

PRISM+2011

PRISM + 2011

A publication of the LTU Artists' Guild + Spring 2011

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Tyler Hays

Jeffrey Huysentruyt

FACULTY ADVISOR

Sara E. Lamers

ART SUBMISSIONS EDITOR

Nathan Mattson

WRITTEN SUBMISSIONS EDITOR

Rachel Yarbrough

EDITORIAL BOARD

Michael Fontana

Demetrius Johnson

Emily Matt

Founded in 1978 by Prof. Paula Stofer, Prism is a journal of art and literature featuring work by students, staff, faculty, and alumni of Lawrence Technological University.

+

Copyright © 2011 Lawrence Technological University

All rights of individual works revert to their respective original authors and artists upon publication.

FROM THE EDITORS

A prism is defined as a medium that changes the appearance of what is viewed through it. In many ways, the same can be said of this collection of works that has been titled "PRISM." Here is a collection of short stories, poetry, drawings, graphics, and photographs contributed by students, staff, faculty, and alumni of Lawrence Technological University. Each individual piece offers its own interpretation of a subject through the eyes of its respective creator. Much like a physical prism can separate white light into colors, this copy of PRISM has separated the static of everyday life into various themes, from the brightest highs to the darkest lows, as told by pieces of text, pen, lenses, and paint. The entire spectrum of emotion is accounted for.

PRISM was founded in 1978 by then-student Paula Stofer, who would later go on to become a faculty member at LTU. It was only printed for two years until Dr. Melinda (Weinstein) Phillips, with generous backing from the College of Arts and Sciences, resurrected the dormant PRISM in 2000. Since then, every year has led to a more refined collection. As represented by this year's cover design, the Artists' Guild continuously strives to act as a creative catalyst for students, staff, faculty, and alumni.

We would like to sincerely thank the College of Arts and Sciences and the department of Humanities, Social Sciences, and Communications for their amazing support. Additionally, we give special thanks to Sara Lamers for her guidance in completing the finished PRISM and to all the contributors who submitted pieces in order to make this a possibility. We hope the school and students will continuously support this publication for years to come.

Enjoy.

The PRISM + 2011 Editors

CONTENTS

- 06** / SENSE OF HOPE + John Bigtacion
- 08** / RELATIVITY + Erin Lintz
- 10** / CLOSE UP + Jonathon Jackson
- 11** / BUTTER + Nathan Mattson
- 12** / WINTER MORNING COMMUTE + Ashley Maier
- 13** / FLOWERS + Nathan Mattson
- 14** / TUPPER TREE REFLECTIONS + Scott Schneider
- 15** / ALTERNATE REALITY + Nicole Tischler
- 16** / THE APOCALYPSE TALES: AMANDA MAKES A FRIEND
+ Alexander Weinstein
- 23** / COBBLEPOT + Kirk Bell
- 24** / TALES + Mark Weisgerber
- 25** / BOUTS OF INSPIRATION + Nicole Tischler
- 26** / PARADISE + John Bigtacion
- 27** / HIGH MOON + Nathan Mattson
- 28** / FLOATING AWAY + Tyler Hays
- 29** / BALLPOINT SELF PORTRAIT + Kirk Bell
- 30** / SPECTATOR + Dan Merritt
- 32** / THE HYPER MEADOW + Kyle Post
- 33** / MONDAY MORNING PRAYER MEETING + Kyle Post
- 34** / HALLWAY + Jeffrey Huysentruyt
- 35** / WHITE.YELLOW.GREEN.GREEN.ORANGE.PINK.
WHITE.BROWN.BLUE AND A LIGHT + Kyle Post
- 36** / A HUMBLE ABODE + Kyle Post
- 37** / LIMESTONE CLIFFS OF FAYETTE + Ron Livingston
- 38** / POLLEN BURSTS + Ron Livingston
- 39** / SUMMER LOVIN' + John Bigtacion
- 40** / HER DARKNESS + Oleksandra Topolnytska
- 41** / IN THE WOODS + Oleksandra Topolnytska
- 42** / COFFEE IN THE MORNING + Melissa Grunow
- 56** / UNTITLED + Noelle Tatro
- 58** / SOCIAL LANDSCAPING + Alina Chelaidite
- 59** / TITLE + Tyler Hays and Jeffrey Huysentruyt
- 60** / CHOOSE YOUR ADVENTURE: DETROIT + Aaron Jones
- 61** / ROCKET + Tyler Hays
- 62** / CORDUROY INDIAN + Mike Girard
- 63** / WHOA + Tyler Hays
- 64** / HORIZON TO HORIZON + Brad McCarthy
- 66** / HOME + Ben Guettler
- 67** / HOPELESS + Kimberly Klieber
- 68** / HARMONY + Kimberly Klieber
- 69** / THE LOON + Nathan Mattson
- 70** / FEBRUARY + Mark Weisgerber
- 72** / BULB EXPLOSION SERIES + Jeffrey Huysentruyt
- 73** / SODA SPRAY SERIES + Jeffrey Huysentruyt
- 74** / AUTUMN FALLS + Ron Livingston
- 75** / LEVERAGE + Jennifer Arafat, Tyler Hays,
Jeffrey Huysentruyt, and Tiffany Platt
- 76** / LILACS + Madalyn Knebel
- 77** / ARTIST BLURBS

SENSE OF HOPE
JOHN BIGTACION

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



At any given moment in time there are hundreds of airplanes in flight. At 6:03 p.m. EST, on a Tuesday, Trent is hovering less-than-comfortably at an altitude of approximately 32,000 feet above central Illinois. He boarded the vehicle, which is presently rocketing toward Tokyo at the rate of 548 miles per hour, in Detroit at the (not-so-much) request of his boss. Trent moves to prop his elbow on the slim perch between seats, only to find the narrow, barely-upholstered rest presently occupied. Rounding out the remainder of the competitive elbow's body is an attractive, fair-skinned, raven-haired woman. In another time, Trent thinks he may have engaged her in conversation. He would have spent the thirteen-hour-long plane ride connecting with her. They would have pleasantly discovered they shared the same accommodations. Trent would have asked the beauty to join him for dinner. Emboldened by the bourbon, Trent would have had the confidence to take her to bed. In another time. Instead Trent thinks about his girlfriend, Eden, receding farther into the distance as he is being propelled away from her. Farther into the past, but isn't it more likely the future, as he now enters a new time zone?

Eden is still in six o'clock. By the time Trent enters six o'clock Pacific time, Eden will be at nine o'clock in Detroit. She will have had time to draw a hot bath and soak in fragrant oils before emerging and slipping into her prettiest under things. She will remove the hairpin from the nape of her neck, letting the steam-curled golden locks fall softly around her shoulders. She will have carefully applied her makeup, drawing attention to her best assets: her sparkling blue eyes, her pouty pink lips and that decidedly feminine expanse of exposed flesh leading from her neck to the tops of her covered breasts. By nine o'clock, Eden will have already enjoyed an hour and a half of companionship with the colleague she'd been flirting with in the shared past of she and Trent. By nine o'clock, Eden will be thinking about taking her attractive coworker to bed. Trent holds steady, chasing six o'clock, where Eden has just seen him loyally and devotedly onto the airplane.

Mirai, the beautiful female specimen currently sharing Trent's desire for greater elbow room, catches the man at her right crook appraising her more than once. She fears that he will try to strike up a conversation. Instead of risking connection-forging eye contact, Mirai gazes out the airplane window at the land passing by underneath her. She doesn't know where she is. Idaho looks like Wyoming, which looks like Nebraska, which looks like Iowa, which looks like Illinois. She is anxious to be back in the arms of her boyfriend, Yoshiyuki, who she anticipates is just as eagerly awaiting her return. At six o'clock airplane time, somewhere over Idaho/Wyoming/Nebraska/Iowa/Illinois, Mirai calls Yoshiyuki. Across the International Date Line, she assumes he has begun tomorrow's work day and is unsurprised when he doesn't answer her call. Mirai always found something uncomfortable about that part of the journey between her old home and new, where she crossed the line that shifted her instantly from travelling through the past to arriving in the future. Regardless of her discomfort toward this odd matter of time, Mirai feels the plane cannot arrive in Tokyo soon enough.

Today, in Tokyo, Yoshiyuki will decline Mirai's call from yesterday not because he is at work, but because he wants to delay putting into motion his recent plan to end their relationship. Mirai will not understand why he decided this. Like a man struck with gangrene of one of his beloved limbs, Yoshiyuki doesn't necessarily want to sever Mirai from his life but feels it is best to keep the unhappy infection from spreading further. Mirai is too needy, too dependent on his companionship in a foreign land, far away from her family and friends. Yoshiyuki feels responsible for her in a way a father ought to feel for a child. When Mirai arrives home tonight and unpacks in Tokyo's nine o'clock hour, Mirai's tomorrow, Yoshiyuki will break the news. For now, at six o'clock in the evening airplane time, one day prior, Mirai is a happy girlfriend returning to her lover's arms, who is probably in a business meeting, which is why he didn't answer her call, and the plane cannot get her there soon enough.

CLOSE UP
JONATHAN JACKSON
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



BUTTER
NATHAN MATTSO
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

WINTER MORNING COMMUTE + ASHLEY MAIER

The alarm clock is evil, it's true.
It goes off and dreams are through.
I climb out of bed and take a hot shower.
Get ready for school and leave in an hour.

Toss my bags in the car as I turn on the heat.
Look for the scraper under the seat.
Wipe the frost from glass.
Hope I'm not late for class.

Down the bumpy dirt road I go.
Maybe today we'll get more snow.
I start to speed up, then think twice.
I really love winter, but not the ice.

Oh darn traffic light, green, yellow, red.
Maybe I should have gone a different way instead.
At this time traffic isn't actually too bad,
But sometimes the speed limit drives me mad.

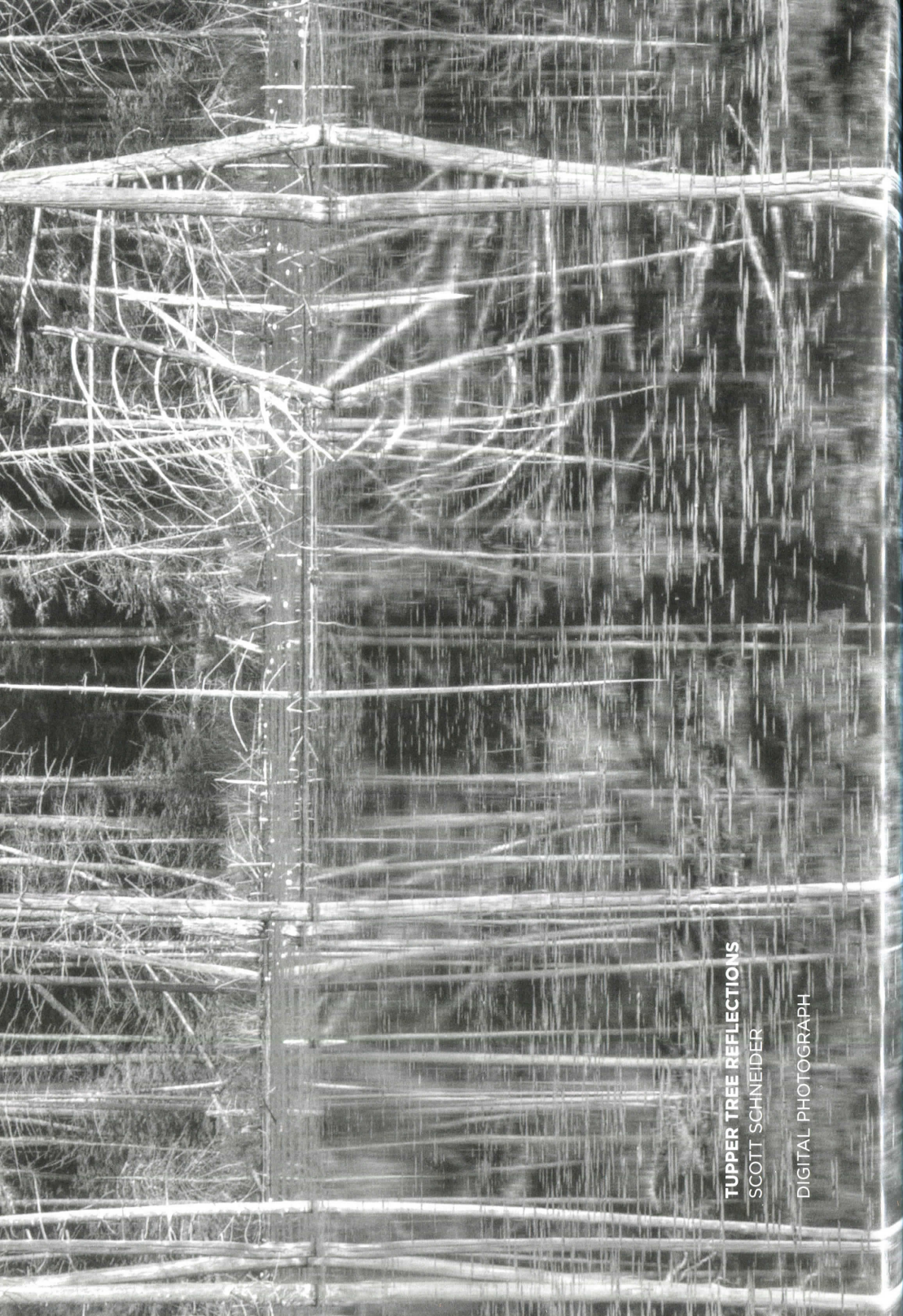
I get on the expressway, 696 heading south.
Singing along with the radio, familiar songs leave my mouth.
From there it's ten minutes till the buildings are in view.
I look for my exit, weaving the car through.

A couple turns, and I see the school sign.
As far as schools go, I'm glad that it's mine.
I walk to class, say "Hi" to some friends.
This is how my winter morning commute ends.

FLOWERS NATHAN MATTSON

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH





TUPPER TREE REFLECTIONS
SCOTT SCHNEIDER

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



ALTERNATE REALITY
NICOLE TISCHLER

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

THE APOCALYPSE TALES: AMANDA MAKES A FRIEND + ALEXANDER WEINSTEIN

It wasn't until I had to move that I became aware I was thinking in profile status updates. Until then everything felt normal. I'd be in my kitchen, measuring out coffee, and suddenly think, *Is there anything better than coffee on Sundays!* Without fail, I'd see in my mind's eye the follow-up postings to my update (*Ain't that the truth, girl!; Coffee & Sex? Lol; Let's quit men before we quit coffee!*) followed by my own response (*I take it black, like my men: Airplane!*) And there I'd still be, coffee spoon in hand, mid-measure, grinning like a madwoman at the imagined smiles of my online community.

By then, almost all of us had begun communicating in profile updates. To converse in sentences over seventy characters sounded passé. The shorter and snappier the better. Particularly as it allowed you to join live verbal threads occurring anywhere with minimal effort. I'd be in the grocery store picking out a pint of chocolate ice cream, thinking, "Treating myself to a pint of choc. i.c. and loving it!" when, as though responding to my thought-thread, another customer would say, "Häagen-Dazs is the best!" This would invite the single guy within earshot to join our conversation with, "Isn't chocolate the most seductive flavor?" At which point, I, single but not interested, logged out of the conversation and headed towards the checkout lanes, while over my shoulder I heard a young woman flirt from the frozen veggies, "Strawberry's my favorite. Mmmmm..."

In the early twenties, we had achieved a level of impersonal intimacy with strangers, and had become a truly connected global community. We naturally utilized the third person—an attribute which made introductions obsolete. The dusty formality of our private lives was replaced with an impartial friendliness that permitted us to withdraw from verbal threads without ever seeming awkward. "Amanda just became a fan of Late Night with Dymon Shields!" I'd say while reading the cover of *Exposé* at the checkout. In turn, the woman ahead of me announced that "Susan loved her interview with Puffy

Combz!" Verbal streaming eliminated the solitude that separated neighbors and strangers, and communication flourished where silence once existed. I discovered that, like me, the eighty year old Turkish man at Starbucks loved sunrises. Six degrees of separation had transformed into six degrees of connection, and in some immense way, we were part of a larger social network, which, by extension, meant that every person in the world was somehow connected to our own list of Friends.

And then one day, in the process of moving out of my apartment, I found myself with a sinking feeling as I stared at my large dining room table. The table would require another person to move it. For the past day and half, while I'd been wrapping boxes with packing tape, folding clothes into suitcases, emptying cabinets, and amassing bags for Goodwill, I had been struggling to come up with a fun, non-needy profile update. Listening to a Cindy Bottoms download, I had stopped my packing to update my profile to *Loving C.B's new single as I get ready to move heavy boxes!* but there had come no responses to this altogether uninteresting update. Staring at my dining room table, I realized there was no way to ask my Friends for help without sounding like a downer. I finally settled on *God, moving is such a bitch!* hoping someone would pick up on the hint. As the sun set over the rooftops of Cambridge, I sat with my laptop, awaiting the responses. By the time I went to sleep there was only one: *Don't I know it! :)*

In the morning I checked my old posting, which by now had been pushed to the second profile page by photos, jokes, and my Friends' updates. Only one other comment had been added: *Moving on up, to the eastside: The Jeffersons!* I spent the morning trying to come up with a profile update that wouldn't sound like a buzz-kill. *Old dining room tables sure are heavy to move!* I wrote, but it sounded stupid and random and so I backspaced it. *Let's move together and then all see a movie!* I wrote, and was disgusted with myself. I made

coffee, ate cereal, and felt lost. Already my friends were having long humorous postings about smoothies. There was nothing I could write that wouldn't make me sound pathetic. I logged off, shut my laptop, and decided to see if a neighbor could help me.

A boy from two doors down was playing in the hallway with his VirtuCube, his eyes closed while he pressed the control buttons on the sides. He looked up for a moment as I entered the hallway.

"Danny loves VirtuCube!" he said.

"Amanda hears VirtuCube is awesome!"

"Huh?" he said, and I realized I had dated myself.

"VirtuCube is slasher!" I said.

"Slashes it up!"

"Amanda is moving! Lol."

The boy didn't respond. He had closed his eyes and returned to his game. I realized that lol was the wrong abbreviation for kids his age, and tried to remember what his generation was using. CMG? LLF? I tried a different approach "Amanda likes strong dads! Is your dad strong?"

The boy's eyes met mine and his hands let go of the VirtuCube. "Mom!" he yelled, digging into his pockets. "Danny's scared by evil kidnapper woman!" He pulled his phone from his pants and held it up towards me to snap a photo.

Before he could take a shot, I slammed the door behind me, locking myself into my apartment. A photo like that could get me blacklisted from a number of profile pages. I could already imagine the postings. *OMG! Amanda, is that you!? Perv-time!?* I pressed my ear to the door.

In the hallway I heard a door shutting forcefully and the sound of locks being applied.

I decided to abandon the table to the next tenant—there was no way I was going to be able to carry it on my own. I was carrying the last of my boxes down the three flights, and loading them into the rented U-Haul, when I saw him. On a park bench across the street, a homeless man sat beneath the large oak tree. He had a scraggly beard, jeans with holes and paint stains on them, a ripped button down flannel shirt, and was reading a book. Normally, I avoided the park for the very reason of the down-and-out characters that populate the field with their tents, joints, and TuneDocks blasting. They speak in more than seventy characters and harass you for change, food, and the time, but this man seemed harmless enough. He appeared to be my age, late twenties, early thirties, and though homeless he was handsome. I put the boxes I was carrying in the U-Haul and rolled down the cargo door. Why not ask him for help, I figured, it wasn't like he would cut me from his Friends list.

I crossed the street and stopped a couple feet from his bench. "Amanda's moving today!" I said, in a friendly upbeat voice.

The man looked up from his book. "Who's Amanda?"

The question was as awkward as having someone ask you the time. I settled on the clunky, "Amanda's right in front of you!"

The man looked around him, at the oak, the garbage can by the side of the bench, the park behind him, then back at me. "You are?"

I nodded. "Real fun! Sundays in the fall are slasher!"

"Yeah," he said. "They're pretty good."

"Moving is a bitch though!"

"Yeah."

I tried again. "Dining room tables are heavy!"

"Sorry?"

"Moving! Amanda is moving today!"

"Uh-huh."

"And dining room tables sure are heavy!" I said again.

"Sorry, do you need help?"

"Amanda loves help! Amanda can pay you!"

"Well . . . I guess I'm not doing anything today anyway." He closed his book and reached out his hand. "I'm Tyler."

Admittedly, I was nervous about inviting a homeless man into my apartment. He made odd small talk, asking me where I was moving to, what I was doing in Cambridge, where I was from. I kept my answers brief, sticking to the bare facts of my profile page.

"Nice apartment," he said. "Shame you have to move out. That the table?"

"OMG, never again will Amanda get a table this big!"

"Yeah. I guess you're going to need help carrying it into your new place too."

I hadn't considered this. The thought of having him know where my

new apartment was made me uncomfortable. I imagined him making his home outside the building, asking for change every morning as I headed to class. All the same, he was right. I nodded.

We lugged the enormous oak table down the three flights, and into the U-Haul, and I drove across town. He helped me bring the table in and then helped with the rest of the boxes, even though I tried to tell him, "Amanda's happy now!"

"Well," he said, setting the last box down on the floor, "I guess that fills my good Samaritan quota for the week."

"Amanda is so thankful to you! Amanda will give you money!"

"That's okay. How about just inviting me out to dinner?"

"Sure! Amanda loves donating to the homeless!"

"Sorry?"

"Sleeping in the park is so cold!"

"Huh? No, I mean, do you want to get some food together?"

"Amanda's happy to help you find food! The streets are hard!"

"Do you think I'm homeless?" he asked.

I wasn't sure how to answer, so I just said again, "Amanda loves donating to the homeless!"

"You've got it all wrong," he laughed. "I'm not homeless. I've got a place in Brighton."


"But Amanda saw you reading. Homeless people love to read!"

"I like going for walks too, but that doesn't make me a dog. Eh, never mind," he said, and got up from where he was sitting.

"Wait!" I said, "Amanda wants to invite you to become a Friend! Amanda's last name is Mason! What's yours?"

"Jackson," he said, and then he was gone.

That night I searched for Tyler Jackson but he wasn't on FriendStar, BlogBook, or even MyPlace. I logged onto my account to update my profile. *Met a nice guy today*, I wrote. Then I backspaced. Instead I typed, *New apartments are kinda spooky till you get moved in!* The responses arrived within seconds. *Just don't rent Poltergeist. Loll;* *Cindy Bottoms all night long!*; *At least hang the curtains—that's my secret.* As the voices of my Friends came tumbling in, I imagined their laughter echoing through the vacant rooms of my new apartment. For a moment, it felt good. It was as though they'd been waiting to hear from me all along.



COBBLEPOT
KIRK BELL

CLAY MODEL

TALES + MARK WEISGERBER

Glass rose, not an enchantment for noses;
you're a gilded tome for the woe-filled tale,
open only with a converse tickle.

Be worthy of my siren song to sing.

I knew a Gnome, entangled in your folds,
one who scurried with each new birth of day
away from the hurries of the light, but soft
what distant beastly noises did she flee?
No creatures, trolls, or others that make sound.
No. It was the subtleties that dawn brings:

Dry glow, diamond dew; the halo mounting
'round the Son I pray to with each passing.
She was beautiful, no less than darkness
falling fast, ensnaring toes first, then heart
held to the last. Playful rouse then to rest.
I know her only by your hanging, rose.

Lost her no less where the trail-head foundered.
Yet every eve to take the silent guard,
strike out amongst the briar patch that grows;
follow that sing song drifting through the boughs.
Search wearily till the daybreak blossoms,
again somewhere beyond the twilight fauns.

Tome, hold me close with lips that press to sip;
take this breath, let each petal drift & flow,
released upon a pinna found most worthy.
Grow upon that breast, where my longing ends.

BOUTS OF INSPIRATION
NICOLE TISCHLER

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH





PARADISE

JOHN BIGTACION

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



HIGH MOON

NATHAN MATTSON

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

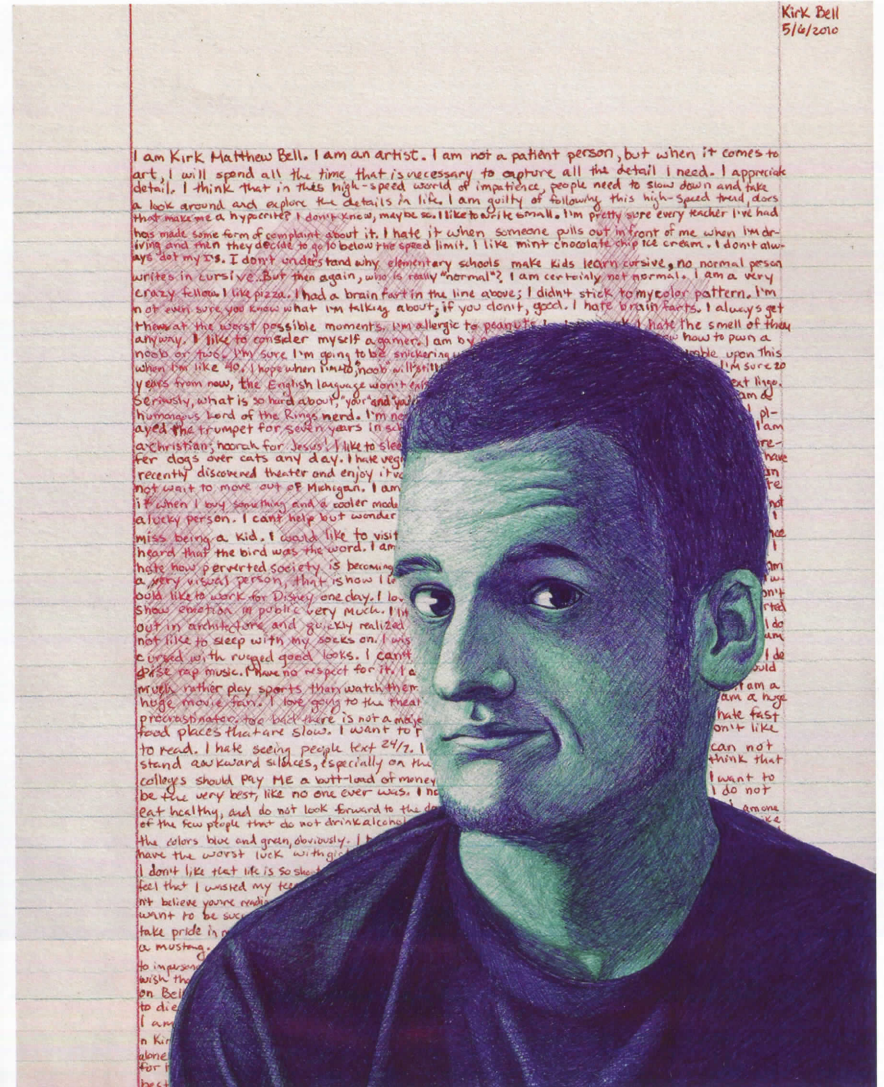
FLOATING AWAY
TYLER HAYS

WATERCOLOR PAINTING



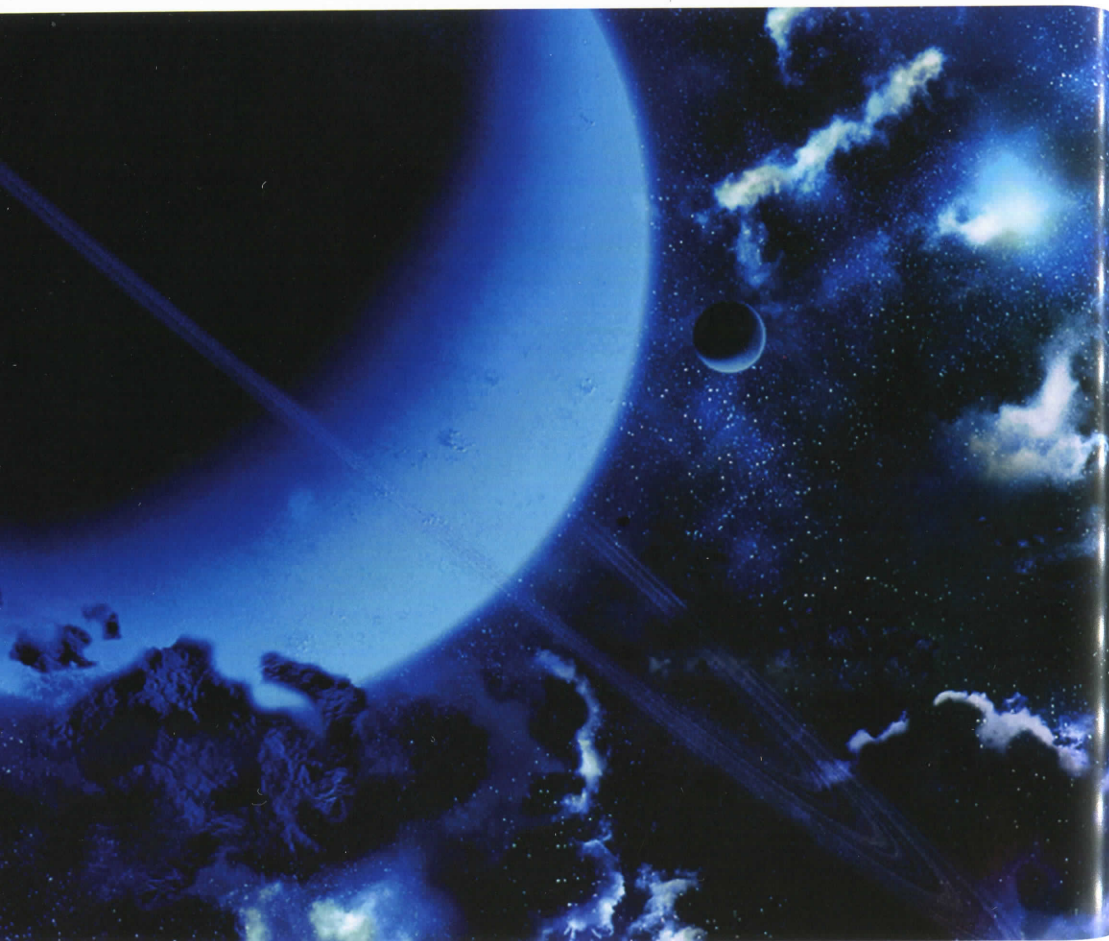
BALLPOINT SELF PORTRAIT
KIRK BELL

BALLPOINT PEN ILLUSTRATION



SPECTATOR
DAN MERRITT

DIGITAL PAINTING



THE HYPER MEADOW
KYLE POST

HDR DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



MONDAY MORNING PRAYER MEETING
KYLE POST

HDR DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH





HALLWAY
JEFFREY HUYSENTRUY
HDR DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



WHITE:YELLOW.GREEN.ORANGE.
PINK:WHITE.BROWN.BLUE AND A LIGHT
KYLE POST

HDR DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

A HUMBLE ABODE
KYLE POST

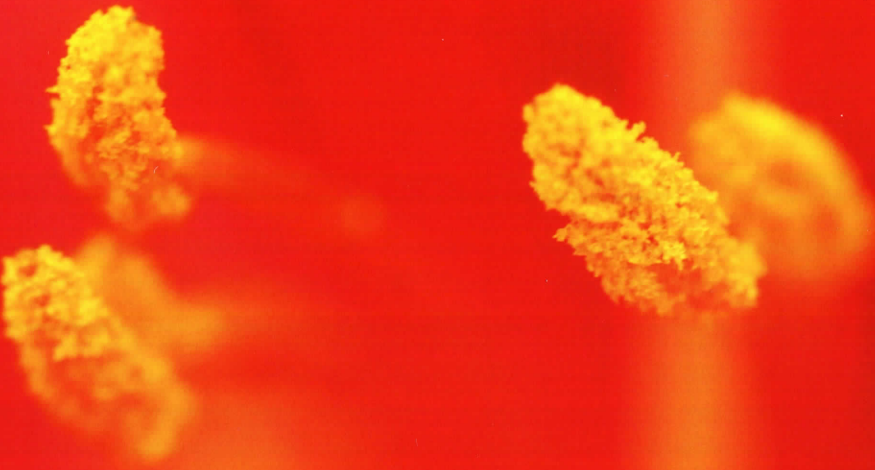
HDR DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



LIMESTONE CLIFFS OF FAYETTE
RON LIVINGSTON

HDR DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH





POLLEN BURSTS
RON LIVINGSTON

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



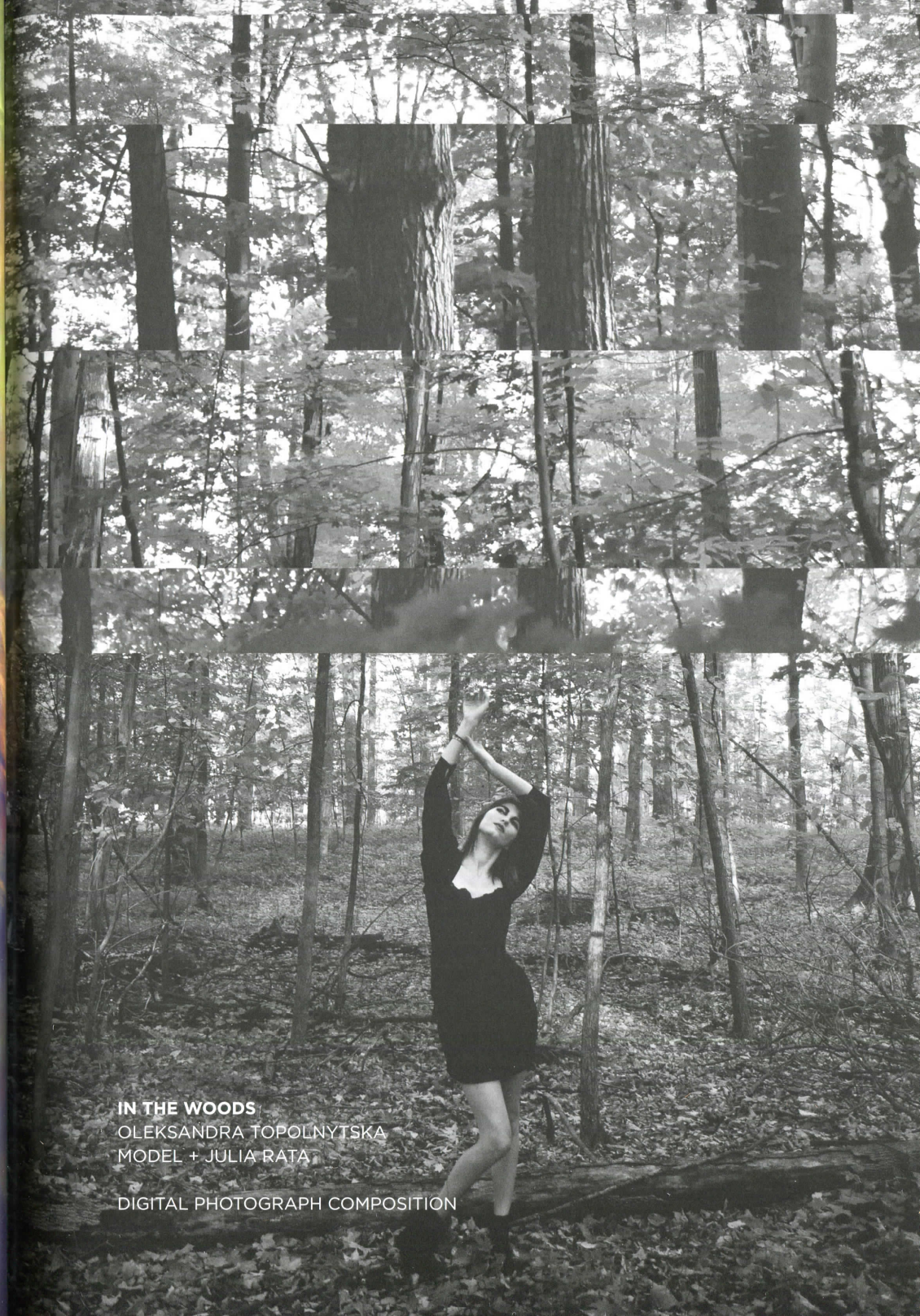
SUMMER LOVIN'
JOHN BIGTACION

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



HER DARKNESS
OLEKSANDRA TOPOLNYTSKA
MODEL + JULIA RATA

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



IN THE WOODS
OLEKSANDRA TOPOLNYTSKA
MODEL + JULIA RATA

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH COMPOSITION

Just before dawn there is an unflinching silence that moves people from their dreams, tears them from sleep, and they are shaken until the silence breaks and time resumes. Nobody speaks of it, but everyone knows it happens. I wait for this moment, often sitting hunched forward in my bed, elbows resting on knees, shoulders drooping in thoughtlessness underneath a snug-fitted tank top, the blankets rolled into each other and resting across my lap. Unlike everyone else, I am already awake. If it's cold in the room, I ignore it, and if I'm sweating from a summer heat unaffected by the hours of darkness, I can ignore that, too. I can ignore the uncomfortable, as long as it's something I know is inevitable. Temperature is one, hunger another. And emotion yet another. Love especially. Who really can control love? Perhaps only understood because of its binary opposite—the purest and truest form of hatred that rests deep within all of us, a festering sore, a blooming rose bush. It doesn't matter. An abstraction, right? Maybe.

Sometimes I wait for the moving silence with someone sleeping next to me. Usually a man, but sometimes a woman. Most women, unlike myself, cannot ignore emotion. They thrive on it. It's theirs, it belongs to them. I admit I'm a participant in this unpredictable and indignant female world, but that's how the game is played, right? Like Monopoly, passing "Go," collecting \$200, buying properties, building houses, paying for unexpected doctor's visits. Maybe more of a spectator, a passer-by. That's OK, though, because most women don't notice. The emotion overtakes them, and they can only see me through themselves.

I'm usually their first experience with one of their own, and often they are married, they may even have children or are at least considering it. A few have had abortions and for some reason they like to talk to me about them. One had even been knocked up by her stepbrother when she was fifteen. Her mother paid for "the procedure," as they called it, but couldn't bear to leave the husband, so the stepbrother never left, either. Her mother did have her put on birth control, though, which made her strangely horny, the opposite of its typical side effects. "The

world is so fucking ironic," I remember her saying to me as I watched her lips shape themselves around the words. I didn't try to imagine her experience or her pain because I didn't care. I don't even think she really cared either, because if she had, she would have never found me. She wouldn't have been looking.

Sometimes I make my visitors tell me all the names and occupations of their lovers. They initially will refuse but I always convince them, and the women are patient, methodic, and deliberate, sometimes throwing in a small anecdote about this fling or that boyfriend, giggling with explanation or excuses as the numbers grow. The women always remember the names, often listing them in chronological order. The men always remember the occupations and list them backwards. The men always include me on their list. The women never do.

After the morning silence has passed and dawn begins to break, I grip the sheets between my fingers, tugging and wrapping the corner around my fist, letting it drape across my forearm. Once the color of butter, the sheets had faded to a dull yellow. I had the same set of sheets covering my bed since I began welcoming people into it. I had bought others, yes, but they folded into themselves like wax paper the only time I ever used them. I realized then that new sheets weren't the answer, and so I started bringing women home, leaving the men to buy drinks for someone else without any guarantees. I always turned a corner of my mouth up at them upon exiting the bar with a heavily scented and scantily clad woman with her hand in the back pocket of my jeans, because I never once had to buy anyone a drink. Most proposition conversation didn't need to last that long.

In my bed with my faded butter sheets, I rolled my head back, stretched my neck and tried to decide if I wanted to find someone next to me or not. I had mastered learning how to sleep alone even if someone was there, though it sometimes made the mornings more difficult to accept, more limited in opportunity. Some mornings I just wanted to have that

familiar elasticity between my legs, but to be alone. I had yet to find someone who took the initiative to leave instead of going to sleep, and I was usually too drunk and too tired to try to coerce anyone to pack up and head out.

I let my sheet-covered hand slowly make its way across the invisible line drawn by the break in the pillows, searching, searching, and finding nothing, until the tips of my nails scratched across a soft back, the person curled into the wall. Slowly my eyes rolled in the same direction, and found a dark-haired woman who was breathing slowly and deliberately, as if she had to concentrate on doing so. Even when I pulled myself out from underneath the sheets and stood on the hardwood floor, she didn't move.

I raised both my hands, folded as if in prayer, above my head and extended my body upward as far as I could reach, before letting my dry palms run themselves over my hair, tracing my cheekbones, and falling over the thin fabric of my tank top, flitting along my black shorts. Funny how I never woke up naked, especially on mornings that I woke up with someone. Always bare feet, though. Always.

I thought about coffee, standing there in my apartment. I paced, occasionally a cheap rug broke the sound of soles scraping against the wood, my toes reached out and grazed against discarded clothing, some mine and some not, a bathroom towel with its peculiar after-shower-on-the-floor-for-a-week smell, and the occasional belt, or sock, or book. I was as tidy with my home as I was with my lovers—reckless and quick to abandon. But I always knew where to find things if I needed them, which wasn't often, and I suppose that's true of keeping men and women as well. I had never been able to form attachments to things. Coffee. Again, I considered, the word, the substance, the act as it were, and I found myself in my kitchen. I had coffee beans, I had filters, the pot was clean. Mugs were in the cabinet over the sink. Just two of them. And I rarely needed that many.

From the bedroom, I heard the floorboards moan, the familiar sound of a lover creeping out of my bed. Her weight moved around the room, possibly searching for her clothing and maybe her purse. I pushed the start button on the coffee maker and followed her sounds into my bedroom, and there she stood, stooped over, one foot sliding into a pant leg. She looked strangely masculine, even pubescent maybe, completely naked except for ankle-high black socks, with which she seemed to want to cover her whole body. I watched her, waiting for her to look up and watch me back.

We had met in the laundromat at the end of the block, and our first encounter was like one of those commercials for stain remover. Both of us, caught up in our own worlds of fabric softener and color sorting, had both extended our hands, quarters clutched in our fist, to the last available washing machine, and our knuckles had pressed together and hung in the air right above the coin slot. I had looked at her and she made me giggle, fucking giggle. There were small shot-puts of our voices, of "go aheads," and "no, your turns," and "I insists." Finally, I insisted more, my voice the stronger of the two, the one that could stand the longest, the one with the most willpower. Convincing. She had given in to me there in the laundromat as I watched her bend at the waist and drop soiled garments into the sudsy cylinder, cold water splashing over them. A few hours later when I had invited her upstairs, she had given into me then, only hesitating for a minute, checking her watch, wondering if her mother would worry. Yes, she still lived at home, she said, but she would move out in June after graduation. Jesus. I hadn't had to think about meddling parents in years. But her mother was probably already out for the night, she had said, and I was intrigued to one day meet this mother, swap stories, share secrets. Maybe I had even smiled at her in a bar once, depending on her age. Maybe I had even watched her leave with a man I had targeted.

So this girl had followed me up the stairs, the basket pressed snugly against her hip, the Tide bottle resting on top of the neatly folded

clothes. I unlocked the front door and held it open for her, and when she walked inside, I could smell her laundry soap mixing with her shampoo, and I had to talk myself into moving slow, of talking her into it and through it, and letting her take her time.

I offered her a beer, and she had looked at me, surprised even. "I'm seventeen."

I held it closer to her. "So you don't want it?"

I had already taken the cap off, and I could see her eying the bottle, watching the condensation ball and roll down the side of the glass.

"Can't you get in trouble?"

She was sweet. "Only if you tell on me."

She took it, and watched me as she drank her first sip, as if she was waiting for me to snatch it out of her hand. She had told me she was tempted to start every conversation with, "My name is Laurie, and I'm an alcoholic," just to see how people would react, especially because her name wasn't Laurie and she considered herself to be more of a drunk than an alcoholic.

I smiled. "A drunk?"

"Well, no, but it sounds good."

For a brief moment, I had wondered if all of this was worth it. Sex shouldn't require this much interaction, I thought. It takes the anonymous out of anonymity, the spunk out of spontaneity. But I wanted to give her time, because she smelled so pure, more fresh than the clean laundry, and standing side-by-side with her folding clothes made it seem impossible to go home alone, without even caring to know her name, and knowing she was a one-time shot. With her, there would be no second

chances, that there was no music here, the air wasn't veiled in smoke, the lights weren't dimmed, and she wasn't waiting to be propositioned. It was a chance meeting, and I had to be willing to take a chance.

So, I took it, and she let me, and watching her grapple with her strewn clothing in my bedroom almost made me feel guilty as she cried. Silent tears that left her eyes blank and her body unwavering, just dampened cheeks. She wouldn't look at me, as if she was waiting for me to change everything, to erase her shame with the same coercion that had compelled her into coming here.

"I'm making coffee," I finally said, waiting until her head was inside her sweatshirt before talking. "And I have doughnuts. They're from yesterday, but they're still OK."

"I love coffee." She had nothing else to say. I love coffee. I didn't know how to respond to that, and I wondered about her emphasis on love. She loved coffee, she loves coffee. Coffee in the morning could preserve her little pre-adult world, as she toed the boundary line she had crossed the night before. Sex, and with a woman twice her age to boot, the poor kid. Sex with mommy, sex with baby, sex with me, sex with her. None of it was right, and all of it was right.

In the kitchen, I handed her a warm mug while she sat at the table and traced the lines in the wood with her fingertips. She wrapped both her hands around it, like a child holding onto a juice cup. "It smells good. Is it flavored?"

I stood leaning against the sink, the table dividing us. "No, I added cinnamon to the grounds. This way, you don't need sugar." I placed the doughnut box and paper plates on the table.

She nodded in such a way that made me think she wasn't listening, and it seemed strange to me that she would act as if she did not care, when

I was the one who really didn't care. I had not lost anything, except for maybe a wasted morning, and she seemed to have lost everything. Her innocence was endearing, but I suspected it was a little false, too.

She munched a doughnut with her head down, her dark hair falling over her face and blocking my view. "My boyfriend is going to kill me."

Of course she had a boyfriend. Girls like her always did, and their relationships came close to mimicking the melodrama of adults. Passionate kisses, tight embraces, nit-picky arguments, fights, face slaps, apologies. Public displays of affection and private fights, some that probably last until dawn because committed couples never go to bed angry.

"He will, you know. He'll be so mad at me. I bet he was trying to call me all night." She set her mug down on the table.

I didn't react to her. I refused to provide her with excuses, because I never needed to provide any of my own. I wasn't against the idea of lying; I'd had plenty of lovers who had lied about me, especially to their husbands, boyfriends, girlfriends, wives. And if they didn't lie, they didn't offer up the information. It seemed as if people in relationships were more willing to lie to each other than to strangers, as if honesty itself needed to be cloaked in ambiguity.

"I love him. I wouldn't stand it if he broke up with me." Love. That word again. Did this girl love her boyfriend like she loved her coffee? Could she tell the difference? Was there one?

Finally I said, "So don't tell him." I looked at the clock, and realized I wouldn't mind if she left soon. Her laundry basket was next to the front door, all she had to do was pick it up and walk out. She even had her shoes on already.

She looked at me and her head began to tilt, and for the first time, I really felt her looking at me. "Can you cheat on someone you're not even having sex with?"

Had she found a loophole in the system? A missing declaration in the dating constitution, an ignored obligation in the contract of love? She couldn't answer this, and I was the wrong person to ask. I felt like a failed parent at that moment—a mother unable to provide direction to her daughter who was seeking guidance.

And she could have been my daughter had I not drained her from my body years ago. I, too, was seventeen, and my own boyfriend's contributions had stopped with his two-week paycheck from the pizza place where he had bussed tables. He had moved on quickly, and I pulled into myself slowly, my own parents unaware of my transgressions, and still unaware when they died ten years later, three months apart.

Standing in my kitchen I felt for a moment as if my own daughter had come back. As if her mother from yesterday's phone call was merely a place holder until she could find me. I read an article in a magazine once about the changes a pregnant body endures, but what happens when the child just appears—how is the body affected then? Especially if this child was a spontaneous lover? She had been there, in that laundromat, vulnerable and innocent, and I had felt compelled to show her the way through her own body in a way a man could never understand. And she had responded—it took some coaxing and a six-pack of beer, but she had given in, finally. One cup of coffee later and she thought she could renege on the grounds that she was committed in a pseudo-romantic love affair with a teenage boy. A boy she claims to never had sex with, and hopes that detail will relieve her of a dreaded scarlet letter.

"What does it matter?" I asked her in response to her question. What did any of it matter? Hadn't I done this girl a favor by giving her an excuse to walk away from a relationship that was, in a word,

inconsequential? Hadn't I actually saved her from the inevitable end, the bruise of teenage sex, the tender ache of young love that is never designed to last? Despite the circumstances of our morning together, I had protected her from the same pain that I had endured. Isn't that a mother's obligation, no matter what the risk?

She looked at me, her jaw set, her lips frowning and her chin pointed forward. Her face twitched and realigned itself, her expressions changing momentarily, but her eyes never moved off of mine. She had small, dark eyes, eyes so brown they were almost black, and in the morning light, I couldn't see myself in them. With those eyes set on me, I tried to see into her, into the sweetness I had been so drawn to the day before, but I couldn't gain access. Her hatred of me shut me out, and my ambivalence toward her situation made me even smaller. "It matters a lot," she said. "It matters to me."

Something in her voice made me look away from her and into the sink, where I noticed a cockroach the size of a quarter lazing about in the drain. Its antennae reached forward as it moved, bumped the side of the drain, turned a little, and bumped the drain again. I didn't even feel like smashing it. It would either find its way out, or it would die there, and who was I to make that decision? Cockroaches always seemed to find their way into my sinks, and they would get themselves stuck until I found them there, sometimes hiding under a dish, other times out in the open just waiting to be discovered.

"Why does it matter to you?" I mocked her seriousness.

"I don't know." She swallowed the rest of her coffee and handed me her mug, an automatic, childlike gesture. She wasn't ready to trust me yet, that I knew for sure. "That's what being with someone means, doesn't it? That you make a promise just because you're together? It's like I broke a promise. At least that's how it feels."

Maybe that was true. I remember feeling as if I had been promised something once, too. Those three words, I love you, were crawling with promises that always went unspoken. Maybe that's why they were so easy to break.

"Lyle will think I don't love him," she said. "And that's just not true."

Did I know a Lyle once, too? Maybe mine was a Lyle who had been called something else, who had different friends, different parents, and perhaps even I had been a different kind of girlfriend, too. Maybe I had even been more like this girl sitting in front of me, shivering underneath the T-shirt that hugged her body, her shoulders sunken in remorse.

"Who can control love?" I didn't even know if I meant to speak it, but it was a question I wondered often.

"Yeah."

It wasn't as if I had said something amazing, but she seemed to change then. She laid her palms flat on the table and placed her cheek to the wood, and just let herself breathe. Her eyes were open, but they were creating a greater distance between her and I, as if the table had widened to the size of a lake. She was floating alone in the soft waves, and I was standing somewhere on shore, still dressed in my tank top and shorts, still with my half-full mug in my hands.

I felt like making a phone call, but didn't have a number to dial. I could call her Lyle and pretend he was mine. "I found our daughter," I would say. "Do you mind bringing a pizza home for dinner? I don't feel like cooking."

With her head still on the table she said, "My body hurts. This chair is really uncomfortable."

inconsequential? Hadn't I actually saved her from the inevitable end, the bruise of teenage sex, the tender ache of young love that is never designed to last? Despite the circumstances of our morning together, I had protected her from the same pain that I had endured. Isn't that a mother's obligation, no matter what the risk?

She looked at me, her jaw set, her lips frowning and her chin pointed forward. Her face twitched and realigned itself, her expressions changing momentarily, but her eyes never moved off of mine. She had small, dark eyes, eyes so brown they were almost black, and in the morning light, I couldn't see myself in them. With those eyes set on me, I tried to see into her, into the sweetness I had been so drawn to the day before, but I couldn't gain access. Her hatred of me shut me out, and my ambivalence toward her situation made me even smaller. "It matters a lot," she said. "It matters to me."

Something in her voice made me look away from her and into the sink, where I noticed a cockroach the size of a quarter lazing about in the drain. Its antennae reached forward as it moved, bumped the side of the drain, turned a little, and bumped the drain again. I didn't even feel like smashing it. It would either find its way out, or it would die there, and who was I to make that decision? Cockroaches always seemed to find their way into my sinks, and they would get themselves stuck until I found them there, sometimes hiding under a dish, other times out in the open just waiting to be discovered.

"Why does it matter to you?" I mocked her seriousness.

"I don't know." She swallowed the rest of her coffee and handed me her mug, an automatic, childlike gesture. She wasn't ready to trust me yet, that I knew for sure. "That's what being with someone means, doesn't it? That you make a promise just because you're together? It's like I broke a promise. At least that's how it feels."

Maybe that was true. I remember feeling as if I had been promised something once, too. Those three words, I love you, were crawling with promises that always went unspoken. Maybe that's why they were so easy to break.

"Lyle will think I don't love him," she said. "And that's just not true."

Did I know a Lyle once, too? Maybe mine was a Lyle who had been called something else, who had different friends, different parents, and perhaps even I had been a different kind of girlfriend, too. Maybe I had even been more like this girl sitting in front of me, shivering underneath the T-shirt that hugged her body, her shoulders sunken in remorse.

"Who can control love?" I didn't even know if I meant to speak it, but it was a question I wondered often.

"Yeah."

It wasn't as if I had said something amazing, but she seemed to change then. She laid her palms flat on the table and placed her cheek to the wood, and just let herself breathe. Her eyes were open, but they were creating a greater distance between her and I, as if the table had widened to the size of a lake. She was floating alone in the soft waves, and I was standing somewhere on shore, still dressed in my tank top and shorts, still with my half-full mug in my hands.

I felt like making a phone call, but didn't have a number to dial. I could call her Lyle and pretend he was mine. "I found our daughter," I would say. "Do you mind bringing a pizza home for dinner? I don't feel like cooking."

With her head still on the table she said, "My body hurts. This chair is really uncomfortable."

She was right. I rarely sat in those chairs. "You need something soft to sit on. It usually hurts to sit afterwards." Didn't she remember? I had been gentle, but I was certain it was still memorable.

She rolled her head until her eyes found me again. "But it wasn't sex," she said. "I'm not—I'm not gay."

I knew I shouldn't have done it, but I laughed.

"I have a boyfriend who I love, and who loves me. I am not a lesbian. It was just a mistake. I just wanted to do my laundry and have a beer."

I turned to set my mug in the sink, and before doing so, poured the rest of my lukewarm coffee all over the cockroach that was still waddling in the drain, trying to find a way out.

I walked around the table toward her, and I felt her eyes on me, trying to guess what I was going to do. Her fear excited me. It felt good to be in control of her, to know that if I could just touch her and get her to relax, she would do it all over again, and Lyle would become a lie from her past, and of mine, and with me she wouldn't have to lie anymore. As I approached her, she sat up and leaned back in her chair, her dark eyes widening, her slept-on hair falling behind her shoulders and away from her face. I kneeled in front of her and placed my hands on her thighs, my fingers curved to the inside of her legs. "You didn't have to come here."

She nodded slightly, slowly, and I almost didn't notice her moving. "I know," she whispered.

"And you didn't have to stay."

"I know."

"And you can push me away." I wrapped one of my hands around the back of her neck and pulled her closer to me.

"Yes."

"And you don't have to tell me you love me. I don't need to hear you say it." I was speaking into her neck, my lips barely grazing across her skin, and I felt her tremble beneath me. Her arms fleshed into goose bumps and her eyes rolled into her closing lids. Her hands reached for me and found my waist, and they squeezed and tugged and my tank top began to bunch around my rib cage, and she fell into me, her lips finding my breast and she suckled me like an infant, like my own abandoned daughter, and she let me feed her with the only thing I had to offer, and she probably never even realized what it was.

When she pulled away, she breathed like she was emerging from water. She looked dizzy, and when she finally could land her eyes on me, I had pulled my shirt back down, and she had slid off the chair, wincing from her delicate pain, and we stretched out on the wood floor, side-by-side finding comfort in each other, only in each other. Our bodies tangled their limbs together, and she shook as I held her, as if she had overdosed and was struggling to stay conscious. Or maybe it was me. Maybe it was me.

She took a breath and rolled away from me. I breathed, too. She had returned to her state of mind that I found her in earlier that morning when she had stood in my bedroom crying, dressed only in her socks. She got up and moved around the apartment, her motions abrupt, and she hardly spoke at all until she found everything she needed. I found myself standing back in the kitchen, leaning against the sink, watching her laundry basket by the front door until she was standing next to it, looking back at me. I had a new cup of coffee in my hands, the cockroach was still moving in the drain in the sink, bumping the side and turning, and bumping the side and turning. Trapped. I stirred creamer into my coffee with a fork, never a spoon, because it didn't mix the liquid as well.

"I have to go home," she said. She was wearing one of my sweatshirts

over her T-shirt. When did she put that on? She hadn't asked, and I hadn't tried to stop her. Plenty of lovers had left their clothes behind, but she was the first who would be leaving with something new.

When I had started the coffee pot that morning, I knew this moment would come eventually, and it had arrived. I couldn't bring myself to think I would miss her, but I couldn't deny that I didn't want her to leave. Maybe not until tomorrow morning, or the morning after. But it was too much for her to leave when the morning was beginning to shift into afternoon. It didn't seem right. But I looked at her and nodded anyway.

She picked up the basket but she didn't leave. Not yet. "I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything." I continued to stir my coffee.

"I don't know what I'm going to say to Lyle, either," she said into her basket. "I just don't know."

The fork prongs clinked against the glass inside the mug. The coffee swirled into a hot brown whirlpool.

"I'm sorry," she said. This time she looked at me.

I nodded. "You shouldn't be."

"I just can't explain this. I can't think of myself as gay, I just can't." She adjusted the basket in her hands as her purse strap slid off her shoulder and landed on her wrist.

And I couldn't think of myself as a parent. Not at seventeen, not ever. "It's OK," I said. "One night doesn't make you a lesbian." Just like one maternal moment didn't make me a mother. Not then. Not now.

She smiled then, and I realized it was the first time I had seen her smile,

truly smile, since I had relinquished my washing machine to her in the laundromat. She reached for the door handle, and I stopped stirring, the fork leaned to one side against the lip of the mug.

Just before she closed the door, she looked at me again, and I swear, her eyes followed the rest of my body, as if she was memorizing everything she would eventually try to forget, but never be able to. I heard the door shut behind her. I didn't watch her go.

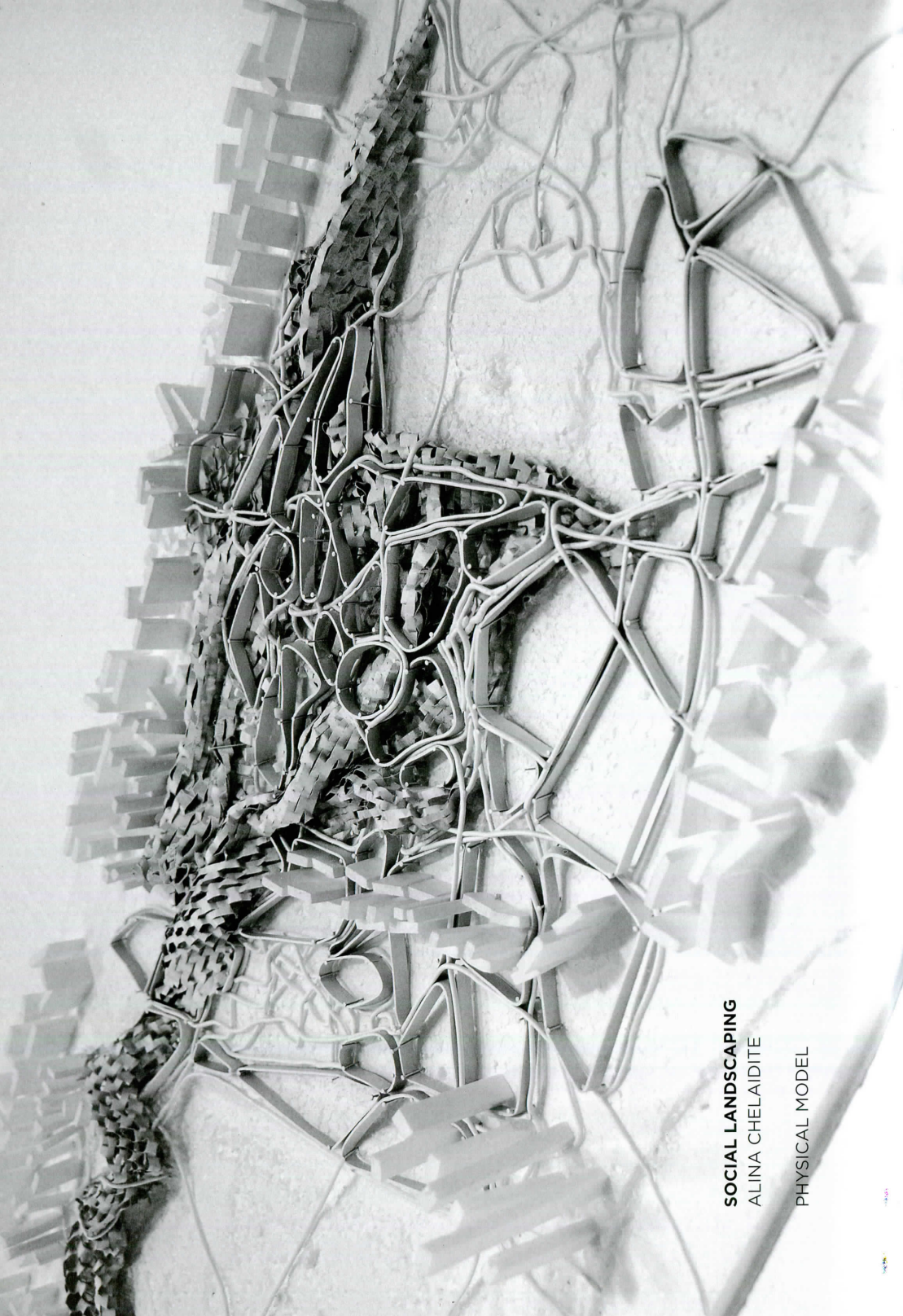
I looked into the sink and studied the cockroach, its movements predictable and repetitive, and for just a moment I envied its stupidity, wishing I could go back to my strangers with their lists of lovers, but it didn't seem natural to me anymore. That girl made me start to resent myself, and not because of my never-born daughter or my love-making with that untouched virgin, but because she made me actually think about my choices more than I had ever before. Not since my own Lyle.

I pulled the fork out of my coffee cup, poised it above the cockroach, and plunged it downward straight into the cockroach's back. I didn't walk away until its internal white ooze flowed like rivers down the side of its body.

UNTITLED
NOELLE TATRO

INK AND WASH ILLUSTRATION





SOCIAL LANDSCAPING
ALINA CHELAIDITE

PHYSICAL MODEL



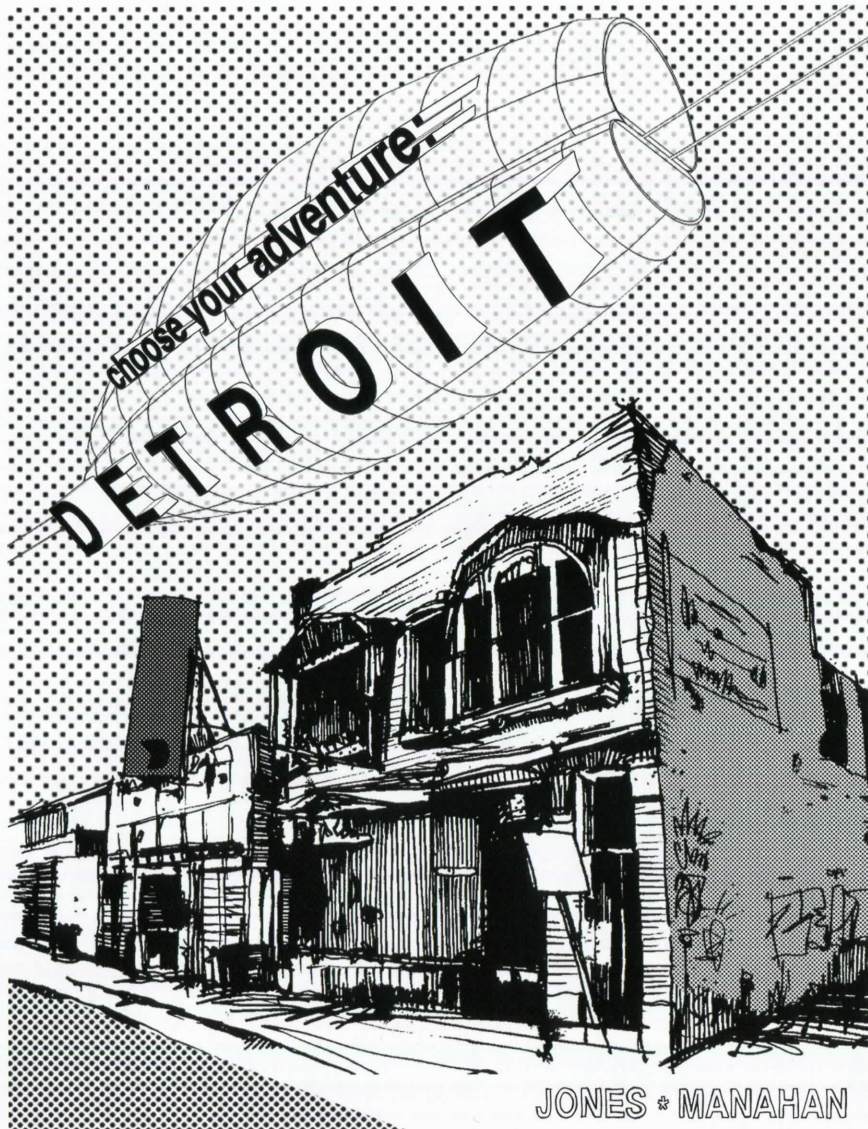
TITLE
TYLER HAYS + JEFFREY HUYSENTRUYT

BOOK DESIGN

END,
(Wasn't that excellent?)

CHOOSE YOUR ADVENTURE: DETROIT
AARON JONES

DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION



ROCKET
TYLER HAYS

TYPOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION



CORDUROY INDIAN + MIKE GIRARD

Each day in the apartment with popcorn ceilings,
corduroy slacks and wrinkled white socks
lay in dresser drawers with pin-striped button-ups.
Faded ties litter the floor
like numb drunks on New Year's day,
and old cereal congeals to bread pudding
on the wood-stained coffee table.

Each morning, a young man
on autopilot
fumbles in the dark
to reach his coat and keys;
his auburn skin and horse-mane hair
don't fit the frigid air and city winter's
filthy slush.

Then the sun is up, but inside the
tight-knit gloom persists.
A hive of sterile, drywall cubes;
Synergy is their honey.
The starched collar begins to itch,
uncomfortable on his wings.

But nightly in the popcorned bedroom,
his steady, sighing breath
falls in rhythm with bloody pump,
like wind in time with stretch-skin drums
or earthy hooves that thud on dirt,
and his leather-woven dreamcatcher
funnels tales of arrow-heads.

WHOA
TYLER HAYS

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



HORIZON TO HORIZON
BRAD MCCARTHY

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



HOME + BEN GUETTLER

Nature calls like a long lost friend
Always there, always waiting
Rugged terrain and winding trails
Just waiting to be explored
Mighty timbers, mammoth and regal
Their silent strength commands respect

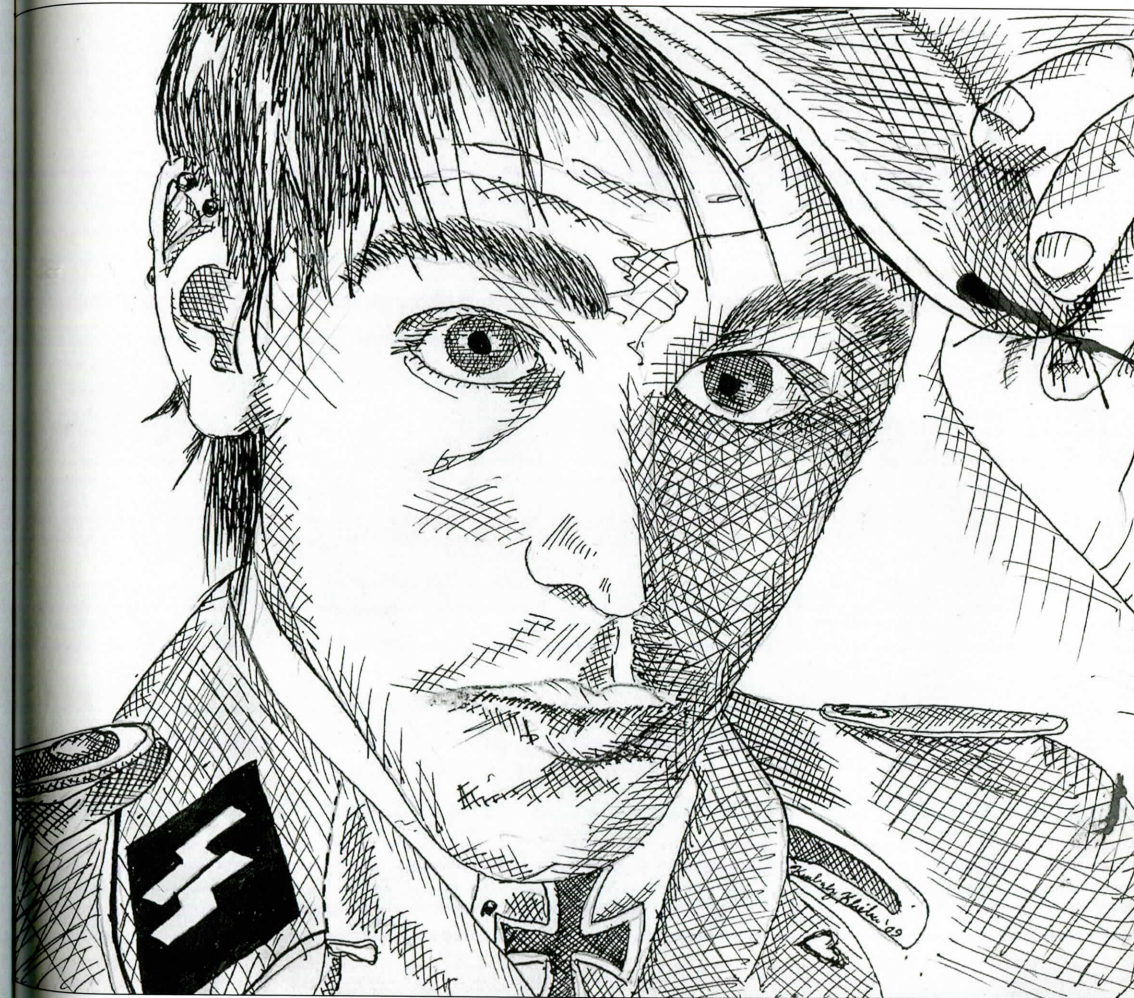
Softly padding amongst the shadows
Years of decay and rot underfoot
Preserving the ancient silence of the past
Prowling lightly, veiled from all
Unaware of the stranger in their midst
Life goes on without concern

In the distance the soft light rains down
A sea of wildflowers dances in the breeze
Honeysuckle and strawberries fill the air
Mother and cub tumble through the grass
Embodiment of danger and destruction
Obscured by the image of a parent's love

Moonlight trickles down replacing the fading sun
The whole world changes in the soft pale glow
Creatures of the night join together in harmony
Filling the cool crisp air with a haunting chorus
The simple beauty of life chilling to the bone
A land so free and wild, it's good to be home

HOPELESS KIMBERLY KLIEBER

INK ILLUSTRATION



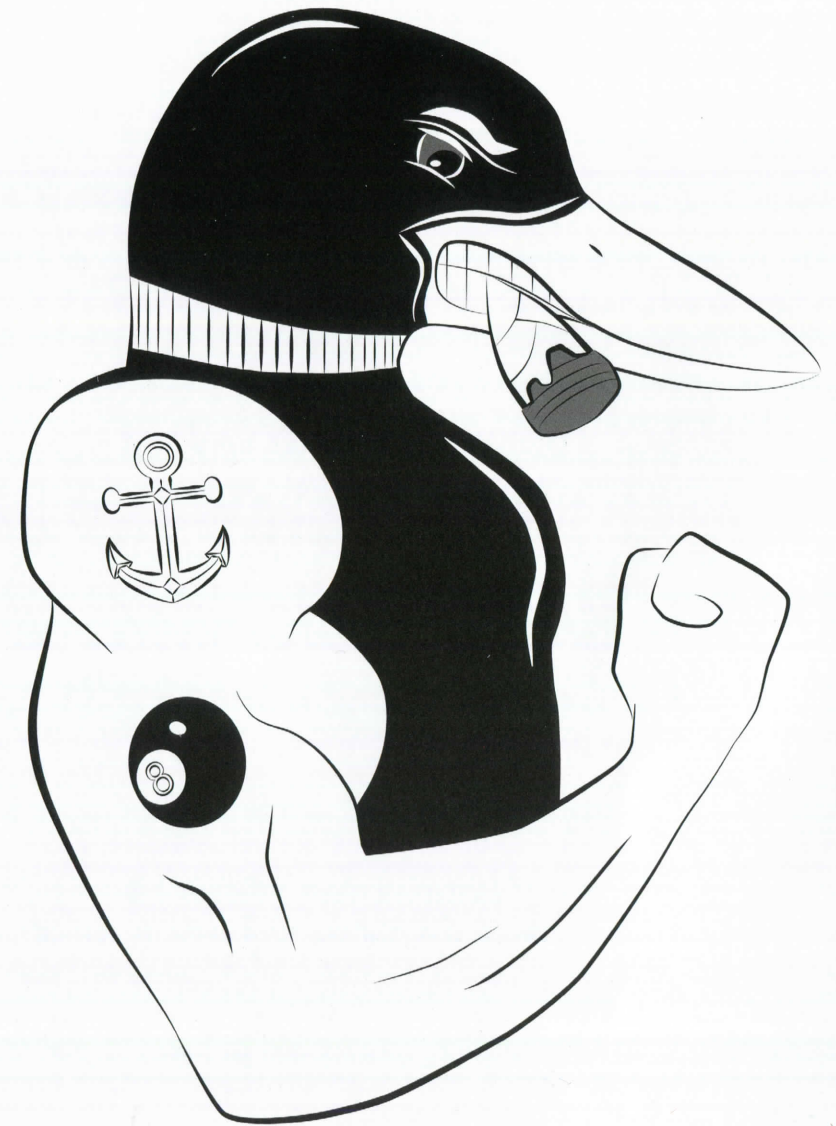
HARMONY
KIMBERLY KLIEBER

MIXED MEDIA ILLUSTRATION



THE LOON
NATHAN MATTSON

DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION



Clearly, I saw two men nearing on horseback,
one, truly mounted, the other leading both mare
& fellow countryman through the shifting whiteness.
Such signs cannot often greet simple folk,
attendants stuck in the machine age
waiting for their shift's end with weary bones.

Puzzled, I only stood, disbelieving
that at once was there, now presently gone.
That pair, wandering out of a lost age
into a falling rice spectacle
unawares, made this spectator gape
listen to the horse snort fading at length.

The horror that followed, an item of legs
gelatinous forms that flowed as water does,
streamed forward. This creature, it too was led
by a man of simple height, unawares it seem'd
at the frightening steed that followed behind;
he only snatched at the haze before him.

Local petrol stations were not designed
to hold the horror I felt leaving my heart
out through my throat as a whisper.
Expecting the beast's 'lectric eye to turn,
spot my soul naked under the pump sign,
then eat eyes and marrow from my skull.

Like so much wind in the summer barely,
both gone, without so much as a hiss of teeth.
That, all I saw, and then nothing else more.
The star wheel spun, but let one more lad fall
through the spokes; I endured another day
to enjoy the fruits of my labors only.

I'm sure I'll survive to see non-being,
but a man should not perspire so much
before the cock decides to greet fair dawn.
Question existence due to his boarders,
relationships with near reality
that wear so thin were edge joins the middle.

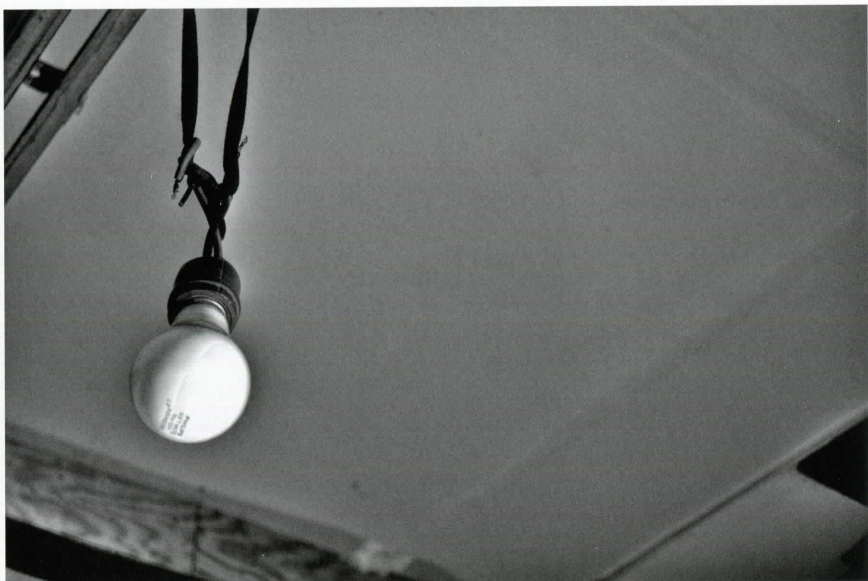
If you dare friend, to question: seek the fields
of the near east side if you doubt this tale.
The grass, you'll see, it still refuses to grow
where such a party sojourned, lost to time,
even as mid March nears, and the flowers bloom.

Burned, sizzled upon the dark gray matter;
I can only imagine what it did to the snow,
a haunted sigul that mine still digests.

...will you believe?

BULB EXPLOSION SERIES
JEFFREY HUYSENTRUYT

HDR DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHS



SODA SPRAY SERIES
JEFFREY HUYSENTRUYT

HDR DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHS





AUTUMN FALLS
RON LIVINGSTON

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



LEVERAGE
JENNIFER ARAFAT + TYLER HAYS +
JEFFREY CHOYSENTRUYT + TIFFANY PLATT

CARD GAME DESIGN



LILACS
MADALYN KNEBEL

35MM FILM PHOTOGRAPH

ARTIST + BLURBS

JENNIFER ARAFAT / I am a senior in the Graphic Design program, and I like traveling, art, and shopping. Someday, I want to learn how to speak Italian and French.

KIRK BELL / 's work stems from a drive to create art that illustrates and captures a sense of character and personality.

JOHN BIGTATION / would write a bio if he wasn't too busy.

ALINA CHELAIDITE / B.S. in Arch. 2007, M. Arch. 2010 graduated from Architectural Design and Practice Concentration and has been awarded the 2011 Pellerin Traveling Fellowship. Her Master thesis, Social Landscaping, focused on urban growth using parametric design as tool to generate prototypes for city growth.

MIKE GIRARD / is an English and Communication Arts major, a film buff, a video game enthusiast, and a proud construction worker.

MELISSA GRUNOW / is the Director of Leadership Programs and First Year Experience. She self-describes as a feminist, a democratic socialist, passionate and intense, a regular community volunteer, a crazy cat lady, committed to saving animals and the planet, a vegetarian, obsessive recycler, and--arguably--has the most recognizable laugh on campus.

BEN GUETTLER / does not like to vocalize his problems, but when he gets stressed he writes to let it all out.

TYLER HAYS / Adam Murray likes my work.

JEFFREY HUYSENTRUYT / Three words: sweet looking stuff.

JONATHON JACKSON / doesn't have anything to say.

AARON JONES / is neither an insider or outsider, despite having populated almost every level of that spectrum: the “totality” of high- and low-brow doesn't exist in his world. He will use puke, the history of Detroit, and Danny Brown to make the same point. It will probably blow your mind and/or make you pee your pants. If there is a future for architecture as a method of inquiry into culture at large, then Aaron may be the sole explorer of it. - *KELSEY CAMPBELL-DOLLAGHAN*

KIMBERLY KLEIBER / Art does not have to be tangible - how you think, act, react, do things and don't do things all matter. Way of life is art to me.

MADALYN KNEBEL / is a {Passionate} lover of emotion-fueled art, {wonderful} design, architecture, photography, ballet and ballroom dancing, sewing, manufacturing handicrafts, up-cycling, recycling, bicycling, {uncommon} music, homegrown food, the {breathtaking} outdoors, and {pretty} functional objects.

ERIN LINTZ / the result of a union between one male and one female representative of the homo sapiens species of the greater Hominidae (“great ape”) family, fancies herself a writer. She enjoys reading, creating stories, and frequent multiple sarcasms. She is currently an English major at LTU.

RON LIVINGSTON / is an LTU alumni and retired Detroit public school teacher. He has many hobbies and finds that often one hobby leads to another. Collecting hostas led to hybridizing them, which led to photography. Bird watching led to hiking, which led to mountain views that are amazingly photographic. Several hobbies can be combined over time to bring enormous satisfaction. He frequently vacations along the Blue Ridge Highway in the autumn, which provides many photo opportunities. Recently, Ron has been working with HDR images and Topaz Adjust 4, to add more “flavor” to his photos. His photography is diverse, running from macros to landscapes and everything in between.

ASHLEY MAIER / is a freshman majoring in English and Communication Arts. She hopes you like what she wrote.

NATHAN MATTSON / has had a wonderful time with The Artists' Guild.

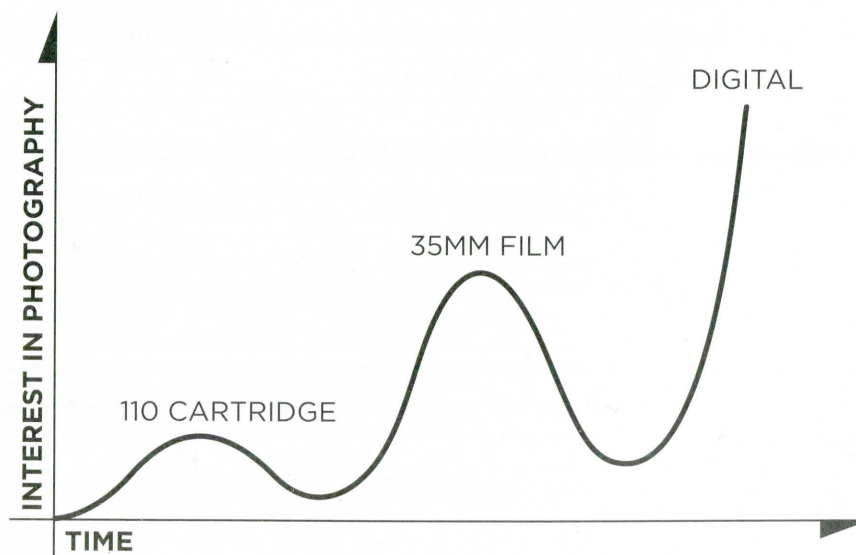
BRAD McCARTHY / I take pictures to glorify God and capture a piece of His character through this world He created. God made it. I take pictures. Hope you see Him in them.

DAN MERRITT / You can take that one to the bank.

TIFFANY PLATT / I'm a senior in the Graphic Design program. I love volleyball, design, M&Ms, and being organized.

KYLE POST / The powers that be told me that I was allowed 30 words to write a bio about myself. If that is true I only have two words left...I'm Kyle.

SCOTT SCHNEIDER / 's BioGRAPHY of his interest (and skill) in photography as a function of invention and time:



JULIA RATA / born in Chishinau, Moldova she is a dedicated student of Architecture and art, whose main aspiration in life is to better accommodate people's lifestyles with designing harmonious and sustainable spaces.

NOELLE TATRO / is a recent LTU graduate who, in addition to graphic design and art, enjoys playing with other people's pets and plotting to rule the world.

NICOLE TISCHLER / "Happiness is my goal and inspiring others with my own positivity is why I live. Art and Nature are sublime. Someday I hope to transcend materialism and negativity."

OLEKSANDRA TOPOLNYTSKA / is a senior architecture student at Lawrence Technological University who in fall 2011 is planning to pursue a Masters degree in architecture at the University of Michigan.

ALEXANDER WEINSTEIN / is the Director of The Martha's Vineyard Institute of Creative Writing and has been working as a creative writing teacher and freelance editor for the past ten years. He teaches creative writing and literature at Lawrence Tech University, and leads fiction workshops in the United States and Europe.

MARK WEISGERBER / is a graduate student in Architecture.

