

EXHIBITION PROGRAM

SET THE STAGE AN ILLUSION OF SPACE March 21 - April 28, 2018

Oregon State University students share final projects from their Theatre Scenic Design course.



Sheila Dong is fulfilling a special writers internship for The Arts Center's 2018 Exhibition Program. Sheila writes essays, short stories and poems to share her impressions about exhibits. Currently, she is a MFA student in poetry, as well as an instructor of rhetoric and composition, at Oregon State University.

THE SHAPE OF POETRY

Oedipus the King

He is a grey stare.
He is draped
in stone. Cut
across the bust.
Body abbreviated.
He is wheeled
through years
in the same opening
night. Prophecy, rise
and fall, curtain and final
bow, then the night
custodian comes with
buckets and bleach.
This king is leaden
as myth. Light as plaster.
He is missing part of his head,
on the side invisible
to the audience.
No one survives
with the skull carved out
like that, the brain dead-
ended. But the audience
keeps him alive
by believing him whole.
Heavy-lipped sigil with a
body of applause.
Life flickers yet
behind his eyes.



Sculpture by Cyrus Peery
Oedipus the King

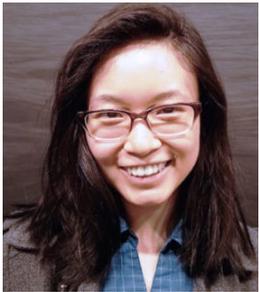


The Arts Center

EXHIBITION PROGRAM

SET THE STAGE AN ILLUSION OF SPACE March 21 - April 28, 2018

Oregon State University students share final projects from their Theatre Scenic Design course.



Sheila Dong is fulfilling a special writers internship for The Arts Center's 2018 Exhibition Program. Sheila writes essays, short stories and poems to share her impressions about exhibits. Currently, she is a MFA student in poetry, as well as an instructor of rhetoric and composition, at Oregon State University.

THE SHAPE OF POETRY

The Glass Menagerie

Life happens inside a series of matte black panes. Rectangles cut for doors.

Doors that lead nowhere. Just a room with the table always set for dinner.

Always the shy girl with the broken animals and the boy on the verge of never coming back.

The plates: blue flourishes on pale porcelain. Tiny forks. Napkins in crisp triangles.

Always the mother, dressed too fancy. A polyester garden blooms over the couch.

A side table bares knickknacks furred in dust. The redness of the rug is like a murder

that doesn't happen. Always someone feigning illness. Next to the dinner table, asphalt is laid down.

The road goes by. Someone is always going. Or maybe someone is always coming.

From the ceiling hangs a white frame. Nothing but thresholds anywhere you look.

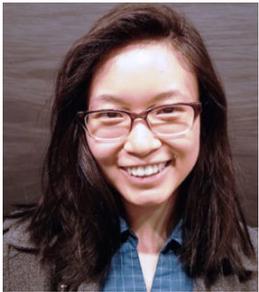


Stage Design by Mackenzie Powers
Glass Menagerie (Tennessee Williams)

EXHIBITION PROGRAM

SET THE STAGE AN ILLUSION OF SPACE March 21 - April 28, 2018

Oregon State University students share final projects from their Theatre Scenic Design course.



Sheila Dong is fulfilling a special writers internship for The Arts Center's 2018 Exhibition Program. Sheila writes essays, short stories and poems to share her impressions about exhibits. Currently, she is a MFA student in poetry, as well as an instructor of rhetoric and composition, at Oregon State University.

THE SHAPE OF POETRY

Store Fronts from Inherit the Wind



**Shopfronts and
Hot Dog Stand**
Don Naggiar,
Scenic Design Instructor

The food here is built to be
not eaten, not touched,
not smelled, but seen.
Not only seen,

but seen from long distances.
From a block and nine
decades away. From the farthest
seat in a packed theatre:

That there's a sandwich,
if I do say so myself.
Corners of cheese
and half-moons of tomato

and frills of lettuce spill
from the bun. Close up,
the sandwich is the size
of a newborn baby,

substantial enough for breakfast,
lunch, and dinner. But far away
I will think, I can finish that
in the space of a baseball inning.

A wicker tray shows tortillas
folded into cylinders, filling
unknown.

On the side, condiments:
something yellow-green like
guacamole.

Something raw red like diced
tomatoes.

Something deep green like spinach.
Something white. Onions? Up close
they look baked, yet sludgy,

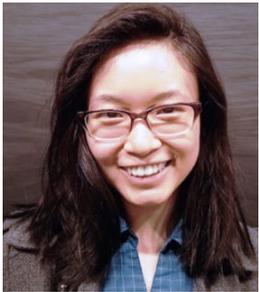
full of half-hard bits. But that's not
the point. From far away I'll yearn
to spoon those bright textures
into my mouth. My tongue will
water.

I will eat with my eyes.

EXHIBITION PROGRAM

SET THE STAGE AN ILLUSION OF SPACE March 21 - April 28, 2018

Oregon State University students share final projects from their Theatre Scenic Design course.



Sheila Dong is fulfilling a special writers internship for The Arts Center's 2018 Exhibition Program. Sheila writes essays, short stories and poems to share her impressions about exhibits. Currently, she is a MFA student in poetry, as well as an instructor of rhetoric and composition, at Oregon State University.

THE SHAPE OF POETRY

Ladybird

Satiny red,
black polka

dots. The skirt ribbon-
ties in front;
the miniature

cape juts and falls
past shoulderblades.

Red hat. Sheer
blouse. Bespoke
costume. Ladybird.

Sometimes ladybug.
In Russian, god's little cow:

black spots
mottle. Sometimes
an eater of aphids.

Sometimes a resident
of a giant peach.

Sometimes smaller
than your pinky nail.
Other times the size of a boy.

Sometimes a perfect oval. But
often, the shape of a kind heart.



Lady Bird
Design by DeMara Cabera,
Draper Ruth Drake

EXHIBITION PROGRAM

SET THE STAGE AN ILLUSION OF SPACE March 21 - April 28, 2018

Oregon State University students share final projects from their Theatre Scenic Design course.



Sheila Dong is fulfilling a special writers internship for The Arts Center's 2018 Exhibition Program. Sheila writes essays, short stories and poems to share her impressions about exhibits. Currently, she is a MFA student in poetry, as well as an instructor of rhetoric and composition, at Oregon State University.

THE SHAPE OF POETRY

Long Day's Journey Into Night

The highest point in this room is the piano. It rests

on a tall platform with increasingly-higher platforms staggering up to it.

And it is red. Red like lipstick unscrewed from its tube and crushed

between thumb and forefinger. Red like a glass of wine broken in the palm.

Red like a tubercular cough. Red like family fights, incisors sinking into skin.

She's an addict. Her son is dying. The fainting couch next to the piano is the same shade,

like a shared delusion. All anyone does is argue. One night the mother

plays the piano. It sounds like what could have been. It sounds like the rustling

of a nun's robes. It sounds like the chirp of blood through veins. The squeaking pulley as the red curtain descends.



Stage Design by Jeffrey Petro
Long Days Journey (Eugene O'Neil)