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PRISM

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EDITORS' NOTE

The two of us have been acquainted for almost four years due to the coincidence of having every class together freshmen year at Lawrence Tech. The late-night bird harassment during our intensive crafting of the book has made working together a wonderful experience. Just as we remember staying up late for Basic Design projects, here we are again in the early hours of a new day, working on another project. Why did we stay up late before? Why do we stay up now? Because we care about design as a language. While our basic design teacher always said lemon meringue pie would reduce stress for *anyone*, we have chosen cut up apples with caramel dip to work on this final book while Kristina threatens to take my bird hostage. (Kimberly's bird will frighten me no matter how disinterested I am with sleep deprivation).

Quantity and quality are always in battle, so this year, instead of fancy paper, or other expensive options, we, and the editorial board, increased the length of the book from fifty-four pages, to seventy-six pages in order to include each chosen piece for coherence of the entire journal. The book in your hands is a composition of twenty-six individuals who have a creative ambition that exceeds the expectations of a traditional technical school. It is our delight to present the expressive works of students, faculty, staff, and alumni in another rigorously assembled volume of *Prism*.

This year's journal is a mixture of meaningful words and captured images that reveal ideas, inspirations and emotions. It required an enjoyable effort from the editorial board to gather, vote on, and debate about the appropriate works in order to represent a full spectrum of talents and techniques.

We must take this bit of a page to thank the editors: Alexis, Jon, Krystine, Chris, Zigmund, and Lindsay for your help and support, as well as your commitment not only to the book but also to the group through the entire year as active members of the Artists' Guild. Thank you to the Humanities department for your support. Sofia, thank you for working with us each year, helping us to make our ideas a reality, and keeping our connections with Preney Printing! Dr. Melinda Weinstein, we thank you for your nourishment of our bodies and minds with Yoga, organic dark chocolate, and confidence in us. Most importantly, the contributors- the book would disappear off the campus without your creative work. We hope to see the book grow for years to come!!

Kristina Blazeovski
&
Kimberly Parimucha

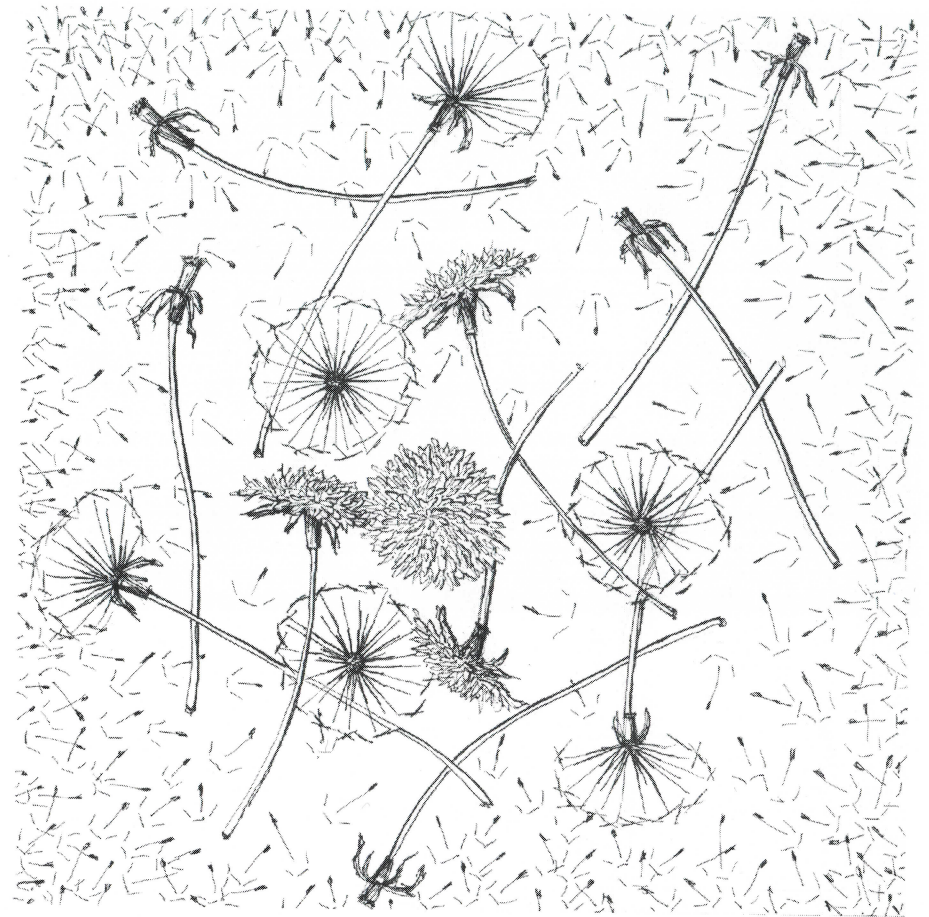
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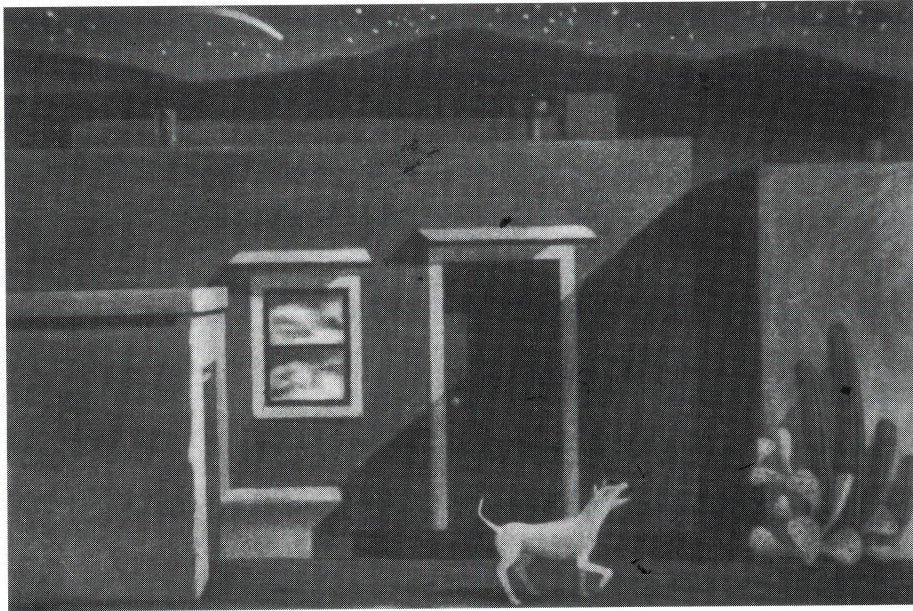
“Man muss noch Chaos in sich haben, um
einen tanzenden Stern gebären zu
können.”

*You need chaos in your soul to give birth to a
dancing star.*

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE



WISH PHASE STUDY #1
KRISTINA BLAZEVSKI
Pen and Ink Sketch on Bristol



BARK AT THE MOON
CASEY WISE
Mezzotint 3 3/4" x 5 3/4"

ORRERY

EMILY SINCLAIR

Stellar vacancies calling me, calling me
into the dark unafraid.
A sphere's inclination, a star's invitation,
the moon's luminescent parade...
My fears have all been allayed.
I go into the dark unafraid.

Lunar cadences warning me, warning me,
'Flee from the terrible heat'
The planets are fading to dust in the crazy tides
flowing from mighty Sol's seat.
A star's life is coming complete.
We succumb to the terrible heat.

QUETZECOATL

JONATHAN KADE

He would tear himself down
to an adamant speck
And fix with bolts
steel girders
about the minuscule self
And fasten with rivets
a feeling here
a thought there
And paint it all reflective white
to shield himself from the blast

(when it comes).

O strange chimera!
Is it not beautiful?

BURGUNDY

ERICA STEPHENS

I stand atop a boulder onshore
and admire her persistence.
Her stance is bold and stagnant.
Her speech is solid with certainty.

I sit atop a boulder onshore
and am bored by her resistance.
Words from the wind
and songs from the sea
never permeate her being.

I speak to the boulder onshore
and am saddened by her emptiness.
Her core is cold and idle.
Her company mold and leaves

I dive off the boulder onshore
and burst into the sea
and tell it, "Never let me
be a boulder onshore thee."

I glide between her songs
and admire her resilience.

I float beneath the sun
and soak up all her brilliance.

I smirk when I see
that the ocean floor beneath me
is made from countless boulders
that live next to the sea.

BLACKOUT DETROIT: 2003

MELINDA WEINSTEIN

Hey, we're going looting too!
Where's your baseball bat?

The kids are laughing in the parking lot.
The people, hot, drag on their cigarettes.

If only they had money from the ATMs
they'd buy art. Instead, they pile

Into one car to save gas, rush to Target.
After, they capsize the rest of the ice

in a cooler, fire the grill, drink beer.
While the senior citizens sweat it out

in rocking chairs, watching bottles
of water pass porch to porch,

bicycles go by, and neighbors
stop in clusters to say hi.



CITY INVESTIGATION 3

HNEDEL MAXIMORE & JESSICA SLOMKA

Photograph



TIME SLIP

KRISTOPHER WARSHEFSKI

I laid my head down to sleep that night as I did every night. It was a normal August night, warm and muggy, while the day had been a normal summer day, long and boring. I'd spent most of the day working and the evening was wasted in front of the television. I fell asleep with no idea of what was in store for me tomorrow... or yesterday.

Morning came and I arose just as I always did. My alarm clock was set for eight, an hour before I had to be to work. I left for work and the first thing that I noticed was that all the music on the radio was last year's one-hit wonders. A flashback day was what seemed most logical at the time. I pulled into the office building where I worked to find no other cars in the lot. There was no excuse for this, I thought — they would hear about it tomorrow. Luckily, I had a key to my office, so I went in to do what I could. The calendar at the front desk said July 3rd. Those secretaries must not have changed their calendar in over a month. Just then, I heard the door open. It was Rob, one of my co-workers.

"Hey Trent," Rob started, "What brings you to the office on a holiday?"

"Since when was August 18th a holiday?" I asked in confusion.

"August 18th? It's the fourth of July, man." He seemed as confused as me.

"Oh, right. I forgot my umm... coat here. Yeah, had to get my coat."

"Your coat? Are you OK, Trent? It's eighty degrees out, why would you need a coat?" Rob was right.

"Maybe I'm not OK. I think I'm going to go home now."

"OK... I'll see you tomorrow then. Hope you feel better."

"Thanks," I said as I left the building. There was something weird going on. I was probably just dreaming but I felt that I should go home anyway. On the way back I heard the most peculiar commercial: "Are you ready for Y2K? Only six months left until the end of the millennium so make sure you and your family are prepared." What the hell was this supposed to be? I hadn't heard one of those commercials for over two years and it didn't make sense to run it in the summer of 2001.

At home I spent the day watching television, which was showing everything they had played on July fourth of 1999. There were fireworks and parades and Y2K reminders. It was almost as if I woke up two years in the past. Beginning to get a headache from the thought of all this nonsense, I decided that the best course of action was to go back to sleep and to wake up in the normal world again. If only I had known then what I know now.

The next morning I was roused from my sleep by a familiar voice.

"Trent! This is the last time I'm telling you to wake up! You are going to be late for school," my mother yelled up the stairs.

"I'm up, Mom!" was my instinctive response, which I yelled down to her.

Then it hit me that I hadn't lived with my mother in over ten years. She now lived some

500 miles away and there was no warning of her coming to visit. I got out of bed and noticed that I was in my old room back home. I had posters on the walls and clothes all over the floor, just the way it used to be.

Downstairs I found my mother hurrying around the kitchen trying to get my older sister ready for school. Wait a second — my sister, three years older than me, didn't look any more than twelve years old. I just stood there in amazement. Somehow I woke up and I was only nine years old again. If this was another dream, I was getting tired of these slips in time.

"What are you doing?" my mother asked. "The bus is going to be here any minute."

It appeared as though I would have to deal with today just like I dealt with yesterday. I went up and got changed, shocked that all my clothes from when I was nine were there, and went to catch the bus. The memories of third grade were slowly coming back to me. I recognized some of the people on the bus, but not all of them. As I got on the bus I sat in the first empty seat.

"Hey Trent! Aren't you sitting back here?" came a voice from the back.

"Oh yeah," I said as I got up and walked back, "what's up?"

"Not too much," the boy began. I could remember him but I couldn't put a name with the face. "I heard my parents talking about Star Wars today. They said something about the president trying to use it against the Russians. Wouldn't that be funny? Jabba the Hutt going in and carbon-freezing those communists."

"Hey! What's wrong with communists? They've got a sound idea... it was just corrupted by the people in power." It had become a natural defense and I didn't even think about the fact that I was in third grade now.

"Are you saying you're a communist?" Bill, that was his name. He lived just down the street from me until he moved in seventh grade. We hung out a lot.

"Of course not." Now I had to double back and cover up what I had said. "I was just repeating what I heard a guy say on Johnny Carson last night." There, hopefully that would work. Apparently, they were still witch-hunting communists.

"Wow. You get to stay up that late?"

"Of course I do. It's over by one in the morning anyway, that's plenty of sleep." Again, I was forgetting that I was only nine. My mother would never have let me stay up that late.

The rest of the school day went by in a similar fashion. I would forget where I was and make a twenty-first century remark and then have to cover up my mistake with a lie. The one nice part was that math, which was difficult when I was in third grade the first time, was now very simple. What challenge is subtraction for someone who has a minor in math? It isn't.

That night I watched some television, reruns of "M.A.S.H." and "Cheers". I always enjoyed those old shows. This wasn't a bad life and I hoped to hold on here or wake up in my own time again. With only two days of confusion behind me I had not yet grasped the reality of it. If it had stopped that night, I would have been happy.

First thing I did when I woke up the next day was check a calendar. My watch said October 24th, and yesterday was October 23rd. It seemed as though this craziness had stopped until I realized that I'd checked the date with my watch. Not only was I looking

at today's date, though, I was also seeing my schedule, the weather, current news, and I had the option of watching television on it. Upon closer examination I found that it was the year 2047, more than 45 years after my last normal day of life.

That had to be the most boring day of my life. My watch informed me that I was retired and single. Imagine my despair to find out I was 73 and single. I found some new books, which helped to pass the time away. It seemed like science fiction with flying cars and people living on the moon until I turned the television on. The television hadn't evolved much, except that it was bigger and had more junk on it. News programs were still on at five and I got to see all of the flying cars and moon habitats.

What amazed me the most was the useless killing that still went on. Through my entire life people have been killing each other without reason. Now, I found through encyclopedias that we not only killed ourselves, but also more than half of the animal species on earth. Some were clinging to life in zoos and sanctuaries. Elephants, tigers, moose, and wolves were extinct; only a handful of foxes, gorillas, and house cats remained alive in captivity. I was too depressed to find out how we had killed off these creatures; even the genetic breakthroughs of my day could not save them. How long would it be until we wiped ourselves out?

I went to bed depressed with the state of the world, but then I remembered that tomorrow, today, would not be yesterday and the terrible things of today would be in the future. It was nothing that I needed to worry about now – who knew when I would have to deal with it again?

My life continued to pass with no organization. Each day needed to be lived as though I belonged there and after a while I got used to it. After a year I ended up back in a time when I was in my seventies. That was when I decided to find out what the cause of my condition was. I had tried to find this out before but the technology wasn't advanced enough and neither was science.

I found an interesting reference on what appeared to be the future form of the Internet, an article written in 2040 by Dr. Serik, who was considered insane by his peers. It presented a theory in which time consisted of an infinite set of planes. These planes stretched on for eternity and on each plane everything was happening at a certain time in history. The planes below us were the past and those above us were the future.

It seems that when dreaming, our mind travels freely about these planes, picking up details from each and compiling them into a far-fetched dream. It also contained a bunch of useless scientific details, but, towards the end, I found a most interesting paragraph. The paragraph was written as follows:

“Through my studies I have found that it is possible, although highly unlikely to live on a plane other than your own. This transfer is only mental and the form one takes is that form which they would be in at that time. For example, in a plane sixty years above one's birth they would be sixty years old but would retain the mental state of the plane which they traveled there from. The condition is considered impossible by contemporary thinkers as it contradicts the linearity of time. I presume that if it were to happen, though, it would happen during the time one is asleep as that is when the brain tends to plane shift the most.”

After that followed more scientific information about the time planes and the linearity of time. So it appeared that if this doctor was correct all I had to do was stop sleeping and I wouldn't “plane shift,” as he called it, any more.

I managed to stay up all that night and was delighted to find that the next day was really the next day. The problem was that my body didn't have the stamina at seventy-eight to stay up for extended periods of time and I fell asleep the next afternoon only to wake up in a completely different time. So there I was, back in a tailspin of reality with no control over where I went. I could try and stay awake for a few days to stay in the same time but that resulted in more of a body shock when I fell asleep and woke up in another time.

When would this end? I went through these time slips without pattern for years until one day...

At first it appeared to be a normal day: or at least normal by what I had gotten used to it being. As usual, the first thing I did when I woke up was check the date. It was February 29th, 2064. I was over ninety years old now. At least I knew I wasn't going to die young or even mildly old. As I got out of bed something didn't feel right but I couldn't figure out what it was.

After getting a drink I walked back into the bedroom to get dressed. There was a figure in the bed where I had been. Upon closer examination I found that it was me, and looking down I found that I couldn't see myself. It seemed that I was ethereal or something like that. It seemed to me that this... was the end.

HISTORY DOES HAPPEN

KRISTINA BLAZEVSKI

I live in a hologram world.

you can look
you can't touch
but it sure feels good

Virtual senses can be turned on with a flick of a switch.

you give me chills and don't exist
you turn me on
get inside me, but don't come near me

I don't even have to touch you.

not with my new hyper-intelligent machine that projects
programmed pleasures in my room, my office, my car-
anywhere I take it
they call this the fifth dimension

Too much of a good thing is not good.

so, I'll turn you off and
you can go back to the black hole vacuum of data
where you came from and wait to be processed.

I'll never understand binary codes of

on's
&
off's.
it seemed so simple, so black and white
soon I'll forget how to read body language
don't wink at me, it makes me sleepy

Pixelated dreams can simulate any fantasy.

save your ideas now
you can retrieve them later, and again, and again,
and again

Last night, I wandered through a Romanesque colonnade with Vitruvius.

We were discussing a late translation of his "8th Book of Architecture."

We were wearing robes of royal blue, gold, and crimson red.

The pigments of our drapery had to be converted to the color code of light and energy.

what I saw us wearing was only a mixture of red, green, and blue

My arms weren't long enough to wrap around the glossy, white, stone tree trunks-
the heaviest, arched, stone clouds I had ever seen.

I never felt smaller

Humanism was about proportion.

to mathematically deconstruct the perfect body that was created by God
but he is also lost in a black hole with no escape

I was never there.

I didn't want to believe I was walking in no dimension

to be convinced that the information I am about to receive for the rest of my life
is only an entropy of matter and energy in the size of one unibyte
all the data in the world is contained in the indivisible structure of one unibyte

I never felt so dead in a world of holography.

But never before have I felt what I wanted, whenever I wanted to feel it.

Vitruvius, if you see Michelangelo,

tell him,
reality needs a renaissance
it's becoming old fashioned

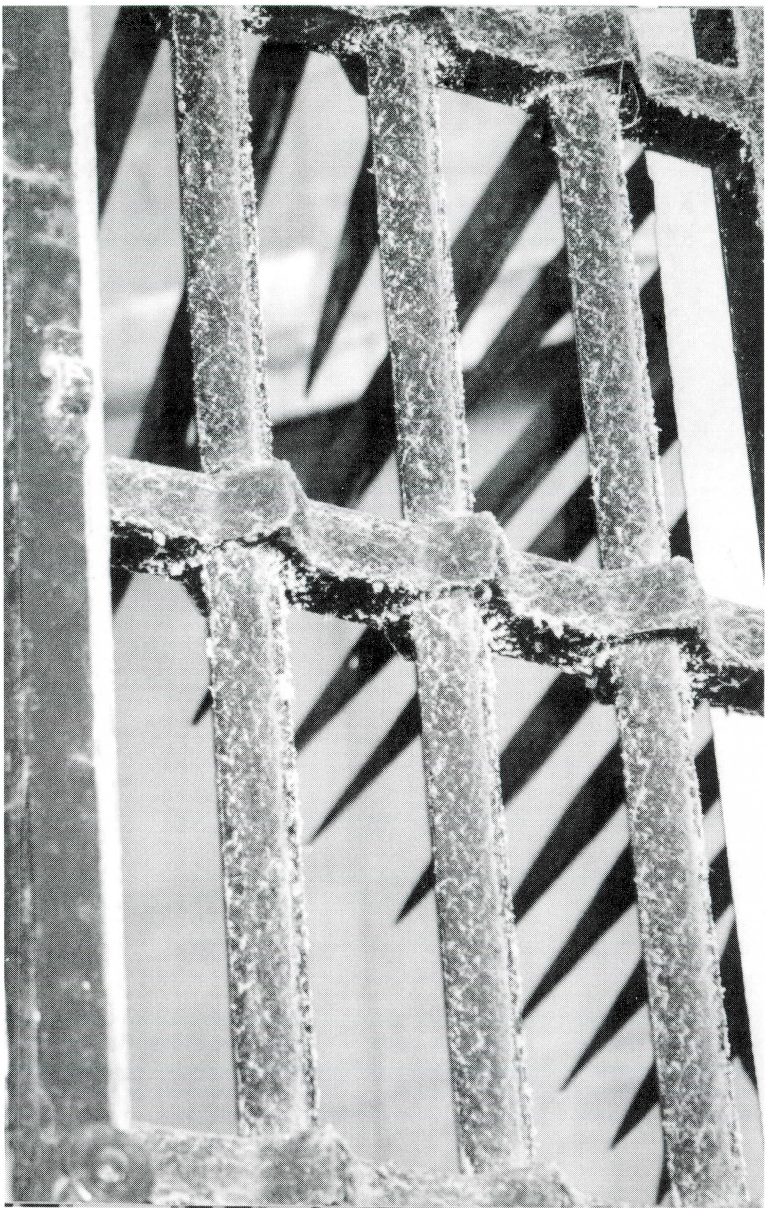


UNTITLED
SCOTT COLLINS
Digital Photograph

HELL

JAMES SHAIEB

A violent Chakra against all who hate,
This Trance I instill my mind doth rape,
Everything in the world is in my power,
Falling, cursing, burning towers.
Red, red, heart blood burning,
Blue, blue, cold soul yearning,
Black, black sun somber shining,
Grey, grey, life blurring, scarring.
Colors in visions, depths and feelings,
Lost in iron gates and vaulted ceilings,
Falling down, deep into fits of rage,
Tomes of wordless lore from lost Age,
Rats, vapor, rotten water stench,
Topsy turvy endless length,
Forward, reverse, flight, *flight*
And not a step forward into the light...



TRAPPED
KIMBERLY PARIMUCHA
Photograph, Conciergerie, France

MATTER OVER MIND

ALEXIS A. BLACK

The sun hung overhead, filling the streets with blazing light. The beauty of the earth was revealed as the rays reflected from the surface of several pools of water and public drinking troughs. The grass upon the distant hills was a vibrant green, almost fluorescent in the sunlight. The marble of the government buildings and the private residences of wealthy citizens sparkled like faceted diamonds. The stone of the streets and marketplace seemed cleaner and more beautiful with the touch of the sun.

The days were too bright for the people of Rome. Merchants and hawkers spoke in hushed tones, urging nervous pedestrians to stop and examine wares. The people walked quickly, as if trying to remain unobtrusive for as long as possible. They would cast guarded glances at the crowds in the Main Square, knowing that they did not wish to be summoned there. Several magistrates strained to understand the words of various lawyers who came to defend their clients, but not so vehemently as to seem in league with any plot or scandal of which the suspects were accused. The judges themselves were somber and reflected an air of boredom. They had long grown weary of wading through convoluted cases like dogs in tar. They listened to cases that had been ordered by the Emperor on a whim.

This was the Rome that Drusillus remembered. He could recall every street, every shop that existed in the capital city. He had been away for three long years, but he could still see the people who had crowded the avenues and shouted praises at Triumphs. Although darkness from the night obscured the nearing city in a blanket of midnight blue, Drusillus could recall the last time he had seen these streets.

A crowd had gathered on the street and followed a personage who exited the Imperial Palace. The group became larger as people recognized the leader, a man dressed in the religious costume of Mars. They had been walked to the great temple that had been raised to the God of War when the leader had suddenly thrown off his raiment and torn it to shreds. He had changed course to the huge marble temple that was dedicated to the Living God Caligula. The majority of the crowd had followed, but one peasant had tried to exit down a side street and escape the parade. The leader had noticed this man and called the Roman Guards. With a word from the leader, the soldiers had cut down the fleeing man and left him lying in the streets. When the leader entered his temple, the dying man had been left alone in his last moments, lying in crimson pools of his own blood, because people were unwilling to save him at the risk of their own lives. Drusillus had been the soldier who impaled the man. He could still remember his shame when he realized that he had killed an unarmed civilian on a whim from the Emperor.

Evening was wearing on and he could feel the chill of the night permeating the air. The only warmth that was not swept away by the wind was that of his horse, the steadily trotting beast that moved beneath him. The last rays of the setting sun glinted off his bronze breastplate and his regulation auburn cloak blew in the breeze. As the darkness grew more intense, Drusillus leaned forward on his horse, urging his body to continue tolerating the fatigue of travel. His eyes peered from his careworn face, searching the landscape with experience beyond his years.

Lost in thought, Drusillus rode with ease upon his horse. He had journeyed from Britain, wishing only to visit his fellow Roman Guards and then to finally return to his family. So much time had passed since he had last laid his eyes upon the beauty of his wife, Calpurnia, that he had difficulty recalling the minute details of her face. He had hoped that with the successful completion of his mission in Britain, he would be rewarded with an easy post and time to spend with his family.

But that hope was in vain. On entering the barracks of the Roman Guard, he had been presented with a message from the Emperor, commanding that Drusillus deliver himself to the Imperial Palace to debrief the Emperor on his recent mission. Drusillus had performed his duty with utmost care and consideration, but had been forced to stoop to shady means to convince the other players in his game to acquiesce to his wishes. Though his mission had been accomplished with excellence, Drusillus knew that the swings that affected Emperor Caligula's moods were as frequent as the changing of the guard and that he would be as likely a candidate for triumphant ornaments as the executioner's axe. To not obey, however, would mean execution anyway and Drusillus refused to cause dishonor to be showered upon his family. His loyalty to the Emperor would not waver, regardless of the manner in which the Emperor bestowed his favor.

As a member of the Roman Guard, Drusillus was responsible for security at the Imperial Palace and carrying out the direct orders of the Emperor. For years, he had served faithfully as a bodyguard for various members of the Imperial family. Having become a guard at the earliest age possible, he had seen the passing of power from Augustus to Tiberius, and from Tiberius to Caligula. His first term of duty had been simple and required only that he be a symbol to the people, a fierce warrior upholding the reputation of the Guards. He easily mastered the arts of battle and swordsmanship. He never complained of the fact that his duties were simple and inglorious. He was merely contented with the life of a Guard and a Roman citizen.

Like many under the latest Emperor, Drusillus was increasingly concerned about his citizenship. It was the force, the constant that allowed him to care for his family and serve the Empire with honor. It provided political, financial, and social advantages. It was also in danger of being lifted. Drusillus's family had previously been poor and a few distant branches still struggled to find their daily bread. They had violently protested the neglect with which the Emperor viewed the poor and demanded reform. Emperor Caligula had ordered Roman soldiers to put down the minor rebellion

and execute the demonstrators without trial. He considered the protestors to be part of a plot to relieve the government of its Head of State, so he punished anyone with connections to the outlaws. Only membership in the Roman Guard saved Drusillus and his immediate family. The Emperor had warned him that should any suspicious actions be noticed or if any slander was observed coming from Drusillus that the citizenship would be removed and criminal charges would be pressed. Drusillus, a man of honor, swore that should anyone come bringing reports of dissention and tales of conspiracies, he himself would be the one providing the information.

Drusillus had discussed the matter with his wife, and they had agreed that for the sake of the children, Drusillus must become more the spy and speak disparagingly of those whose loyalty was in question. Calpurnia was pregnant at the time and the couple could ill afford to lose the privileges that citizenship gave them. So Drusillus set about finding unruly peasants and freedmen who opposed the laws of the Emperor. Since Drusillus was too lowly in rank to bring these reports to the Emperor, he set his suspicions before his superior officer in the Guard and let that man take the reports to Caligula.

The Emperor was pleased with the reports and set about crushing the dissidents. The superior officer received a promotion and Drusillus was given the man's former job. Drusillus did not mind too much that the credit for the intelligence went to the superior officer. After all, he was now higher in rank and the loss of his citizenship would be more difficult for others to manage.

One day, Drusillus was stopping at a tavern for a mug of brew at the end of his shift, when he heard whispers coming from the back room. He crept back to the doorway and listened to the conversation.

"What if someone sees us? The dark will cover our entrance, but the Guards are alert inside the walls. Some of the best soldiers are on duty tonight," a hushed voice whispered through gasps of sharply intaken air.

"Do not worry. Even if someone reports our presence, no one will believe that we are connected. Thanks to the information that my foolish subordinate has been providing me with for the last few months, the Emperor places his total trust in me. He would never consider the possibility that I was involved in an assassination attempt. If anyone suspects, blame can be cast on the soldier who is already stained. Then, when the deed is done, we will not have to worry. Everyone knows that Caligula is a fool and a crazy one at that. Senator Asiaticus is paying handsomely for the removal of the self-made deity. He seems to think that he has a chance at the throne. After all, who is left of the Julian line?"

The second voice was so familiar to Drusillus that he nearly stumbled to the ground. It was his superior officer, the one who accepted the gifts of the Emperor without advising him about the real source of his information. It was the man who stood between the favor of the Emperor and the loss of title. Drusillus knew that this information could not wait for day to be passed to the Emperor. Drusillus would have to be even bolder by taking the information directly to Caligula himself. There was no second-in-command, no chamberlain through which to pass the report. If the Emperor did not believe Drusillus, then Drusillus did not doubt that he would be the one in the jail cell, awaiting execution.

The meeting broke up without any more discussion, so Drusillus quietly stole from the hallway and left the tavern. He walked confidently down the iter, pretending that he was just an off-duty soldier going home after a long day. He changed direction and made for the Imperial Palace. Once there, he advised the Emperor's secretary that he had vital information that could not wait.

The moon had already risen before the Emperor consented to an audience with Drusillus. The monarch was still dressed in sleeping attire and seemed most put out.

"You," he said with a booming voice, "You have caused enough trouble. Your family disrupts the peace and you interrupt my sleep. You have ten seconds to tell me why I should not have you killed right here and now."

Trying to compact the necessary information into his precious ten seconds, Drusillus said, "Your Imperial Majesty, men are coming with plans to kill you. They may already be here."

"Wait one moment. Are you the one who occasionally passes information on to my chief bodyguard?"

"Yes, Your Gloriousness, I work for your chief bodyguard."

"Then why did not you simply pass word on to him? He knows when the time is appropriate for alarming news."

"My liege, your trusted bodyguard is part of the conspiracy. He is counting on his position and your trust in him to prevent anyone from stopping him from killing you."

The Emperor's eyes flashed dangerously. "You would slander the name of my trusted attendant? How do I know that this is not some kind of attempt to grab power? You might be the assassin and be using this cover story to get close enough to strike!"

"I swear to you, your Imperial Majesty, that I am here to save your life! Perhaps this could seem like an appropriate way of conducting an assassination, but if that was my intent, then I would have carried it out by now. I am a Guard, your Highness, and I still serve that oath which I swore years ago."

"Pretty words, but I do not need help from the likes of you. I will have you taken to a cell and you can contemplate the foolishness of your actions this night. If I find you suitably repentant in the morning, I may have mercy upon you. Otherwise, I will send you back to your wife, in pieces."

Emperor Caligula turned to call his bodyguards when Drusillus's superior officer entered the room with another man. The assassin took a knife from his sash and raised its point to the level of Caligula's throat. The Emperor fell back with fright and began to scream! Drusillus reacted without thinking, drawing his sword from its sheath and advancing toward the assassin. The assassin fell to the ground with Drusillus's first stroke. The officer stood trembling as he realized the depth of his mistake in aiding the deadly conspiracy.

Caligula stood up straight and looked the man in the eye. "I find you guilty of treason. Guard, execute him."

Being the only member of the Guard in the room, Drusillus had no doubt for whom the order was meant. He had never committed murder like this before. The assassin had been a justified act and was merely wounded. Drusillus did not want to become a cold-hearted killer.

"Well, Guard, carry out my orders. Traitors deserve no mercy. The only ones who are soft on traitors are collaborators and are not worthy of being citizens."

Drusillus knew that he was being tested and that if he failed, he would die. So, he raised his sword and committed the vile deed. There was no turning back.

Emperor Caligula spoke highly of Drusillus from that time on. When the morning came, the Emperor appointed Drusillus to the position of Chief Bodyguard. Drusillus saw his family less and less, but was insinuated into the court at the Imperial Palace. He was always present when Caligula went out among his people and always at receptions and games. When his Master called, Drusillus was the first to draw his sword.

Among the other people Drusillus saw in the palace was the Emperor's uncle, Tiberius Claudius. The bumbling fool was considered an embarrassment to the Imperial Family and he was treated as such. Caligula considered the old man harmless, but unworthy of respect. Drusillus knew by now that he must concur with every statement of his Master, no matter

how silly the notion was. In accordance, he treated Claudius with little respect, delivering the Emperor's commands in language devoid of graceful phrases. The man paid him little mind, which suited Drusillus quite well. The less that people remembered about him, the smaller the chance that some remark would be made about perceived misconduct.

The worst was when he had to belittle Claudius when the man's wife, Messalina, was present. Calpurnia and Messalina were close and Drusillus knew that the woman would report Drusillus's disgraceful words to his wife. He had already lost his soul to his Master, however, and had paid too high a price to stop. The cost of leaving the Emperor's service would be death. The only dignity left to Drusillus was his precarious citizenship.

A surprise came when Caligula assigned him to the task of guarding the Empress and his daughter. Drusillus was more than happy to accommodate, but found his charges to be less hospitable than his own wife and children. After he asked the Empress a few discrete questions about her first husband, she reported to Caligula that Drusillus was upsetting her with bothersome inquiries. The Emperor called Drusillus into his presence and proceeded to admonish the Guard.

"I am immensely disappointed with you, Drusillus. You have served me without fault for years, but when I ask you to care for my wife, you become disrespectful. I cannot allow such behavior to go unpunished."

Certain that his life was about to end, Drusillus knelt on the floor, hoping to dismiss some of his Master's anger with the act of worship. He could not discern whether his genuflection had any impact on the Emperor's mood, but Caligula did not call for the executioner.

"I will offer you one last chance to redeem yourself. Mind you, I only do this because Gods are supposed to have infinite patience. Your act of penitence will be to go to Britain. There have been reports that some of the tribes would be susceptible to Roman alliance. I want you to find one of these tribes. Have the leader agree to an alliance that is with me alone. I do not want to have to yank control of this ally from some bumbling idiot in the Senate. I want that chief! Do not come back until you have secured the loyalty of him."

There was little choice but to accept the impossible mission and leave at once. He stopped to tell Calpurnia that he was leaving and that she should take the children to see her sister in Parthia. Then he made the long and difficult journey to Britain. Over water that was as rough as the wrath of Jupiter and land that was as untrustworthy as the word of a thief, Drusillus begged and threatened for passage. At last, he arrived on the island.

Shuddering, he reflected on his time among the savage tribes. He had wasted months trying to talk to various tribal chiefs, only to be run out of camp. At last, he had found an outcast from a tribe who was willing to hear Drusillus's proposal of alliance with Caligula. The outcast only needed for his brother to die, the leader of the local clan, and the rulership would be secured. Drusillus had learned much during his time with the Emperor and had laid in a supply of poison. He used brucine to cause the rightful chief to collapse with convulsions and choke on his own tongue. Then, the outcast was smuggled into the camp and before the other candidates for leadership had a chance to devise their own ploys, Drusillus had propped his puppet up with the support of the Roman Emperor.

As he rode on, Drusillus saw that he was drawing near his destination, the Imperial Palace. The streets were still empty, but as he passed nigh the walls, he found that he could not recognize any of the fops who walked in the gardens and there were different faces among the Roman Guards. Drusillus had been cut off from all news of his beloved Rome and so was ignorant of recent events. He had ridden like an arrow shooting from a bow, fast and without detour.

Upon reaching the gate of the Imperial grounds, Drusillus dismounted and gave his horse into the care of a groom. Drusillus contemplated his approach to the Emperor, unsure as to the impact of certain words on Emperor Caligula's mood. When the doors were swept apart, Drusillus entered the room, erect and marching as if on a parade. However, as Drusillus completed the customary bow, he suddenly gasped with astonishment. The eyes that appraised him were not those of Emperor Caligula, but of Claudius. Drusillus gaped at the attire that Claudius wore, the raiment of the Emperor. Drusillus suddenly realized that the note he had received had only been signed by the Emperor. There had not been a name attached.

"Guard Drusillus," began Emperor Claudius in his slightly wheezing voice, "You have absented yourself from us for three years. I read the report that you sent ahead about your activities in Britain. I, of course, sent messengers to confirm that your mission was accomplished as you stated. I regret to inform you that since your proposal to the savages was alliance with Caligula, that agreement has now been voided. Also, the message that I received from my contacts confirms that although you did indeed complete your mission, the leader, which you placed in command, has died. The tribe has become filled with hatred for anything Roman."

Drusillus fell to his knees with a crash as he considered this new information. The murder of the old chief had been for nothing and three years had been wasted on a mission that had unraveled as soon as Drusillus had turned his back. He did not doubt that the members of the tribe had suspected that the old chief had been murdered and the new one had participated in the act. As a result, the tribe members had cut his puppet's strings.

"Furthermore, since I have come to power, I have been reviewing the old lists and making the expected changes that come with every new ruler. One of the lists has been the roll of citizens. I am sorry to inform you that you no longer fit the criteria for citizenship. Also, since you worked so closely with my predecessor, you will have difficulty finding acceptance with your fellow guards. They have been quite protective of me since the change in command. I fear that the Roman Guard is no longer a safe place for you, therefore, I am discharging you from my service. Rise, and rebuild your life in Rome."

Kneeling on the floor, Drusillus was too shock-stricken to move and ready to keel over in distress.

"Dismissed," said the Emperor with a wave of his gnarled hand.

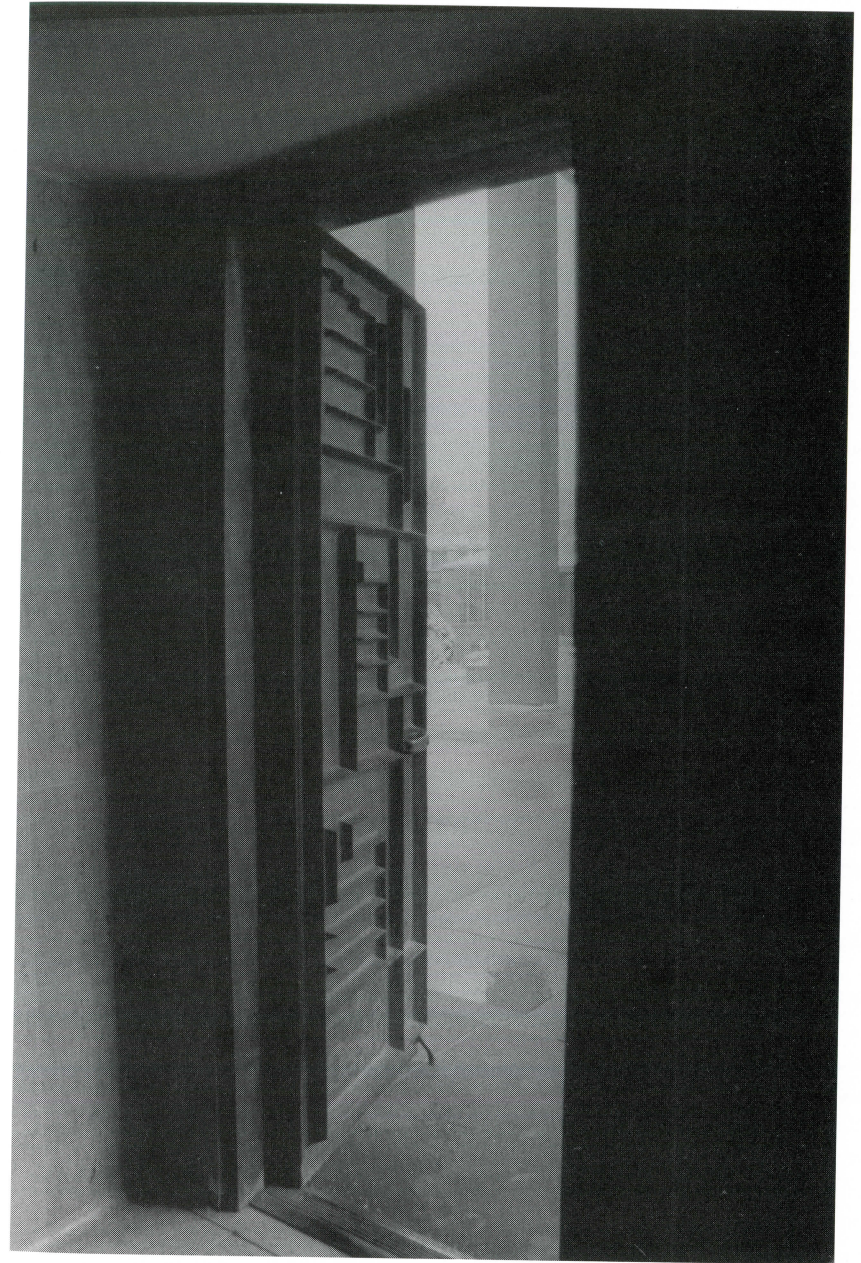
Drusillus withdrew respectfully from the room, his eyes still wide. Outside the doors of the audience room, he met the Lady Messalina, the new Empress of Rome.

"I am grieved to learn of your failed mission," she said in a low voice.

"I do not know what to feel now, your Highness. But, if you will, can you tell me of my wife and children? I have not heard word from or about them since I left."

Messalina started with surprise. "Then let me be the first to express my condolences. They were discovered aboard a ship to Parthia shortly after your departure. Caligula suspected that your wife had been hiding some plot against him by using your reputation. He had her ship fired and sunk. All hands died on board. I am sorry, Drusillus."

Drusillus woodenly thanked the Empress and left the palace. He walked numbly to the house where he had lived with his wife, a house that was still vacant. He removed his sword from its sheath. It gleamed in the silvery moonlight. 'I should have done this a long time ago,' he thought. Then, as he had done to so many people before, he wielded the instrument of death and plunged the sword into his heart.



DOOR
REBECCA KERR
Photograph

LISTEN TO THE EARTH

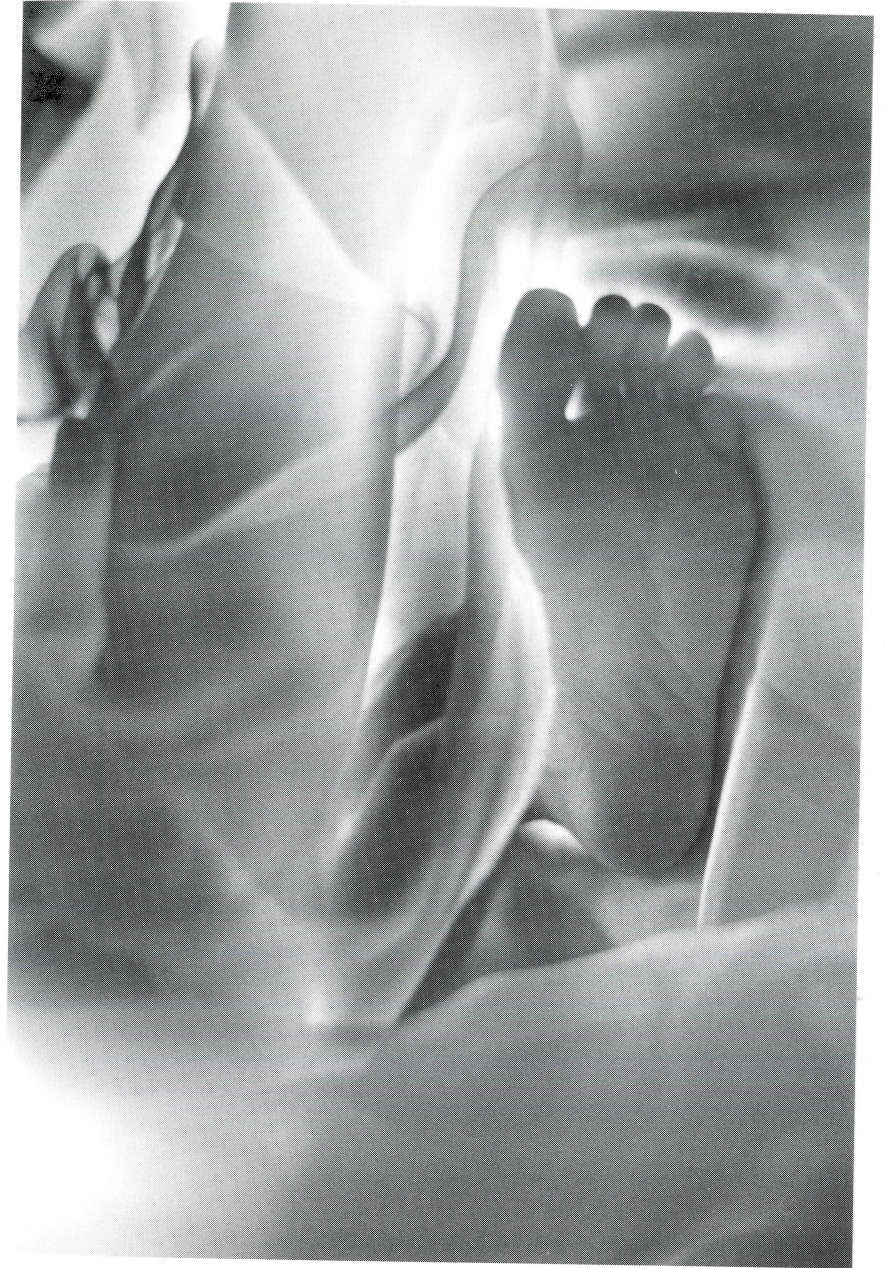
CASEY WISE

The night breeze
wrestles me from quiet sleep.
Senses aroused
by distant thunder,
I listen to the storm approach.
It moans its arrival.
Weeps softly.
Eyes glimmer,
illuminating the night sky.

Your soft breathing echoes
earth's cool breath as it
enters through the open window.
Trees with uplifted arms,
like mine, tremble as they
twist and groan.
Leaves rustle,
like brushes in an artist's hand,
paint restless shadows
on the bedroom wall;
conjuring lonely thoughts
from memory's abyss,
crying out our plight.

Earth growls louder,
chest heaves,
exhales its cold breath,
raises white curtains,
shows its teeth.
Demonic eyes flashing
luminous green,
spear the night sky.
A ghostly reflection
of myself.

Under protective covers
you lie still beside me.
Like raindrops that beat
on the windowpanes,
and dance on the skylight,
we cry for safety from the beast.
Your warmth beckons me near.
You rest your leg over mine.
I am safe.



FOLDS OF LIGHT 2
JESSICA SLOMKA
Photograph

SONG OF THE RISEN KINGDOM

EMILY SINCLAIR

white birds on a Japanese lantern
white doves against the blue dome of the sky
marble dome against the sky of a winter morning
song of the bird lady, singing to pigeons in the
shadow of a dead empire
two dead coins in my hand, I mouth the
words to the song

greyness of memory, the dove and spire
amalgam of Capitol and cathedral
grey sky bleeding fog onto stone and metal
white bird shivers on a wire in the pale
morning light, sounds the call of mourning

step from memory into reality. truth of
a crumbling palace, golden store in golden light
blank-eyed Seraphs, last witnesses to the
centre of the world tumbling into war
white swans in the sunset sound no trumpets of death

plum blossoms on a parasol
paper parasol thrown from the window in spite
the blossoms return as birds
white on blue, everchanging eternal

enter the dream city, climb the wooden staircase
to the vault of the dome, bare wood and scaffolding
stare out the empty frame of the vanished rose window
(empty shards of accusation in the darkness)
across the courtyard of marble, gray and white
as the breasts of doves
the dome of the imagined cathedral rises
beneath azure paler than the sky

morning light through the ivory casement
the sound of bluebells ringing reaches the tower
of the indissoluble empire
the rose unfolds, the ivory fleur-de-lis falls
to the story-telling carpet.
last sight of the empty eyes
white birds on the azure of a winter sky
the image of a tattered paper lantern.

MOMENTUM

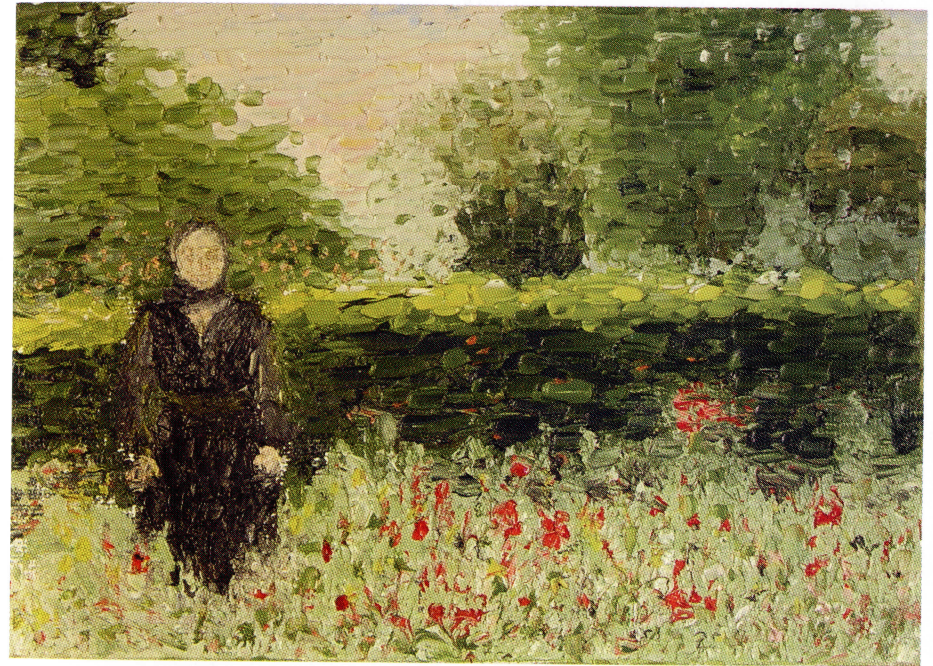
WARREN BEARD

A glance
A second look
A moment's hesitation
A thought

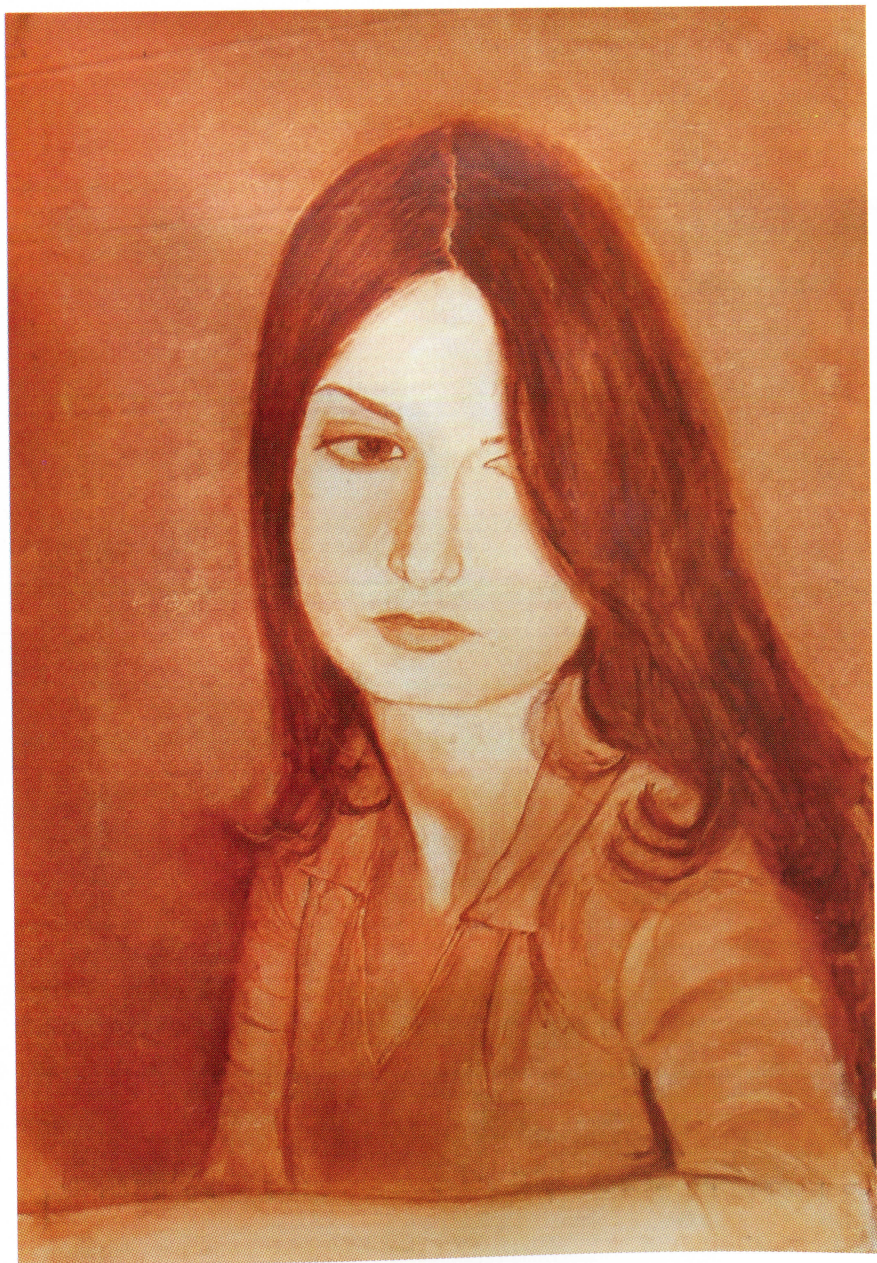
A smell
A caress
A moment of yourself
A taste

An ear
A word
A moment of your time
A tune

A prayer
An answer
Momentum
An emotion



VIENNA 1989
HUSSAM JALLAD
Acrylic on Canvas



UNTITLED
HUSSAM JALLAD
Acrylic on Canvas



DEBATES
KIMBERLY PARIMUCHA
Photograph: Palais Royale, France



UNTITLED
LISA CARATELLI
Acrylic on Canvas



GREEN LEAVES
SCOTT SCHNEIDER
Photograph, Digitally Adjusted



UBIQUITOUS
ERICA STEPHENS
Photograph, Digitally Rendered



UNTITLED
REBECCA KERR
Color Pencil on Bristol, Digitally Rendered



SMOKING GIRL
KIMBERLY BATES
Oil on Canvas

LA LLUVIA
(A PRE-SONNET)
CAMERON MCLEAN

the senses are fire by her hand,
the stone of desolation made powder,
all pain ecstatic, all fears joyous,
a touch like dancing, fine hair upon the skin.
standing in the everywhere of her,
the universe of now and here,
numbers meaningless, words hollow,
i am an animal without defence or concern.

at once forceful and feminine,
laughing with contagious abandon, ranting with thunder,
and in the blue evening her eyes shine suspiciously..
divided between steel and mountain,
i often turn away, resolute,
only to look back when all is still in sorrowful night.

FANTASY

KIMBERLY BATES

I can see light between bodies.
The day speeds by so quickly.
Artificial lights melt on the stainless steel walls
slightly curved-rocking,
cold and soft,
mimicking the curves of your back
with the blankets shed below your knees.
It shivers on its path
wrapped in the winter air.
Me inside it, you inside me -
in my head, I close my eyes.

YOU'RE NOT HIM

KIMBERLY BATES

Several galaxies west of Clark,
The man I imagine you to be exists.
He talks to butterflies
and plays symphonies with the crickets.
He writes poetry in the sand
while discussing politics with the breeze.
He takes naps in the rain
and knows how to cry.
He'll read your palm
under the canopy of a birch
and write a prescription for your soul.
He sells revised destinies.
He never lies.
He knows all his faults
on a first name basis.
He exists in the realm of dreams
in a world of metaphors.
He's nothing like you.
He wouldn't survive in our world.



UNTITLED
SCOTT COLLINS
Digital Photograph

DESTINO, A NOVEL: PROLOGUE

BARRY KNISTER

This was not the best day to be helping Hilda Frieslander to die. There was still the Haileys' Christmas tree to take down and a backlog of client problems in North Naples. But when you made promises, you kept them. Exactly, Arnold Kleinman would say. Don't disappoint the customer, it's bad for business. And remember, Jimmy, old people are different, go easy. Within reason, make them happy. It always pays off in good word-of-mouth.

At Marco Island, he crossed the Judge Jolley Bridge, then pulled in at the Publix supermarket. He purchased her groceries and the wine, and was back on the road in twenty minutes. At Bald Eagle Drive, he stopped for the light. Walker's Marine was on Bald Eagle. Mr. Burlson had taken delivery of his new boat there, last September. They had gone together, and he remembered the workers pulling off the blue shrink wrap, revealing the shiny white fiberglass hull.

The light changed. Seeing her high rise straight ahead at the end of Collier Boulevard, he moved through the intersection. No, it was not the best day, but thinking of the new boat made him feel confident. Some day, he thought. Patience. That, too, was something Arnold Kleinman often said: Be patient. Keep your eye on the bottom line as well as the big picture. Both the present and the future.

At her building he passed under the grillwork, swung left and parked in the visitors lot. He gathered up the groceries, and began moving toward the entrance. There was no gatehouse here, but lots of security. Surveillance cameras would be tracking him as he walked, the image on a monitor inside. After almost two years, he was known here, a familiar face. Mrs. Frieslander had been one of the first to answer his ad, and immediately he had understood she knew everything about English. Helping Hand, she said, looking up from her wheelchair as they shook hands. The name of your company represents a rhetorical device. Rhetorical? he asked. The rules of effective speaking and writing, she said. Helping hand is what's called a synecdoche. The part of something standing for the whole. The hand for the person who helps.

At the entrance he pushed the button and looked in. The guard glanced up from his desk before the elevators. He waved and released the lock.

"Hi, James."

"Hello, Dewey." The door clicked shut as he crossed the marble lobby. Electric candles flickered along the walls; potted palms and lounge chairs with gilt arms stood at rest in an orange glaze. The color came from the setting sun, a perfect half circle balanced on the horizon in the floor-to-ceiling west window. On the beach outside, a crowd had formed.

"Want some ice cream?" He stopped before the desk and set down the shopping bag. Looking in, he lifted out a pint of Ben 'n Jerry's Cherry Garcia. "I forgot Mrs. Frieslander's diabetic *and* lactose intolerant."

"Well, heck yes—" The heavy guard rolled his chair forward and took the carton as James again reached in the bag. He brought out a plastic spoon and handed it down. "You're thinkin' of everything, aren't you?" the guard said. "Thank you very much."

"There's no reason to waste it. How's she doing?"

"Oh, you know—" the guard began working off the lid "—she's not coming down much now. Still playing the ponies. She told me last month she lost a bundle. I don't think she's been in the dining room since."

"She must be having a party. She asked me to buy a turkey."

"Huh. Well, that's good. Maybe have some lady friends over."

He pushed the elevator button. "So, you think she's depressed?"

"Yeah." The guard worked the spoon into the ice cream. "What can you do?"

She lived on 8. Her condo faced the Gulf, but Hilda Frieslander would not be on the balcony to watch the sunset. She thought they were corny, and had once told him sunsets made her think of the Day-glo orange balls used in the Bingo games her friends played. Bingo's not my style, she said. Widowed in her fifties and seventy-nine last month, Hilda Frieslander's style was books and horses.

But like much else, her eyes were failing, the result of glaucoma made worse by type-two diabetes. She had suffered two strokes last year—subarachnoid hemorrhages—and there had been surgery. As a result, she was vulnerable to vasospasms that shrank arteries in the head, starving the brain of blood. She could no longer stand long enough to cook. More and more she resented being helped, and the rudeness this resentment led to in her own behavior. Neither her internist, vascular surgeon or diabetologist would agree to write the script for Oxycontin, a powerful pain medicine she had learned about from the Florida chapter of the Hemlock Society. All three doctors had told her they were concerned with aiding life, not death. Mrs. Frieslander didn't believe it. They're just worried about their licenses, she said. They aren't opposed to death, it keeps them in business. They just want me to die a certain way. With them in charge of costly procedures and drugs. All in the name of healing, even if it means me losing my marbles and dignity first.

* * * *

The deadbolt clicked. He waited for her to roll back in the wheelchair before easing the door open.

"I thought you pooped out."

"Not a chance." He stepped in and closed it as she turned the chair. Balancing the groceries, he pushed her along the narrow file formed in the hall by bookcases. Arranged on top of the cases, small bronze castings alternated with statues in marble—horses rampant, in repose, noble heads in full gallop, jockeys tucked and frozen in static moments of truth. When he came here now, it was to read to her and cook, using the recipes in the file-card box next to the microwave. Today, along with a small turkey, she had asked him to purchase a fennel bulb and marinara sauce, crusty bread, raspberry gelato, and a bottle of Banfi Brunello '96.

He rolled the chair past bedrooms and the tidy study she no longer used. As they entered the front of the condo, he saw the slider to her terrace was pulled open, but the drapes closed. Maybe tonight she was feeling—nostalgia was the word. Touched or moved by some memory. By some awareness of being mortal. Mrs. Frieslander had

once told him that death was the real attraction of sunsets. She thought the setting sun's slow, relentless disappearance gave people a wordless encounter with the single most reliable fact of their lives. They feel touched by their own certain demise, she said, and he remembered later asking her about the word.

"Were you watching?" He stopped the chair.

"It's open so I can smell the ocean. You thought I was out there having a last moving experience?" She shook her head, facing the orange glow beyond the curtains. "Finally, they understand," Mrs. Frieslander said. "That's me, they think. That's how it goes—goodbye."

She raised her hand as a pattering of applause came from the opening. "Hear it?" she said. "They're clapping down there for themselves. For their artistic appreciation of the moment."

She nodded now, and he pushed her around the corner into the kitchen, to the arch leading to the dining room. Standing behind her, he saw the dining room was dark, the table not set. He carried the groceries to the counter.

"Have you got it?"

He looked to her, seeing she had turned the chair to face him. He nodded, reached in the bag and brought out a cellophane package. He opened a drawer and found a paring knife. Slowly he began slicing the top of the cellophane.

"Careful."

"Yes."

When done, he brought it to her and placed it on her knees. Mrs. Frieslander pulled away the wrapping and unfolded a large plastic bag used for roasting poultry. She shook it, brought it to her mouth and blew it open. "Perfect," she said and smiled. "Big and clear." She waved it like a balloon, then held it next to her head to show him it would fit. "I saw a photo once of this done with a frosted bag. It put me off. I've taken care of things on this end."

Still holding the inflated bag, with some difficulty she reached in her suit pocket and tugged out a large green rubber band. "From Borders," she told him. "The band from my magazine order."

"Good. Let me get started—"

"No, James. I'm going to throw you a curve."

Baseball. Being thrown a curve, a surprise. She smoothed out the plastic bag, folded it carefully and tucked it with the rubber band into the pocket of her suit. Unlike many of his clients, she was still careful about her appearance, well dressed and clean. But he had not seen this outfit. It was navy, with white trim. And she always wore compression stockings, but today she had managed, somehow, to put on black nylons. Her legs were heavily veined, feet flat on the chair's footrests. When he looked up, she raised her hands and held back her hair. She was wearing diamond stud earrings. She lowered her hands and folded them on her knees.

"Just open the wine," she said. "All this last-meal business is strictly B-movie."

"You don't—"

"I never intended to eat. The groceries keep your visit in synch with our routine."

"In synch."

"Synchronized, coordinated." She raised both hands and fitted the fingers together.

"I understand."

He opened a different drawer. "No, next one down—" He got it open, found the corkscrew and set it on the counter. He began working the foil off the bottle.

"Did you make sure to speak to Dewey?"

"I told him about the turkey. I asked how you were."

"What did he say?"

"That you hadn't been down much. He said you lost a lot of money on the horses."

"Good, he remembered. That will account for cash withdrawals out of the teller machine in the lobby. Twelve-five."

"It's very generous."

"Not really. Compared to the fee schedules for medical procedures, it's about in line with an appendectomy."

Just after New Year's she had asked him to help her. Will twenty-five thousand be all right? she asked. Half that, he told her, remembering Kleinman warning that with a new business, it was very important to avoid greed. You have a big idea, he'd said. Risky, but that's often true in a new type of area. So don't forget, greed is what kills the goose that lays the golden eggs. Instead, nurture, Jimmy. Make a nice nest for that goose.

"One of the books you gave me," he said. "*Dr. Death*. He did this for nothing."

Mrs. Frieslander shook her head. "Jack Kevorkian was a zealot. A fanatic. Professionals should be paid."

"He made a machine. He called it a Mercitron."

She smiled at this. "Do you remember Jay Leno's joke? It's in the book. 'The mercitron has a snooze button for people who want to live ten minutes longer.' I thought that was pretty good. 'The last doctor to make house calls'—I liked that one, too."

"But you called him a fanatic." He finished removing the tinfoil, and began twisting in the corkscrew. "Like terrorists?"

"No. Terrorists are all confident of life after death," she said. "With, I think the Koran promises, seventy-two virgins as part of the package. Kevorkian's not evil. He meant well, but he was *so* dreary. A plumber. He was only interested in the idea. If it matters how you live, the manner of death should, too. That's why I'm spruced up this way." Rivera looked over. "Cleaned up," she said. "With jewelry and nice clothes."

"You look very pretty."

"Thank you."

He liked Mrs. Frieslander very much. She has class, he thought. He held the bottle between his knees and pulled out the cork.

"Bottom shelf, next to the sink." He found wine glasses, got out two and closed the cabinet. As a diabetic, Mrs. Frieslander had long ago stopped drinking. He never drank himself, but this was different.

"I want to ask you something," she said. "You told me I'm not the first."

"No."

"How many others?"

He hesitated before pouring. Kleinman would tell you not to say anything, he thought. He'd warn you about surprises, curve balls. There would be none with Hilda Frieslander. She had no family other than a stepdaughter who never visited. But he wasn't sure how to answer. If you included just those who asked for help, that was one thing. But there were others for whom decisions had been made.

"Four," he said.

"Women?"

"Three were men."

"I don't want details, I was just curious."

He poured into the glasses and brought one to her. He got his own. "To the second woman," she said raising her glass. "The *other* woman. I have to confess, I'd rather be the first." They clinked, and drank.

"Would you like me to read something?" he asked.

"Oh, I had a laundry list," Mrs. Frieslander said. "Passages from *Lear* and *Hamlet*, poems by Auden. Larkin. 'When with a bare bodkin he might his quietus make' and so forth. I realized what I was doing. I was assembling a bibliography to keep me up past my bedtime." She sipped. "A bibliography—"

"A list of books on a specific subject."

She smiled, raised her glass to him and drank. He did the same, toasting her and wishing he had known her much longer.

THE VOICE CALLING ME

MICHELLE ODA

In the darkness of my own heart
Someone whispers my name.
Calling to me, but we're far apart.
Who is it that sees my shame,
Yet calls me as if there's no blame?

Hiding the desire of wanting to be known,
I draw back into the shadows
Thinking I would be left alone.
But somehow the voice still knows
Exactly what my heart bestows.

The sound of his voice comforts me
Even in the midst of what I became,
And fills my heart with serenity.
Who is it that calls my name,
And draws me out of fear and pain?

Slowly I walk towards the voice
Out of the darkness and into the light.
He draws me to him, but it's my choice
Even though he is out of sight,
Cuz something tells me...I'll be alright.



ANGEL TRUMPET
KIMBERLY PARIMUCHA
Pencil on Paper

A GREEN COMPARISON

KRISTINA BLAZEWSKI

soda bottle vases

because she can't afford modern ceramics

but the bottles are perfect for lining up along a window sill

A half dozen of the half-empty flasks are arranged in single file.

staring out the window becomes an observation,

focusing on change, results, understanding-

a new theory for existence

admiring growing chrysanthemums

each one assigned to its own vial for her controlled experiment,

testing their life extracted from the outdoors

Each stem was cut once with shears, then stuck into fresh tap water.

Each stem was cut again, with illusion along the surface of the water.

like straws in a glass full of soda,

she couldn't

understand refraction

stems grow straight to the sun,

photosynthesis doesn't include bending

it is a smooth conversion of light into life

It's in her notes day after day,

she's been recording their growth tamed by a wasteful apparatus.

she'll have sixty cents when this test is complete

but she admires the shift from air to water

jealous of the false contortion, she wants a new medium to live

to disappear from the sparse motivation that misguides her

and simultaneously reappear in a dense inspiration

soaking in a life that couldn't be more green.

She wants to refract.

the soda bottle test examines herself

health,

family,

friends,

education,

work

cannot be nourished by a photosynthesized happiness

So she waits for an instant solution that can't be explained.

the flowers are growing and growing old

piles of petals are gathering, and the experiment doesn't end

Day after day, she writes notes on her observations.

counting 6 bottles, 6 flowers, and 12 stems

there is nothing else to measure

It is a phenomenon that reflects a question she asks herself.

The answer is only natural.



ICE
CHUCK MORGAN
Digital Rendering

KNIVES AND TRIANGLES

CAMERON MCLEAN

i.

Emily had no idea how long she'd run. it seemed like an hour, and her lungs were afire for oxygen, her hands throbbed and stung. the wind caressed her face and cooled her, and rippled her shirt around her body. ahead she could just make out The Bridge, a subtle glow beyond the dark gravel of the road. she had no rational means of justifying her actions. everything was instinct now, and instinct told her that *this* was the day. it was three days until the Full Moon.

her boots clomped on the planks as she ran to the middle of The Bridge. the water, low for the season, trickled with a soothing chaos below.

her legs were oakstrong and heavy from exertion, but her knees wobbled. she locked them back and stood straight, looking behind her down the curving road. nothing.

good.

...then the other way—

there—

a single light...

...yes...

gasping, lightheadedly euphoric, she raised her arms high...

ii.

he had laboured on the mask for hours, smoothed the maché, mixed the paint, and hung it on the wall where nothing would disturb it. it had stared out for weeks from this position, with an odd half-smile and empty eyes, until this evening.

quietly, with measured breaths and a clenched jaw, Lucas pulled his bedroom door closed on these scattered shards of his pride, his footprint on half of them. there was no time to gather them all up before she arrived. the drawing table chair lay overturned, old books flung against the wall, drawings and notes crumpled and torn upon the floor like trash.

the latch clicked loudly.

the clock on the wall read nine forty-two, which was wrong. it was a clock for left-handed people: the numbers read backward, the hands moved counterclockwise. he enjoyed this novelty, but now the clock no longer worked. he had struck it from across the room with a roll of masking tape.

tactically, he placed the chair in the corner, sat down at the hightop chess table, and waited.

Emily came straight from work, arrived late and sat where he told her. she smoothed her coffee-stained black pants in a gesture of unrest and disinterest. the conversation strayed little, and there were no pleasantries. Lucas' mind was fixated.

'I know what you've done...' he said at last, standing directly before her, and paused for effect. he stared at her intensely, towering before her. '...but I want to hear it from your own lips.'

Emily shook her head and looked at him tiredly, 'hear what?'

'I found something that was given to you...' another pause. '...what do you think I found?' the room seemed bright everywhere but here around her, in this corner. he was standing so close to her his frame blocked out most of the light. despite herself, she was just a little nervous at finding herself cornered.

she shook her head blankly. 'what the hell are you going on about? what do *you* think you found?'

almost involuntarily, his fists clenched. he stepped back. redirecting himself, he picked up The Photograph from the black hightop. the chess pieces on the onyx board had been rearranged around it, sitting carefully centred on incorrect squares. she looked at it without expression. 'is *this* why you wanted me to come over? *this* was the "matter of some importance" you called me at work about?'

'who gave this to you?' he demanded, presenting it like Exhibit A.

'i don't know. it was left under my door yesterday evening. i found it when i got home from work. the envelope had your name on it; i was going to give it to you.' she paused, staring at him, and levelled her tone. 'it was in my apartment...how did *you* get it?'

'it doesn't *matter* how I got it. I want to know when she was here. why were you talking to her?'

'when *who* was here?' something in her mind clicked. she thought he had been accusing her of an infidelity; but this was something else. '...who's "she"?'

his temper and voice reached a crescendo. '*don't play games with me! do you have any idea what this means?—*'

squinting at him, confused, 'no...'

'—*how could you do this to me? I trusted you!*'

Emily stood up. 'okay...that's enough.' calmly, gracefully, she slid past him. 'i don't know what you're talking about. i didn't speak to anyone. i found that exactly how i said i did.'

'*bullshit!*'

'i'm going home. you need to cool off.' she stepped to the door.'

'*don't tell me what I need! get back here!*'

she was already five steps down the stairs when she heard the crack of the hightop against the wooden floor, and the stony rain of chess pieces.

hearing the shouting and subsequent thump of two sets of boots down the wooden steps, K peeked out of his second floor apartment off the small landing. a half-dozen candles lit bold Nigerian masks on the walls behind him. he reached out an arm and stopped Lucas. 'y'a'right, man?'

brusquely—'i'm fine. i'll tell you later. everything's fine.' he didn't look K in the eyes.

'y'sure? c'mon in, have some wine, loosen up a bit. —hey, i finished that painting. you should tell me what you think.'

'no. tomorrow. I have to go.'

K waved his hand down the stairs. 'don' worry 'bout it, man. she'll be back. i've had fights worse'n that. c'mon inside an' talk awhile.' he held his door open. the room smelled of fresh bread and flowers.

Lucas said nothing, shook his head and clomped down the steps to the door.

stepping into the night, he saw the thinning trail of dust that followed her motorcycle, and heard the straining engine far in the distance. he climbed into his car, turned the key sharply, revved the engine. *she always takes the same route. she always takes the same route...*

his jaw hurt from clenching it. he stepped on the accelerator. on the ground floor, Apartment 3 awakened with a start when the gravel rattled off her bedroom window. 'asshole...' she muttered, and rolled over.

he knew he would never catch her following the path through the woods; but he could get to the river before her, and block her path.

it was three days until the Full Moon; bright enough for her to be travelling as fast as she was without worrying about running into something. Emily checked her mirrors, but didn't see him. this should have eased her mind, but it didn't. *if he's not behind me, then...*

she decided not to go home.

in the moonlight, The Bridge glowed a subtle warm grey between stretches of cold grey road. when she first moved to the city she would come here and read. now she read on the patio.

the planks rattled beneath her wheels. there was a hollow, breathy sound to her engine as she passed over the river. she would go back to work. the café didn't close until two, and there were always people there. David was there. he could kick anybody's ass, and had been waiting for her to give him the Please Break Lucas In Half signal for months. ...but that wouldn't solve anything.

light in her eyes.

shit.

his car rolled to an abrupt stop and blocked the other side of The Bridge. she swerved too late, struck his bumper full on with her front wheel, and felt weightless. the bike tipped forward onto its crushed front wheel, swung its back wheel out over the water, and collided midsection with the old wooden guardpost in a burst of splinters. the handlebars were wrenched from her hands, and she was tossed off The Bridge like a cloth doll. with a groan, the bike flipped over the guardpost and followed her down into the blackness of the riverbed. there was a light in her eyes like an exploding star, and everything inside her rattled. the air coughed out of her lungs with a pounding *crack*, and a bladelike chill shot through every muscle. the chill melted into a thick, cloaking warmth...seeping comfortably into her pores...into her arms, into her legs...into her head...

as Lucas leapt from his car he heard the grind and screech of metal on stone, and knew the bike had fallen too far from the water.

'*obGodobGodobGodobGodobGodobGod...*' he clutched at his hair and rocked back and forth, standing cold and horrified at the broken guardpost. he stared, wildeyed and on

in art school she learned to etch intricate designs in glass. one day, on a bored whim and with an entire classroom watching her, she dropped a sheet of glass flat to the clean linoleum floor. it fell with a dull *smack* instead of a sharp *crash*, and split itself into an incredible landscape of pointed shapes, some resembling stocky butcher's knives or stiletto-like fillet knives. she pulled up a tall stool and stared at it for several minutes, sipped her coffee and studied it casually, as the other fourteen people wondered what the hell she was doing. *here's a good snapshot of life*, she decided. *but we're not the pieces, we're the paths, intersecting. we're the space between, bounded by the knives and triangles of a broken world. but it's this very destruction that joins us, defines us. none of us is truly isolated. we isolate ourselves, because we think of ourselves as the pieces, separate, alone. there's no wall between us...*

v.

Thieba walked quietly, ready to turn quickly to a random door and fumble with her keys if someone came into the corridor, and ready with a story if they recognised her. but no one would recognise her. her back hurt from the car seat. too long a drive. it was night now, with a lovely full moon. or, it had *been* full three days ago. she respected the full moon. and she enjoyed the peace of the night. she wished it could be night all the time. it was too bright here. and shabby. she hated shabby. it reminded her of the hall outside her old room. it stank of cleanliness. it was the only way she could describe it. few people understood her.

her mind snapped back to where she was, and she noticing idly that the correct door was approaching. she halted, holding her breath. no sound. no light under the door. she knelt and withdrew the envelope from her jacket, her heart oddly still as she read his name again. she made sure for the twentieth time that all the letters were written correctly, all angled properly, that the ink wasn't smudged or unevenly light. it pleased her, and smiling, she allowed it to slide slowly under the door.

vi.

...a black, cloaking warmth, seeping comfortably into her...Emily was furious, and tried to claw through it as if it were a hunter's net that had dropped over her. she felt pulled, and then pushed, and tore herself free. she climbed, but there was nothing to climb, and she passed through something icy, like a cold spot in a lake...or it passed through her, like a knife. she had never felt so cold in her life, and never so alone.

when this coldness passed, she found herself standing in what appeared to be her own living room; but she hadn't lived here since she was eight. most things were as she remembered: to her left the large black and white television, to her right two perpendicular grey sofas, a round walnut table at their vertex. opposite the larger one, behind her, was the window—the holly leaf window of her childhood—curtains drawn. she turned in a circle, taking everything in, almost reeling, feeling immaterial and placeless.

she had the impression that she was absolutely alone here, that this was a place to which no one ever went, or desired to go...or even knew about. in elementary school, on a dare, she had gone down into the unlocked maintenance tunnels beneath her school, and had been overcome with a feeling of isolation and abandonment before coming out

into joyful sunlight on the other side by the empty baseball field. but even the tunnels saw the occasional worker. this world was like a space between abandonment and joy, a shadow of something more real.

she touched the walls, and they felt odd. neither warm nor cold, neither rough nor smooth; they seemed to willingly defy perception. yet they were solid, as much as she was. their colour—all colour—was bland and flat, and texture was exclusively visual. she knelt down and touched the carpeting: like the walls, it was solid, but...odd.

a mild panic overtook her, as if she were back beneath her elementary school, a place where she was not allowed. this was not her house. it never had been. she became frightened, paranoid; she moved toward the front door, choosing her direction by her memory of this place that mimicked her old house, without truly looking. the front door stood open, awaiting her exit.

immediately outside was a world that had no place in her memory. she stood on a sidewalk, leading directly from the walkway of a neighbouring house, and faced a long street that curved around her in a tight circle. there were no driveways, no lawns, no trees, no gardens. in fact, there seemed to be no life here at all. there was no sound of bird or insect. no dogs, no squirrels, no people. the air was still, and sound fell to a dead timbre when she snapped her fingers.

the surrounding streets curved and intersected at odd angles in a dense and seemingly random network, so much so that any vehicle driving down them would, at any given moment, be blind around at least three corners. but there were no vehicles, moving or not.

erected along the streets were houses of all shapes and colours and styles, so close together that a person could reach out from the window of one and touch the side of another. they were all connected directly to one another by paths of varying sizes: streets and sidewalks and narrow alleys in between, and with so many paths, one would certainly expect at least a few people to be moving about. but there was no one, and as Emily walked out into the street—only ten or twenty feet from the house she had just left—she had the sense of being the last person on Earth after some bizarre B-movie cataclysm.

she remembered The Bridge, and headlights, and the feeling of being crushed beneath a great machine, and a fleeting thought told her that all this was a delirium, that she was a mental prisoner in a damaged body. she may even be in a hospital at this very moment. she thought of calling out to someone on the Outside, but somehow she knew this was pointless. there was no one here, and there was no one Outside to hear her.

her mind reeled, and for an instant, she saw through the houses, through the streets, past those contours of her own familiar geometry and into a vast, weblike pattern of twisted darkness, tightly interwoven lines and bands connecting shifting points of light. like a pile of black string, tossed and twisted and tangled until any hope of returning it to linear usefulness became a fool's task; or like some incomprehensible obsessive had taken a star chart and methodically connected all the billions of dots.

then, as quickly as this epiphany had opened to her, it snapped itself shut. it was as if she had run past a knothole in a fence, and for a split second was allowed a glimpse of the space beyond. but she was left with a subtle understanding. she knew where this

place was now, even if she could not place it in the maps of her mind. (...*the space between...*) her mind could just as well have interpreted this place as a series of door-filled corridors; it was all the same.

turning back around, she walked unafraid into the place that she saw as her house. she walked deeper into the house, the smells and colours becoming sharper and more real to her, until she felt a sense of unity, a blending of her perceptions and the very structure and purpose of the place. for a moment she felt as if she were walking backward, or falling, and the walls became dark. she heard a papery rustling sound, and felt cold. in her mind, she had fixed on a certain time, a certain place. she could see trees. she could feel gravel beneath her feet...the place and time she remembered was nearby. she ran...

vii.

Emily checked her mirrors, but didn't see him. the wind caressed the flesh of her face and relaxed her a little. ahead she could just make out The Bridge, a subtle glow against the dark gravel of the road, and approached it now as if she were in a race. the trees opened slightly around her as she approached, as if someone were opening a door for her into a safe home. —but...

she eased the throttle back, slowed her pace.

a figure stood on The Bridge, with arms raised high like a clock at ten past ten. Emily stopped, idled, stared. the figure saw her. it was a girl, grey in the moonlight but clearly visible. had there been an accident? in any other situation, she would have continued on to see if the girl needed help...but now Emily just sat and wondered. somehow it was clear: the girl wasn't waving for assistance, she was warning her away. on impulse, she switched off the engine and the headlamp, and sat quietly in cool darkness.

then the grey figure turned abruptly, looking away. there was a flash, and Emily's attention flew, but a few degrees left, to the car that skidded to a dusty halt on the other side of The Bridge. it was the old Chevy Nova, blue with one red door.

Lucas.

she rolled the bike backward off the road. sticks snapped and leaves crunched, but Lucas' engine drowned everything out. she sat there for several minutes, peering around a large trunk, waiting for him to conclude that he'd missed her, and go away. he had switched his lights off, and she could see his silhouette through the windscreen. he didn't leave for another twenty-five minutes, during which time her mind flitted from one injustice to the next, and she cursed him under her breath, and threw stored insults and personal observations at him, as if he stood before her to receive them with a martyred expression.

it wasn't until he did leave, rolling slowly away in confused defeat, that it suddenly occurred to her: she had no idea when or to where the girl on The Bridge had disappeared. but she had the unnerving sense that this

viii.

wasn't the end of it, and she

really hadn't accomplished as much as she wished she had. this was only a respite, and tomorrow, whenever that occurred, would bring a new and fresh problem. —if the

problem had been solved, should she no longer be here in this place? was that how things worked? she didn't know.

alright, then...she had another idea.

she found the house with little problem. it radiated something that gave Emily the same uneasiness she'd felt when she'd met its inhabitant once before, and she could sense this from some distance. in fact, all these houses radiated something, and she could sense them all distinctly.

this place was alternately bright and dim, and the pattern of its façade was chaotic and sad. it seemed unfinished, or partly demolished. no path led directly from it to her own house, but it held an indirect connexion through a place whose spirit both attracted and frightened Emily, a dark place of richness and brilliance and intricacy and hate and fear, of a chaos equally painful and reclusive to that which she now stood before. she could not bring herself to enter that other place, and wouldn't know what to do if she did.

she felt a heavy melancholy as her hand touched the doorhandle, but her will was directed toward absolute freedom, and it was anger and frustration that drove her toward it. this place would be the instrument of her escape.

she blended herself with this place as she moved through it, relaxed her defences and allowed the heaviness of the air and the sadness of the rooms to permeate her. the walls paled around her, the erratic and erotic paintings that hung upon them shifted their lines and colours into loosely mathematical studies of anatomy and alchemy, their frames were replaced by clear pushpins. (...*there's no wall between us...no wall...*) she pushed herself past it all, felt a ripple in her mind like déjà vu, like waking up with a start and knowing neither the time nor the day.

she had initiated a transition. the torn carpeting dissolved beneath her into a creaking wooden floor, the bland scent of perfumes and smoke into an acrid sting of clove cigarettes and paint. she had the distinct feeling that several weeks had passed, and that she had been here all along. her mind was filled with the thoughts and feelings and sensations that she had experienced, though she knew they were not her own. at the same time, Emily's own will infected this new mind, became the undertow that pulled them both down toward the same destination. her manipulation was subtle, only a nudge, no more than an occasional whisper over this compressed time, but it was enough. *after all*, she reasoned, *a thief needs little suggestion to steal, a wasp little reason to sting. ultimately, i'm changing nothing.*

she had reached the Heart of the house.

he stood before her then, contemptuous and vitriolic, and hurled insults at her that struck a cold chord in her memory. it took a moment for him to solidify, for his words to be audible. but even before that she knew the phrases he spoke, knew his patterns. it was nighttime now, real night in a real world, three days after the Full Moon: she could see its waning body out the window behind him, and below it the traffic lights and the city. she stood frigidly still, listening to

ix.

his martyred tirade as he recounted her thousand injuries and trespasses and betrayals against him. Thieba never moved. her

was as cold as his was hot, her hatred as calculated as his was chaotic. her hands never left her coat pockets, her weight never shifted. she breathed deeply and evenly, envisioning with great relish this thing that she had foreseen for months, planned and played and practised in her mind, recounting all his torments and lies and broken promises: the hypocrisy which was now flung in her face with the crumpled photographs and drawings she had sent him, crude reminders of his inexorable and blissfully painful future with her at his side. because, as she had patiently explained to him, with her letters and her photographs and her gifts and her {...*stay the hell away from me, you bipolar b-----!*...} drawings and her midnight phone calls and the dead raccoon in his mailbox: he was incomplete without her; he belonged with her, forever and ever and {...*swear to god I will kill you if you don't leave me alone...*...} ...but she would rather be dead than without him. {...*psychotic w-----!*...}—

≤—the final straw, her theatrical cue. she despised being called that, more than anything else. more than being arrested, more than living for weeks in a medicinal haze...she hated it...she *bated* it...

she drew her hand from her pocket, and hissed her love at him like a serpent. his words caught in his throat, and he stepped back, banging a hip against his drafting desk, jarring the lamp and sending an apoplectic brightness across the walls. the sound was tremendous and made her jump—she had never fired her father's gun before; but it gave her a strange courage. the bullet passed into his chest and out his back with a single, wet *THUD*, shattered the heat-brittle lampshade behind him, and smacked itself into the drywall with a puff of dust. she fired again. he grimaced and reeled backward as a small spatter of red fell across the window. a jagged hole opened in the glass to the night beyond, like a cluster of holly leaves, and the pane fell to the hardwood floor in a rain of sharp geometry. he slumped to his knees, fell back against the wall, and sat restfully dead upon the broken glass.

Thieba turned and walked silently down the steps, staring at nothing, feeling nothing. from the corner of her eye she saw a dark object rise past her, gracefully, noiselessly through the heavy air, and sensed that she no longer held the gun in her hand. her hand free, she raised it to her temple, and felt a wetness. blood ran thickly from her fingers down her cheek, and idly she wondered whose blood it was. she felt an immense weight against her. she had had dreams like this, leaning forward against some resistance unseen, as if the air itself had turned to water. indeed, her dress flowed around her now, pushed backward against her momentum as if swept by slow ocean currents, and she wondered if she was in that dream now. perhaps she had not done what she had just done. perhaps it was she herself who had been shot. for in doing murder do we not also die, if only a little?

her mind reeled. she descended the steps into darkness.

I am dead, Thieba thought. in slaying her trespasser she had slain herself. but this thought was not wholly hers, and as Emily reached the bottom step, she halted. turning, she saw Thieba's silhouette, standing still at the top of the stairs, the gun in her hand, stretched out as if frozen in her aim. she went cold, knowing that this was not how things were meant to play out. this was but one of countless trillions of forking paths

from a single point in time, and in activating it, she had thought to be activating something that was meant to be. she had beguiled herself with her desire for freedom. *freedom from what?*

disconnected now from these paths, she saw a sandstorm of successive events, some beautiful, some horrific, and wondered if there had ever been such things as good and evil, or if morality was merely a conceit of human piety. but she *was* human, and she *had* an opinion. should the universe fold and unfold at her will, reconfigure its destinies simply for sake of her own petty vengeance?

moral neutrality is a sickness of the soul. she could not innocently do this, and blame Fate. she was not this naïve. she felt the blood run down her temple as Thieba, far above her, suddenly aware of what she had done, collapsed to the floor in hysteria and tore at her hair, but hadn't breath enough to scream.

this was not meant to happen.

Emily ascended the steps.

x.

the concrete shifted behind her. in the house she had just left was a burned room. it had turned to ash as she entered, and now it healed itself, the charred ruins reforming into wall and chair and floor and table. her path was undone.

turning slowly in the middle of a street, she scanned the countless points that she could only see as houses, and found one that held her attention, and was somehow familiar. one of the paths toward it, a tiny brick walk, swept toward her and swung around one side of her own house. this new place had a warm, safe feeling to it, and as she walked up to it she noticed that certain paths behind her reconfigured themselves. apparently solid sections of concrete, brick and stone slid silently, gracefully along the ground, and the surface of the ground rippled before them. the paths came together, intersected, divided, formed new angles and new directions. with each step Emily took, the solid paths behind her shifted, broke apart and reformed kaleidoscopically. her mind only loosely grasped what this meant, but she no longer cared. she had resolved to leave her actions to instinct, and walked up the this new house and opened the front door as if it were her own, as if she were the one who lived here.

through a crowd of dull people she saw someone interesting, someone she'd like to meet, like a glowing houselight through a cold night forest. her hair was long and gorgeous and black like the New Moon, pulled up and wrapped around itself, fixed in place with lacquered chopsticks with little silver dragonflies painted on them. athletic and sexy, with a restless wit to her expression and a tomboyish intensity to her stride and posture. he regarded her openly, half hoping she would catch him looking at her. he was heartbreakingly shy around pretty girls, and it might make things easier if she saw him first. he would smile, and walk over to her. but he shouldn't wait, and go over to her quickly...before someone else did...

xi.

her eyes returned to the photograph, scanning every detail, reworking every conclusion. she had been staring at it for some time before she realised he'd spoken.

she turned, 'sorry...what?'

'so what do you think?' he repeated, shyly, smiling. he was dressed all in blue, good clothes but not formal for the occasion. he seemed out of place, but not because of his clothes.

'it's incredible...is it yours?'

'yes.' he seemed embarrassed, and added quickly: 'but it wasn't my idea—the subject, i mean. i was interested in freezing time; it was Karen,—he motioned to the photograph—'the model, who suggested this. honestly, i was a little wary of something...like that...'. he shrugged, 'but she was right, and i couldn't resist the way it translated. the benefits of working with an experienced model, i suppose.'

'it's disturbing, but fascinating. it draws you in, especially after reading the title.' she looked sidelong at him, almost mischievously, and said, 'you don't seem like someone who should be wary of anything.'

'well...'. he dropped his gaze and smiled, laughing a little. 'i'm Michael, by the way,' he said, hand out.

'Emily.' she took his hand, held it a second too long, and slid free. she looked back to the photograph. 'so what was your intention?...although i think i get it...'

he took a breath and squinted at his photograph, as if no one had ever asked him this before. when he spoke it was honest, unprepared. 'things can be...redefined...very easily, by examining them too closely. a sentence taken out of context, a glimpse without seeing the entire event. an action without knowing the person's perception and intention.' he looked back at her. 'it's a writer's trick, really. a lot of mystery writers do this, though it's most often used in advertising and politics.'

'are you a student?'

'not at the art school, no. but Karen's a good friend of Misty, the one who organised all this. she mentioned the stuff i've been doing, and Misty called me...'

'cool.'

silence for a moment. she bit her lip, looking at him, indirectly, without letting on that she was looking. he rubbed his thumb over the rim of his glass. behind him, a tall man with a ponytail caught Emily's eye, glanced at Michael, and looked away. she didn't know him.

Michael cleared his throat gently. 'um...listen...would you like to...'. he took a small breath, 'go somewhere, get some coffee?...get away from all this noise? i'd really love to talk with you...about...'. he gave a little shrug, '...anything.' it was said casually, and he blushed just a little as he smiled at her, hoping.

Emily felt weightless, and spoke like silk: 'i'd love to. in fact, i happen to know a really good place...'

all the tension in the world evaporated from him, and his smile glowed.

'...wonderful,' he said.



PROGRESSION
JOSHUA HOWELL
Photograph

GILGAMESH

ALEXIS A. BLACK

A semi-divine hero
scoffed at death and lived
only to do great deeds.
But, upon losing his boon friend,
he sought immortality.
In solitude he dwelt,
seeking a solution.
He consulted the Immortal One,
but failed the test.
He returned home,
not with immortality,
but with wisdom.
The greatest honor
is not to be a hero
valiant in battle.
He who serves the community
has the greatest glory.
The purpose of life
is not to become a legend.
It is a simple truth:
Be loved.



FOLDS OF LIGHT 3
JESSICA SLOMKA
Photograph

SHORT

LINDSAY ZAREMSKI

She set down the creamer. Picking up her spoon, she paused, looking inside the cup.

Hub. That looks like ... almost a fern. Wow. That's gorgeous, with the swirls of ivory and sepia forming images on their own. Amazing how sometimes you can see something profound and interesting in an ordinary situation, just in an unstirred cup of coffee...

She paused.

Jesus. Pretentious, much?

She stirred her coffee.

CONTRIBUTORS

Kimberly A. Bates: "I graduated from LTU in 2001 ready to make my way as an Architect. One year and two layoffs later, I packed up and moved to Chicago. Living far from my family is hard, but I'm having the time of my life! Now I'm an interior designer going to The American Academy of Art for my Masters in Fine Arts. I want to be an art professor, but who knows where life will take me?"

Warren K. Beard, a.k.a. "Ox," is a junior majoring in Computer Science. "I think artificial intelligence, the definition of consciousness, the proof of the existence of God, the unified field theorem, and number are all one and the same, and I try to capture this belief and the mechanics/dynamics of its existence in my poetry."

Alexis A. Black is a senior majoring in Chemistry. After graduation, she will be pursuing a doctorate in Chemistry at the University of Illinois at Urbana.

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Jennifer Dolenga is a senior, majoring in Architecture who plans to journey out west and learn to rock climb when she graduates.

Joshua Howell a third year Architecture student. "My favorite subjects for photographing are the parts of a city that are generally unseen, such as abandoned buildings or graffiti. Detroit is a city, which for years has ignored, abandoned, or destroyed much of its architectural history. "Progression" attempts to show the irony in the so-called development or progress of Detroit."

Hussam Jallad is a senior in Architectural Design. "Painting has been one of the main and early elements in my search for making a difference."

Jonathan Kade is a graduating senior in Electrical and Computer Engineering. He served as President of LTU's Student Government in the 2003-2004 academic year. He agrees with Nietzsche that life is wrong without music.

Rebecca Kerr is a lifetime student of Arts & Architecture. She lives in Lansing with her dog, the mystical fairy king; her husband, the wishful dictator of the world; and her haughty cat. Art, for her, is cathartic.

Barry Knister has served as a member of the LTU Humanities department since 1968. Currently, he also serves as the secretary of Detroit Working Writers, a local writers' organization. He has published one novel, along with humor and travel articles.

Hnedel Maximore, born and raised in Liberia, West Africa, is majoring in Architecture and Digital Imaging at LTU. "City Investigation is the result of an experimentation with multiple film exposures. The intention was to manifest a composition of textures through a semi-random process that was expressive of the urban fabric without losing its primary subject...Detroit."

cameron mclean: "i was born on a coffee plantation in Sumatra in 1876 and raised by wolves. after learning how to speak by playing Bob Dylan albums backwards, i went to France and made a living drinking cheap wine and writing poetry with dangerous women. in 1705 i conquered Sweden, and built the Great Pyramid of Giza from plans i found inside the Great Pyramid of Giza. in 1651 in Madrid, a man named Godot pretended to shoot me in the back, and i died of general confusion. during my death, i studied architecture."

Chuck Morgan is a senior in Architecture. His image "Ice" is created in 3D Studio Max and Photoshop.

Michelle Oda: "This is my senior year studying Computer Science at LTU. The poem 'The Voice Calling Me,' as with all other poems I write, is derived from personal experiences and written to allow others to relate from their own perspective."

Kimberly Parimucha is a senior Humanities student who wants to pursue publishing. She enjoys photographing shadows and views that tell a story. She finds inspiration from quiet moments, conversations with her quirky bird, and being a lucky aunt to three nieces and two nephews.

Scott Schneider is an Associate Professor of Physics since 1992. He re-started his interest in photography when a friend helped him take "star trail" pictures with an old 35 mm camera. That also reawakened his interest in Astronomy! When he can't get to the Adirondack Mountains of upstate New York, he takes pictures in the Woodland Hills nature area in Farmington Hills, and Kensington Metro Park (where this Prism image was taken). When he grows up, he wants to be a fireman.

James Shaib is a junior transfer student from Michigan State majoring in computer science. "I've always had an interest in the paranormal, the horror genre, and ancient writings. Unlike our concept of a torturous hell, many ancient civilizations believed perpetual frustration and failure was the ultimate agony. 'Hell' shows that the misuse of our immense technological power just makes us more frustrated with our human failings."

Emily Sinclair was born in Kemmerer, Wyoming in 1983. "One of my earliest memories is watching darkness taking the sky from the east at night. I haunted the library there, the history and science books can testify. My family followed the darkness east in '94, and I ended up here. I graduate next year."

Jessica Slomka is a senior majoring in Architecture who enjoys photography and painting. "I love the fact that one can never be prepared for the unexpected."


Erica Stephens is a senior majoring in Computer Science. She plays bass in the bands Sutter Kane and Ducksicle all over Metro Detroit. She enjoyed writing "Burgundy" to throw a red flag to all the "boulders" in the world.

Kris Warshefski is a junior in Humanities. "This year's story was inspired by a dream/theory I came up with in ninth grade."

Melinda Weinstein is an Assistant Professor of Humanities at LTU since 2000 and the faculty advisor of The Artists Guild. Her goal in poetry is to capture the ephemeral nature of voice in the concrete reality of text.

Casey Wise is an Associate Professor in the Illustration Department at the College for Creative Studies. In 1992, he began teaching drawing and rendering at LTU in the College of Architecture and Design as a visiting lecturer. His philosophy regarding the written and visual arts is to portray narratives: "I enjoy telling stories with my art whether it is subtle or obvious. I've never been interested in making political, social or religious commentaries. I prefer to make art that will hopefully conjure pleasant emotions from the recipient."

Lindsay Zaremski is a fourth year Computer Science/Humanities dual major. When she isn't busy trying to think of something witty to write in a bio, she enjoys writing microfiction and getting into friendly debates. She thinks that if people assume the title of her work is because of its length, they need to read it again.



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