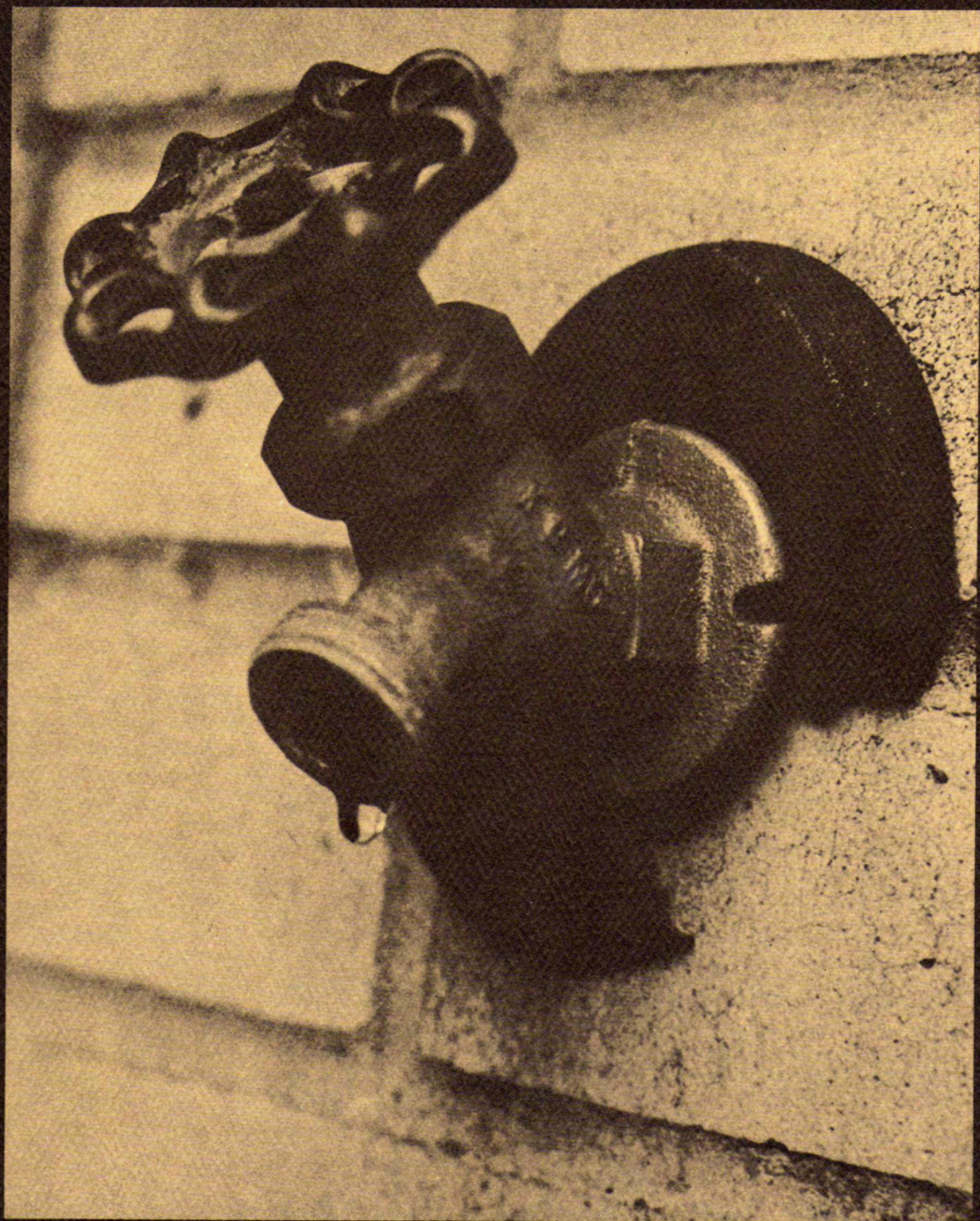


The Thing Itself



THE THING ITSELF

Volume XI

"Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare forked animal as thou art."

King Lear, III, iv.

According to the theories of the "New Criticism," a work of art can be comprehended without knowledge of the artist's identity or background; hence the work of art is a thing in itself.

The Thing Itself Staff for 1981-82

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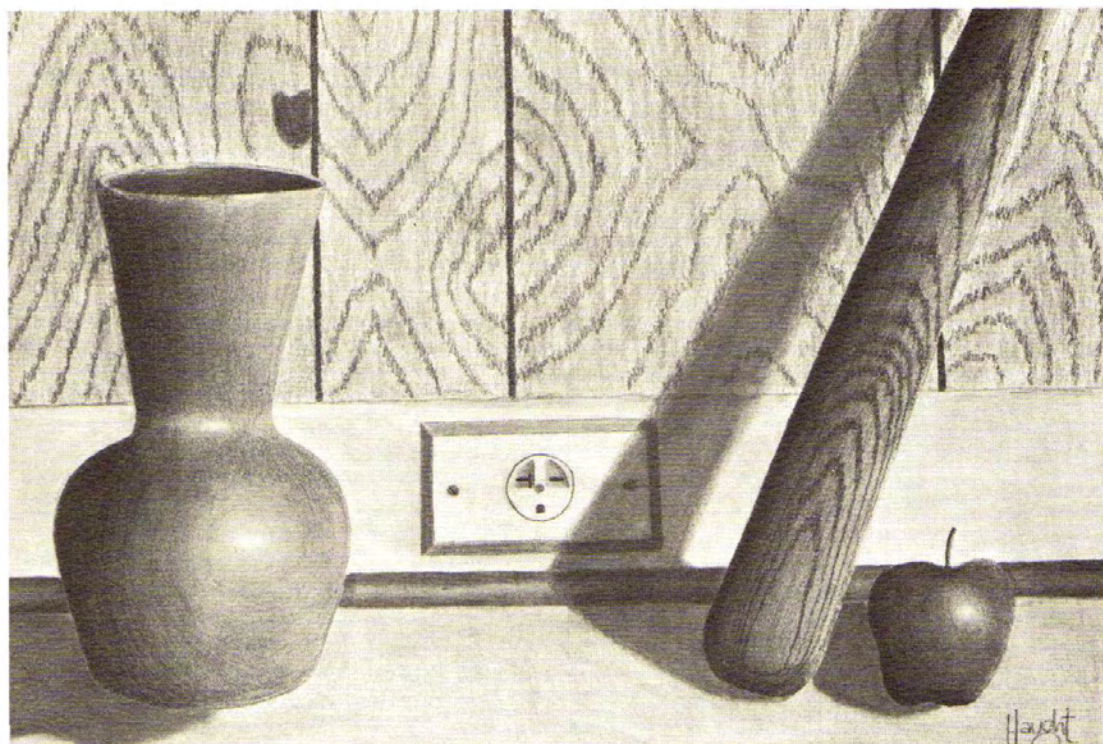
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IWC, Literary Editor
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OLLU, Faculty Adviser
St.MU, Faculty Adviser
IWC, Faculty Adviser

Prize winners from each school were chosen by judges from the respective schools.

Printing by Crumrine, Inc., San Antonio

Cover photo-- The Drip Second Place, Art, Ruth E. Wise, OLLU



James Haught

Harcourt Street

"Get out of the street you no good brats!" screamed the old man in the green Cadillac. We just laughed, pretending to throw our baseball bats at his clean, shiny vehicle. I can't remember if we laughed in delight at annoying this man, or at the imagination of how angry he would be if we really did smash his beautiful car. Eventually he drove on and we continued our baseball game, as we always did when interrupted by passing cars.

We argued and screamed at each other until an old, dilapidated buggy putted its way down the block, coughing "London Bridges" or "Mary Had a Little Lamb" from its speaker and smoke from its muffler. The second we spotted it, all arguments stopped. We threw our bats and gloves to the ground and raced toward the vehicle, one hand waving wildly to the hippie who drove it and the other hand rummaging through our back pockets for a quarter. The long haired, lanky teenager always grinned as he pulled out fudgesicles, nutty buddies, and ice-cream sandwiches from the small freezer in the back of the buggy. Sometimes, he even let us keep our quarters! We all sat cross-legged on my front lawn, ice cream dripping from our chins and staining our tee shirts. No one complained-not even the hippie ice-cream man when we giggled at his fudge coated beard and his sticky blue jeans.

Times have changed, though, since the days when a mob of eager ten-year olds dominated the street with baseball bats and fudgesicles. Eight years ago, Harcourt Street was a safe village for carefree adolescents. Now, it is merely a temporary pit stop for rushing young adults, who act and feel ten years older than they actually are. As the sun goes down on this Sunday afternoon, I see Nacho speeding down the block in his shiny Monte Carlo, Lucy hovering over her two year old son (who will soon have a baby brother or sister), Alice darting home to fix dinner for her husband, and Cindy going on her first date since her divorce. One by one, my childhood buddies dash by me, no one stopping to talk or turning to wave; no one taking the time to notice me as I sit cross-legged on my front lawn, clutching a rusty baseball bat in one hand and a quarter in the other, waiting faithfully for the ice-cream man and the next baseball game

Vivian Davis, IWC

"Poppa"

Once, when I was a little girl, maybe eight or nine, my father took me on an outing. My father tended barges - and to get to his work, he left at five in the morning. This was my outing - up at four a.m...tea was on the stove heating in a white enamel pot. Poppa was slicing Momma's bread and cooking peppers and eggs for our lunch. It was April and it was cold. We drank our tea, ate some bread and butter, and started on our journey. I was so happy - I had never gone out alone with my father. We walked six blocks, and then caught a bus. I had no idea where we were going but Poppa knew. We rode for a long time and we got off and walked and walked through long streets and over railway tracks. Suddenly we stopped walking at one corner and then a trolley car came by. We boarded it.

As I look back now, I know why I never talked to Poppa or asked him any questions. This was such and adventure for me! I was seeing places I had never seen, and I knew it was no use to talk - or question Poppa. After a very long time, Poppa reached up and pulled the cord over a window and the trolley car stopped. We got off and again we walked and walked. The air was warmer now. I took off my coat still clinging onto that calloused hand that clutched mine so tightly. Suddenly I could smell the water, and over a small rise in front of me were the barges and the sea. As I look back now I think there were three of them-long, low in the water, and bare. We turned to a small shed-like building to the left and out came Uncle Joey. He waved and said: "Hey, Tony! and who's that? Is that you, Maria?" I was so happy! We all went into the shed and its smelled warm. Coffee was bubbling in a pot and all around was the aroma of garlic, wine and tomatoes. It was just like home. Uncle Joey left then and Poppa told me we had to go and do his work. As much or as little I had known of my father, I had never pictured him in the role he played that day. We got into a small rowboat and Poppa rowed us to the first barge. Poppa was a very small man, but he had strong hands. Along side the first barge we stopped. He reached down and lifted me out of the boat with one hand, and with the other hoisted a large satchel up on the deck of the barge. As he put me down, he looked at me sternly and warned: "OK, play on da boat, but don't go near da edge, watch out you don't fall in da water." But all I did was follow him as he did his work-pumping out he pilges, cleaning the quipment, coiling the ropes and oiling the jimmys. I was awed. Poppa had assumed a position in my eyes he never had before. When he finished, without a word he lifted me in one arm, his satchel in the other, and down we went into the rowboat. The same routine was followed on the other barges; then we got into the rowboat and Poppa rowed to shore.

The sun on my back was hot now. I took off my sweater and looked at my father rowing. I don't believe we had said more than twenty or thirty words the whole time were were together-maybe six or seven hours-but never before, or never again did I ever really feel as close to Poppa as I did that morning so long ago.

**Maria Whalen, IWC
First Place, Prose**

we touched
And the softness of
Your feathered breast
Tingled warmly as
Your tiny life
Struggled under
The heaviness of
My hand.

Michelle McGann, St.MU

the china doll
brushed from the shelf by a careless duster
lies waiting in pieces
(with nothing else to do)
for someone to put her back together.

screaming soundlessly
begging to be heard
her tears mingle with a laughter
that does not fit
into a scheme of loneliness:
a painful privilege earned.

beren gaule , OLLU
First Place, Poetry



Mary Pohlmann

I Want

I want some ice cream today, Right Now!
I want to go to the park today, Right now!
I want you to push me on the swings, Real High!
I promise I'll hold on tight.
But just when I get really high,
I'm afraid.
I'm afraid you'll sneak off...
I'll come down with a crash,
And my ice cream will melt.

Stephanie Counter, OLLU

Carey

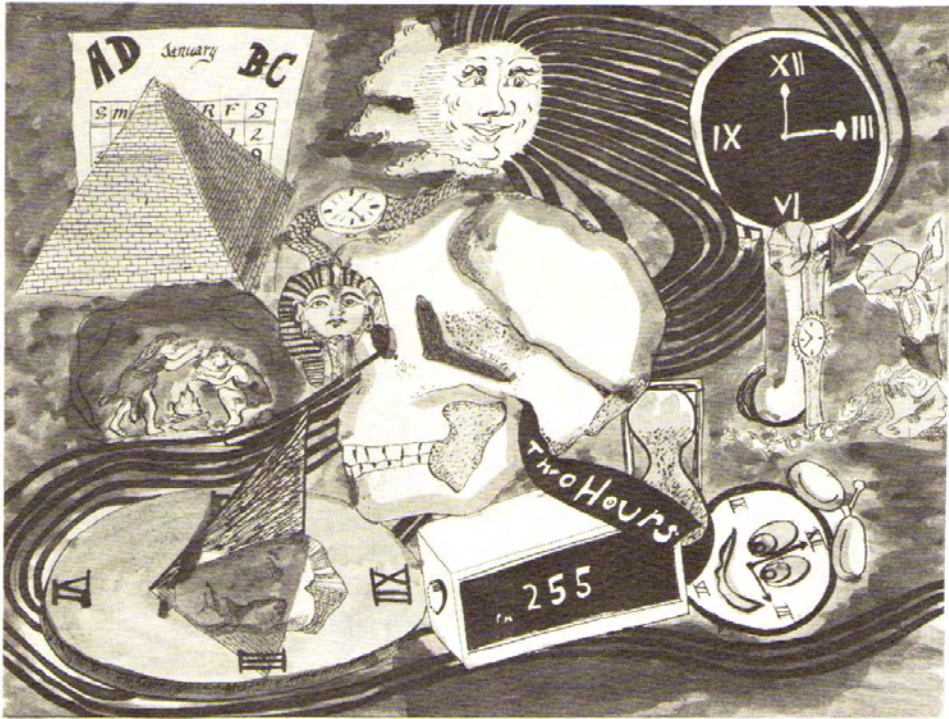
Watery eyes
 glistening,
Peek under bangs
 long and shaggy
 At one laughing
Softly under his breath. Still

Peeking
 she lowers tiny
hands from wet eyes,
 lifting
 a pale damp face to
cool air.

A smile
 shy and brief.

Large warm hands
 capture
Small thin ones
 turning
 towards the playground

**Cheryl Lee, IWC
Second Place, Poetry**



Patricia Jimenez Valdez, St.MU
First Place, Art

The Butterfly Chair Travels

Arriving home I wander through
 the winding hallway that leads me to
 A room with four walls and a carpet of gold,
 nostalgic prints and a trunk of old.
 Beside the window, I take my seat,
 adjust my pillows and bare my feet.
 The orange butterfly chair can take me away to
 the English coastline and the smell of spray.
 The journey continues, the sights are new,
 fantasies majestic, disappointments few.
 Roman orgies and seductive looks
 are not only words written in books.
 Fields of heather, mountains of snow
 indescribable terror I will never know,
 From above the clouds, I look down and see
 a girl in a butterfly chair who is me.
 She will never remember all she has seen,
 the details, the people, the places she's been.
 They all wash away like writing in the sand
 when she rubs her eyes with the back of her hand.
 Tomorrow, again, she will settle down deep
 into the butterfly chair to venture forth and sleep.

Karen Eley, IWC

Stormy Weather

Outside, the harsh winds blew, the heavy rains poured, and the heavenly music boomed throughout the mighty night.

Inside, Martita lie in bed with the soft, safe, secure smell of her favorite winter blanket gently wrapped around her little girl body. She pulled her blanket up over her face to ward off the evil, ugly, dangerous demons that ran around inside her mind as she heard the thunder roaring loud, and she saw the lightning flashing like a big white cloud outside her bedroom window. Darkness surrounded her and scariness prevailed all around the room. But she was protected from all that was evil, by her sweet smelling blanket that cradled her into falling asleep.

Martita's mother lie in bed awake at night staring around the room, thinking of what was wrong and right, until it all turned hazy and she could feel the gloom. Then she wished that sleep would come and all her thoughts would flee, but everything just stayed the same, until her eyelids closed and she could no longer see.

Throughout the night she awoke in sleepless thoughts of horrors that would not soon be washed away by the budding of a new day. A lonely night spent with no warmth from her husband whose life revolved around him. He satisfied himself by means of liquor and maybe even with ladies of the night.

Naked to herself in the mirror she stood witnessing the beauty of her body. She longed for it to be adored, caressed, massaged, and tenderly touched. Yet her yearnings were meaningless, for there was no one there for her as the lights dimmed and finally the electricity went out. Suddenly the shiny, satin sheets felt colder than ever.

"Open up," shouted Martita's father as he loudly banged on the front door.

Upon being awakened by the boisterous rumpus outside, Martita sat up in bed and heard the door bell ringing repeatedly, interrupted only with shouts of, "Open up!" Martita immediately recognized her father's voice and wondered what was happening. As if in answer to her questioning thoughts, she heard him shout from outside.

"Open up. I forgot my keys."

Martita remained upright and alert. She noticed that the storm outside had ended, but the one inside the house was just about to begin. She could hear her mother getting up from her bed, opening the bedroom door, and the sound of slippers sliding along the hallway to the front door. Martita heard the front door knob being unlocked, the latch being unhooked, and then she faintly overheard her mother and father talking.

"Shh, be quiet, or you'll wake up Martita. It's already three o'clock."

"I forgot my keys," he stuttered while bending over to kiss his wife.

"You're drunk!" she said while retreating.

"Yes, and you're not," he said throwing his head back and letting out a thunderous bolt of laughter.

"Be quiet," she whispered loudly.

"O.K.," he said stumbling to the bathroom.

"Where were you?" she demanded following behind him.

"Somewhere...oh yeah, at Mando's," he said as he closed the bathroom door.

"Ay, ay, ay, ay, *canta y no llores...*" he began singing at the top of his lungs.

"Please, Martita's asleep. I don't want her to wake up," she pleaded as she opened the bathroom door and saw her husband standing in front of the toilet with his pants down.

Upon seeing her, he immediately lunged towards her and threw himself on her.

"Stand up," she said heaving him up.

"I love you," he mumbled as he tried again unsuccessfully to kiss her.

"Stop it," she demanded firmly.

"You're such a fuddy-duddy," he snickered as he leaned against the bathroom wall.

"And you're just a drunk," she retorted.

"Well at least I'm not a prude," he countered back, "maybe that's why I have to go out and get drunk to try and forget what a frigid wife I have."

"You're so insensitive," she said bitterly fighting back the tears, "why did you even bother coming back home?"

"This is my home, and I'm going to sleep in my bed and if you don't like it--leave," he stated forcefully.

"You're the one who should leave us alone," she stammered through sobs and tears.

Words, words, words, they're nothing more than mere mortal words, yet words have meaning and words have feeling. Sometimes words get in the way of love. Sometimes they pave the path with purpose and pleasure. Sometimes they are the stumbling stones of sorrow and sadness. Sometimes they are the bridges of beauty and bliss before and after a lingering kiss. Sometimes they are the boulders of bitterness and blight before and after a terrible fight.

"Mommie," a frightened voice shouted.

"Go back to sleep Martita," requested her mother walking to her daughter's bedroom.

"See what you've done now?" she said accusingly to her husband.

Martita's mother opened the bedroom door and was stricken with the sight of Martita huddled against the bedpost tightly embracing her stuffed toy, Pooh Bear. She quickly went over to the bed, and warmly hugged her daughter who by now was crying loudly with tears rolling down her face.

"Why are you and Daddie fighting?"

"Shh, shh, everything's O.K. mijita," she tried to assure her scared daughter.

"I don't like you and Daddie fighting," she stated emphatically.

Martita loved them both. She loved her Mommie. She loved her Daddie.

She loved the ticklish sensation of her father's 5 o'clock shadow, stubbly whiskered cheek brushing against her cheek as she ran up to meet him, greet him, hug him, and kiss him when he came home after a hard day's work.

She loved the comforting, soothing voice of her mother's prayers over her while she lay in bed, and her magical touch as she blessed her with her fragile, feminine fingertips while making the sign of the cross on her forehead, heart, shoulders, and lips. Amen.

"I know mija, and I'm sorry. Now go back to sleep, everything's going to be just fine," she said reassuring her daughter.

"But Mommie..."

"Shh, shh," she whispered while taking Martita's head and gently placing it on her shoulder as she rocked back and forth trying to soothe away the pain, the hurt, and the fright.

Noticing that her daughter's tense body was beginning to loosen up she started humming a sweet and low lullabye.

After a while Martita lay asleep in her mother's arms. Her mother placed her on the bed, tenderly covered her little girl body, and then placed a small kiss on her forehead as she whisked Martita's light brown hair away from her face.

"**En el nombre del Padre, del Hijo y del Espirito Santo. Amen,**" she said softly while making the sign of the cross over Martita.

She whispered, "**Que Dios te cuide, mijita,**" with a lump in her throat as she left her daughter's bedside.

Before closing the bedroom door she turned around to see Martita's angelic face in a peaceful, tranquil sleep.

Martita's mother walked over to the kitchen and poured herself a cup of coffee. She sat down at the kitchen table.

There were times like these when she heard her thoughts scream out and tell her that she was a fool for loving him the way that she did. But her heart shouted for all to know that if loving him was foolish then she was glad she was a fool. She laughed a little sadly, and happily cried because he was the one she would always love.

She rinsed her coffee cup.

Tonight the clouds hung low, but tomorrow the sun would shine. Tonight the rains poured hard, but tomorrow the birds would chirp. Tonight her heart felt heavy, but tomorrow her spirits would soar.

She walked back to her bedroom.

That night he saw her in black and white, while she saw him in color.

Sugar and spice and everything nice when she rolled over and touched him and told him come in, as she played in him the many melodies of the thunder volts and lightning bolts.

Snakes and snails and puppy dog tails when he rolled over and touched her and told her to come, as he played in her the various rhythms of the pounding of the rain.

Together they splashed down and spilled over into another magical moment in time and in space.

Morning brought the chirping of the birds, and the brilliance of sunshine, shadows, safety and security.

They loved each other, but it wasn't the kind of love you see in the movies or the kind you read in

novels. Theirs was the kind of love real people have. Theirs was not the kind of love that is seen, but rather the kind that is felt. Theirs was not the kind of love that is heard, but rather the kind of love that is speechless and doesn't need words.

He loved her and he knew he would always love her.

She loved him and she knew she would always love him.

Martita was running outside playing her many games of make believe, her father was working outside fixing the car's muffler, and her mother was sitting inside in the living room looking out through the picture window.

Looking out beyond the picture window she could see a finely tuned harp playing the melody of her life. She sat and stared in amazement and awe as she saw each finely tuned string being plucked by a lovely, lonely Lady, wrapped in a thin, soft gossamer flowing robe that swayed to the tune of the melody of her life. The Lady never turned. She could not see. She could only hear the harmony and discord of a melody no one but Her was ever meant to hear. But there sat Martita's mother in deathly silence, spying if it were, and overhearing the sounds of her life unfold their wings and fly away.

Marian Casillas, OLLU
Second Place, Prose

**Advice, A Poem in the Manner
Of Erica Jong, Poetic Sorceress Supreme**

Garbed in the Black of Night
The Wicked Witch of the West
Was at her Best.
Her Phallic Poulaines*
Floated her across the Ground
As she came to a Girl's Aid
And said,
"Don't be Sad.
Wear this Patch of Lavender,**
Consecrated to Venus
and your Man's Penis,
Next to your Mound.
In 28 days your Thighs
Will feel his Thighs
As he Sighs "I love you."
But That alone won't do.
He will be yours Forever.
Do you understand, my dear?
He will be yours Forever."
The Girl lowered her Head.
"I shall not Fear.
I am prepared to Suffer,"
Was all she Said.

*The **poulaine** is a long-toed shoe introduced in France during the eleventh century. In paintings and fantastic illustrations, the poulaine is often associated with the witch. From Erica Jong's **Witches**.

If a man or woman pins lavender to their underwear, near the genitalia, it is said by the French to make them sexually irresistible. From Erica Jong's **Witches.

Miguel Alvarado, IWC
First Place, Poetry



The Poison Tree

Richard Vosman, S.M., St. MU

Haifu

Cardinal, radiantly red,
drops upward to the branch;
His precious blood.

Silence not quiet.
Mother Earth my consolation;
one day shall cover me.

Ground squirrels scurrying
stealthy after seeds; no
knowledge of greed, only gift.

Silent, soft and fuzzy,
legs and eyes extended;
the crawling caterpillar will soon
discover her frivolous flights of fantasy.

Sleek, blackberry bluebird
repelling from the tree;
at night invisible and free.

Sun warmth, rain spilling, birds
swelling with seed; yet hungry, swollen
bodies go unnoticed.

The snail, so slow; even
slower now...an empty shell,

"Escargot, sir."

Sr. M. Dorothy Siegrist, O.S.F., St. MU
Second Place, Poetry

The Bad Man

Sometimes, when mama wasn't near the window, she went to sit in the branches of a narrow, nobby tree. It bent high over the steamy water in a painfully twisted way, its spade-shaped leaves changing from pale green to silver as the wind turned them over. Perched there, she had a panoramic view of the lake. Far off she could see the lighthouse with green moss running down its stone sides like perspiration streaks, and the rain wrecked remains of a twig fort she had built on duck island.

Clad in denim shorts and loose cotton t-top, the little girl strode sure-leggedly toward the grassy bank. She eyed the lonely, crooked tree, and, using it as a guide, made her way to a parting in the brush. There she knelt and lifted away tufts of dried weeds, until she had uncovered a substantial hole, which was her newest secret hideout. With a rock and a fat stick, she labored to make the hole wider and deeper, pausing only to run her fingers through her short, damp, hair, leaving streaks of dirt across her forehead. At times the earth could be moved away like soft, crumbly cheese; but more often it was solidly packed, held together by dry, finger-like roots.

The sun had been a half-opened eye when she had begun to dig, but now its full gaze was upon her, and she began to droop. She stood up dizzily, her legs cramped from being too long in one position, and surveyed her progress. Satisfied, she re-sealed the hole and kicked the mound of loosened dirt down the bank and into the thick water, where the clumps sat on the surface until they became dark and heavy and sank.

She walked home slowly, studying an object she had set aside while digging. She had almost forgotten she had buried it away. It was a black wax doll, its body stuck with pins. She had been in the tunnels, trapping minnows beneath cupped hands when she heard an intruding splash. Something had been thrown from a car passing on the bridge overhead. She moved out cautiously, her saturated tennis shoes sliding on the green algae, and found the doll lying in the shallow water covering the floor of the tunnels. She had planned to show it to her mother, but as she examined its human-like face and deformed body, softened by the sun, she perceived something dark and frightening about the weird object, and flung it out over the lake. It spun across the stagnant water and slid beneath the tangled cattails bordering the opposite bank.

The skinny girl had taken to nature and the lake environment as if she were an Indian; she had a remarkable sense of perception and instinct. Her games and drawings and poetry depicted the lake as a place of great goodness and beauty.

Then, one summer-shine morning, while sitting small and silent in the grandmotherly concaves of the crooked tree, the little girl observed a tall man outlining the embankment with his eyes, then pointed the tip of his black shoes tracing patterns in the grass. In a smooth sudden move, the man dropped down the hill and out of view of the street, onto the land that touched the water. The mud grabbed his shoes and he took slow motion, hesitating steps like a drunk. He curled down and down and with the short, rapid motions of a dog, buried something beneath the goody earth. He took the hill casually, unaware of the tiny onlooker, her form relaxed against the trunk of the tree. She watched his rusty blue sedan circle over the bridge twice, then move away.

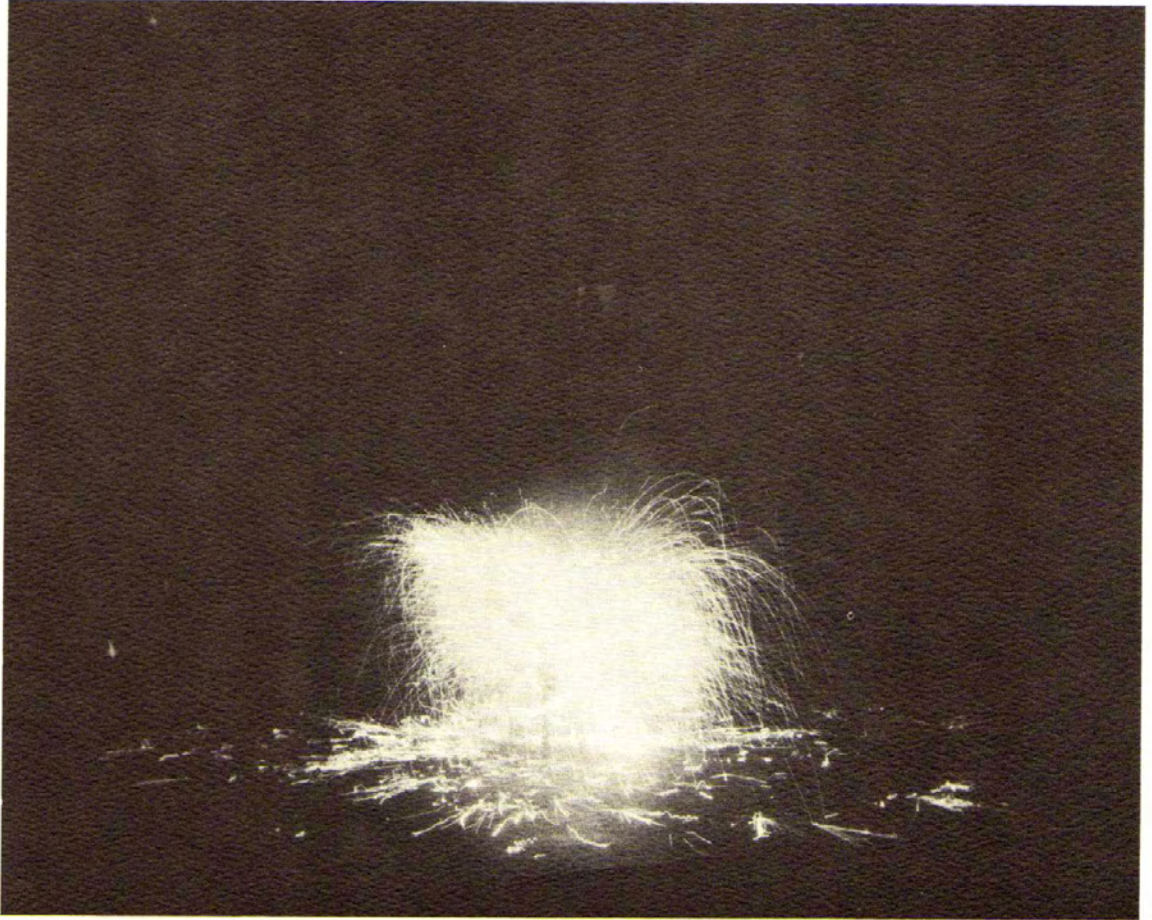
That night, darkness took a long time in ceasing. She dreamt of the bad man burying a paper sack, inside of which was a bloody black wax doll wearing her face, its body stuck with pins.

It was after dinner the next day, and still the petit girl did not take the ragged cardboard she used as a sleigh to the lake to ride down the leave and slippery hills, or go to check on the progress of a brown egg sleeping in the ooze on duck island. Instead, she sat on a tire swing, her chin resting sadly on its top. She did not desire to go to the lake again. The bad man and the black doll had pushed away some of the insides of her, so that when she looked at the lake, she wore the frightened expression of her mother, monitoring her play from the kitchen window.

Rachel Watts, St. MU
First Place, Prose

I slip into many colors
very often unaware
of the gray matter
of the aqua moods
of the brown humour
I slip into many colors
ver often so aware
of how vivid the spectrum can be

Pamela Pardue, IWC



**The Window
Lai Ngai Chin, OLLU**

Word
Broken beautiful
giving glorified
Spoken silence
Word wondrous
Nothingness nullified
King crucified.

Nora Pfuntner, St.MU

Christ, The Light

Born in darkest night
Lit by brightest star,
Brought forth in human pain
So there would be no more.
Lowly babe so splendid
Worshipped near and far
Rising to bathe the world
In gentle light of hope
As sunrise doth start a new day.
Suffering and pain, thy mortal body know
Till upon the cross, thy mortal blood shall flow.
Dying light so still,
Yet still so strong and bright
Banished like the sunset
In the dark of night.
All but one fragile beam
Gleaming bright and strong
Left to guide us on our way
Hope for ages long.

Diana Lynne Kahl, OLLU



Hilda Ramirez, OLLU

As She Rises Each Morning

Golden ligh fingers grab
at the horizon's shelf
for a hold,
Glowing palms press down
to straighten
the bent rays of living light.
Orange shoulders,
blazon halo above
the edge of time;
Blushing breasts rising
each morn to warm
away the night.
Pink and lilac cape
unfolding, flapping
in the gentle breeze,
Earth awakens
under the scarlet cloak
of parted lips.
Saffron wisps of golden spun hair,
silky threads
of time's light web;
Brightened sky alive with fire,
burns from soul
to finger tips.

**Margaret Hagood, OLLU
Second Place, Poetry**

Chimney Swifts

A feathered scythe slicing the wind,
I plummet toward the rooftops,
pulling out of the dive
with only inches to spare,
skimming the shingles
that glimmer in the weak evening sun
like a pond.

Wings beating wildly,
I rocket toward a stray wisp of cloud
as it dissolves before my eyes.
I chance upon a couple of brothers
We fly in formation,
three moving as one,
sharing our freedom.

We glide swiftly over a garden,
speed and encroaching darkness
melting flowers and grass,
trees and sky
until they flow and blend,
becoming one entity.

Daniel Keller, St.MU

Contemplando Al Color Negro

Al cerrar mis parpados
mis ojos se dirigieron al espacio
y lentamente divise el vacio obscuridad.
Mi alma se sintio frio...helado
y derrepente senti estar habitando en al eternidad silencio.

Confusamente y angustiada miraba para todos lados.
Al andar, mi corazon palpitaba rapidamente
como queriendo avisarme que yo solo era
material ocupando espacio en esta obscuridad.
La obscuridad color NEGRO, color NEGRO, color de SOLEDAD.

En la profundidad de mi nuevo mundo
me encuentre con una vieja anciana.
En su rostro se distinguía desolacion, cansancio,
arrepentimiento sin consolacion.
Sus ojos se levantaron al nivel de los mios
y me vieron tristemente.

Con su timada voz me aconsejo
que siempre buscara luz
y que me dirigiera hacia ella
porque en la obscuridad existia solo eso,
--Obscuridad--

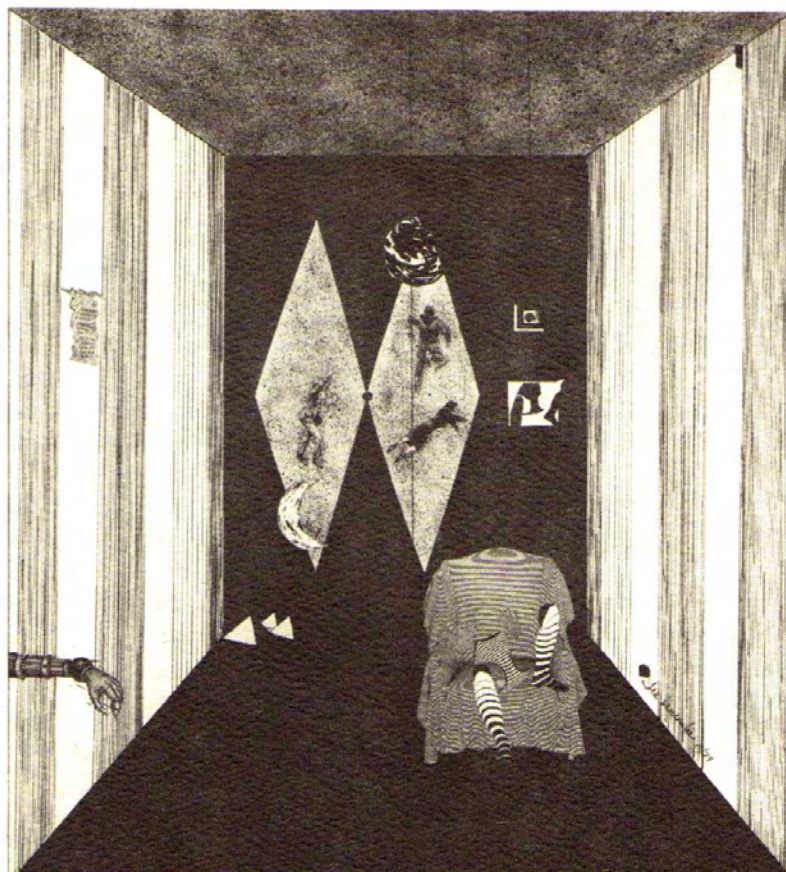
Platicaba la pobre vieja
de su juventud pasada y muerta.
Que ella solo vivia dia por dia
sin contemplar las virtudes de la vida
ni dar gracias ha Dios.
Solo vivia para enfrentarse con culpas y para
preguntar¿PORQUE? sin tratar de responder ni buscar luz.
Desde entonces, habita aquí.

mi curiosidad no fue ahogada
y le pregunte a la anciana que como se llamaba.
Para mi sorpresa, se llamaba como yo.
¿Seria posible que ella era mi reflejo al futuro?
Sin despedirme de ella, hui a otro rumbo
sin meta.

Cansada de huir en la obscuridad
decidi sentarme para pensar,
pensar de lo hermoso que seria si acaso podria volver
a la realidad...mi unica luz.
El pensamiento se volvio un tobellino
que solo atormentaba mi alma al descansar.

En mi llanto escapo una inspiracion evoparisada
el que fue mi llava a la libertad.
Mis ojos al abrir vieron luz,
la luz de mi realidad.
La pesadilla que solo existio solo un momento,
(para mi una infinidad),
fue solo por estar contemplando
al color negro.

Maria Belen P. Escobedo, St.MU



**In My Lonely Room
Ted Abercombe, IWC
Second Place, Art**

The thistledown fairy

O to be that small!
As tiny as a faerie
The blade of grass I
I see could be
a playground that's
only mine.

It would be such fun
I think to ride
and slide upon its face
and drink from the
diamond drop encaptured
by the arch.

When'er it rains
I would lie beneath
a leaf safe from the sky
that bruises the ground
with its torren of stones

At night a flower becomes a bower in which
I lay by head
The undulating waves
of nature's breath rocks
me to sleep.

Michell McGann, St.MU

Fear and Hope

I am two spirits.
I am in everything.
I am that
Which drives you
away.
I am that
which make you
come forth.
I lurk in your
inner self.
I spring up at
every moment.
I am Fear
and I am
Hope.
The Fear that
frightens you.
The Hopes that gives
you strenght.
I am the Fear
That comes to you
at night
When all seems
at an end.
I am the Hope
That comes to you
at morning
And lets you see that
all isn't at a loss.
I am two.
I am two.
Two sentiments,
Two feelings,
Two souls,
All in you.
I am all Hope
and all Fear.
And you can't
drive me away
For you created me
for your needs.

Irma G. Gonzalez, OLLU

Todavía no puedo

Te vi pasar,
pero tú no me viste.
Te hablé
pero no me oíste.
Quise acariciar la suave piel
de tu rostro y de tus manos
con mis fuertes manos.
Pero mis manos no te alcanzaban
Y no pude.

Quería platicar contigo,
acerca del amor, la vida, y las nubes;
pero tú no quisiste.
Quería poner tus manos
en las mías;
tú corazón

con el mío;
tú alma
con mi alma.
Fue imposible
Y no pude.

Todavía te veo pasar.
Te hablo.
Deseo acariciarte.
Quiero platicar.
Poner tus manos en las mías,
tú corazón con el mio,
tu alma con mi alma.
Todavía es imposible.
Todavía no puedo.

Frank R. Ontiveros, OLLU
First Place, Spanish



Hilda Ramirez, OLLU
First Place, Art

Jam That Box

Woo.
Ras C. Daddy on yo box
LIVE
That's live to Rasta Raggae
That's live to you, baby
Rejoice.
Oo.
This morning the sky bled water,
Now It's to the lake.
96 in the shade, ladies.
Up next,
Is Funky D., my ace with grace.
The ganja King rocks it to Addis and back.

Jam on.

But Tommy too bad--
A rude boy; thinks 007
A Silver Gun by his navel
Scrapes hairs from his belly's iron corrugations
Wanting Willie's Death.
Who wants La Sha's Love.
Who wants Marvin, Sunday smooth basketballer, Who
wants proof of his manness
--a baby girl.

And on and on

Jam on.

Angry red moon's rage, Drips
Blood into purple wines flowing around Friday's ghetto streets.
No one plus everyone grooves it.
Couldn't hear the shot--
That Blasting Box,
Rocking it on.
When Tom, Willie, Sha, and Marvin are gone
MarvinShaWillie and Tom will replace them.

Jamming on and on.

Hot Box Tonight
At Silly Will's
Serious smokes, Dig?
Reality--
A dollar cover at the door
Megadecibles for yo ear
See,
This is V. Funky D.
Me,
and my man Ras;
We,
Rhymes;
Wile we rocks it to ya.

**Hansel Burley, St.MU
First Place, Poetry**



**Chris E. Martinez, IWC
First Place, Art**

Touch and Go

Finding you was quite unexpected.
Your glance lingered lightly, touching me slightly,
in a most cunning way.
I was not even looking, but the gleam in your eye
caught mine.
I became enveloped in your gaze.
It is your eyes that perplex
me. They draw me to love you but I never know why.
Never meaning to complicate each other's life, we did not stop
in time.
Now we only grow closer, yet farther apart.
Our relationship is like a contradiction winding through limbo.
That one lingering look, that one slight touch, has left two
people still missing so much.

Mary Helen Garza, OLLU

Land Without Peace

Vietnam! Vietnam!

What have you?
Peace is never a part of you,
War with the Chinese and
War with the French,
War among brothers and
War among friends,
Now in poverty and now in shame
Will you repent and will you change?

Maria Kathy Zuazua, OLLU



David De La Garza, St.MU
Second Place, Art

An Attack Against Math

Inevitably, everyone who attends school is subjected to the mental exercises of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Without a doubt, I have acquired a reasonable benefit from the first two, but mathematics must be relegated to the rank of the most questionable material that innocent children are encouraged to learn. Now, I am not implying that addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division will irrevocably corrupt the mind of the average individual. Yet, these processes of naively mutilating numbers ought to be declared unconstitutional, for they inflict a cruel, unusual, and excessive punishment upon my justifiably outraged thinking mechanisms.

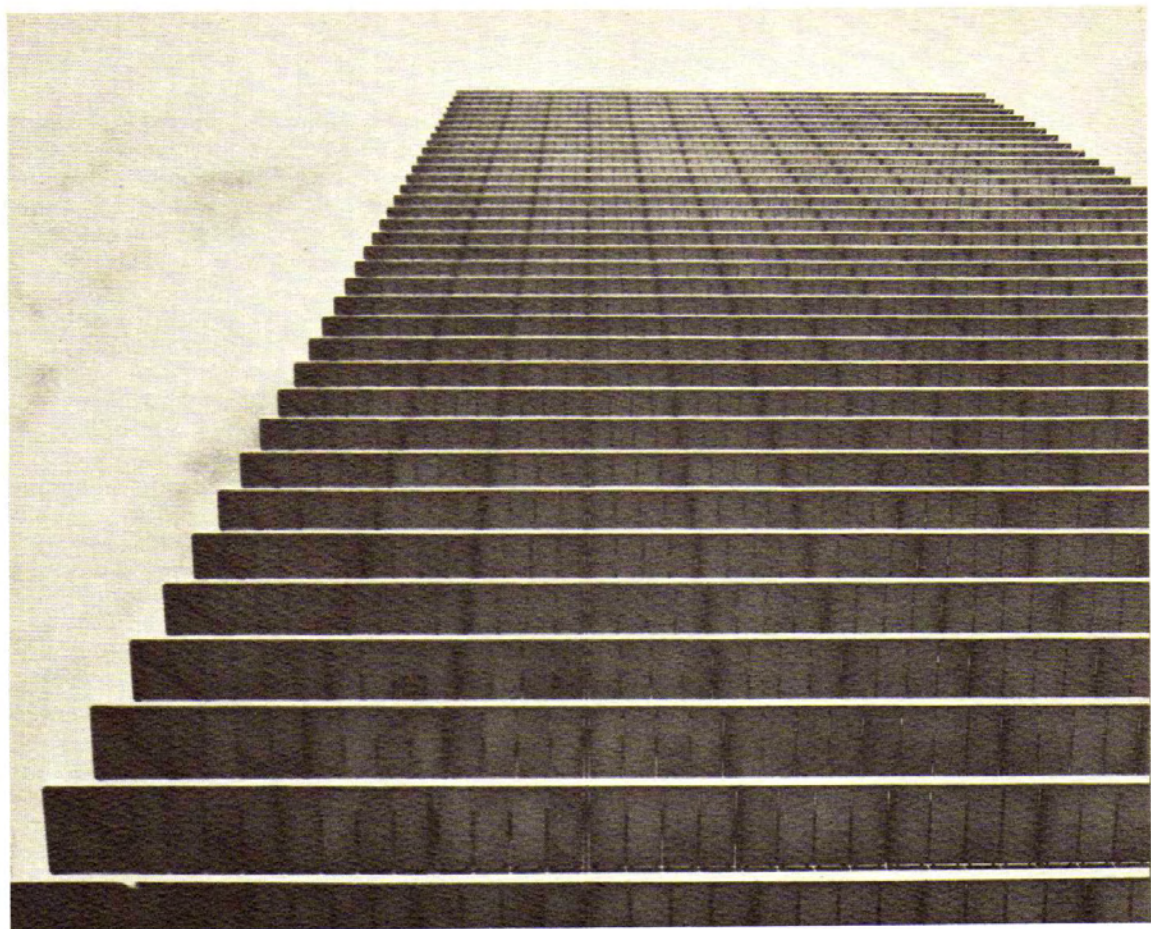
Math was created solely for that strange species of homo-sapiens who enjoys watching the rest of us hard-working and otherwise jovial mortals squirm at the confrontation with the eccentricities of their vocation. On the other hand, writing, almost invaluable invention, enables common man to state creatively, humorously or soberly his personal theories, and consequently, satisfy his need for communication. Obviously, math allows no room for the smallest hint of humor or creativity. An equation simply states the hard, cold facts, and any offending equations must be scornfully cast aside. A touch of humor could lighten some of those righteously dutiful equations, but if something is needed the most in math, it is never allowed.

Unfortunately, the conventional names of individuals are rapidly being converted to long sets of numbers. I am overjoyed that society yet retains the excellent tradition of bestowing ordinary names with letters in them upon fellow creatures both imaginary and real. I shudder to think of the consequences involved in transforming "Mary had a little lamb" to "624-75-1264 had a little lamb," and of course, Social Security will want to know how 624-75-1264 could afford any size lamb on her income. Undeniably, many people dread numbers, especially those ill-mannered numerals that line up behind the dollar sign on the monthly bills. Finally, I have yet to hear of any sane persons who pass up Grandma's Christmas card to festively punch the little squares on their mini-calculator. Obviously, the first mathematician never realized how villainous numbers were capable of being toward our undeserving society.

Perhaps matters would be less chaotic if numbers were little gray substances that patient scientists played with in faraway laboratories. Those unruly rascals have taken the liberty, however, of distributing themselves throughout creation. I would be ecstatic if the pesky things contracted a fatal disease that would mercilessly sweep through their population and lay them low. At this point, I know that particular audacious members of that same strange species of man mentioned above will indignantly shout that Adam and Eve suffered unknown and unspeakable deprivations because mathematics was yet to be created. Yes, I shall calmly reply, they never knew the bliss of double-digit inflation, the rapture of forgetting the combination to the wall safe, and the utter ecstasy of switching to the metric system.

Of course, conceivably, someone could stop me in the street and ask how old my mother will be in twenty years if she had been twice my age eight years before the last election when my parrot was half as old as my sister. Certainly, my mother and I would both feel mortified, since I could never respond with a respectable answer, and since mothers generally hesitate to give such information to strangers. Consequently, I am offering the world some advice: leave math to the mathematicians and stop bothering me as I am busy writing a best-seller.

**Sandra Schuck, St.MU
Second Place, Prose**



Stairway to Heaven

Lai Ngai Chin, OLLU

Still Life

Crimson red splashed across a pure
white background.
Shades of the same crimson
drizzled around the subject.
In grey contrast the subject lies contorted.

Like a single measure of rhythm from a
piece of erotic music; frozen.
Peacefully frozen.

The observers come by to view this picture
that's been left on the sidewalk.
Sirens are heard in the background.

Lucinda Vela, St.MU

A Silver Moon

Sadie sat silently on the swivel stool sipping coffee behind the counter of a diner in a borough of New York City. A busboy gave her a smile in hopes of drawing one out of her pale countenance. Auburn hair hung drearily down her shoulders, stringy and greasy; there was a look of despair behind the cloudy grey eyes that were swelled from crying the night before. She picked up her weekend bag and draped it over her right shoulder before she rose to pay for the coffee; then waited behind the entrance door and watched for the bus that went into Manhattan. The past eighteen months had been long and filled with complex confusion; they had left her mind with no desire for thoughts. A chilled wind made her muscles tighten and body tremor as she shuffled on the bus and took a seat in the back next to a window. The seat vibrated from the engine and Sadie's body bounced to the rhythm of every pothole; a constant rattling noise caused a hum in the back of her brain, bringing back the bruised memories as she looked into the night through the sooty glass.

It had begun in seventh grade, as though a seed had been planted when she had met Rene Mendez. He had almond shaped eyes that were a dark brown; the color of his complexion. A physique that was very muscular; he had been a boxer. Five years had gone by before they had come in contact with each other again; that's when their relationship began. Sadie feared falling in love with him, but it happened anyway. Of course she stood by him even after the crimes he committed and the drugs he had dealt. She was there when he was brought to trial and she had run about frantically for character witnesses. Never did he do anything for her, not so much as to take her to a movie; but she loved him anyway. Her family fought with her everyday; her friends couldn't understand and society looked down on her. Pressure had built up about a year before Sadie exploded; unfortunately on her little sister and brother. Her brother kept calling her a nigger lover and was teaching her six year old sister the same. Sadie slapped her in the face and pounced on her brother and split his head open with a huge metal spoon. That evening her mother demanded the silver moon, a charm that had been given to her by Rene. "No I'm not giving it to you; you have no right to take it away from me!"

At that, her mother had jumped up, grappled her by the throat, smashed her head up against the wall and beat her violently; as she had done in the past. Sadie lay curled up in a corner with blood trickling from her mouth and nose, but reality no longer existed and the only pain she felt was the empty pit that had been gouged out of her heart. She wanted to run away and die, to escape this world; she had never felt so cold. No longer did she cry, for all her tears had turned to anger, her anger to bitterness; her bitterness to a non-feeling, non-caring; she had wanted nothing but death as she finally fell asleep. When she woke, she packed her bags for Manhattan and left what she thought was home.

**Colleen McVeigh, IWC
Second Place, Prose**

The Effect of the Cinema on American Culture

Cecil B. De Mille was once told by his critics, "The movies should be more like life." De Mille replied, "Life should be more like the movies!"

Both of these bits of wisdom have come true. Life has become more like a harbinger for where we were going as well as a history of where we have been. Since the turn of the century, film makers have ground out old and new mores, presented new styles in dress and custom, pictured various types of transportation (from covered wagons to space ships), taken us to places we never dreamed of really seeing, and depicted proper and improper associations between people. In short, the movies have predicted our changing culture and then recorded for posterity our culture as it was before and after the change.

The American moving pictures, with the aid of excellent actors, have conquered the world. On America they have imposed their optimistic view of life and a touch of bitterness, realism, and fantasy (Maurios, 1944). The movies have dealt with such controversial subjects as divorce, adoption, marriage and remarriage, birth, birth control, abortion, death, and in fact, all family relations. They have caused us to think a little more deeply about such social problems as the Black

issue, crime, unemployment, unfair working conditions, sexism, politics, war, disease, and ecology. And from the silver screen to the brilliance of technicolor, we have been shown the latest in fashions, hair styles, and changing behavior between men and women and new freedom for both.

The motion picture camera was invented by accident with quite a different idea in mind. In 1873, Governor Leland Stanford of California asked Eadweard Muybridge, photographer, to produce some instantaneous photographs of one of his favorite race horses running (Robinson, 1973). Governor Stanford had bet a friend that, at some point, all four feet of the horse must be in the air at once. The friend disagreed, but they had no way of proving who was right and who was wrong. By 1877 Muybridge had figured out a way. He set up a battery of 24 still cameras alongside a track, their shutters being released in turn as the horse ran down the course and set off a trigger by touching a cord as it passed each camera. Muybridge's aim was to produce instantaneous single photographs, the production of the rapid series was incidental (Robinson, 1973). However, the Governor won the bet because in one frame, all four of the horse's hoofs were off the ground. Muybridge was startled and fascinated by his frozen motion photographs, but he didn't realize what a giant he had unleashed, nor did he have any idea what to do with it.

In 1888 Thomas Alva Edison met Muybridge whose zoopraxiscope evidently gave him the idea for a machine that could record and reproduce images as his phonograph recorded and reproduced sound. Under Edison's direction, the movie camera was perfected: By the end of 1896, the cinema had spread throughout all Europe and the United States (Robinson, 1973).

When moving pictures were first shown to the public, they were an immediate success, which is not surprising, for they appealed directly to a fundamental human thirst--a thirst for the exhibition and imitation of people and things. The movies suddenly made it possible to see people and events of note for oneself, as they actually lived or happened. Thus, the growth of the newsreel! The newsreel developed the true art form of the documentary (Hammel, 1972).

People flocked to movies partly to see the featured film, but in a large part to see the newsreels. These newsreels affected America's belief or disbelief in political candidates, their feelings about the president, and their feelings about war, education, economics, and foreign lands and foreign government.

In the late 20's it became evident that films could be used as an education tool. The question of how films might influence the young soon led investigators into other areas of inquiry--into psychology, aesthetics, sociology, and the relativity of morals and taste. The researchers uncovered worrying evidence. They estimated that over seventy-seven million people in the United States went to movies every week and that one-third of this audience was made up of children and adolescents. In tests carried out over a three-year period, they discovered that children remembered about seventy-five percent of what they had seen, and for a long time afterwards (Rhodes, 1970). Movies are now categorized according to their fitness for children, families and others to view. But these ratings are used as much by people looking for a sex-loaded or violent picture as by those trying to avoid such a film...a sign of our changing culture. But since movies are so impressionable, now, at least, the movie goer has somewhat of a choice.

During the Big Depression America went to the movies for a dime and watched how other Americans were making it--or not making it. The movies helped America to endure--to survive. They also offered a few golden hours of escape as the audience watched Shirley Temple charm us into forgetting the reality waiting just outside the big double doors. Shirley Temple set the styles and mannerisms for America's little girls during that era, and the films have preserved this enchanting child for all times.

In the forties, American women learned how to kiss their soldiers goodbye, how to be true to (or not so true), how to marry in a hurry, how to wait for them to come home, and how to grieve for them. Americans learned how to raise children without a daddy; and we watched as "Rosie the Riveter" joined the work brigades. The movies said it was "O.K." and that was all hundreds of women needed. The directors had a field day recording all of this and pulling romance out of a horrible thing called war. It was usually morose and painful, but romance nevertheless. The audiences found good reason for shedding some of the tears they had been holding back, because, so often, the story was their story. We were all thinking and living pretty much alike with a common enemy and Hollywood capitalized on this.

We experienced the excitement and revulsion of dealing with gangsters and Mafia-type warfare, especially during prohibition. The newspapers might print the stories, but the movies let us see and therefore understand. For many movie goers, watching a gangster get shot down or shooting someone else will be their only witness of violent death, but it still is a chilling experience even on film.

The movies taught us great sophistication from the pictures of the '30's and 40's--the lover lighting the heroine's cigarette, alcoholic beverages poured into fragile glasses night and day, luxurious homes with palatial furnishings, sleek foreign cars, and servants to answer each beck and call. All of this whetted our appetites for the prosperous times that followed World War II. If we couldn't be really rich like movie stars, at least we soon learned to by two of everything.

The movies have made us **feel**, really feel such issues as the Black problem, the pain of the handicapped, minority problems, women's problems, and the upheavals between management and labor, especially with labor unions and strikes. Movies don't just present the facts, the actors make us feel and this affects our beliefs and our culture over and over again.

Through films we can get to know national heroes and other famous Americans who still inspire us even if they have been gone for a long time. Our great music and musicians are preserved on film, as are our unforgettable singers and dancers. They mirror the years of our changing tastes and culture and urge us on to even greater feats.

Directors shoot symbols of our culture at us in secret in the films, such as a quick shadow of a cross, a circle on the wall signifying that God is infinite, small vessels of water signifying the cleansing of the soul, and a roaring sea signifying death. These symbols are underscoring the feeling the directors wish us to have. These symbols reinforce and keep alive many of the beliefs of our culture (Sr. Dorcas, 1979).

Cinema is a time machine. Movies preserve the past. Movies resurrect the beautiful dead; present, intact, vanished or ruined environments; embody without irony styles and fashions that seem funny today; solemnly ponder irrelevant or naive problems. The historical particularity of the reality registered on celluloid is so vivid that practically all films older than four or five years are saturated with pathos (Sontag, 1970).

Movies have the unique position of recording and keeping for us our ancient culture, while at the same time pushing us on to explore new cultures and to adopt and make some of them our own. To grow is to live; to stop growing is to die. The movies keep us growing and they help to keep our culture alive and on record for posterity.

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Carolyn Hilburn, OLLU
First Place, Prose

