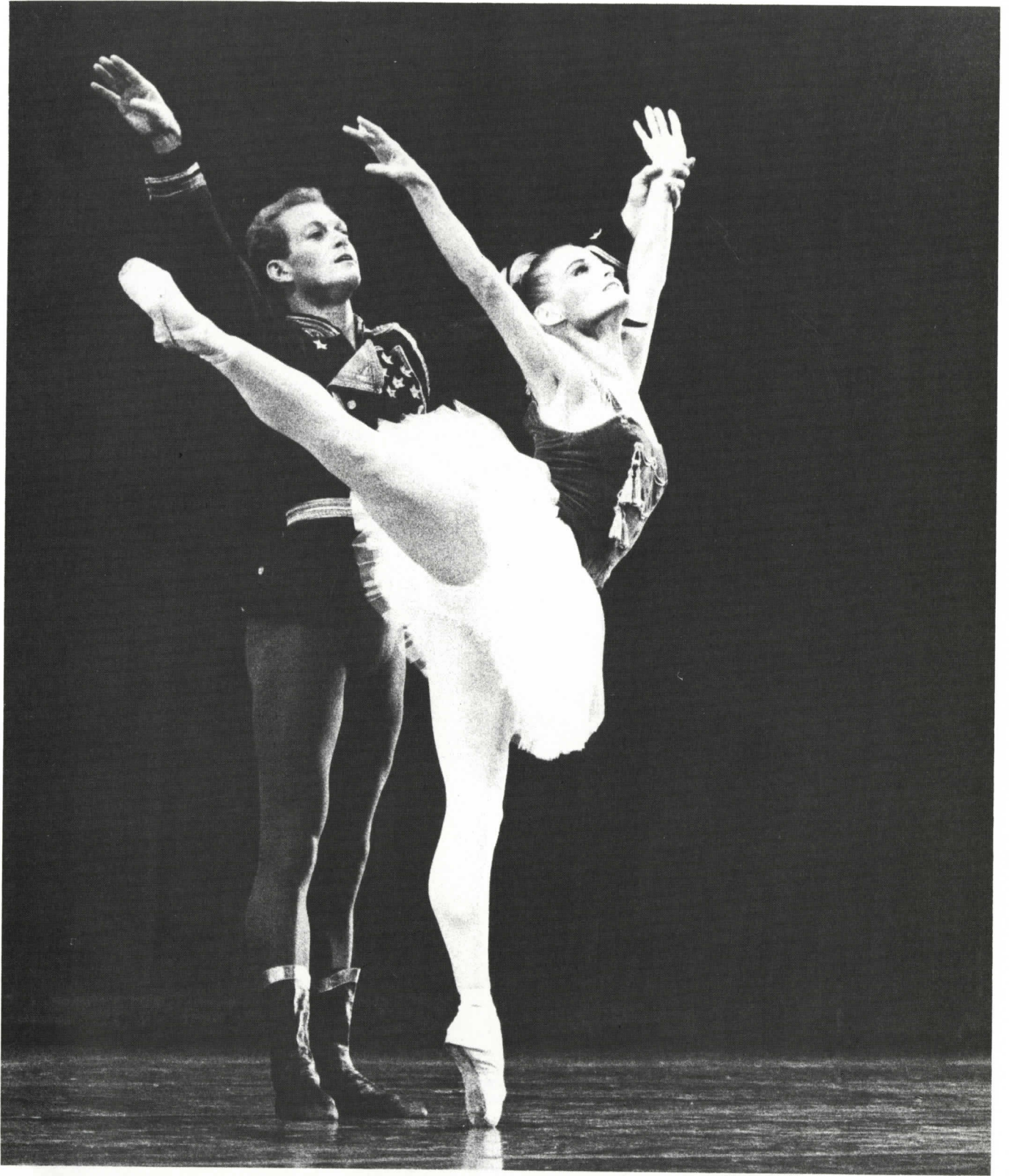
**Untitled**  
Katie Stubblefield  
mixed media on cloth



Untitled, Carl Lambert, Photograph



Untitled, Adam Schmak, Photograph

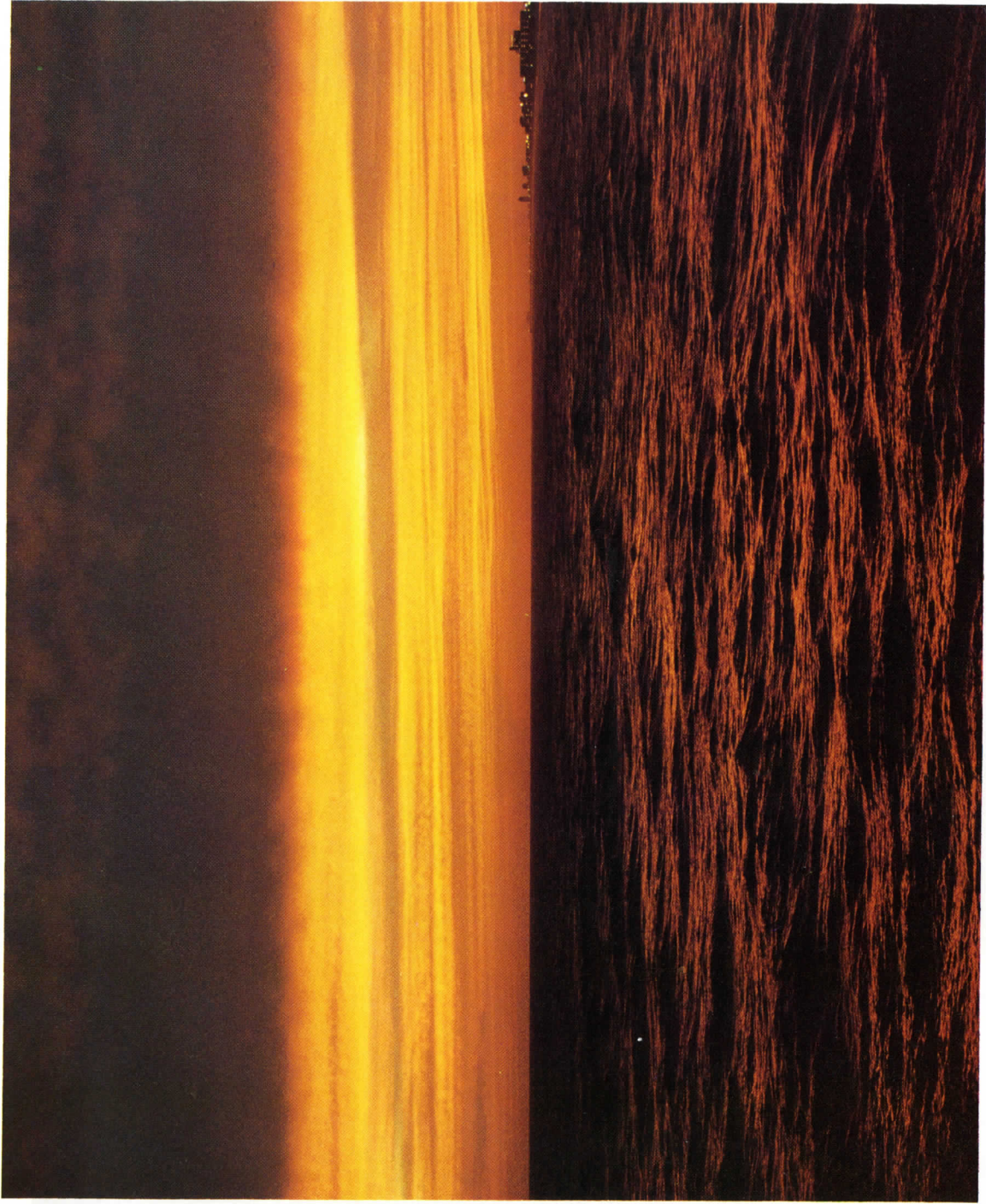


Untitled, Tim Nave, Photograph

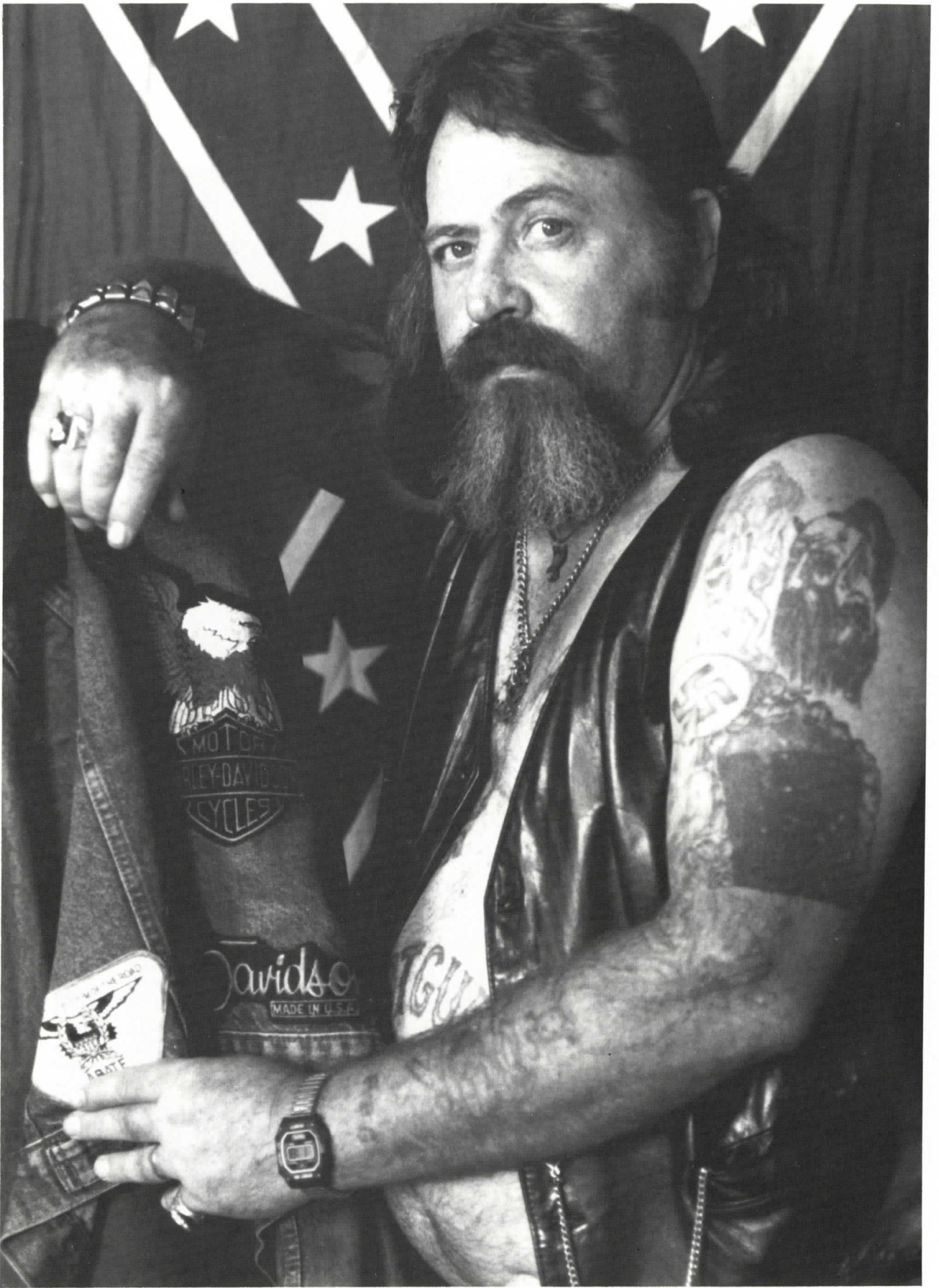


Untitled, Carl Lambert, Photograph





"Fire in the Sky", Stumpy Binder, Photograph



Untitled, Mary Helen Comer, Photograph

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