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Prism
Lawrence Technological University

2003

Prism

A Publication of the LTU Artists' Guild

Spring 2003

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Prism founded by Prof. Paula Stofer in 1978

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Editors' Note

This year we have the glory of being two proud editors of Prism magazine. All of our submissions were amazing and continue to prove that we are not just a technical campus but an artistic one.

The content for this year's edition has a theme of intuition and nature, interwoven with technology and human interaction. Designing the layout was both touching and enlightening because of the way the images and text began to bond. Each piece has its own message, but part of putting a magazine such as this one together is to create a relationship between pieces that expresses a larger meaning.

We'd like to thank our wonderful editing staff: Alexis, Steve, Kristina, Jon, Matt, Nate, and Joe for your time and devotion, Dr. Weinstein for always having an infectious positive attitude towards life and a love of the arts, Karen Sanborn for your help with editing, the Arts and Science Department for your support, especially Gonzalo Munevar, and of course each and every person that makes Prism truly come alive with your art and literature.

We have worked hard to bring this all together and believe with this edition there is truly something very special to be aware of as you turn each page. Your relationship to the arts is personal and we hope that it will continue to grow with and through us.

Kimberly Parimucha
Lindsay Zaremski

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“In peace there comes the ending of all sorrows, for the soul of inspiration swiftly enfolds him whose heart is full of peace.”

Bhagavad Gita, Book 3



Stev

Cameron McLean

Photograph taken with a '64 Miranda F on Kodak T-Max 400 8"x10"

Useless Art

Alexis Black

Often have I read the words
 And pondered their emotion.
 Often have I thought how
 They are foolishly obvious.
 Although I knew the convention
 Never did I understand it.
 I thought that art was quite useless.

I sing the words as I always have,
 But now my songs are full of love.
 I write the words that I have known
 But now they reflect my feelings.
 I discard rhyme and meter
 For my faith in my subject matter.
 My art is quite useless.

That which I disdained is now
 That which I hold close to me.
 The feelings that I thought were shallow
 Are now mine to endure.
 I have grown to see the value
 In the expression of humanity.
 Life is art and is not useless.

Reality Through a Lens

Kimberly Parimucha

I see in black and white,
 but my camera sees in color
 I try to see, turn on the light
 But it only makes life duller

My camera captures things never seen before
 Not by me, not by them, not by you
 Unimagined existence we adore
 creating miracles, yet seen by so few

I see in black and white
 Yet I know color exists
 I will continue to turn to the light
 Knowing reward comes to one who persists

Through my camera I aim to see every color existing in white
 To avoid the absence of all colors devoured by black's delight.

The Medusa Poems

Rhoda Stamezell

I

Medusa is eavesdropping
Leaning from a window
Hiding in a doorway
Or flat against the wall.
She wears a discreet kerchief
And the snakes cooperate.
They know the score:
What's good for her is
Good for them.

She listens for directions:
'Meet me at eight.
I have to see you.'
'Come to my apartment.
I live three blocks from here.'
'I'll be in the park.
I'll wait an hour.'

Desire is a prayer,
She thinks, and the snakes hiss
In agreement. Yessss.
Desire is a prayer,
And I will answer it.
An answer is proof enough
Of good intentions.

Medusa wears her best dress
For the eight o'clock meeting
And sunglasses even though
It is dark in the city.

Medusa wears running shoes
And a messenger's cap.
She is answering a prayer.
She skims the three blocks in no time
And skips up the stairs.

She goes early to the park,
Lets the snakes uncoil and
Dart their pink tongues
On her neck and arms.

She will raise her eyes
Without embarrassment
And with frank yearning.
The result is always the same.

II

The stone days pall on Medusa.
Boulders, pebbles, rocks:
That's all she has to show
For a long life.
She should construct a wall
Or a temple to honor herself
For her gift of paralysis.

She's tried everything:
Sunglasses, veils, hats
With brims that cover her eyes,
The tell-tale curls of garden snake
And water snake and worse,
Tucked up, out of sight.

She's consulted oracles
And soothsayers and even
The irritable Tiresias, who tells her
Not to tamper with the will of the Gods.
She's a stonemaker, he tells her.
Get used to the idea.

She gets the idea from Eros,
Who lures Psyche into his bed
By pretending he is a monster.
Psyche can't get enough of him
When she thinks of him that way.
And Eros, calling himself Cupid
At this juncture in his exploits
Finds the entire concept, well,
Erotic.
Medusa's going public.
She is capitalizing on being,
Shall we say it, ugly enough

To freeze you in your tracks.
 She's up for grabs
 If you have the balls for it,
 And the sense not to look her
 In the face.

III

Everywhere there are rocks
 Even though Medusa keeps her eyes
 Lowered more these days.
 "After all, I am older now.
 These piercing looks don't have their same effect."
 Still she knows her handiwork,
 The soft limestone crumbling into sand.
 All this, she thinks, but nothing.
 Just the power to do it.
 People who know her,
 The ones who have looked away
 'in the nick of time,' say that
 Medusa has lost her touch.
 They speak of a certain softness of the eyes,
 'a dullness if you know what I mean.'
 No, she isn't the same,
 But the damages remain,
 Tumbling with a slight groan
 Down an incline, drifting,
 Drifting into sand.
 Later she can sift through it
 With her fingers:
 This is my handiwork.
 At least it is something.

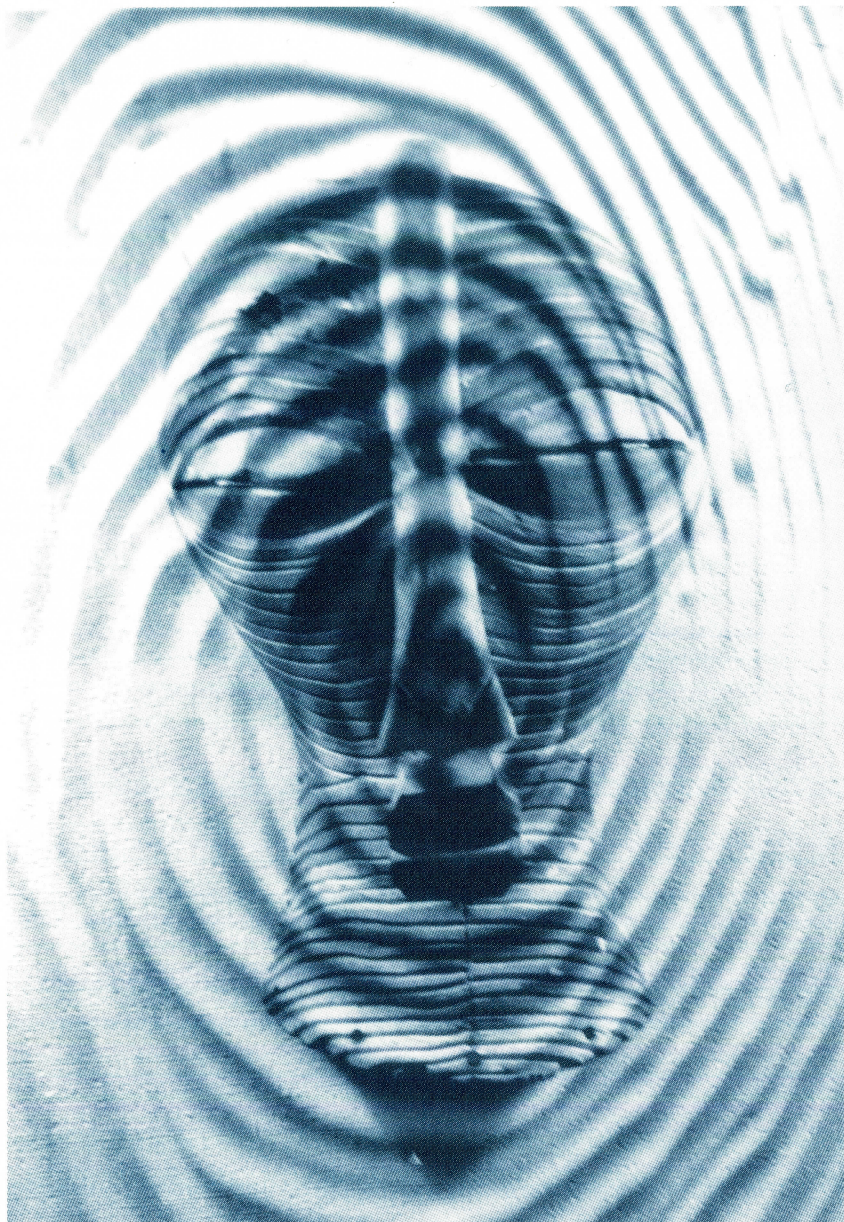
The Ambassadors

Melinda Weinstein

Costly worldly experience:
 lute, globe, compass.
 Beard and fur, the snowy
 ermine of the jacket
 and the locket down his chest.

A book of open verse, implements
 of measure: garnered, bartered,
 ventured, won. Velvet tapestry
 And shelves of treasure,
 he and his friend lean upon.

Their lidded, hooded eyes:
 pleasure in merchandise.
 In his hand he holds the charter;
 his friend, the keys, but a naked
 skull reversed distends
 and settles at their feet.



Untitled

Hussam Jallad
 Photograph 5"x7"

Memory

Alexis Black

A good memory is often desired
 And considered to be a sign of intellect.
 Yet only those who don't have it
 Say such words of wanting.

Those who have the memory
 Know how sad it can be
 Remembering that which all else forgets;
 They find it to be a curse.

Useful, yes, a memory is
 For working or going through school,
 But it only brings sadness when dealing with people
 Who lack such a sought-after device.

Integrity is the first of the qualities
 Which the memory detects as false.
 Broken promises made are easily forgiven
 But not by one who remembers them.

One who gives his word of honor
 And forgets the promise he made
 Is seen as faithless by the one
 Who remembers and must stay silent.

For honor is such a flexible thing
 When it comes to the remembered
 And the faithless pitting words against each other,
 Questioning the veracity of the memory

Which only one has and doubts not.
 Memory is deemed unreliable
 And so the faithless wins.
 The curse remains.

I Need to Call a Plumber

Kristina Blazeovski

The toothbrush and toothpaste sit on the windowsill
 In front of the kitchen sink now.
 Don't use the bathroom sink,
 It's how I tell time.
 The leaky bathroom faucet keeps me from rinsing away
 The residue of bad dreams in the corners of my eyes.
 The leaky bathroom faucet doesn't welcome silence in the night.
 The enameled cup with a chip on the bottom
 Sits inside the sink now, collecting the persistent drops.
 This is how I know what time it is.
 Time has dimensions, three of them.
 It is a volume, clear liquid that will take shape of whatever it drops into.
 Drop after drop the cup is an increment of time.
 One cup.
 I slept for almost a cup.
 The cup was a little more than half full when I started to write this,
 It's still not full yet.
 The cup remains in the sink, another cup the same without a chip,
 Waits for one cup of time to go by.
 It takes six drops for me to transfer the collected water
 Into a vase that holds two cups.
 The extra cup relieves the chipped one
 While I pour one cup of time into a vase.
 Four vases ago, I had my first day of class.
 A vase, that used to have a flower in it,
 But this flower stole time.
 Time actually could keep a flower alive.
 A cup of coffee could be made with time
 But then I would be stealing.
 The full vase of time is poured into a garbage basket.
 Nine vases fill up the plastic container that caught the used razors
 I used to shave my legs with after taking a bath
 In the bathtub I don't use anymore
 Because there are thirty-eight garbage baskets of time in a bathtub.
 I took a bath one bathtub ago.
 I can use the time in the bathtub because
 I take out one drop of water and put it into another cup.
 One drop in the cup is a full tub of time.

But by the time the tub is full again, time to add another single drop in the cup,

 The cup is empty.

It takes two cups, nine vases, thirty-eight garbage baskets and one bathtub of water
 To realize that one drop of time has evaporated.

And I don't know how many drops ago I began keeping time.

And I don't know how many drops I took off my watch.

I'm going to take it off the windowsill and put it on my wrist,

And take the toothbrush and toothpaste off the sill and

Put them back next to the leaky faucet.

Member Functions of Class Nerd

Alexis Black

“Hey, jerkface!”

The words echoed through the cafeteria. The speaker was pushing his way past several occupied chairs, eliciting mild obscenities as various people grabbed their shaking drinks and loose pencils. He took no notice of the mumbled insults as he steered obliquely for a table piled with backpacks and laptop bags. The two people seated at the table took no notice of his approach.

“So you see,” said the guy to the girl next to him, “you just set up the equation so that all the terms cancel and leave you with...”

“Hey,” said the newcomer, “Jason, I’m talkin’ to you!”

Jason looked up, rather annoyed. “Yes, Mike, the entire cafeteria knows that you’re talking to me. The whole campus knows. Hell, the whole county probably heard you.”

Mike grinned as he dragged a chair from a nearby table and plopped down. He began to unwrap his tuna pita.

“So,” said Mike, “what’s up with you, ya nerd.”

“Nothing that a geek like you would understand,” replied Jason.

“Hey, man, don’t call me a geek! If anything, I’m a dork, but definitely not a geek.”

“Mike, you spend your time either programming silly applications or bugging me. I’m not sure which you enjoy more, but since being annoying is not criteria for anything except getting your laptop drop-kicked across the parking lot, it must be the programming that makes you a geek. I mean, let’s face it, anyone who can spend that much time in front of the crummy school laptop must be a geek!”

“Oh, is that right? And what do I find you spending your lunch doing? Tutoring chemistry? You might have just moved yourself down to dweeb.”

Jason scrunched his mouth in exasperation. He turned to the girl next to him. “This is Mike, the biggest geek in the computer science department. It’s best to avoid him at all costs.”

The girl looked at Jason and then at Mike with a puzzled expression.

Mike burst out laughing. “Hey, Jason, stop ruining my chances with the ladies. Some of us can actually be charming without having to use lame excuses like tutoring to get a lunch date. Nerds like you wouldn’t understand.”

“Nikki, pay no attention to this geek. He likes to take advantage of freshmen girls. Don’t trust him for a minute.”

Nikki looked at him. “What’s the difference between a geek and a nerd? I thought they were about the same.”

“There’s actually a hierarchy here that defines levels of social ineptitude. It starts with normal, of course. You can only go down from there. Then it goes to nerd, the level inhabited by people who are just a little overly enthusiastic about something. They know that they are just a little too interested though. They also have the ability to interact with the rest of society without being total outcasts. Then it descends to dork. Dorks are people who were nerds, but came to enjoy it so much that they want to become geeks. Dweebs are people who were just nerds, but they do something so geeky that they take a nose dive down the levels. If a dweeb can redeem himself by acting normal, he can revert to his previous nerd rank. If not, he becomes a geek. Those are the people who wander around campus deep in thought about some concept from class two weeks ago that they have the homework finished for three weeks early. They are the over-achievers who just can’t conceive of going out to have fun on a Saturday night. Okay, they think that they are having fun as they read through their textbooks or work on their senior projects several semesters before they even take the projects class. But they have no true ability to coexist with society. Worse, they don’t even know it. They think they are normal!”

“Hey, NERD, you forgot a few levels.”

Jason sighed. “Mike, sometimes I think you belong on a level all your own. Okay there’s one more category, the weirdoes. The weirdo title is not in the regular tier because the people who have it are out in left field somewhere.”

“You’re slipping, Jay, ‘cause you forgot about the level below geek. We haven’t yet found anyone who fits in it, but there is one more title. ‘God of geeks’ we decided to call it. And Jay, if I catch you tutoring freshies again, you’ll be knocked down to dweeb. That might trigger an even greater descent. You could be the first one to receive that new title.”

“Hey,” said Jason, “Nikki is not a freshie! She’s actually bothering to come for help before the first exam. If she was just letting herself get more lost and failing every quiz, then she would be a freshie. But she isn’t, so shut up.”

“Hey, jerkface, just because I beat you on the last test in calc doesn’t mean you have to

get so personal.”

“Yeah, well if I had a fancy calculator that could do fifth order differential equations, then I could cheat on the test too. But I do my own work with the new tech, paper and pencil.”

“Aw, you know that you could download some programs to take care of your antiquated calculator. I’ve written a few progs like that myself.”

“Oh, is that what you were doing while the rest of us were sitting through the last class in philosophy?”

“Yeah, I don’t need to waste my time on that humanities junk. Nothing’s supposed to happen in that class until the final. I can skip all I want and it won’t hurt my grade.”

“Oh, of course. And that pop quiz the prof gave last week when you missed class, that’s just worth another ten percent of the grade. Nothing for you to worry about.”

Mike’s face quickly reddened. “Why, that friggin’...oh never mind.”

“And I hate to tell you but the homework assignment in computer architecture was collected yesterday. There’s a deduction for tardiness.”

“Yeah, yeah,” said Mike as he stood up. “I’ll still do better than you in that class. You know that I’m better than you.”

Mike checked his watch. He gathered up the remains of his lunch and started to walk away from the table. “Hey, Jason,” he said.

Jason looked up.

“Same time tomorrow?”

Jason nodded. “I’ll be here.”

Mike quickly exited the cafeteria.

Jason turned to Nikki. “Ready to tackle that last stoichiometry problem?”

Nikki looked at him. “What did I just witness? Is he a friend or an enemy?”

Jason smiled and shook his head. “You’re not from a big city, are you?”

Nikki shook her head. “I grew up in farm country. Why?”

“What you just witnessed was the result of urban culture, techie community, and stress. I’ve been around and seen that nowhere is playful sarcasm and combative speech as prevalent as it is in the city. We insult our friends and then they curse us back. Oddly enough, it works quite well. As for the rest, welcome to the land of the geeks and home of the nerds. Around here, being a nerd or worse is practically an honor. It’s also considered normal. That’s why tech universities are necessary. If nothing else, they let us nerds build our own community where we can be normal and do things that people need to do, but we can do them in a nerdy way. Mike and I have been meeting for lunch for two years now and I consider him to be one of my best friends.”

Green Flowers

Kristina Blazevski

Green grass.

Green flowers.

Green Flowers.

Green flowers could never be perceived as jewels of beauty,

They are always hiding and dodging the

Green grass and green leaves when the wind blows.

Red poppies twinkle in such a field

Like white stars in a black night.

Green flowers are nothing more than gray clouds on gray foggy days.

A green flower has no scent.

Never touched, never held, a green flower is never found.

What if our lawns were entirely made of red poppies,

Would you ever hear a lawn-mower?

Of course. The red mulch would be thrown onto gardens to nurture the green flowers

That would be cut and arranged into monochromatic bouquets.

It would be beautiful until the leaves turn red, yellow and orange,

And the red leaves would never be noticed on the red lawns.

So we can't have yellow and orange fields either.

I was in a blue field, where if there was a green flower,

It could be seen.

I was standing in a field of water, the wind made these ripples in the grass,

But I remain totally dry.

I looked out straight in front of me to see where the edge of the blue field

Met the edge of the blue sky somewhere in forever to make a horizon.

I couldn't separate the field and sky, it looked like a wall.

A blue wall.

And I looked over my right shoulder and looked over my left

And it was all blue.

I looked above me and behind me

And it was all blue.

There was no wall, I was in this blue bubble.

Those ripples in the field were like those swirls

That make bubbles so magical when they float into the sun.

But I had to get out.

I went into a field of white grass.

White, being made of no color any color could be seen upon it.

Green flowers, red poppies, red, yellow and orange leaves and blue skies

Could all be seen.

The best part about snow is when it first falls and dusts the green blades of grass

And sticks to them until so much snow falls

That it has to form a smooth layer on the texture of the grass that tickles our bare feet.

The snow wouldn't be noticed on a white field until it completed this layer.

By then, the excitement of the fresh snow is over

And it's already melting.

I'll go to the opposite where it's made of all colors.

Black, any color could be seen upon it.

Green flowers, red poppies, red, yellow and orange leaves, blue skies

And especially the white snow.

If these things were there, I could see them all.

But I turned all around and saw nothing.

I looked down and didn't see my own shadow on the black grass.

I didn't know where I was or if I was anywhere.

Even a green flower has a shadow in a green field.

So I'm back in the green field

To find myself and to find a green flower.

When I return,

I will tell you what a green flower smells like.

Winter Scenes

Betty Stover

1.
Stream of consciousness...

The creek flows into infinity,
Or so it seems,
And the canopy of bare branches
Offers covering toward that same vanishing point-
Beyond my ability to see

The contrast is black and white.
Snow clings to the dark branch tops,
The trunks look like soldiers lined up in awkward rows
Against the white slope.
The water curves away and snow designs it-
Shapes it into a meandering flow of stillness

Quiet...snow-quiet
And I stand above looking out
Beyond my ability to see

2.
The fence is aslant and partly open-
Creaking wet wood made darker against the white.
Does it welcome me or close me off?
No matter. It's old and beautiful
Leaning like a tired sentry.
It has done its job for decades
And need impress no one.
The winter weeds-full, wild and green in summer-
Share its quit guard.
The bare bracken is a maze of twigs
And the trees stand upright-bold even though leafless:
Dormant yet powerful
A scene of winter wood
At rest in snow.

3.
The winter sculptor-
Snow-
Carves patterns in the creek bed.
Branches bow under its weight
As the crisp white water
Lies pristine, unmoved-
Frozen motion...
The mysterious winter power
Leaves its transient, still sculpture
Astonishing our eyes.

Untitled

Marilyn Hoteling

I would be buried by the sea

to lie again

within the cradle of lull and murmur

to hold in memory the days of broken beauty

to feel

in transparent holiness

the wind and cry of life's longing

to feel my soul

look back with long regret

on the source of my greatest joy

The place that healed the hated suffering

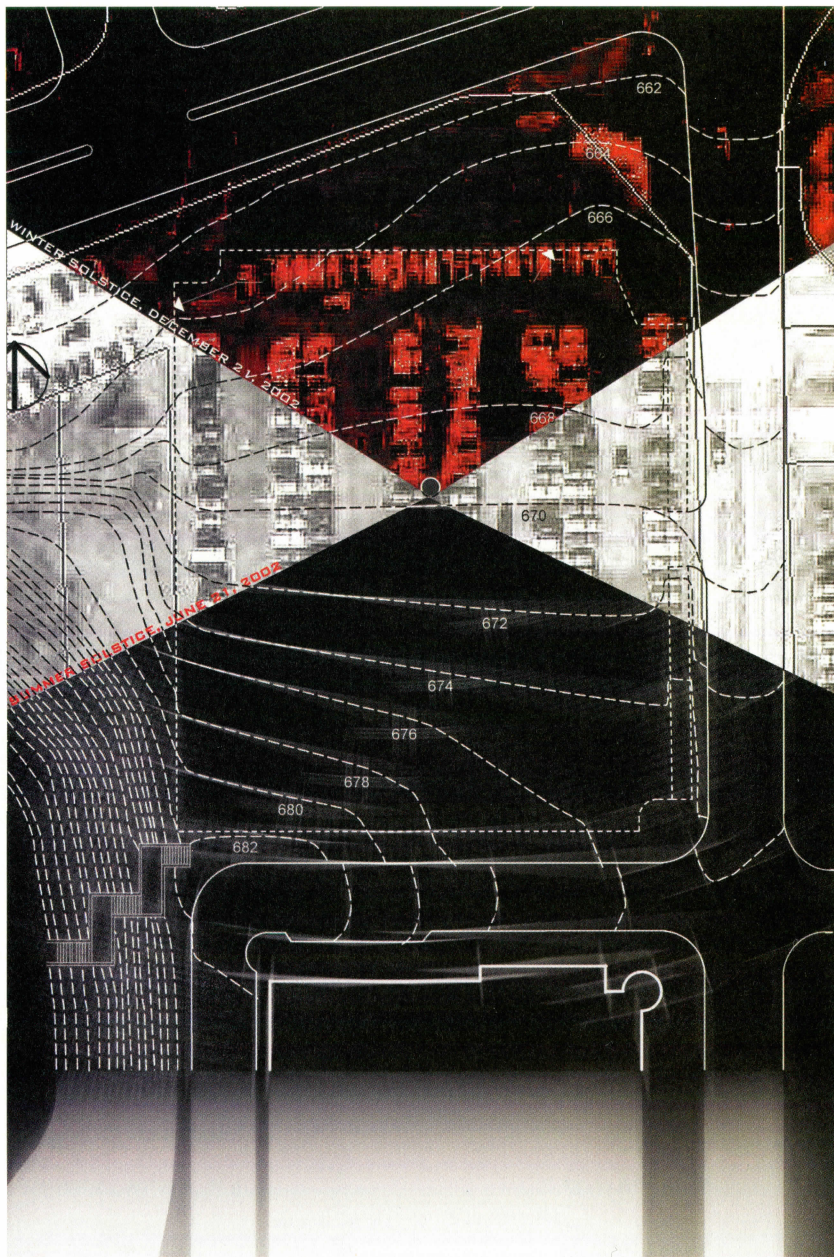
and bound those deep and weary wounds

with timeless grace

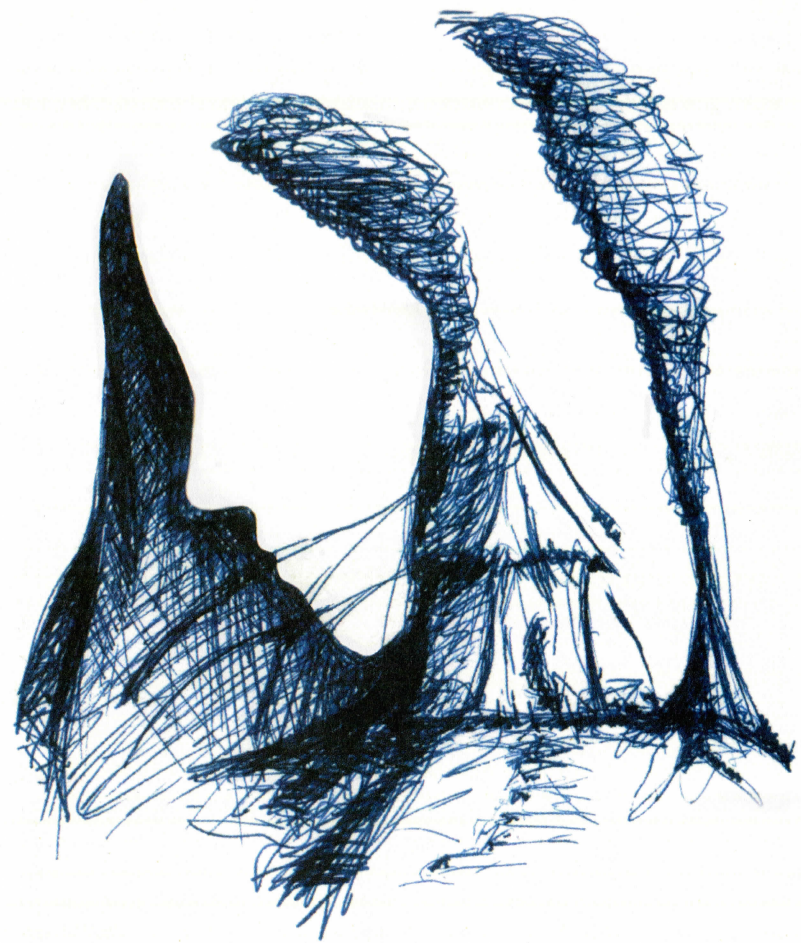


Edge of the Forest

Craig Swintzek



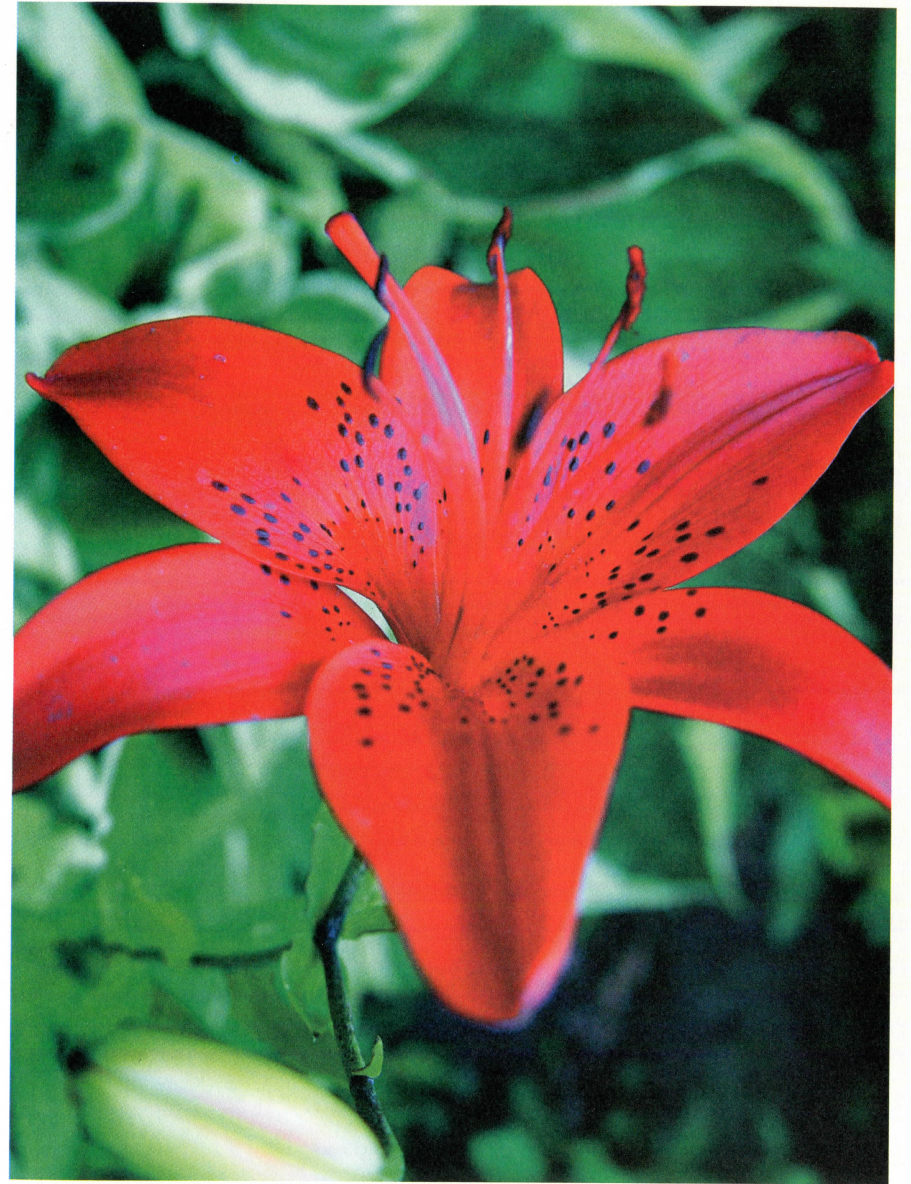
Solstices and Surfaces
Jason Child



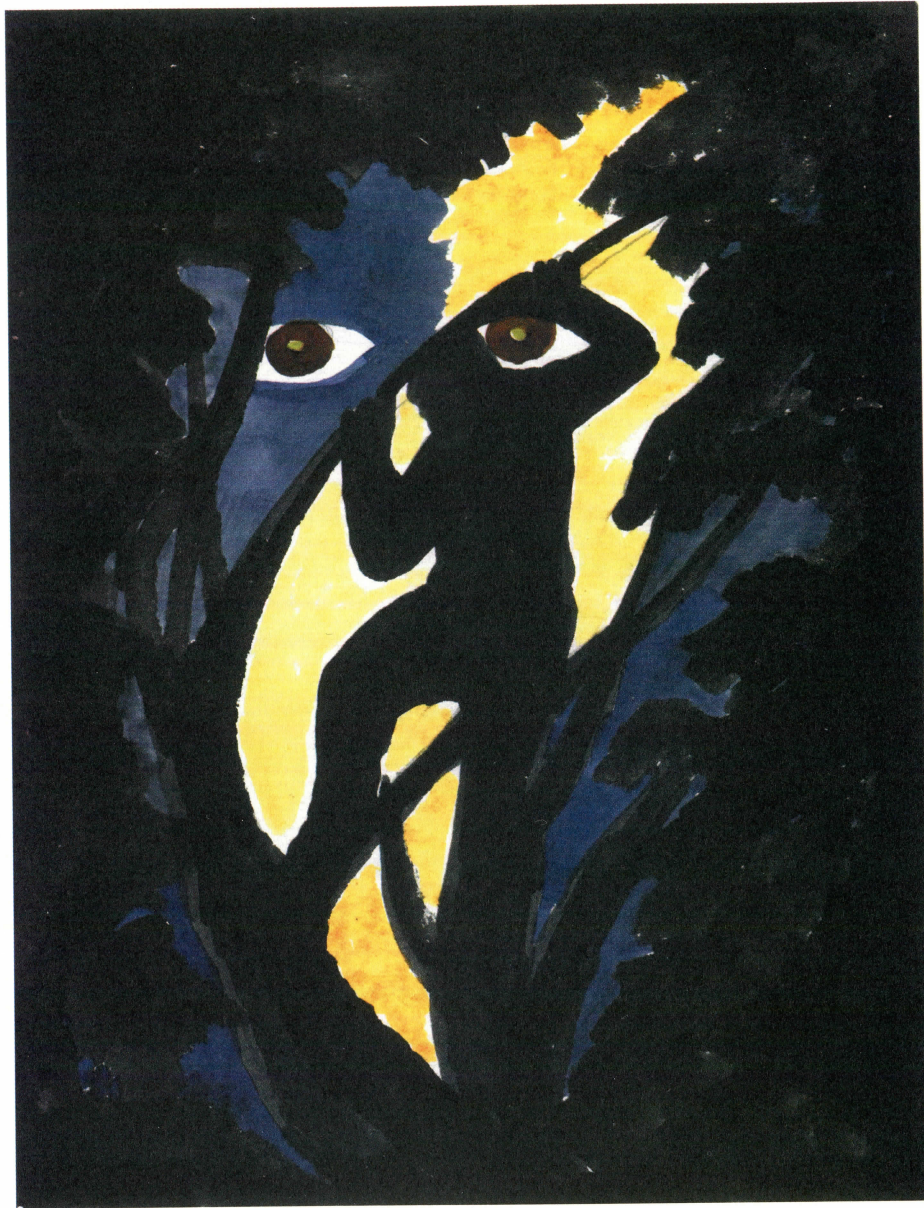
Country Girl
Micah Santos
Sketch in blue ink 3-1/4" x 4-1/2"



Dragonfly
Michelle Lehto Way
 Photograph 5"x7-1/2"



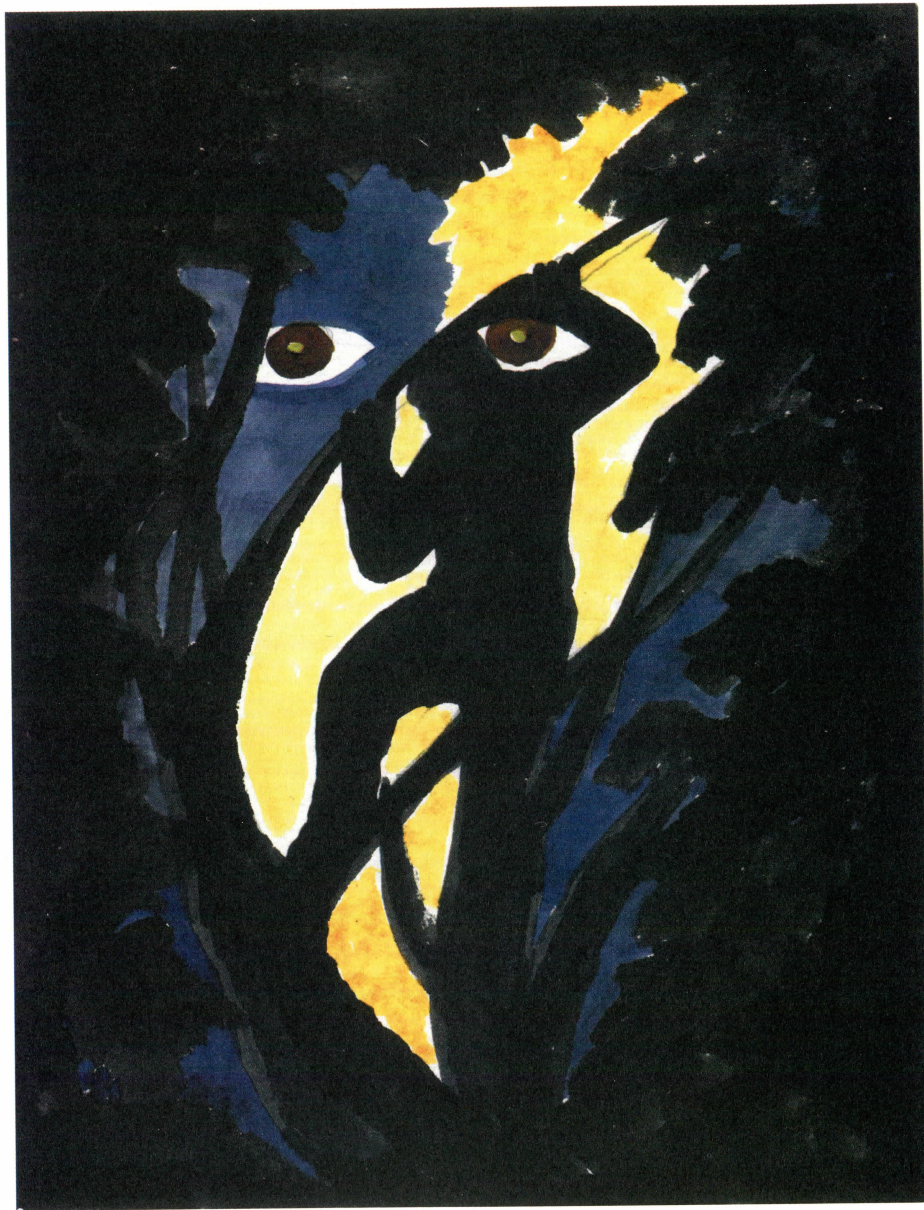
Backyard Lily
Matthew Piccinato
 Photograph 8"x10"



Untitled
Tom Regenbogen
 Brush and ink 8-1/2" x 11"



Tower of Light
Micah Santos
 Photograph 2-3/4" x 4-1/2"



Untitled
Tom Regenbogen
 Brush and ink 8-1/2" x 11"



Tower of Light
Micah Santos
 Photograph 2-3/4" x 4-1/2"



Untitled

Matthew Piccinato

Photograph 8"x10"

The Eulogy of Everyman

William K. Kolasa

He destroyed. And he created.
 He hated. And he loved.
 He stole. And he gave.
 He lied. And he truthed.
 He abandoned. And he remained.
 He was a coward. And he was brave.
 He was a tyrant. And he was just.
 He was evil. And he was good.

He lived. And he died.

How much of each did he do with his life?

And now, does he feel happy with what he chose to do?

Can he meet God and feel confident in his human mind that he deserves no punishment?

Can he meet God and feel confident in his human mind that he deserves no reward?

The Naming of Things

Kris Warsheski

He was the first of his kind. Before time itself, he was here. He didn't have any need for a name. There was no one else. He was a creature that preceded all others and whose spirit lived on within all his kin. He just happens to be the spirit that exists in me.

He was the first of our kind. At first he was not like us; he had longer arms, hair all over his body, and a heart full of compassion. He would never kill another creature; he understood that the will of his creator compelled him otherwise. His days were spent in the trees, finding food and sleeping. He did not think of anything other than those.

Eventually, there was another one. A female this one was. They spoke. They separated one object from another. They were compelled to name things, but only the physical objects could be named. Anything could be pointed at and given a name, but they could not give names to what they could not touch.

It was an ordinary day; spent searching for food. He came across an animal unfamiliar to him. It walked on all four legs, had a large body, and carried another creature in its mouth. The creature in its mouth was not moving.

He felt something new. It was sadness. He had no way to express this feeling and became frightened by what he felt. This was the first time he thought about anything other than his daily activities. He had witnessed death.

With children, came the need for names of individual creatures. They arrived as the trees, leaves, and berries had before them.

The first child was a female and was called Mina. Although the parents had no idea what the name meant it felt right to name her such. More children followed; there were more names to go with them. Eventually Mina had a child named Ribe. The forest was filled with children and grandchildren.

The original two, who had no names, grew old. The first to die was the female. She did not wake up one day when the rest did. There was no way for him to tell others of the immense sorrow that filled him. The male found it difficult to continue living the way he always had. He, the first of our kind, died shortly after.

Ribe was nearing maturity when the deaths occurred. He went to Mina one day and asked her what happened to the male and female. Mina didn't know what to tell him, she had no way of explaining it.

"They went away." She told Ribe, for that was all she knew.

"But where did they go?" Ribe was full of questions, just like the first male had been.

"I don't know Ribe, I just don't know." At that she returned to her work and sent him away. Mina was busy gathering food and didn't need to be bothered with Ribe's questions.

Ribe's question was never answered, for one day while gathering food for

his family he was struck down by another creature of the forest. The fight was short, for Ribe had no concept of fighting or killing, and then it was over. Rok, one of the siblings of Mina, found his body. Not much remained of Ribe's body but Rok returned it to the living area. How could this have happened? The others had died after having spent a great deal of time in this place but Ribe was not even matured yet.

Greater care was taken while finding food. Some were lost, but they found ways to avoid death. The trees were a simple way of escape and certain places were known as safe while others were not. Life went on. More of them died but many more were born. Generation after generation was born; older generations died. But they did not forget Ribe.

The number of creatures grew, and space in the living area became less available. Some of them left to find room elsewhere and some of them stayed. This was known as the time of separation. Those that left split into many directions. Once they left, the ties to those that they left behind were all but severed. Sometimes a new member to a group would show up and tell them of another group's troubles and triumphs.

Long after the separation, a child was born to the group that came to live in the hills. They called him Ribe. This child grew larger than the others and seemed to have a more active mind than the other children. Much like the first male, he questioned everything. With his name, however, came his fate.

One day while searching for food he was attacked by another creature, just like his namesake had been. Ribe fought back without knowledge of what he was doing. Ribe grabbed a fallen branch and swung it at his attacker. He bludgeoned the creature, tearing at its flesh with the thorns. The attacker turned and fled. He felt something swell inside of him, something new. Only sorrow, sadness, and joy were known to this species; but now this anger emerged and with branch in hand Ribe chased after the creature that attacked him.

Ribe found the creature by following a trail of blood, spilled by the thorns. When he found the creature, it was sprawled out in a thicket of long grass. Without hesitation or contemplation, Ribe bashed the skull of the creature until the creature no longer moved. He felt satisfied. As he walked back to the living area he began to think. Was it right for him to kill that creature?

The others gathered around him when he got home and asked about the blood on his hair. He told them. They were shocked by what they heard. They felt overcome with joy, exclaiming that Ribe was a hero, for he had killed the creature that killed them. Ribe was unable to share in their joy.

The next day Jard, another of Ribe's generation, came to them saying that he had killed while in the fields. This time everyone wanted to see what he had killed, and Jard was more than happy to show them. When they reached the site of the killing, Ribe dropped to the ground. For they soon saw what Ribe saw. It was not just any creature that Jard had killed, but one of their own. The head was smashed with a rock and a branch had been run through the midsection. Grass was covered in blood throughout the area. Jard had killed Chrio, a member of the nearby living area.

That evening, Ribe approached Jard.

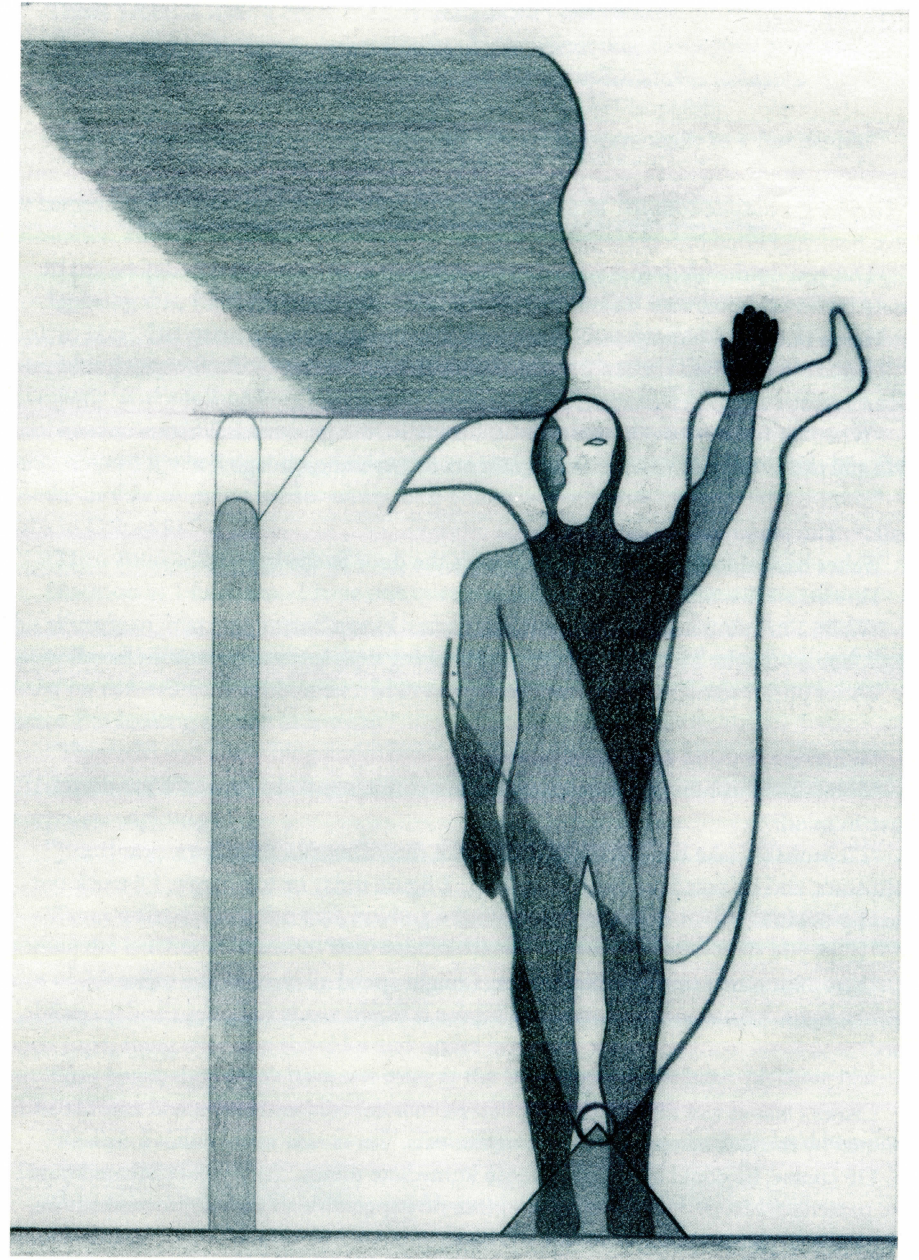
"Jard, why did you kill him?" Ribe asked.

"He was just there," Jard replied. "I heard you talking about how you killed yesterday and I wanted to know how it felt. I have you to thank for my kill today."

"But why?" Ribe questioned. "He was one just like us. Yesterday I killed because it tried to kill me, not just to kill it."

"He wasn't the same as us. He is from one of the other places. It angered me."

Ribe found the words for what he knew and what he felt. Once they were humane, and now they were human.



Capital View
Melissa Hanes

Safe House

Stephen Holcomb

"Can we go outside today?" Walter's voice bubbled with an enthusiasm that seemed to have been ingrained into his 9-year-old body.

"Did you do the work that you were supposed to do?" Tim crouched down so he could be on eye-level with Walter.

Walter nodded solemnly.

"I don't know. The kitchen floor looks a little dirty." Tim eyed a few patches of bread crumbs and other unwanted material that littered the kitchen floor.

"When he finishes sweeping the floor, I think he can go outside." Anna chimed in. "He still needs to read his school assignments this evening, though."

"Sounds like a plan. I don't have anything to do in my office today, so we can take a walk." Tim stood up.

Walter basked in joy as he walked towards the door to the hallway.

Tim cleared his throat. Walter paused.

"Wally, I'm going to be leaving in a half hour. If you don't come with me, you're stuck home. Maybe Mother will take you shopping with her and your Aunt Sara."

Walter's head turned, and he met Tim's gaze. Then he nodded.

"When are you and Sara planning to go?"

"Sometime this morning." Anna raised her coffee cup to her lips. "What do you have in mind?"

"I'll probably take the hatchet and saw with me. There's a tree down near the Johnson's, and he asked me help chop it up. I figure today or tomorrow, I'll truck our part up the hill."

"Have you checked your business email-account yet?"

"Yes. Not much stewing. Next week, I might spend all week in the office."

"All right." Anna straightened up. "I'll see if Nikki wants to spend the day outside, too."

Clarke's vision was filled with trees. Trees, hills covered with trees, and a dirt road defined by the lack of trees, and a set of tire-ruts.

Of course, he could also look at more immediate things. An open briefcase lay on the passenger seat of his Suburban. A piece of paper with an address, several names, and a phone number hung from his left hand.

The phone in Clarke's ear buzzed, then clicked as the other phone was picked up.

"You've reached the executive offices of MediClone, Incorporated. Good Morning."

The voice carried a good combination of sweetness, innocence, and business.

"This is Aaron Clarke calling. I'd like to speak to Mr. Arondson."

"Hold, please."

Thirty seconds later, a deep, friendly voice filled Clarke's ear.

"Good to hear from you, Agent Clarke. I was wondering about your progress."

"Situation normal. I've got good news and bad news."

"And the good news is...?" Arondson's voice trailed off hopefully.

"The trail on Duane Gownes is still cold. I've talked personally to a few people.

One of them told me that Duane and his wife took a special vacation. Some troubles of some kind to settle between them. There's no trace of his credit cards, vehicle insurance, change-of-address paperwork. He doesn't appear to exist, officially."

"He's a high-tech thief. You have to catch him." Anger blazed in Arondson's voice.

Ignoring this, Clarke pressed on. "The good news is, I've found one possible link to him. His name showed up on some documentation for a computer data-base consulting agency, a few years before he took the job with you. The man who runs that company works from a small town near Cadillac, Michigan. He's begun bidding on 40% more contracts since February, with no news of any new partners or employees. We only noticed it when we began looking more closely into Duane's background--but the increase of business coincides nicely with Duane's disappearance from your research labs in Colorado."

"How soon will you get him?"

"As soon as I find him. I have one question." Clarke took a moment to collect his thoughts. "No one in the Bureau is clear on all the details of the theft from your laboratories. Three different people from your company have tried to tell me, and they keep on contradicting each other. I have no idea what kind of tell-tales to look for when I'm looking for the hide-away."

"They told you everything important." Mr. Arondson's voice took on a tired tone.

"If I hear any more probes from you, I might begin to suspect you of being involved in corporate espionage."

"Just doing my job, Mr. Arondson." Clarke replied evenly.

Walter walked down the trail, holding a hatchet and a band-saw. He occasionally swung the hatchet at branches that were in the way, usually succeeding in knocking them out of his way.

Tim carried a gasoline chain-saw, and a 2-gallon gas can. Nikki carried a coil of half-inch rope, slung over one shoulder and under her other arm.

"You know, they didn't have any trees at the lab complex. Or hills. Nothing like this." Walter chatted as he walked down the trail.

"Really? I didn't know that at all!" Tim feigned surprise at something he'd heard a dozen times already.

Walter chuckled. Nikki, walking quietly on the other side of Tim, smirked knowingly.

"What do you think, Nikki? Can you imagine a place without trees like this?"

Tim gestured at the growths of oak, maple, and pine that enveloped the trail.

"I've seen one or two." Nikki said softly. "Know what? I heard Aunt Anna say that someone wanted Aunt Sara to bring a few chickens home to them."

"Maybe they meant Aunt Sara. Maybe they meant Uncle Josh, and your dad. You know they're coming up next month, and they'll be driving a big pickup truck that the

chickens can ride in the back of.”

“I still heard her say something about Aunt Sara.” Nikki waved her hand at a low-hanging branch.

“Tell you what. When we get back tonight, we can ask her.”

Nikki did not respond, but looked away with the assuredness that she was right, and he would be proved wrong.

Clarke was now making another phone call.

“Did you get any more news from him?” Special-Agent-in-Charge Hendricks asked.

“Nothing new. He didn’t seem surprised by the connection with Duane’s old friends. But he seems unaware that his company has offered several request-for-bid proposals to Mr. Vaughn.”

“I’m not surprised. Those requests for bids went out to a dozen computer data-base experts around the country.” Hendricks swung around in his chair, propping his feet up on a filing-cabinet that happened to be next to his desk. “The team in Colorado has turned up a mixed bag of stories about the suspect”

“Anything really telling?”

“Not much. An interesting tid-bit about his wife and children. You know how they look like an adoption family? They had a mixed-race marriage, with a Nordic-looking girl and a Latino boy? But some people remember her being pregnant, and delivering the boys. Not at a local hospital, but in the medical facilities at the lab.”

“You’re right.” Clarke fingered a photograph. Neither Nicole nor her brother had their father’s African-American skin. Lora might be the parent to either one, but that wasn’t perfectly solid. Neither of the children had her long, narrow face. “Any rumors of an involvement with someone high up in the lab?”

“Nothing that pans out. But the delivery in the lab facilities-no other children have been delivered there, ever.”

“There’s something fishy with that one. Know what? I can tell he’s stonewalling on the details of what was stolen.” Even as he spoke, Clarke pondered the report he’d pulled from Lora’s hometown doctor. She was supposed to be infertile-how could she have had children?

“Well, I’ve told the boss that we should put a man inside each company. At least one-this is a business that is too secretive for my tastes.” Hendrickson’s feet fell to the floor, and he rose from his chair to walk.

“Official, or unofficial?”

“Like I said, they hide too much. Unofficial data-gatherers. Between me and you, this is strictly in-house.”

“I copy that.” Clarke looked out the window of his Suburban. “You still want me to pop a few questions on Vaughn?”

“How much should I ask?”

“Don’t tell him what or why, just talk about material witness for this case. If this is our link, don’t scare the quarry into the woodwork.”

“My gut says I’m either up a blind alley, or about to hit a gold mine.”

“Then follow it-but be careful.”

After five minutes of walking, Tim laid down his chain saw and gas-can. The tree was an old oak, apparently suffering from some kind of malady. The bark, and a significant fraction of its trunk, had rotted away on one side of the tree. One large branch had already succumbed to the rot, falling to the ground. Mike Johnson, Tim’s neighbor, had been worried about the entire tree falling the wrong direction, and taking out a telephone-line nearby. Tim had agreed to look at it, since the tree and the power-line were on their property-line.

“Alright, children. Looks like the tree hasn’t come down, yet. You think you could climb it, Wally?”

“It won’t fall, will it?”

“I don’t think so. Not until I begin cutting. What I want you to do is, we need to tie a rope around the tree. Up near that fork.” Tim pointed to a spot about thirty feet up the tree’s bole.

“Which one?”

“Why don’t you climb up, and we’ll tell you when you get there.” Tim said.

Nikki squirmed for a moment as she pulled the coil of rope off of her shoulder.

“Stand still for a moment...” Tim wrapped one loop of the rope around Walter’s shoulder, and tied the loop so that the rope would hang down Walter’s back.

“Only let go with one hand at a time while you climb. When you get up there, tie it around the trunk, over top of the branch.” Tim gestured with his arms, outlining the placement of the rope. “Then use the rope to help you get down.”

“Alright.” Walter smiled. “Let’s get to it!” He reached up eagerly, and then realized that all the branches were out of his reach.

“I think he needs a little help.” Nikki said.

“Let’s see.” Tim wrapped his hands around Walter’s waist, and lifted him up to the first branch. “Alright, see how high you can climb.”

Walter steadied himself on the branch, reached for another branch, and began his ascent.

A voice shouted in the distance, “Tim!”

Tim’s head swiveled, then locked on the direction the shout had come from. He cupped his hands around his mouth, then yelled in response, “Mike! Over here!”

“I wonder what he wants.” Nikki said.

“Probably to make sure I’m doing it right.” Tim joked with Nikki. “Maybe he thinks I don’t have enough help.”

Nikki smirked at Tim again. “You have us.”

“That’s right. But even you two can’t do everything. I was just wondering about how I was going to make sure the tree fell the way I wanted it to. The rope might be good, but I’ll need to use it right.”

Tim looked up at Walter, who had been climbing at a precocious rate. “Wally! You’re at a good spot. Tie it over the branch above your head!”

Walter looked down and smiled, then hoisted himself up to the branch in question. A few moments later, he was sitting on the branch, and un-tying the rope that had been looped around his shoulder.

“I thought you’d be out here.” Mike said when he arrived at the bottom of the hill. “Wondered who you’d have helping you.”

"The employment office in town offered me the most energetic people they had." Tim said dryly. He kept a close eye on Walter's progress with the knot.

Mike chuckled. "Is that where you found these two? I heard tell it was some adoption agency."

Tim shrugged. "I just let my secretary handle the details."

"Listen, something funny came up in-town yesterday." Mike's voice turned to a serious tone. "You know that cell-phone company that's been disagreeing with the zoning board about where to build their towers out here? There's rumors that they're talking about backing out entirely."

"That does sound bad." Tim eyed Mike for a moment, then craned his neck to look back up at Walter.

Walter's shout filtered down to them. "Is that it?"

Tim reached towards the rope. "Let go of the rope for a second!" Tim pulled on the rope. It remained tied firmly in place around the tree-trunk and the branch Walter was sitting on.

Mike walked around for a few moments. "Were you going to tie that to one of these trees, or have one of us pull it?"

Tim was looking up at Walter, who was hanging onto the rope and walking sideways down the tree-trunk. He spared a glance at Mike.

"Looks like it'll be easier to do if someone pulls. Say, do you want to handle the saw or the rope?" Tim pointed towards the chain-saw he'd carried out here.

"Well, it's your saw. I wouldn't want to lose a hand to it." Mike grinned.

Tim kept a careful eye on Walter as he jumped to the ground. "You think you can handle the rope, then?"

"Sounds good."

Tim crouched down, and drew Walter and Nikki near him. "Listen, children. I want you to stand right over there, next to the telephone-pole. Mr. Johnson and I will be working on the tree. Alright?" Both children nodded.

"Can I help with the chainsaw?" Walter asked eagerly.

"I said, go and stand by the telephone-pole." Tim reminded Walter. Both children turned and jogged towards the pole. Along the way, Walter picked up a stick and began playing with it as if it was a gun.

"Alright. Put some tension on it. I think this be will quick." Tim picked up the chainsaw, primed it, and pulled the starter-cord.

Agent Clarke turned into the driveway to see two women just walking out of the front door.

He hurriedly unsnapped his seatbelt, opened the Suburban's door, and descended to the driveway.

"Hello." The shorter woman looked carefully at Clarke's white shirt and dark 3-piece suit. "Are you here on business?"

"Yes. I was looking for Mr. Timothy Vaughn." Clarke's eyes measured the two-probably sisters. The one he was speaking to appeared to be Mrs. Vaughn.

"He's not really in his office right now." She took a step towards Clarke. "My name's Anna Vaughn. We didn't know we were expecting anyone."

"That's quite alright." Clarke fished out his Federal Bureau of Investigation badge. "Agent Clarke, FBI. I came more on my own business than on his. Just have a few questions for him."

Anna's eyes settled on the badge, then back Clarke's face. "What kind of questions?"

"We have a witness we're trying to track down, and there's a chance that your husband has heard from him."

Anna's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "If you really want to talk to him, follow that path there. He's back there, working on a tree." Her gesture indicated a path which led past the pole-barn at the end of the driveway, and on into the woods on the property.

"Working on a tree?" Clarke asked quizzically.

"Cutting it down."

Clarke came around a bend in the trail, noting the increasing noise a small gasoline engine as he did so.

Tim Vaughn was manning the chain saw. Another man was holding onto a rope, which was tied high in the tree.

The tree bent precariously in Clarke's general direction, and he began looking uneasily for an escape route. As he began shuffling into an area under some other trees, he noticed the two children, playing near the telephone pole on the other side of the tree. One was fighting an imaginary battle against something, using a stick as a gun. The other was raptly looking at something on the ground-possibly an insect.

Clarke's mind suddenly grasped what he saw "That's Nicole and Walter Gownes!" He muttered, surprised.

A creaking noise resounded from the tree-trunk, interrupting Clarke. The tree wavered ponderously. Tim's assistant pulled sharply on the rope, and the tree began to fall precipitously.

The man with the rope quickly backed away from the path of the falling tree. The two children looked up with rapt attention as a loud series of cracks heralded the tree's fall. Clarke jumped slightly when the tree came to its final resting place with a resounding thump.

About a half minute later, Clarke decided what he would ask Tim.

Tim looked at Clarke across his kitchen table.

"You said you had a few questions." Tim asked cagily. "Can I ask what the FBI's interest in me stems from?"

"Well, our interest first stems from the fact that you used to be acquainted with a man we have a hard time finding." Clarke fished a photo out of his briefcase. "But now that I've seen them, I'd like to know how his children ended up here." The photo showed the entire Gownes family: Duane, Lora, Walter, and Nicole.

"We've been watching the children for...some time now. What is Duane wanted for?"

"He disappeared under suspicious circumstances two months ago. His disappearance was from a lab complex belonging to MediClone, Inc. The corporation insists he made off with valuable lab samples."

Tim's eyebrows raised. "What brings you here, looking for him? Assuming you

didn't know about the children before you came."

"We knew he was one of your associates before he took the MediClone contract. After a little research, we discovered a few facts which gave us reason to believe you've been in contact with him."

Tim stood, and spent a moment looking out the window. Silence hung oppressively in the kitchen. Sounds from a bouncing soccer ball wafted up from the basement.

Tim turned back towards Clarke. "What kind of research was done at the Colorado lab? I doubt Duane could have run off with much."

Clarke eyed Tim carefully. "I have a list from the company, but it's pretty sparse. They gave us as few details as possible about their secrets."

"What species did they spend most of their time on?"

Clarke wondered why Tim was asking so many questions, especially about things that were obvious. "That's simple, even if they didn't say. Everyone is trying to find medically useful breakthroughs in human cloning." Clarke looked at Tim. "If you don't give me a satisfying answer, I'll have to bring out a subpoena."

Tim shrugged. "Perhaps you will. Did MediClone tell you they'd lost a couple of lab specimens?"

"Yes--a couple?" Clarke's mind shifted into high gear. He'd heard no mention of any precise details yet. "Are you admitting that you might know where they are?"

"You've seen them already." Tim responded evenly.

Clarke jumped up, pacing the room rapidly. "Wait a minute...What did you say?"

"What do you know about the Lora Gownes' medical condition? Or the births of the Gownes children?"

Clarke's head spun around; his eyes locked on Tim. "Are they connected to some experiment? What kind of experiment would a cloning corporation--" Clarke's words stopped abruptly.

Tim looked at the picture of Duane, Lora, Walter, and Nicole for a minute. "There are many interesting details in this situation. Lora's doctor certified her as infertile the year after she and Duane got married. They discussed many options, even tried some fertility treatments. Nothing seemed to work. Until the doctors at the lab caught wind of the situation. They wanted someone willing to carry a cloned baby to term, and they didn't want to use the usual pool of lab volunteers. Whatever the reason, they gave the Gownes an offer they couldn't refuse."

Clarke sat quietly, wondering whether to believe the story. It connected many anomalous facts, and mentioned other loose ends that could be used for verification. If Tim wanted to spin a false police report, it was his own business. If this was the truth...

"I think Walter's birth was overseen by an OB/GYN. But I doubt Nikki's was."

"How did Duane ever come to leave the place?"

"Late last year, a man high in the company's executive branch developed a serious liver problem. Perhaps he's been a little too fond of his wine-cellar, or something like it. It turns out that some doctor at the lab had promised him a clone, with transplantable organs. When the doctor was asked where the clone was, he could only tell them that Walter was legally Duane's son, even though he was genetically a twin to this other man."

"Let me guess. To transplant a liver, you need a recently-dead body."

"I can't recall if liver transplants are ever done as a normal medical procedure. But this man wanted one, and he thought his company owned this particular clone." Tim's finger tapped Walter's image on the photograph.

Clarke's eyes suddenly narrowed. "I'm going to have a talk with my boss. Understand, I can still book you as accessory to grand larceny."

Tim blinked, then shrugged.

Clarke stood, walked out to the front porch, and pulled out his cellular telephone. After a moment's frustration, he walked to his truck, climbed in, and plugged the phone into a special connection inside the vehicle.

Tim picked up the photograph of the Gownes family. His eyes traced over Nikki's bright features, and Walter's ebullient grin. Then his eyes wandered off to the trees that dominated the skyline.

"We'll see if he can raise his boss." Tim muttered. He'd promised Duane that he would do everything he could to bring the truth out. "If I can only do this without going to jail."

Clarke came out of his Suburban; his pace up the front walk was slow and determined.

He re-entered the house, seeming hesitant about what he had to do. After a deep breath, he said, "Alright. Here's what's going to happen."

Panic Attack

Erica Stephens

The numbing runs from my fingertips to gums
(where my teeth are planning to escape and launch one by one)

Breath is calm and controlled, 'tis independent of
the snare roll
-echoing from my chest
a not-so-indirect request
to burst out of its calcium prison
and from the ground, move its little bosom
with a half-slither, half-hop beat
fleeting along with my defiant teeth

my breath remains loyal and stationary
-inhalation like wind over crest-fallen waves
-exhalation like static T.V fuzz

But it's my forehead who concerns me,
as if she were in a vise
and didn't stop to think twice
about compensating the pressure
With a conical shaped coverture

I try to suppress the resonance
Of the surrounding human presence
-hoping I stay unnoticed
while I chase around my organs

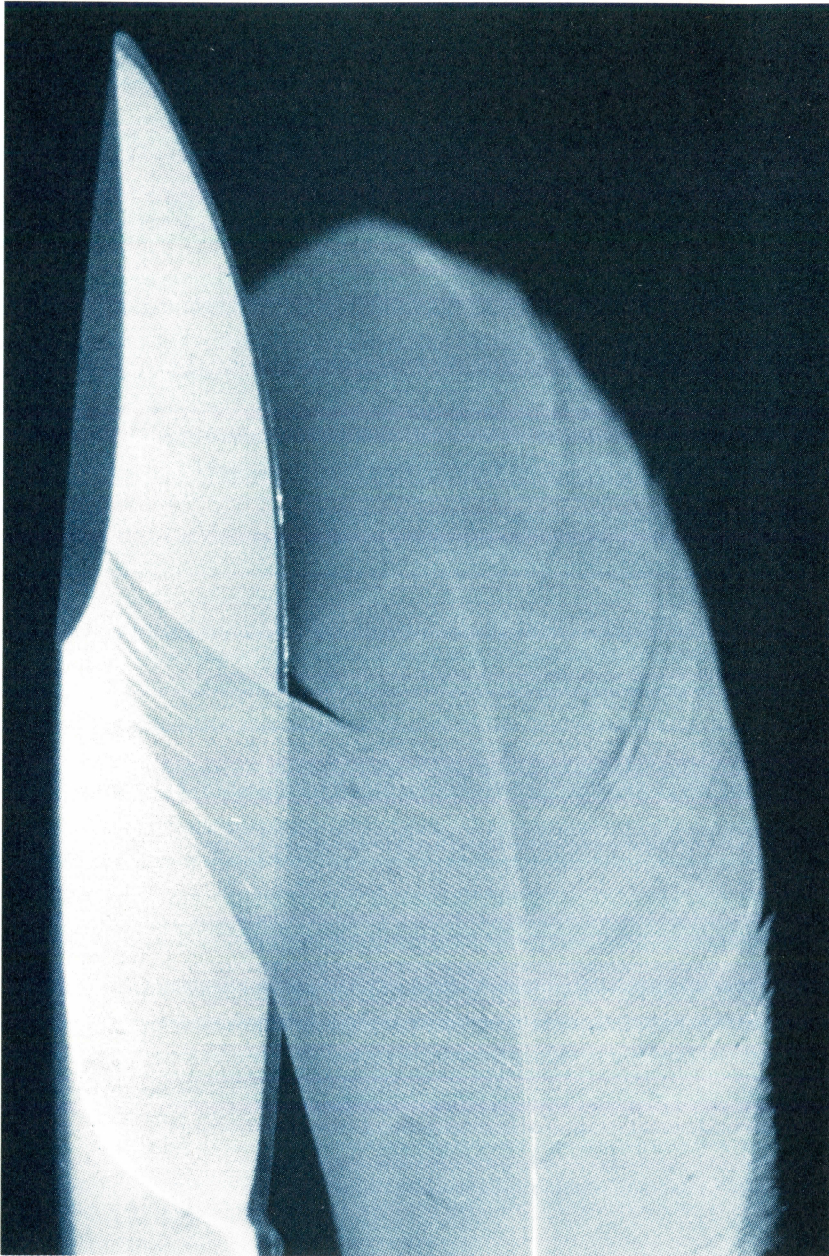
A victorious escape into the tiled womb!
And into her divided oases

I round up my defiant pieces
And put them in their places

I scold them with my fingertips-pulling at my hair
While they frown like sour children with that lack-of-guilt-like glare

"Again!" they thump inside my skin
eager for their next arbitrary win
against this weakened mortal

fighting to live,
to live,
to live



Untitled

Cameron McLean

shot with a '64 Miranda F on Kodak T-Max 400 8"x10"

Bird's Eye View

Kristina Blazeovski

Let the pigeons and doves
Rule the concrete jungle of boarded windows
On the former work places where men used to
Slide in their timecards after hopping a couple of buses
On the quiet streets of five in the morning.

The now useless street slivered between these buildings
Is an undisturbed solid line when seen from a bird's eye view,
Like a thin streak of radiance that separates a
Solid wall from a solid door that's open not even a tiny bit
But enough to emit the light of a candle burning behind the door.

The buildings are not solid though,
they are hollow.

The sunrise can be seen by looking in the windows
That remain clear and intact on the West,
And back out through those on the East.
This sight will soon expire.
The birds have scrutinized too many walls
Disintegrate back into their original piles of brick
That will soon enough be cleared for another barren parking lot.
The only view they'll have will be from 4 inches above the ground
unless, they are in a tree.

There is a park at Michigan and Trumbull that only grew grass for a playing field
until a few years ago.

A pair of trees are sprouting
Behind the locked rusted gates,
From the high wall that surrounds the empty center,
An enormous nest from a bird's eye view.

But these city birds completely disregard the trees.
It is the medium in which they travel that desires more of the oxygen-giving creatures,
The hovering blue sky,
Fading after drinking the exhausts from tall lone-standing straws,
Smokestacks that can be seen miles away from a bird's eye view.

The pigeons and doves like sidewalks and benches where they can be fed,
They enjoy steps and stoops to hop around,

They love ledges and windowsills and rooftops to sit
And watch the city grow taller, hoping for higher landings
And not to crumble so that they won't be left hopping around humans.
Let the birds perch themselves on the high wall with the trees.
Let it be a refuge for the oxygen givers and takers.
Let it be destroyed by use and abuse and not by demolition
Because these birds don't need designated parking lots
For their descent back to the city.

Pigeons and doves don't forget,
They always reappear at the place from where they took flight.
Keep them a place where they can return.
Keep them a place where their view can rule a city.

Hands

Adam Capps

The hands long ago stopped
The face tarnished, faded
Stuck in a moment for eternity
Time has stopped,
Age progresses
Time continues.

His hands long ago stopped
Their labor
His eyes tarnished, smile faded
Stuck in a forgotten memory of her
His life has stopped
Age progresses
Time continues.

Untitled

Chris Sabatowich

Find me a mirror that lies,
Yet fully acquainted with truth.
One that for me also sighs
In these twilights of my youth.

Seek me out a flawed mirror:
Cursed, derided for its form,
Cast in natural imperfection,
So beautiful in life's storm.

Unwilling to conform, I am.
Test it once or twice to see
If it can show how I am
Is how I've longed to be.

Break the perfect looking glass.
The vision too honest too cold.
No room to dream to hope to pass.
This glass, too frigid to keep, hold.

Rather leave perfect for perfect,
Who have no need to see a blemish.
And hand imperfect to imperfect,
Who have no want to go languish.

Give me an imperfect mirror.
To show the perfect me.
Reflecting who I am inside
And who I long to be.



Waiting

Kimberly Parimucha

Charcoal and pencil. 5"x8"

Prism

Matt Anderson

How do we know what we see
Is what we really see?

Some dismiss the surface, smooth and dull,
But things are not as they appear.
Looking deeper, the world becomes jumbled,
Fracturing into countless pieces.
Their muddled brilliance, dazzling.

Inching closer, the image clears
Then, moving away, the vision frays
Until at last, it fragments again
Into clarity.

Contributors

Matt Anderson is a sophomore Computer Science major at Lawrence Tech. He enjoys watching all major sports, playing basketball and golf, and managing several fantasy baseball teams.

Alexis Black is a Junior Chemistry major / CS minor who is always playing with dangerous chemicals, debugging code, or showing off on stage.

Kristina Blazeovski is a junior architecture student who takes structures tests with a blue pen. Writing and reciting poetry is a way to verbally abstract real perceptions.

Adam Capps is a senior majoring in chemistry. He enjoys writing but does not have many opportunities for creative work. He graduates this year and has plans to go on for his Ph.D.

Jason Child is a senior majoring in architecture.

Melissa Hanes is a senior majoring in architecture.

Stephen Holcomb is a second-year senior in the EE/ECE program. He enjoys authors as varied as Homer, John Grisham, J.R.R Tolkien, and Timothy Zahn. He also enjoys programming computers, playing piano, and learning about mathematical concepts.

Marilyn Hoteling has been the secretary of the LTU library since 1998. Her duties vary from answering the phone to repairing books. "I would be buried by the sea," reflects her emotional attachment to the ocean and land of her childhood in Maine and Rhode Island.

Hussam Jallad is a transfer student from Henry Ford Community College. He has a two-year degree in art foundation and is majoring in architecture design at LTU.

Bill Kolasa graduated with a BSME and minor in mathematics in May 2002. He is currently working as a manufacturing engineer for Visteon in Ypsilanti. He enjoys writing, photography, summer weather, and learning Japanese.

Cameron McLean “spend[s] a great deal of time chasing butterflies, writing poetry and fiction, designing mechanical puzzles, drinking red wine, being cynical and irreverent, practising calligraphy, playing with fire, studying maths and sciences and histories and wondering where I belong. In my spare time I study architecture. They tell me I’m a junior, but I don’t feel like one.”

Kimberly Parimucha is “A proud parent of prism magazine. I collect leaves, think about life, read literature, write, and draw all for personal fulfillment in life; what else would a junior Humanities student do?”

Matt Piccinato is a freshman Computer Engineering major. He enjoys snowboarding, baseball and photography. He keeps many of his photos online on his personal website.

Tom Regenbogen has been an associate professor at Lawrence Tech for 24 years. He enjoys painting and sculpting.

Chris Sabatowich is a sophomore majoring in Electrical Engineering. He is a member of the LTU Wireless Society.

Micah Santos “will be graduating in May of 2003 with a bachelor of science in Architecture. I feel that some of the best artwork can happen when you don’t plan on making something great. It just happens, and when it does you’ll know it.”

Erica Stephens is a junior Computer Science major. She plays bass guitar and writes lyrics for the heavy metal band “Blackwater Noise”. She enjoys writing because she finds it to be “the most effective way to pierce through the clouds of disillusionment and shed light upon the ultimate reality, whatever it may be.”

Rhoda Stamell has been an adjunct professor in the Humanities department since 2000. She has been writing fiction and poetry since 1946 and has been a teacher since 1957. This is her first appearance in PRISM.

Betty Stover has been a professor in the HSSC program for 16 years.

Craig Swintek is graduating with a degree in Managing Information Technology and has plans of continuing to expand his consulting business, C Squared Networks. Amateur photography is one of Craig’s favorite hobbies that he enjoys at those rare intervals in a full-time student, full-time worker life. “Edge of the Forest” was found during a trip to the beautiful island of Ireland.

Kris Warshefski is majoring in Computer Science as well as Humanities. He is one of the founding members of Port Huron’s Ultimate Frisbee team.

Michelle Lehto Way “I am a mechanical engineering senior and work as an engineering research assistant at the University of Michigan Transportation Research Institute. I want to seize the essence of nature with my photography. I hope someone can look at my photo and experience the miracle I have tried to capture.”

Melinda Weinstein is an assistant professor of English at Lawrence Tech and the faculty advisor of *Prism*.

