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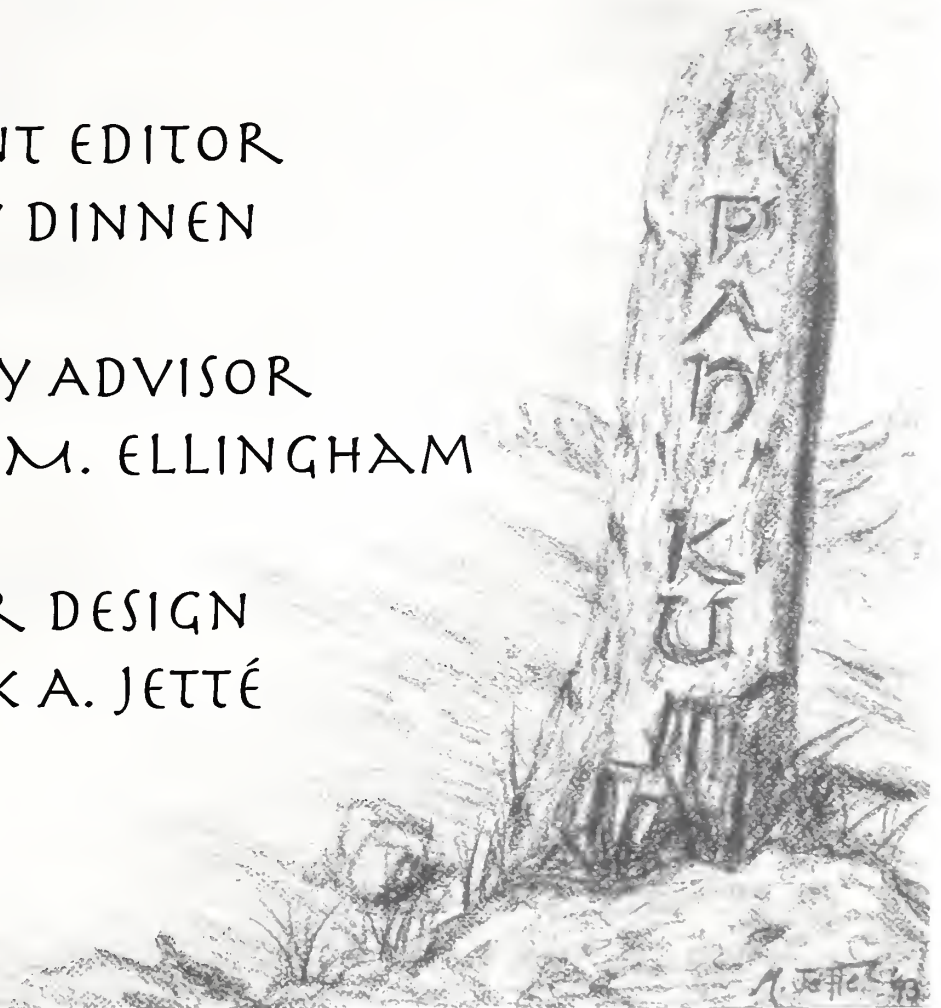


P'AN KU
40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
1964-2004

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THIS ISSUE WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY A GRANT FROM
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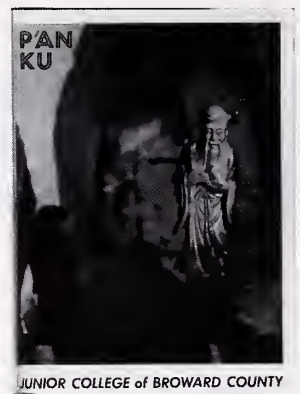
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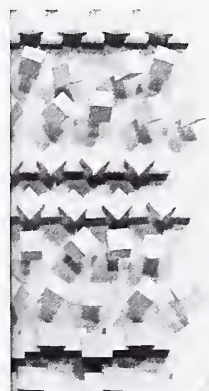
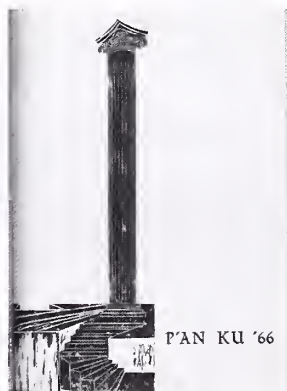


From P'an Ku we derive Yin and Yang. He is the primeval man born from the egg. One day the egg split open and the top half became the sky and the bottom half the Earth. After 18,000 years, P'an Ku died and split into a number of parts. His head formed the Sun and Moon. His blood the rivers and seas. His hair the forests, sweat the rain, breath the wind, and voice the thunder. His fleas became the ancestors of mankind.

the 1960s



4 1960s



The Night Man
ELLEN LOUGHLIN
1967

The night man pads across the room—
Wearing gloves and watching shadows cold.
Knowing sound could spell his doom,
He hushes drapes into silent folds.

Darkness wanes the wall's dull glow.
Finding the room placid and deep asleep,
Keeping it quiet with movements slow,
He listens to its snores so sweet.

Quickly, the night man gathers his needs—
Trembling, he tiptoes the mischievous floor,
Suffocating from fear for haunting deeds,
He rushes gratefully for the door!

She And I
JEAN CLARK
1965

When you pronounce her name to me I chill
And hear, as in a cloistered corridor,
The distant fall of disappearing feet.
As if a door beyond the hall should close
Or open comes the silent after-sound,
Dissolving as it floods my waiting ground.
But look, the tapestry endures; the pose
Long-fixed by the long-dead hands can meet
The chilling damp, the silence of the door.
Does not that woven lady linger still?



Drawing by Smiggen 1965

Mean Lyrics
in search of music
G. D. EISMAN
1968

It's not the "yes" or the "no"
The love or the hate,
The rope that saves or the one that hangs!
It's the in-betweens—
The "maybe", the like,
Or the tightrope
That somehow is never . . . tight!
And as for lights
It's not the red or the green,
The sun or the shade!
But it's the yellow
That's neither go nor stop
And the dusk
That's neither day nor night!
FOR THIS!
I've got an aversion.

The bongo drums pound out their beat.
The fatted calf is prepared to eat.
Wet lips of lovers part to meet
As the admirals set sail the fleet

Flooding notes the brass trumpets play.
The rounded words know what to say.
A hungry dog looks up to bay
As holy monks kneel down to pray . . .

The mournful wind breathes in to blow.
Virgin fields must the farmer sow.
The grazing cattle softly low
As the heavens send down the snow

Then all stop! . . .
And wait —
To filtrate,
Separate,
Cultivate,
Impregnate,
Penetrate, Perpetrate
Into the silence,
The waiting silence,
The frozen silence.
Waiting for rhythm,
On-coming rhythm,

Pulsating rhythm!
THE POUNDING BEAT!
The sweet pounding beat,
The overlapping sheet,
That all wait to meet.

But the crowd will not wait
And stands
And leaves
For dinner at eight
Not knowing
They are already late!

ii
I've got an aversion!

For rains that only drizzle,
For bombs that only fizzle,
And fires that only sizzle!
For Smith and Jones,
And skin and bones
That neither dogs nor vultures want!

If walls are built,
Make them high
Towards the sky
With glass and razor tops!
It's the flat and wide,
The stout and strong,
That make sitting easy!
FOR THIS!
I've got an aversion.

For the march with no protest;
For the prize with no contest;
And the tired wearied unrest;
FOR THIS!

A comma neither starts nor ends.
A sentence the hyphen just suspends.
AND ET CETERA,
So forth and more to come.
FOR THIS!

It's not the "yes" or the "no"
The love or the hate,
The rope that saves or the one that hangs!
It's the in-betweens—
The "maybe", the like,
Or the tightrope
That somehow is never . . . tight!
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As holy monks kneel down to pray . . .

The mournful wind breathes in to blow.

Image of War
JUANITA WOODS
1968

Before the mirror of light
Scrapped desperately across the currents,
There seems to be a band of blush
Separating sea and heaven. This sight fades
As if, gold wash had splashed the canvas
Proclaiming the cold of dawn.
The shattered mirror veils
The currents of blood and the movements
Of a shrinking earth.

In Yonder Land
KEVIN O'BRIEN
1968

A flower grew in yonder land
that bloomed but once a year.
Its radiance filled the land.
Its beauty —
 beyond compare
Then came a man, who, walking careless
uprooted bloom and stem
And after that the land grew dark,
and flowers
 never bloomed again.

A Bell Tolls
JOHN SHAEFER
1968

A bell tolls
The grey mist
Sneaks across
A cold dead field
Into the forest of
Bewilderment.

A real dream
Dies
Despairs
Icy fingers
Crawl across the
Dead body of
Hope.

I asked
Little,
I gave
Everything.
I am left with
Nothing.

The Aqua of Love
DAVID CHIRA

Upon this mind, alone and tense,
Frolicking through the past, the
Timeless streams of memories'
Dreams scream upon my breasts.

We two of love and youth
tasted the wilds of the rarest fruits.
Watched the dancing of the bubbling
Sea, and ran through shores of
pastures green.

Oh, in youth so striking a splendor
The tides of emotions
The beauty of you.
Sigh, my love, sigh; the oceans
Have changed.
The tides have gone, and all that
Is left are the chipped shells
Of a memory.

Premonition
JIM ROBINSON
1965

The dust swung from side to side
While entering my chamber.
The particles glittered in warm sunlight
While descending almost vexing upon me.
Suddenly my heart skipped a beat
While my eyes turned to stone, immoveable.
The dust fell, and fell, and fell.

Poem
APRIL ROBINSON
1965

A kite soared wild up in the sky.
It looked like a head I saw.
It tried to rise up out of sight
But each time, came jolting back.
I turned to ask the man with its string
Why he restricted its flight
But I saw when I turned, that his head was not there—
Only the string was attached.

Apocalypse
TRENT EVANS

The earth is wracked by ruin
Mankind, save one, is gone
And he from whom all souls were hewn
Shall pass in death with coming dawn.

His eyes shall sweep the barren plain
His gaze shall linger on the sea
Upon his earth once scourged by pain
Rests peace for all eternity.

From that lone crest he begs for death
Man's every dream has flown
Thus he partakes the dying breath
Heaven and earth now stand alone.

Perhaps someday an eye shall see
An earth mature and grown
A world where man and God are free
Where sin and death will not be known.

A Summer's Day
LORI REA
1968

Mama was gone. After hours of searching, there was no doubt about that.

I don't know how the argument started, or do I know when, but the intense heat of late summer seemed to kindle it and nothing could quench it. What I did know, even though I was much too young to really understand, was that the days of sweet security and lackadaisical content were over.

As I think of that summer, it brings to the surface all the anxiety, despair, and apprehension that confused my childish mind. The nauseous wave that thrashed about me when I realized that Mama was gone again drowns my heart.

A few days before she left it seemed as though everything was going to be all right. During the nights and early morning hours, my sleep was no longer tormented awake by Papa's roars and Mama's choking sobs. But, silence was almost as terrifying as the chaos had been, as I lay in my bed waiting for the slashing tongues and mournful cries.

Supper was served at the usual hour with a minimum of hostile glares and tart accusations. The laughter still did not return — I hardly dared to breathe — but that would come, I thought, that would come.

But the laughter did not come, and in my young heart I thought it never would.

The day she left began as a very cheerful day. School had gone extremely well and spirits were high. I burst into the house hoping to spread my enthusiastic fervor, but instead, was met only by the echo of a deserted house.

I think I knew at once that she had gone for good but I still ran hopefully into every room calling her name. My first instinct was to run to her closet to see if she had taken anything but the unconscious knowledge of what I would find prevented me from it.

The hours of searching and waiting had begun. I called all her friends and practically begged them to tell me she was there. I ran to the grocer's, the beautician's, the post office, all to no avail.

Darkness came and the nausea in my stomach was growing, not from hunger, though that would be

justified, but from my sinking hopes.

Night edged on but sleep would not come and ease my frustration. My final alternative was at hand but I couldn't seem to face the cold, hard truth. I knew that if I opened the closet door any comforting doubts would disappear.

All my courage was at last mustered and I crept into Mama's room. The chill that met me was almost like a sneer and I cowered before it. A gust of wind rustled the curtains and, as I was about to flee without completing my mission, eased open the closet door.

The empty hangers jangled and clanked and sounded like a shrill laugh, the unoccupied hat and shoe boxes slid across the floor and tissue paper was carried upward and floated slowly down. Soon all was still again and the door banged solidly shut, but the magnitude of the moment filled me with terror and confirmed my fear that Mama was gone.

The tears that longed to escape the entire day finally began streaming down my face. Never had I felt so alone and totally lost. I don't know how long it took; it seemed like hours but in reality was probably a few minutes, until sleep, so deep and mending, dried my weary eyes.

Even now, years after, it never ceases to amaze me that the sun still shines and life doesn't cease now that Mama's gone.

Dedication: To Success
FRANK BRENNER

Upon the stage you're cheered and loved
Idolized and cherished
Off the stage you walk alone
Life and joy and cheers have perished.

In the dark I often wander
Searching faces endlessly
Strolling down those endless byways
Looking where I cannot see.

I well know that life is cruel
I'll see the fading of the light
But I will rise with blazing day
Before I fall to lasting night.

A Long Weekend
WILLIAM HAMPTON
1968

Oh, if it were possible
And if I had the time,
I'd go somewhere for several days
And leave my brain behind.

I'd wait—
Until my mind grew weary
Of keeping me from me.
I'd watch—
And when it was the least aware
I'd quickly disengage myself
And slowly sneak downstairs.

I'd creep along the hallway
As the night sneaks from the day;
And if my mind did not scream out
I'd fling out wide the door,
And stand and stare with joy and fear
At what I'd never seen before
(At what I'd never seen before)
In my front yard.

Oh, if it were possible
And if I had the time,
I'd go somewhere for several days
And slowly lose my mind.

Sea of Life
SUSAN STEVENS

Life's but a series of tumultuous waves upon the sea,
Pulling all but the dead in its tow.
We are caught like pebbles in the tide;
Picked up, rolled over, and dropped,
Only to be picked up again by the following roll.
Tumbling and turning through times
The pebbles are crushed, banged, and broken;
Until they are dropped upon the peaceful shores of death.

Green Eyes
ANNA MARIE MILLS
1968

because your green eyes haunt me now
because your eyes haunt
because our green love haunts me now
what good is paint and prose
what use poetry and prayer
what use society and pose

we who have emotions to eat
life to drink and pains to feel
why at altars should we kneel
bowing proud heads to sightless
rumors of unfelt powers

the subterranean world of hate
may shade our sheathes of white
to extinguish the light of green eyes
but the high pitch of love shatters all

and we rise above the ruins
rise and give birth
to the simple shining light
of green eyes

The Caboose
FRED PETERSON
1969

The old man bolted upright in his cot with an urgent, fearful, "No!" escaping from his cracked and aged lips. Incessantly the dream haunted him. It was a vague, flitting dream that floated fluidly through his restless and troubled sleep. Never exactly the same but always present were the people dressed in white who spoke in soft, monotone voices and the same sounds pervading and thrusting--an eerie creaking and a dull slapping of wood against cardboard. For months the dream had haunted and terrorized him, but now he realized the meaning of it all. Breathing a sigh of relief, of resignation, he lowered his white head to the pillow and surrendered his weary body to the beautiful, gentle sway of the train.

Turning his ashen, wrinkled face he gazed past his own image at the moving wilderness and the black pine trees casting fleeting and uneven shadows upon him. A thin, crescent moon in its last quarter glowed high in the darkness and he envied it. Although it appeared to be dying, he knew that it would live again and flood the heavens and earth with vibrant, living light. Its strength was manifested by the sheer power with which it controlled the vast seas that covered three-fourths of the earth's surface from a quarter of a million miles away. The old man envied and marveled at its perpetual, never-ending light and strength. Ironically, he thought, it was man more than any of nature's creations who clung frantically to life most dearly, and yet it was man who was doomed to the agony of old age and the fear of death. The old man wondered how many men, like himself, deplored old age and wished death would strike the final blow at their agony. From somewhere during decades of long hours of reading he recalled a mournful verse:

"Set is the sun of my years
And over a few poor ashes,
I sit in darkness and tears."

A tear squeezed from under his eyelid and worked its way down a cheek-bone, eroded and weather-beaten by the forces of nature and by a stress and strain unique only to men — worry. Sobbing deep in his throat, he buried his face in the pillow and cursed his old age aloud.

"Ol' Man, you alright?" came a voice on the

bunk next to him.

"Yeah, Tom. Go back to sleep."

Again he felt a pang of envy. It was a feeling that was strange and foreign and he tried in vain to erase it from his mind. Never before had he known envy or jealousy towards the possessions of other men, but now he was envious and jealous of the youth of the man lying across from him. Staring through the darkness of the caboose, one of hundreds that had been his home for over fifty years, he thought back to his own youth.

As a burly lad of sixteen he beamed with pride at being a part of the "Great Race," part of the gang of Irish Micks who helped build the first transcontinental railroad. They had lost but now all rejoiced at the wondrous feat they had accomplished — a single stretch of man-made rails stretching like a giant serpent across vast, fertile plains, deadly deserts scorched and desolate, over lofty barren mountain ranges and raging rivers.

They had battled, often to the death, man, disease and nature's elements. As an army they had fought the fierce Comanche and bands of desperados eager to rob them of their money, supplies and lives. Devastating plagues of cholera and smallpox swept through their ranks and struck down all but the strongest of them. They had worked frozen and frost—bitten laying track in forty foot snow drifts and below zero temperatures. In torrid, arid deserts the sun's rays blistered their bent backs and shoulders even through coarse denim shirts. An image of himself, young, strong and virile, silhouetted by the fierce, red sun formed in the old man's mind.

In searing, blinding sunlight he wielded the sledge hammer like a child at a peg board as beads of sweat poured across the rippled muscles of his taut belly. A red, livid scar interrupted its symmetry and flashed in the glaring light. The old man touched his stomach beneath the material of his undershirt. The scar was still there but the thick, massive fiber of youth had turned to clammy, useless flab. Another new feeling — nostalgia.

Among the railmen the elders had spoken of the "good ol' days" and he had scoffed at their glori-

fiction of the past by saying that there was no such thing as the “good ol’ days,” but only the present and the future. Had he been wrong? In his realization that old age had crept up on him he thought more and more of the past — and his youth.

He remembered as a small boy he had gulped down his supper each evening in his eagerness to hear his grandfather’s stories of Ireland and the Revolution. He knew the stories by heart: the bloody battles between the Irish and English and the brutality of the English prison camps where his grandfather had worked in coal mines and thus learned the intricacies of the railroads. He heard about the famines and of the turbulent crossing of the Atlantic they had made when he was just a baby. As refugees from plights both political and economical, their women victims of famine, grandfather, father and son made their way to America along with hordes of their countrymen looking for a new life. Finding the cities jammed with immigrants, hungry and forcing wages down to rock-bottom, they headed west to Kansas where they found work on the blossoming and booming railroads.

Through the years, as the railroads grew, the old man had grown in his knowledge and love of them. Telegrapher to conductor, brakeman to fireman, fireman to engineer — his knowledge grew. The rails were as much a part of him as his arms and legs. Only once in the long years did he not generate enthusiasm about a job that he had been assigned. As a “track bull” he performed the distasteful task of ejecting the multitudes of tramps and sots from the lines of red and gold freight cars. Ragged and red-eyed they tumbled from the hay covered floors, looking like new born pups being brought into the world. Into the harsh sunlight and into the even harsher hands of his deputies they stumbled and scurried. As he walked in front of them his club menacing, he delivered a threatening, vulgar and abusive attack upon their morals and character, dictating the law and punishment for riding the rails, he could not look into their faces. Perhaps it was because in each one he could see himself — alone, unloved and on the move.

Now, at the age of sixty-eight, things had changed little for him except that he became abom-

inably aged. The railroads had aged also but while he became decrepit and arthritic, the rails had bloomed and matured. They formed a gigantic network, like an immense spider web engulfing the country. Miles of freight cars, pregnant with their tons of wheat, oil, cabbage, dynamite, lingerie, plows and coal, stretched, clanking and groaning behind powerful, surging diesel locomotives. People dined, slept, drank, bathed, and even gambled in plush, velvet cars. The railroads had matured; they were strong and energetic though still young. And the old man was envious.

He looked once again out the window but now he looked at its reflection and saw a stranger. Although he had seen the face daily while shaving, he had not really seen it. Now he saw the bleak whiteness of his hair, the bloodshot, vacant eyes, the sallow cheeks, and the broken, decayed, nicotined teeth in blackened gums.

Turning from the stranger in the window, the old man stared at the red glow of the tail light through the “crow’s nest” above. He listened to the music of the wheels, the steel-to-steel sounds of couplings straining, grating. The dream images forced their way back into his consciousness, the smiling doctors and nurses, the creaking of the rocking chair, and the intermittent hollow slap of checkers on a cardboard table. Again he gasped, “No!”

The haunting sound of “Gabriel’s Horn” came faintly from far in the front of the train as it plunged into the black abyss of a tunnel. The old man breathed a sigh, a sigh of resignation, of relief, and gently closed his eyes as the caboose was surrounded by darkness.



1968

Cheryl West
1960s 13

An Apology to Dylan Thomas
MICHAEL CAIN

Dylan, they're killing you again,
killing your soaring soul,
tearing you apart, ripping
the holy guts out of you
and yours and, God, Dylan,
who will hear the tears?
They're pulling you down,
Dylan, until they make you
another one of us and
I cry. I cry for dying
spring and for you and them.
Dylan, we bleed because
not content to kill, to unsex,
they're selling you
to redeem themselves
and Judas set the price too low.

Dawn
JANE O'KEEFE
1968

The night is long and lonely,
Alive with the hopes and fears that keep you from death.
You must wait patiently for the day.
The day you will have him or forget him.
Wait, dawn is not far.

Magicians
LYNN KLIPP
1968

The blue-eyed magician
walks slowly
into and out of
around and thru
my life.
And I, the Fool, mistake
star for galaxy.
Id-quick, soul-deep, searching kisses that
the magician reaps upon my body,
words nestled, soft and low,
in my ear, throughout long nights,
are shallow feats of an agile tongue.
making love can not make love.
Soon I know—
there's truth in this.
"Farewell, Girl," speaks the blue eye,
"I leave you a memory."
No regrets, remorse, or insight
until . . .
another blue-eyed magician
walks slowly
into my life.

Angel's Heart
THOMAS WRIGHT

Into the vast black abyss
That is night
Descends a heart divine
Which found no promise
Of new life
While below, lovers catch
Their breath in wonder
And gaze upon the
Falling star.

Miccousukee Road
MARY PITTMAN
1970

flashing rain on red dirt roads
in a burst of volatile summer changing
 emerald dripping leaves
 splashed by amber shafts of falling sunlight
 reflecting in pools of scarlet rainwater
as I wash my face with life

Ambition
MARKY KELLY
1973

Ambition is for him who raises dreams
Of brave tomorrows, fed by present hope;
And if his goal should prove not what it seems,
He aims for something safe within his scope.
The herald of better times to come
Projects himself beyond his present lot,
And beats incessantly upon his drum
In rhythmless report of what is not.
If I have aspirations, then they speak
Not through the shrouded strains of distant tunes,
But rather of the joy that now I seek,
Undaunted by tomorrow's mystic runes.
 The future feeds on worries and delays;
 Peace nourishes forever my todays.

Cancer Moon
STEPHANIE POE
1973

emotions
 ebb and
 flow
 like moontides:
swelling
 waves
break
 on rocks
 into tears
so salty
 the crabs
 feel thirsty

The world was once made entirely of delicate glass spheres. That is, before the time of paper coffee cups and walks inside walled brick gardens and the morning slosh of the mopping maids. She was not sure how both could exist at once. Perhaps one was only a dream. The dream must surely be why she was there, with the Strangers, walking in halls and sleeping in folding beds as she had learned to do, in a room not quite her own. Had morning played a trick on her eyes arriving slyly, unannounced? Had glass splintered and left her with this?

Everyone sat in rows along heavy tables, each with a paper coffee cup, and a tiny packet of salt. Toward one side of the table, mounds of potatoes, lima beans and thinly-cut meat were piled in plastic dishes. All of the Strangers talked about the food. She stared at a plate in front of her.

“Come on now, if you don’t take your own food, we’ll have to give it to you. You know that’s Dr.s orders.”

She tried to forget about the paper coffee cups.

“All right. I guess I’ll have to give it to you then.”

She saw mashed potatoes rise up on the plate.

“You have to eat them all. We’re going to watch and make sure that you do.”

She turned over the chair in her run for the door; but the hall was too long and the Others were too fast. They had locked the door. The potatoes were heavy stones, powdering all the splinters of glass as they pushed their way down her throat. She left the long table; her plate was empty.

Did the change have anything to do with the spinning spheres of glass, echoing powerful music which belied their fragile surface? Had, in fact, the glass only been covering her face; and had she, in error, turning quickly to look, shattered it, so that now

all the Others could see her evil, her ugliness, her very thoughts? Only their horror at such a careless revelation could have prompted this difference in rooms and coffee cups.

It was dark. Someone sat outside her door looking through magazines. She watched him; he did not look up. She struck a match and began honing the tips of her fingers. The man yawned and picked up another magazine. She struck another match and placed the flame on a corner of the sheet covering her. Flames began to rise from the bed and the man looked up. “Damn,” he said and put down his magazines.

There were a lot of voices then and the fire went out. Someone said, “You’ll have to file an incident report. Al.”

“Damn,” the man said again, and went back to his magazines. She stared at the ceiling and hoped that she could keep her eyes open long enough to keep it from falling on her. The night was long.

The Strangers, who drank also from paper coffee cups, formed small groups and talked and played cards. Their faces seemed unshattered and she wondered if they had just walked in there by mistake. Only a few, like herself, wandered the halls and sat in corners by the door. One of these few tried to read her a story about a little prince and his baobab trees. She listened, but kept her face frozen, not wanting to lose the few slivers remaining. The Others, like the man outside her door, shifted about, taking notes and whispering among themselves. They seemed always to be taking off coats and talking about traffic and lunch breaks. Sometimes she would ask one of them to take her out for a walk. Usually they said, “There isn’t time,” or “Why didn’t you ask earlier?” When they did unlock the door and put on their coats to go out with her, they only watched as she walked the perimeter of the yard, close to the wall. And she saw the seasons change inside the wall, though there were no trees. Only stubs of grass and a few weeds.

She stopped thinking as much about the powerful spheres of the glass world, except when questioned by one of the Others. She listened sometimes to the sound of their clashing, delicate notes or their strident, accusing tones. And she silently watched their play on the walls of her room growing shapes, forming birds, faces, and sometimes, only shadows. Mostly, she did not think at all. Occasionally she would feel sorrow for her lost thoughts, and a great guilt at deserting them for the empty labyrinth in which she walked. At those times, she would open a sliver and let in some air, and a thought. It excited her to have a thought. She would tell one of the Others, and they would say,

“Where do you get these thoughts of yours?”

She would answer, “They come in with the air.”

And they would reply, “That’s what people like you always say.”

Then they would write it down in their notes and whisper some more.

It didn’t seem to matter anymore why she was there, except to deny the reasons given by the Others. Nor did she wonder still whether it was the glass spheres that were the dream, or instead, the paper coffee cups. She simply slept.

One morning, quite early, when she had refused to wash her face, one of the Others said impatiently,

“Someday you’ll have to learn that your face is not made of glass - you’re just like everyone else.”

She opened a sliver for air and began to wonder if it was possible that she possessed a secret not known to the Others. For surely the Others had merely preserved better their glass faces. They too were fragile, though perhaps more thickly-layered than she and the Strangers. Through a widening sliver of air, the thought passed proudly that she was only different

in knowing this, and in letting such fragility show.

She told no one, but she washed her face. Then she walked outside, next to the wall, and noticed a few browning tufts of grass, and felt like planting flowers in a garden somewhere.

When she left there, she took one paper coffee cup with her. And when she looked at it later, it was only to wonder how such a simple thought could have freed her from the walled brick yard, and why, after all, paper coffee cups were ever needed.

Ghosts
DAVE VOATU
1972

Some events that I remember
incidents occurring in my thoughts
are just illusions placed before me,
some are objects that are not.

Things and places I have passed through,
elements and fragments in my mind,
puzzle-pieces that don't fit, along with
years and moments out of time.

All your people
gone tomorrow,
Why are they leaving, who are they looking for?
But I'll still be here, I have nowhere to go
and I won't fear the end.

How can they unfold before me,
I've got an answer but it's wrong,
just like a page from some old magazine
I turn it and they are gone.

All those two-way people
moving on a one-way street,
it seems no matter how fast I run
they get farther out of reach.

Living images awakened
slowly I'm surrounded by them all,
crowded houses full of empty people,
ghosts appearing on my walls.

All your people
gone tomorrow,
Why are they leaving, what are they looking for?
I'll still be here, I have nowhere to go
But I won't fear the end.

In Your Mind
ROBERT DAVID SIEGEL
1972

In your mind it's never over,
Never see the end
To try and rid your heart of sadness,
It's over you pretend

But thoughts arising, dreams recurring
Prove it isn't so
And all the effort in the world
Won't set it right, you know

Resolve yourself to thoughts that linger
And flashbacks of her face—
Attempts to cast her from your mind
Won't shake her from your mental place

There's really nothing you can do
Because you see, she's part of you.

Disposition
ORA HEALEY
1973

The conch shell sold from the Keys
convolutes its fleshy tints
in regular fluted arrangements.
Rimpled ridges only slightly
suggest vertical direction.
But the spiral, special,
turns ultimately inward
where polished hollows echo
depths no longer sounded.

Woman
MARZI KAPLAN
1974

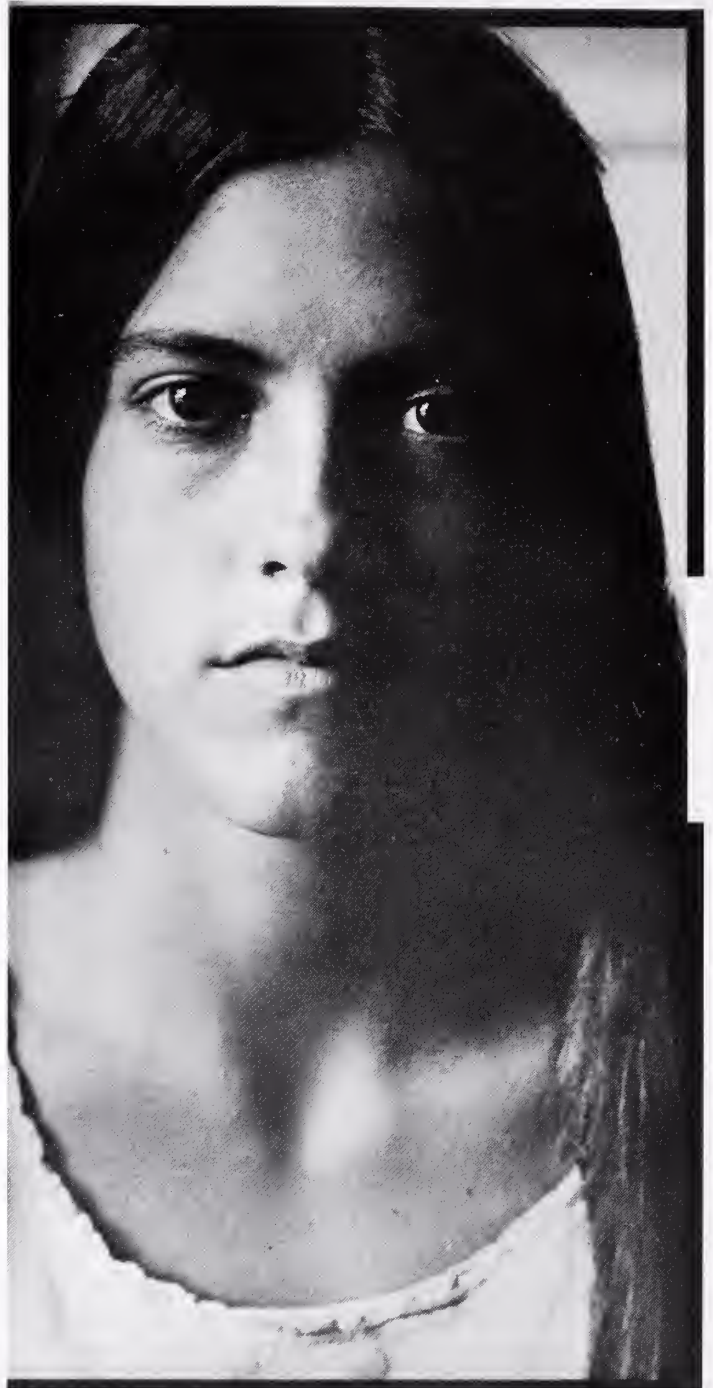
woman

sea anemone
caught in violent cross-currents
 coercing surging cyclical rhythms
wave-pounded by forces
beyond control
ostensibly defenseless

yet
when the seas subside
 you
lovely primeval creature
remain afloat

Have You Not Noticed
MELODY ROLLING
1976

Have you not noticed
(as you lie beside me
night after night)
that i
(as well as you)
long for the time
when we did not
lie beside each other
but
lay together



Dave Patrick

Surrendering To The Sun
WHITNEY MCCAULEY-GORDON
1973

Surrendering to the sun I am
aware of the scattered remnants
of sea wheat suicides.
Buffeted by hot wind
odor of steaming flesh rises
to flaring nostrils,
tightening skin a prelude
to the first splintering of pain.
Ten strikes against midnight
sunburned hand
slow fire against cool sheets.

Free?
RON RENNA
1975

Is the mighty eagle free?
As he soars above his sovereignty,
And outraces the wind
And all the while, keeping a keen watch on his dominion.
With majestic wings spread across his kingdom
And his endowed power, he is king over all that flies.

Is the stout lion free?
As he strides with such a noble gait,
As the breeze blows through his flowing mane.
With such authority this unconquerable beast rends the air.
With a ferocious roar which echo's throughout his kingdom.
Letting everyone know, he is the ruler of the jungle.

Is the massive whale free?
As he cruises the high seas so gracefully,
The nobility he shows as he navigates throughout his region
Would make Neptune envious.
His humongous size makes him sovereign of the sea.

Is man free?
As he attempts to rise above the social whirl of society,
Only to be yanked back from his flight of imagination.
The wind blows his flimsy hair, as he stumbles along
Against the grain of the rush hour traffic in his asphalt jungle.
Only to be propelled along with the tidal wave of people
Needlessly attempting to surface and navigate, against the tide.

Street Guys
G. SHIVELY-CATER
1974

Street guys
jump from bar to bar
winding
in frantic streams
past
hot steel grumbling
at stop lights
past
shopkeepers jittering
in doorways the search
is constant
for the easy dream
the quickest out

while suddenly
among the windows
lights
buildings
and brothers
a silent figure escapes the whole hustle
in one incredible
ten story score

Reflection Through a Dream

MARLENA RUPP

1976

Lying entrenched in
an unmade bed, hoping
to forestall the inevitable
encroachment of routine life,
I plunder through a familiar
landscape of mirrored faces.
A woman, with hints
of cosmic dust
and splintered wood,
flits through pulsating rhythms
of longing and fear.
An emigre from intimate touch
plucking at the subconscious
strings of sensitive nerves
She sits in an armchair
bathed in contrasting
shadow and light,
moon-beam eyes,
a shaded smile on her
wood-cut face, suggesting an
exquisitely controlled madness.
A silenced existence
of screams and sighs,
a trance-like gaze
staring into fantasy space.
Lurking desires dangle
from her neck
like a chain of whispers.
Delusions of self
draw their dying gasp;
the knowledge too excruciating
to be contemplated with ease.
She flickers, then recedes from sight,
mist covering crystals of cracking night.
I stumble and awake
to her scent floating
about my face.

Pseudo Dreams Live

DOUG DIAZ

1970

pseudo dreams live
in the oriented souls
of stereotype junkies
who feed on sugar cubes
that nibble at their brain
to give them a feeling
of belonging in a dying
world where bloody soldiers
eat gut soup for lunch

pseudo dreams exist in
rose-tinted looking glasses
where fifty dollar hippies
are exhibited on a grand
pavilion called earth

pseudo dreams vanish
into a transparent air
where political musicians
play i love america tunes
in a concert hall filled
with yeah-yeah fans who
startle at the sound of
their own terrifying noises

A Day or So
J. S. MIRANTI
1971

A day or so shall be received with open hands,
waiting patiently to see if the next one will come.
Sitting on the floor eating crackers and cheese,
I poked at the holes in my shoes,
with a broken pencil I had found that afternoon.
“There is a generation that surpasses ours,
somewhere.” I said to myself.
But for the time being, I shall be concerned with tomorrow,
because the bomb may come next week.
Then, who will laugh at Red Skelton,
or criticize Nixon for the war over there.
I have absorbed through my ears,
all that has been said about the great plane strike.
Sifting like flour, strong steel particles,
that have remained to stain our heritage;
I cannot tell myself or others what the outcome will be,
because if I do - - - there will be no answer.

Merry-Go-Round
CHARLES MERTZ
1973

Strong and silent, the stallion stands
Patiently awaiting the master's small hands
With the majestic head of the beast held high
Echoing a wild laugh and a merry cry
Painted horse and rider leap into the sky

Galloping on dreams above these lands
Of clay and dirt, of brick and sand
With castles and knights from days of yore
And bullets and bombs and cannon roar

But the world within is ceasing to spin
And the dreams will end and new ones begin
The melody from the organ begins to slow down
With a solemn silence throughout the grounds
As the children depart from the merry-go-round.

To Federico Garcia Lorca
JUANA HOPPER
1978

You . . . of the dark death
and the green moon,
the horse on the mountain
at five in the afternoon.
You . . . the cries full of thorns
and the waist tied with shadows.
You . . . the mouth of Spain
at the throat of the Earth.
You . . . in the eyes of the night.
Magnificent darkness,
Engulfing darkness,
The deep side of the river.

Equinox
MARY MUNSON
1976

Gallant instincts hue October's face,
Whose flying leaves belie her life,
Lest those with loss of hope
Fear there will be no spring.
Through meager banks
The gibbering stream
Soliloquizes its apprehension
And gives back reassurance,
Like an idiot's self-ministry
To his loneliness.
A cardinal mother,
Of gender even nature will not frock,
Lingers from migration,
Still faithful to the empty nest.
Cool, the autumn air
Rouses summer lovers from their bed,
Where expression of the spirit
Gave comfort and cause
In the world of meaningless patterns.

Take one more look, and listen
To green and red and gold,
Before ice will grip the earth
In the winter laws of cold.



1975

Judy Gallagher

You've Tried
for Judy Nichols
JEANNETHOMAS
1972

you've tried
very hard
(too hard actually)
to make me understand
where you as a white!
paddie/honky/cracker/
whitey stand on the
issue of an afro-ameri
can/negro/nigger/
colored/black
sort of a person
like me

you've gone
through changes
to get your head
where mine is
you have labeled
me as a callous
& quiet person
these are
external attributes
(i am misusing my
defense mechanisms)
employed to camouflage
the confusion/love!hate!war
that is overtaking
my mind-filled machine
so do not be annoyed
by my indifference
(it is only an apparition)

and when i meet
with the bigots
and wax smilers
i will light
a candle to
their lips and
think of your
thinking enough
of me and what/
how i'd feel
if confronted with

people who think
that black people
are baptists who
go to church on
sabbath and drink
gambleandscrew
to make more
bushy-headed babies
for people like
you to encounter
and to understand
(being a human being
is a dreadful occupation)

I think now
your head is
where mine is
and you will
continue to
sympathize and analyze
and when my mind
is clouded with
the pollution of
self-destruction &
maniacal hobbies
i will remember
you and temporarily
forget about myself
for we are only
victims of creation

Nobody's Home
BONNY SNYDER
1974

Their sullen masks
and stark blank stare
made it known
no one is there
Nobody's home.

Footsteps are flat
and voices are heard
but movement is nil
and I sense not a word

Objects are shifting
as routine plods on-
time marks their presence
from dawn to dawn
but nobody's home

a pale ghostly shadow
still walks in the night
and shows the resemblance
that once there was life.

In agony we mourn
for the spirit that died
bewildered we ask
if we really had tried
for nobody's home.

The shutters are down
the weeds start to grow
we turn away sadly
for now we know
that nobody's home.

Monkey and the Lizard
C. J. BLUE
1976

Three blocks from
the jungle, around
back of the diner
a monkey met a
lizard in two dimensions
behind rows of
cardboard, where corrugation
was the only support
between two strangers
who chased the eyes,
glowing in serpent vision.

A century of suns
evaporated residual Darwin
into clouds of
fur and scale,
as the monkey squinted
at the lizard squinting
toward the cabbage head,
Polaroid glaring.
Hedged by cardboard,
mover of feet
and nations

the monkey and the lizard
shook hands and carried
the cabbage away.

What's Beyond This
BARBARA GRAYBEAL
1972

What's beyond this
Shelf of security
You built for me?
The dust of the years
Is obscuring me,
Choking me and
I feel that I'll become lost
In the residue of time.
Perhaps I'll teeter off
In search of brighter shelves
For my china soul.
(I've dreamed of many and
Seen a few, but never sat
Long enough to know their comfort)
If I should break
Would you piece me
Back together with
Only faint visible cracks
To tell of Life's journey?
And you supply that
Vital piece of love
I need to survive?

Childhood
BECKY RYALS
1975

An old friend came
home today
and mirrored the
past for me
I saw how much
she'd matured
then took a look
at myself
In the place of
a child playing dolls
was a full grown
woman instead
And it made me
sad
to see her
my childhood
playmate.



Dave Babcock



1968

Mary Ade



1966

David Porter



1973

Kevin Deland

Kevin Deland



1974

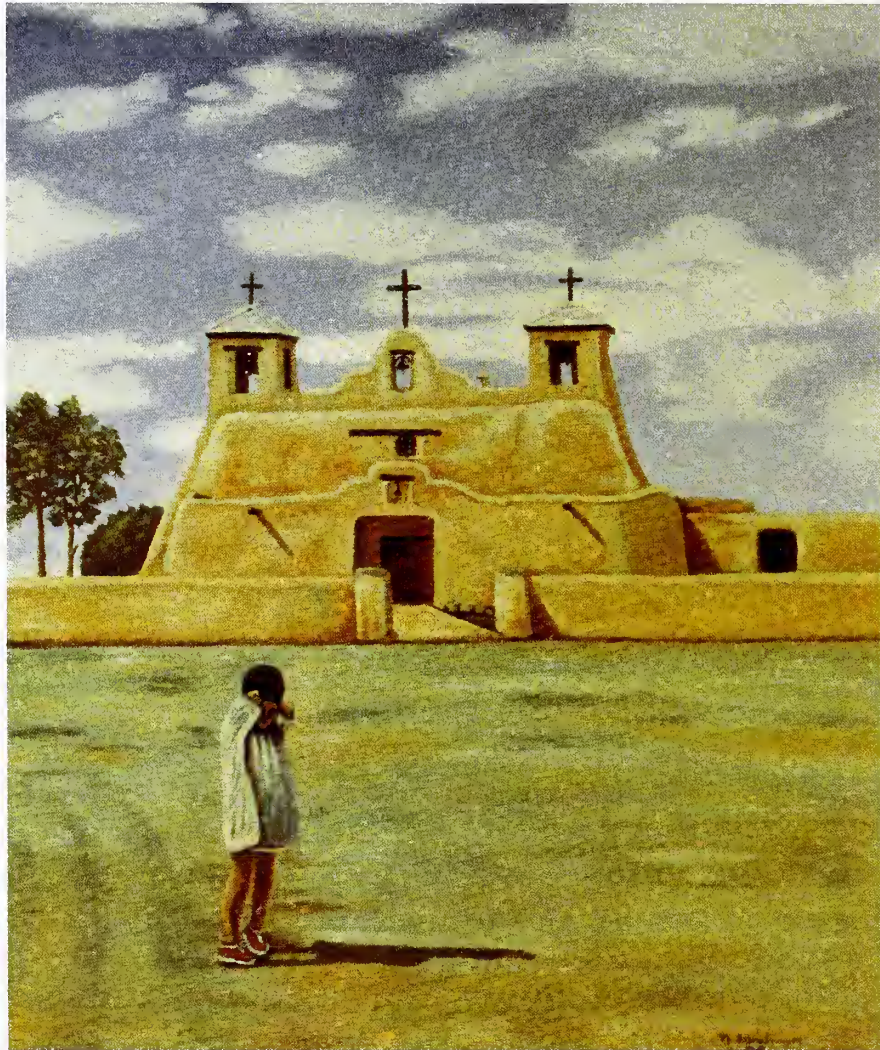
Jim Woulfe



1980

James Hoyal

Gallery 31



1982

Nellie Fronabarger



Self-Portrait
1994

Drewcifer



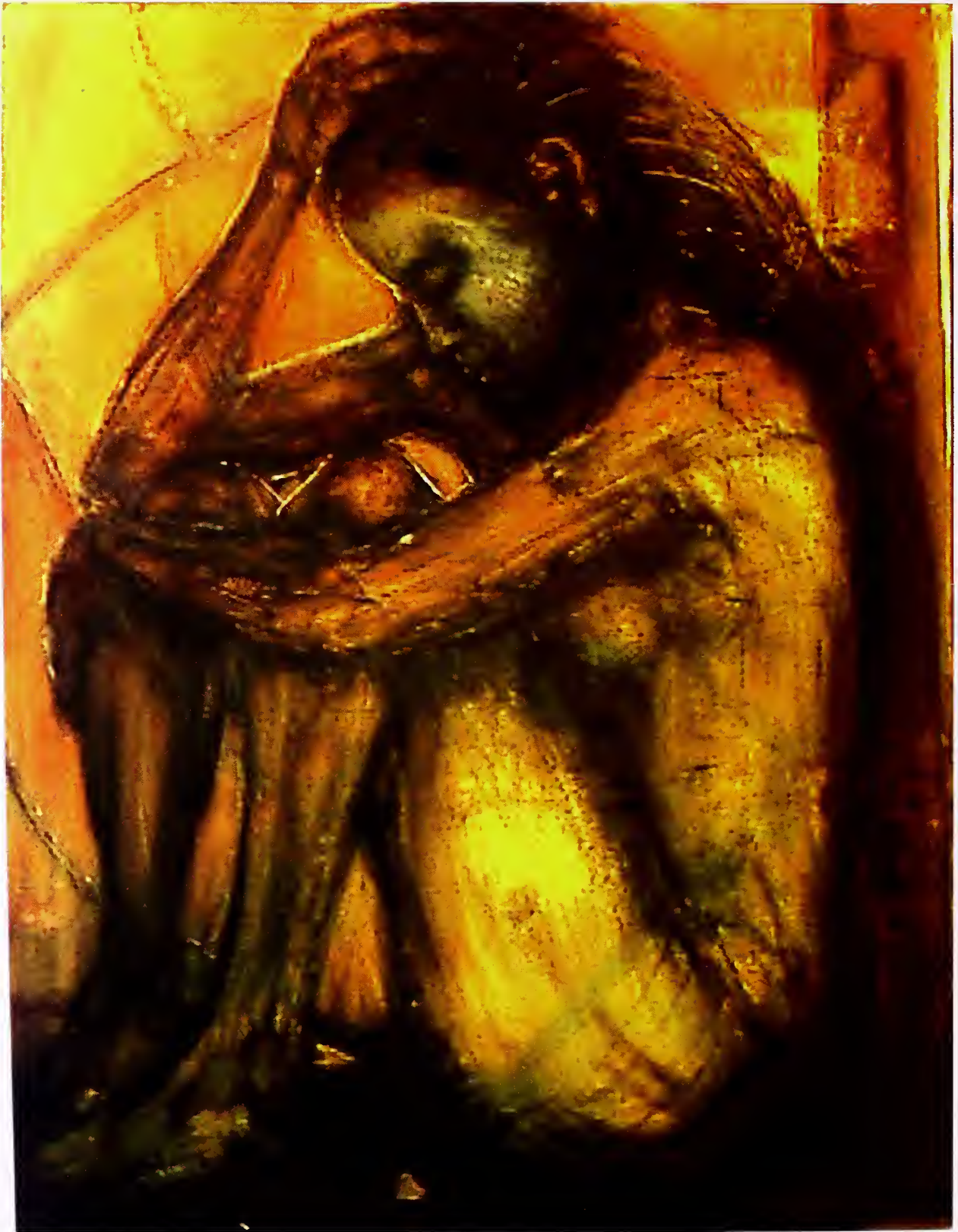
Self-Portrait
1999

Pia Pownall



Fiddler
2001

Helen Daniels



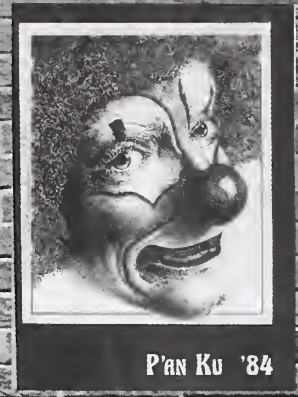
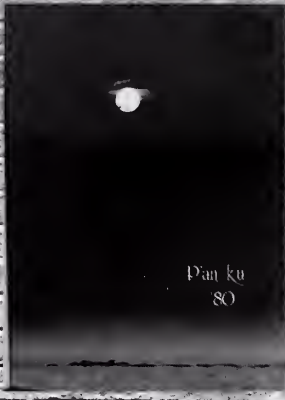
Nude with Sorrows
2003

Erick Estevanell



Now That's Gngstr
2004

Kill (Kapone is III)



the 1980s



Photograph by Bill Tsangares, 1982

Old Haunts
CHERISE WYNEKEN
1984

Ghosts tramp up and down my dreams
Haunting halls and high places
Of the old hotel.
Downstairs in Grandma's rooms
Through yellow, tinkling teeth.
The old piano reassures me,
"No rooms – 'To let' – to Ghosts."

When supper's done, we creep again
Up to the middle floor.
Giggling past the boarder's door closed tight,
The lure of crumbling crates and cobweb corners
Draws –like fisher's bait –
To rooms beyond the creaking stairs
Where ghosts make tracks upon the dust
And nightwalk through my sleep.

The March of Time
LARRY GLAZER
1984

Time marches through the ages,
Around metaphors and similes,
Up and down the footnotes
On poured cement,
Until we bump into an event.
Black on white
Brushed vigorously,
Inevitably
Deeply significant.
And time slows down
Creaking slightly
Absorbs the crisis
And moves on.

Heirlooms
SUSAN M. CLERICI
1984

There are screams in my throat
They are ancestral gifts,
 born of collective eyes witnessing
 the entrails of humankind
 strewn recklessly on
 the pavement of existence.
The blood of our children
 painting the occupied towns red.

Heavy,
 Thick with a millennium of
 watching our sons at war.
Screams to be passed on and on.

I'm sitting in this bar...
SUMMER O'HARA

I'm sitting in this bar, watching the World Series and drinking my second Heineken when this little girl suddenly appears from I don't know where. I sense someone standing next to me before I really notice her, and then I look at her and she's just standing there staring at me.

"Who are you?" I finally ask her. No one else seems to have noticed her.

"Help me."

"Help you?"

"Please. I need help."

She must have been about 10 years old, and she's wearing some kind of cotton dress that's too big for her. Her face is tired looking and her hair is long and uncombed.

"What's wrong?"

"I need to talk to you. Outside."

"Now?" I say, glancing at the television.

"Yes."

"Listen, I'd like to help you, but right now I'm in the middle of this game. Why don't you sit down and order a coke, and we'll talk during the commercials."

"No, I can't," she says, and her voice is strong, almost authoritative. She stands there looking at me, and I feel kind of uncomfortable, like she's never going to go away.

"Okay," I sigh, getting up. I follow her outside to the parking lot, thinking "Why me?" with every step I take away from the game.

She walks very quickly and stops at my car. It's brand new, a Blue Mercedes, and she sits on it.

"Hey, careful with the shoes, that's my car."

"I know."

"How did you know?"

She shrugs and I don't press it. I lean against the car and turn to her expectantly, ready to offer her whatever wisdom she needs. In a hurry, I hope, already wondering what's happening with the game.

"Okay, so what's wrong?"

"I'm hungry."

"You're hungry?" I say, with relief. Nothing that can't be solved quickly. "You need some money?"

She doesn't say anything, and I figure she's embarrassed. I take out my wallet and hold out a ten

dollar bill.

"Here."

She just sits there, looking into the distance.

"Don't be embarrassed, it's okay," I tell her, beginning to get impatient. She turns her head and looks at me. With a shock I see her for the first time. Her face is all bones, protruding cheek bones, sunken in eyes. Sad eyes.

"My family's hungry," she says quietly, and I begin to get this eerie feeling.

"Okay," I say, smiling, trying to lighten the mood, "Here." I take out my wallet and take out a fifty, holding it out to her. "Take this."

She doesn't take it. She just sits there, looking up at the sky. Damn it, I think, I'm missing the best game of the season. What am I doing out here?

"My father sent me," she says, still looking up.

"Your father? What's the matter, doesn't he work or anything?"

Her face lights up, and she smiles for the first time. "Yes, he works. He is always working. He works more than all of the people in the world put together."

"Then why doesn't he feed you if he works so much? Surely he must be able to feed you."

"He did, Bread of life. Living water. But now it's in your hands."

I start to ask her what she's talking about, to tell her that I don't have time to play games, but these words keep going through my mind, words from the Bible.

"Man does not live by bread alone," I suddenly say, then laugh.

"Exactly."

"Well, how much money do you need? I ask, my voice slightly shaking, to my surprise.

"My country is starving."

"Your country?" Oh come on, I think to myself, this is ridiculous. "What country?" I demand.

"Many countries. India, Cambodia . . . many countries." She is whispering now, and barely audible.

“Well, what do you want me to do?” I explode.
“You drag me out of a bar in the middle of the night, I’m in the middle of watching a game and I come out here, I try to give you money so you can eat, but you go on and on about starving people. What am I supposed to do?”

She looks at me, and I look away. She looks so emaciated that I can’t stand to look at her.

“Look, I know what you’re doing. You’re playing on my guilt, trying to make me feel guilty, like those magazine things with the starving children looking out at you saying ‘feed me’.”

“Do you feel guilty?”

“No! No, I don’t. I give money to underdeveloped countries. No, I do not feel in the least bit guilty.”

She slides off my car and I think she is crying.

“Look,” I say more gently, “I can see that you’re hungry. Take some money.”

“There are people hungrier than I am,” she says.

“Babies that are shriveled up, children that eat rocks. And mothers who sit and watch their children die and can’t do anything to help them. And it’s in your hands.”

She starts walking away. The money is still lying on the car where I put it. I want to grab her, to force her to take the sixty dollars so I can go back in the bar and finish watching the damn game, but my mind is in shock or something. I just stand there, watching her go. Then she turns around and says, lightly, “Nice car.”

Seed
LORICROUCH
1980

A fissure in a craggy rock
a spore in the wind
melded together
a particle of life
looks up
plants itself firmly
creeps out from the darkness
thrusting green and tender
gathers strength
and feeds from the sun
determined now
grows in power
slowly uplifting
shooting forth buds
oblivious to the world
around it
until it is the mightiest of all.

Wind of Desire
CYNTHIA AZAR
1984

I feel a cyclone
in my arid soul
that changes destiny

I am alone

Can my control exceed other forces
in this war?
Stop . . . I can't ask more questions

Magnitude of powers
strength
reveals a cyclone force

within desire
I . . . I . . . I . . . am
afraid of no one here

C
Y
C
L
O
N
E
S
scare me

I am alone

Pete, The Hamster
GEORGE KUTTNER
1980

There are sounds that Pete,
the hamster makes,
caged in his trap
late in the night;
I'm desperate not to wake,
while he's desperate
to escape;
dreaming out beyond
his soul and plastic place
in a world that we create.

Lace Doilies
MONICA EARLE CARLTON
1984

Half a dozen starched lace doilies
lay about the darkened room,
each one draped to perfection
floating like white fluorescent
ghosts who recall the lemon scent
of washed hair and 100 brush strokes.

Long lines of drawn pale faces pass,
hands touch in sympathy, withdraw
with regret; the chain's link
broken as the moon's rays
slip under the sealed window,
caressing those possessions left.

The rose-coloured couch sits, lonely
sentinel to matched chair, and Wedgewood
birds wait to take flight as aged
fingers pause, then reach out to hold
the sugar-stiff doilies one last time.

Declaration
MAGI SCHWARTZ
1984

We are sisters. . .

a feminine celebration
blessed with sensitized awareness.
A necklace of jewels whose links are
Forged by 14K gold hearts,
Compassion and rainbow visions.
Safety-catch of caring clasps us
Beyond mileage or Ma Bell.

We are sisters. . .

whose images are locked in each other's youth.
Beauty is in scars buried in our smiles.
Bonding allows sunshine through a permanent
arrangement of shadows. Survivors, we have
defied dreams deformed by fantasy.
Humiliation has scraped us to the bone, but
we have over come mutilation of old realities.

We are sisters. . .

united forever by Eve's *delicious* sin!
Perfect deltas form our triad
 woman
 sister mother
Drops of blood attest to still fruitful wombs.
Together we bleed for non-payment of alimony.
Struggling like migrant workers with the results of
strike-fervored independence.

We are sisters. . .

whose lives are knitted with gray hairs
and pastel-shaded wool, ribbons of
commitment that do not unravel. All have
rewoven the fabric of self-esteem. Tides of
fortune do not affect the molecular
structure of our friendships.

We are sisters. . .

melded silhouettes whose ringless hands are
joined in solidarity against footprints
of the world upon our psyches.
Empty pockets are lined with courage. Like
noise ripening we raise our voice in song. . .

We are sisters. . .



Drawing by Ray Russotto
1982

Amniotics
JAMES C. AZAR
1984

I believe me now-- not enough — just as
little as the dragon I feel like
metallic air shines in my lungs white heat
torturing my exhalation

ii

is hot breath as I think ---- try to think of
a time when breath was cooler and plunge into
the icy waters of self-scrutiny

something has my body -- some arms so near
my body my body my body...yearn to know my form stripping me of these
thought-stiff clothes and I am bare swimming
the fetal fluids of the universe
transparent in the way a mirror is
I find my clear reflection -- my sweet James
what is my given name this James but me?

has hands which make most of my form erect
this bath this bath this bath
and dancing – every limb a penis poised
hushed in the before and after seconds
of touch

missing enough of too much to feel too little

from underneath this quick ocean beats on
my belly and encircles my thighs — I
am swimming lightly my hair ends visit
my upper-back with each steady stroke of
my heavy arms — something in me is an
alarm going off going off going off
and shaking I dart my head in terror
I have let go of the ocean
and it has let go of me
in the middle of an elixir sea
I am the poison in the potion
how so freed?

shelters where pleasures hide
are scattered about my geography
cities awaiting winter...

a cold a cold a cold

James -- a name for a corpse and a brain
sane if there is sanity in motion

Ask me ask me ask me...

ah the ocean the ocean the ocean

amniotic and I seek the birth
where are your arms dear mother earth
and when shall a mother touch her child?

so I kick my unheld legs and I thrash
my no-one's face -- do I grow or does the
world shrink and where are men without measure?

I think I think I think

Patrick Tracey
ELIZABETH BARDSLEY
1982

When I remember my grandfather,
I see him curved like the new moon,
Fragile and silvered.
My mother says that he was an earthy man,
A gardener, drinker of beer brought home in a bucket
After a day's labor;
A jealous man glowering fiercely from his kitchen armchair
At the tradesmen who invaded his castle during the day.
"As if," said my mother, "your grandmother had time for the
milkman
 and the mailman
As she moved back and forth, back and forth
Across the kitchen,
with a child or two clinging to her skirts."
My mother says he was irreverent,
Shaking his fist in the pastor's face
And calling him a black-hearted devil
When two infant sons--
John Patrick and John Lawrence—
Were disinterred to make way for the city dam.
My mother says he was a teller of tales,
Of ladies clothed in green velvet
Wearing white-plumed hats, riding white horses,
Disappearing into the mists of Gaelic nights.
Drinker,
Jealous lover,
Story teller.
My grandmother said,
"Sure what would I do with another one like him?"
I don't know,
But when I remember my grandfather,
I see him
Silvered and fragile
Curved like the new moon.

Three Cornered Dream
KIM WEISS
1982

Grandmother's apartment door gaped a hole
as big as a three cornered hat
i worried for her safety.
who was looking in?
at ninety-three
i let her exist without
looking in.
in a dream she lived
with her broken door
without me.
perhaps i am the missing triangle in her door
(the third granddaughter).
asleep i visited my grandmother.
asleep my love became guilt.
guilt can't buy
a plane ticket to New Jersey.

P'an Ku

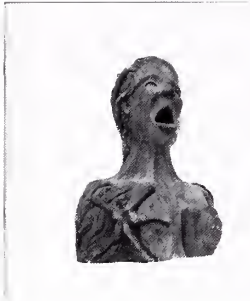


The Broward Community College Literary/Arts Magazine



P'an Ku
Broward Community College's Student Literary Arts Magazine

P'an Ku



P'an Ku



the 1990s

Weather Report
YVONNE VASQUEZ
1994

Sugar water breakfast
Sugar water lunch
No such thing as Sunday Brunch

No cutting out of coupons.
No produce. No meat.
No food stamps. No welfare.
No ends to meet.

No Peace Corps., No Red Cross,
No noble "Mother T."
No airlift grain. No Habitat
For Humanity.

No motor highway traffic,
No air or noise pollution,
Just thirty years of whispered hopes
of waylaid revolution.

Overcrowded camps,
Empty jails,
Mostly fair skies, and balmy
Caribbean gales.

Perfect weather for rafting
to Guantanamo today.
We'll obligingly receive you.
Enjoy your stay.



Where Else Can We Go?
PIERRE DUKENS
1996

In our hometown, we get killed
In a foreign place, we get kicked
Do we come from Pluto?
Are we a UFO?
In the Bahamas, they send us back home
In the U.S., they send us to Chrome
Do we deserve to die?
Do we need to stay alive?
Let us know if you know
Somewhere else for us to go...

Touch and Go
MIKE STAIRS
1990

I once flew a plane from North Perry.
The trip was quite scary.
On my third touch and go,
I came in too low,
And took out a rabbit named Harry.

Daydream
HELEN KRUTIS
1993

I sleep
warm in his gaze
like a cat on a sunlit window ledge.
safe
beside a heart which overlooks my imperfections
and sees through eyes
that behold me
without fear
as though
I were an amazing reflection
on the surface of the sea of dreams
on the dark side of the moon.

Blazing Dawn
TIFFANY BOWE
1999

Beams of light reflects its splendor
Onto the ocean's liquid shell.

The wind blows its cool, moist air
Blending the blues, yellows and greens
Forming a mixture of vitality.

Energized activity takes place below the watery depths.
With soft liquid motions the sea creature moves.
It's destiny starting to be fulfilled with each passing minute.

As the rotation of the earth begins its course
The moon rises to reflect its light upon the ocean.

A mixture of gold and dark blue
Intermingles and spreads itself upon the sea.

The golden light penetrates the ocean
Like lovers who discover each other once again.

The warmth of the salty liquid gently melts
The crashing waves against the shore.
To only have its afterglow spread across the sand.

Silently the calm roar of the ocean's rhythmic breathing
Sets everything into slumber to only await the Dawn of the morrow.



Rain
CHRIS DEROSA
1993

professional madmen
spiritual hysterics

gather your roses before dawn

ectasy in a raindrop
alligator driven whirlpools

While in Mexico
she dreamt twice

to become endlessly obscured
consumed in a glance
forgotten in a memory

to roam in a roomful
of shades.



The King and I
SHARON A. LEONARD
1995

It's been another grueling day. First Melissa needed cookies for school (Please, Mommy!), then Erica had to have a lift to class (I can't be late!). Tom pouted through breakfast because baking cookies took the time he wanted for an early morning quickie (Jesus! You know I'm hot in the morning). All this before work—too much work. Damn, I'm tired. I've been a grown-up all day!

I need to go backwards. The kids are out, Tom's at the club, the answering machine is on. Oh joy! I can do it now—nobody will know. Where is that nightie? Not that sexy one. Not that expensive one. Not that rag. I'll kill that kid if she took—she'd better stay out of my —ah! here it is. You're looking good Elvis. Wait, let me shower. I'd die if my body wasn't clean for you. Better! Oh, you feel so good on me. Now where are those trashy magazines? Great! Look at these headlines: "The King is Not Dead," Elvis Sighted in N.J. Grand Union." A little "Love Me Tender" on the stereo. Dreams.

Meeting him, the King, I boldly open my shirt, my white cotton bra pulled down to make room for his autograph. He smiles, slow and sexy. The pen is lost in his big fist. My breasts look so little, but he doesn't mind. He's touching me! Oh God! I feel it—the pen branding my flesh

E-L-V-I-S P-R-E-S-L-E-Y

I wish his name was longer, or written in Chinese characters, or Braille, or anything that would make this moment last.



Mentor Lost
RENA REGISTER
1997

"Spread your legs and I'll show you what I believe in."
Those were the last real words
you said to me.
I laughed, taking you in stride –
envying your bravery.
Making an ass of yourself
takes a certain amount of selflessness.

Now that you are gone
I realize you were an inspiration to me.
You saw my work as I do.
That last lecherous squeeze
means a lot to me now.

I will lay a flower at your feet
and continue this Kamikaze crazy mission.
Without fear
repeat it - Without fear.

Freedom
LISA JOY HURIASHI
1991

If I could get out
of the horse ring
of never ending circles
consisting of romanticism and reality
and ride in the untamed forest without direction
I know I could ride both
life and the horse
better.



Reclining Nude Before an Open Window
Etching with Aquatint

JOHN BOCCHINO

Anti-Love Poem
(Eve's Apple)
ALYSSA YANKWITT
1999

I never once thought that I loved you
never tried to pretend that the
thrusts you impaled me with
were an attempt to steal my heart
I always was your whore
your beauty queen-rag doll-
whatever-you-want-me-to-be-baby
“Welcome 24 Hours A Day”
my legs are always open for you
your neon eyes always saw my better side
when I was bound and shackled
naked and burning
sweating and seething
waiting for you to crack the next whip
(and i can still smell traces of her perfume)
riding high above you
you could only give sanction through worship
and pray in the temple of my metaphor
fall to your knees
beg for depravity with each kiss
and those soft rare moments
when we laid in each other's arms
glittered in sweat and blood
tipsy with exploitation
those were the moments when I heard the snake
crawling through the garden

Love's Consequence
CHERYL BRINGAS
1993

The serpent resides in my heart.
It coils itself around
my emotional valves,
fraught with malicious intentions.

My blood cells are demons—
evil spirits who
control my thoughts
as they pump through my brain.

The scars are but skulls—
remnants of lost souls
who once dwelled within me.

The blind eye of impulse
corrodes my laughter.
I see everything
and yet, nothing.

The evil ones escape
from their abode
through my tears.

I Taste Your Lovers' Juices While I Lick Your Engine Clean

JENNIFER ALBERT

1998

I abdicate the throne of your objections
and borrow back my worn crown of thorns
When you tell me that you love me
While your jewel is in my mouth
I have no choice but
to assume that you are unfaithful
and when you proclaim your servitude to me
While I gallop, head held high
On your lap
I must presume that multitudes have
Enjoyed a similar ride,
and while I enjoyed you,
(so many have enjoyed you)
and acknowledge my addiction
I assume that you understand
That I understand
The whore that you have been
and though I love you now
Do not pretend that you deceive me
I have seen all your fornication
And most of your aberrations
And still I drink from you
Thick crystal wine
It is not that I am blind to your divergences
It is just that
Like the fish we ate for dinner last
night before bed,
Love tastes sweeter
When marinated in foreign juices.

International Student

SHAHID LATIF

1992

I am still alive
You stoned me
Poisoned me
Burned me
Entombed me
Crucified me
Yet, like the truth
I am alive, eternal.

My face, my eyes, my arms,
My lips
Are all alive
I, the bright star of the night
Fell shattered and tattered,
Yet I go on glowing, shining.

When I found the mark in his hairline, he swore they were nines.
Fevered and tired, I call to him
hoping to interrupt his argument with John Madden.
When the frogs arrive with the beer, he finds me
surrounded by white angels, crushed and soggy
or folded to serve.
Wadda ya want? You don't look so good. You gonna make dinner?
Sure, right after my funeral.
Scraping knuckles on the ground, he returns
to his gridiron sanctuary shouting profanities to a deaf screen.
Every sound is a jackhammer in my head.
I beg for silence.
He responds like a blind man to a semaphore.
I steam into his haven, take out a .45 and riddle his Budweiser bloated body,
stomp and stomp on the bloody remains.
I stand in front of the Hooters girls and a monster truck.
Hey! Watcha doin'?
Could you PLEASE be quiet?
Sullenly retreating, I take a few more shots at his head.
I fluff up my world, softening my martyrdom and drift
in and out of sleep.
Ungluing my eyes, I find him offering Nyquil
like a plastic cup of ambrosia for the dying.
Feeling better, Sweetie?
Yea, some.
Good, could you iron a shirt for work tomorrow?
Go away!
He tiptoes out, no sudden movements.
Returning to holy ground, he defends his righteousness to Ted Koppel and Jack Daniels.
Winding tickity tocking wakes me to my love handled Adonis with tube socks.
Fleshy kisses and stale breath give rise to amorous attempts at apology.
He is the Rain Man of sex.
Hey, I love you.
Love you, too.
Maybe they are nines.



Ink Drawing

Troy Summers

Silence
ADNAN EL'SHUKRI
1998

There are times when all the words in the world can not express
what we are trying to say... when even our heartbeats come
in our way..... As strong and mighty as we can be, the fear of
losing what we don't even have and missing the shadow of
what's not there.... drains all strength and power... And when
we realize that there is nothing in our hands to do, we reach
deep into our souls for one more breath..... then exhale

Five 0
GIANNA LAMORTE
1996

A
straight man
is going to tell me about lesbians?
hmmm...
"It's sexual
It's sexy,
love to watch...
but you can't conceive"
(as if procreation has always been his sexual
objective)
In and out, no doubt
no gratification---just fertilization.
Hypocrisy at its finest!

No mention of love,
just your version
of what a real woman is.
You are so far off,
I don't know whether to
laugh or scream.

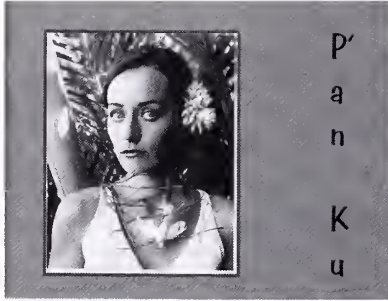
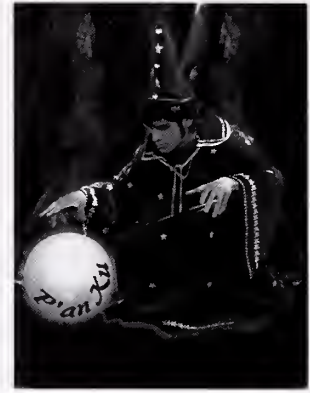
Laugh, because ridiculous people are
funny—
and you?

Well, you are a
fucking riot



Bride

Tim Barbani



the 2000s



Jack and Jill
MICHELLE BECKER
2001

Tangled gateway
To one side stands me, Jill
The other side - there you are - Jack
There is no more water to carry
and there are no more hills to run up
We will not tumble down together
 We, us, together - partners in crime

You know it all, my patient scholar
of how I tear myself into
paper pieces of bone, flesh, blood
The fear of you forgetting me
like mothers who 'forget' newborns
in garbage heaps and bathroom sinks
I say how I can't be dear
You, who have carried me over
abusive quicksands and backstabbing moors
I know...I do matter, to you at least but
'bitch' rings forever in my head

You see, the others among us
have me locked in this cage
A dancing bear who juggles emotions
as broken baubles are thrown at me
like jeering stones of mirth and fuel
and I would go and do my banshee cry
in the dark, too afraid of
them seeing my tears and
hearing my wild boar gasps
A sick animal with lolling tongue
Eyes of mucus fixed on nothing

Will our troubles be known
but lost over the distance
as you cross the state line?
Will our words be lost in precious
phone calls and short but sweet emails?
Distance, the snake that will
Swallow itself inside-out
Inside-out to let the poison out

Not me and you
I want this to last
 We, us, together - partners in crime
Forgive me for my doubts
Keep me in spirit my scholar
You are one of the few, the proud
My comrade in arms



Drawing by Brandy Sejeck 2001

Up Close in the Distance
PATRICK KERR
2000

Sitting in the train station of the cosmic
Waiting for the twelve o'clock-Sunday,
Came down with a fever of sorts
An essential symptom of the syndrome of disarray
Blindness has hold of the bullets
Senselessness, a function lent to misery
I am left without understanding
If we be prophets, pray and tell, where lay our prophecy
scattered and torn, a deluge of scorn
Falling into irreversible outer confrontation
A ceaseless spiral never starting, only leading
To some limitless internal transformation
The benevolence of silent anger's magnet
Is the substance of my armed imagination
And wouldn't I make some differences somewhere
Were my heart not in suspended animation
If the sun has lost direction I could find it
But not before the moon is kissing Venus
Time is not an issue, just a seamless void
It's this ocean of stars that's come between us
Centuries of a microcosm's insight
Lost to the wisdom of a butterfly's wings
These twisters come on so furiously
It's hard to care what tomorrow brings
The drone of the ev'ryday is the struggle for meaning
And there's a search for connection in the desolate sands
Freezing in the shadows and searing in the light
What's left of what collapses is left only to expand

The Empress
ESTHER MARTINEZ
2004

I have been wearing you
like an empress in new clothes
feeling naked for months,
feeling nothing,
the way one goes about the day
ignoring the feeling of clothes on skin.

Watch

RAYMOND ANDREW GIBSON
2002

There is no such thing as an easy breath;
The ash of stars trickle across night and feel
Time is a harem of hours fawning at death.

Clock hands, indecisive, forgetful, wrench,
And because those hands obsessively reel
There is no such thing as an easy breath.

Twice daily, the pageant passes, all dressed
The same — for funeral or brothel — still wheel
Those black hours fawning at central death.

Whether by an angel's hip-striking hands kept
Or poison arrows to strike the half-hour & heel,
There is never such a thing as an easy breath.

And that bible-black coven to make man retch
With analog march, shadows stretched, keeps real
Time: the sycophant hours wreathed on death.

Eyes can never tell how many suns are left
By the very lights of dead stars they steal;
There is no such thing as an easy breath
When a harem of hours fawns at my death.

I have been wearing your love
like a yellow raincoat,
a bright distraction from the storm,
tears like raindrops splashing
into puddles pretending happiness.

I have been wearing hurt
like my armor—
my heart encased in shiny links
of metal; it hides behind an
impenetrable shield,
on the other side of a great wall.

Lake of Peace
ELIZABETH QUINN

2002

Sprinklers, fueled by the lake, are finally off and a hush settles over the surrounding area. The freshly cut grass glistens with nourishing water, and the blazing red ixora all who behold it. A chorus of frogs croaks to the dawning day, and small lizards dart around the patio screen in a disjointed dance, every noise setting them in motion. Nearby, a grasshopper drills to the daybreak. The chaos of the morning routine will soon be over and I sip my morning coffee on the patio. I look to the lake to restore my inner peace amidst mayhem of the day.

The lake is quite narrow and appears to hug our backyard. My thick Cuban coffee and I witness the peaceful veneer. No ripple, no comment, just calm, quiet acceptance of the day. She embraces the warming sun, reflecting its brilliance in her calm, abiding way. Two young turtles clamber onto a rock by the water's edge, the happy couple surveying the quietude engulfing the area. On the far side, an almost fully-grown alligator dozes on the grassy bank. Only last week, he viciously attacked and slaughtered a neighbor's cherished cocker spaniel. He has eluded Florida Game and Fisheries for many months, taking refuge in deep waters. Lime green parakeets flutter around the bird feeder hanging on the peeling gumbo limbo tree. The birds echo the joy of morning as the water reflects the path of the sun.

As the morning grows older, a large army of charcoal storm clouds assemble to the south. The tempo of the wind increases, its voice becoming louder and stronger, its strength creating larger waves on the water. Birds are dipping in the howling, rushing air. The angry clouds advance on the lake, issuing thunderous war cries. Palm trees stand sentinel around the lake with huge fronds flailing, watching the onslaught. The fierce rain falls harshly, pounding the surface of the water. Lightning charges, striking without mercy, but is unable to shake the peace in the depth of her soul.

Afternoon draws on, the storm shrinking and retreating, seeing the futility of the assault. A whispering breeze massages the water, creating passive ripples. An imposing silver heron settles on the screen roof, his feathered crown bowing to the

passing wind. He secures his footing, his spindly legs belying his hunting prowess. Beaded eyes keenly observe the water. With finely honed reflexes, he dives for the kill. The lake holds the choicest meals for this skilled fisherman. Fish nibble at the insects dancing around the undulating surface. Vicious dragonflies swoop for food, enjoying a frenzied feast of smaller, unsuspecting insects. Their veined wings never rest, even for a moment. Myriads of tadpoles frantically seek protection among the water lilies and weeds dotted around the edge. The cycle of life dictates that only a few will see adulthood. The lake witnesses the impermanence of life for so many creatures and nourishes them all, living and dying, in her moist embrace.

The birds sing a final farewell as the fiery orb makes his dramatic finale. Peace is restored, accompanied by the orchestra of humming bugs. Once more she is still. The silver lady of the night rises slowly in modest glory, her rays exalting the harmony of nature. The celestial moonlight pierces the water, uniting clarity and peace. The illusion is utterly perfect. When I immerse myself in its beauty, there is no duality. All that is reflected in the lake is of the lake, and not separate. At last I understand her peace.

Curtains
REBEKAH D. LASKAR
2000

The stage told of its years by the musty smell of jazz shoes and sweat. There was new carpet, however, a heavy burgundy of soft shag. The lights were low, small samples of sun on an autumn afternoon.

Rehearsal. The flame was kindling within the lead eyes. Only soft. The chorus gathered behind, jagged pieces of thirsty oak ready to combust. I had already, several hours back, as the producer asked for more energy, and more dance, and more...

The floor, reflective ebony, distorted our images into sick imposters of humans. Cords and electrical lines fell in vines above our heads, gentle rushed listening intently. The words, timeless, were heard over the white noise of life. Soft whispers, giggles, the small crunch of pretzels being eaten, the beat of nervous hearts, feet fluttering across that impenetrable floor. These were the sounds of performance.

The faint perspiration occupied the molecules surrounding the actors like the blanketed South Florida air in mid-summer. The dancers stretched along a pale, dusty barre, toes stretched, gentle willow twigs. Torsos balanced in fluid motions. Their legs and fingers reached, thirsty plants towards one uniform sun, in time with the circling cosmos. I stood in back, trying to imitate that beauty.

The choreographer called our act with eyes bolted to his notes, a haughty melody gone flat (those half steps get you every time). We take our places; I stand mid-way (stage right). A line breaks the silence, forming a machete, finally breaking the last of my tension.

The music begins, and I turn my eyes on, a plastic light switch with its lettering long gone. My center leads, as I *pas de bourre*, faster and faster. Side-back-side (quick toes, now). A sulfurous charge fills the air, the oncoming storm brewing. Excitement taints my mouth, a thick molasses. My arms rise, second position, and I *balance* with taut thighs, pointed toes, center forward, and a brilliant smile.

Creeks resonate from deep within the dark corners of the theatre—sounding from the deep, back horizon in back. My attention is pulled there,

magnetized by that force. I concentrate, salty drops of sweat slide slowly down the sides of my face to the peaks of my lips. I taste them, ocean water. The other dancers do not sweat. Again, my green gaze follows the mysteries farthest from the stage.

Anything could thrive within those shadows, and that is what intrigues me. I dance faster with precision; dancing for the darkness. *Develope* back—farther, I pop my head to the downbeat and turn into a frenzied pirouette: toe pointed and follow through. Old theatre ghosts whisper across the stage, taking forms of the somber glow from the dim stage lights. The halo reaches unsubstantially, the wavering sigh of the street lamp on 48th and Everett.

My pupils bloom, black orchids, as I try to focus on those far depths of cabalism. Yet, I dance—as I only know to do. Swift *rond de jambe*, and turn (the shadow appears all around), then finish—*arabesque!*

I wait, chest high, for the shadow to follow. One toe planted, deep into the ebony sea, the other high behind, an expansive oak branch. My head dips into the curtsy, following the liquid movement. Again I glance, depths that encircle the shallow fluorescent beam. A quiet applause to follow, the soft parade of rainfall: *reverence*.



Bonnet House Bridge

Julie des Tombe, 2001

Sprites, Pixies, & Nymphs
CHRISTIN DE LA ROSA
2003

They are those mystical creatures who fly in the
forest,
Tiny and full of life.
Creatures with magical powers
only coming to a special few.

Tiny and full of life,
their wings take them far,
only coming to the special few
granting their wishes come true.

Their wings take them far,
as they glisten in the sun
and grant their wishes come true
to all those who believe.

As they glisten in the sun,
they sprinkle fairy dust all around
especially to those who believe.
Enchanting and intriguing is what they are.

They sprinkle fairy dust all around,
these creatures with magical powers.
Enchanting and intriguing is what they are,
those mystical creatures who fly in the forest.

Measuring Longing
BRANDY SEJECK
2001

Tracing the nylon seam of her wrist,
I measure longing.
Each stitch embroiders the fastened lip
of a great chasm.
Each stitch, a separate purpose.

She says she laid her tendons in a row,
three shriveled lupine stalks.
It didn't even hurt.

I imagine my own wrist open,
sinew bulging chrysanthemum fat,
blood the consistency of boiled milk,
the nettle sting of life spouting
straight as a column,
a small, red geyser.

I do not bypass even the tiniest kernel of pain;
it rasps against my bones,
deformed millstones
that crackle with motion.
I listen for a purpose,
but the sound tapers to an emery scratch.

Quietly, I count stitches,
fingers learning each knot,
an illegible Braille,
knowing they somehow link with life...
they somehow link with longing.

The Towers (9/11/01)
ROBBY A. CASTELLANOS
2003

The echo of a raindrop. Shaken by vibrations
Taken from a moment, despite the celebration
A requiem for those whose fate and faith collided
Now comes a single tear from the flame someone ignited.
The tumbling of towers, the shattering of glass,
The rubble of disaster and the not so distant past.
Faith is now in question. Safety now provoked
Yet rising from the ashes like a phoenix through the smoke.
Against the burning embers. Against the fall of power.
Against the disappointment of the crumbling of the towers.
When in the wicked light the angels felt a void
And they noticed steps to heaven were demolished and destroyed
By a cowardly shadow who refused to show their face
Responsible for murdering the innocence of grace
And shifting day to tragedy and night into despair
By twisting truth between their teeth and taking chance on dares.
In groups they came like vultures that hunted in a pack
And took the unsuspecting, defenseless to attack.
But light will touch those fallen ones who broke the sound of laughter
And replaced it with the silence that would follow soon there after
The towers will rebuild and the echoes will be heard
In the sea of single tears and the dirge of silent words.

Red Snow
DIANE LARSON
2002

Battle of the Bulge - like an aneurysm it bursts
to squirt sweet blood over white sheets of snow
in the Ardennes Forest, December 1944, round
after round of bursting artillery shells, deafening,
incessant front line on fire in a battlefield more red
than white. Cemetery crews hurry to collect and
stack the dead like cordwood in a shed, without
ceremony or body bags. GI's wrap in olive drab,
huddle together to grab moments of broken sleep -
the battle burns all around, but there's no warmth.
They march past what's left of the dead, no stench,
frozen, crumpled bodies, open, gaping wounds,
armies in combat, hungry, dirty, cold soldiers
in a war fought by young, worn-out soldiers.

Bones
JAYSIN ELSKY
2002

She likes bone
calls them sticks
evokes them like snakes
like Mephistopheles
in the garden

I throw sticks
bones
at the ground
they lie with
Whitman's hair
dandruffed with
candy rappers
coins
and
condoms

They do not writhe
I can count them
one, two, three moments
tragic-less
without charm

Can I learn that trick
in finishing school*?

I never
finish
anything.

AFTERWORDS

The Junior College of Broward County opened its doors in 1960. In 1964, the first issue of *P'an Ku* appeared. Through the efforts of early pioneering faculty advisors, like Helen Anne Easterly and Betty Owen, the magazine flourished. Over the past 40 years, dedicated student staff members and faculty have been determined to continue its tradition of excellence while allowing and encouraging students to express themselves through both the visual and literary arts. At times, this has meant pushing the limits of what is often thought of as conventional or "acceptable" subjects, themes, and language. The college administration has always supported the efforts of its students. Though the works contained in this brief retrospective of the last 40 years may not be totally reflective of the times in which they were created, they do reflect the personalities and concerns of those who created them. Each artist was true to his or her artistic and creative vision. The motto of the magazine for many years has been that anyone who is endowed with creativity is possessed by the spirit of *P'an Ku*. May the spirit live for another 40 years.

EDITORS

Julie Adams	2000
Vicki Ballentine	1971
Holly Baublitz	1998-1999
Michelle Becker	2000-2002
Susan Carr	1982
John Charlton	1966
Alexis Cohen	2003
Scott Coventry	1990-1991
Danay Escanaverino	1995
Susan R. Feldon	1979
Tracy Fritz	1996
Pamela Greenside	1994
Jennifer Hansen	1984
Gary A. Hogle	1964-1965
Judy Mathis Homan	1966-1967
Maggie Hoyal	1980
Ron Hines	2000
Marie Jennings	1991-1992
Mark Jetté	1992-1994
Ruth Lantzy	1972
Rebekah D. Laskar	2002
Mary Ellen Lo Bosco	1974
Janis Mara	1972-1973
Joe Miranti	1972
Zita McAfee	1968
Bryan L. McLane	1982
Frank Mitchell	1978
Russell Moore	1968-1969
Larissa Nash	2003-2004

Michael D. Newman	1966
Lisa Papa	1973
Lynn Parker	1974
Joanne Potanovic	1975
Krystine Ramos	1998
Shawn Reagan	1970
Rena Register	1995-1996, 1997
Melodie Rolling	1974-1975
David Rossi	1968
Sally Rudolph	1997
Marlena Rupp	1976-1977
Becky Ryals	1975
Ricky Smith	1999-2000
Shirley A. Stirnemann	1982

ADVISORS

John Biays	1984
Dr. Michael Cleary	1982
Helen Anne Easterly	1964, 1965
Greg Eisman	1979, 1980
Dr. Patrick Ellingham	1990-2004
Trish Joyce	1982, 1984
Betty Owen	1966-1969 1970-1979 1982, 1984

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

Dr. Joe Rushing	1964-1965
Dr. Myron R. Blee	1966-1967
Dr. Hugh A. Adams	1968-1986
Dr. Willis N. Holcombe	1987-2004
Dr. Larry A. Calderon	2004-









