

OAKWOOD

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OAKWOOD

TROUT RANGER

On the fishing bridge
in Yellowstone National Park
is a man who knows
about cutthroat trout

He will tell you everything

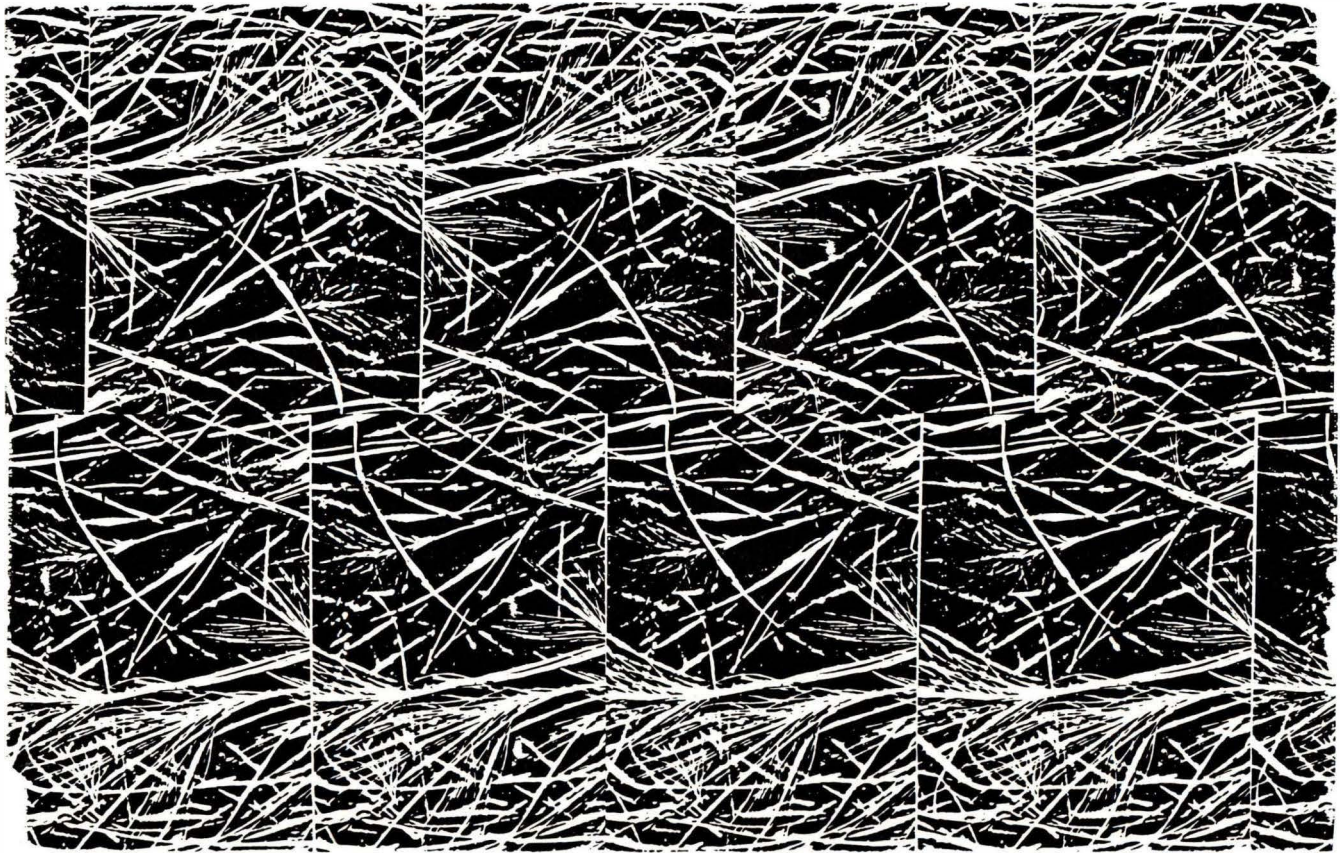
Just stand with your hands
at your sides or in
your pockets and
lean against the rail
trout will gather below you
like shadows as he talks

Don't ask about God or
the perfect cure for war
he will turn his face
and speak to the sea gulls
Ask about living a winter
under 12 feet of ice and snow
about pectoral fins and
breathing water and
charging open-mouthed into
the lives of insects

He will smile then and
speak into your eyes

Believe him
he is telling you about
his life

Kevin Woster



Janet Odden

TOSHIBA II

CITY KID'S GENESIS

On the first day, God said, "Let there be Light,"
And he created neon.

On the second day, God separated the waters from the firmament,
And there was cement, and freeways, and an occasional city park.

On the third day, God said, "Let there be herb, and seed, and fruit, and trees,"
And there were supermarkets, and health food stores, and fast food restaurants.

On the fourth day, God created two great lights in the heavens,
And there was Telstar, and the light at the top of the television reception tower.

On the fifth day, God brought forth fish from the sea, fowl from the air, and
beasts from the earth,

And there were tropical fish, and parakeets, and poodles, and pigeons.

On the sixth day, God created man, and later realized that it was not good for
man to be alone,

And so he created heterosexuals, homosexuals, bisexuals, and transexuals.

On the seventh day, he appraised his creation and said, "Jesus Christ, what
have I done!"

On the eighth day, He moved to the suburbs.

Janice Mikesell



Kathy Vrchota

Calf Table

**Stupid Animal
Alphabetically burned
While trapped on the
Calf table with gaping
Skull holes where once
Horns were to be
And malehood is forgotten
in an instant
Underneath
The cowboy's pocketknife**

Mike Powers

Photogram



Greg Herbranson

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GUTS MUCKLUSKI

*I found his name
chisled on my bathroom wall*

*his name
caught me
held my eyes against their will*

*I stood paralyzed
my eyes staring into an empty
fist hole*

*you know
I believe him*

T.R. Maves

Bananas



Rich Street

The Sorry Saying

At Highland Mall last night, during the annual after-hours sale known as Moonlight Madness, the twenty-two foot Indian python from Noel's Pet Shop got loose and terrorized the crowd of summer bargain seekers. Or "entertained" them, according to some accounts.

The large serpent managed to wrap itself around the fountain at Four Corners, and it took police, firemen, and Mike Noel, who was called out of bed, to coax this troublesome "pet" back to its case. Noel, whose shop was closed at the time, could not be reached afterwards for comment, and the question of how the snake escaped could not be immediately determined.

Despite the confusion and disorder, no one was injured in this bizarre occurrence, and there was no significant damage. As one clerk put it, "The customers were great. They thought it was part of the promotion. The only problem was, some of the kids tried to ride Big Bertha." Fortunately for the youngsters, Bertha, as the snake is called, had been fed just the week before and was far less nervous than most of the other moonlighters.

The reporter for the Corinth *Sentinel* tilts back in his chair with the sheet he has just typed. He reads it over slowly and changes a word here, punctuation there. He will add three paragraphs and his editor will cut two. There is no space these days to develop an

angle, no time for strategy to counter the immediate impact of the photograph on the desk beside him: the fountain and the snake looking through its own coil and a policeman holding back curious shoppers. The reporter turns the picture face down, follows his eyes out of focus and begins again.

Courtney at the arcade, at Waldenbooks, at Musicbox; Courtney ruffling the cards at the Hallmark shop. She crosses from one side to the other with her apology and finds the mall hard lipped and in drawn, as if her previous night's foolishness still clung to its tongue like vomit. And when the managers are slow to be found, she taps her long foot and mumbles, fiercely, demanding that they come respond to her shame.

Mike Noel holds his hand on the glass the python is backed up against and imagines he can feel it breathe. He has already received two calls warning him of her progress toward the pet shop and he wants to intercept her to tell her there's no provision for sorry saying at a mall. You can get a cash refund at most of the stores if you have a receipt, and almost all allow exchanges except on such items as bathing suits, candy, and the sex magazines that come in straight white jackets. But malls have no time for that sort of thing, no corners where webs take hold, no law of slough and

shed. There are store rooms and wash rooms, but the only back rooms open wide onto parking lots.

Mike watches blonde Debbie feeding the loud birds and dreams of standing with her under a large, spreading shower. They have made love on twelve occasions, but he has not given her a key to the shop. Courtney still has the extra one from the time she worked as a clerk, and when she comes to say she is sorry, Mike means to ask for it back. He can't remember Courtney in bed, only her remorse afterwards, as wet and relentless as a douche. If God had a heart wound rather than a head wound, he wouldn't have forgot, she would say. Now she is coming open faced and pigeon toed to stuff the ills she has let loose back into their box, and as he stands by the python case which is at the dead center of the shop, he is ashamed of her and ashamed of himself for being ashamed. But he doesn't move his hand.

The mall shudders a bit, like covered wagons after they have pulled themselves into a circle. At the mall managers' meeting the middle of June, Noel voted against this year's Moonlight Madness along with Phelan, who owns the theater, and Wise, who manages Crossman's Optical. Wise voted no because he couldn't imagine anyone filling a prescription for glasses at midnight. Phelan,

because it would add nothing to his business and because when he had wanted to take a three week vacation in January, the others had pulled out his contract and showed him that leasers of mall space were not allowed to close for extended periods; as the manager of Underworld put it, we don't want dead bulbs on a string of Christmas tree lights. All the confusion throws the animals off schedule, Mike said, and when the others laughed, he laughed too and hated it. Every mall likes having a pet store to draw in customers for other stores, just as every pet store needs a python to draw in the customers for parakeets and lovebirds and tropical fish. The pet shop is the freak show, where all the life is, and the rest of the mall is the big flapping circus tent.

Watches the two chest-high cowboys making the customary circle past the gerbil and hamster cages, dragging their fingernails, whistling and flicking snot at the scarlet macaw, then stopping in reverence at Big Bertha's case. Later they will make fishmouths at the fish and bark and paw at the dogs, but there is nothing you can do to echo a snake that is asleep in its rectangular coils. Watches Debbie in the side room blondely grooming a poodle. He likes the care she takes, the slow motion of electric shears hovering over the animal like a helicopter over a cotton field. Sometimes at night he

whispers to her, "harder, harder," and sometimes he is not sure if he would give her a key if he had one. He stands by the Doberman pups he may have to discount further, even to a loss, and wonders what Courtney is saying at Fudge Palace. The boys have left the python's case. Once, while Courtney worked at the pet shop, he almost sold Big Bertha to a local radiologist, but even a doctor thinks twice before investing half the price of a car for something that has to be fed live rats. He was actually glad when the sale fell through, for Bertha was Courtney's favorite. She would wipe the snake with a wash cloth and it would flick its tongue at the red rimmed mirror she left at the end of its case and Mike would take her home after work and stay for the glass of leftover red wine she began to serve him after she told him she could no longer afford the mood for love. Now Debbie will clean the gerbil cages and take dead fish out of the tanks, and she loves to feed the orange and purple parakeets with her fingers, but she will not go near the python. It was Courtney who stood over the case in the dark store on the night of Moonlight Madness and lifted off the glass top, Pandora who stood holding the front door open, and Eve who watched the room-long reptile wrap itself twice around the fountain, leaving enough at the tail and head to tie a respectable knot. The boys glance in at Debbie and point at the dog and pull at the

leashes hanging near the door. Now they walk out and across the quiet mall, sniggering past the briefs and panties in the windows of Underworld and on to the T-shirt shop where anything, almost anything, can be printed on cloth.

Once a year Hunter Phelan books an art film as his contribution to the culture of a small midwestern town. And once again he has booked it for the four days surrounding Moonlight Madness despite the mall managers' objections. They wanted one of the top ten films, preferably a slick comedy, the first and only showing of which on their big night would let out just in time for the moviegoers to make a round of the shops. But Phelan reminded them that at least he was not competing with the other managers. The handful of customers who go to see films with no sound track or recognizable actors or meaning wouldn't likely turn on to racks of fashion potholders or jaunty jogger's shorts.

The film this year is a black and white Czechoslovakian masterpiece which won second prize for something or other at Cannes, probably dullness Phelan decided after watching it for the first time two nights before the sale. The English title is "Frames," and it concerns a young child who has a habit of lifting his sleeping dog's ear, sniffing the hole, and running to tell his mother that it stinks.

Or maybe the boy does this only once but it is photographed from every conceivable angle: from the ceiling, from the tip of the boy's nose, from inside the ear. In the kitchen, the mother tells him, from every conceivable angle, that if the ear stinks, he should not sniff it. She tells the father what has happened, and the father tells her that if it bothers her, she shouldn't listen to the child. The father, who seems to have no one in this low budget film to tell his story to, is soon thereafter found hanging from a pipe in the basement, a dog collar round his neck. But perhaps not, because there we are again watching the mother arguing with him, then the boy and the mother, and then the boy and the dog which, it turns out, has been dead all along.

On the night of Moonlight Madness, there were six scattered customers in the theater for the second showing of "Frames," and none of them seemed bothered by the sirens outside. They stared straight west at the subtitles and assumed that any explanation for the new sounds must have been lost, like a good part of the film, in translation. By the time Phelan comes in the next afternoon, Courtney is gone. He remembers her from over a year ago as the sort who wears her hair up on cold days and is always looking for an excuse to quit. He practices his reply, just in case: "There's nothing to be sorry for," he will

say. "Anyone who comes to watch a story about a dead dog's ear isn't likely to be distracted by a live snake." He went when he heard the sirens, of course, and watched the drama at the fountain. But then he knew how the film ended — if you could call that sort of thing an end.

The mall managers plan a meeting to plan a Sunday concert for the pre-Christmas shopping season. A Methodist youth choir, a karate demonstration, a puppet show. There will be three votes against, nineteen for.

The manager of Hallmark's will suggest colored lighting behind the fountain.

The arcade will go two for one on all electronic games.

Musicbox will sponsor a name-that-tune contest on the local radio station.

Waldenbooks will bring in a local author to autograph copies of her cookbook.

There will be a motion to ask Phelan to consider weekday matinees, to ask Wise to get more color into his displays, to ask Noel to bring in something special for the holiday display: a kangaroo, a blue footed booby—whatever it is that people haven't seen.

The mall breathes again, once Courtney is past. she is the live thing it has swallowed and she sticks a bit, under its ribs. She

demands to be found guilty, demands their sternness, but they go loose and let her through.

Debbie flips most of the blonde hair out of her eyes and blows it up over her upper lip so she can finish her job. She is tying a pink bow on the poodle, her signature. Later, in Mike's bed, she will suck his fingers in order, from the little ones to the thumbs. Will place her tan feet in the stirrups back of his knees. Will cry out always at the same stroke of time.

The mall before noon is unusually quiet, and Mike can almost hear the ticking of hot car radiators beneath the blanket of air conditioning.

Courtney is not coming by. She is lacing the mall like an old boot, all except his eye, the place where it all started. She has gone from the Fudge Palace to the Jeanery, from Diamonds Are to the Teeter Totter. And on toward the low end of the mall where the snake must have been only a dull brown rumor. All the way to the checkers at Big-K who chew breath sweeteners and remember everything they read. Why did you come in the first place, he wants to ask her. He doesn't remember the flesh, only the struggle she had with herself, and his thinking he could stop it by lying back to watch.

Some spectators said they saw a wild haired woman riding Bertha toward the fountain, her legs white as a nuns and sheperd's pipes for teeth. But they refused to corroborate the rumor that the python unhinged its jaw and swallowed a tricycle, a potted plant, and the manager of Underworld. The manager could not be reached for comment.

After the woman and her wine-dark consort climbed out from between the wings, firemen tried to contain the serpent with ropes and firehoses and axes, but it consumed the fountain, the firetruck, and a photographer's camera, and when it had grown large enough, it wrapped itself so tightly around the mall the even vultures couldn't get through. Power was severely retarded for the rest of the season.

An ex-employee of Noel's Pet Shop, Courtney Cole, suffered minor internal damage when the world around her collapsed. She was examined at County General Hospital and released.

Paul Witherington



Donna Lewis-Jones

Maybe Someone Else Was Watching

Bob showed me the cloud
three cornered
with eyes
shining through them. the moon/full
its giant brain gauging us overpowering me
its tie a father's

We found that night:
the moon eclipsed/Full

hhmmmmn

We drove down the road
the hills still black
despite the moon

Swirling mists danced around our headlights
stealing into the bed

Farther/ we danced
and hooted to the Red Willow Band
chaotic bliss with a cover charge
and rhythm
I danced with three women
and one touched me
in a wonderful spot
I went outside and wondered
of cosmic Madonnas?
someone stole my sleeping bag

Later that week

I crossed the prairie
to the farm country

Bob stayed
a Sioux at the bar
And a tornado danced down mainstreet
lifting the hotel's roof
the General Custer Hotel

Gawain Roberts



Dave Piro
16

Paths of Dust

“Don’t ever get married,” my mother used to say,
While scrubbing hard floors on soft knees.
Her dark eyes hardened as she would tell me,
“Stay young, Stay young.”

My father stayed young racing us to the barn,
And he always won.
The stories he told were exciting to me
but often put others to sleep.
He lived as a fiddler, a boxer, and a rake
before the 30’s hit.

It changed their lives, those dirty days.
No clothes, no food, no nothing.
It seemed as though their fun-life ended,
And their married-hell was just beginning.

“The kids started coming,” my mother said,
“Thought it would never end.
Milking cows, hauling water, forking hay,
and me this big around.”

Dad remembered shooting the cows
Because no one had money to buy them.
"Left 'em in the ditches to rot!"
Like the spirits of those that killed them.

With toothpick between his ground-down teeth,
He created pictures in my mind
Of only the good Model-T days.
Like jumping a fence to court his true love.
"Yes, yes," my mother remembers softly
the time before the dirt.

Both try to forget those hopeless years.
But they can never erase
Those paths of dust
Carved into each face.

Sharon Gustafson

Featured Artist

by Don Boyd

oakwood is proud to present Carol Hepper as the featured artist for our looking ahead edition. As far as I can determine, she is the first South Dakota artist to have a one-person exhibit in New York City, the present world capital of the visual arts.

That is comparable to saying, "This English graduate just had her first novel published." Out of an estimated 50,000 artists living in New York City, fewer than 100 are introduced into the system each year. Now we have one who is a graduate of SDSU!

Carol's odyssey from a B.S. in Art at SDSU in 1975 to emerging sculptor has been short in time but arduous in amount of effort required in that she must be creative mentally and physically. Her sculpture is a combination of found bones, driftwood, chokecherry wood, willow, and rawhide, which she tans herself, all from the ranch near McLaughlin, South Dakota, where she grew up and where she now lives and works.

From 1975 to 1977 she worked as a freelance illustrator and designer. From 1977 to 1978 Carol did graphics and sets for WJCT Television, of Jacksonville, Florida, a PBS affiliate. One of Carol's set designs won a National Educational Broadcasting award. She then moved on to a position as photographer, graphics specialist, and exhibition coordinator for the Jacksonville Art Museum. During this

time, 1979 to 1980, she also taught art classes at Flagler College at St. Augustine, Florida. In 1980 she returned to McLaughlin.

In December, 1980, she had her first one-person show of her sculpture at the Brookings Community Cultural Center, which I reviewed in the new national art magazine, *Art Express*. She was then invited to show in *Darkhorse* at Foremost Gallery in Sioux Falls.

Since those two shows, her career has gained in intensity and her work has continued to grow in quality. I cannot list all of her accomplishments in this short space but will pick out some highlights. Ivan Karp, formerly associated with Leo Castelli Gallery in New York City, included Carol's work in the *15th Annual National Drawing and Small Sculpture Show* at Del Mar College, Corpus Christi, Texas. Norman Geske put two of her sculptures in the *South Dakota Biennial V* at the Memorial Art Center.

Carol won the Betty Brazil Memorial Fund award for career development in sculpture over 238 applicants for 1981. Elke Solomon, painter and former curator at the Whitney Museum, was one of a distinguished panel of jurors. Other recent awards include a South Dakota Arts Council mini-grant and a competition to show at WARM gallery in Minneapolis (over 150 applicants) December 19 to January 18, 1982. Her work was shown at the Coffman Gallery of the University of

Minnesota in the fall of 1981.

Finally, the exhibit at P.S. 1 took place from January 17 to March 14, 1982. Carol flew out for the opening and she said there were over 4,000 there to view the various exhibits. P.S. 1 is a part of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, an alternative space for experimental art.

Carol Hepper's works are strong, multi-faceted, complex in meaning, beautiful, tough, well-made, unique, and expressive of something about particular experiences that are difficult to capture in words. The photographs, though eloquent, are not meant to be substitutes for seeing the real sculptures. Carol's words are helpful here:

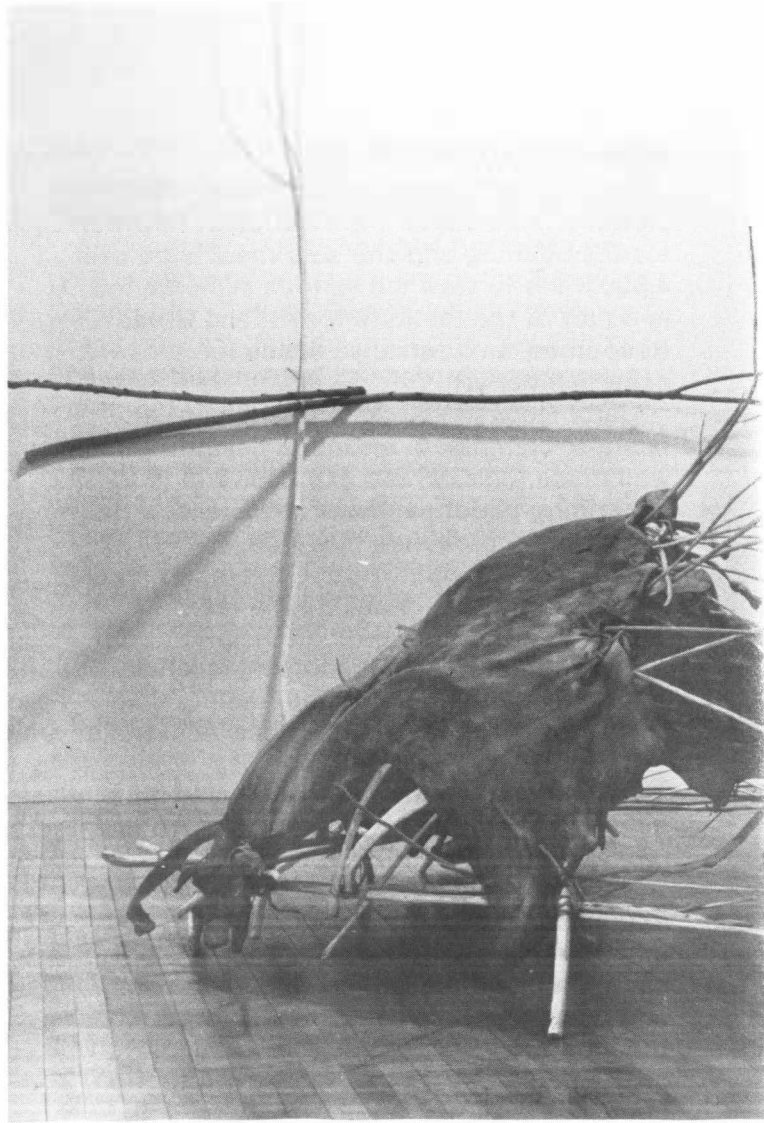
I'm interested in becoming involved with the history of the materials I work with and by doing so, experimenting with the possibilities for change and development of those ideas. These "materials" are decidedly NOT machine made, therefore insist on a personal identity. I try to clarify reality for myself and feel by doing so my work will reflect this "realness." I am aware of the essential quality of the materials and try to maintain the integrity of them by the choices I make and how those choices present themselves.

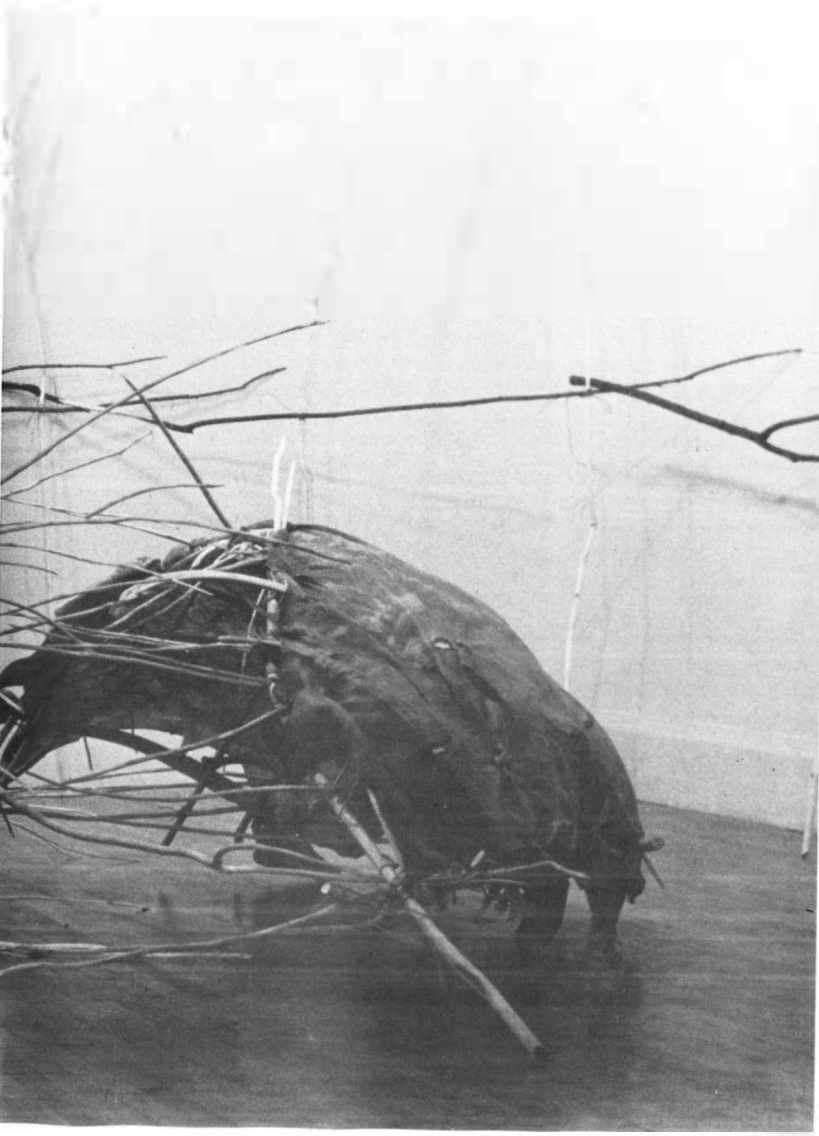
This article is not an attempt to sum up, categorize, digest, or make easy the understanding of Carol's work so that one can say, "Oh she's the person who uses bones and rawhide," then conveniently forget about the work. The works speak for themselves and my writing is meant to spark your attention, to point to the future, to predict, if you will, greater things to come from Carol Hepper.

Don Boyd is an intermedia artist and art writer, and currently teaches graphic design at SDSU. His work will be shown at *Artist's Space* in New York City, April 10 through May 27, 1982.

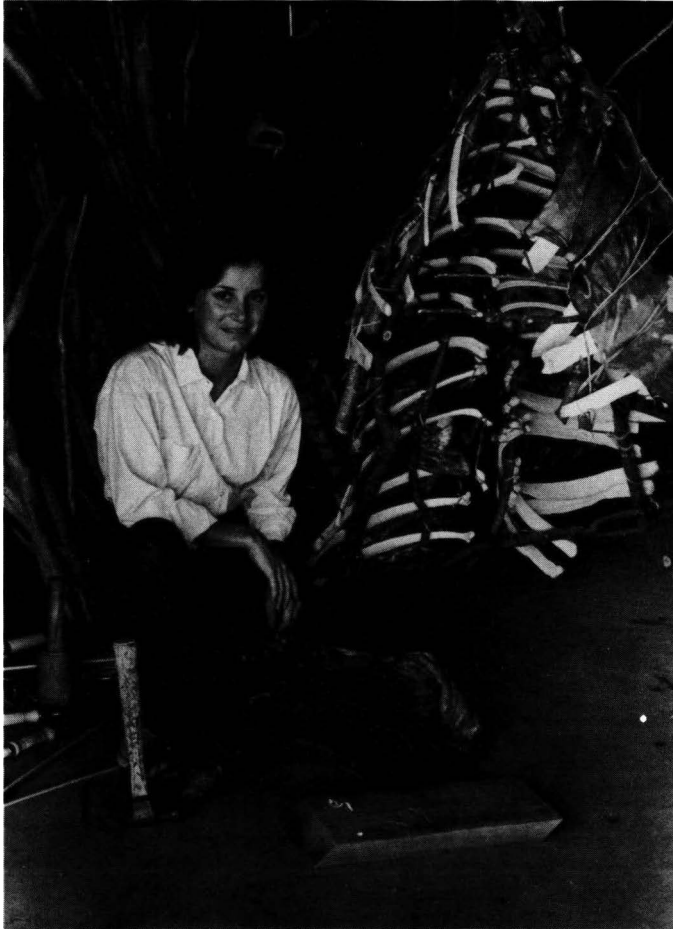
W.A.R.M. Piece 1982
buffalo skin, willow, ribs
2.6'x7'x8'

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Carol Hepper



Carol Hepper

Double Chamber 1981
willow, bone, deer skin
5.5'x2.5'x6.7'



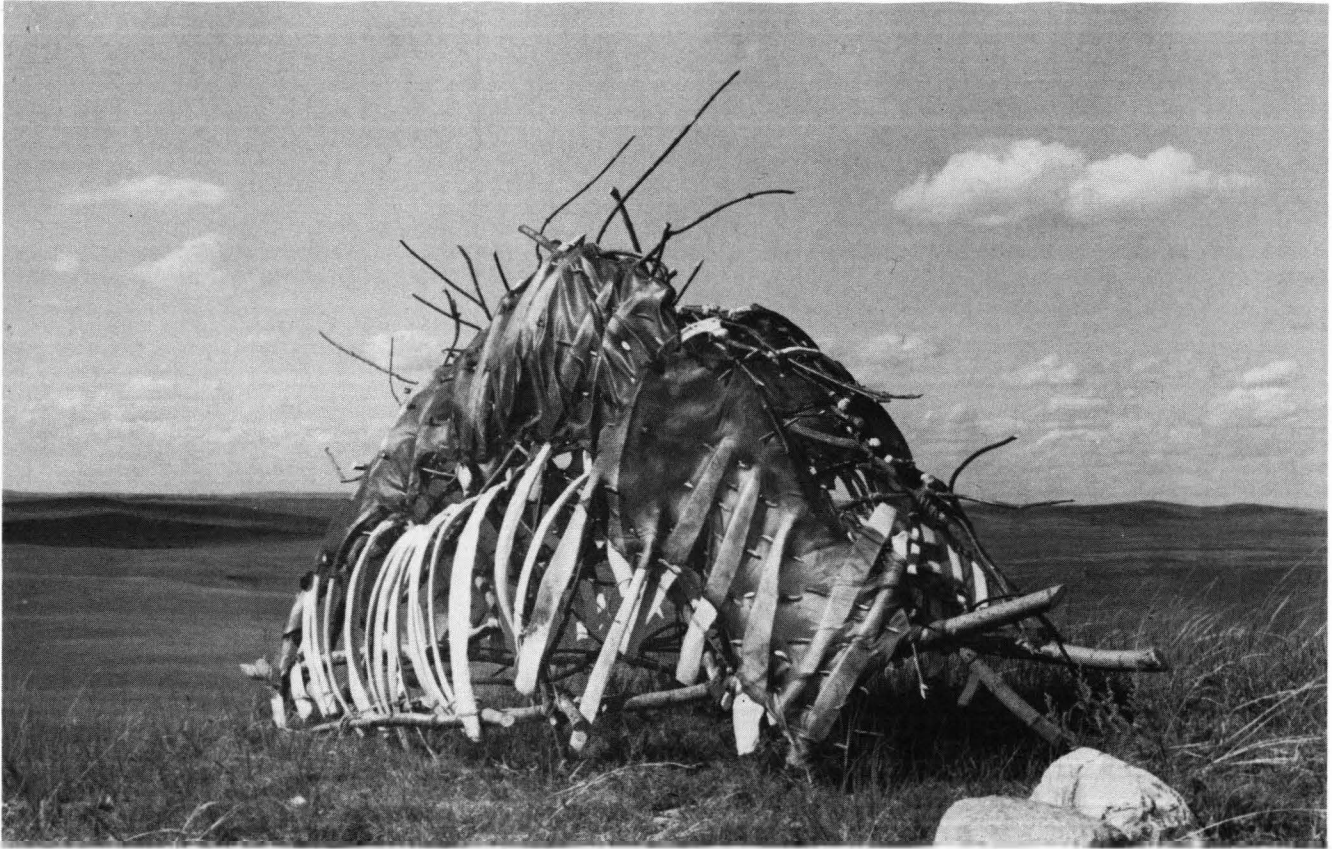
Carol Hepper

SANCTUARY 1981
buffalo skin, ribs, chokecherry wood
6.2'x5'x6'



Carol Hepper

PIERCED/PEGGED 1981
calf skin, ribs, chokecherry wood
3.8'x8.3'x4.8'



Carol Hepper

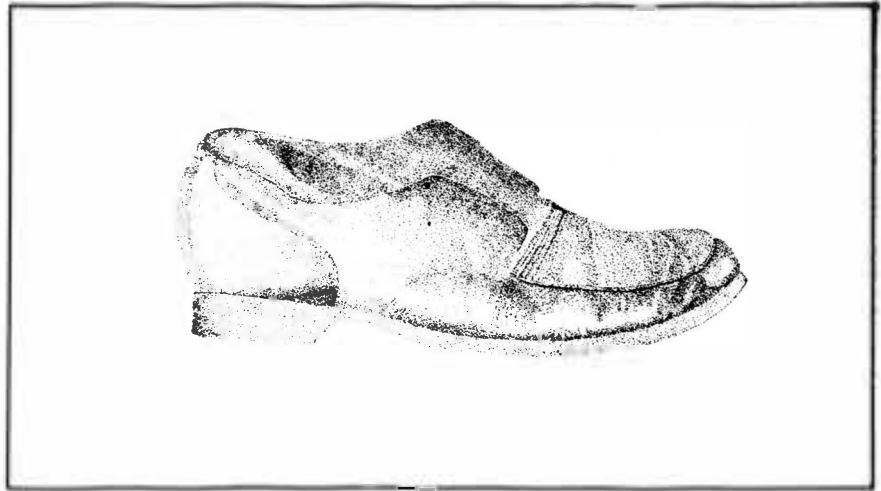
A Walk With My Father

“Voulez-vous promenade avec moi ce soir?”

You learned one French sentence
the year you went to Paris.
The photo shows you khaki-clad,
lower legs wrapped in brown bandages,
freckled hands on hips:
an Iowa boy disguised as a soldier,
a kid who liked harmonica music
and strawberries and Parisian girls.
Squirrel-feeder, birds' friend,
teller of jokes and stories of The Great War,
baseball fan, hedge-trimmer,
small-town boy disguised now
in the black robe of a judge,

Voulez-vous promenade avec moi ce soir?

Nancy Veglahn



Patti Monahan

I Like Men Who Walk Tight

I like men who walk tight
in washed-out blue jeans
I like men who smile slow
and open me with the spread of their lips
I like men with lanky fingers
I can wrap myself around
I like men with keen-edged eyes
whose look can slice the breath from my throat
I like men
I can plunge into
and emerge, like a swimmer from an early morning sea,
dripping the wet, beaded dawn

Julie Stroup



Jonnie Einspahr

PLEASE DO NOT RESHELVE BOOKS

Return them to the orange shelves or the books will return themselves. General MacArthur will return to the pilgrims. Marshall McLuhan will turn into anthropology. Richard Nixon will enter a fairy tale. Newspapers will become reference and philosophy best sellers. A librarian may tell a joke and laugh out loud. Students may not find their way out for hours. Scholars could become lost for years. It might happen, though perhaps to only a few, a person may walk inside a book and live another life. We do not know where it will lead.

Leon Tetzlaff

Cast Paper

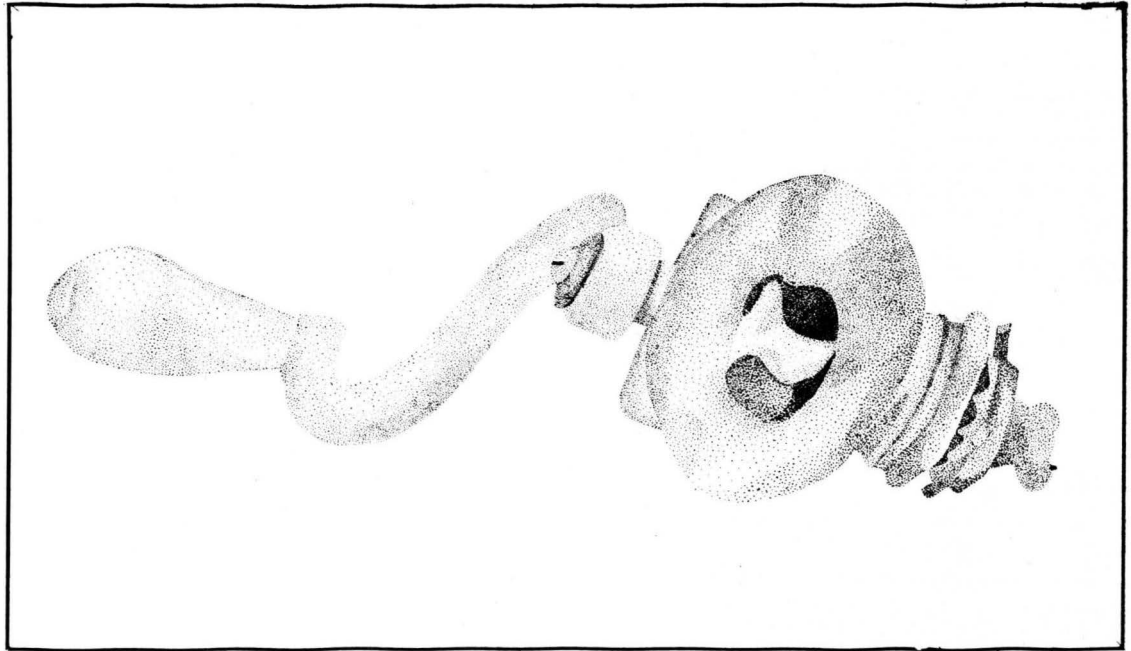


Duane Schat

Old Blood & Guts

Old blood and guts
literary blunderbuss
Frederick
you blow like
blizzard blasts
around the windbreak
you squeeze out
the blood that makes
Sioux quartzite red
you wrassle yourself
at midnight and
sometimes lose
you stand straight
on Blue Mound
the rains dissemble you both
away to the sea and
new mountains

Anonymous



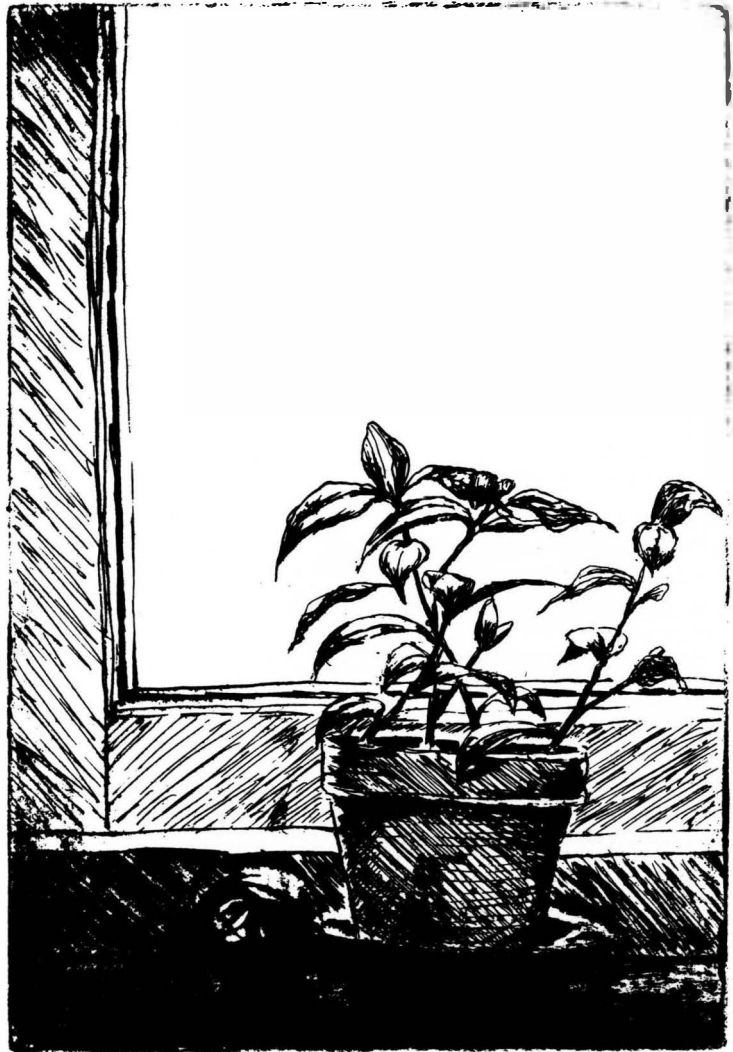
Sandy Mikelbost

The
PROPRIETOR

*The long-haired white cat hugged itself
onto the windowsill of a brick house in
Thunder Bay. No room for the fat tail*

*which
hung
over
the
side.*

Emma Dimit



Rich Street

BEFORE SHOOTING

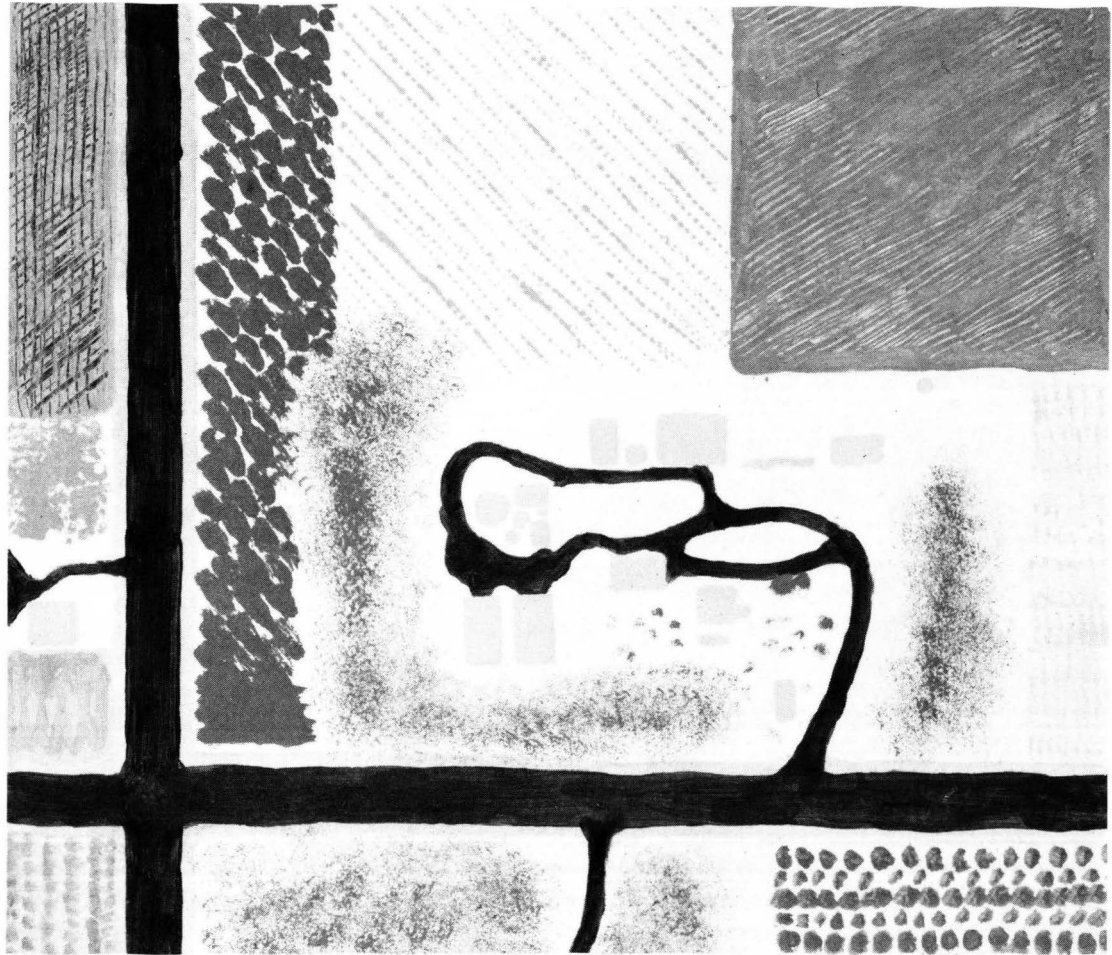
mud
in the
Red Lake slough
feeds this morning
on cattails
it grabs legs with
the authority
of age

black and gray
without flowers it
is beautiful in
this believable dawn
muskrat huts lie
on their backs
breathing steam

and mallards
piece by piece
fit together the
puzzle of wind

Kevin Woster

Aerial View/Textures



Angie DeWispelaere

She Who Dwells In The Rock

they call her
doubleface
she has dreamed
the wolf dream
hidden in skin
she vanishes
her eyes remain
two pale leaves
veined, transparent
dark pupils
like shredded cinders
she has seen
what wolves see

Nancy Veglahn



Chris Decker

SAND

Once when I was a boy
my heart went wild.
I'd climbed almost to the point
of a pyramid of sand
at a gravel company,
hiding from two friends.

Their voices grew,
then I saw them below.
They didn't think to look up
from the railroad tracks.
Then the voices faded out.

I closed my eyes on that hot sand,
and felt my heart,
and saw — something.
I saw myself as a man
15 or 20 years ahead.
I knew I'd remember exactly
that secret minute,
and wild heartbeat.

David Allan Evans



Frank Petrella

to tell a cat kill

can always tell a bobcat kill
by the way they cover their prey's
remains with grass, twigs and
dirt.

they're neat and tidy in everything-
one slick slit through the juglar
not like a coyote's gouge in the
throat.

mostly hunt the deep ravines and canyons
with tall thread and needle grass
dispensed among thick chokecherry and
wildplum.

old timers say you never see
the same cat twice 'cause they
blend and mix with their cover like
flour into dough.

better confirmation would be hard
to find — strong and spirited
like a thoroughbred stud
in prime.

must have lost a dozen lambs
to that draw in a two week span,
just as the snow flew into a
dying fall.

happened on her by sauntered suprise
that scared the hell out of the three
of us — the cat, horse
and me.

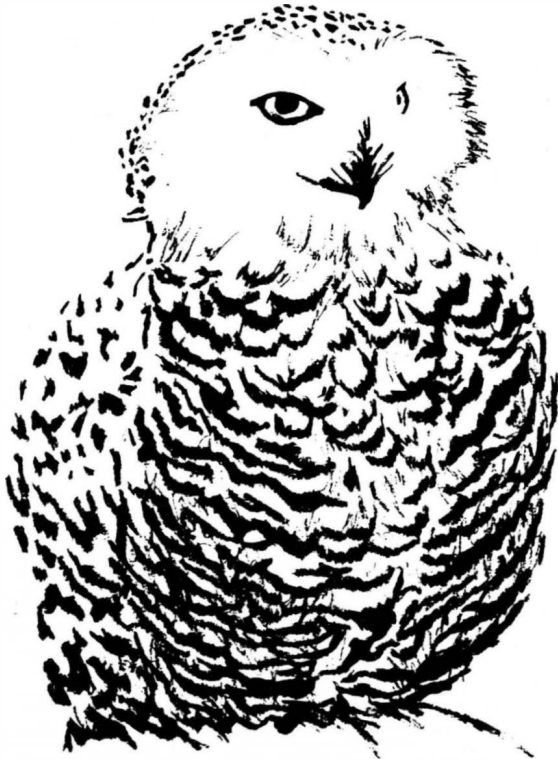
she was big as cat's run —
maybe forty pounds or more,
looking like she had
few seasons
to go.

while she sat there, snarling,
hissing and hemmed,
I executed her with a shot
between
the
eyes.

as I watched her kick her
life away and the frothed
pool get wider and longer,
I couldn't help but wonder
who made the bigger mistake
that day:

her
or
i.

Ken Barker



Darrell Mohr

LITERATURE

KEN BARKER is currently a senior at SDSU and is a former president of the South Dakota Federation of Students.

EMMA DIMIT saw "The Proprietor" on a motorcycle trip around Lake Superior. Her poetry has won several awards in the state and nationally. She manages the SDSU Credit Union.

DAVID ALLAN EVANS is one of South Dakota's most well-known poets. He teaches creative writing at SDSU.

SHARON GUSTAFSON is a junior at SDSU majoring in Journalism. She has been a photo-journalist for the BROOKINGS REGISTER and has won several prizes for her photographic work.

T.R. MAVES is a career graduate student in Mass Communications

JANICE MIKESELL is a middle-aged poetry person and non-traditional student who hopes to achieve her English degree by 1984. Currently she is working on a book of short stories and two books of poetry.

MIKE POWERS is a graduating Economics and English major at SDSU. He is interested in free lance writing and investment opportunities.

GAWAIN ROBERTS is a long time Brookings resident who has put more than a couple of miles on his feet. He is now the owner of Dogears Bookstore.

JULIE STROUP is a graduate teaching assistant

in the English department at SDSU.

LEON TETZLOFF is working and writing at Holden Village, Lake Chelan, Washington.

NANCY VEGLAHN is a much-published writer of fiction for young people. She teaches writing at SDSU.

PAUL WITHERINGTON is a Professor of English at SDSU. He specializes in American literature, criticism, and contemporary fiction.

KEVIN WOSTER is the Wildlife Editor for the Sioux Falls *Argus Leader*.

GRAPHICS

CHRIS DECKER is an art student from Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

ANGIE DeWISPELAERE is a freshman art student from Revillo, South Dakota.

JONNIE EINSPAHR, who has her own wood shop, is planning to continue her art education at SDSU.

GREG HERBRANSON is a senior landscape architecture major from Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

DONNA LEWIS-JONES is a junior commercial art major.

SANDY MIKELBOST is a freshman from Ramona, South Dakota.

DARRELL MOHR is a sophomore environmental management major from Deadwood, South Dakota

PATTI MONAHAN works at the H.M. Briggs Library on the SDSU Campus.

JANET ODDEN is a fine arts and French major. She is a gallery assistant and bookkeeper at the South Dakota Memorial Art Center, Brookings.

FRANK PETRELLA is an assistant professor of printing at SDSU.

DAVE PIRO graduated in commercial art in December. He is currently working at South Dakota Public Television.

DUANE SCHAT is a senior fine arts major at SDSU.

RICH STREET is a senior commercial art major at SDSU.

KATHY VRCHOTA is a freshman from Jackson Minnesota.

OAKWOOD

