

C a R i B O O



E g A L 1 © C

*The University College of the Cariboo Photography
and Literature Club welcomes you to*

The Cariboo Collage

a collaborative journal of image and text.



photo by Donald Lawrence

dear Mariko reproduced by permission of Kiyo Kiyooka and the Kiyooka Family. George Bowering's tribute to Roy Kiyooka reprinted by permission of author and Coach House Publishing on behalf of BRICK; a literary journal; number 48, spring 1994.

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Special thanks to Kiyo Kiyooka and the Kiyooka Family for their help and co-operation, and to George Bowering for sharing his perceptions of his friend Roy. Also, special thanks to Donald Lawrence and Will Garrett-Petts for introducing us to the collaborative work the man in yellow boots by Roy Kiyooka and George Bowering.

To all of you, we hope you are happy with the final product of our labours. Without your help, production of this journal would not have been possible. Thank you.

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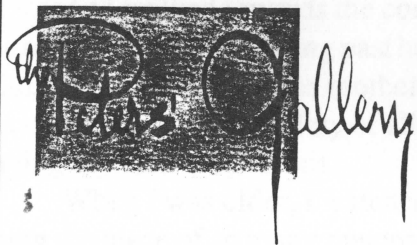
Tom MacDougall, Lauraine Wakely, Lise-Marie Duquette, Donald Lawrence, Joann Hlina, Karen Huston, Roxann Boucher, Patricia Schneider, Will Garrett-Petts, Darlene Kalynka, Debora Simoneau

Publishers' Message

The Cariboo Collage has been a part of The University College of the Cariboo for the last four years. The past three editions of the student journal have been produced by the English 303 class, but the intention for the journal has always been that it would eventually grow beyond a class project. This is the first year the Photography and Literature Club has been responsible for the publication of the Cariboo Collage.

Our club formed from the studio media course **Fina 390: Photography and Literature: A Canadian Perspective**. The course was offered for the first time at UCC in the 1992-1993 school year. The combination of image and text is an interdisciplinary concept which became a basis for the course, club, and later the "new" Cariboo Collage. The Cariboo Collage has evolved into a collaborative and community effort, run by and for students. As a result of this effort, which saw club members involved in most aspects inherent to producing a literary journal, this publication went through many growing pains. We established an editing policy, requirements for submitting work, separate editors for images and text, created committees to deal with the selection of works, production, and promotion. And, even though the process of growing caused flared tempers, confusion, and frustration at the very least, we are satisfied with the policies we have established, and with the final outcome of our endeavours. We learned just how much co-operation it takes to efficiently create something like this publication.

Where the Collage is headed in the future is open to debate. We hope each year will see it evolve and improve, without ever forgetting its humble beginnings with students in the classroom.



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Dedication

The University College of the Cariboo Photography and Literature Club dedicates this year's Collage to the memory of Roy Kiyooka, one of Canada's great artists. Kiyooka became a pioneer in the combining of image and text in Canada through his collaboration with George Bowering's the man in yellow boots. These original works have served as the impetus for future generations of artists and writers to work together. We hope this journal continues this standard. Thank you both, Roy and George.

The Photography and Literature Club

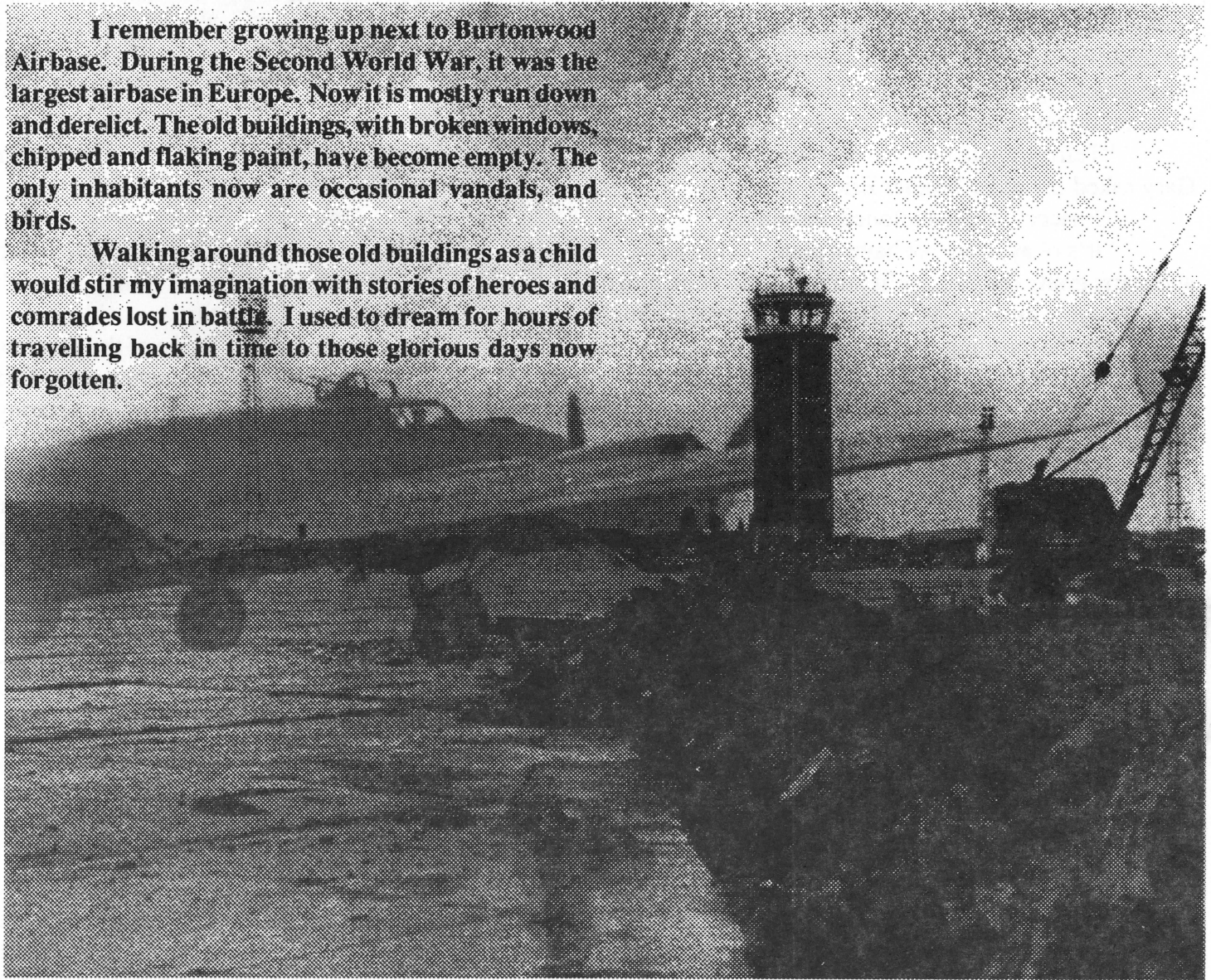
Roy Kiyooka 1926 - 1994

Ghosts of Burtonwood

by Dale Regan

I remember growing up next to Burtonwood Airbase. During the Second World War, it was the largest airbase in Europe. Now it is mostly run down and derelict. The old buildings, with broken windows, chipped and flaking paint, have become empty. The only inhabitants now are occasional vandals, and birds.

Walking around those old buildings as a child would stir my imagination with stories of heroes and comrades lost in battle. I used to dream for hours of travelling back in time to those glorious days now forgotten.



Although the walls were crumbling, I could almost hear the laughs and cries of the people who once lived and worked there. It was as if a part of their souls had been absorbed by the walls themselves; oh, if they could just talk louder to me.

As I walked towards the control tower, I noticed the weeds growing through the cracks in the old airstrip. The roar of the planes taxiing past here will never be heard again, except in my mind. Standing taller than any other building, the tower was the mother figure of Burtonwood. Like a mother bird watching over her young ones, it was responsible for the safety of all who flew there. And, like a mother, she would always be there, watching and praying for their safe return.

When I was older, I watched the bulldozers come and demolish the old airbase. It was a sad sight for me, seeing the place of so many memories being lost forever. Before it was gone though, I took several photographs. On one photo, I carefully placed an old bomber, a B-17 Flying Fortress: I photographed it at an air show a couple years earlier, and made it appear as a ghostly image on the old airstrip. Now, all who see this photo will see a permanent reminder of Burtonwood, seen through my eyes.

Bears in the Woods

by Brian Larnder

Many years ago, my father, my two brothers and I explored the Bowron Lakes circuit. With two beat-up fibreglass canoes, a pile of mismatched camping gear, and any personal comfort items (such as toilet paper) that we could carry, we set out to conquer the one hundred kilometres of lakes and portage trails that lay before us. For three gruelling days we battled fatigue, the cold and rain, and the mosquitoes. As well, there was always the constant threat of bears to fill our heads with nightmares.

"Tell me again how the bear would crush our skulls and rip our brains out for dessert," my younger brother Gary asked my older brother Eric.

"Erriccc...?" Dad intoned warningly.

"It's okay, Dad, we have a plan," I chimed in. "When the old grizzly comes roaring through the tent flap and starts going for you, we'll jump out and bonk him on the head with the frying pan and knock him out." With such thoughts as these we drifted off to sleep each night.

On the morning of the fourth day the sun was bright and hot, quickly evaporating the rain of the past few days and causing a light fog to drift from the trees and underbrush. It was sometime around noon when we drifted past the ideal picnic spot -- a nice, sandy beach with a fire pit and a supply of wood, bordering on a little clearing in the forest. We pulled our canoes up onto the beach and lay for a while in the soft, warm sand.

Soon the three of us kids were stirred from our reprieve by the crackling of the fire that Dad had built and by the smell of the Scotch broth he was cooking in the pot. We settled back to a nice dinner and chuckled as we remembered how scared we had been the night before. As we sat around the fire, joking and munching on Dad's famous campfire biscuits, which my brothers and I had learned to love, I suddenly spotted a mother bear with two small cubs coming down the side of the hill towards our picnic site.

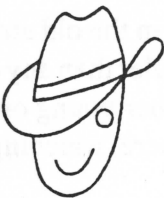
"B-B-BEARS!" I shouted, as I jumped up and pointed behind my fellow campers. My valiant warning, however, met with different results than I had anticipated.

"Shut up airhead!" "Take a hike!" "You can't fool us that easily!" Even my father, with whom I thought I had a very trusting relationship, just laughed in my face.

I was about halfway down the beach and attempting to climb a 'NO CAMPING' sign when they finally realized I was not kidding. By this time the bears had come alarmingly close to our camp. My two brothers began to run, Eric running frantically down the beach after me, and Gary making straight for the canoes, pushing one halfway into the lake before he realized that the paddles were still back on the beach.

"I knew those biscuits would be too much for bears to handle," Dad muttered to himself as he calmly cleaned up our gear with one hand and, with a stick in his other hand, attempted to scare away the bear. At one point there was only a small bush standing between the two of them, with the shredding claws and razor sharp teeth of the bear coming ever closer to my father's flesh. By this time we had gotten into our canoes, and, as Dad hopped aboard, we began laughing at and mocking the disappointed bears. We left them back on the beach without their expected meal.

That trip is long since over, and we have all survived to tell our story over and over again. With each telling, the legend seems to grow as the heroics of that day gradually become immortalized. Mom has heard the story many times, but still smiles politely when we tell her about all the fun she missed. Dad is still bragging about his famous BEAR BISCUITS, which "those bears had smelled from miles away" -- to him the obvious reason they had invaded our camp that day. Sure, Dad, it was those biscuits.



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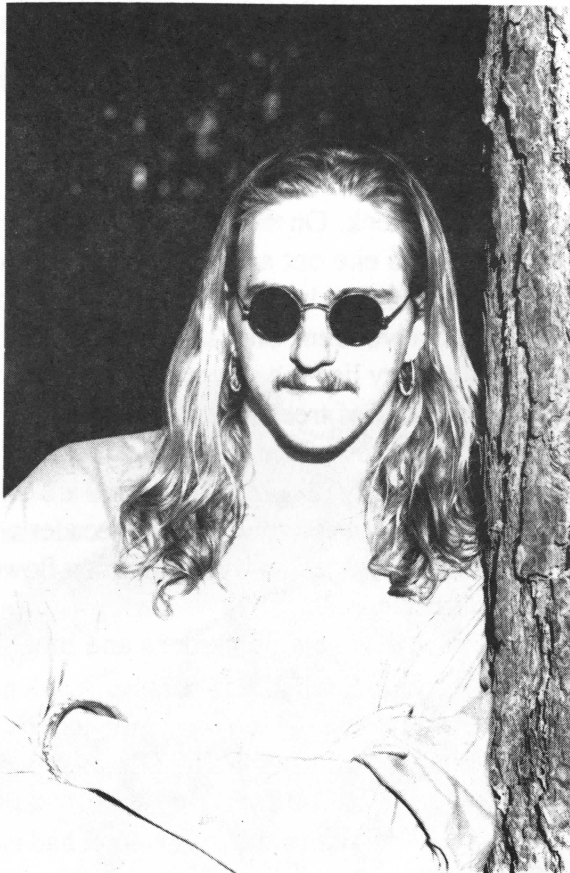


photo by Real Laberge

does i exist?

by Tom MacDougall

who am i?

no clear definitive answer appears
no solution to the question of self
there is no template no model
i can look to in a desperate bid

to understand

the inadequacy of words to explain
concepts without shape or form
unable to construct or destroy
no chalk outlines no parameters
to define what it means to be self

does i exist?

if there is an eternal infinite one
can there be an individual one
is there a breakdown
is self whole or a part
or simply torn apart
and do the pieces float
or fall to the ground with a bang

october 30, 1993

Visions

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The first sign of the tiny community of Walhachin that the traveller will see, driving westward from Kamloops, is the skeleton remains of wooden irrigation flumes in the hills above the highway. The twenty-two kilometres of grey, broken flumes are the relics of the Snohoosh irrigation system that once snaked proudly in an unbroken chain across the hills and ravines, carrying water from Deadman Creek. On the other side of the highway, obviously out of place amongst the sagebrush, ghost-like apple trees try to eke out an existence in the desolate landscape. A solitary signpost indicates a twisting dirt and gravel road that slowly descends towards lush green vegetation bordering either side of the river. The dusty road narrows into a wooden, one-lane bridge and ascends once more to sagebrush and sand. A short distance past a huge gravel quarry lies the sleepy town of Walhachin, nestled on rolling hills that are dotted with sagebrush, cacti and a sprinkling of trees.

In describing Walhachin, one is probably describing thousands of small towns across North America. It is not particularly picturesque, and it is small, having a population of approximately fifty people. The houses are old, some looking forlorn, with peeling paint, lop-sided fences, and yards overgrown with weeds and several decades worth of accumulated junk. Others are meticulous, surrounded by manicured lawns and hedges, as well as fragrant flower beds bursting with colour. The town also boasts a post-office and a community hall, but little else.

Walhachin, a small village, was once surrounded by orchards and vegetable gardens and inhabited by

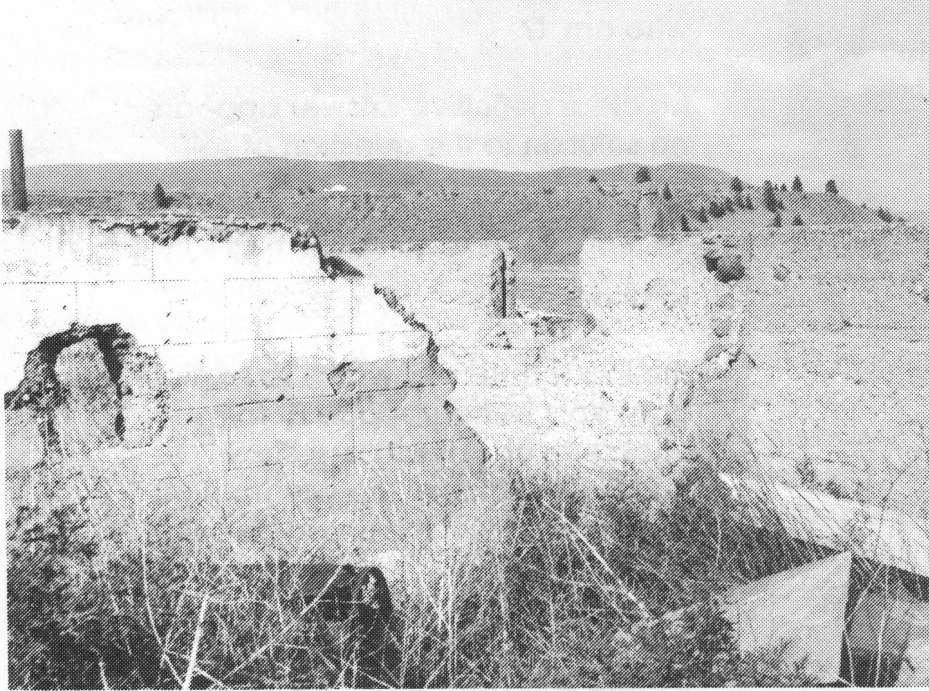


photo by Lise-Marie Duquette

English aristocracy. A splendid hotel, which was opened by Prime Minister Wilfred Laurier, once stood as one of the social centres of Walhachin. The hotel had two beverage rooms (one for the residents and one for the workers) and a dining room that required the patrons to wear formal attire. The community hall, the other centre of social life, was a model of modernity. It had ultra-modern steam heat and was equipped with a grand piano, as well as a spring-mounted dance floor that provided the best dancing in the country. Red-coated horsemen engaged in fox (coyote) hunts could be seen racing across the hills. Businesses, such as a butcher shop,

a bakery, a Chinese laundry, and a coal and woodyard, bustled with activity.

Walhachin prospered for a few short years because of the elaborate irrigation system that transformed thousands of acres of arid land into a Garden of Eden; but when war erupted in 1914, loyalty beckoned the majority of the English residents back to their homeland to serve their country. A storm destroyed large sections of the flumes, cutting off the vital source of Walhachin's existence, and allowing the sagebrush and cacti to reclaim the land.

Today, Walhachin is merely a ghost of its former self. The community hall, minus the grand piano, is still the social centre of the town to the few remaining residents. Sadly, all that remains of the hotel is the foundation, hidden beneath sand and tall grass. The businesses have long since disappeared. The tidy post-office, the old houses and the historic hall, along with the straggly apple trees and the dilapidated flumes, are all that is left as reminders of another Walhachin.



The Garden

by Joanne Hlina

A rough wind whips through sand and sage,
Moans sere and bleak and mean down a sun-scoured gorge.
Grey trees tap tunes from an abandoned age,
A soft refrain to the roar of Hell's hot forge.
Strong men and women shaped this land in a time
When Fortune blessed the wit and pluck of all;
They carved an Eden from a parched and grudging clime.
Yet when the Empire made her desperate call —
The young men returned to die for cause and king,
The earth fell parched without wooden flumes
That spilled cool water on trees that strive in springs.
Rich soil was swirled into silent shivering dunes.
Now Waltham lies in Satan's grasping hands,
those brave dreams stilled beneath relentless sands.

The Great Adventure

by Robin Whiteaker

When I was a young boy I loved to explore. My endless curiosity for all things new and exciting constantly propelled me to search out extraordinary situations. I remember one such incident quite vividly. It was one of those rare episodes when the experience of my discovery actually matched my wild imagination.

It began one day when I decided to explore a mysterious and forgotten room tucked away within the depths of my grandparents' basement. I had already spent endless hours snooping through the bulk of that ancient and wonderful play-

ground, but now stood nervously in front of the door entering the abandoned room. Eleven years old at the time, I was filled with both fear and excitement at what bizarre new things I might find within that secret place. My heart began to race as I cautiously turned the tarnished doorknob and slowly pushed against the heavy oak door. An eerie sensation overcame me as I peered through the small crack into opaque mystery. The wedge of thick darkness that faced me was like a black sentinel, consuming any light that might have tried to penetrate the room. For a moment

I felt as if I were a famous archaeologist entering the tomb of an ancient Egyptian king. I was itching to know the secrets that mysterious chamber might conceal. The flashlight, gripped tightly in my hand, sprang to life and instantly pierced the ebony room with a beam of white light. The once shrouded interior of the room was revealed to me, sporadically, in a series of brief glimpses. What I could see of the room's shadowy contents was enough to tell me that I had made a great discovery.

Directing the flashlight to my left, I managed to find the light

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switch, and quickly flicked it on. The room lit up instantly and revealed a bountiful treasure that left me breathless. I gazed up at ceiling high piles of countless domestic artifacts. This old family museum held everything from beaten-up trunks to sporting equipment, to faded clothing and worn-out furniture. But the one thing that caught my attention more than anything else was a tall grey bookcase standing in the far corner of the room. The unusual order and neatness of the magazines that were

I had discovered the greatest adventure of all.

tightly packed within its shelves seemed out of place in the sprawling chaos that surrounded it. I immediately felt drawn to the bookshelf.

Careful not to disturb the bending stacks of boxes or the fragile glass antiques, I slowly waded through the centre of the jungle-like chamber towards the towering cache of magazines. When I finally arrived at the tall dusty bookshelf, I reached up and pulled down one of the intriguing journals. It was a National Geographic magazine dated April, 1921. Over sixty years, this publication had been collected and stacked in exact chronological order, creating an impressive, uninterrupted pattern across the face of the bookshelf. When I had removed the single National Geographic from the ledge, a thin, dark space was left in its place, breaking the continuity of the solid yellow and black motif.

Exhilarated by my new discovery, I immediately sat down in an old-fashioned reclining chair and

proceeded to flip through the magazine in my hands. I came upon a fascinating article about a man who travelled from London to Australia in a small airplane. The photos of his great journey captivated me. On one page was a bird's-eye view of Italy's Mount Vesuvius, its black cinder cone threatening a sinister trail of white steam. I wondered whether the volcano would explode again, and if it did, whether a tiny airplane flying above it would be

able to escape the angry mass of molten

rock and blinding ash that would be spewed skyward in a single thundering blast. The possibilities worried me so that I could not enjoy the photograph any longer. Hastily, I turned the page and came upon another remarkable scene, one far more enchanting than the first. It was a picture of a long desert caravan that stretched across the page and into a bright sandy horizon. The men who led the herd of packed camels wore loose flowing robes and exotic cloth headpieces which were wrapped around their faces to protect them from the stinging sand

carried by the wind.

My curiosity had been sparked, but was far from being satisfied. I began to ask myself questions about the images that had been entertaining my imagination. Who were these desert nomads? Where could this mysterious group be travelling to? As I leafed through the rest of the magazine my questions began to multiply; my thirst for adventure was evolving into a genuine desire for knowledge. In order to learn more about these fantastic new worlds I did something that I had always strived to avoid. I decided to actually read the articles rather than just admire the photographs and illustrations that accompanied them.

Taking a deep breath, I turned to the very first essay of the magazine and began to read the deep black letters typed across the shiny white page. It was tough reading at first, since not all of the words made complete sense to me. However, I didn't mind, for I was having too much fun exploring foreign lands and meeting unusual people to be bothered by my unrefined reading skills. I had found a new and exciting way of understanding the world around me, and it was all at my fingertips. I had, indeed, discovered the greatest adventure of all.

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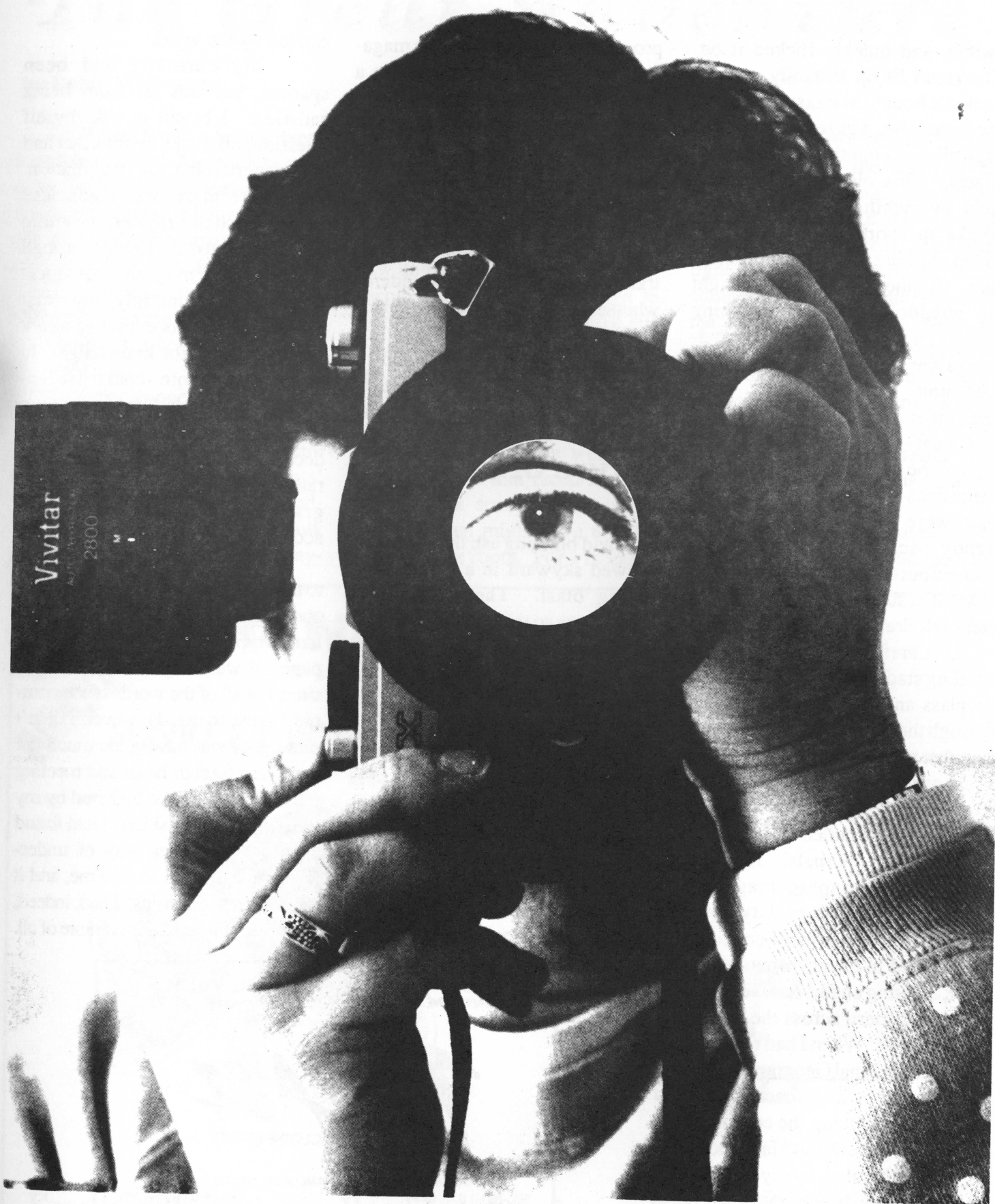


photo by Joanne Hlina

scales

by Tom MacDougall

a visionary who could not see
blinded by what he thought
he knew

unable to acknowledge doubt
he applied scales to his eyes

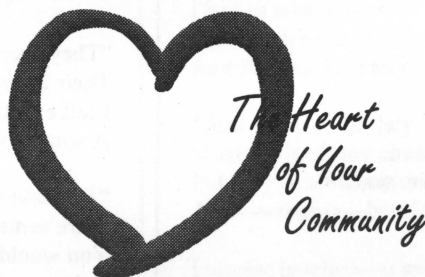
by believing in black and white
he believed he could discriminate
between the darkness
and the light

he was half right

he could discriminate

and the scales on his eyes
went from cloudy
to opaque
as he parodied a visionary
and had to pretend
he could see

march 22, 1994



Kamloops

THIS WEEK

FOR COMMUNITY COVERAGE

Linda Hooton
Publisher

YOU CAN COUNT ON!
Wednesday, Friday & Sunday

Gene Laverty
Editor

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The Whine of the Ancient Lecturer

(A politically incorrect epic in 7 parts)

by H.C. Phelps

I

It is an Ancient Lecturer
And he leers at each of three.
"By thy gleaming eye and drooling lips
Now wherefore stare'st at me?"

"You clearly need some counselling."
"No—immediate suspension!"
"Oh, that's too good!" The third one cried.
"Just take him out and lynch him!"

A tear at once descends his cheek
He gives a mournful sigh.
"Please hear my tale and you will see—"
And then he starts to cry.

"I've been so wronged! I've been abused!
I am the victim here!"
He hid his face deep in his hands
So they'd not see him leer.

The trio glanced around and sighed.
"All right!" the first one glared.
"We'll let you tell your tale of woe—
As if we really cared."

"Oh thank you!" says our aging friend.
"You're far too kind to me."
He turns away to hide his grin—
That smirk of childish glee.

II

He heaves a most convincing sigh.
"There was a blonde," quoth he.
"Oh make it short! We've got to rush—
There're people we must see!"

"Oh—all I ask is Justice, Ma'am
A chance to state my case."
But then he came a bit too close—
She aimed her can of Mace.

*The Ancient Lecturer meeteth
three Harassment Officers and
immediately outrageth them all.*

*Well practiced in mendacity,
the Ancient Lecturer feigneth weeping.*

*The Officers reluctantly agree
to hear his story.*

*The Ancient Lecturer maketh
a sudden movement
and regrets it.*

"All right," he said. "I'll make it quick,
They've treated me like dirt.
And all because one student claimed
That I looked up her skirt!"

His look of injured righteousness
Would make a statue weep.
The trio felt they might be wrong—
And he was not a creep.

He wipes away another tear
His shoulder gave a shudder.
They couldn't hear him murmuring,
"She looked just like my mother!"

III

"Go on!" said one. "We're list'ning now.
I see why you feel bad."
He muttered softly, "What a cow!"
But kept his face so sad.

"At first, it seemed no great big deal.
I thought they'd soon forget.
But then I realized I was trapped
Inside a tight'ning net!"

"My friends all seemed a little strange—
They'd look at me and run.
My grant requests were all turned down—
I felt like I was shunned.

"At last the day of reck'ning came—
They set my hearing date.
This brief complaint to finally hear
Two years I had to wait!"

IV

"They brought me to the hearing room
Their faces grave and stern.
I felt exactly like I was
A witch about to burn!

"The cold stone walls and gleaming lights
Were something out of Kafka—
You wouldn't stay a minute there
Unless you didn't hafta!

"They'd made their minds up long before:
Each thought that I was "sick."
Perhaps 'twas not the best of times
To shout: 'Hey—Flick my Bic!'

"The hours seemed to crawl along
I felt like on the rack.
I muttered softly to myself,
'The Inquisition's back!'

"The Officer presiding
Looked like an unhangd witch.

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*The Ancient Lecturer outlineth the
hideous accusation against
him.*

*Our elderly friend recounteth
his growing sense of terror.*

*The Ancient Lecturer noticeth that the
symbol of the Court is a
Kangaroo.*

And when she raised her voice to speak
With shrill and rising pitch,
I knew at once that she was just a—
Well, you know, rhymes with 'rich!'

"I tried to make a harmless joke
(They thought I was a cretin):
'Women are like eggs and cream—
Best when whipped and beaten!'

"Deliberations were not long—
The verdict soon came down.
For one brief warm and friendly glance
They ran me out of town!

V

"My parking spot was first to go
It vanished in the night.
But since I always walked to work
The punishment was slight.

"Then on my office door they put
(I thought it was bad taste)
A sign that warned all passers-by
'Beware of toxic waste!'

"Unfit to teach! Unfit to live!
I heard them loudly cry.
The kindest thing one said to me was:
'Look—just go and die!'

"The punishment, they claimed,
Was made to fit my crime.
To me it seemed I'd have to pay
Until the end of time.

"Every week for one full year
I had to take a class
On 'Gender-sensitivity'—
And feel just like an ass!

"And worst of all they said that I
Must get it off my chest:
Publicly confess my crime
And—weeping—beg forgiveness!

I almost laughed—it seemed so cruel.
I couldn't think them serious!
But every single word they meant.
I began to feel delirious.

Against this wall of faceless wrath
I knew I'd never win.
If I stayed 'twas clear to me
I'd end up in a bin.

*Attempting to get everyone
to Lighteneth Up a little,
the Ancient Lecturer cracketh a joke.
No one laugheth.*

*The judgement cometh down.
And the Old Man's lunch
cometh back up.*

*Horried, the Ancient Lecturer learneth
his punishment: he must maketh
a public spectacle of himself.*

The Whine of the Ancient Lecturer continued

"From town to town I wander'd long
Hoping for some pity.
But all the doors were slammed on me
With words that are not pretty!

"With one fell swoop I'd lost it all
Good name, good job and friends.
Everywhere they've hounded me
My suff'ring never ends!"

VI

His list'ners now are all aghast
To hear his tale of woe.
To think that such an innocent
Could ever suffer so!

The leader of the three comes near
To give him a caress.
She doesn't seem to notice
That he's looking down her dress!

He springs away; she looks forlorn.
Her clothes are now a mess.
She knows at once she'll never get
His pawprints off her chest!

A chortle rings across the green.
The old man runs away
Then pauses at the campus edge
With one more thing to say:

"He leereest best, who leereest long
And makes his tale sound real—
Yet even in a public place
Can always cop a feel!"

VII

The Officers move on at last
Towards their meeting place
Still stunn'd and disbelieving
To meet a man so base.

About this case they'll talk long hence
And fill the air with chatter.
Yet talk is cheap, as we all know.
'Tis only deeds that matter.

They turn away and curse themselves—
How could they be so dumb!
There's only one thing they can do:
Join that group called SCUM!

*The Ancient Lecturer attempteth to
start anew. Yet everywhere
he goes, his reputation
precedeth him. He becometh
bitter.*

*The Officer falleth into
his trap.*

*Grinningeth & slob-
beringeth the Lecturer
runneth off triumphant
into the night.*

*The Officers realizeth
their only recourse
is to enlist in the
Societeye for
Cuttingeth Up
Menfolke.*

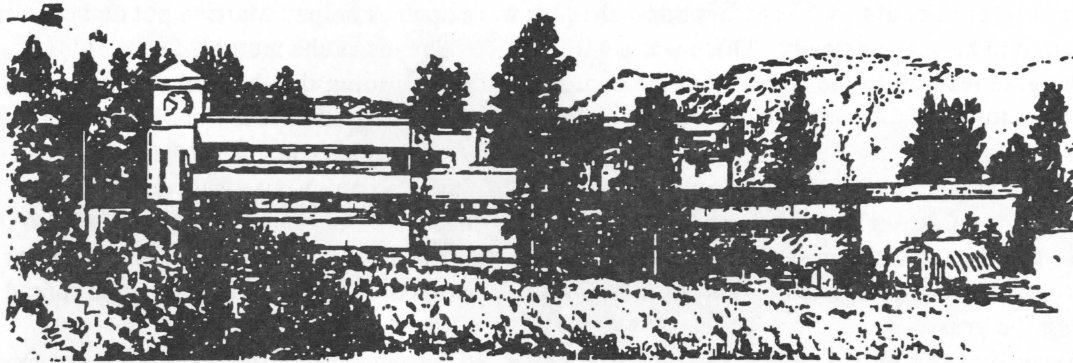
To a sign-post flattened (by the wind)

by E.H.P.

The vandal wind has
laid its hand upon the earnest
work of small-town folk
Such wanton disrespect! They'll chide,
not knowing.

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thanks
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and Literature Club
for the publication
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Martina

by Michaline Novak

I realized as Martina sat on the edge of the bed that she was in no condition to go to the pharmacy without my help. I wished I had had the foresight not to leave myself without money over the weekend: it was Sunday evening, and none of the exchanges where I could cash my travellers' cheques were open. I helped Martina put on her coat; her hands shook and she appeared to be very unsteady. There was a wild look in her eyes as she mumbled something unintelligible.

I opened the gate leading to the street from the courtyard of the building that housed our pension. The air was cold and damp; I'd been told that December in Rome was always wet. The deserted streets were littered with a patchwork of isolated puddles reflecting the vivid but cold glare of the neon lights. The pharmacy was located on the opposite side of the train station. Martina, leaning on me heavily for support, managed to point out a shortcut through the park.

The path that wound through the park was partially lit by a succession of lampposts positioned on the left side, leaving the opposite side in semi-darkness. As we slowly progressed, I became mesmerized by the peculiar silhouettes of the trees and other foliage on the right side. The gnarled trunks appeared deformed. They seemed to spread their moss-shrouded roots along the grass.

About halfway into the park I felt as though the trees were metamorphosizing. Upon closer examination, I perceived that the strange shapes were created by human forms lying along the base of the trees; the bushes were in fact made up of a few bodies huddled together for warmth against the frigid night air. The figures began to separate themselves from the tree trunks, and from their ephemeral clusters, and drifted towards the path; their eyes held the same frenzied look Martina's had earlier. I gripped her arm more tightly. She raised her head, allowing the light of the streetlamps to illuminate her face.

"Don't be afraid," she said softly in her accented English. "They won't harm you. I'm one of them and they know that you are helping me." As quickly as they had approached the edge of the path they receded into the shadows.

Once at the pharmacy I remained outside while Martina went in to get her prescription filled. She took longer than I expected. Looking in through the window I saw she had met someone she knew. Finally the door of the pharmacy opened and Martina emerged slowly, grasping the metal rail of the stairway; she could barely stand.

"Flag a taxi," she murmured. "I borrowed some money from a friend."

The taxi took only a few moments to reach the courtyard gate. I half-carried Martina inside to the elevator, and then to the room we shared for the past three days at the pension.

I have no memory of Martina undressing herself. I was so relieved to be back in the sanctuary of our room that I had become oblivious to her presence altogether. I faintly heard my name being called. Looking up I noticed a candle burning on the table adjacent to her bed; beside it was a brownish yellow piece of rubber tube about a foot long. Stripped down to her bra and underwear, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, leaning on the bedpost for support.

"You have to help me," she whispered weakly. "I don't have the strength to do it myself."

The knot in my stomach tightened; once more a sensation of nausea passed through me. I thought my ordeal was over, but instead it was just beginning. She lifted a trembling hand towards me -- she was holding a syringe. She had somehow managed to prepare the solution prescribed in order to wean her of her heroin addiction.

"You'll have to give it to me in the leg," she said, indicating her right thigh. "The veins in my arms are no good any more."

I noticed the small holes imprinted in a seemingly ordered pattern on the inside of her arms. I became aware of the taste of bile in my mouth when I sat down beside her on the bed and took the syringe from her hands. I positioned the needle as best I could, but somehow could not bring myself to apply enough pressure to pierce the skin. She closed her cold languid hand over mine and pushed. I could see the tip of the needle disappearing into the flesh of her thigh. Her thumb covered mine as she pressed the heel of the syringe, releasing the yellowish liquid into her vein. I cannot remember removing the syringe. Her breathing eased and I covered her with some blankets -- she slept.

I saw very little of her over the next week since she was usually up and gone before I awoke; often she did not return to sleep in her bed. The morning came when I was to fly home for Christmas. Because I had awakened earlier than usual, Martina was up but had not yet left. I asked her if she wanted to accompany me to the airport at Fiumicino. The trip took nearly an hour.

Once inside the terminal I stood watching while the other passengers proceeded through passport control. Martina was silent. I turned to her, emptying my pockets of all the money I had and gave it to her. That was the last I ever saw of her.



graphic by Patricia Schneider

dear Mariko

Roy Kiyooka

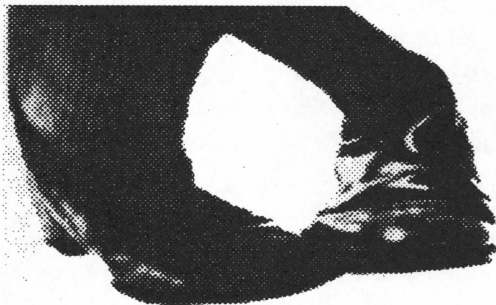
....Id say almost everyone ought to have a chrome-plated ego some of the time. mine seems to be so buried in meat i cant locate it. then theres the problem of the soul-its flights of fancy apropos Leo Tolstoy's biography. page after breathless page he wrestles with the angels instead of just standing there and letting the palpitations of their wings soothe his furrowed brow. like he's a huge manifestation of those human contraries even your Pa knows the lacerations of. meanwhile his near contemporary Siggy Freud is pacing off the terrain of the ego & its twin the id, etc. writing to you out of near total inertia i find all such abstract notions impossible to handle. i am trying to be patient with myself. hang in thar like they say til the ole doldrums pass, etc.

i wrote to Mr. Madsen (Banff School) sayin' i couldnt find anything in the school's brochure for you and yr sisters to do. maybe i just didnt see it -you could check it out yrself. i did mention to him we needed a large space for the whole six weeks, etc. we will get together, one way or another.

yr uncle Frank wants to know if either you or Jan wld like to work for him this summer at Jasper. it would be looking after the pottery shop, baby sitting or more likely both. think abt it and write to him directly. saw your grandma & grandpa on my way back to Halifax. why doncha drop them a line? LETTERS are a way of saying how much you love them. etc.

the books are for all three of you.
guess which is for each of you?

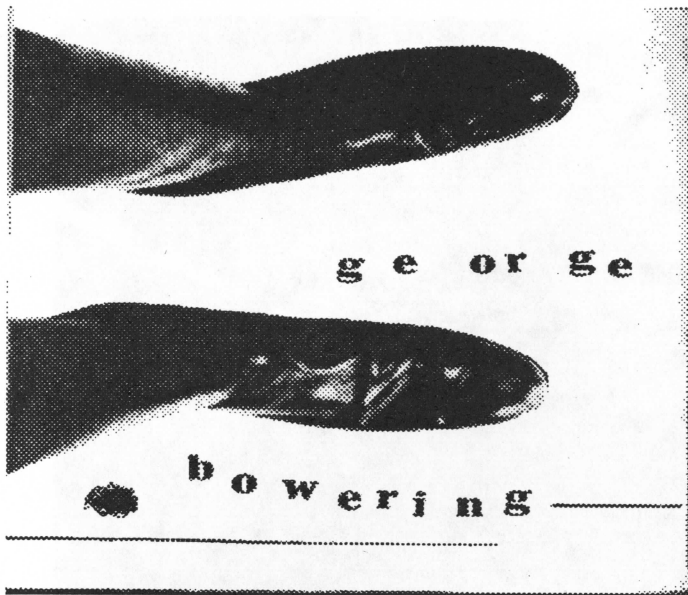
graphic by Sylvia de Swaan



the man in yellow boots

el hombre de las botas

amarillas



graphic by Sylvia de Swaan

Every time Roy Kiyooka came back from somewhere he was wearing some shoes no one else ever had.

Roy Kiyooka had small feet and small hips and a big forehead and a few chin hairs and two missing finger tips.

His body was so small it could have been fitted inside his enormous laugh. Oh dear, he would say at the end of that laugh, and m-hmm, as he returned to whatever he had been saying.

Once he laughed and said oh dear all the way down the 401 in a drive-away car from Montreal to Toronto, sometimes a little off the pavement.

He hardly ever looked through the windshield, I was in the back seat and he was looking at me. Scared me to death.

Guys like me will never understand Zen and *hokku* and hard edge ellipses, but we fill our houses with them.

Fill our houses with Roy Kiyooka, walk by him every day from now on, catch sight of a head band.

My keyboard always spells it Kiyooks. I have to correct it every time. I've written Kiyooks and Kiyooka five thousand times in my life.

Nevertheless, these ears would lend anything to hear that waterslide laugh again, ten more times.

We've all got him, Roy. Never saw so many friends. Students coming out of the walls. Family on the moon.

I lost my favourite old shoes around the time Roy was leaving us. I'd let them go forever if I could spend a life with old Kiyooks.

by George Bowering from *Brick: a literary journal*, courtesy of George Bowering.

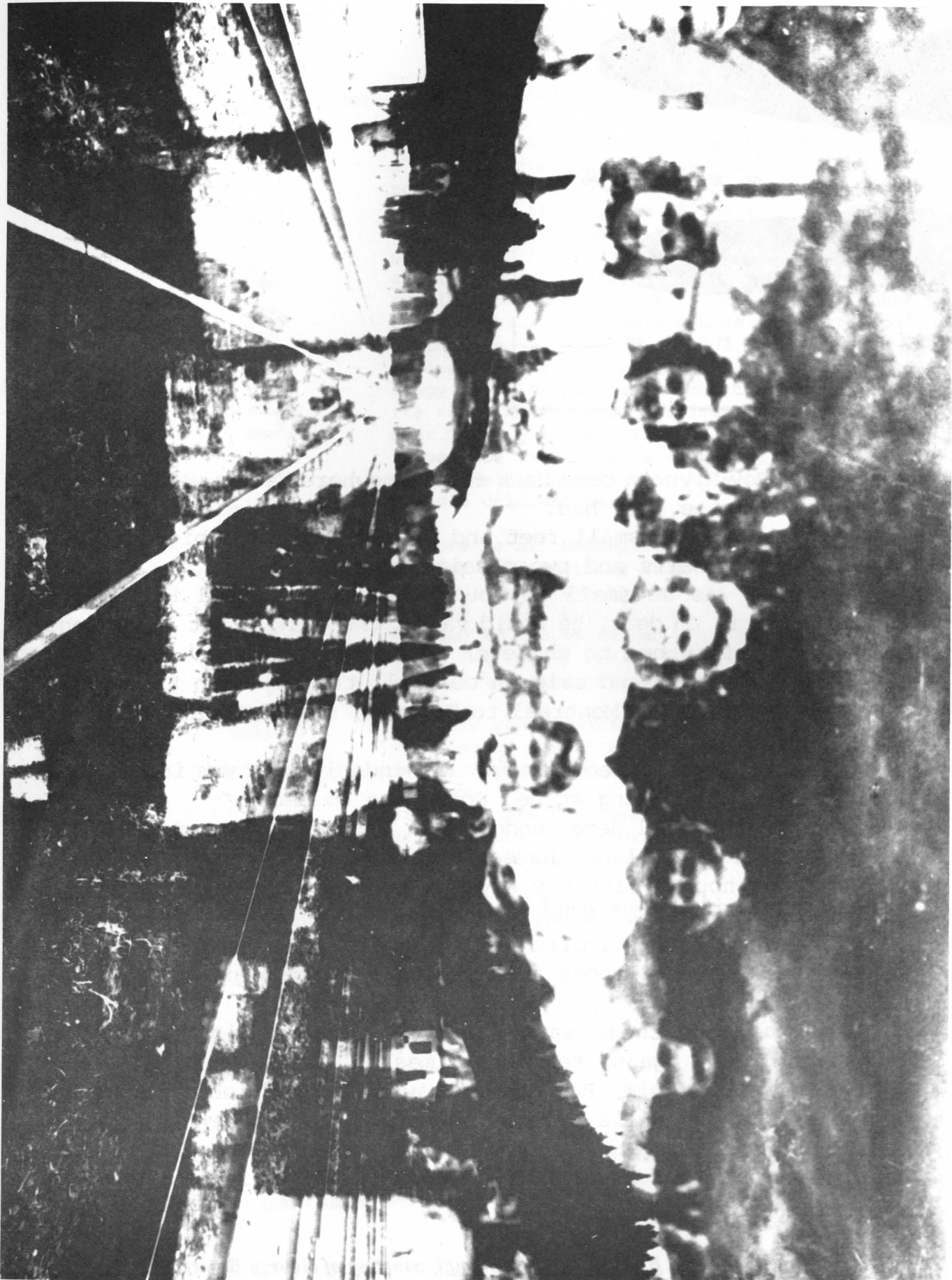


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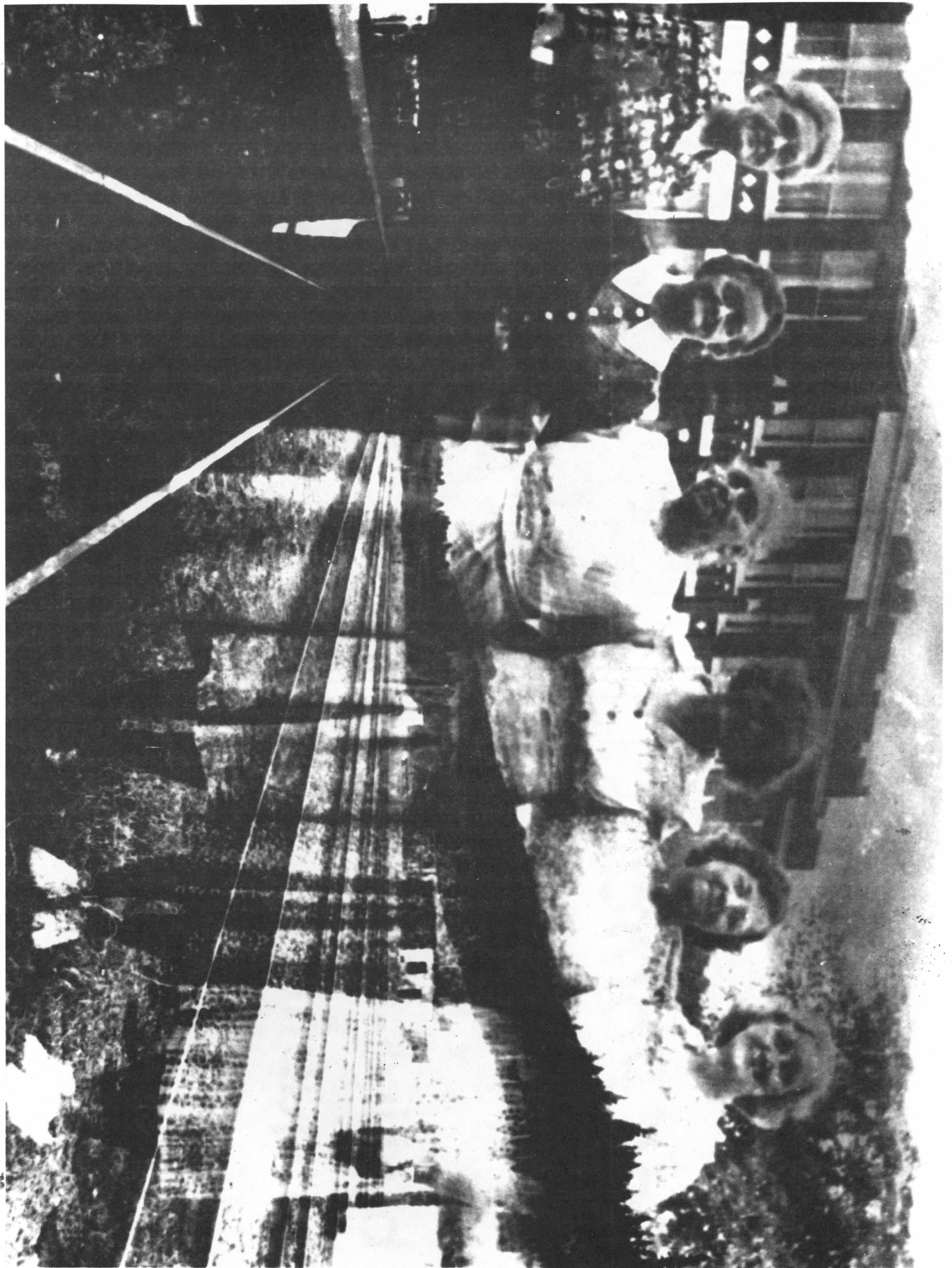
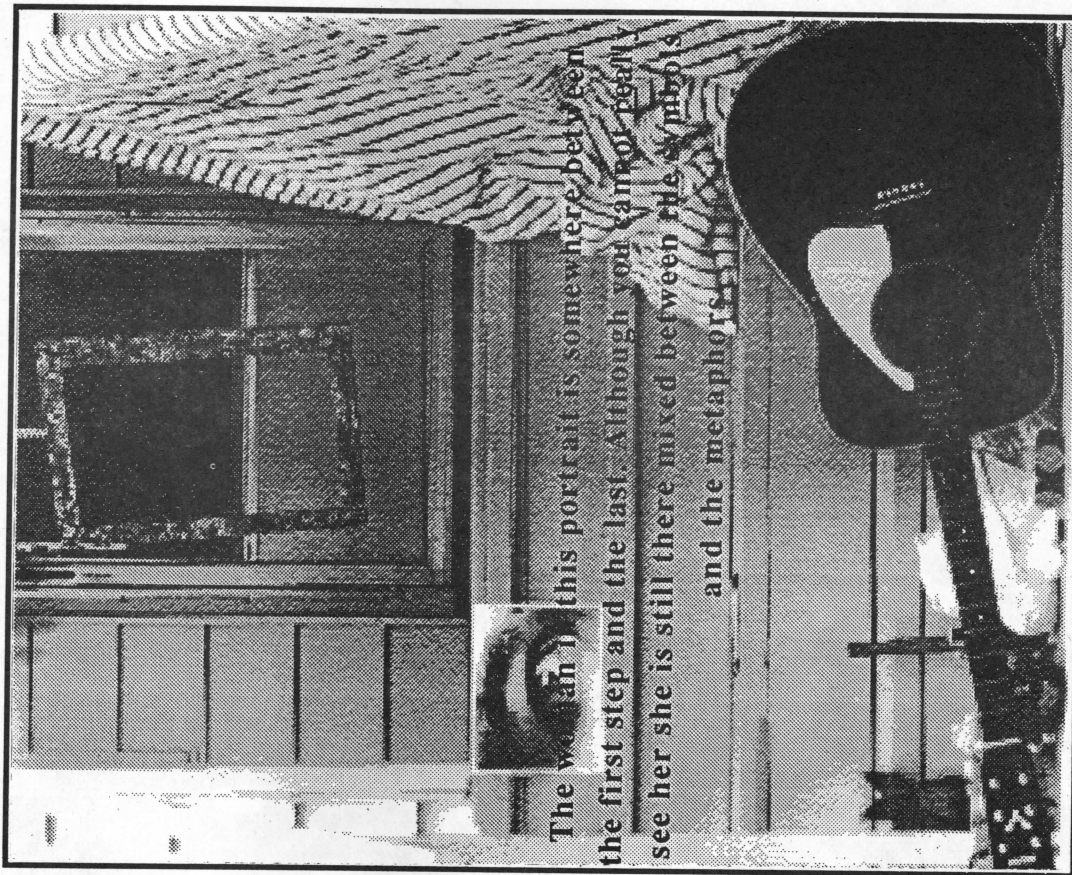


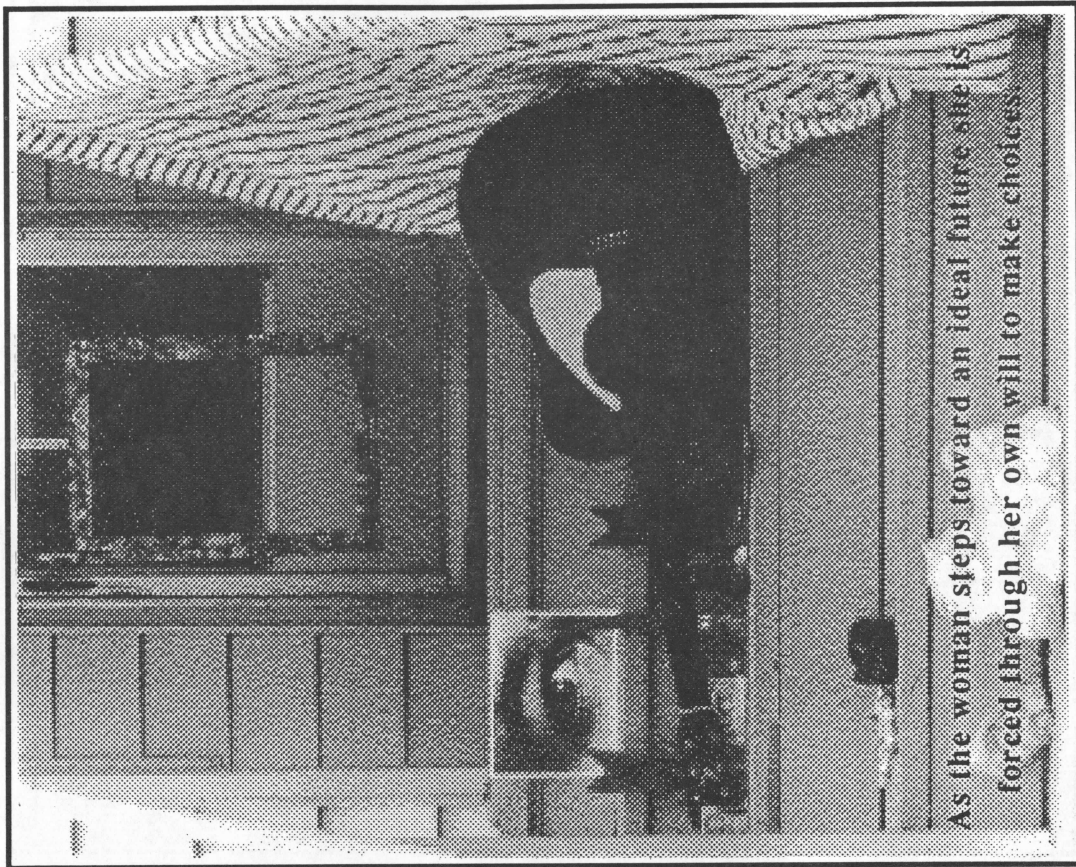
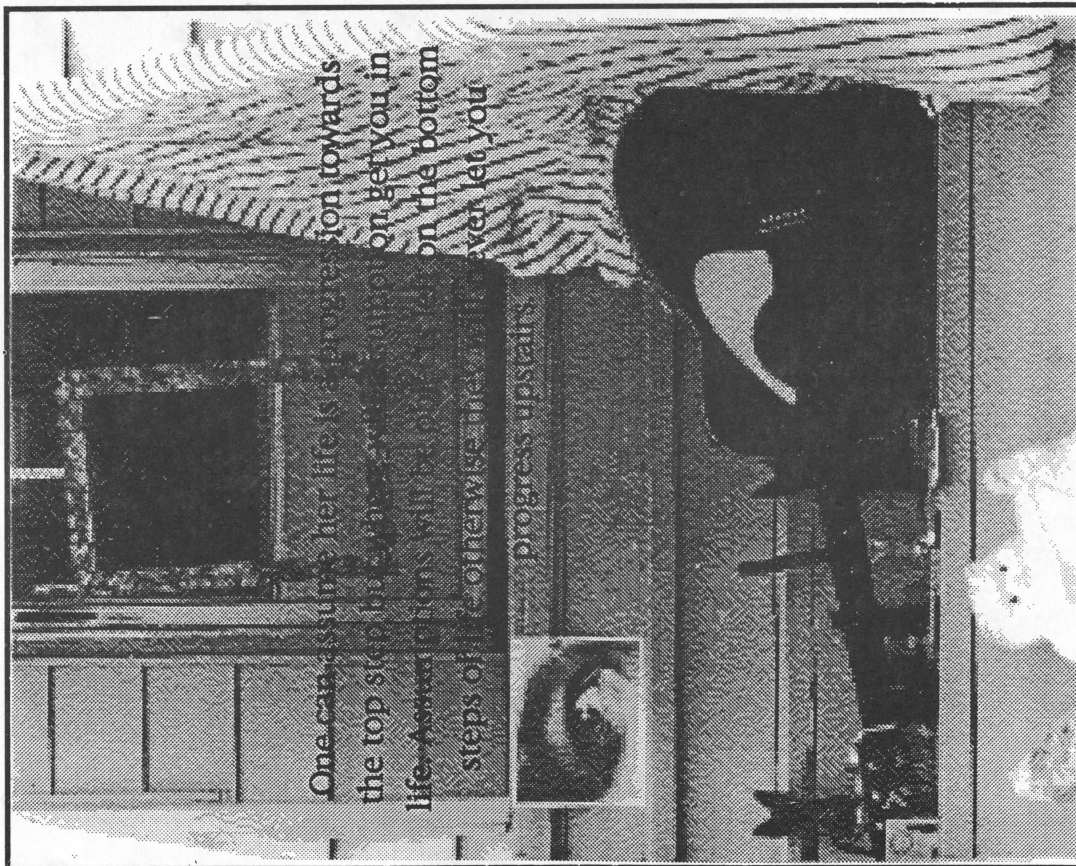
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Self Portrait

**by Lise-Marie
Duquette**



The woman in this portrait is somewhere between the first step and the last. Although you cannot really see her she is still there, mixed between the symbols and the metaphors.



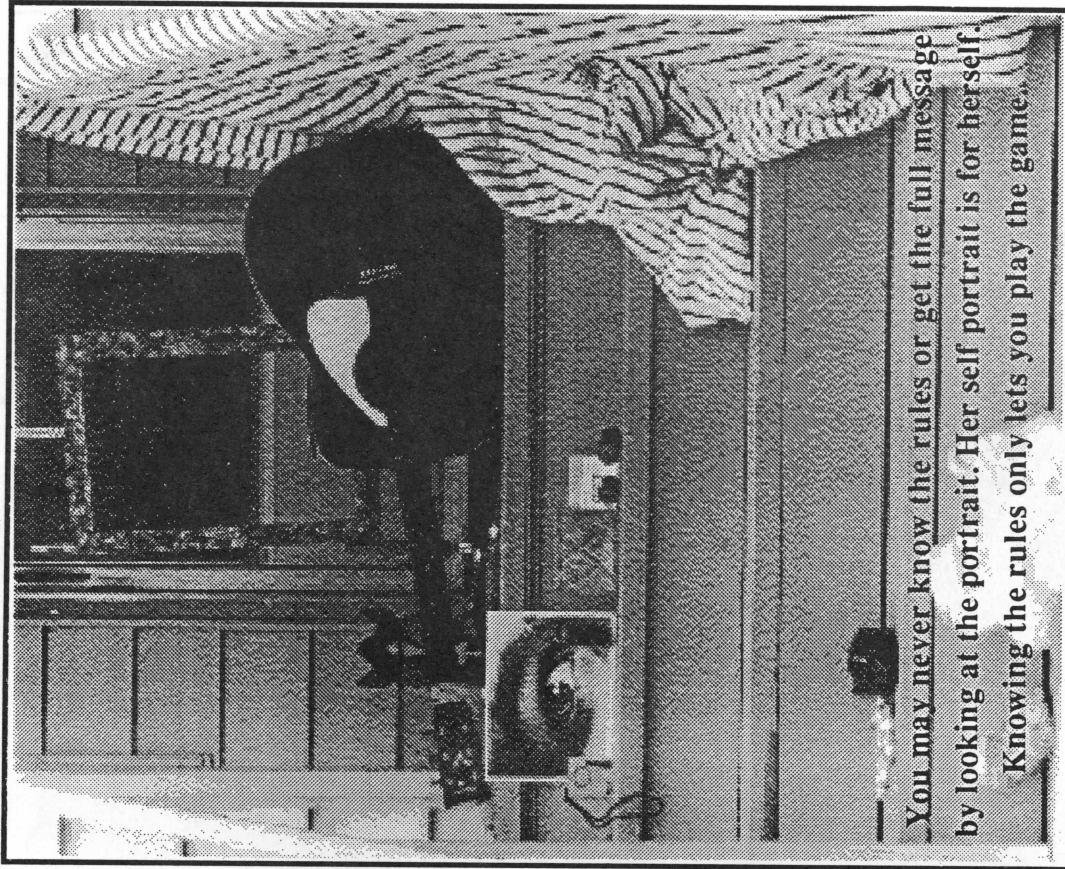
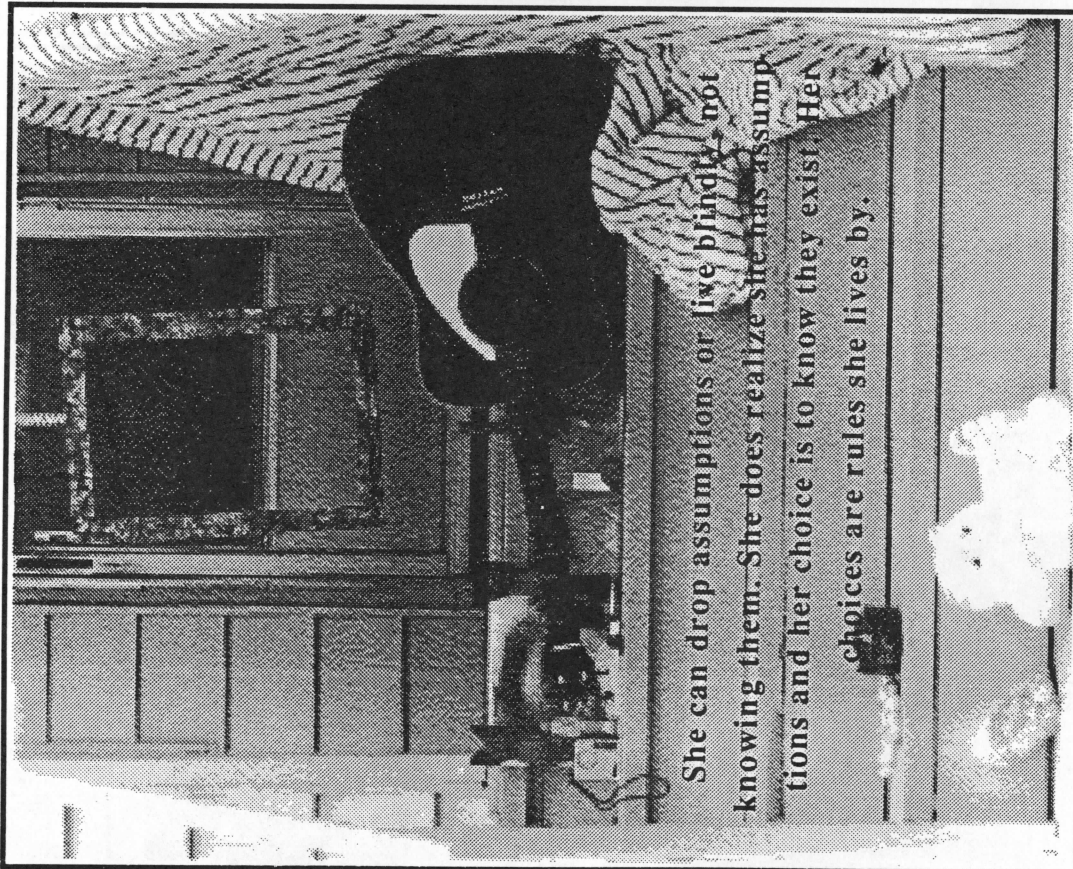




photo by Debora Simoneau

SONG

by Rose Delap

STRANGE AUTUMN BEAUTY,
DUSTY LEAVES,
AMONG DEAD STOCKS
THE LOVER STROLLS,
WHILE THE SHARP SMOKE OF BONFIRES WREATHES
AMONG THE TREES
LIKE UNQUIET SOULS.

AN AUTUMN LOVE
WHOSE ASHES LIE
DRY AS A FEVER
IN THE MOUTH,
WHOSE BITTER SWEETNESS PAINS THE HEART,
WHILE SWALLOWS FLY
FAR TO THE SOUTH.



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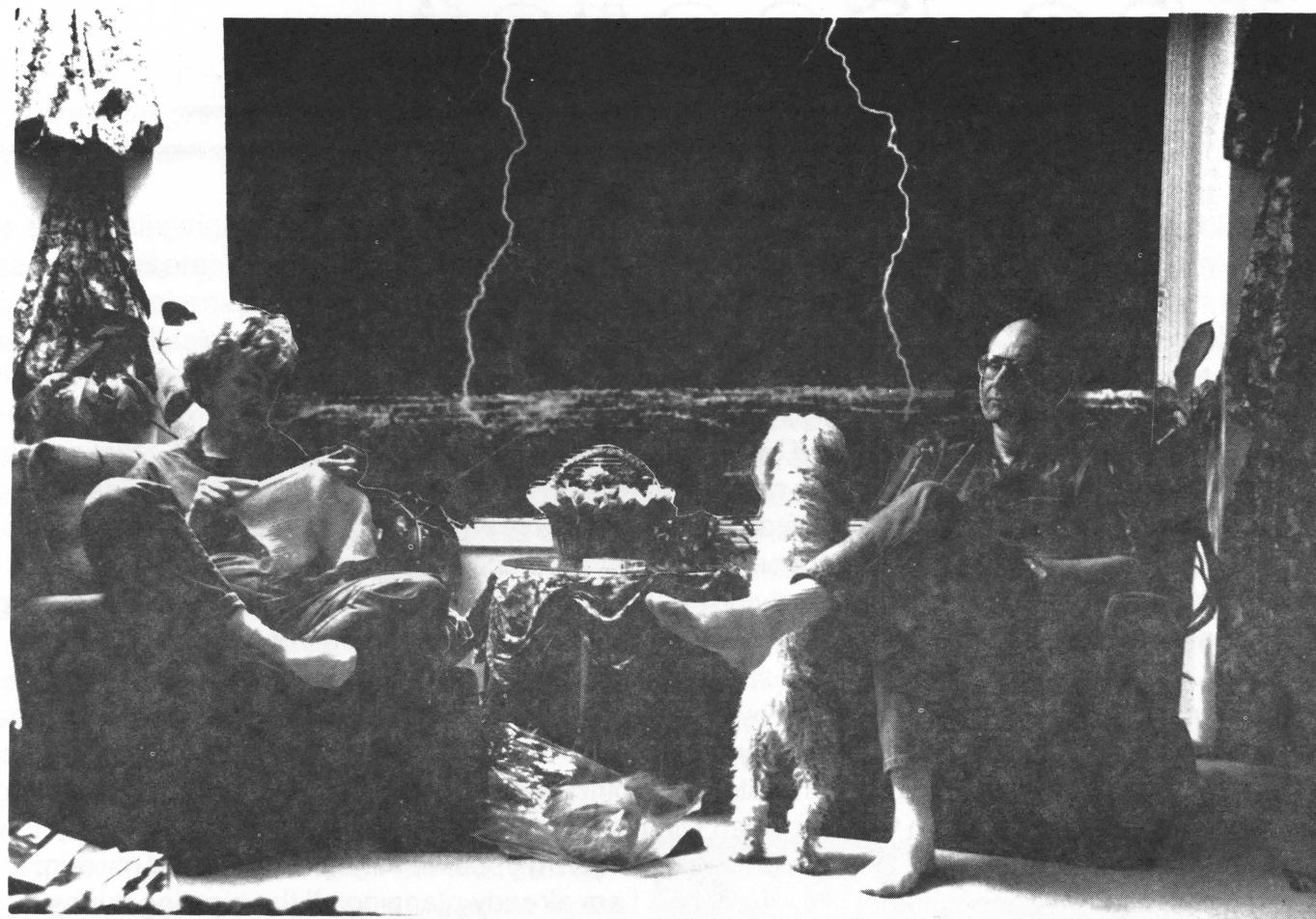


photo by Kiyomi Shioya

My Lip is Cracked

by Vivianne Gayton

My lip is cracked.

I've seen pictures of battered women on posters and television. A man has beaten them, that's why they bleed. My lip is cracked because of him, as sure as if he'd placed the back of his hand suddenly and far too firmly on my face.

I chew on my lip when I'm anxious. A little thing, half the time I don't know I'm doing it. Like when I get on his nerves. Sometimes I'm too present for my own good. He gets tired of seeing me all the time. Who could blame him, all I do is sit there and wait for him and chew on my lip.

The only problem with that is that it gets a bit sore. It gets raw, so I lick it again to make it better, to keep it healthy, to keep it from stinging. I apologize to him for always hanging around, but apologizing means he sees me, which isn't always what he wants to happen.

Then I decide I'll stop licking my lip and I'll stay out of his way. No need to apologize if I don't do anything wrong, although it sure makes my lip dry. I just pretend it away. That works and then everyone is happy. I haven't had to apologize and he hasn't had to tell me I'm getting on his nerves. Things are going good right now. I think I might open my mouth wide without licking my lip or even apologizing first.

Damn. It wasn't ready so now my lip is cracked. It really isn't his fault, now that I think about it. I really should have apologized before I opened my mouth, and saved us all this trouble.

The Secret

by Carolyn Hepburn

As I wait at the airport for my mother's flight to land, I quickly review my opening lines. It is to be my mother's first, and probably only, trip to Kamloops and I want to make the appropriate first impression. I imagine that my mother is going to be worn out after the five-hour flight and that shades of crankiness might colour her arrival. As the plane taxis up the runway and the staircase magically falls from the doorway, the first set of legs appear. My heart beats in my throat and I prepare for the worst. Somehow, where my mother is concerned, I always prepare for the worst.

As the familiar green pants, topped by the checkered shirt, descend the stairway, I realize that my mother's visit is actually coming true. The many phone calls, the double checking of schedules, the actual marking on the calendar of the date of arrival, have all led to this day. My mother, a capable, caring, loving person has endured her flight to Kamloops to visit her third child. Although I have lived in this city for nearly five years, my parents' distaste for flying keeps them from visiting. Distance makes the heart grow fonder, just as it protects us from the unknown. I am no stranger to the unknown.

All of my life has been lived under the shadow of a family secret that I cannot uncover. This secret has caused many hushed conversations, tainted by prejudices, jealousies, and a sprinkle of half-truths. The secret is an entity unto itself, threatening harm to anyone who tries to betray its hidden meaning. The effects of the secret are devastating and painful, and as I watch my mother walk across the tarmac towards the arrival gate, my memory is frozen in time. To the time when I first met the secret face-to-face.

It is the summer holidays of 1971. I can hardly contain myself with the anticipation of my aunt's visit. My mother's sister, Gloria, does not visit often, and I am already planning all the exciting things we can do together. Maybe my aunt will take my younger sister, Sandy and me to the movies. Maybe we'll build a fort out of blankets and chairs. Maybe we'll play Barbies. Maybe....

"Your Aunt is a rude, selfish and mean person. She hurt your Mimi and Poppa and made my life awful." My mother's statement rings through our home, bounces off the walls and comes to rest just outside my ears. Can I pretend I did not hear? The excitement of the visit is destroyed. The secret is no longer just between grown-ups. In childish innocence, I try to question my mother, but am told to mind my own business. "You don't know what you're talking about," becomes my mother's catch phrase to signal that any conversation about the secret is over. As a child I quickly learned that grown-up power often stems from the unspoken, harsh, penetrating silence of the unknown. The secret simply came to rest at the edges of our family, never welcomed, but never completely excluded. My mother held the pieces of the past like a royal flush poker hand, tempted to play, but unable to deal with the fall-out from the game.

Yet, here she is, just about at the airport door. The roses in my hand feel like a ten-pound weight. The keeper of the secret has come to visit. Mom looks well and smiles as our eyes connect. She greets me with a hug and a kiss, trying not to comment that I've put on weight since the last time we were together. The uncomfortable silence is only in my head and I turn and grab her suitcase and lead her to the car. For the moment, all thoughts of the secret are forgotten.

Our visit is only a day old when the discussion of my parents' will is brought up. As my mother and I

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walk through the Sears parking lot, my memory takes me back to another discussion of wills. My grandmother has just died and it is time to settle her things and help my grandfather cope with the loss. In my mind I can still remember being at the cottage in northern Ontario, vaguely aware that it would be my last trip there. My mother and Auntie Gloria are engaged in a long-distance power struggle over fine bone china, colour televisions and memories that are too painful to examine. My mother's bitter and often vicious verbal attacks against my Aunt began shortly after that period. I knew as we drove away from the cottage that I was losing more than a summer playground. From that point onward, the secret was a hidden menace, not to be awakened, not to be discussed, and for me, not to be forgotten.

Shortly after that time, my mother cut us off from the rest of the family, ensuring that there was no contact between my aunt and uncle, my cousins and my immediate family. As a twelve-year old I was bound by that decision and, whether I understood it or not, it was the reality of the situation. As a teenager, I spent many nights quietly dreaming about what the rest of my extended family was doing. My memories of the cottage gave me great comfort and, despite the obvious differences between my mother and her sister, I forced myself to believe that everything would work out. Those childish dreams, wished upon many a shining star, were completely crushed when my aunt died after a painful battle with cancer.

My mother's decision not to attend her sister's funeral was a first step for me towards understanding just how deep the effects of the past can be. I began to wonder if perhaps there are some memories and, ultimately, their secrets, that are better left alone. After all, they belong to those who hold them in their hearts and no matter how hard I try to claim them for myself, there will always be a part of me left unsatisfied.

I still do not know about that hidden part, deeply concealed and guarded most fiercely. As I said good-bye to the keeper of the secret a week later, I understood more clearly that I probably never will. Ultimately, it is not my secret. It is not my fight. I have made a peace with the past -- it lies with every keeper of secrets to do the same.

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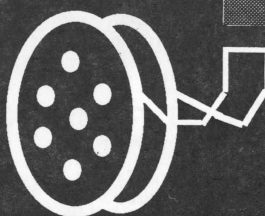
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Moving Pictures

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photography by Andrew Tripp



*Coming to a Theatre
near you in 1996.*

I feel like a dog

by Vivianne Gayton

I feel like a dog
I want cold water, a pat on my head
and a comfortable bed

I want inside
but I'm outside
stuck outside and on a chain
I can't get in
and I can't get away
How insulting

I don't want to get away
Completely



photo by Karen Huston

I want in
and yes
I am whining
whining to be brought in

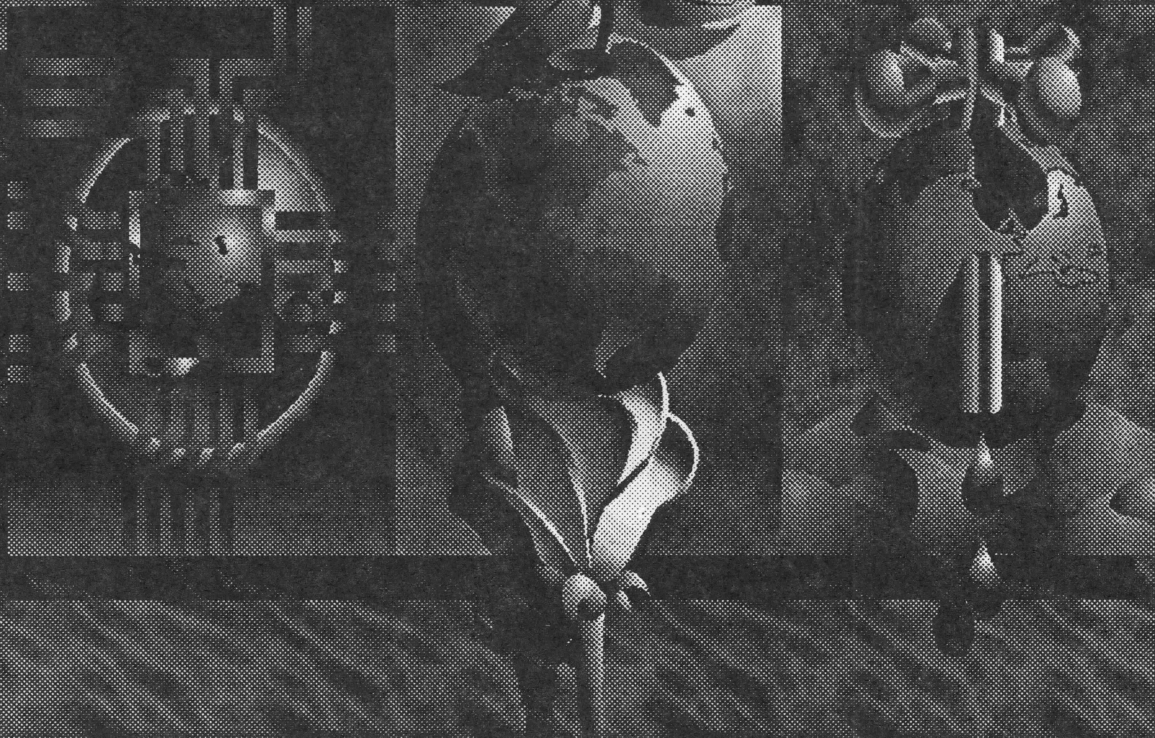
I feel like a dog
yes, I'll stay
I'll guard your backyard
I'll watch your chairs
and I'll mind your drinks.
Your chairs and I
will both be here when you return
it'll all be looked after
All you have to do is leave
and come back

I'll stay,
but go ahead
offer me a biscuit
a kiss an embrace
a measured confidence
that will keep me content
I feel like a dog

I feel like a bitch
corner me and I'll charge
show my teeth
I could hurt you
I could never hurt you
I bite at your hand
but could never hurt you
enough to be your muse.
I could be your assistant though
I could fetch
and turn the pages
and shuffle the words
but I could never hurt you
enough to be your muse
enough to inspire you
so I show my teeth
and bite at your hand
and guard you

and whine to be let in

THE CHOICE IS *OURS*

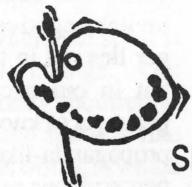


graphic by Craig Simmons

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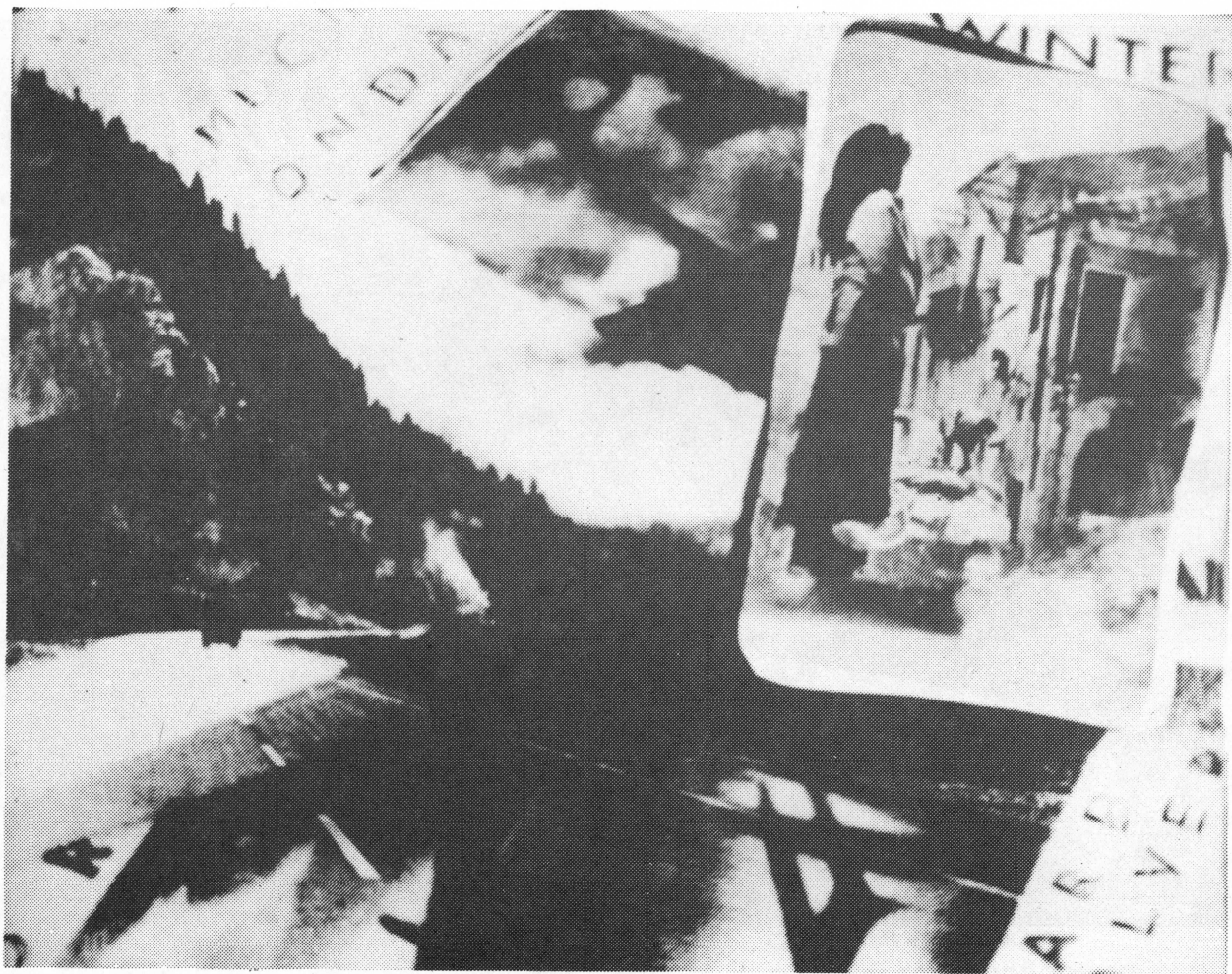
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graphic by Patricia Schneider

The Spirit is Dying

by Debora Simoneau

The human spirit in our society is under attack, and we are the attackers. For whatever reasons, perhaps merely by accident, we have constructed a world with little, if any, room in it for our true selves. Through our beliefs, actions, priorities or goals, everyday we wage undeclared war on our inner beings. Whether we participate in this battle zealously, complacently, unconsciously, or even unwillingly, we are combatants nonetheless. What's worse, the spirit is losing this war. While the battle rages on several fronts, we deploy three particularly effective weapons almost certain to defeat our inner enemy. First, we adopt a scientific approach to define reality, an approach which structures our belief systems in opposition to the spirit. Next, we barricade ourselves within a price-market economy whose be-

havioural demands alienate us from the spirit. Finally, we adapt our educational funding priorities to fortify the attack of the other two weapons. These combined manoeuvres create a powerful offensive against the declining human spirit.

Spirit: that part of us which recognizes or intuitively truth without rational thinking or scientific reasoning; that part of us which, being infinite, experiences a reality beyond the one perceived with our physical senses; and that part of us which manifests itself outwardly in such qualities as integrity, acceptance, and compassion. It may be impossible to define spirit completely, but as its representative human qualities disappear from society's overall character, I know what it is not, and unmistakably feel its loss.

Although I appreciate the benefits of scientific experimentation, especially those resulting in medical vaccines and cures, our dependence on this approach invites negative consequences. The danger lies not in the scientific method itself but in our acceptance of it as the sole purveyor of knowledge. This method is the propaganda-like filter through which we perceive our reality. Using the scientific model is deadly to the human spirit as it inherently demands proof before acceptance. Because of its beneficial aspects, we hold this method in such high esteem that we now apply it pervasively, even recklessly, throughout our culture. Drifting out from the scientific community, it acts like a poisonous gas, suffusing our society, spreading subtly, invisibly, from mind to mind, as it distorts our belief systems.

Increasingly, I hear people insist that they trust only what they can see with their own eyes. This attitude discounts the metaphysical without even trying to understand it.

Because the scientific method logically defines, dissects, and analyses people and things under microscopic scrutiny, as a weapon, it inhibits our self-perception. We become like the chemist who, in the process of testing and observing, mentally reduces the total human being to a series of connecting neuron subsections, each firing in reaction to chemical triggers. By focusing so intently and narrowly, the chemist begins to think of these tiny processes as the whole of human existence. He or she forgets the vast and inexplicable world outside the laboratory, and, therefore, ignores that original, mysterious force, which can be neither weighed nor measured, yet which sustains us. With our perception of truth limited to only those items and behaviours that can be observed in circumscribed experiments, or in our scientifically defined world, this gas-like poison -- the scientific method -- shifts our attitudes, narrows our thinking, and blocks both recognition and experience of these inner, intangible selves which we are destroying. As the spirit is neither finite nor easily catalogued, no place exists for it in the scientific world. We presently deny its existence; soon we may forget its reality entirely.

If our world view is distorted by the scientific method's poisonous effects, our price-market economy, with elements resembling the heavy-artillery of ground war, is the combat-zone where the spirit is most besieged by attitude change. Our perpetual need for the money required to secure food and shelter, and the war-like environment of the business world, in which we must participate to earn a living, structure our daily lives. The constant barrage of monetary demands for groceries, clothes, and mortgages, compounded by job stressors such as competition, deadlines, and interpersonal conflicts weakens our spiritual resistance, saps our time and energy, and leaves us exhausted, miserable and numb. Like tanks, societal circumstances blast away at our morals and dictate

the behaviour required for survival. Feeling debilitated and compelled to conform, we accept as our goal the acquisition of money, and barely seem to notice how our behaviour changes accordingly. We begin to believe that any activity that does not produce income (such as self-reflection or offering help to a stranger), is unimportant and, therefore, unnecessary. Conversely, we justify any unscrupulous act which helps us achieve our monetary goals. We grow callous, calculating, devious, and exploitive, while telling ourselves that this corporate mentality is actually productive and, therefore, desirable. As we claw our way up the acquisitional ladder, closing the deal becomes more important to us than spending time with our families; buying that flashy, new car becomes more important to us than our peace of mind. We do not question the overturning of our original value systems into a profit and win society, which interprets two of the greatest human qualities, compassion and integrity, as signs of weakness. As we stumble through the competitive land mines of corporate take-overs and sell-outs, we do not stop to wonder how the beneficial, cooperative aspects of trade have reached this extreme where vendor and consumer no longer care whether they benefit one another, but where, instead, tradespeople and clients treat each other as victims or enemies to be outwitted. On this battlefield black becomes white and white, black; there are no true victors and everyone is ultimately a prisoner.

Already surrounded and weakened by the suffocating consequences of empirical thought, further defiled and depleted by the conditioning of the corporate onslaught, the spirit languishes, vulnerable to yet another line of attack. Relentlessly, we advance the war into higher education, implementing funding priorities according to the hierarchy determined by scientific thought and business requirements. Resembling army generals, government officials and corporate executives select educational military targets, then issue orders to university administrators, or commanders, who launch the appropriate long-range missiles. These missiles eliminate some of the last spiritual allies in our

society. Literature, creative writing, theatre, fine arts, all fields that respect, nurture, and explore the inner self by uniting people through discussion and collaboration, are programs increasingly devastated by funding cuts. One university professor warns that his institution's well-established creative writing master's program may soon be discontinued. Scrambling to avoid becoming targets themselves, some departments and individual instructors have begun eradicating their own humanistic connections. Those in the social science discipline of psychology, for instance, now undertake a much more scientific approach than before. They strive for the experimental proofs of "hard" science while downplaying the artistic elements of their field. In the process, they risk forgetting that psychology is supposed to deal with real people, and not merely with isolated behaviours, neurons, and statistics.

This funding tactic carries long-term implications in the war against the spirit. As the range of educational choices decreases, new students, or recruits, funnel into either science or business programs, where they can be easily indoctrinated into the anti-spirit alliance. Their beliefs, thoughts and actions are then molded to reflect those of the conquering forces in our society. Unfortunately, soon these often young and impressionable individuals won't have the opportunity that still exists, to study and develop their inner being. The battle against human understanding and compassion continues, this way, into future generations, into future armies.

What is the point of all our economic and technological advances, of our sophisticated scientific reasoning, if, in the process of achieving these, we lose the beauty and wisdom, the essence, of who we really are? We are the instruments of our spirit's destruction. We set the military mechanisms into place and battle against ourselves. Are we totally unaware of the consequences? When this war with the spirit is finally over, will anyone even recall that enigmatic, wise being, that silenced part of us, which, today, we are so compulsively destroying?

Norm's Story:

excerpts from the journal of Donald Lawrence

78 STORNOWAY SUNDAY JUNE 20TH

steel structure, and the remains (concrete footing) of another; very similar to the two in Leverburgh Channel. It seems quite old and perhaps the sort of thing that would have had a fire lit within it.....Will have to ask at Duncan MacIver's tomorrow. On entering the inner harbour I torred about a bit, taking some pictures of the Life Boat and fishing boats in the harbour. After hauling the boat and all its accoutrements to the Quay and disassembling everything I went to call Norm's Taxi....who had left some cards in the phone booths. Norm has since then been coming by the hostel trying to find me twice today to take me to Church (it being a Sunday) and later for Dinner (Lunch). I was asleep ^(awake in bed) when he first arrived but fortunately a german couple put him off, saying I was out somewhere. After cleaning and assembling the boat I was getting ready to leave ~~and~~ for a walk to Anish when he appeared again, Hurriedly





getting me to go for my dinner. The Germans seemed quite amused as I had no choice but to go. He had apparently got a steak for me last night in anticipation of this event. Afterwards we looked through many albums of his trip to the Grand Canyon etc..... and looked at his room, filled with an array of American flags.... one above his bed a big Confederate flag with an Indian in the middle. He had been promising that his daughter would take me out driving, something she didn't seem keen on, but I thought I would try to draw upon this as a means of getting away. In the end his son-in-law agreed, somewhat reluctantly, to take myself and Norm out..... so we went off to the Eye Peninsula and to the lighthouse at Rubha An Tiompain, at the tip of the Peninsula. Norm slept most of the way back and I took that as an opportunity to be taken back to the Hostel. He may very well have been back earlier this evening trying to find me for the Evening Service. Back at the Hostel I got ready again to go to Anish and spent about 5 hours going out and back, a longer walk than would be expected. Once back I spent time around the harbour, doing the previous drawing. Norm is planning to meet me at 5:30 tomorrow to take me to the Bus for Carlway (Having decided to spend the rest of my time around Loch Ness), but I think I may stay another night. There is much here to interest me.

DUNCAN
DUNCAN STUART
PATSY PAGAN.

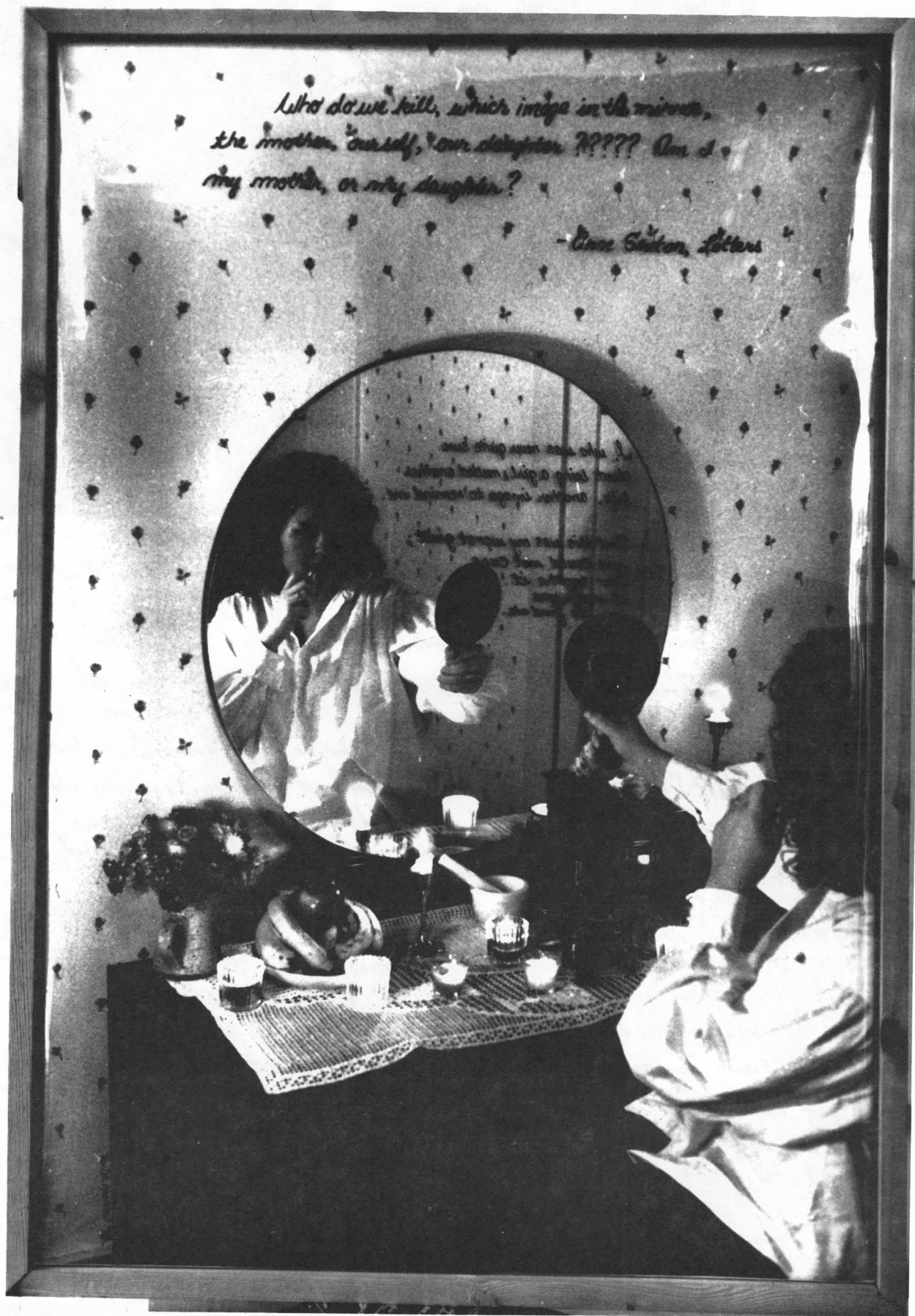


photo by Debbie Morrison and Suzanna Berikoff

I, who was never quite sure
about being a girl, made another
life, another image to remind me.

And this was my worst guilt;
you could not cure
nor soothe it.
I made you
to find me.



photo by Debbie Morrison and Suzanna Berikoff

still

by Tom MacDougall

a part of me wants her still
i'm just not sure which part

i don't think of her often
she is part of my
historical fiction
but every once
in a while
i see her face
in the most unlikely
of places
catching me totally off
guard
and i find my mind
wandering
wondering
and then she's gone

those last little strings
grow slack in my hand
and she is gone
walking back
into memory again

january 25, 1994

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Foreword

Foreword, because it is a look ahead to where the concept of combining image and text might lead. We hope this publication reveals the magic of the marriage between image and text. Just as there are no limits to the possibilities of this union, there are no constraints on the thematic possibilities of your submissions to The Cariboo Collage.

The Photography and Literature Club welcomes your submissions of written and/or visual art. We request your submissions reach us no later than February 28. Late submissions will not be accepted for the current year, but may be held over for consideration in the next publishing year. We would like to encourage artists and writers to submit their work as early as possible to allow the Selection Committee and Editors to attend to the works, in turn allowing the Editors to spend more time working with the contributors on any revisions. Submissions will be accepted beginning in the Fall semester of each publication year.

For the sake of convenience our publishing policy requires all submissions to include author's/artist's name in full, a permanent address and contact phone numbers for the current academic year as well as for the summer months. We also require written submissions to be typed and double spaced. To make submission easier, we have enclosed a submission form in this issue which may be cut out and attached to your submissions.

Collage Editors will endeavour to contact and to work with the artists and writers if their piece requires more than a light edit. According to the current Collage Editorial Policy, a light edit consists of a check for punctuation, spelling and typographical errors. All contributors will be expected to sign a waiver form if they wish to avail themselves of the option of giving the Collage Editors the right to a major edit if the artist is not interested in, or not available for, consultation with the Editors. It is expected that this waiver will be attached to each submission (either stapled or fastened by paper clip).

We look forward (pun unintended) to your contribution to the Collage, looking ahead and bringing hope to a lasting relationship.

If you like the layout and design of this year's

Cariboo
Collage, give

OMEGA

a call at 372-1272, or stop by the Trailer,
close to the Visual Arts Building. Omega
is proud to have been involved in the
production of The Cariboo Collage.

Submission Form

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE: _____

FOR SUMMER MONTHS:

ADDRESS (if different from above)

PHONE (if different from above) _____

- if you would like a copy of the Editorial Policy of the Cariboo Collage, please contact the Editors at the address found at the front of this publication. Contributors maintain copyright to their works, but give permission to The Cariboo Collage to reproduce said works.

Waiver

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

This waiver form is for those contributors who will not have the time or desire to re-work their submissions. If you would like to turn full editorial authority over to the Editors of The Cariboo Collage, please fill in the form below and attach it to your submission.

NAME: _____

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DATE: / /
 M D YR

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TEAR THIS JOURNAL, PHOTOCOPIES ARE ACCEPTABLE

Rose Delap

Real Laberge

Sylvia de Swan

Karen Huston

Roy Kiyooka

Patricia Schneider

Suzanna Berikoff

Li-Marie Duquette

Kiyomi Shioya

Craig Simmons

Robin Whiteaker

Bobbie Morrison

Carolyn Hepburn

Tom MacDougall



see or see

bow ering

Dale Regan

Debra Simonneau

Michael Novak

Donald Lawrence
H. C. Phelps
F.H.P.

Valian ne Gayton

Arlene Mastaler

Joanne Hlin

Brian Larnder

The Photography and Literature Club

invites your submissions for the 1995/96 publication of *The Cariboo Collage*, a collaborative journal of image and text. Please see the current issue of the journal for required format, editorial policy, and a submission form.

For more information, please call Lauraine at 851-2897, Vivianne at 374-2920, or Jessica at 374-6458.

Interested in becoming a member of The Photography and Literature Club? ... Please join us Tuesdays at noon in the Visual Arts Gallery!

